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OCTOBER, 1939

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UNIFORMS *and the* MAN



By Fairfax Downey

CLOTHES, says the proverb, don't make the man, nor fine feathers the bird. But, man or bird, they help considerably.

Nature continues to do handsomely by the plumage of many male birds, while the attire of he-humans generally has sunk into a drab decline. For years the only bright prospect was an army uniform. Then even that failed us. Pictures of the mobilizations for the European war this year shows troops arrayed in grim and ugly uniforms for a grim and ugly business. Modern warfare, with its long-range firearms and airplanes, has shot almost all the color out of uniforms, and certainly all the glitter.

And yet the color is beginning to come back. Not in uniforms for field service, since there low visibility is essential. Nor for the trenches, since working clothes there are as much in order as in any other ditch. But for parade, for leave, for "walking out", as the British soldier says. The astute British Secretary of War has taken action along those lines. In our own service there has been a revival of the Army blue of yore, and even olive drab has been brightened up a bit with colored regimental badges. In other armies also, there are signs of a renaissance.

There are and always have been reasons for a uni-

form. Discipline and uniforms are two chief differences between an army and a mob. Uniforms, of course, tell who's on what side. They are a Who's Who on the Battlefield, a How to Know the Foe at Glance, or Whom to Shoot—in One Easy Lesson.

Yet they are more than that. The need is not only for uniforms but for *good-looking uniforms*. How large a part good-looking uniforms play in recruiting, in *esprit de corps* and in the maintenance of morale is a half-forgotten fact now being widely recalled.

Every uniform worth wearing carries on traditions. Its color, its insignia and other features surviving from the past "can a tale unfold". Such a uniform gives background and backbone to the soldier who dons it. This article will attempt to show how often and how strikingly clothes have made the soldier.

The British soldier's field uniform for the last thirty-eight years has been khaki, a name which suits the color well, for it is a Hindustani word meaning dust. However, the scarlet coat worn by many historic regiments for ceremonies keeps alive the glorious memory of the "thin red line" which stood so staunchly in desperate battles all over the world. Curiously, this most warlike of colors was adopted for British troops in the 14th and 15th Centuries because large quantities of excellent scarlet cloth were being made in England at the time. While objections to that shade were sometimes made, they were never long sustained. In Cromwell's



Mr. Downey follows military dress from the days of scarlet coats and plumed helmets to the present grim and ugly uniform designed for a grim and ugly business.

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN



day one regiment registered a kick. Whereupon the redoubtable Oliver, no mean shakes as a dictator, wrote its colonel: "I hear your troops refuse the new coats. Say this to them, 'Wear them, or go home.' Stand no nonsense from anyone. It is a needful thing we be as one in color, much ill having happened by diversity of clothing, to the slaying of friends by friends." The upshot of the matter was that the regiment wore the new coats and did not go home, which is easier said than done when you're in the army.

Although an abundance of red cloth and the distinctiveness of the color were primary causes for the hue of British uniforms, a more potent reason soon developed. When a draft of regiments, sent to serve in a campaign on the Continent, was issued the new uniforms, it was said that they "had red coats given them for the terrible name thereof". So much had British valor achieved for the British uniform by association. Not only because they were gallant, but because they were formidably splendid in scarlet, headlong charges, which were forlorn hopes, were able to break through victoriously and British squares to hold against overwhelming odds. True, many a Briton was picked off because his uniform made him too good a mark to be missed. On the other hand, many another got in with the bayonet because an enemy rifleman took one look at that blazing tunic advancing on him, remembered "the terrible name thereof", developed a bad case of buck

The scarlet coat kept alive the glorious memory of the "thin red line" which stood so staunchly in desperate battles all over the world.



fever and missed cold. When the American defenders of Bunker Hill were given the order, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," the command was justified on the score of good fire discipline; volleys held until the range was short were infinitely more effective. And yet one wonders whether Colonel William Prescott were not also practicing a little first-rate psychology. Concentration on the whites of eyes must have been far less nerve-racking than the vision of that steadily

advancing, blood-red tide. Prescott put the fight on a man-to-man basis. No longer was it a few rebels versus the British Empire, symbolized by its redcoats. That goes far toward explaining why raw troops were able to hold the hill as long as they did.

For six centuries the terror inspired by the red uniform outweighed its high visibility. It was the outbreak of the Boer war which tipped the scales. Troops sent to South Africa wore khaki, fortunately for them. Seeing red, the Boers, expert shots using repeating rifles from good cover, would have inflicted far heavier casualties. But scarlet still survives for dress uniforms and the sight of it on household regiments mounting guard and taking part in other ceremonies recalls the martial glories of the past and tends to restore British morale which, it would seem from recent events, could use a bit of restoration.

Somehow red pants never cast on enemies beholding them the warlike spell exerted by red coats. The French infantry, uniformed in blue coats and baggy red trousers, suffered disastrous defeats in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Some of those ill-fated nether garments were worn in the early days of the World War and then hastily done away with. Like the proverbial red rag to a bull were those brilliant breeches to a German machine-gunner.

The heyday of gorgeous uniforms were the Napoleonic Wars. Of the period from 1793 to 1815 it has been said that "the experience of the horrors and sacrifices of war seems to have been obliterated by the contemplation of its glories and heroism." Matched with the military panoply of the time, rainbows resigned and sunsets gave up and called it a day. Gold braid galore, aiguillettes and epaulettes—furred pelisses—swaggering dolmans hung from shoulders—embroidered sabretasches—every variety of martial headgear, shakoes, busbies, square caps, helmets, cocked hats. Hussars, cuirassiers, dragoons, chasseurs, lancers, grenadiers, and guards rivaled each other's array, all

There were Salvation Army lassies who were nice gals, though their uniforms left plenty to the imagination.



The Germans, you may remember, appropriately dubbed the terrible Highlanders, "The Ladies from Hell."

of them picked men whose attire differed from that of the rest of the outfit.

The armies of France and her allies became more magnificent spectacles with every victory. And against their resplendent background appeared a little man in a simple undress uniform—black cocked hat, gray greatcoat, white breeches. Of course the crafty Napoleon stood out as he knew he would. Every glittering assemblage served only to spotlight him. It goes down as one of the neatest tricks in history. Nevertheless, the Emperor did not regard striking uniforms only as a stage setting for himself. He was so fully aware of their effect on the pride of their wearers and on the nerves of the foe that he designed or caused to be designed many new varieties. Napoleon revived the lance, traditional weapon of his Polish allies, and lancers, living up to their knightly arm, were dressed fit to kill. Other armies thereupon adopted the lance, and it was still carried in the World War by the German Uhlans. Again Napoleon reached back into the days when knighthood was in flower and put a glistening breastplate or cuirass on his heavy cavalry who were then known as cuirassiers. The British Household Cavalry, whom you may see today mounting guard in London, wear that piece of armor as an emblem of honor in token of their famous charge which overthrew the French cuirassiers at Waterloo.

One of Napoleon's maxims was: Reserve the fire of your artillery and the effect of your uniforms until that moment when they can do the most damage to the foe. Accordingly the Grenadiers of the Imperial

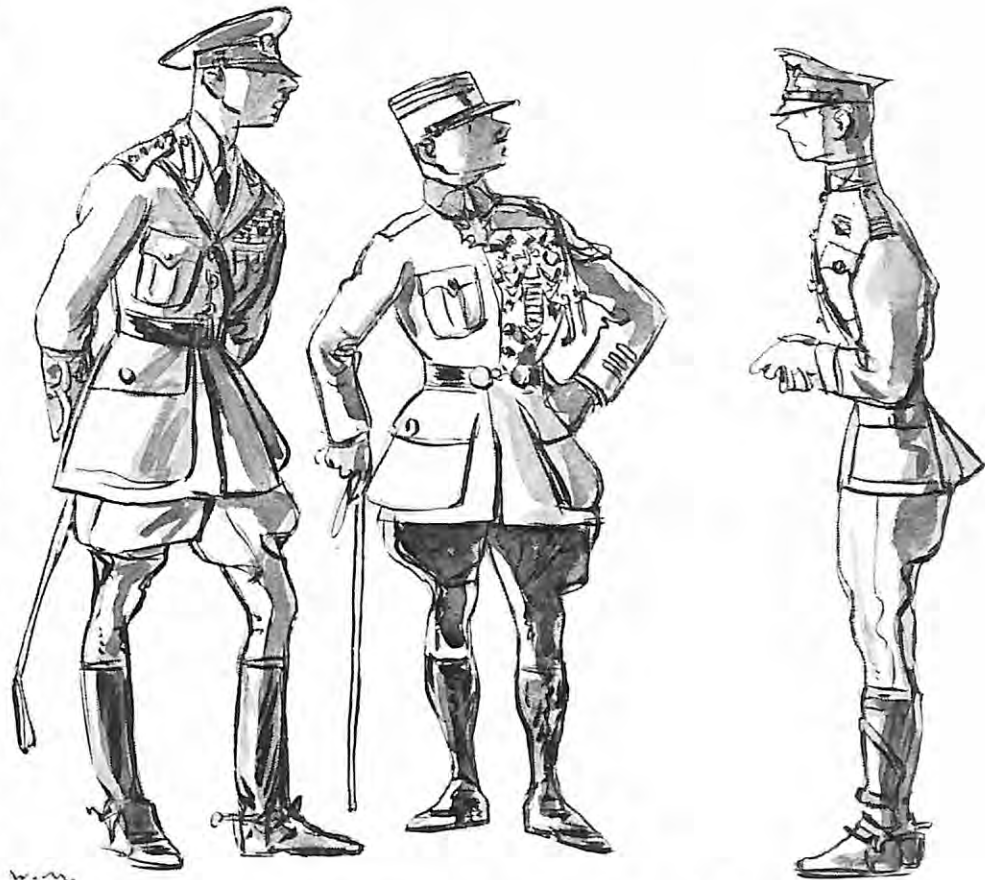
Guard wore undress cocked hats on the march and carried their huge bearskin caps in linen bags slung outside their knapsacks. The crimson plume which adorned the fur headgear was toted separately in a tube strapped to the bayonet scabbard. Before going into action, the Grenadiers made a rapid change. Being steady veterans, doubtless none became confused and stuck a bayonet in his cap and a plume on his musket. A charge of the Grenadiers of the Guard, it has been testified, possessed the fearsome aspect of a charge of the animals which had provided their martial millinery. In the Crimean War the British Guards, cramped for space in their transports, temporarily abandoned their knapsacks but clung to their bearskin shakoes.

Bears, by the by, took a terrible beating in the cause of Mars. In early times the skins of wild animals had been worn by tribal warriors, both as a sort of armor and to give them a ferocious appearance. But in the mid-18th Century the hide of bears came to be all the fashion for top pieces for tall soldiers. Preparations for war meant bear hunts on a large scale, and bruises became busbies at an alarming rate. Before it was too late a change of style saved them, just as the advent of the silk hat saved beavers which faced extinction during the beaver hat vogue. Now bearskin caps are worn only by a few organizations such as the British Grenadiers and the Governor's Foot Guard of Connecticut.

The golden age of uniforms was one of the few periods in all history when mere man outshone the female of the species and, needless to say, he enjoyed it. The soldier bidding farewell to the girl he left behind him, in the parlance of a later day "stole the show". Yet in the case of one notable group, women refused either to be left behind or to be outdressed—the *cantinières* of the French armies.

Ouida's novel, "Under Two Flags", presents a romanticized picture of a French *cantinière*. But there was no need of fiction to gild the lily. *Cantinières* were in fact something "for to see and for to behold". Each was attired in a feminized version of the uniform of the regiment to which she was attached, a uniform complete in all details and colors except that it included a skirt beneath which, as a concession to field service, appeared ample bloomers. Over a shoulder was slung a cask of wine from which—on a cash basis—she set up the drinks for the thirsty soldiery. A canteen girl was carefully chosen by the colonel of the regiment. There was no cutting up with the troops, either, for she was usually the faithful wife or the respected widow of a non-commissioned officer. She marched right off to war with the outfit, her post being behind the band and in front of the sergeant-major. She cheered the faint-hearted, nursed the wounded and sometimes pitched into the fray herself; in a number of instances, *cantinières* were awarded medals for valor. These *filles de regiment* snootily looked down on other women and considered themselves as belonging to an intermediate sex. Polite questions generally put to the average matron were disdainfully received by a *cantinière*. One of them, asked how many children she had, brusquely replied, "Ask my husband. I don't bother with such things."

Alas! our *cantinière* in the World War was a



We Americans were anything but proud of our looks when we stood comparison with some of our smartly turned out allies.

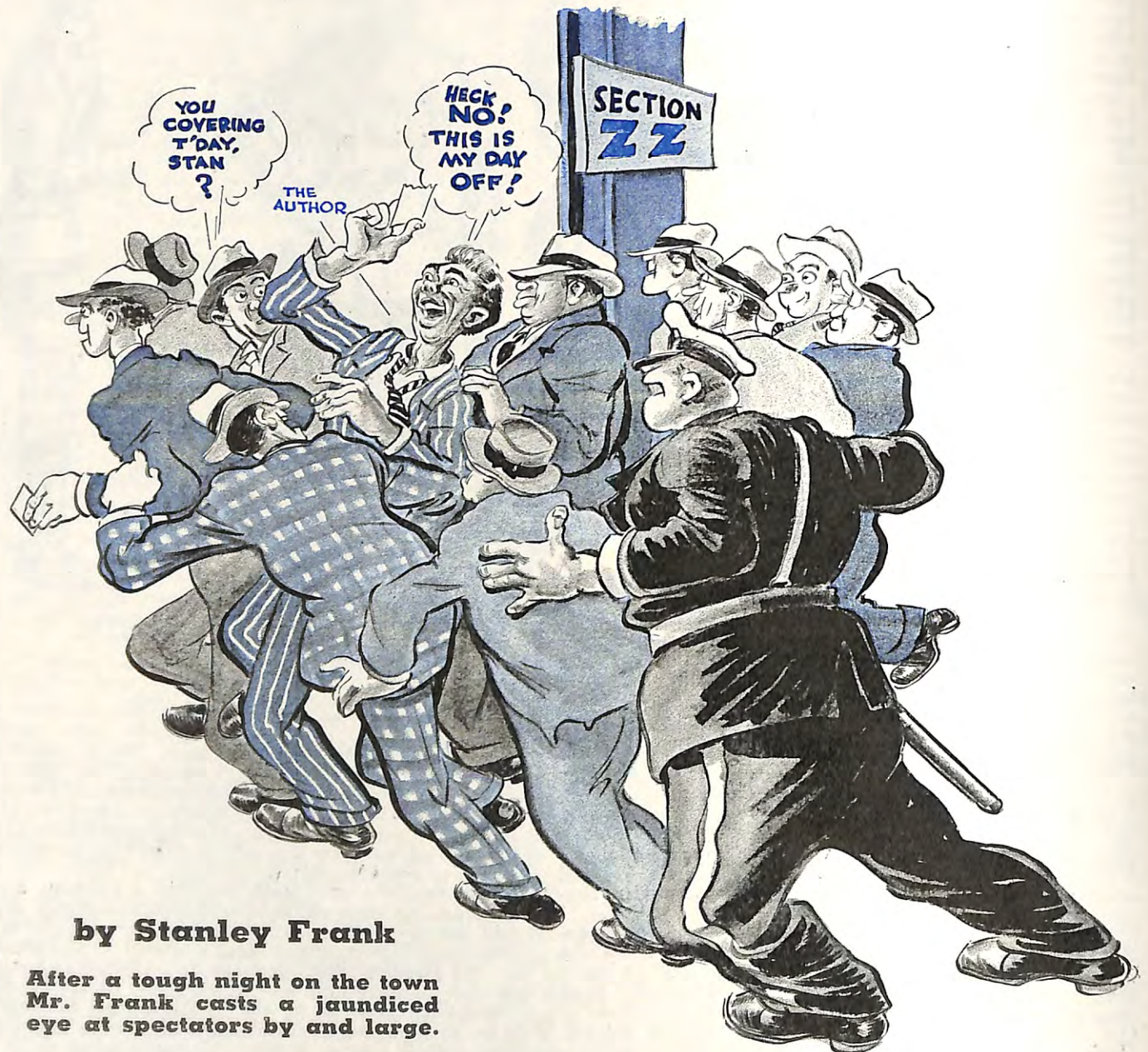
Y.M.C.A. man who sometimes provided chocolate bars and cigarettes. There were also, to be sure, Salvation Army lassies who were nice girls, though their uniforms left plenty to the imagination. They passed out doughnuts which were welcome, yet none of them, unhappily, had a cask of *vin rouge* slung over her shoulder. However, let us not despair. American Legion drum majorettes are a prospect which may tone up the next war considerably.

Apropos of skirts, uniforms still rejoice in a male version: the kilts of the Scotch Highlanders. Almost any heart, whether in the Highlands or not, is thrilled when the skirling of the pipes is heard and a regiment of the Gordons, say, marches by, kilts and sporrans swinging. The military glamor of kilts is seldom rivaled by trousers, be they gold-braided or made of plaid or flung high, wide and handsome by goose-stepping. What matter chilblained knees when kilts and courage can win from the enemy such an accolade as they did in the World War? The Germans, you may remember, dubbed the Highlanders "Ladies from Hell".

That many American uniforms in the Revolution were brown is a fact not widely known. It came to pass for the same reason that made the British soldier a redcoat. Brown dye was made on every American farm and hence more homespun cloth was available in that color than in any other. Another contributing factor was the fondness of the Quakers for brown. Being opposed to war, they had no use for brown cloth for uniforms, but their demand for it in civilian dress increased the supply for military tailors. (The brown of 1776 reappeared when our army adopted khaki in the Spanish War.)

Certainly brown was not of General George Washington's choosing. He was as partial to brilliant uniforms as Napoleon, but the American war chest was too nearly empty to allow any finery. The General made the best of the situation by resorting to makeshift adornments as necessary insignia of rank. (Continued on page 40)

The Ostrich Is Silly, Too



by Stanley Frank

After a tough night on the town Mr. Frank casts a jaundiced eye at spectators by and large.

THIS violates every established principle of selling hokum to the public, an extensive business which encounters no sales-resistance whatever. It undoubtedly will cost me my precious union card for life in the A.S.P.C.A. (Amalgamated Sportswriters and Pollyannas Cooperative Association). But someone has to blow the whistle. Someone should tell you charming customers out there, properly celebrated for your gullibility, that you never are more wondrously naïve or splendidly simple than when you attend sporting events in the cheerful delusion that you are having a swell time.

Don't go into a corner and brood now. The truth always hurts and this hurts me more than it does you. Be a man; face facts. Don't be an ostrich and turn away deliberately from the incontrovertible evidence that the laborious job of being a good sport often is a crashing bore and too often is accompanied by severe physical discomfort.

The ostrich is ridiculed as a not-quite-bright critter

because it sees only that which it cares to see. Zoology has taught us many bizarre and amusing things about our fine-feathered friends, but it cannot present one documented instance of an ostrich exposing itself to a lingering death for the privilege of watching twenty-two youths, vaguely identifiable as football players, committing interesting atrocities on one another. And even if ostriches wore pants, it is extremely doubtful whether they would dip into same for twenty-five dollars to watch two brawny bums belabor each other until one rolls over and plays dead dog.

Going to sporting events is a state of mind, if any, like New Year's Eve and chivalry toward women. Nobody is quite sure how the foolishness began, but everybody is in mortal dread of becoming a social outcast unless he follows the mob. People put money on the line to watch the noble athletes for the purpose of relaxing, but if they do they are in imminent danger of being reduced to bruised, bleeding pulp by the surging spectators in the rear whose (Continued on page 46)

Novels of the Hour

SOUTH AFRICA had its pioneer days about the same time that the American settlers were pushing west of the Ohio. We know very little about this period, when the Dutch settlers were being harassed by the British red-coats in the Colony and started north into the Kaffir-land to develop their own governments. But Stuart Cloete, who lives in South Africa, has already written one fine novel about the great trek, "The Turning Wheels", and is now following it with another, "Watch for the Dawn", which dates its story around 1815. The chief character is a young Boer pioneer named Kaspar van der Berg, a lusty youth who shoots a British soldier and has to decamp to the wilds. He tackles the Kaffirs with his own cunning and even dallies with one of the black king's household, though he has a romantic attachment for a Dutch girl, Aletta, who is loyal to him. In an incipient rebellion a num-

ber of Dutch leaders are caught and hanged, but Kaspar joins one of them in the veldt. Passion and fighting, elephant shooting and clashes with the soldiery enliven the pages of "Watch for the Dawn", but its major theme is a romantic love story among people far removed from our shores. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.50)

Clemence Dane is a graceful writer and for this reason many will enjoy "The Arrogant History of White Ben", which deals, oddly enough, with a scarecrow who rules in England after a period of disaster. The allegory deals with the sort of leaders men demand in certain periods and shows how they act when given power to maltreat the harmless and destroy the happy. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

Bricklayer Becomes Author

Pietro di Donato is a bricklayer and an author. Born in West Hoboken, N. J., twenty-eight years ago, the son of Italian parents, he was only thirteen when his father was killed on the job and he took up the trowel to help support his mother and the younger children. Seven brothers and sisters were dependent on him. His story of his career has been woven into a novel, "Christ in Concrete", which gives ample evidence of being autobiographical. It also proves that a bricklayer with an exuberant spirit, clear eyes and ambition can write a mighty story. Words flow like bricks, building an edifice higher and higher, telling a story of workmen on the job, of their hardships under oppressive bosses, of the relations with neighbors and friends. First of the stories deals with Geremio, the father, who protested to the boss that he hated to build dishonestly, to put up a rotten building, and who died under the walls when they fell. It is the best of the chapters, but something of Pietro's life-blood has gone into the writing of this and subsequent tales, especially that describing the difficult birth of Geremio's last son. Here is a first-hand picture of immigrants adapting themselves to American ways, living in the twelve-family tenement where "each flat had its distinctive odor", putting their trust in the woman who talks with spirits for \$1 and who tells the widow that Geremio is happy in Paradise. This is a testimony of life lived in America, a country where a man may start life as a bricklayer and find a welcome as the author of a novel. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50)

Reporter and Interpreter

Vincent Sheean is an unusual foreign correspondent. He not only sees and observes, but he thinks about reasons and effects, and (Continued on page 45)

WHAT AMERICA IS Reading

by Harry Hansen



Vincent Sheean, whose best-selling book of his own observations as a foreign correspondent, called "Not Peace But a Sword", is particularly worth reading in these critical times.

A design for the end paper for "A Guide to Alaska" by Merle Colby, published by Macmillan.





WHISTLE

Captain Danny Anglim, Chief Dispatcher of the Moran Line, in his crow's nest atop the Whitehall Building about to hail one of his captains.

There's hardly a boat that enters New York Harbor that wouldn't run amok if it weren't for those buzzing little guardians of the river—the Tug Boats

by Philip Harkins



The snug and tidy galley of a steam tug where the crew gathers for a few minutes of relaxation and some very welcome hot coffee and vittles.

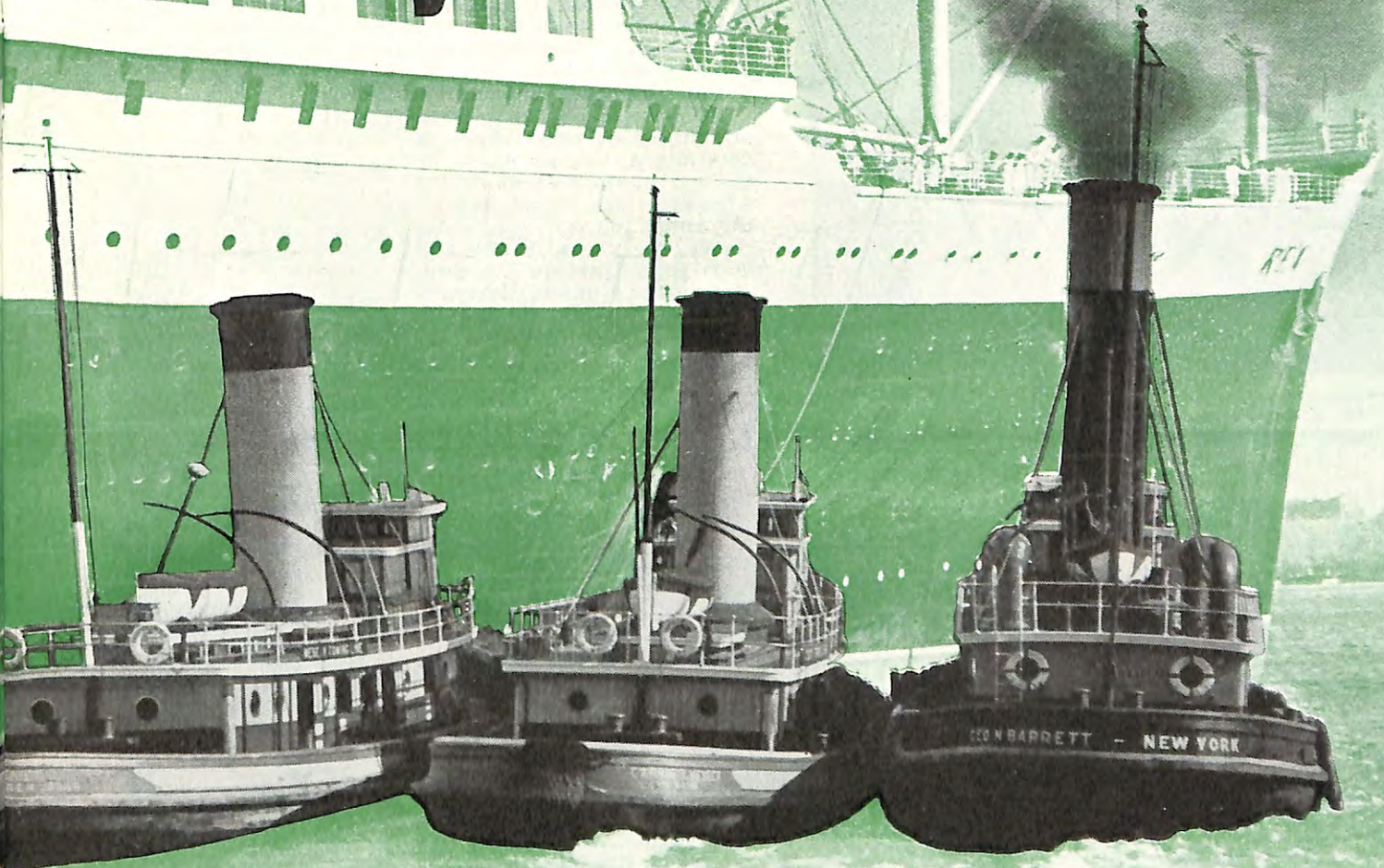
THE that whistle down, captain, while the S. S. *Champlain* bound for England and France churns out of her dock half-speed astern into the Hudson River. Two powerful tugboats are pushing and pulling the 28,000-ton ship, one at her bow, the other at her stern. "Good heavens!" cries Elsie, daintily covering ears which a new hair-do has exposed. "How long are they going to blow that awful whistle?" Well, Elsie, according to New York Harbor regulations its deep bellow will echo over Manhattan until the navigation bridge of the ship is clear of the pier-shed.

One tugboat has now pulled the *Champlain's* stern clear of the dock. With the other nudging her bow, the liner slides smoothly through the water into view of the friends and relations gathered on the end of the pier. The deafening noise of the whistle stops abruptly and the small voices of the crowd suddenly be-

come audible in the comparative quiet. Elsie's friend on the dock identifies her by the unique color scheme of her new hat and yells, "G'bye, Elsie, 'bye!" Elsie stretches on her tip-toes, throws one arm toward Radio City and shrieks, "Au revoir, Joe, au revoir!" Faithful to the French Line advertisement, Elsie has crossed the gangplank into France. The liner's whistle startles her once more as it gives three short blasts to let river traffic know it's coming full speed astern.

Neither Elsie nor Joe pays the slightest attention to the active little tugboats which are rapidly jockeying the *Champlain* into a position where she can safely maneuver under her own power. If asked who was in charge of these important operations Elsie would probably reply, "Why, the captain, of course," and Joe, being a worldly fellow, might chirp, "The pilot," and they would both be wrong. For the person in command

while you work!



The Italian liner *Rex*, one of the largest of the luxury craft, having her nose straightened for her by these small tugs, two from the Meseck Company and one from George N. Barrett.

until the *Champlain's* bow is pointed downstream in the general direction of Europe is the tugboat captain. And sailing a liner like the *Champlain* or a floating hotel like the 83,000-ton *Normandie* is just another job in the hazardous and fascinating tugboat business.

With Europe at war the appearance of the greatest port in the world assumes a sinister shading. Port-holes are blackened where once wagged the long-bobs of glamor girls; hurricane decks are sandbagged where captains of industry haggled earnestly over shuffle-board; ships' hulls are painted dull grey to discourage perceptibility where name and port once stood out proudly against gleaming white.

For one of the first casualties of a European war is American tourist trade (20% of normal tugboat business); no more art-lovers tripping over to revere the exquisite Gothic of Sainte Chapelle or the Cathedral of Chartres; no more college boys and girls dashing

through the Louvre between visits to Harry's New York Bar where the Crisis Cocktail was flippantly invented; no more returning mugwumps pompously assuring reporters, "There will be no war in Europe." There is one last, dying convulsion from the tourist trade as carefully constructed shipping schedules are shot to hell while Americans slip cable under the threat of bombers. Luxurious ship salons are transformed into dormitories to accommodate frantic fugitives. New York harbor becomes a churning cauldron as tugboat crews work overtime, nursing liners into dock, pushing and pulling them out again, speeding them on their way for another load of stranded tourists. The U. S. Lines announce that before October 3rd they will be able to return 8,000 scared citizens to America. This will leave only 2,000 Americans in Europe of those who wish to return. (Two reasons for staying: 1. urgent business; 2. dementia praecox.) Already one passenger ship has



Four of the Moran tugs about to get together on the business of moving the medium-sized freighter in the left background.

plunged to the bottom and the Americans aboard were returned to England to try again.

But to get away from war and back to tugboats, one good reason a tugboat captain is on the liner's bridge is that he alone knows at what precise angle his tugs will be most efficacious. Where someone without experience in the skillful business of sailing or docking a ponderous ship might be coming ahead when he should be going astern or working the engines at full speed when they should be idling while the tugs do the work, the tugboat captain acts with the quick, confident movements of a surgeon performing a major operation, for no matter how many swimming pools or chromium bars the liner may have, to him it's just an overgrown tugboat.

New York Harbor is the busiest port in the world. Over a billion dollars worth of merchandise sailed past the Statue of Liberty in 1938 headed for foreign ports. This tremendous amount of things and stuff was stowed in the holds of all sorts of ships destined for all sorts of ports such as London, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, Algiers and Cairo. The harbor of New York by volume of trade and registered tonnage is the nautical crossroads of the world and the policemen directing its ceaseless traffic are the small, powerful tugboats.

To look at an unpretentious tug dwarfed by the overhanging hulk of a huge ocean liner you would hardly believe that it represents an average investment of \$100,000. Or that one of the new stackless Diesel tugs owned by the Moran Towing Company of New York would cost \$175,000. Three of these slick new Diesels, their engine-rooms as neat as a Dutch kitchen, are equipped with radiophones at an additional \$1,000 apiece. The radiophones have already paid for themselves in trade. When the North German Lloyd liner, *S. S. Wiegand* rammed and sank the freighter *Lillian* in a thick fog off the Jersey coast some months ago, officials of the German line, fearful that the *Wiegand* could not make port under her own power, ordered a Moran tug and made all the necessary arrangements over its radiophone. Up-to-date service like this pays big dividends to a tugboat company.

Steam-propelled tugs consume approximately 125 tons of soft coal a month. The Diesels cut the fuel cost in half

and are almost twice as fast, having a maximum speed of fifteen knots, compared to eight for a coal-burner.

When pressed, tugboat crews may work as many as twelve hours at a stretch. Beyond this limit navigation laws forbid them to trespass, on the understandable theory that after twelve hours of shoveling coal and lifting heavy hawsers, a crew has literally and figuratively reached the end of its rope.

The crews make a good part of their money in overtime work. For instance, one crew at the *Champlain* sailing had just completed thirty-one hours of overtime in three succeeding days. This would fatten up their paychecks considerably. A fireman whose monthly wage is \$105 figured he would earn that month in the neighborhood of \$200 with good food and a bunk thrown in. This compares very favorably with the wage of a hard-working fireman on an ocean liner who gets only \$70 a month. The wages and hours of a tugboat crew are determined by their A. F. of L. union, to join which deckhands pay \$100, and masters pay \$200.

The number of tugs docking or sailing an ocean liner is determined not so much by the size of the ship as by the wind and tides. "Slack water", the short lull between tides, comes every six hours and lasts from three to five minutes in the Hudson River and from five to eight minutes in the East River. "Slack water" with no wind is the perfect time for a liner to dock. If you don't believe me ask the captain of the 81,000-ton *Queen Mary* who brought his ship in alone during the tugboat strike last October. It was a clear, crisp Autumn morning when the officials of the Cunard Line decided that tugs or no tugs, business must go on as usual and ordered the captain of England's greatest ship to bring her in on his own, quite an assignment for anyone not equipped with Aladdin's Lamp. Although conditions were ideal that fine October morning, all eyes were on the *Queen Mary* as she steamed slowly up the Hudson to the 1100-foot city piers, newly erected for the world's largest ships. "He's bringing her in alone!" one deckhand called to another, and in the river-front office of a tugboat company, caloused harbor experts anxiously followed the gigantic ship's stern with one eye and the marine ticker with the other. Despite the fact that the *Queen Mary* was docking without tugs, sympathy was with her captain and his stupendous responsibility. An 81,000-ton liner docking on its own in a harbor cluttered with traffic is like an angry Triton among the minnows. One false move and a dock is smashed, a ferry sent gurgling to the bottom. Fortunately, docking conditions were per-



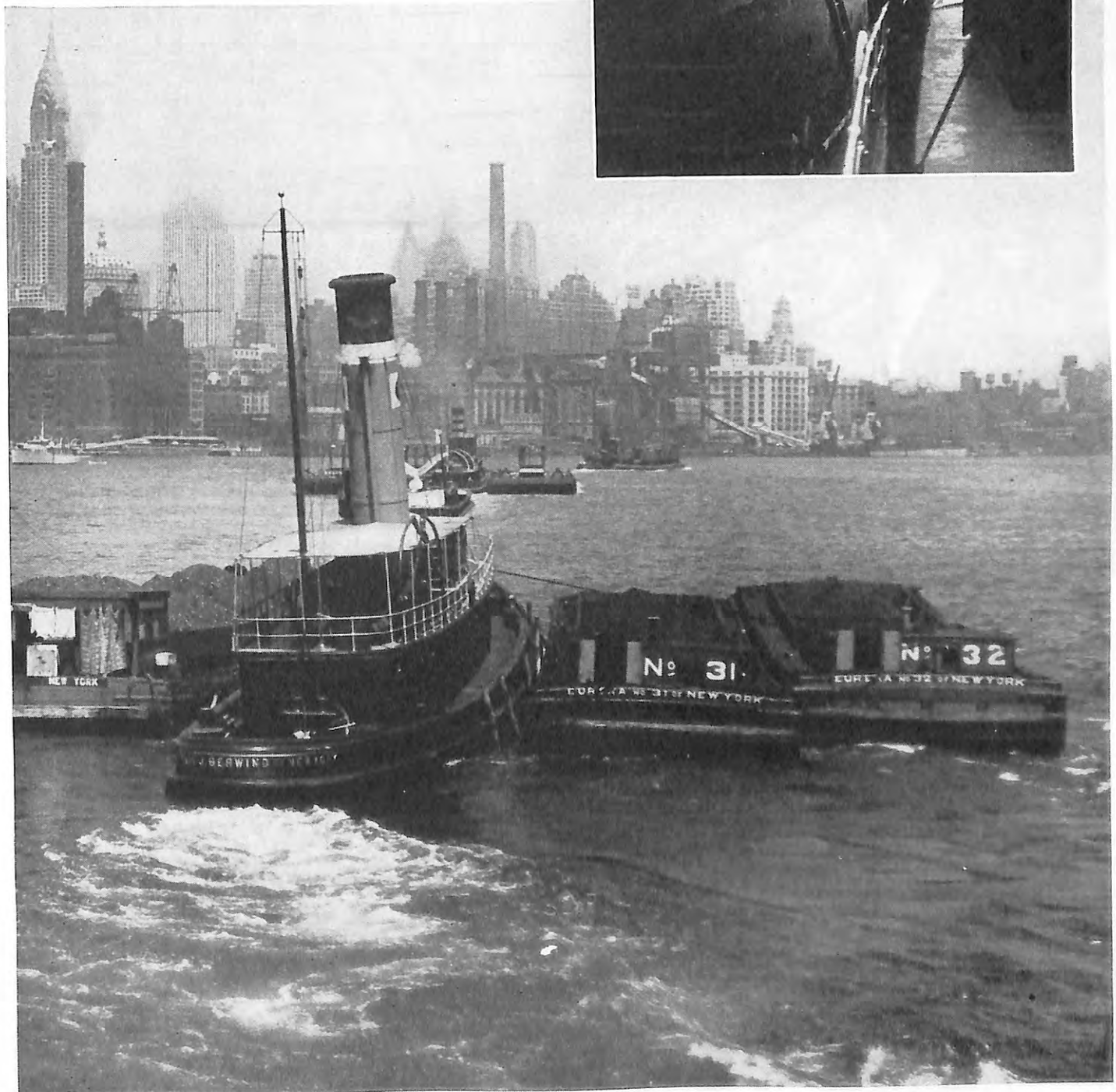
Here's a sturdy steam tug manhandling a great deal more than its own weight.

This tugboat captain is mounting to the hold of one of the big liners before piloting her safely and efficiently to her berth.

fect. Not a breath of wind rippled the "slack water" of the Hudson. And all at once the marine ticker in the tugboat office started up; the office staff watched it tensely and silently, let out a sharp cry of admiration as the tape ticked: "*Queen Mary* docked 10:22."

Five minutes later a fourteen-knot breeze came up and the *Queen Mary's* captain admitted to reporters that if it had come a little sooner he would have been out of luck. For even under excellent conditions the big ship gently bumped a pier with its enormous weight and piles crumbled like matchsticks. There were no casualties, however, and material damage was slight.

Like the captains of the great liners, tugboat captains, too, must make eventful decisions. Suppose, as often happens, a thick fog rolls in from the Atlantic. Harbor landmarks disappear, finally the bow of the tug itself becomes invisible (Continued on page 36)





He took a deep breath and turned the top card. He was right. It was a ten. This was not embarrassment; it was tragedy.

In the words of Private Sinful McFadden, "God smiles on United States soldiers if their hearts are pure."

by William Chamberlain

NICK OLIVER and Pat Farrel were two tough and unpleasant young men. On a Friday morning in September they walked into Old Man Webber's store in Yancyville. Old Man Webber was dusting off the canned tomatoes.

"Any money in the till?" Nick Oliver asked.

"Nope," said Old Man Oliver, reaching for the shotgun which he kept beneath the counter.

Later Nick Oliver and Pat Farrel climbed into their car and departed. They were richer by a hundred and fifty dollars and they had left Old Man Webber sprawled across his counter with a neat hole between his eyes.

In due course the teletypes of the State Police were in full tongue and by dark the chase was getting hot. An ancient constable, armed with a squirrel rifle, met the fleeing two at a bridge south of Abbey about sundown. They left him sitting in the dust but took his squirrel rifle with them. Thirty minutes later they traded cars with George Wallace, beating George severely about the ears with a gun. It was about seven that evening when Farrel, who was driving, turned south on a dirt road.

"What's the idea?" Nick Oliver demanded.

"Things are heatin' up," Pat Farrel said briefly. "We'll head down into the Barrens an' let 'em cool off a little."

"You're crazy! They'll ring us in down there an' we'll grow long white beards before we ever get out!"

"We'll get out," Pat Farrel promised thinly.



STRATEGY, *Sinful*, STRATEGY!

TWO armies, their lines opposing each other across the Barrrens, rested for the afternoon. Sham battles had raged up and down through the pine thickets for thirty hours but now peace had laid a soothing hand upon the combatants for a little while. Even staff officers rested and there was nothing in the serenity of the afternoon to warn Private Sinful McFadden, Medical Corps, of impending disaster.

Sinful sat beside a blanket which had been spread on the ground. His ambulance furnished convenient shade and the assorted dozen of National Guardsmen, in whose area Sinful had set up his blackjack game, had up until now provided a steady revenue. Then one of those inexplicable runs of bad luck, which may beset the cagiest dealer, reared its ugly head.

"Make your bets, gents," Sinful crooned, shuffling the cards for a fresh deal. "The sky's the limit an' old Sinful will see yuh, one an' all."

The National Guard outfit had money and showered it down on the blanket in little heaps. Sinful's fingers caressed the cards. He spat over his shoulder for luck and dealt.

"Cards comin' around, gents," he announced.

"Hah!" said the tough corporal at Sinful's left, peeking at his two cards. "I'll just stand on these babies!"

"One card," the next man said.

He got it and the look on his face told Sinful that he liked it. Then the next man stood pat and a faint worry began to gnaw at the back of Sinful's mind. His own second card, lying face up, was a four and he stopped for a moment to tip the corner of the card which lay beneath. He hoped that it was a seven. It was the ten of diamonds and he sighed and went on with the deal.

"Hit me with an eight, brother," requested a Guardsman with an undershot jaw and the shoulders of a coal passer.

Sinful flipped the card across the blanket so that it lay face up. It was an eight. Sinful mumbled under his breath.

"Nice work, brother," the Guardsman said.

Sweat was beginning to stand out on Sinful's forehead as he completed the deal to the man on his right. He looked at the neat little piles of currency stacked along the edge of the blanket. Not a busted hand in

the dozen—and he had a fourteen to draw to. He peeked at his hole card again, hoping that it had changed to a seven. It hadn't.

He couldn't stand on a fourteen, he thought desperately. Any one of those players in front of him could beat a fourteen and there was nothing to do but draw to his hand. A sickish feeling at the pit of his stomach told him, however, that the top card on the deck was a ten—and a ten would bust his hand sky high and would bust Sinful McFadden along with it.

"Well, make up your mind, brother," the tough Guardsman said unpleasantly. "We ain't got all day. I aim to collect on this here hand of mine an' then see what money will buy around this pine pasture."

Sinful thumbed the deck hastily and reviewed the plans open to him. He could grab the bank and run. No soap there—he wouldn't have time to take the ambulance with him. He might attempt to deal himself the five which he knew to be on the bottom of the deck. The alert and suspicious interest, with which his customers were regarding him, discouraged that maneuver. He took a deep breath and turned the top card.

He had been right. It was a ten.

He laughed in what he hoped sounded like a satisfied manner. "Makes me twenty-one! My lucky night, gents!"

He reached toward the bills and silver which lay in front of the tough corporal at his left. That worthy rapped him smartly across the knuckles.

"Not so fast! We'll just take a look at that twenty-one of yours, pill roller."

"Ain't this a gentlemen's game?" Sinful protested in a hurt voice. "You fellers trust me, don't yuh?"

"Sure," said the tough corporal. "We know that there ain't a dishonest hair in your head but we'll look at your hand just the same." He reached across and turned up Sinful's hole card and his voice had the friendly quality of a rock crusher in action. "Like I thought—busted!"

Sinful peered owlishly. "Well, well," he said. He laughed but the laugh sounded pretty sad—even to himself. "I guess the joke's on me, fellers. I could have sworn that card was a seven, honest."

The tough corporal had gotten to his knees; the Guardsman with the underslung jaw was inching forward. Sinful's gaze swept across his other customers. He had never seen a worse looking bunch of thugs, he thought bitterly.

"That's right," the tough corporal was saying grimly. "The joke's on you. Start payin' off, sweetheart, beginnin' with Corpril Arthur Boswitch—which is yours truly."

The Guardsman with the jaw crawled forward on hands and knees to eye the slender stack of bills and silver which represented the bank. Sudden suspicion darkened the Guardsman's face.

"Hey!" he said hoarsely, pointing with a finger as delicate as a bologna sausage. "That stack ain't goin' tuh pay off all these bets! You got any more cash on yuh, pill roller?"

He had not and it was a bad moment for Sinful McFadden. Then inspiration, like Phoenix arising from the ashes, smote him. It was a desperate chance but the situation was desperate.

"Uh," he mumbled, "I'm a little short tonight, fellers. I guess I'll just have tuh pay off as far as it goes, beginnin' with the corpril here. Then . . ."

"Get payin'," the tough corporal said, inching farther forward. "Thirty bucks was the bet."

"Hey!" yelled the player on Sinful's right. "That roll ain't ever goin' tuh reach this far. What do I collect?"

Corporal Arthur Boswitch was reaching out a hand for the money which Sinful fingered deliberately. Sweat beaded the latter's brow—either this was going to work in the next minute or two or Private Sinful McFadden was going to become a candidate for a ride in his own ambulance.

"What do I care what yuh collect?" the tough corporal told his colleague belligerently. "Collect a handful of this crook's teeth, if yuh want to. The main thing is that little Arthur Boswitch gets his thirty bucks. Hand it over, yuh Fagin!"

"Arrr!" the Guardsman with the undershot jaw said suddenly. "No yuh don't, yuh slab-footed Polack! We'll split it even as far as it goes!"

"Yeah? Who says so?"

"We do!" announced the half dozen players who were sitting in the wrong place in as far as any dividends went. Corporal Boswitch cocked a sardonic eye.

"Nuts!" he said.

"You thus-an'-so!" said the Guardsman with the jaw. He hit Corporal Arthur Boswitch neatly beneath the ear.

Sarajevo had nothing on this, Sinful reflected with a trace of awe. He crawled slowly backward toward the ambulance, not forgetting to take the bank—as well as the tough corporal's bet—along with him. The engine purred into life; began to roll.

Behind, the afternoon was filled with sounds of strife and yellow dust boiled up into the air. An M.P. passed the ambulance—his face was red and he unlimbered his club as he ran.

"Tch! Tch!" Sinful murmured thoughtfully. "Such a business." He stepped more firmly upon the throttle.

The first sergeant was looking for him as he rolled the ambulance into the truck park. Sinful assumed a virtuous expression and began to wipe off the instrument panel with a handful of waste. The first sergeant was not impressed.

"Where yuh been?" he demanded with the distrust common to first sergeants.

"Down at the motor pool," Sinful told him, his virtuous expression more pronounced than ever. "I figured I'd better give the old bus a good servicin'—with the war startin' again tonight."

The first sergeant spat disgustedly. "You could've built a truck in the time yuh been gone. Well, climb back into your saddle, Lone Ranger. You're ridin' again."

"Where to, Sarge?" Sinful asked his superior.



"Some John up in the hills has busted his leg. You an' Cueball go up an' get him—he'll be at Kingley."
"Okay," Sinful said cheerily. This was a bit of luck, he reflected. It would be like Corporal Arthur Boswitch and some of his little playmates to come looking for the missing bank after they had cooled down a bit. He would rather not be at home. "I'll get goin' right now, Sarge."

"Get your chow first—it's an all-night trip."

"Chow can wait," Sinful told him briskly. "I ain't the one to waste time eatin' when there is sick an' wounded tuh be taken care of. So-long, Sarge."

He slid into the seat of the ambulance and backed out of the park with a rush—jolted into the dirt road. Behind, the first sergeant stood with his mouth open and a glassy look in his eyes while he watched the ambulance disappear.

Sinful stopped at the far end of camp—dismounted and pried Cueball Gillespie, his assistant driver, out of his blankets. Cueball came without protest. Sinful noted that there were still sounds of strife in the

Illustrated by HAROLD ELDRIDGE

"Boy Scout," said Pat Farrel, "you're goin' to do a good deed. Peel out of that monkey suit."



National Guard camp as they went by. He permitted himself a discreet chuckle.

The dirt road flowed into concrete and he turned the ambulance north; stepped on the throttle. For twenty minutes he drove in silence—then wheeled the ambulance into the parking lot beside a roadhouse.

"Come on," he said to Cueball as he climbed down. "The sick an' wounded can wait a little until we put on the nosebag."

They climbed up at a counter and Sinful ordered two steaks with fixings. Cueball rubbed a palm across his bald head. He probed at his pockets with a tentative finger and then gazed dreamily at the catsup bottle.

"I hope yuh ain't expectin' me tuh pay for no steak, Sinful," he said mildly. "All I got is ten cents an' a cigaret coupon."

Sinful waved his hand. "The steaks is on me." "Boy, you must of got yourself a bank roll!"

"Well," Sinful said in a modest voice, "I try tuh pick up an' honest penny wherever I can."

The steaks came, flanked by steaming heaps of French fries. The plump waitress patted her hair and retired to the far end of the counter to fiddle with the dial of the radio. A blast of swing music assaulted the ears of the steak eaters. Then the music was suddenly interrupted by an announcer's voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we now bring you the latest bulletin concerning the man-hunt which is covering the northern part of the State. Police headquarters has announced that Oliver and Farrel, the two gangsters who killed a storekeeper in Yancyville this morning, have been trapped in the Barrens. All exits have been blocked. A five hundred-dollar reward has been offered for the capture of these men."

"Five hundred bucks!" Cueball said reverently. "Maybe I an' you could capture 'em an' collect that reward, Sinful."

Sinful mopped thoughtfully at his plate with a piece of bread. "There's something in what yuh say," he admitted. "With my brains—an' your back—it hadn't ought tuh be hard."

"The outlaws are well armed and desperate," the announcer continued. "They have already injured two men who have attempted to stop them."

Sinful scowled—then shook his head. "Nope," he, decided with a resigned finality. "We got our duty tuh do, Cueball. We got to look after the sick an' wounded an' it wouldn't be right for us tuh go chasin' off after no outlaws. Come on."

He paid the waitress and led the way out to where the ambulance waited. A dark, moonless night was beginning to close down. Sinful kicked at the starter and presently they rolled out onto the concrete again.

It was half an hour later when the beam of the headlights picked out a bridge ahead. There was a barricade at the far end and Sinful slowed the ambulance to a halt. Two figures broke from the shadows and came forward with rifles in their hands.

"Step down," a rough voice said.

A second voice chimed in. "No luck, Sarge. It's just a couple of Medical Corps Johns ridin' the meat wagon."

The thin beam of a flashlight, which had winked on, splattered over the red cross painted on the ambulance's side. It swept across Sinful and Cueball and then winked out again. The leading figure slung his rifle over his shoulder and came forward to rest a foot on the running board.

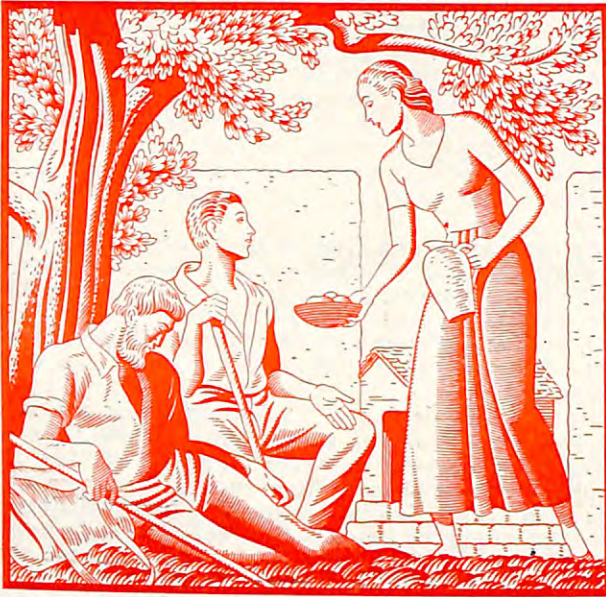
"What goes on?" Sinful asked in an interested voice.

The sergeant spat disgustedly. "An' I had that five hundred bucks half spent already. Here I am all set tuh hit the jackpot an' what do I draw? A couple of pill rollers that you can buy at a nickel a dozen. Where yuh goin'?"

"After some feller that has busted his leg up around Kingley," Sinful told him.

"Well, yuh better watch out that these two tough eggs that the police are lookin' for don't gather yuh in. They're up in there some place. Yuh got a gun?"

The other guard said, (Continued on page 42)



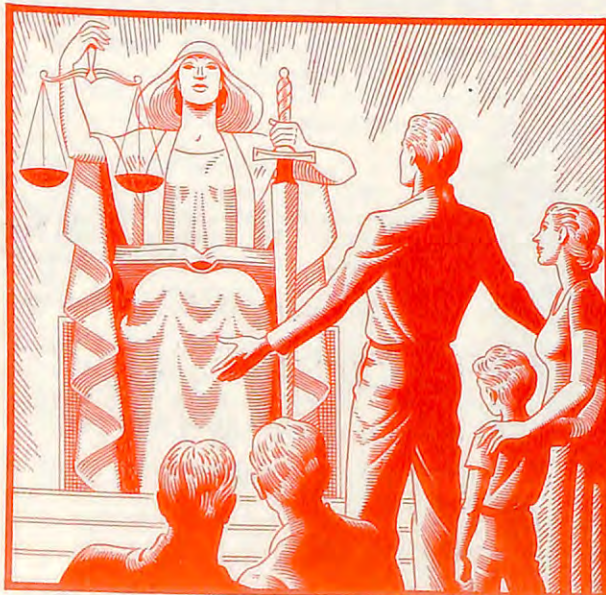
Drawings by Steele Savage

EDITORIAL

Our National Foundation

NO report is more eagerly awaited by the Grand Lodge than that of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. It always strikes a responsive chord on the heart-strings of those in attendance and reverberates throughout the entire Order. It brings pride and satisfaction to every Elk, dimmed only by the thought of how much more good could be accomplished through this agency if only a larger investment fund was available, but this dream of a great Foundation will some day be realized.

The Foundation is yet in its swaddling clothes. Only



about ten years ago it was born in the Grand Lodge out of a desire to enlarge the Order's benefactions. That is too short a time for an infant to develop into full vigor. While it is to be regretted that the fund is not larger, it is a matter of satisfaction that, looking to conditions which have obtained for the past ten years, a fund of over one-half million dollars has been accumulated. This has been derived largely from subordinate lodges, many of which have made a real sacrifice in thus depleting their treasuries. It is a sacrifice, however, made in keeping with the humanitarian principles and teachings of the Order and therefore gladly made and with no regret except that it is not more substantial.

The Elks National Foundation is the only foundation we know of or have ever heard of which does not pay its expenses out of its revenues thus depleting the funds which otherwise would be available for furthering the declared objects and purposes. Not so, however, with the Elks Foundation, for all expenses are paid out of the Grand Lodge treasury, thus making every dollar earned by the fund available for charitable, benevolent and educational purposes. This feature should not be overlooked by those philanthropically inclined who desire to contribute to such a fund or to remember it in their wills with bequests which will continue, long after they are gone, to serve a useful purpose in the economy of human affairs.

The corpus of the Foundation is forever to remain intact, and its earnings from prudent investments are devoted to worthy charities and to the assistance of young men and young women of exemplary character and scholastic standing who through adversity are struggling to complete their education and take an outstanding position of responsibility as American citizens. All disbursements are made without regard to membership in our Order, or to religious affiliations, but solely on merit and worthiness.

While the times have not been conducive to the accumulation of large funds for such purposes, neither have they opened the way to profitable investments. Many securities available are of doubtful value, and those regarded as sound and absolutely safe yield only a small percentage in return. The Foundation Trustees are to be congratulated on the great care and sound judgment which has marked their management of the fund committed to their charge and keeping. Fully realizing the great responsibility which is theirs they have recently engaged as a consultant on all matters of investment, sale and reinvestment, one of the outstanding financial agencies of the country. Such a fund cannot be placed under the management of men of greater honesty, of better business judgment or of keener zest for accomplishment.

Faith in Our Courts

THROUGH all the changing vicissitudes of life people in general have clung tenaciously to the belief that the courts are the sure bulwark of defense against all forms of oppression and invasion of their private rights. Judges have been held in the highest esteem and their pronouncements have been accepted as the embodiment of impartial justice and fairness, uninfluenced by extraneous considerations. This has been and, we trust, still is true, reflecting as it does the dependence placed by people generally in all

judges and in all courts, but it is especially true of the dependence placed in Federal Courts and Judges. If this confidence should be destroyed, demoralization is sure to ensue.

As we do not lose our faith in religion because some unworthy minister of the gospel falls from the path of rectitude, so we must not lose our faith in the administration of justice because some judge goes wrong. After all, they are only human and therefore subject to temptation, but when they yield they merit and receive the condemnation of all right-thinking people.

The great philosopher Socrates said, "Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly and to decide impartially." Although necessarily implied, he might have added by way of emphasis that a judge should above all things be strictly honest, for as Shakespeare says in *Measure for Measure*, "Thieves for their robbery have authority when Judges steal themselves."

Happily, few judges indeed fail to measure up to the high ideals of the people as to what a judge should be, but when one is guilty of malfeasance in office, the effect is to create suspicion and destroy to some extent confidence in all those entrusted with the administration of justice. This, of course, is not warranted, and is most unfair to the judiciary, but it is a natural result. It, therefore, is most distressing and disheartening when we read that a Federal Judge in the State of New York has so conducted himself in office as to cause the finger of grave suspicion to be pointed at him, with the result that he tendered his resignation. Along with this comes the further disheartening and discouraging information that in our National Capital a Deputy United States Marshal has pleaded guilty to the charge that, while in his custody, he attempted to bribe two juries sitting in criminal cases, one of which attempts apparently was successful.

It is encouraging, however, that the Department of Justice has instituted a searching investigation into the administration of justice in Federal Courts. It is to be devoutly hoped that no further crookedness will be disclosed, and, if it should be, that summary action will be taken to the end that public confidence in our courts may be restored.

Office of Grand Secretary

THE success of every organization depends very largely on the efficiency of its officers and in this respect the Order of Elks is and has been peculiarly fortunate. The office of Grand Secretary is of great, we almost said of supreme importance. The incumbent has held the office for many years and has been so efficient, conscientious, courteous and meticulous in handling its affairs as to merit and receive the universal commendation evidenced by his frequent and unopposed reelection.

His office is in the Elks National Memorial and Headquarters Building in Chicago, which every Elk should visit and while there should avail himself of the hearty welcome awaiting him in the office of Ed Masters, perhaps better known throughout the Order than any other Elk. If you are interested, as of course you and every member of the Order should be, in learning how this office is conducted, Ed will be glad to show you how the records are kept, and explain the intricate details necessarily involved in keeping track of nearly fifteen hundred subordinate lodges, as well as the



activities of the Grand Lodge and its various officers and committees.

Before making this visit you should read the duties of the Grand Secretary as set out in Grand Lodge Statutes in order that you may better understand and appreciate the volume of work placed on him and the skill displayed in organizing the office and so keeping and filing the records that they are instantly available as occasion may require. He is the custodian of the Great Seal of the Order and of all important documents, including deeds, contracts and insurance policies. He keeps the Grand Lodge accounts with subordinate lodges, receives and transmits all funds remitted by them, purchases, stores and ships all official supplies for them and keeps a record of all dispensations and charters. The papers and files of each Grand Exalted Ruler are, on the close of his term, transmitted to the Grand Secretary, who preserves them in a file for future reference. His duties, however, are too numerous to set out at length in these columns. In the aggregate they make up a full-time job for an efficient, industrious, full-time man and J. Edgar Masters qualifies from every standpoint.



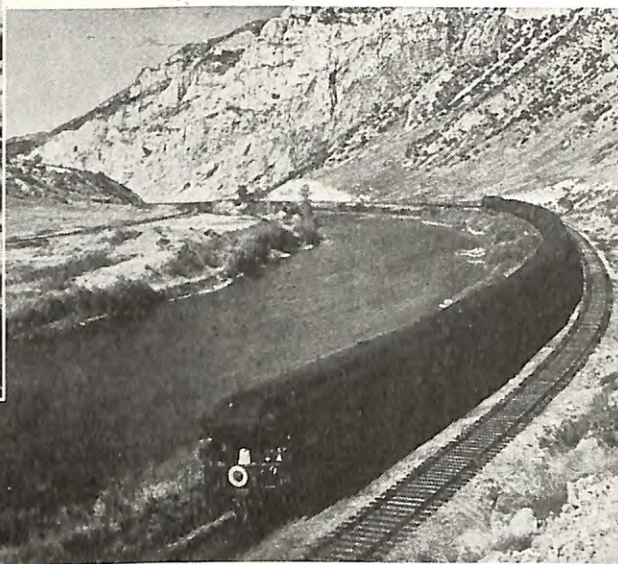


Grace Line, Inc.

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



Northern Pacific Railway

WE'VE received so many requests to extend the closing date of the Travel Contest that we're moving this ahead until January 31, 1940. Many Elks have not yet taken their 1939 vacation and, although under the rules of the Contest *any* vacation trip since January, 1938, may be reported upon, it seems that some of our readers expect to enter their vacations of this fall and winter as their contest entries.

As announced in our July issue, the primary purpose of the contest is to enable other Elks to learn of your experiences—the places you've gone to and how you got there. Whether you fly or drive only a few miles from your home in your *own* car—we'd like to have you tell us something about it—principally *where* you went and what you did.

Many of you visit *new* places every time you go away—many of you keep going back to the same *old* place because you haven't wanted to *try* a new spot.

That's what this Travel Contest is for. It's not so much the value of the prizes that should interest you as the knowledge that your letters—many of which we'll publish—will be helpful to the Elks and their families to know something about the kind of *new* vacation places to visit.

For the best 61 LETTERS or STORIES of 300 words or less telling us about your most interesting vacation trip within the last two years—what you saw, how you traveled and where you went, *The Elks Magazine* will award prizes as follows:

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Automobile—

- 1st Prize: 500 Gallons (as you need it) of your favorite gasoline.
- 2nd Prize: Complete set of 4 new tires for your pleasure automobile. Your choice of any grade A, nationally advertised brand.
- 3rd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Automobile Vacation Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Train—

- 1st Prize: A fully-paid, first-class, round-trip ticket with Pullman berth included for a train trip to any place of your choice in the United States.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Train Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Steamship—

- 1st Prize: A round-trip ticket for a 6-day Cruise from New York to the West Indies or Bermuda.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage for your 1940 Steamship Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Bus—

- 1st Prize: A round-trip ticket for a Coast-to-Coast Bus Trip.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Bus Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Plane—

- 1st Prize: A fully-paid return ticket for a Plane Trip to any place of your choice in the United States, providing, of course, that the place of your choice and the point you start from are served by a commercial air line.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Plane Trip.

For the next 50 best stories, regardless of classification, the winners will receive a beautiful Big Game Fish Map in 8 colors, 3 feet by 3 feet in size, framed under glass. This map was created and designed by Joe Godfrey, Jr., well-known writer and national authority on fishing and hunting. It sells for \$25.

It isn't necessary that your entry be written in professional manner because literary genius and elaborateness of entries will not count. All we want is for you to tell us, in your own words, where you went and what

TRAVEL CONTEST

... has been Extended



Eastern Air Lines

you did for your vacation this year, and if you feel that your vacation of 1938 was more interesting than the one you have taken or will take this year, tell us about that. Any vacation taken since January, 1938, can be included.

Here is an excellent opportunity for your sons and daughters to take part in a most fascinating contest because it is open to all ELKS and their families. For assistance in the preparation of your entry there will be no objection if you consult travel folders and descriptive material about the places you have been to. Your entry, however, must not contain any material copied from these folders, but must be your own, or the actual contestant's, original composition.

If you haven't yet taken your vacation go to any of the many places that are so lovely in the fall of the year. Whether you go hunting in Canada or fishing in Florida—to Hawaii or Bermuda in one of Pan-American's giant Clippers—whether you travel in your own car or by one of the modern stream-lined trains—the half-million other Elks and their families will want to hear of your experiences so that they might make plans to do similar things next spring and summer. And don't forget, there's still time to see the California Golden Gate Exposition or the New York World's Fair.

The rules are very simple, but read them carefully. Your letter or story must be postmarked not later than January 31, 1940.

Here's a real opportunity for you to give your Brother Elks the benefit of your travel experiences—and at the same time win a nice prize for your efforts.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Your letter or story should be written around the subject: "Where I Spent My Most Interesting Vacation and What I Did." It should be told in 300 words or less.
2. State in which classification your entry is to be judged—that is, whether Bus, Train, Plane, Steamship or your own Automobile.
3. Use business size paper, 8½" x 11", and type your letter on one side of the sheet only. If not typed, it should be written neatly in ink without crowding.
4. Place in the upper right-hand corner of the first page your name and full post office address, together with your lodge number. If you are not an Elk state your relationship to an Elk which makes you eligible. The contest is open to all Elks and members of their families.
5. All entries will become the property of The Elks Magazine and may be printed in this Magazine, with or without the name of the contestant. No entries can be returned. The decision of the judges will be final and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Travel Contest Editor, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. They must be postmarked on or before January 31, 1940. You may send more than one entry, but only one prize will be awarded to each winning contestant.



Santa Fe Railway

Under the ANTLERS



A picture taken at the presentation of an American Flag by Longview, Wash., Lodge to the Kiwanis Boys 75-piece Band.

Gov. A. Harry Moore Entertains 300 New Jersey Crippled Children

The Governor of New Jersey, P.E.R. A. Harry Moore of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, a member of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, played host to more than 300 crippled children from Jersey City and Trenton at the State camp at Sea Girt. Ralph Ford, a member of No. 211, led a convoy of four buses and several private cars in taking the children from Jersey City to and from camp. The Jersey City children were from the A. Harry Moore School.

A full program of events was planned by the Governor for his little guests, beginning with a luncheon for all of them at the Officers' Club at the camp. Then the children were given rides around the large parade ground in sidecars of motorcycles driven by members of the 119th Quartermaster Regiment of the National Guard, brought from Flemington by Governor Moore for the occasion. An opportunity to inspect and to sit in the pilot's seat of an all-metal airplane of the National

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Guard Squadron and rides on Shetland ponies and in pony carts were also provided. A vaudeville show staged by the Lambs Club of New York City and a contest by the band of the Sixth Battalion of Marine Reserves from the Philadelphia Navy Yard furnished further entertainment, with the children joining in singing led by P.E.R. Frank B. Chap-

man. At the end of the outing, ice cream and cake were served.

Globe, Ariz., Lodge Gives High School Band a Homecoming Party

The Globe, Ariz., High School Band was entertained by Globe Lodge, No. 489, shortly after its return from the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island. The 116 members of the band, accompanied by teachers and parents, under the direction of Superintendent H. E. Stevenson, spent July 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th in the San Francisco area, and made a most favorable impression upon the



Officials of Brookings, S. D., Municipal Hospital and Elks of Brookings Lodge photographed on the evening when the Lodge presented a baby incubator to the Hospital.

Right: A troop of Sea Scouts in whom Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge takes great interest. The Lodge recently purchased for the Scouts a 17-foot sailboat.



press as well as the public. In addition to the rendition of special musical numbers for the National Education Society, the band participated in drill work and earned a trophy cup for efficient and outstanding performance.

The idea of promoting the trip was conceived by P.E.R. Milton Cameron, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Globe Lodge. The band had taken prizes for three consecutive years in contests which included the Southwestern District contest held in Los Angeles in the Spring of 1938. Mr. Cameron's efforts were untiring, and the drive for funds, started last Spring, ended in success. The Citizens' Committee worked in cooperation with the Elks' Committee, receiving the full support of band members and their families.

The reception given by the lodge as a homecoming welcome was held on the high school tennis courts. Mr. Stevenson, Band Director Loren L. Maynard, and several of the students described interesting highlights of the trip. P.E.R. Joe F. Mayer, Past Grand Tiler and a Past President of the Arizona State Elks Association, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Among the guests were the donors who had provided finances for the Treasure Island trip. Refreshments were served in the school building after the outdoor session, and the festivities ended as the young people gave the Elks three rousing cheers and a tiger.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Holds A Father and Sons Night

More than 400 fathers and sons and boys of their acquaintance were present in the home of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, on August 21 when the lodge held its Father and Sons Night. The members of the Antlers Lodge of No. 3 assisted the Elks in making a success of the party. The boys enjoyed the facilities of the gymnasium, swimming pool and handball courts from five o'clock until eight, when an enter-



tainment was presented in the lodge room.

Walter "The Great" Mails, former big league pitcher, a member of San Rafael Lodge No. 1108, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Charles Graham, owner of the San Francisco Baseball Club, gave an interesting talk on the history of baseball dating from the first game at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1839, and Frank "Lefty" O'Doul, manager of the Club, a member of No. 3, spoke to the boys

Above: Decorah, Ia., Ritualistic Team which won second place at the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis. The team has previously won four Iowa State championships and was also a contender for national honors at Columbus, Los Angeles and Denver.

Postmaster General James A. Farley with officers and members of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge on the occasion of Mr. Farley's recent visit to that State. The Montpelier Lodge home has been completely renovated and 50 new members have been initiated.

and then introduced each member of the San Francisco team. The presence of many former big league players added color to the occasion and prominent sports writers and radio announcers contributed to the success of the evening. The Entertainment Committee served a buffet supper in the main dining room where the boys received baseballs given by the Committee and had them autographed by the players. The affair was so successful that



Right: The Oregon City, Ore., Lodge Bowling Team which is the local championship team.

E.R. Byron H. Hurd promised that another Father and Sons Night would be given before the expiration of his term.

Officers of Richmond, Calif., Lodge Dedicate New Post Office

The officers of Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, headed by E.R. Daniel M. Bradley, conducted the dedication and cornerstone ceremonies for the new \$150,000 Post Office at Richmond on August 12. Prominent members of the Order present for the occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3; Postmaster L. J. Thomas of Richmond, and P.E.R.'s City Attorney Thomas M. Carlson, Collector of Internal Revenue for California Clifford C. Anglim, and Mayor John A. Bell, of Richmond Lodge. Ambrose O'Connell, Second Assistant Postmaster General of Washington, D. C., and Charles Paffenberger, Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department for the Western Area, represented the Government.

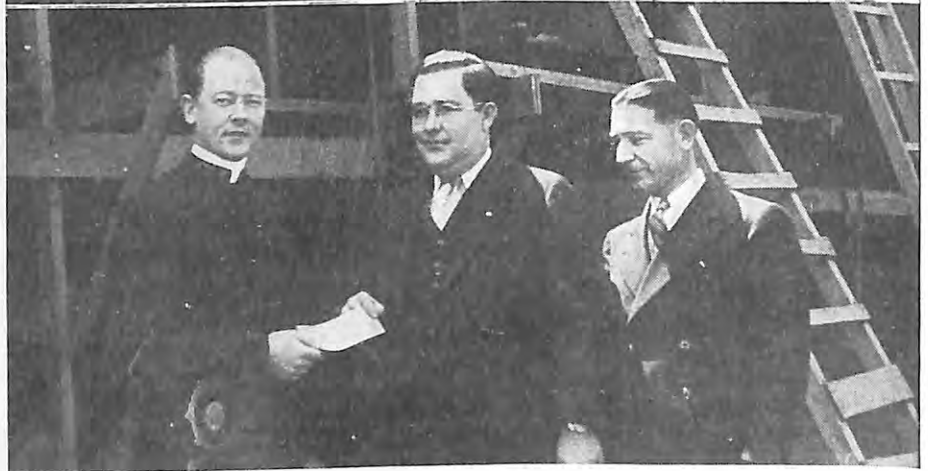
The Glee Club of Richmond Lodge, under the direction of Dennis J. Shaw, Assistant Postmaster, provided the music for the dedication ritual.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge Is Host at Special State Meeting

In the home of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, on August 6, State Pres. Adam Martin of Wheeling called to order a special meeting of officers and committeemen of the West Virginia State Elks Association. Among those present were immediate Past Pres. John T. Pancake of Huntington, Chairman of the State Commission in charge of crippled children work, and all the members of his committee; the two new District Deputies appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner—Dr. M. H. Porterfield of Martinsburg Lodge, North District, and H. R. Harrison, Princeton, South District—and Exalted Rulers from several West Virginia lodges.

The Association voted to sponsor a 20-bed ward in the Morris Memorial Hospital at Milton, W. Va., and to continue as its major welfare activity the State-wide work on behalf of crippled children carried on so successfully during the past year. It was stated by several representatives that their lodges were ready and willing to back this activity financially. As West Virginia needed only two more member lodges in order to participate in the State al-

Elks of Hoquiam, Wash., on the replica of the second ship ever to visit the local port, which was built by Hoquiam Lodge for use as a place of entertainment during the recent Paul Bunyan Jubilee celebration.



Above: Rev. Fr. Charles Burns of St. Ferdinand's Catholic Church accepting a \$400 check from E.R. K. G. Paschall and P.E.R. T. W. Binda of San Fernando, Calif. Lodge. The money was raised to help restore the Mission.

location of funds made by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, the Board of Trustees of the State Association was delegated to act as a committee to urge non-member lodges to join the Foundation. Inter-lodge activities will include sectional Ritualistic Contests, the winner to compete at the next State Convention for the honor of representing West Virginia in the Elks National

Ritualistic Contest, and also inter-lodge visitations. Drill Team Contests, in sectional competition, will be sponsored. It is the aim of the Association, with the cooperation of



the District Deputies, to prevent lapsation and to increase membership by reinstatement and selected membership to the end that the State may show a membership gain at the end of the present lodge year.

Speeches were made by both District Deputies and a vote of thanks was expressed for the hospitality extended by Parkersburg Lodge in acting as host to the meeting, and serving a buffet luncheon at noon and a dinner in the evening to which the visiting ladies were invited.

W. R. Harwood, Secretary of Richmond, Va., Lodge Dies

In the death of W. R. Harwood on July 13, Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, lost an efficient secretary and a much loved member. The lodge has since elected as its new secretary, George W. Epps, Jr. Mr. Epps is a Past Exalted Ruler and has been a member for 19 years.

Boise, Ida., Elks Are Hosts to 960 Youngsters at Ball Park

The Boise Baseball Park was crowded on the night of July 7 with boys and girls present as guests of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, for the game between the Boise and Lewiston, Ida., teams of the Pioneer League. Boise Lodge had started a "Knot Hole Club" with the idea of giving 500 youngsters free admission at the game, but the plan met with such spontaneous favor among the members that funds donated were sufficient to take care of 750. Nine hundred and sixty showed up.

Right center: A second group of boys who were sent to summer camp for two weeks under the sponsorship of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge. Earlier in the summer the Lodge sent 30 other boys on a vacation.

Below: Officers of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, city commissioners and civic leaders at the dedication of a children's playground in Clearwater. The grounds are being equipped by Clearwater Lodge and will be entirely controlled by the Elks.

Through the cooperation of Haydn Walker, owner of the Boise Club and a member of the lodge, all were admitted free and started off on the evening's fun with a bag of peanuts handed out at the gate. Transportation was afforded by eight of the huge buses furnished by the Union Pacific and the Boise Street Car Company and 50 cars were put into service by members of the lodge. Led by the Elks' Band, the motorcade with all the children paraded through the main street before going to the ball park.

Joel Priest was Chairman of the "Knot Hole Committee", being ably

assisted by Est. Loy, Knight Robert Overstreet, Treas. Robert Barbour and many of the lodge members acting as volunteers. From a safety angle, it was pleasing to note that not a single accident of any sort marred the evening.

Three Events Are Celebrated at Meeting of Indiana, Pa., Lodge

The meeting of Indiana, Pa., Lodge, No. 931, on July 19, was held

Below: A group of 49 underprivileged boys who were selected by Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge to go to a fresh air camp for a two weeks' vacation.





The 54-piece Grand Forks, N. D., high school band which received bright uniforms as a result of the benefit concert sponsored by Grand Forks Lodge recently.

constructive activities. A large percentage of the group has taken advantage of the opportunity given each year for any boy to take part in the trip to Alaska.

Twice a year a Bridge of Honor is held to which parents and friends are invited. The awards are made by the lodge committee, the members of which are Jack Lee, Cap Akins, Dr. Charles Simmons and Ray Hyke. The boys take part in all civic celebrations and projects and are helpful in community festivities. The efforts of the Elks in making the program available has met with the gratitude not only of the boys, but of their parents and their Skipper.

La Crosse, Wis., Lodge Presents Pool to Boy Scouts

The Elks of La Crosse, Wis., Lodge, No. 300, dedicated, on July 20, a pool at Camp Decorah which was built by them for the Boy Scouts in the La Crosse Area. The presentation speech was made by E.R. Carl B. Noelke. The pool was formally accepted by the President of the

Left: Approximately 150 guests were present at the wedding breakfast given in the Agana, Guam, Lodge home by E.R. and Mrs. James H. Underwood after the wedding of their son, Raymond Ferdinand, to Miss Ana Josephine Torres.

Below: The Drum and Bugle Corps of Norfolk Boy Scouts who are sponsored by Norfolk, Va., Lodge.

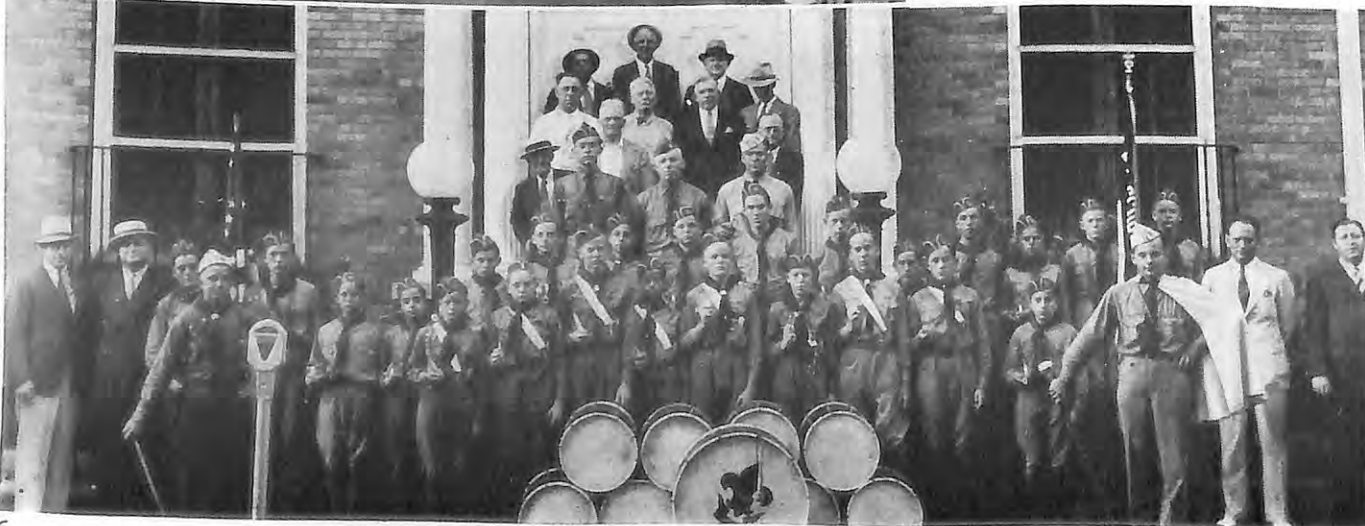
for the purpose of celebrating the 35th anniversary of the founding of the lodge, of burning the mortgage, and of honoring P.E.R. John R. Richards, a Life Member. Mr. Richards has been active in the affairs of the lodge since he helped in its organization in 1904, and is a Past District Deputy. The evening began with a dinner at the Moore Hotel. P.E.R. Richard W. Watson acted as Toastmaster. Robert C. Allen of Uniontown Lodge, who was District Deputy at that time; John Niland, Kittanning, the new District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Central, and P.D.D.'s C. O. Morris, Leechburg, W. C. Kipp, Apollo, Paul J. Dimond, Latrobe, and Edward J. Linney, New Kensington, were among the 150 Elks present.

The mortgage was burned with appropriate ceremonies at the meeting held later in the lodge room. The first home of Indiana Lodge was pur-

chased on October 5, 1906, but was destroyed by fire on November 27 of the same year. Construction on the present building was begun in 1907. The new home was dedicated the next year by the Grand Exalted Ruler, John K. Tener of Charleroi Lodge, who afterward became Governor of Pennsylvania and is the Dean of living Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

Lewiston, Ida., Elks Sponsor Scouting Program For Older Boys

Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, No. 896, sponsors a Sea Scout ship, the S.S.S. *Robert Gray*, in providing a program of Scouting for older boys which fills much of their leisure time with



Right: Elks of Ontario, Calif., Lodge who were host at the annual dinner for the 10th National Guard, with a large number of their guests.

Area, Dr. W. E. Bannen, who is also an Elk. The exercises were attended by 500 members of the Order, including State Pres. Thomas F. McDonald of Marshfield Lodge.

The pool is 230 feet long and 130 feet wide, and is fed by 15 natural springs with a 220-gallon-a-minute flow of water. For the opening of the pool La Crosse Lodge sent 61 underprivileged boys to camp for the week with all expenses paid by the lodge.

Hoquiam, Wash., Elks Build a Ship For Jubilee Celebration

A \$2,500 replica of the second ship ever to visit the local port, was built by Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, next to its home, for use as a place of entertainment during Hoquiam's recent Paul Bunyan Jubilee celebration. The original S. S. *Enterprise* entered Grays Harbor in 1858, 66 years after the first ship visited the port. The expense of building the new *Enterprise* was borne by the lodge. The labor was supplied by more than 100 of the members—carpenters, steam fitters, painters, etc., working under the expert supervision of Herman Snider, manager of the American Door Company. The ship was constructed to do everything but float. Its stern wheel was set in a tank of water through which it revolved, thrashing water about as though it were in the middle of the ocean. It did, however, make one journey. Crowded with Elks, with E.R. Lester Bergeron at the wheel, it "sailed" down Main Street as a major attraction in the Jubilee parade. The interior was historically correct.

The *Enterprise* was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies, followed by a party, and was a popular rendezvous for Elks and their friends for the duration of the festival.



News of Golf Activities of Ohio State Elks Association

W. J. Gorie, of Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, who serves annually as Chairman of the Golf Committee of the Ohio State Elks Association, has arranged and carried out a program which is being taken as a model by several other States. The scope of the annual tournament has been enlarged by moving the event to various cities in Ohio.

The tournament held this year at Zanesville attracted teams from 23 Ohio lodges. Floyd F. Hull, who served as local chairman, brought

Above: Elks of Gardner, Mass., Lodge, Scout officials and Boy Scouts who were present at the ceremonies which marked the presentation of a new flag pole to the Boy and Girl Scout Camp by Gardner Lodge. The new pole is of steel, is 75 feet high and bears a bronze plaque.

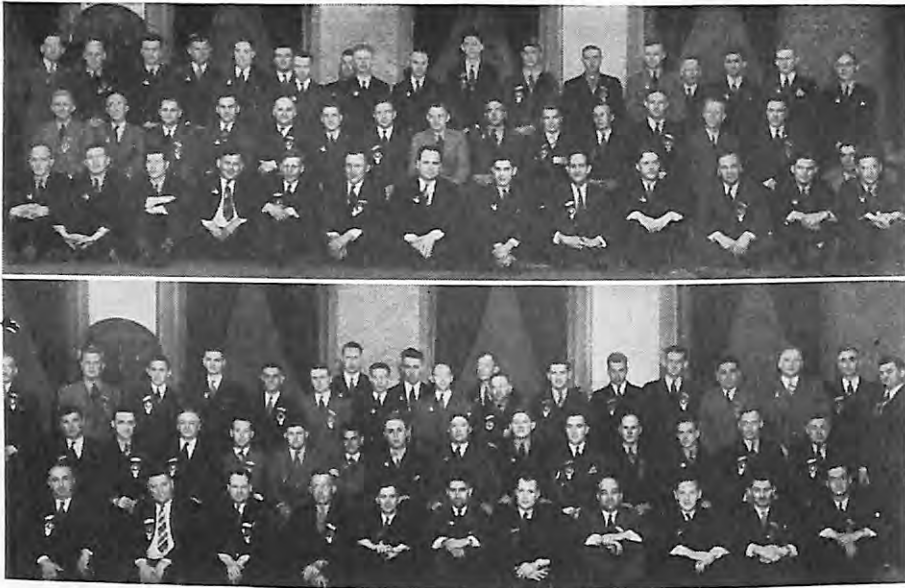
the initial plans for the event to a highly successful conclusion. The team of Zanesville Lodge No. 114 won with a score of 307.

Des Moines, Ia., Elks Welfare Committee Aids Worthy Case

The Welfare Committee of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, through the adjustment service of the School Board, has given an artificial hand and arm to a young woman severely handicapped by the loss of these members. She is now completing a

Below: A large class of men received into Houston, Tex., Lodge some time ago where they heard an address by Representative Martin Dies. The class is shown standing, surrounded by some of the 500 Elks who attended.





Left: Two photographs of a large class of candidates which was initiated into Ashland, Wis., Lodge some time ago. This was the largest class in the history of the Lodge. In addition to the 91 new members, 31 reinstatements were secured.

well as enjoyable from a social standpoint, were to be used for the construction of a fourth Boy Scout cabin in the Chequamegon Bay region. The sponsoring of a Boy Scout Troop was also being planned by Ashland Lodge.

Lodge activities have been given a decided impetus by a large increase in membership resulting from the Spring campaign staged by the Membership Committee, headed by Chairman James A. Snow. Thirty-one reinstatements were secured in addition to 91 new members initiated at one meeting, the largest class in the history of the lodge.

course in stenography and getting along splendidly. Alfred F. Yoerg is Chairman of the Elks Committee.

Franklin, La., Lodge Initiates Class In Newly Built Home

A representative attendance of State and district officers was present recently in the newly built home of Franklin, La., Lodge, No. 1387, for an initiatory meeting at which 23 candidates became members of the Order and two former members were reinstated. E.R. K. M. Frank presided. Heading the New Orleans delegation were Abe Burglass, Pres. of the La. State Elks Assn., and Past Grand Tiler Sidney A. Freudenstein. D.D. J. O. Modisette, representing the Louisiana North District, led a delegation from Jennings Lodge, and Mayor Elward Wright, D.D. for Louisiana, South, P.D.D. Otis Bourg and E.R. B. P. Champagne headed the delegation from Houma Lodge. In addition to speeches made by these present and past officers, addresses were made by Chief Justice Charles A. O'Neill, and W. C. Kemper who spoke for the Class.

Acting upon a motion made by

Secy. W. A. Moore, the lodge designated the class the "K. M. Frank Class" as a tribute to the Exalted Ruler. Mr. Frank worked unceasingly to provide the membership with a modern and attractive home. He was the recipient of congratulations from all the speakers upon his outstanding accomplishment. So impressed was Mr. Burglass with the generous measure of charitable work carried on by Franklin Lodge, that he, as President, made an appropriation of \$25 from the funds of the State Association for local charity use. After the meeting, sandwiches prepared by the wives of members, were served along with other delicious refreshments.

Ashland, Wis., Elks Are Successful In Numerous Activities

One hundred and fifty couples attended the Boy Scout Benefit Dance given by Ashland, Wis., Lodge, No. 137. The proceeds of the dance, which was financially successful as

Thirty-two candidates who were initiated into Watertown, N. Y., Lodge recently in recognition of the Lodge's 40th Anniversary.

Henry Shull Receives Foundation Scholarship at Dallas, Tex., Lodge

Henry Shull, winner of one of the Elks National Foundation scholarship awards, was presented with his check for \$150 by E.R. John Erhard at a recent meeting of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71. A large attendance was on hand for the pleasure of witnessing the presentation and offering congratulations to Mr. Shull and his father as well. The winner of the scholarship is a son of a member of the lodge, J. W. Shull, auditor for the Dallas National Bank.

Young Mr. Shull is a student of Northwestern University on scholarships secured through his own efforts. Now, for outstanding work both inside the class room and out, he has received one of the Elks "Most Valuable Student" prizes, which he will use during his senior year at Northwestern.

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge Pays Final Tribute to Former Officers

Tablet services were conducted at a recent meeting of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, by the lodge



officers as a final tribute to two outstanding members who had passed on. The death of P.E.R. Thomas W. Haney, former Chief of the Jacksonville Fire Department, was closely followed by that of P.E.R. Burton M. Wimberly. Resolutions of regard and sympathy were adopted at the meeting, and eulogies were delivered by P.E.R. R. L. Bohon, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and Lonnie D. Howell.

Albuquerque, N. M., Elks Entertain Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins

The Grand Chaplain of the Order, the Rev. J. B. Dobbins of Temple, Tex., Lodge, was entertained with a dinner and reception on August 8 by Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461. E.R. Anthony Belmonte presided at the dinner held at the Hilton Hotel. The guest of honor and Senator Don Dickason were among those who spoke.

An informal program of musical numbers and Indian dances was presented at the reception which took place in the lodge home. The Rev. Mr. Dobbins was accompanied by Mrs. Dobbins and their son.

Waterloo, Ia., Lodge Publishes Book of Patriotic Documents

Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, published for its members early in August, a 24-page booklet entitled "Lest We Forget." It contains copies of George Washington's farewell address, Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address and his second inaugural address, and the Constitution of the United States and amendments. The book carries the significant inscription, "Freedom Does Not Just Happen".

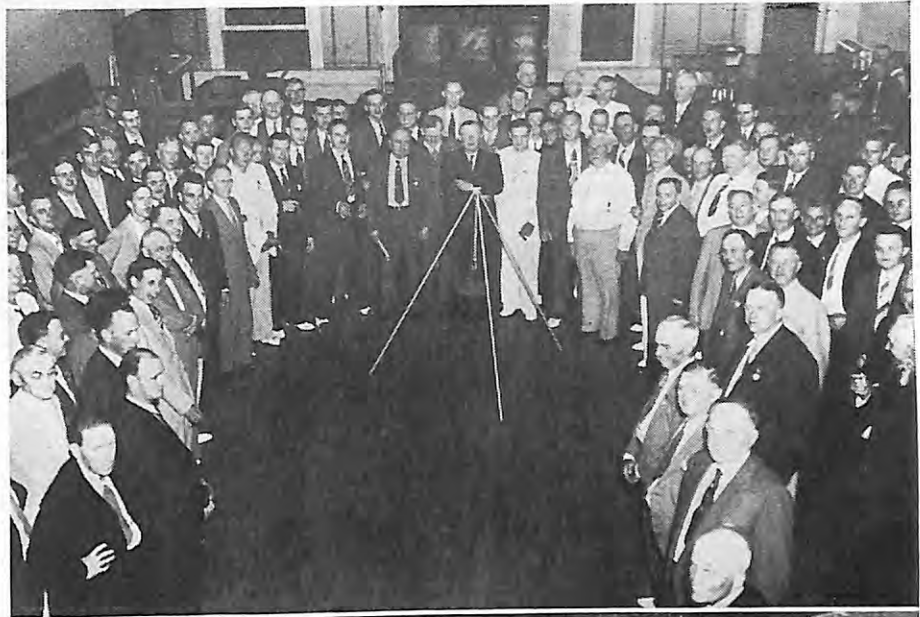
E.R. John R. Boeger states that a thousand copies of the booklet have been mailed to members and a complimentary copy sent to the Grand Lodge. P.E.R. Saner C. Bell submitted the idea for the book and directed its preparation.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge Completes Annual Tonsil Clinic Drive

The completion of approximately 40 tonsil operations in the annual tonsil clinic drive of Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, for children in families not able to finance the operations, brought the total number of cases handled over a period of about twelve years to approximately 400. Sponsorship of the clinics continues to be one of the lodge's main charitable enterprises. Completion of the 1939 program was announced recently by P.E.R. Charles B. McVay and Joseph A. Allegrette, co-chairmen of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

All operations have been performed at the Bradford Hospital. The various campaigns in connection

Right: The basketball team which has been sponsored during the past year by Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge. The team won 17 games and lost three.



Above: Elks of Indiana, Pa., Lodge photographed at a meeting when the mortgage on the Lodge home was burned.



Right: The Bowling Team of Danville, Pa., Lodge which has enjoyed a successful season. It bowled in the Elks Tournament at Sunbury, Pa.

with the work have been carried on by successive Exalted Rulers and their committees. The present Exalted Ruler, Rocco L. Tito, and those assisting him, are maintaining the high standard set by their predecessors.

Watertown, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its 40th Anniversary

The 40th Anniversary of the institution of Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496, was marked by the initiation, in the State Armory, of a class of 32 candidates. Thirty-



three former members were reinstated. The ceremonies followed a dinner at the New Woodruff Hotel, attended by members, candidates and a number of State officers. The initiatory work was performed impressively by the uniformed State Troopers Degree Team of Auburn, N. Y. Watertown Lodge was instituted by members of Syracuse and Oswego Lodges, and since its founding has officiated at the institutions of Lowville and Ogdensburg Lodges. All of these lodges were represented at the meeting.

On the preceding night, a dinner was held at the home of Watertown Lodge. At its conclusion, the members and candidates, accompanied by the Elks Rube Band, marched to the Armory where the second degree was exemplified.

Greenville, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary

Festivities in connection with the Golden Anniversary celebration of Greenville, Pa., Lodge, No. 145, on

August 3, opened with a chicken dinner at Riverside Park served to approximately 700 persons including members of the lodge, their ladies and visiting State and district officers. Tables were set in the pavilion and in a large tent nearby.

During the afternoon many of the members competed for prizes in a golf tournament at the Greenville Country Club. The anniversary program was climaxed that evening with a 16-act vaudeville show brought from Pittsburgh. At the end of the performance, which was given in the park amphitheatre before an audience of 1,500 persons, E.R. Roy S. Baird spoke for the lodge and introduced the Master of Ceremonies, Fred Frazier, who in turn introduced the officers and Past Exalted Rulers who served as members of the Committee on Arrangements under P.D.D. Wilbur P. Baird, General Chairman. The Elks were assisted in handling the crowd by the Sea Scouts and Boy Scouts of Greenville. The evening was concluded with a social session.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Honors Members for Valuable Services

In recognition of their distinguished services, Ray Kilgus, P.E.R. of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, and William V. Welker, Editor of the lodge bulletin, "Good of the Order", were elected recently to Honorary Life Membership in their lodge.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Maintains Health Camp Near Freedom Plains

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, maintains an Elks Health Camp, accommodating 75 children, throughout the summer months. It is operated under the supervision of the Poughkeepsie Tuberculosis Committee, a member of the Dutchess County Health Association. The camp was established in 1924 when a 77-acre farm near Freedom Plains was bought. The lodge raised the funds for its purchase by holding an Indoor Circus at the Poughkeepsie Armory. Since that time, the old frame house on the farm has been remodeled and is now a combination play house for use in stormy weather, mess hall and kitchen. Bath houses and two large dormitories have been added and other improvements made. A creek flows through the farmlands and an artesian well supplies drinking water. The use of the camp is offered annually to the Children's Home and the children are given a week's rest and recreation.

The Elks Health Camp Committee, under the Chairmanship of William G. Miller, held a 15th anniversary celebration last summer, with athletic events and dancing. That day the electrification of the camp, long looked forward to by the members of the lodge, became a reality.

Left: A photograph of the flag-raising ceremony at Elks Baseball Day, an event sponsored by Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge. The game between the Eau Claire Bears and the Grand Forks Chiefs was played before a large crowd of spectators.

Below: A class recently initiated into Everett, Mass., Lodge by the State Champion Ritualistic Team of Clinton, Mass., Lodge. The meeting was well attended, with 18 lodges represented.



The Globe high school band which, through the successful efforts of Globe, Ariz., Lodge, was sent on a trip to the San Francisco Fair.

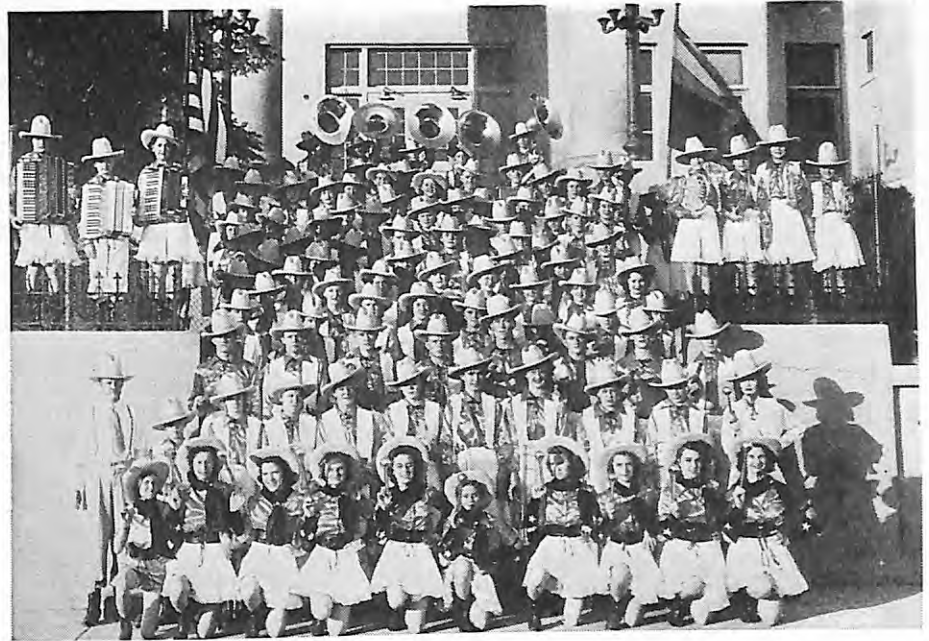
Elks' Annual Pilgrimage to Goshen, Vt., Crippled Children's Camp

More than 400 persons participated in the Vermont State Elks Association's annual pilgrimage to the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children near Brandon, Vt., on the first Sunday in August. Nine of the 10 member lodges of the Association were represented. Arrangements were in charge of Chairman F. L. Patnode, assisted by the Brandon members of Rutland Lodge, No. 345. Led by the Brandon school band and the local troop of Boy Scouts, a procession started from the Brandon Inn at 1 p. m. After a picnic dinner at the Camp, exercises, including a program of music, were held. Dr. R. R. Bennett of Bennington, Pres. of the State Association, made the welcoming speech, and Past Pres. Charles F. Mann of Brattleboro introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt.; P.D.D.'s Robert E. Cummings, Bennington, Patrick J. Kaney, Hartford, and John T. Nelson, Barre; Basil Walsh, Director of the Camp, and members of the Brandon committee of Elks. During the afternoon tribute was paid the late Walter Thorpe who, with Mrs. Thorpe, founded the Camp in 1927, and Past State Pres. Arthur W. Simpson of Burlington, Treasurer of the State Association, whose funeral was held Sunday afternoon.

One of the six additional scholarships of \$150 each, awarded by the Elks National Foundation Trustees in its annual nation-wide "most valuable student" contest, was won by a Rutland girl, Miss Jean Brehmer. Mr. Malley presented Miss Brehmer with her prize and also presented the Foundation's contribution of \$500 toward the expenses of the Goshen Camp to Dr. Bennett who accepted it officially. The Foundation's contribution makes it possible to increase the number of campers. For the first time in its history, the Camp, this season, accommodated 100 children. Among other contributions received during the afternoon was a penny collection from Brattleboro Lodge amounting to \$60. Each child at the Camp was the recipient of a gift.

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge Honors Philip Craig, Scholarship Winner

Philip Craig of Jacksonville, Fla., winner of the second award in the Elks National Foundation Trustees' annual Scholarship Contest, was



honored by Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221, at its regular meeting on August 15. The meeting was presided over by E.R. Thomas E. Mallem who presented the young man with a check for \$400, acting on behalf of the Foundation.

The speakers of the evening were John W. Harrell, Jacksonville attorney and a member of the local lodge, D.D. Cecil H. Zinkan of St. Augustine Lodge, acting as Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner's personal representative, and Harold

Colee of St. Augustine Lodge, a Past President of the Fla. State Elks Assn. All of the speakers paid tribute to the fine character and splendid record of young Mr. Craig who graduated with honors from the Andrew Jackson High School last December and will specialize in public accounting at David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

Below: The Elks' float which was entered by Flint, Mich., Lodge in the Motor Festival Parade.



Right: The Elks' float which won first prize in the Fraternal Day Parade of the Shamokin, Pa., 75th Anniversary.

NEWS of the State Associations

NEW JERSEY

At its 1939 Annual Reunion, held in Long Branch, N. J., the New Jersey State Elks Association elected the following officers: Pres., William J. Jernick, Nutley; Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., Frederick I. Pelovitz, Somerville; South, Daniel S. Reichy, Freehold; N.W., Floyd W. Tredway, Boonton; N.E., Eugene G. McDermott, Union City; Secy., Francis J. Eagan, Weehawken; Treas., Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch; Trustee for five years, John H. Cose, Plainfield; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles E. Coyle, Newark; Inner Guard, Philip Guinan, Nutley; Tiler, Benjamin S. Benson, Dover; Chaplain Emeritus, the Rev. Francis H. Smith, Trenton; Chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Schwack, Freehold; Assistant Chaplain, Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City; Organist, Max Bernhardt, Bayonne. The State Ritualistic Contest was won by Elizabeth Lodge No. 289. The first quarterly meeting of the State Association was held in the home of Orange Lodge No. 135 on Sunday, September 24.

The report of the Publicity Committee, submitted by Chairman William J. Jernick, showed that during the past year New Jersey Elk activities had been given 26,956 column inches of news articles, in addition to 52 editorials, 34 news items in *The Elks Magazine*, and three radio broadcasts. The work will be continued.

The chairman of the State Association Crippled Children's Committee, Grand Trustee Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, reported Elk lodge expenditures of \$103,638.66 for this activity during the past year. This brings the grand total to \$1,475,-

629.59 since the inauguration of the New Jersey Elks' crippled children work in 1928. Mr. Buch's recommendation that subordinate lodge committees be enlarged in order that wider personal attention be given little cripples, was adopted. "It is a pleasure," Mr. Buch stated, "to report that we continue to enjoy our enviable record of not having a waiting list for admission of crippled children to hospitals or convalescent centers. This is mainly due to the decentralized plan adopted whereby all crippled children in need of care and attention can be admitted promptly."

RHODE ISLAND

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Rhode Island State Elks Association was held at Pawtucket on Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25, with approximately 800 Elks and their ladies in attendance. The meeting was as usual a success, reflecting considerable credit upon Chairman William Woodcock and his hustling committee.

The Convention opened on Saturday afternoon when several hundred Elks assembled in the home of Pawtucket Lodge No. 920 for a preliminary session followed by a dinner dance and cabaret in the evening. The official proceedings began Sunday morning when the delegates and alternates from the five lodges of the State, Pawtucket, Providence, Woonsocket, Newport and Westerly, met for the transaction of business with Pres. Thomas C. Mee of Woonsocket presiding. Edward J. Bigoness of Pawtucket was elected President for the coming year. His associate officers are as follows: 1st

Vice-Pres., John H. Greene, Jr., Newport; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dr. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence; Secy., Charles W. Noonan, Providence; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Trustee for five years, Frank McKenna, Woonsocket. The members of the Board of Trustees whose terms did not expire this year are: Edwin G. Spooner, Newport; Col. Thomas J. Flynn, Providence; Judge M. Walter Flynn, Westerly, and John Baldwin, Pawtucket. The 1940 Convention will be held in Providence.

At a luncheon which preceded the Convention proper, the delegates and other visitors were welcomed officially by Mayor Thomas P. McCoy, a member of the host lodge. Among the prominent Elks in attendance were Past State Pres. Edward H. Powell, Providence, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; P.D.D.'s John P. Hartigan, Providence, former Attorney-General, and George A. Dolan, Postmaster of Westerly; P.E.R. Judge M. Walter Flynn, Westerly; P.E.R. Judge William M. Connell and former Congressman Aime J. Forand, Pawtucket; Judge Mortimer A. Sullivan, Newport; Judge Francis P. Condon, Harry Curvin and Joseph M. Davis, Pawtucket, and past and present officers of the State Association and of the various Rhode Island lodges.

It was announced at the luncheon that this year's Scholarship Award had been won by Miss Catherine McGee of Providence. Miss McGee graduated from St. Xavier's Academy in Providence in the 1939 class and plans to enter Rhode Island State College this Fall. She was presented with a check for \$300 by Col. Thomas J. Flynn, Chairman of the Elks State Board of Trustees.

MAINE

Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, was host on June 24-25 to the Maine State Elks Association, meeting in Portland for its 11th Annual Convention. Activities got under way on Saturday evening with a dance and entertainment at the lodge home.

At the Sunday morning business session, officers were elected as follows: Pres., Dr. Romain J. Marcoux, Lewiston; 1st Vice-Pres., Ernest C. Simpson, Waterville; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dr. Joseph L. Brown, Sanford; 3rd Vice-Pres., Gordon W. Drew, Au-



Left are the Ohio State golfing champions who hail from Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge, where the annual State Tournament was held.

Right: The Decatur, Ga., Degree Team which won the J. Bush Trophy in the recent Georgia State Elks Ritualistic Contest. This team placed third in the National Contest at St. Louis.



gusta; Secy.-Treas., Edward R. Twomey, Portland; Trustee for three years, Joseph C. Hickson, Bangor. The officers were installed by P.D.D. Dr. L. Kenneth Green of Auburn. Honored guests of the Association included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and John F. Burke, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, of Boston, and the Governor of Maine, the Hon. Lewis O. Barrows, a member of Augusta Lodge, the principal speakers at the Convention. Fred L. Sylvester of Lewiston, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee for several years, made his annual report. Lewiston Lodge No. 371 was the winner of the Contest this year and is the present holder of the ritualistic trophy presented by the Gannett Publishing Co., Inc. Houlton Lodge No. 835 will act as host at next year's meeting.

The sum of \$650 for crippled children work was raised this year by the May Day Balls held by all the lodges in the State. The idea was originated this year and the Balls will be held annually in the future. The Scholarship awards were made in the Association's annual essay contest. The amount of the awards was not announced as they were to be increased between June and September by donations from various lodges in the State. Biddeford-Saco, Waterville, Bangor, Lewiston and Portland Lodges pledged a total of \$300 to enhance the value of the awards.

The retiring President, Judge Daniel E. Crowley of Biddeford, presided. Among the Past State Presidents in attendance were C. Dwight Stevens of Portland, the first president and organizer; Wilfred P. Percy of Augusta, second president, Fred L. Sylvester, John P. Carey of Bath, and Albert C. Jones of Rockland. Fifty-two delegates representing 13 of the 15 Maine lodges were present. During the business session the ladies were taken for a sail down Casco Bay. The Convention ended Sunday afternoon with a dinner at the lodge home for Elks and their ladies.

IDAHO

The first business session of the Idaho State Elks Association at its annual convention on June 26-27-28 at Coeur D'Alene was called to order by Pres. Arthur L. Barnes of Lewiston. Two distinguished guests from the State of Washington, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle and Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke of Yakima, were introduced. An address of welcome was given by Mayor J. K. Coe responded to by E. D. Baird of Boise, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. E.R. H. P. Glindeman spoke for the host lodge,



Coeur D'Alene No. 1254. John Snook, Exalted Ruler of Idaho's newest lodge, Salmon No. 1620, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Skagway, Alaska, Lodge, No. 431, gave an interesting talk on how Salmon Lodge, instituted on June 5, came to be organized. Mr. Snook announced that he had been delegated to act for his lodge in the formalities incident to its becoming a member of the State Association, and tendered a check for \$5.30 per capita membership for the lodge. An instructive talk was made by Mr. Meier. Leo Hartnett of Seattle Lodge invited those present to attend the convention of the Wash. State Elks Association at Everett, and Edwin J. Alexander of Aberdeen, Chairman of the Americanization Committee of the Washington Association, was introduced.

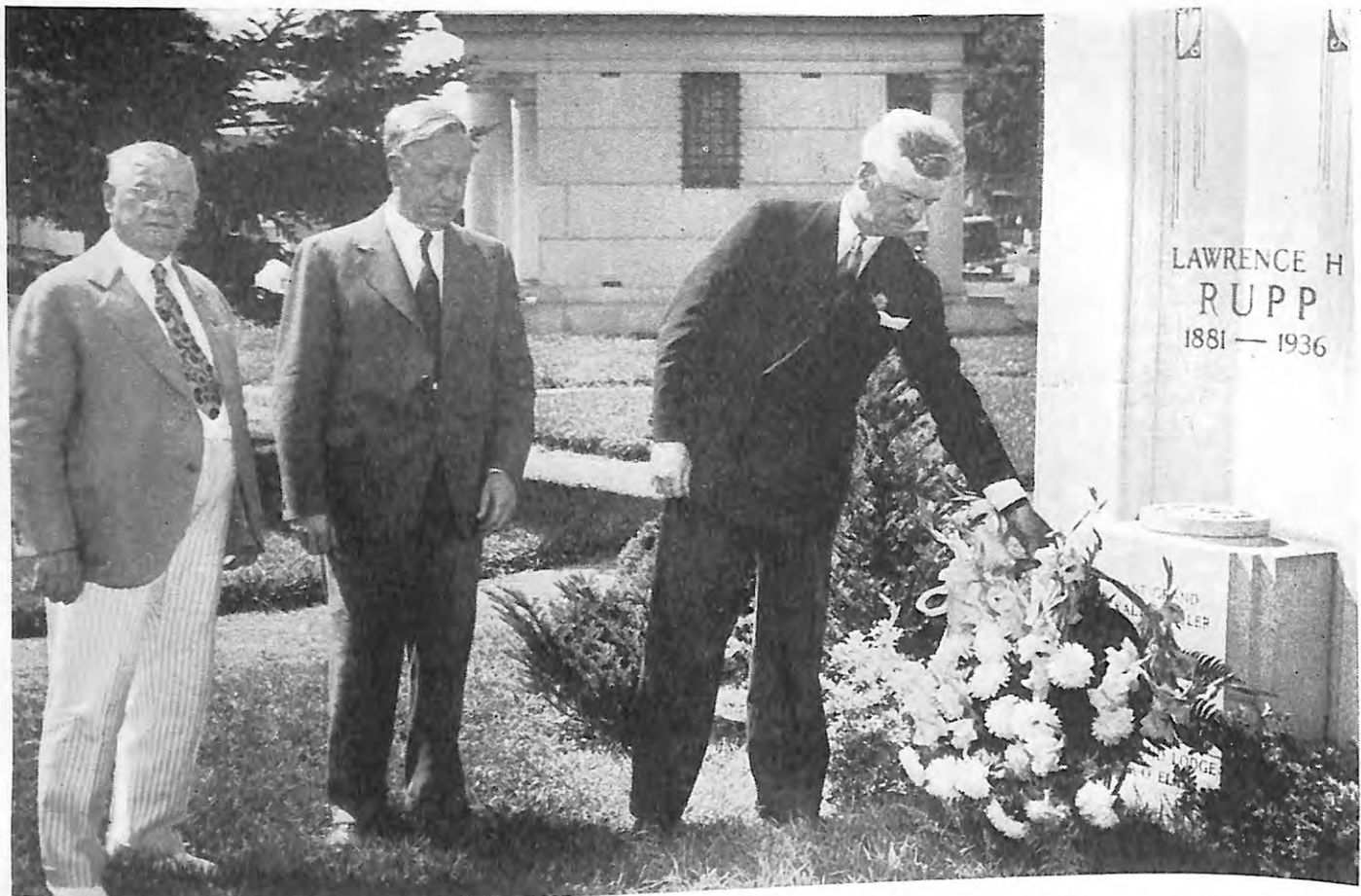
The President's report and reports of the committees were submitted at the second business session. Chairman W. C. Rullman of the Auditing Committee reported that the affairs of the Association were in good shape and that the books showed a balance on hand in excess of \$675. Chairman Jay Malvin, reporting for the Ritual-

Above: The high school finalists in the Washington State Elks Oratorical Contest which was staged in connection with the Washington State Elks Convention in Everett. In the front row is the winner of the \$200 cash award, Miss Helen Clark of Everett.

istic Committee, announced that during the year 14 lodges in the State had participated in one or more ritualistic contests. Wallace Lodge No. 331 and Pocatello Lodge No. 674, winners in the North and South Districts respectively, competed during the session for the State championship, Pocatello being declared the winner. E. M. Grant, Chairman of the Americanization Committee, reported on this new State Association activity, and mentioned the fine showing made in the finals of the Essay Contest. Miss Margery Cole of Lewiston won the first prize of \$50. Second prize of \$25 was won by Miss Margaret McFadden, of Plummer. The annual Memorial Service was held with the address being delivered by Mr. Bohlke, Inner Guard.

During the third business session,

(Continued on page 48)



Left to right are F. A. Schrader, assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; the Grand Secretary, and Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, photographed placing a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was the guest of honor at the Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association at Duluth and delivered an address on the

first day of the meeting, August 3. On that day a conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Minnesota lodges was held in conjunction with the convention activities followed in

the evening by a large banquet at the Hotel Duluth. Mayor C. R. Berghult made the address of welcome and Judge Bert Fesler was Toastmaster. State Vice-Pres. Judge Royal G. Bouschor, who was later elected President of the Association, presided. The dinner was attended by civic and governmental leaders as well as officers and other members of the Order. The address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler was followed by a cabaret entertainment and dancing.

The conference of District Deputies from the Middle West, held in Chicago on August 5, was well attended, and there was much enthusiasm. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Grand Trustees J. Ford Zietlow of Aberdeen, S. D., and Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., and Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small of St. Joseph, Mich.,

En route to a District Deputies' meeting Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters were photographed during a brief stop-off at Cheyenne, Wyo., with E.R. Edward L. Kopp, Jr., and Craig Lewis, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee.



Hawks, Tribune, Cheyenne

attended the Chicago meeting.

Mr. Warner's first visit to Dixon, Ill., after he became Grand Exalted Ruler was made on July 15, when he was guest of honor at the State meeting of the Order of DeMolay. He was officially welcomed home by his lodge, Dixon No. 779, on August 9 when the members gave a testimonial dinner and reception in the lodge home in his honor.

The spacious building was crowded to capacity. Three Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Grand Secretary Masters and Floyd E. Thompson, were the principal speakers, and all paid high tribute to Mr. Warner for his many years of loyal and efficient service to the Order and predicted an outstanding year under his leadership.

TWENTY-NINE lodges of Illinois and Iowa were represented by members who joined Dixon Lodge in honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler. The number of officers and other prominent Elk leaders was the largest ever assembled in Dixon. In addition to the three Past Grand Exalted Rulers named above, Joseph M. Cooke of Harvey Lodge, Pres., and nine Past Presidents of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; William M. Frason of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, who has been appointed official representative to the Grand Exalted Ruler; A. James Breckenridge of Rockford Lodge, District Deputy for Illinois, Northwest; three District Deputies from other Districts, delegations from 27 lodges and 21 Past District Deputies were among those present. Letters and telegrams were read from all parts of the country. Mrs. Warner, wife of the Grand Exalted Ruler, charmed the listeners with a short speech in response to an unexpected introduction by the Toastmaster. Past State Pres. J. Paul Kuhn of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, headed a delegation of several prominent Elks and brought greetings to the new head of the Order.

General Chairman John P. Devine, P.E.R. of Dixon Lodge, who acted

as Toastmaster, was introduced by the Exalted Ruler, Walter M. Smith. P.E.R. William V. Slothower, Mayor of Dixon, made the welcoming address, and the Rev. Urban Halbmaier delivered the Invocation. Warren H. Badger, of Dixon, who had just been appointed personal secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was introduced by the Toastmaster. A beautiful program of music was rendered which included numbers by P.E.R. and Mrs. Willard Thompson. The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. L. E. Conner.

In his response, Grand Exalted Ruler Warner expressed his gratitude to the man who had handed him his application to become a member of the Order of Elks, to all assembled, and to all Elks for the high honor they had conferred upon him. He stated that if love of the Order and hard work on his part would make his year of office a success, he would succeed, but added a reminder that the support of the entire membership was the best guarantee for a year of genuine accomplishment.

ON August 12, a dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler, who had arrived in the city on the preceding day accompanied by the Grand Secretary, was held by Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, at which both guests of honor spoke. The Grand Exalted Ruler stressed in particular the imperativeness of the demand that youth be given opportunities comparable to those enjoyed by their elders. The conference of District Deputies of the Western States, held in the lodge home on Sunday, August

Among those who attended a meeting of Dixon, Ill., Lodge honoring Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner were, left to right: L. E. Conner, Pastor of the Church of God; State Pres. Joseph Cooke; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; Grand Exalted Ruler Warner; E.R. W. M. Smith, Dixon; Toastmaster P.E.R. J. P. Devine; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and D.D. A. James Breckenridge.

13, was attended also by Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of lodges in that section. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his message, and short addresses were made by Mr. Masters and another prominent guest, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle, Wash. The District Deputies and other officers, with their ladies, were guests of the Grand Exalted Ruler at a luncheon and were taken later for a delightful picnic trip through the canyons which ended at "Ivanart", the beautiful summer home of P.E.R. and Mrs. Arthur Woolley, where delicious refreshments were served.

NEWs of the wreck of the streamliner which occurred about 30 miles west of Ogden was received with not a little sadness by Mr. Warner and Mr. Masters who were, however, fortunate not to have been involved. The train was late and both had enjoyed dinner and a cordial visit with the steward and his assistant. In less than an hour after they had left the train, every occupant of the dining car was instantly killed. In the delegation on hand to welcome the distinguished visitors to Ogden were E.R. LeRoy Raleigh, D.D. W. C. Miller of Phoenix, Ariz., and the Chaplain of Ogden Lodge, William M. Hope.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his official message on August 19 to District Deputies and Presidents of State Elks Associations in Eastern territory at a conference held at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Each District Deputy responded, the Grand Secretary made a brief speech, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, spoke on the Elks National Foundation. Luncheon was served on the beautiful lawn and all present were enthusiastic in their praises of the ideal conditions which exist at the Home.

From Bedford Mr. Warner and Mr. Masters went to Bethlehem, Pa., where they attended the Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn.
(Continued on page 53)



Whistle While You Work

(Continued from page 13)

from the bridge. But the owners of a freighter want their ship to sail on schedule and order a tug. The captain of the tugboat has the right to refuse to take his boat out, for theoretically all shipping is at a standstill in a thick fog. But maritime history was made by expedient risk rather than inopportune caution. A tugboat captain can refuse to move his tug from her moorings in a heavy fog; he can be laid off, too. And if a freighter wants to take a chance and clear for "Rio" in a blinding mist, she'll find a tug willing to take a chance with her. All things considered, the tugboat captain is not risking as much as the larger boat. A tug is small and mobile, darting in and out of harbor traffic with quick, deft movements. But when the tugboat captain does venture forth in a fog, tooting his whistle and hoping to heaven that some great hulk doesn't loom suddenly out of the mist and smash his decks, he knows that he's sticking his neck out. And somewhere in this nebulous situation lies the boundary that divides owner's capital and captain's responsibility.

When a tugboat comes alongside a docking ocean liner and the Jacob's Ladder is lowered to take its captain aboard, he proceeds to the liner's bridge and takes over the ship from the pilot who has brought her up the bay from Ambrose Light. From here in, the tugboat captain is in charge, although he usually relays his orders through the liner's captain. The orders may go something like this: "Half astern . . . full speed ahead . . . slow astern on the port . . . slow ahead on the starboard." By jockeying the big ship's engines, coming ahead on one and going astern on the other the tugboat captain is able to maneuver the mass of floating steel, assisted by his tugs, until the liner "fetches up on her quarter", lies in such a position against her dock that the remainder of the job becomes a routine matter.

In performing this delicate operation the tugboat captain uses the liner's "telegraph" and his own mouth-whistle which works according to the same signals that motivate tugboat engine-rooms. From "all stopped" these signals are:

- 1 bell slow ahead
- jingle full speed ahead
- 1 bell slow
- 1 bell stop
- 2 bells slow astern
- jingle full astern
- 1 bell stop

A tugboat, like a lady, can't be plunged into anything. Fast action must be worked up to gradually. If you want to go full speed ahead, you first ring one bell for slow ahead. If you're going full speed ahead and want suddenly to go full astern rather than run smack into a pier, you have to come down to slow ahead with one bell, stop with another, slow astern with two bells and full astern with a jingle—a jingle being . . . well, you've heard of jingle bells. A jingle on a mouth-whistle sounds like a furious cop hailing a driver who has just gone through a red

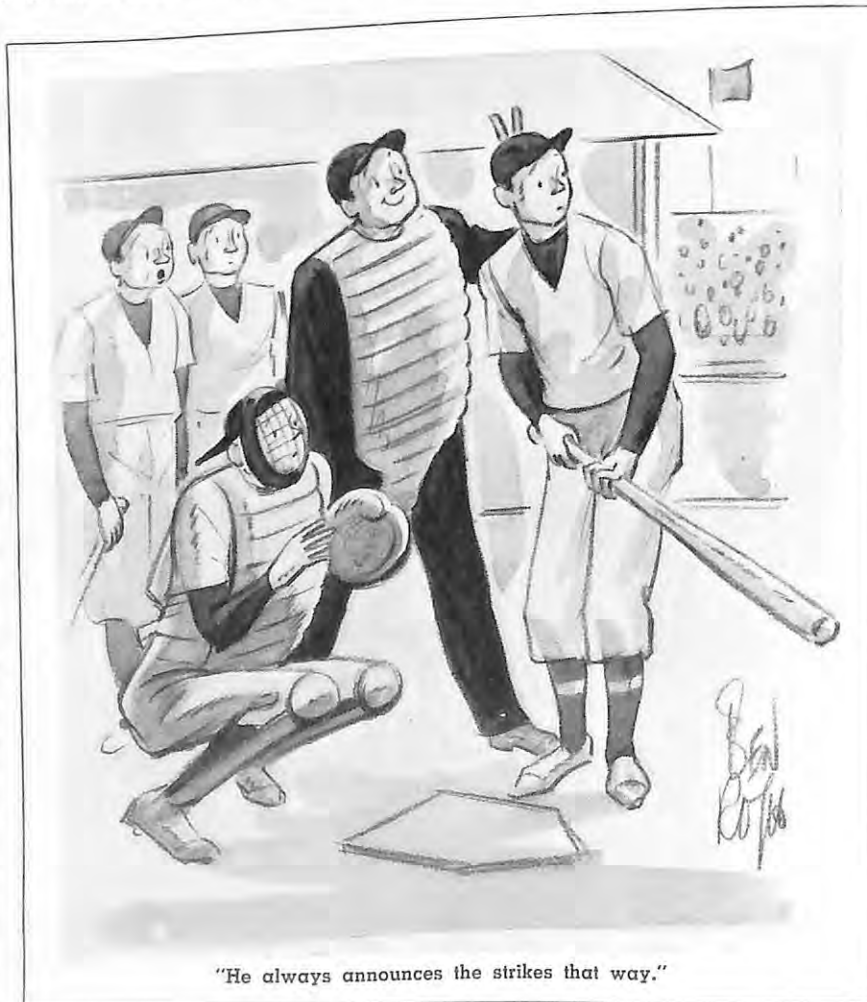
light. On the waterfront it has a pleasanter significance.

When a tugboat captain says of a liner, "She can't lift herself with her own power," he recalls the drug-store cowboy who says of a girl, "Aw, she can't do the 'shag'." The captain really means that the liner's mobility is deficient or nil. She may have plenty of power to go ahead or astern, but what a tugboat captain wants is a sort of shifty, crabwise motion that makes it easier for him to swing her alongside the pier. Both the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary* have this virtue; among others, the *Aquitania* hasn't got "it."

Tugboats are hired on a sliding scale of prices that begins at the Battery, the nominal center of New York Harbor. The rates are based on \$18.75 an hour for each boat, plus overtime charges for night work. For piers in the vicinity of the Battery, the charge for docking or "undocking" a ship would average around \$30 a boat. The time for docking varies anywhere from twenty minutes to an hour and a half, depending on wind and tide. A while ago the *Aquitania*, hefty Cunarder not endowed with "lifting

power", ran into a stiff wind and strong tide and sixteen tugs took six hours to dock her! The Cunard Line paid through the bow for that job.

Such a setback as this would cost the bloomin' Brits the tidy little sum of \$2,500, but what's \$2,500 to luxury liners? The *Leviathan*, one of the more celebrated deficits of the deep, ran into the red to the tune of \$75,000 for one crossing alone before being sold for scrap. Steamship men wax sentimental over the queens of the sea; they pour money into them in a manner reminiscent of "sugar daddies" tossing mink coats at seductive blondes, and abandon them when the magnificence of their gilded salons is exceeded only by the magnificence of their deficits.



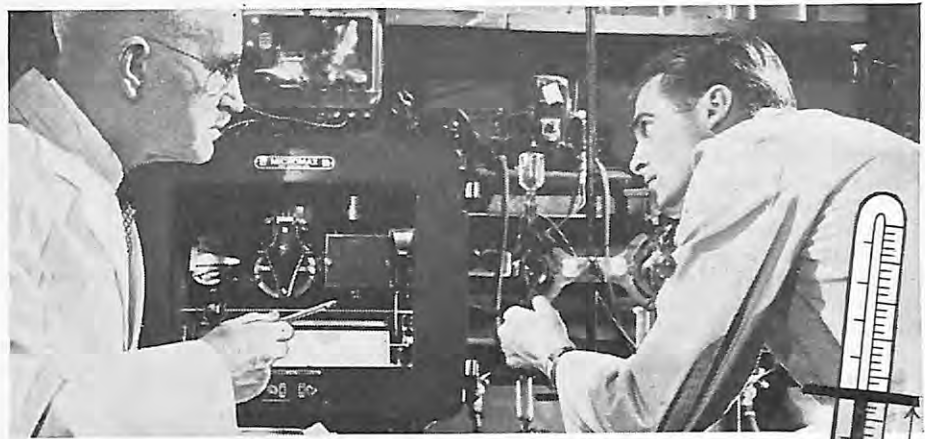
"He always announces the strikes that way."

Tugboats boast no mirrored decor by Elsie de Wolfe. They have some nice rope fenders, though. Rope plays an important role in the tugboat business. Each tug in New York Harbor has a heavily padded bow fender made of rope, and side fenders made either of rope or wood. Each tug is also equipped with "heaving lines" and hawsers. The much lighter "heaving line" sails through the air from tug to liner, where it is deftly caught and hauled up, dragging the ten-inch hawser after it. Ropes, it may be noted, are measured in circumference rather than diameter. Tugboat hawsers measure up to twelve and one-half inches and that's a lot of rope on any winch. For open water work outside the harbor another rope called "the messenger" follows the "heaving line". The "messenger" is a three-inch rope and this grading of strength, from "heaving line" through "messenger" to hawser, ensures greater resistance against the winds and waves of the Atlantic.

ON the bridge of a Cunarder or a French Line vessel some officer can always be found who speaks either fluent or sufficient English to transmit the tugboat captain's commands, but the deck of a Greek tramp steamer presents a problem. Not being a Berlitz graduate, a tugboat captain can hardly be expected to give commands in Greek. In such a situation he relies heavily on a device called the "telegraph".

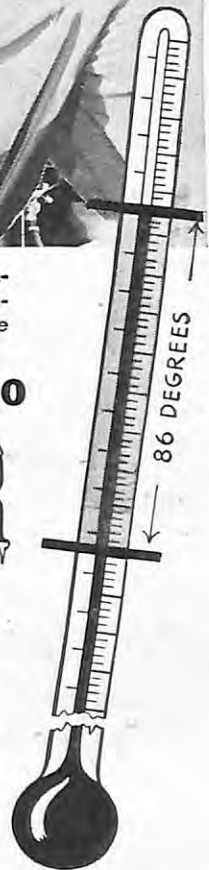
A ship's "telegraph" is a highly useful instrument with a brass handle which works two indicators on its round face. These indicators point to the various speeds of the ship's engines. The tugboat captain on the bridge of a Greek tramp will get the attention of the engine-room with a "jingle", then move the brass handle and the top indicator to, let's say, "half speed astern". Below decks the engineer standing in front of his "telegraph" moves his handle to the corresponding position. The lower indicator on the bridge then moves in line with the top indicator, showing that the order has been correctly understood. Working his mechanical interpreter with one hand, coaching the helmsman with the sign language and holding his whistle between his teeth, the ambidextrous tugboat captain then proceeds to guide the Greeks to the channel that leads to the land of temples and tunics.

If you want to operate a boat registered at more than 150 tons, you'll need a master's papers. As tugboat captains do a major share of their work on the bridge of ocean liners whose propeller blades alone exceed 150 tons, a master's papers become indispensable. It takes about seven years to get them; three years as a deckhand, then a year as third mate, another year as second mate and so on up. To get an unlimited master's papers (the limit refers to tonnage) you must have served on a ship reg-



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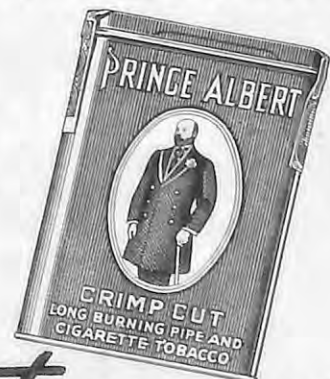
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istered at over one thousand tons.

A shipping line should be run on a schedule that charts its itineraries about a week in advance. For instance, a ship with a cargo of lumber is going to put in at lumber docks such as the Erie Basin, the Port of Newark and India Street. This entails a certain number of stevedore hours at \$1.05 an hour per stevedore. In addition to docking and "undocking" the lumber ship, the tugboat company will supply valuable information as to the number of stevedore hours necessary to unload a cargo at the Erie Basin. The shipping line's marine superintendent will also be warned that a ship cannot dock at the Erie Basin in flood water; ebb tide or "slack water" are okay. Tugboat companies make it their business to know all about such things and could probably tell you whether flotsam kept that date with jetsam last Saturday night off Pier 46.

To get a better idea of the longitudes and latitudes in which tugboats perform herculean tasks, a brief sketch of New York Harbor is in order. Liners coming in from Europe head for Ambrose Lightship, where they slow their engines, drop a Jacob's Ladder and pick up a pilot. The pilot climbs up the ship's side five miles east of the 40-foot Ambrose Channel. Boats coming in from Central and South America head for the Scotland Lightship three miles off the channel. No large har-

bor in Europe, Cherbourg, Queens-town or Southampton has the long, winding passage crowded with boats of all descriptions that must be navigated to attain New York's docks. But there are other hazards in European ports. For instance, the treacherous rocks that guard the harbor of Queenstown (Ireland) like Scilla and Charybdis.

On a stormy Christmas Eve about a decade ago the captain of the S.S. *Celtic* elected to steer his ship into Queenstown harbor without a pilot. The *Celtic* was still on the rocks when I visited Queenstown some years later, a pathetic looking hulk left high and dry on her shattered hull, a sad testimonial to the treachery of harbors.

Such a disaster would hardly occur in New York Harbor, where the bottom under the big liners is either mud or sand continuously sucked up by five U. S. Government sandsuckers—ships with long pipes that move slowly over the harbor bottom like tentacles of giant octopi. Although it is twenty long and tense miles from Ambrose Lightship to the Battery and a mile or two more up the Hudson to the docks, liners like the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie* and the *Rex* make the trip time and time again without misadventure. Of course, accidents will sometimes happen.

The vast S.S. *Majestic* was backing out of her dock some years ago as a much smaller ship called the

Columbia was steaming downstream with a light cargo. There wasn't much water between the stern of the mighty *Majestic* and the docks on the New Jersey shore. Into this narrowing space nosed the *Columbia*. The "quick water" churned up by the *Majestic's* powerful propellers caught the smaller ship and swept it into and partly through a pier. Fortunately it was lunch-hour and the dock was empty. The *Columbia* shook the splinters off its decks, little the worse for wear, and proceeded to the ocean. The *Majestic* shrugged its scuppers and followed. The dock floated downstream piece by piece. The clock struck one, the ships sailed down—hickory, dickory, dock.

At the Battery, shipping lanes from Europe and South America come to a "Y" fork after passing through The Narrows (a tidal strait where the channel is narrowest) and invariably the big liners swing to port (left) and steam up the Hudson. The reason for this swing to port is that the East River on the other side of Manhattan Island has neither the facilities nor the width and depth of the Hudson.

The office of the Moran Tugboat Company overlooking this "Y" fork at the foot of Manhattan is not unlike the bridge of the ships it brings to berth. Looking out over the Battery from its twenty-fifth floor windows, a fascinating panorama spreads before your eyes. Dead

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ahead (straight ahead of you, my landlubber friends) is Governor's Island, a U. S. Army post. Broad on the port bow (off to your left) is Brooklyn, home of odd accents and equally odd baseball players. Broad on the starboard bow (off to the right) is the Statue of Liberty, welcome symbol to refugees and immigrants. Behind it is

Black Tom's Island, where a munitions explosion in 1916 killed two workers and caused \$2,000,000 worth of damage. Beneath you stretches the busiest harbor in the world, its traffic as motley as it is heavy; battleships bound for the Brooklyn Navy Yard, freighters with spices from Bombay — and ferries with commuters from New Jersey. Under a brilliant sun it is a pulse - quickening sight. The rays of the sun glitter on the choppy waves of the harbor, gleam on the radiant whiteness of a fruit boat. Rain comes and the scene undergoes a complete metamorphosis. The ships seem to lag in their foamy wakes, the black smoke from their funnels droops over the water like a flag of mourning. And when a fog billows in from the Atlantic, like lights in a darkening skyscraper Long Island and New Jersey fade from sight, followed by Governor's Island and the Statue of Liberty. Finally from the office windows the view of the harbor is completely screened and only the muffled symphony of ships' whistles reminds you that under the soft, intangible mist it is still moving restlessly.

In the tugboat office itself, two dispatchers face each other across a desk littered with harbor charts, telephones and a constantly active marine ticker. Captain Anglim, chief dispatcher, directs most of his twenty-four tugs by telephone, but on occasion he goes out on the balcony and gives instructions with megaphone and whistle to a tugboat tied up at the dock twenty-five floors below. At night an electric indicator signals the tugs. For example, if Anglim wanted the tug *William C. Moran* to go to Pier 86 Hudson River he would flip the red and white lights to call the tug and two red and one green to designate its destina-

tion. In daylight Captain Anglim would step out onto the balcony and blow three long and two short blasts on his whistle, amplified by the megaphone. The *William C.* would report with the same signal. Then Anglim would bellow his commands through the megaphone.

Captain Anglim's powerful voice, acquired as Chief Officer of the

and, pointing her bow towards her slip, started slowly in without waiting for the tug that was racing up from the Battery. The tug came up fast, circled the fruit boat's stern to act as a fender between ship and dock then, fearful that the white vessel's propellers would splinter both themselves and the pier, darted back under the ship's stern perilously

close to the churning blades. And as the tug came under the stern she cut it so fine that the overhanging taffrail clipped the tug's aftermast and like the back-handed slap of a giant's hand snapped it neatly off and dropped it on the tug's deck, lamp and all. Another second and the big boat's propellers would have caught the tug, ground up its decks and sent it to the bottom. But the tugboat captain had calculated his time and distance to the second. In another moment he was around on the boat's starboard with a line on her stern pulling it safely into the clear. And about ten minutes later, instead of a tug being at the bottom of the harbor and a United Fruit ship smashing into docks, the banana boat was safely moored to the pier.



Porto Rico line, never fails to be heard twenty-five stories below, but on occasion a tug in midstream will get away from him. It also got away from the author. The tug was on its way to sail a "tramp" from its berth in the East River when it was suggested that I accompany it. Captain Anglim jumped for the balcony, but a strong east wind carried his voice upstream as the tug ploughed in the other direction. After several minutes of strong language both vocal and verbal, Captain Anglim came back into the office, gave me a reproachful look and regained his desk. For all I know I may have broken a precedent. Perhaps this was the first Moran tug ever missed this side of a hurricane. As an intruding landsman, I was reluctant to confirm my suspicions.

That particular windy afternoon was an unlucky one and might even have been a tragic one, for along about five o'clock a spick and span United Fruit boat sailed in from Central America with a cargo of bananas, swung around in midstream

Like a city editor, the dispatcher sits at his desk pawing the air with telephones. Down below, the harbor is moving like some tireless electron shifting, shunting, sailing, docking, but always moving. "There goes the Albany nightboat," says the office boy, who is a smart-aleck, according to office boy tradition, and out the window you can see the *Normandie* steaming majestically towards The Narrows—white decks, huge red smokestacks, a colossus streamlined into a thing of grace and beauty. On her stern deck are piled long, wooden crates. The dispatcher picks up a pair of fieldglasses and trains them on the overflowing cargo. "Airplanes," he says. "Express freight. I hear there are two hundred of them below decks. They must want 'em in a hurry." Judging by the headlines, they do.

As the *Normandie's* stern dwindles down the bay a dirty looking steamer about 80,000 tons lighter rounds the tip of Manhattan and heads up the Hudson. Suddenly a shower of torn paper sails down past

the window. "Spring is here," says the dispatcher. "That's an excursion boat owned by some people upstairs. She's going up the river to get a fresh coat of paint. Last year I stepped out to hail a tug when they were celebrating and got a highball down my neck."

A few minutes later a huge, odd-looking vessel without superstructure floats down the river. "That's a sea train," says the dispatcher. "There are three of them. They carry about two hundred and fifty freight cars each to New Orleans and Havana. Saves on stevedore charges and, boy! do they roll!"

Observing the harbor from the office the ferries seem to scoot about faster than other craft. Actually they are two knots faster than most tugs. A harbor regulation says that liners shall not exceed a speed of eight knots. If the *Queen Mary* came ploughing down the Hudson at fifteen or eighteen knots her "bow wave" would knock over boats and docks like ten-pins in a bowling alley. Although liners are not supposed to exceed eight knots, they often hit ten or even twelve, a lively speed for such tonnage, so that they can get "steerage way", sufficient speed to render a ship maneuverable. Better to have a ship that can be handled at ten knots, reasons the pilot, than an unwieldy mass at eight.

Not all tugboat work is done with the glamorous prima donnas of the Atlantic. Much routine and profitable work is done towing barges to such ports as Albany, Newport, Boston and Philadelphia. The five Diesel tugs of the Moran line spend a good part of the summer working in the canals which connect New York with inland ports like Cleveland, Chicago and Buffalo. Some of these sturdy little boats steam as far as Chile or Venezuela or out to Seattle on the Pacific Coast. One of them even went around Cape Horn. That cruise was an epic.

The name of the adventurous tug that circled South America was the *Catherine Moran*. It left New York in

October, 1907, before the Panama Canal had been dredged. The *Catherine* steamed down the east coast of South America, staggered through several gales that laid in wait for it in the vicinity of the Cape, sailed through the Strait of Magellan up the west coast past Peru and arrived in La Boca in January, 1908, where it was turned over to the U. S. Government for work on the Canal.

From the perspective of a tugboat the night docking of a liner is a breathtaking sight. In the bright glare of daylight the skyline of Manhattan has the cold splendor of the steel which is its base, but night throws a cloak of warming beauty over its towering spires. Like some man-made fiord, the skyscrapers rise up precipitately from the black water of the harbor and in the bluish haze that envelops their tall, slender shapes are suspended clusters of soft, yellow lights.

We are ploughing through the water this clear, starry night to intercept the *Aquitania*, whose approach to the harbor has been carefully followed by the marine ticker. The shadowy hulk of the Cunard giant suddenly looms out of the haze. Dwarfed by its towering decks we swing alongside and pace the great liner, both bows breaking foamy, sibilant streaks in the dark water. A port opens in the ship's black plates, a Jacob's Ladder breaks the square of light to dangle near our decks. We maneuver closer, bump the liner's side, as the tugboat captain deftly catches the swinging ladder and pulls himself up like a stunt man transferring from automobile to airplane. (Two years ago a tugboat captain went through a rotten rung in a Jacob's Ladder, crashed to the deck of the tug and broke his leg in four places.) As we swing away, the tugboat captain climbs nimbly to the ship's side, steps through the open port and disappears.

In the meantime, heaving lines have been tossed aboard, hawsers pulled up and made fast to the liner's winches. In all, eight tugs are now pushing their padded snouts against

the big ship. While four brawny tugs pull the *Aquitania's* stern upstream, we hold her bow off, pushing in the same direction. First the hawsers are slack, then taut, as the great weight of the liner pulls against them. A sharp report like a rifle-shot comes through the night air. "There goes a hawser," says a deckhand.

Pushing and pulling, directed by sharp blasts of a whistle from the bridge, the tugs "fetch the *Aquitania* up on her quarter" and nose her into the dock. Gangplanks bang down on the pier, chains rattle, stewards plod up and down, their white coats like links on a conveyor-belt, moving mechanically from deck to dock and back to deck again. The passengers are messing up their luggage for customs inspection when we churn away to sail the *S.S. Paris* a few piers down the river. The soft white light from a pale moon shimmers on the harbor's surface, the jingle of bells from the engine-room is clear and musical in the night air. We swing out into the river, the water dividing before us in a rippling, rushing sound, as from another part of the harbor swells the deep, thrilling blast of a liner's whistle.

In the office down at the Battery the night dispatcher is charting the tug's movements for the morrow. It might be any one of a dozen assignments: tow a barge to Cleveland, sail a "tramp" bound for North Africa, dock the *Monarch of Bermuda*. The only sure thing about the next day's adventurous work is that it will be on the water.

On September 5th the Neutrality Act was signed by President Roosevelt. This act specifically forbids two things: 1. Americans traveling on ships of belligerent nations (with a leeway of 90 days); 2. shipments of war material. The first clause will undoubtedly hold; the second may possibly be changed in favor of a cash-and-carry policy under which tugboats should more than make up in arms traffic what they have lost in tourist trade.

Uniforms and the Man

(Continued from page 7)

One of his orders read, "As the Continental Army has, unfortunately, no uniforms, and consequently many inconveniences must arise from not being able to distinguish the commissioned officers from the privates, it is desired that some badges of distinction may be immediately provided: namely, that the field officers may have red or pink colored cockades in their hats, the captains yellow or buff, and the subalterns green. They are to furnish themselves accordingly. The sergeants may be distinguished by an epaulette or stripe of red cloth sewed upon their

right shoulder, the corporals by one of green." Generals were to drape ribbons across their vests to denote their rank. One cannot help reflecting that life in the Continental Army must have been tough for a color-blind buck private.

For the rank and file, General Washington was reduced to recommending common hunting shirts. They were, he pointed out to his troops, cool in warm weather and warm in cold, provided you put on underclothes beneath them when it grew chill. And he made the additional point that the British always

assumed that every man in a hunting shirt was an expert marksman. Any uniform, the sight of which might cause the foe instinctively to duck, had much in its favor. Clever, the Father of our Country.

The Morgan Riflemen who wore white or light tan buckskin hunting shirts, might be expected to be a good mark for the enemy, but they generally saw the enemy first.

When Lafayette first arrived to put us in his debt, he was shocked at the sight of Washington's men. Not only did they lack uniforms; they even lacked clothes. Many were

in rags and half naked. Lafayette refused to pass it off with a shrug of his shoulders or a sigh of pity. In the midst of a ball being given in his honor by the citizens of Baltimore, he stopped the music and turned the affair into a sewing bee for the benefit of the ragged Continentals.

Toward the last of the Revolution, French money and supplies improved our uniforming. American regiments blossomed out in buff and blue, in green and white, in red and black facings, and, in the case of one dandy outfit, in sky-blue. (Here again the cycle of American uniforms may turn full circle, if a recent recommendation is followed that we discard olive drab, slow to manufacture because it comprises six or seven different colored threads, and adorn our troops in horizon blue.)

Several peculiar complications in our uniform situation cropped up soon after the Revolution. In 1799 there was still difficulty about keeping uniforms clean; hair, worn in queues, was greased and powdered with flour and it came off on coats. There was more hair trouble in 1801. Beards were allowed to grow so luxuriantly, soldiers looked as if they were constantly in ambush. An order was issued to the effect that facial foliage should extend no lower than the bottom of the ear. A downright ominous note was struck in 1816 when the medical staff was ordered to be uniformed in black.

Our army uniforms in the Mexican War bore the look of having been borrowed for the occasion from the navy. Civil War uniforms might have been labeled: built for comfort, not for style—although there were crack outfits on both sides, handsomely arrayed and accoutred. The Indian-fighting cavalryman Remington drew so well was perhaps the most dashing figure in our military annals. Yet he was forced to yield the palm to his adversary. Was there ever a more vividly picturesque, a more awe-inspiring figure of a fighting man than the American Indian in his uniform which consisted only of skin, paint, feathers and a breach-clout?

For years little attention was paid to our army, let alone its uniform. Taken notice of in the emergency of 1917, the army was wrapped in olive drab and adulation. Of the general appearance of the uniform, little more can be said than that it was adequate. We were anything but proud of its looks when we stood comparison with some of our more smartly turned-out allies. Post-war alterations are an improvement, and the revival of Army blue, already mentioned, has been welcomed—except by lieutenants who have to buy it on their pay, or even lieutenant-colonels who, besides uniforming themselves, may also be striving to dress a wife and three daughters on a modest stipend from the U. S. A.

Regimental badges, now worn on the collars of our uniforms, recall

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honors won in the course of the regiment's career, and are designed to inspire all its members, from commander to recruit, worthily to carry on its traditions. Almost all uniforms, in fact, embody some memento of the past. Such survivals were originally practical. They fulfilled some useful purpose, as once the appendix probably did (and as it still does—for surgeons). While some of the features still are useful, like the buttons on sleeves which kept—and keep—untutored troopers from wiping noses on said sleeves, most of the remnants are now only of psychological value.

In addition to modern adaptations such as the trench helmet, bits of armor survive on uniforms, nor is it surprising, for soldiers hated to give it up. Long after its general disuse, captains and kings continued to have their portraits painted in full suits of armor. The revival of the cuirass has been mentioned. Still to be seen is the gorget, a piece of throat armor, sung thus in verse:

"He cuts such a dash with his gorget and sash,
And makes such ado with his gaiter and queue."

In the Mexican Army a gorget is put on to indicate that the wearer is acting as officer of the day. As for queues, they, too, still have their token. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, said to have been the last regiment to abandon the queue, mourns its loss with a black bow sewn on the back of their tunics below the collar, just where the ribbon tying the queue used to hang. This memorial bow, a famous survival, is called "the flash".

Epaulettes, once a useful shoulder protection, still are worn. So are aiguillettes, those clusters of gold or colored braids tipped with metal. They adorn an aide-de-camp or are draped upon the uniforms of French and American regiments to which they were awarded for gallantry in action. Aiguillettes originally were the iron needles, with which the touch-holes of early cannon were cleaned, and the cords which fastened them to the cannoneer's uniform.

An extraordinary amount of tradition has been bound up in military headgear. A streamer of cloth hung from the hats of the Turkish Janissaries, because when that great fighting corps was organized it was blessed by a dervish whose long sleeves hung down over the heads of the front rank men as they bowed beneath his upraised arms. Later the hats of those troops acquired a gold band in this curious fashion: a Janissary, having looted a golden bowl in the sack of a town, saw the Sultan Murad approaching. Hastily the soldier clapped the bowl on his head and pulled his hat down over it until only the bottom rim showed. Much pleased with the effect, the Sultan decreed that all Janissary caps should have a gold edge. At a time when wide-brimmed hats generally were worn, grenadier regiments adopted the narrow, conical headpiece which became characteristic of them, because they had to be able easily to sling muskets over heads and shoulders when hands must be free for throwing grenades. The hats of a regiment of Russian grenadiers always were made with a

single bullet hole through them and so issued and proudly worn. That artificial aperture commemorated an actual one sustained by a member of the regiment in performing a supremely heroic deed.

So long as we need an army—and our army is useful in a good many ways in time of peace as well as being handy "just in case"—so long as we maintain an army, that army deserves a good-looking uniform. That is one of the compensations of army life which, being filled with rigors and restrictions and being no road to riches, merits compensations. Indeed the uniform achieves an enviable effect, as W. S. Gilbert illustrated in the song he wrote for the *Colonel of Dragoon Guards* in "Patience".

"When I first put this uniform on
I said as I looked in the glass,
It's one to a million
That any civilian
My figure and form will surpass.
Gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And I've plenty of that, and to spare,
While a lover's professions,
When uttered in Hessians,
Are eloquent everywhere.
A fact that I counted upon
When I first put this uniform on."

As for civilians, what can they do in the dull clothes of today? About the only chance there is to show some sartorial spirit is to attend a fancy-dress ball or go out West and be a cowboy or, if those fail us, to step out and buy a good, gaudy necktie.

Strategy, Sinful, Strategy

(Continued from page 17)

"Whoever heard of anybody in the Medical Corps havin' a gun, Sarge?"
"That's right," the sergeant admitted gloomily. "Givin' the Medical Corps a gun would sort of be like gildin' the lily, at that. Well, on your way!"

His companion pulled the barricade out of the way and the ambulance slowly gathered speed. Presently Sinful turned off onto a rutted dirt road which wound through a pine thicket. The thicket became more dense and the headlights bored a tunnel out of the moist darkness as the ambulance lurched along in second gear.

"Hey," Cueball said after some ten minutes of this, "yuh don't suppose that them fellers really are any place about, do yuh?"

"Naw," Sinful told him, "they're probably a hundred miles away by now an' scattin' south."

"But suppose they wasn't. I was just thinkin' . . ."



George Daly

"You ain't paid to do no thinkin'," Sinful said firmly. "You just set an' ride."

Cueball was silent for a couple of miles. The pine thicket became more dense and the road worse, so that the ambulance proceeded at a crawl. An owl hooted mournfully; was answered mournfully by a mate. There was no sign of troops, since Kingley was an outpost far to the left of the Blue line.

Cueball took off his hat and rubbed a hand thoughtfully over his bald head. "This'd be a good place for a murder," he said in a hollow voice.

"Shut up!" Sinful's voice was edged. "Who'd want tuh murder anybody out in a splinter farm like this?"

"Well, them guys . . ."

"Forget about them guys, I tell yuh! I wish they would show up—it'd be like findin' a five hundred-dollar bill layin' in the com-

pany street. As simple as that!" Sinful's voice trailed away suddenly as a vague impression insinuated itself into his mind. He felt strangely uncomfortable—as though he had just walked into a crowded room partially dressed and everyone was looking at him. For the space of ten seconds he concentrated on his driving.

Then a harsh voice said in his ear, "As simple as that, huh?"

Out of the corner of an eye Sinful glimpsed a dim figure which clung to the running board of the ambulance. He saw more. The faint light thrown up from the instrument panel, flickered along the sleek and stubby barrel of a gun.

"Stop her," the harsh voice commanded briefly.

A NUMBING paralysis crept across Sinful—there was a horrid unreality about the whole thing. He saw Cueball sitting there with his mouth open as if he was catching flies; he saw another dim figure clinging to the running board on Cueball's side. A vicious prod in his ribs was reality, however. Sinful rolled the ambulance to a slow stop in a little clearing.

"Climb out with your hands up," the harsh voice ordered. Sinful and Cueball climbed.

Nick Oliver came around the front of the ambulance while his companion herded the two prisoners into the glare of the headlights. Nick ran his hands expertly over them; grunted with satisfaction as he plucked a wad of bills from Sinful's pocket.

"They ain't heeled," he said. "Just a couple of Santy Clauses with presents for me an' you."

He thumbed the bills and then stuffed them into his own pocket as he stepped back toward the cab for a minute. He returned and there was a pleased note in his voice.

"Everything's just dandy," he said to Pat Farrel. "Tank full of gas—sweet runnin' engine. Everything."

Sinful had recovered his breath. "Hey," he said, "that's a government vehicle. You lay hands on that an' you'll end up in jail for the rest of your natural life."

Nick Oliver laughed unpleasantly. "I couldn't stand it!"

Sinful's recently recovered aplomb deserted him again. He had just remembered that these two thugs were wanted for murder. Stealing a truck, or even a couple of more murders, would not be likely to weigh too heavily upon their consciences.

"Uh," he said in a discouraged voice.

Pat Farrel poked him again with the stubby gun. He asked harshly, "What are you two birds doin'—rollin' around in here in a hearse at this time of night?"

"It ain't a hearse," Sinful told him in a resentful voice. "It's an ambulance. We were goin' after a bird that busted his leg up around Kingley."

Pat spat thoughtfully. "What's your name, Dog Face?"

"Private McFadden, Medical Corps."

"Humph!" Pat Farrel spat again. "Boy Scout, you're goin' to do a good deed. Peel off that monkey suit!"

"What's the big idea?" Nick Oliver demanded peevishly. "This ain't no time for a masquerade—let's get goin'!"

"Listen," Farrel said, "by now they got guards on the roads an' what are them guards goin' to be lookin' for?"

Nick said in a sour voice, "Ask me something hard. They're goin' to be looking for me an' you."

"Sure. An' they ain't goin' to be lookin' for no two soldiers drivin' an ambulance. See?"

"Climb into them clothes. We're ambulance drivers until we get out of this condemned No Man's Land!"

"Well, I will be a thus-an'-so!" Nick Oliver said with admiration. "There's nothin' to it. What about these two punks?"

Pat Farrel grinned nastily. "We clout 'em over the head an' shove 'em into the ambulance. Then, if we get stopped any place along the road, we can't stick around because we got two fellers in the meat cart that we got to get to the hospital quick. It's a natural."

"Well, I will be a thus-an'-so!" Nick Oliver said.

A THOUSAND merry little imps poked at Sinful McFadden's head with red-hot pitchforks. He groaned and tried to sit up but a strap across his chest restrained him. The lurch of the ambulance brought sudden remembrance.

He was, he understood finally, in one of the stretchers in his own ambulance. Across the way Cueball tossed uneasily in a similar stretcher. Sinful groaned and worked his hands up to the buckle of the strap which held him; he worried it loose, finally, and sat up.

The window, at the back of the cab, was open a few inches and the cool air—blowing back—felt good against Sinful's face as he inched himself up. He saw the headlights lining out a concrete road and wondered, dully, how far they had come. Then the voices of the two up there in the cab drifted back to him.

Nick Oliver was laughing. He said, "Yuh know, I couldn't hardly keep from bustin' out with a big ha-ha back there at the bridge."

"Halt. Who are yuh?" this feller says.

"Private McFadden with a couple of men that has got hurt, you tell him."

"I'll take a look," says he. So he goes back an' flashes his light on 'em, layin' there under a blanket with the blood runnin' down their pusses. 'Tch! Tch!' he says. 'How did it happen?'

"I think that I am goin' tuh die when you tell him that a mule has kicked 'em, Pat!"

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"Then this cop comes runnin' up—payin' no attention whatever to I an' you—an' he has to have a gander at 'em, too. 'Pore fellers,' he says. 'Yuh better get 'em to a hospital right away'."

Nick Oliver's mirth filled the night. Pat Farrel laughed also—a sound with the cheery quality of a file being drawn across the torn top of a tomato can. Sinful felt sick. He listened to a little more and felt sicker.

Farrel was saying, "The way I remember it, there's just one more bridge—then we're out of the Barrens. We'll dump them bums in back into a pond some place an' head for Atlanta."

Nick Oliver's admiring laughter rolled around Sinful's ears again. He would, Sinful thought bitterly, enjoy cutting that hyna's throat with a dull scalpel. He moved back cautiously until his fingers found his buckle of the strap which held Cueball; he unfastened it and nudged the other's shoulder.

Cueball said thickly, "Go 'way."

"Snap out of it," Sinful hissed in his ear. He pushed the

other's head roughly and Cueball groaned and tried to sit up.

"Yaaah!" he said. "Never take n'other drink. Swear..."

"Listen, thimble-wit," Sinful said with his mouth close to Cueball's ear, "it ain't no hangover that you've got—for a change. Think back a minute an' you'll remember what happened. Back there in the woods—got it?"

For a moment Cueball was silent. Then he whistled. "I never thought I'd see the day when I wished that I had a hangover," he said plaintively. "By golly, this is it, though."

"I get what yuh mean." Sinful's voice was grim. "An' you ain't heard the half of it yet."

Talking in a hoarse whisper Sinful repeated the conversation which he had just overheard. When he had finished, Cueball groaned again and cradled his head in his hands.

"You got a plan, Sinful?" he asked hopefully at last.

"Not much of a one," Sinful admitted. "They've got us locked in here. From what they say, though, there's another bridge up ahead an' there's likely to be a guard there.

When they stop we'll start raisin' the devil back here. They'll have tuh open up—then we pile out on top of 'em."

"Suppose there ain't any guard at the bridge?" Cueball asked in a gloomy voice.

"Listen," Sinful told him acidly,

"Hey, Corpril, it's an ambulance!" another voice said.

Sudden remembrance exploded like a great light in Sinful's brain. That first challenge had been Corporal Arthur Boswitch's voice; the second voice belonged to the tough Guardsman with the undershot jaw. Sinful

remembered the dialogue which he had overheard between the two up front a little earlier, and changed his plan of campaign swiftly.

"Set quiet, Cueball," he whispered. "Maybe things are goin' tuh happen."

"Who are yuh?" Corporal Arthur Boswitch demanded again.

"Private McFadden, Medical Corps," said Pat Farrel in a placid voice. "We got..."

"Well, well an' well," interrupted Corporal Boswitch. "The pill roller! If we ain't glad to see yuh, sweetheart!"

More men were gathering. Farrel had sensed that something was not exactly right here but he decided to try and bluff his way a little longer.

"Listen," he began, "we got tuh..."

The voice of the Guardsman chimed in. "Don't tell us—let us guess. You

got a date some place else an' you're just in a great big hurry!"

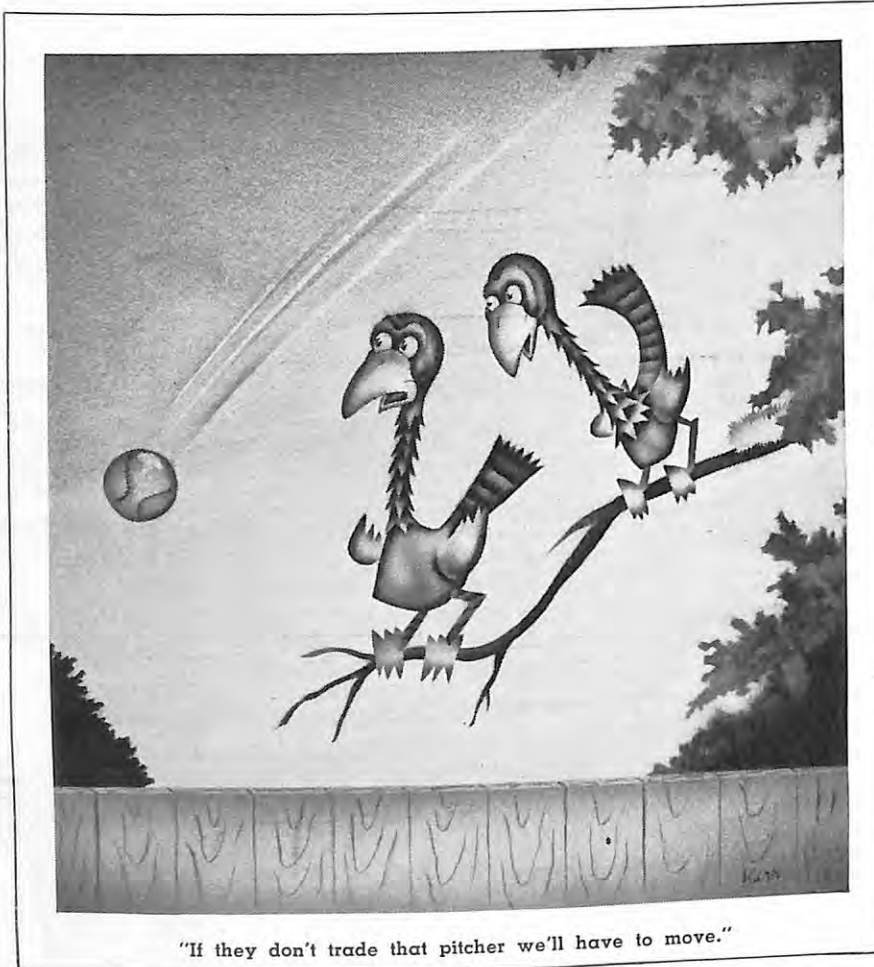
Farrel's nerves, held in restraint too long, snapped. "Listen, you gravel-pounders, get out of my way or I'll blast yuh out! Move!"

Sinful, watching, caught the shine of light on a gun. He opened his mouth to shout a warning but it was not needed. A big pair of hands suddenly fastened themselves to Pat Farrel's shoulders and Pat Farrel disappeared. Nick Oliver disappeared in the same manner.

There were sudden muffled and strangled sounds in the night—sounds which reminded Sinful of a battery of carpet beaters all going at once. He had a vague impression that his late captors were being bounced up and down on the concrete road.

Then presently he heard Corporal Boswitch's tough voice. "Hah!" it said with satisfaction. "The dirty crook—he's got a roll big enough tuh choke a cow. Boys, the pill roller is payin' off one hundred percent."

A whistle shrilled off to the right in the darkness. A signal to Corporal Arthur Boswitch and his little play-



"if you can figure out anything better, go to it." They lapsed into morose silence.

From where he crouched Sinful could see a narrow strip of the road ahead. They were traveling fast, the ambulance swaying as they took the curves and the headlight beams gobbling up the black center line as a rooster gobbles a worm. It was perhaps fifteen minutes later when Sinful heard Pat Farrel's voice again.

"There's the bridge—an' it's guarded. We'll work it the same as before."

THE ambulance slowed and Sinful reached back to dig a warming elbow into Cueball's ribs. In the headlights he saw dim figures moving out into the road ahead; they became more distinct as the ambulance rolled to a stop.

"Halt! Who in hell are yuh?" a tough voice demanded.

Sinful was just starting to slide back to join Cueball in the rear. Then he paused. There was something vaguely familiar about that voice out there. Figures were closing in around the cab.

mates, Sinful guessed, for he could see them picking up their rifles and fading into the night. The voice of the man with the undershot jaw drifted back.

"If yuh feel like playin' some more blackjack, Saw Bones, come up an' see us sometime."

Cueball, who had joined Sinful at the window, rubbed his bald head. "Well, for the love of Pete!" he said dazedly. "Now how would yuh account for that?"

"Account for what?"

"That bunch layin' out them Johns up in front."

"Strategy, Cueball, strategy," Sinful McFadden told him in a voice which was still a little shaky.

Cueball digested this for a long moment. It was too much for him

and he gave it up to ask, "Well, what do we do now?"

Sinful was beginning to recover his poise. "Bust out the door first. Then tie up them two hoodlums an' take 'em to the hospital. From what I heard they need it."

"Not me," Cueball said in a decided voice. "If they ride I walk—I've seen enough of them fellers to last me for the rest of my life."

"There we trade 'em in for five hundred bucks," Sinful went on imperturbably.

Cueball's protests stopped suddenly. He thought for a moment and then said in an awed voice, "My, My."

"Certainly," Sinful announced in his best orderly-room tone. "Ain't it the duty of the Medical Corps tuh collect the sick an' wounded?"

"May we ne'er want a freend
—nor a dram ta gie him!"

(*"May we never lack a friend
—nor a drink to give him!"*)



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

judges men and parties by their attitudes toward the common welfare. In other words, he is a roving correspondent with a conscience. His new book, "Not Peace But a Sword", is filled with bitter indignation against oppressors and deep sympathy for the underdogs—Jews, Czechs, Spaniards and suppressed Germans. His heart is with the dispossessed, and his book is possibly the last monument raised for the fighting Spaniards as they fell before Franco's fire. Here are chapters on Madrid under the bombing, Barcelona during the collapse of the front, the Ebro during the final stand. Here also, is a story of how one American lad became a fighter for republican Spain—how James Lardner, the 23-year-old son of the late Ring Lardner, decided that he ought to carry a gun; of how he attempted to get into the Abraham Lincoln battalion and was at first thwarted by the Spaniards who saw that he was poorly equipped to stand the hard work of the front-line trenches and who knew that the foreigners were to be called out soon. But he persisted and was possibly the last of that battalion to die, September 23, 1938. Mr. Sheean sees him as the expression of youth, enraged at tyranny, "the creative thrust of youth against reaction". After Spain Mr. Sheean went to Czechoslovakia. He witnessed Hitler's triumphal entry into Carlsbad, but the dejection of the Czechs who had lost their homeland made a deeper impression on his spirit. He writes with feeling and discernment, forcibly stating his conviction that the "will-to-resist" the Fascist march must grow stronger in the world. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75)

Books on Nazi Politics

For Dorothy Thompson Adolf Hitler always has been the greatest menace to the civilization of the

world. She has warned against him unceasingly, declaring that he will keep no promises, respect no treaties, follow nothing but his own ambition. She has collected the best of her newspaper columns of the last three years in "Let the Record Speak", a book that reveals her forthright opinions and her courage. In it she makes plain her belief that democracy means responsibility and discipline. She wants an awakened electorate, not voters who shelve their duties and expect the state to solve everything for them. She asks intelligence and not "the interpretation of self-government as a universal Gallup poll in which neither wisdom, experience nor intelligence is the criterion, but only numbers". In foreign affairs she is not an isolationist; she considered the embargo on war materials an unneutral proposal, one likely to ham-string our best friends, the democracies, and aid the totalitarian states. Her book is a lively and forceful exposition of her views. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75)

Hermann Rauschnig, a German landowner from East Prussia who was at one time Hitler's man in Danzig, rejects the German dictator and all his works in his bitter book, "The Revolution of Nihilism", in which he shows how the theory of "dynamic revolution" grips the inside circle in Germany and makes peaceful life with the Nazis impossible on this earth. Much of what he writes seems far-fetched, but the warning to the United States to watch out for Nazi penetration of South America and for possible attack on our trade after the democracies in Europe have been disposed of, is a good alarm clock at this time. (Alliance Book Corp., \$3)

The Man Daniel Boone

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any day, a first-rate hunter and an ideal outdoor man. He had his hands on more land than any man can take care of, but he was not shrewd enough to cope with legal technicalities and title robbers, and lost it all. Yet he could shoulder his rifle, go into the woods and return with enough food for a family. In the new biography that John Bakeless has just written, "Daniel Boone, Master of the Wilderness", we get a clear idea why the white settlers overcame the Indians. The Indians of Kentucky and Ohio outnumbered the white settlers; they were cunning, crafty and knew the woods, but they lacked persistence. In their attacks on Harrodsburg and other outposts they were disappointed when their first sallies failed and showed no capacity for carrying on a siege. Some of the best chapters deal with Boone's life among the Shawnees, who held him prisoner and adopted him; Boone played the game until he saw a chance to escape and then made his way home alone. Mr. Bakeless' book corrects certain legends and impressions, for Boone had a big reputation in his own day and story writers magnified it. Boone did say, laughingly, when he was asked why he was leaving Kentucky for Missouri, that the place was too crowded, he needed elbow-room. This remark became famous. Mr. Bakeless' biography is really a portrait of the man; he has not loaded it down with historical cross-references or statistical detail but concentrated on Boone's acts and

habits. This makes Boone almost as plain as a living contemporary of ours and we see him as the men of his time must have known him. The Indians, too, are understandable as human beings, rather than as freaks of the wilds. (William Morrow & Co., \$3.50)

You and Heredity

There used to be an old song with the line, "You made me what I am today," but it had nothing to do with the forces that affect heredity. Just what modern scientists do think about the origins of life and the conditions that affect the color of our eyes, the texture of our hair, the straightness of our limbs and the lines of our features, has been summed up in "You and Heredity", by Amram Scheinfeld, assisted by Dr. Morton D. Schweitzer of the Cornell University Medical College. This book, written for the layman, shows exactly how interesting these subjects can be, but it also shows that science makes its way slowly, accepting some theories, casting out others, experimenting constantly. Just now scientists no longer believe that we can pass on to our offspring the acquired characteristics that identify us among men—our achievements, culture and training. They prefer the theory that the genes, invisible parts of the human chromosomes, are passed down from a remote ancestry and affect our physical selves only. Though they can't see the genes, they consider them parts of chromosomes, which

can be seen in a microscope. Every-one of us is supposed to have forty-eight chromosomes at birth, getting twenty-four from each parent. But when considering what the genes do for us, the matter gets pretty complicated. Mr. Scheinfeld discussed the latest theories of sex determination and comes to the conclusion that nobody can say whether it's going to be a boy or a girl, although it seems that when a woman is well prepared for motherhood the odds are slightly greater that it will be a boy. There is a discussion of diseases and the possibility of transmission, of the elements that affect longevity, of the place of intelligence and musical talent in heredity. Mr. Scheinfeld can give no scientific answer to the question whether heredity or environment affect our great singers most, but he thinks that "some hereditary endowment is essential for great musical achievement. That opportunity and training are also essentials need hardly be debated, but the important fact is that the talent must be there first before it can be cultivated." Mr. Scheinfeld gives the latest thought on many subjects, clears up misconceptions that families are inclined to be criminal or illiterate by nature, discusses sterilization and racial purity and leaves us with enough to speculate about during the cold, hard winter that is ahead. An entertaining and informative book, even if it shows that scientists don't want to be too sure of things they can't prove. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$3)

The Ostrich is Silly, Too

(Continued from page 8)

passion in life at the moment is to get down in front.

The distinguishing characteristic of an American sporting crowd is its willingness, even its insistence, to suffer great inconvenience and personal torment. This will be demonstrated approximately forty million times in these next two months during the football season, the silliest of all seasons. Anyone who believes going to football games is fun will be submitted to rigorous cross-examination by me and a staff of psychiatrists (office hours 9 to 5 every day but Saturday when you can find us at a stadium reveling in magnificent misery).

Studying the football filbert in his native habitat must lead to the inevitable conclusion that the world is cluttered up with slightly daft people. First of all, statistics prove that there are but fourteen actual minutes of play in every sixty. All of which means that you spend more time looking for your seat—which always is on the other side of the

joint—than looking at the gladiators in action. Even if the interminable interruptions in the continuity of play are included as part of the vivid entertainment, they do not add up to the time consumed in bucking the traffic to and from the ball park.

When you finally do arrive at your pew, what do you see? Usually a clear, unobstructed view of the back of somebody's fat neck—at \$3.30 a copy. It may be a distinct break; at least you see something you understand. Nobody really knows what football is all about; it has become such an intricate, involved affair in recent years that very few players leave college with a sound concept of general theory and technique. Mastering the details of one position is tough enough.

Give a football fiend all the best of it. Assume he has donated the stadium and, therefore, has his pick of the seats in the house. Take for granted that he is a close student of the game and knows football well enough to chart a play after it has

been run. (That's the trouble with this country; too many charts. Where did they get us in 1929?) He still doesn't see more than one-third the action on the field. He is anywhere from forty to one hundred yards distant from the immediate scope of operations. If the numbers on the players are obscured, he can't tell the difference between an All-American and his Aunt Anastasia, the stylish stout.

The pay-off, though, are the weather conditions which accompany the games, also known as great autumnal classics. Any civilized citizen with a brain in his head knows the great outdoors is something he can do splendidly without after the middle of October. He will refuse to walk down to the corner to get a paper with the latest news of the international situation, but any old grad worth his salt will fight for his constitutional right to take his arthritis, sinusitis, housemaid's knee and other minor miseries to a rain-swept stadium and sit on a stone

slab for two hours. It's a wonder he doesn't wind up under same eternally. He feels terrible, looks worse and sees nothing to justify his joust with a living death, but he is in the company of thousands of other parties on the lunatic fringe and nothing else seems to matter. No wonder so many folks turn the ball parks into outdoor bars with exorbitant cover charges. Watching the nonsense through a happy haze is a great help.

There is such a phony aura of crowd-consciousness surrounding our sports now that a game played with more than 30,000 paying patrons in the house automatically assumes the status of an enthralling contest and a stirring spectacle. You know the gag: when two teams or individuals are stymied by mutual mediocrity, one and all are satisfied they saw a meeting of well-matched rivals, regardless of the low level of skill displayed. If one of the parties picks up the marbles with the greatest of ease and piles up a score in the telephone numbers, the customers are solemnly assured: (a) the victor surmounted giddy heights of supreme artistry; (b) the vanquished waged a gallant fight in the face of hopeless odds.

It is all very strange and confusing. A bad, one-sided match is poor entertainment with 500 or 50,000 fans in the stands. The objective viewpoint should not be influenced by circumstances which are so much window-dressing, but it has been carried to such ridiculous extremes that it often is difficult to determine whether the customers or the athletes constitute the main story of an event.

The balmy behavior of the customers on exhibition at meat-and-muscle shows springs from a quirk in the American attitude. We have a fear, amounting to a psychosis, of missing something. Anything. We derive an enormous vicarious thrill in being among those present when History is made and sports promoters, the cuties, have learned to capitalize handsomely on the noseyness of their suckers.

Look at the Army-Notre Dame football game. There is no logical reason why it should sell out the Yankee Stadium in New York year after year. Notre Dame has been winning so regularly and easily that it no longer is funny, especially to the Army people. As a ball game, it's just another one of those things. The sight and sound of the cadet corps marching is very inspiring, to be sure, but when you've seen it once you've seen it for all time and, anyway, you can catch the surefire act of our national heroes in the movies at popular prices. The great Rockne is gone, the Four Horsemen now ride only in ghostly array across the cartoonists' drawing boards and the Irish have not been one of the nation's top teams for several years. But 80,000 people continue to pawn their souls for tickets at \$4.40 and

\$6.60 a head because they have been sold a bill of goods to the effect that every renewal of the series is another brilliant chapter in a glamorous tradition. It's marvelous how the build-up always brings the customers a-running for miles around.

No group of fans is exempt from this insatiable curiosity to be on hand for the making of History. (Still a capital H, if you please, Mr. Printer.) Quite the goofiest phenomenon on this footstool is the stampede of 10,000 golf addicts over hill and dale to watch the winning putt sunk in the National Open. No green yet designed will accommodate more than 500 standees, yet hordes of wild-eyed pillars of society tear like mad around the countryside to see that pay-off putt, which is the least spectacular shot in golf. They see, if they're lucky, a guy walk up to a ball and tap it firmly with a crooked stick. That's all. It would seem to be very slight compensation for all the frantic effort involved, but a genuine golf nut will desert his career and children in order to be able to say he was there with bells on, and other strange noises in his head.

The more outrageous the conditions, the more the customers seem to love the bad beating they absorb. That's fundamental. The Kentucky Derby is a prime example of galloping hysteria among the daffy devotees. Now the Derby is not the oldest or the richest race in America, nor is it regarded as the truest test of a horse's ability. The customers know very well that a linen closet in any Louisville hotel on Derby Day hires out for a price suggestive of the royal suite in the swankiest hostelry. They also know that restaurants will charge prices for a plate of ham and eggs which would buy a bushel of wild Siberian strawberries out of season. The track will be so jammed that there will be more standees than sittees and nobody, of course, will see more of the race than a blur of heads and tails. Yet they continue to come in increasing numbers every year. Some day somebody will write a book on the compelling fascination of "My Old Kentucky Home" when it is played on a record over the public address system.

Boxing promoters have the lowest estimate of the public's I. Q., for which they hardly can be blamed. In Europe fans who suspect that everything is not as it should be stage a fine riot first and ask questions afterward. In America, the customers take their punishment with happy gurgles of delight and always come back for more.

Mike Jacobs, under whose aegis Joe Louis belabors other magnificent lumps of meat, bone and hair, was a ticket broker before he turned to promoting and the boys do say he still practices his first profession diligently. Trusting souls who have shelled out twenty-five bucks for a ringside seat plainly marked Row 1,



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have discovered their locations are pitched behind a block of benches which run through the alphabet and which, in turn, follows an extensive area euphemistically called the Press Donor Section. Row 1, therefore, may be—and has been—forty rows removed from the ringside.

Why not? Nobody squawks; no-

body seems to mind much. The experts tell them shrilly for weeks in advance that a fight will be a stench in the nostrils of every clean-living citizen. But they battle cops and throw the family budget out of the window to genuflect at the shrine of the manly science and the body beautiful. When it's all over, everyone

goes home and presently realizes he took a worse going-over than the muscular muggs in the ring.

More power to you charming customers. Green be the grass under your feet and bright be the stars overhead. I'm all for you. If it weren't for people like you, guys like me would have to go to work.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

Pres. Barnes called attention to the fine increase in membership shown by the Idaho lodges. Mr. Baird explained the purpose of the Elks National Foundation. Chairman Ed Tobias of the Credentials Committee reported a total registration at the convention of 487 members. Twenty-eight lodges were represented. According to the interesting report of Chairman S. H. Fairweather of the Antlers Committee, two Antlers lodges, Wallace and Boise, were participating. All of the resolutions introduced by the Resolutions Committee, of which Past Pres. Baird is Chairman, were adopted, and the Association voted to continue its major projects. Mr. Baird spoke on a plan for the sponsoring of an Elks Crippled Children's Hospital at Lava Springs near Pocatello. It was decided to go into this at the mid-winter meeting of the Association.

The new officers installed by Mr. Baird are as follows: Pres., Jay Malvin, Boise; 1st Vice-Pres., H. P. Glindeman, Coeur D'Alene; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. C. Pixton, Burley; 3rd Vice-pres., Harry Robedee, Idaho Falls; 4th Vice-Pres., Maurice O'Leary, Sandpoint; 5th Vice-Pres., Earl Garrity, Nampa; Secy., John D. Case, Boise; Trustees: Arthur L. Barnes, Lewiston, and Jay L. Downing, Pocatello. Twin Falls Lodge No. 1183 was awarded the 1940 Convention.

The social side of the Convention was well taken care of. The presence of various units accompanying delegations from the lodges represented lent color and gaiety on every occasion. The visiting Elks from Walla Walla, Wash., headed by Secy. Louis B. Romine, and officers and members of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, brought their bands. The Coeur D'Alene Drill Team and the St. Maries Girls' Drum and Bugle Corps were among the many Idaho organizations participating.

MINNESOTA

The three-day Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association, held at Duluth, got off to a fine start on August 3, with the arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. Delegates and visiting Elks arrived early and in such large numbers that it was predicted that

a ten-year attendance record would be set. The Grand Exalted Ruler's presence added to the general pleasure. He was the guest of honor and the principal speaker at a banquet that night at the Hotel Duluth following an afternoon conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries at which he presided.

An outstanding feature of the convention was the large number of bands and drill corps sent by the lodges to represent them in the parade and in the various contests. The Elks Band of Hibbing Lodge won top honors in the Class A competition—bands of more than 25 pieces. Mankato was second. Owatonna was the Class B winner, with St. Paul second. The smartly attired ladies' drum and bugle corps from Brainerd won first honors in its class. The music contests took place at the Civic Center. More than \$500 in prizes was divided among bands and drum corps and sponsors of floats in the parade. Among the enjoyable events on the convention program was the 15-mile cruise for Elks and their ladies on the Steamer *Hamonic* through the St. Louis Bay Harbor out into Lake Superior, and a motor tour about the city.

The Golden Anniversary of the host lodge, Duluth, Minn., No. 133, was celebrated in conjunction with the convention festivities, climaxed by public ceremonies held at 3 p. m. the last day during which the mortgage was burned, symbolizing the lodge's freedom from indebtedness. Past Grand Esquire W. S. McCormick, P.E.R. and a life member of the lodge, delivered the ceremonial address. E.R. L. W. Cleveland and P.E.R. W. J. LaCasse ignited the paper. At 7 p. m. the parade, a mile long, started promptly. Fully 10,000 persons witnessed the procession with its fanfare of twirling batons, strutting drum majors and resounding band music. A dance and floor show at the lodge home ended one of the Association's most successful conventions.

The business session at which the officers for the coming year were elected was conducted by State Pres. C. L. Kiesner of Owatonna Lodge. Serving with the newly elected President, Judge Royal G.

Bouschor of Duluth Lodge, are: 1st Vice-Pres., Walter J. Barron, Mankato; 2nd Vice-Pres., William W. Holloway, Jr., Virginia; 3rd Vice-Pres., Joseph L. Becker, Stillwater; Treas., O. C. Paulson, Thief River Falls; Secy., E. W. Stevens, Duluth; Chaplain, T. H. Lyons, Duluth; Trustees: Thomas J. Griffith, Minneapolis, Paul J. Arndt, Stillwater, and Raymond Brunelle, St. Paul. Owatonna was chosen as the 1940 convention city. The Association voted to continue what is known as the "Rochester Project" as its main charitable activity, and to pursue vigorously its Americanism program. The new President immediately set forth a program to aid youth in the State, cooperating in vocational guidance projects and welfare and sports activities. On a motion presented by Past State Pres. John E. Regan of Mankato, the Elks sent flowers to Mrs. Betty Koons in St. Cloud, widow of the Association's first president, elected at the first meeting 35 years ago.

WASHINGTON

The Washington State Elks Association met at Everett, Wash., for its 36th Annual Convention on August 3-5. Activities on the first day included educational conferences for Exalted Rulers, secretaries, other lodge officers, and various committees. The Ritualistic Contest resulted in the victory of Centralia Lodge over Bellingham, second, and Wenatchee, third. The State Patriotic Oratorical Contest, one of the highlights of the three-day meeting, was held that evening. Six finalists, chosen from a group of 15 contestants who had competed in an elimination contest early in the afternoon, spoke before several hundred persons at an Americanism Rally. The exercises were open to the public. Miss Helen Clark, sponsored by Everett Lodge No. 479, won the first prize of \$200 in cash and a handsome trophy. The efforts of Vice-Pres. Edwin J. Alexander of Aberdeen, Chairman of the Association's Americanism Committee, were largely responsible for the success of the contest which, this year, had the largest number of competitors since its inauguration. The Veterans of Foreign Wars Junior Band

entertained with musical selections.

The first official business session was held Friday morning with State Pres. Dr. V. N. Christianson of Longview presiding. Mayor A. C. Edwards of Everett delivered the welcoming address. Committee reports were heard and resolutions presented and referred to committees. The principal resolution adopted set the date of the 1940 convention for the third week in June, prior to the National Convention. It will be held at Ellensburg. New officers were elected the next day and installed as follows: Pres., George C. Newell, Seattle; 1st Vice-Pres., E. J. Alexander, Aberdeen; 2nd Vice-Pres., R. D. Kendall, Wenatchee; 3rd Vice-Pres., Barney Antic, Ballard; Secy., R. G. Percival, Vancouver, and Treas., G. Ed. Rothweiler, Bellingham, both reelected. Many distinguished guests were present at the convention. Among those introduced were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, Seattle; John E. Drumme, Seattle, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Past Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke, Yakima; Pres. Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook, and Secy. E. L. Scott, Medford, of the Oregon State Elks Association, and a number of leading Elks of the Canadian Order including Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles A. Vaughn and members of the lodge at Vancouver, B. C.

Everett Lodge won first place with its team in the Golf Tournament. The Longview team won in the trapshoot, and the Bellingham team took first honors in the bowling tournament. The Antlers Drill Team from Kelso Lodge, led by Frank Eli, the Aberdeen Drill Team in charge of Oscar Ecklund, bands from Ballard, Seattle, Olympia, Ellensburg and Bremerton, a hillbilly band from Hoquiam and the Aberdeen Quartette were all prominent in each day's activities. Cash prizes in the Convention Parade, one of the finest ever held in Everett, were won by Kelso and Mount Vernon Lodges for the best representations. Entertainment for the ladies included a golf tournament followed by a tea, and dancing every evening at the lodge home. On Saturday they were taken for an outing in a caravan of 25 cars to the Big Four Inn.

MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The 19th Annual Meeting of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Association was held in Crisfield, Md., beginning Sunday, August 27, and ending August 30 with a spectacular parade. Despite continuous rain for the first three days, more than 500 Elks registered. The Crisfield Convention Committee was forced to make last minute changes in the program, but under the capable leadership of Chairman Rawdon P. Whittington, the many visitors and delegates were delightfully entertained at all times.



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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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NEW YORK CITY

Pres. Philip U. Gayaut of Washington called the first business meeting to order on Tuesday morning. The convention hall was filled to capacity. P.D.D. Charles P. Boyer, of Crisfield, announced that great progress had been made in the Association during the past year and that two new lodges had been instituted, both on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Both lodges, Easton No. 1622 and Pocomoke City No. 1624 were well represented at the meeting.

The newly elected officers of the Tri-State Association are: Pres., Frank Hladky, Annapolis, Md.; Vice-Pres.'s: Jacob Enders, Wilmington, Del., Edwin M. Lachmar, Easton, and Leonard L. Pearce, Washington, D. C.; Secy., Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Md.; Treas., John H. Mosner, Cumberland, Md.; Trustees: Charles G. Hawthorne, Baltimore, Md., John E. France, Hagerstown, and John L. Durst, Frostburg, Md. Trustees whose terms are still running are: Samuel Keil, Wilmington, John E. Lynch, Washington, and Louis T. Schroeder, Havre de Grace, Md.

A review of charitable activities for the past year showed contributions to the Seeing Eye Organization of New Jersey and a donation to the American Society for the Control of Cancer. A contribution with which to furnish a cabin was given to the Crippled Children's Camp at Catocin, Md. The award for meritorious service was presented to Wilmington Lodge No. 307. The major competition for first prize was furnished in the finals by Hagerstown and Salisbury, Md., Lodges. Presentation of parade prizes was made as follows: best appearing lodge in line, Annapolis; best float, Tawes Bread, Crisfield; lodge from greatest distance, Frostburg; best band, Washington; best drum and bugle corps, Salisbury, American Legion; greatest number in line, Annapolis. Annapolis Lodge No. 622 was selected as the 1940 convention city, dates to be announced later. The Association's next quarterly meeting takes place this month at Wilmington.

WISCONSIN

Official figures of the 37th Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association held in Wausau, August 24-25-26, showed that 254 delegates registered, that, in addition, 1,250 Elks received convention badges at the home of Wausau Lodge, No. 248, and that fully 6,000

more witnessed the parade on Saturday afternoon August 26. The opening event was the Past Presidents dinner at the Hotel Wausau, Mayor August C. Polster greeted the visitors. State Trustee Raymond C. Dwyer was Toastmaster and State Pres. Thomas F. McDonald of Marshfield, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Chairman of the State Associations Crippled Children's Commission, E.R. Noke M. Lillicrap of Wausau Lodge, and Convention Chairman George Vehlow were speakers.

Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was an honored guest at the Convention and the principal speaker at the banquet given for him on Friday evening. Announcement and presentation of prizes in the constitutional lore contest conducted among Wisconsin high school seniors by the Association were made at the banquet. Dr. A. V. Delmore, Chairman of the State Scholarship Committee, presented checks for \$300, \$200 and \$100, respectively, to Miss Doris Spadel of Sheboygan, David Austin of Rhinelander, and James Ruchti of Janesville. D. C. Everest was Master of Ceremonies.

The delegates voted to increase the amount expendable by the Crippled Children's Commission on any one case from fifty to one hundred dollars. The Commission has spent more than \$4,000 since 1927. While 13 of the Association's 37 lodges participated in the handling of 26 cases of needy cripples during the past year, Mr. Broughton predicted

a 100% participation this coming year. The sum of \$50 was voted for the Association for the Disabled rehabilitation Camp Wawbeek. The Ritualistic Contest was won by Two Rivers Lodge, closely followed by Waukesha and Antigo. Green Bay was chosen as the meeting place for the 1940 Convention. Election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Frank T. Lynde, Antigo; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, B. A. Thompson, Kenosha; Vice-Pres.'s: N. E., Chris Hermsen, Oconto; N. W., Lawrence M. Gerdes, Eau Claire; South, Frank W. Fisher, Janesville; Trustees: Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc, W. F. Schad, Milwaukee, Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers, Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse, and Otto R. Roenius, Wisconsin Rapids. Lou Uecker of Two Rivers, who has served either as Secretary or Treasurer for 23 years, was reelected to the Secretaryship, and Fred A. Schroeder, Secy. of Wausau Lodge, veteran Treasurer of the Association, was reelected Treasurer. The Annual Memorial Services and a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries for discussion of joint problems of the lodges were held at the home of Wausau Lodge.

THE Convention Committee posted \$400 in prize money for floats, music and marching units. The Wisconsin Rapids Drum Corps won first prize of \$50 in its division, with the visiting "Kilties", boys' corps from Decorah, Iowa, taking the \$25 runner-up money. The Drum and Bugle Corps of Rochester, Minn., Lodge, three-time winner of the Elks National Championship, was one of the units that everybody wanted to see. Its appearance in the parade, and in front of the lodge home where it put on a drill, was roundly applauded.

With a five-man team score of 399, the Golf team of Racine Lodge won the State Tournament, with Eau Claire second, and Beloit third. The Racine team took the Schwartz traveling trophy and a permanent trophy. Eau Claire was also presented with a trophy. Visiting Elks and their ladies were guests of Wausau Lodge on Friday afternoon at a barbecue and entertainment at Rib Mountain State Park. This was followed by a garden party on the beautiful grounds of the D. C. Everest home. In the band division, Marshfield Lodge won first prize of \$75, with Stevens Point second and Appleton third.



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"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a new book just published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the new editor of "Your Dog" and a well known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the average dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this new book is 50c but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

by **Edward Faust**

Mixed Breed vs. Pure Bred

EVER since the practice of keeping dog pedigrees began, there undoubtedly began that never-ending controversy concerning the respective merits of the pure-bred versus those of the dog of unknown or mixed parentage. Although it is considered radical if not

outright heresy among professional breeders and those who exhibit the pure-bred, to speak a word for the mongrel, nevertheless the dog of uncertain ancestry can and does—as plain dog—give to his or her master all that the pure-bred delivers. It would be to contradict proven facts to hold otherwise. Countless news stories and personal experiences of those who own mixed breeds testify to the virtues of such dogs. Time and again we read where the

(Continued on page 52)

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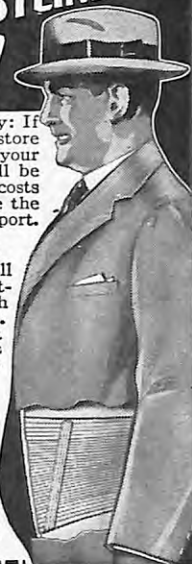
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lowly mongrel without calculating consequences has faced extreme danger to the point of laying down its life in defense of its master. In such matters as affection, devotion, forbearance and forgiveness the mixed breed is every inch the equal of his blue-blooded cousin. Every so often we find ourselves discussing dogs with the owner of a valued household pet who in speaking of the dog will preface the conversation with the statement delivered in a half-hearted apologetic manner that it is only a mongrel. To one who sincerely loves dogs, this irritates. What difference, if the dog possesses those qualities that mark all good dogs, what difference if it isn't pedigreed? As a matter of fact, all of us have among our friends some whose ancestry would be difficult to trace, and yet many of these are the finest characters we know. If you really like your dog, never apologize for him. He doesn't know or care a jot whether his great, great, great grandparents were blue-ribbon winners or not. But in his heart, as is in all good dogs are those qualities of self-sacrifice and devotion equal to those possessed by any human being. But this isn't all—by no means has the pure-bred cornered the market in intelligence. Again, countless instances of intricate reasoning and action have been demonstrated by the dog of humble breeding. The truth is that not many professional acts employing trained dogs have among them very many pedigreed animals. Therefore, if yours is a mixed-breed don't disparage him (you won't of course). If he could speak, you can be sure that he would never think of apologizing for you.

Among those who champion the cause of the mongrel there are, however, many who believe that he is the superior of the pure-bred not only in character but from the standpoints of health and intelligence. Such belief, unfortunately, has wide acceptance among those who are not fully experienced with both kinds of dog. But this is not so. Pound for pound both dogs are

equal in those qualities of character which endear dogs to men and there isn't the slightest difference between them in intelligence other than there would be between all dogs and just as there are differences of intelligence between people. After all, qualities of the mind and the soul have little to do with ancestry. But from the standpoint of health, the pure-bred, believe it or not, is likely to have the edge on his more humble relative. Here's why: those who breed blooded dogs do not knowingly employ unhealthy, unsound dogs. Professional breeding at best is no short-cut to riches and no breeder with an ounce of business sense would waste time or money trying to raise sickly dogs. On the contrary, such breeders exert every effort to keep their breeding stock healthy by applying every sanitary measure and giving their dogs every medical protection. This is only good business because many of the larger kennels represent the investment of thousands of dollars in foundation stock, kennel buildings and equipment. Hence, the pure-bred in the kennel gets health-protection—not coddling—undreamed of by the average mongrel.

The fact that the owner of a pure-

bred is also quick to protect his investment by consulting a veterinarian as soon as his dog becomes ill, has perhaps fostered the idea that the blooded dog has less resistance to sickness. True, many pedigreed dogs do become sick but this is not due to their lineage nor to kennel rearing. More often than not, the owner has been at fault by exposing the dog to some condition conducive to illness—a draughty sleeping-place, badly-balanced diet or any one of a score of things that invite sickness.

When the dog of mixed breed gets sick, he either gets well or dies neglected. At least that is the experience common to most of them. Having no money value they do not generally receive the care given to the dog whose owner has paid a substantial price for him.

Again we go back to the subject of intelligence because linked to the notion that the mongrel is the healthier is sometimes found the impression that he is the superior of the pure-bred in brains. This is another theory without foundation. The pure-bred is equally intelligent. Few breeders care to breed from dull dogs. It is by no means a good advertisement for a kennel to have a purchaser of a puppy proclaim

its stupidity. Then, too, many varieties of pedigreed dogs are bred for definite working purposes which call for considerable intelligence. The well-bred dog has again and again scored in the official obedience tests which are held in connection with many dog shows and in the hunting field his absence would be very much noticed.

A point that does, however, favor the pedigreed dog is that if you tell someone that you have a pure-bred Airedale, the breed is instantly visualized by the person to whom you are speaking. But tell that same person that yours is a dog of unknown breed and from there on is confusion. But more than that, which after all isn't very important, if you own a thoroughbred and mate it with one of its own breed, you will have a pretty good idea of what sort of puppies will result.



"Frankly, I can't see that it bears a strong resemblance to either of us."

Mate that same dog with one of mongrel breeding and the puppies may resemble anything from a mechanical mouse to a Teddy Bear. Only in pride of possession, knowledge that you have a dog bred to a known and recognized standard

and in the fact that such breeding can be perpetuated in the puppies, does the pure excel the mongrel. But in such matters as intelligence, love and loyalty for their masters, you'll find these in the hearts of all good dogs regardless of a pedigree.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

sociation. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a stirring address at the opening session, a mass meeting in the high school auditorium with Americanism as its feature. The chorus of the Beethoven Maennerchor sang several selections. A band concert by the Veterans of Foreign Wars Band preceded the meeting. On Monday, August 21, Mr. Warner was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130. While in the vicinity, accompanied by Mr. Masters, F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, and other prominent Elks, he visited Fairview Cemetery. There he placed a basket of flowers on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, P.E.R. of Allentown Lodge.

On the evening of August 25, as guest of honor, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a banquet given by the Wisconsin State Elks Association, meeting at Wausau, Wis., for its 37th Annual Convention. His speech, greatly anticipated, fulfilled every expectation. Mr. Warner devoted the major portion of his talk to Americanism. He also praised the State Association as one of the

Order's most valuable adjuncts. D. C. Everest was Master of Ceremonies. State Pres. Thomas F. McDonald of Marshfield responded to the welcome extended by the Exalted Ruler of Wausau Lodge, No. 248, Noke M. Lillicrap, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, of Sheboygan, spoke on the work being done by the State Association's Crippled Children Commission of which he is Chairman.

The banquet was held in the Central School auditorium, and with the Grand Exalted Ruler present and leading Elks from all over the State assembled, no more fitting occasion could have been selected for the presentation of prizes to the winners in the constitutional lore contest conducted by the Wisconsin State Elks Association for high school seniors. Dr. A. V. Delmore, Chairman of the State Scholarship Committee, presented checks for \$300, \$200 and \$100, respectively, to Miss Doris Spadel of Sheboygan, David Austin of Rhinelander, and James Ruchti of Janesville. The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Henry A. Stahmer, and the Quartette of Madison Lodge, No. 410, sang.



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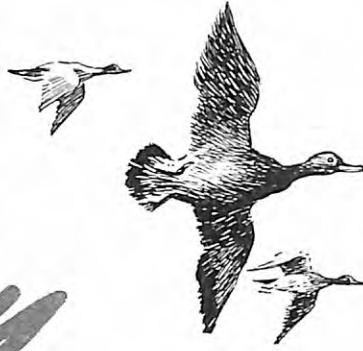
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ROD AND GUN



by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

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Mr. Godfrey gives the word on migratory game birds, where and how they go

THE good news we have been looking for is here. Waterfowl hunters will see more ducks during the coming fall migration than they have looked at during the past many years. When the big flights come down from the north this year, it will be a sight to give sportsmen a thrill. There are several good rea-

sons why there will be more birds . . . first, there has been more rainfall this year in the northern breeding areas . . . second, the conservation policy of saving ducks by shortening the hunting season in recent years . . . and, third, the good work that is being done in the field in the breeding areas by such organizations as Ducks Unlimited. Of course, there is still much to be done and despite this expected increase, the men who are authorities on the duck situation ask that

sportsmen extend every effort to grow more ducks in coming seasons so that the water-fowl population will soon be boosted back to the safe figure of 80,000,000 ducks. One of the worth while projects that is helping to increase our ducks is found at Stalwart marsh in Saskatchewan. It is a 4400-foot dam constructed to flood out the peat fires that have been destroying one of the famous breeding marshes. Another is the Gordon lake project in Alberta, where there is now an 800,000 acre duck refuge. This vast area, larger than the State of Rhode Island, was once a fine duck breeding marsh, but in recent years it has been drying up. Now reservoir dams have been built in order to restore the breeding marsh, and thousands of ducks have returned to their nests.

The migrations of birds were among the first natural phenomena to intrigue the imagination of man. Throughout the ages the flights of migratory birds have been important as the source of food and as the harbinger of a change in season. The large flocks of ducks and geese soon became objects of the attention of an increasing army of sportsmen. For half a century the field men of the Biological Survey have been collecting data on the interesting phenomenon of the migration of North American birds. Thousands of birds have been banded, metal tags placed around the legs of ducks and geese, and by this method we have discovered that some of our birds fly annually from the Arctic Circle as far south as the pampas of Argentina. Back in the days of ancient Greece, Aristotle, the naturalist and philosopher, discussed bird migration. He noted that the cranes traveled from the steppes of Scythia to the marshes at the headwaters of the Nile, and that geese, swans, doves, rails and pelicans likewise passed to warmer regions to spend the winter.

Why do birds make this annual round trip between breeding grounds and winter quarters? There are many answers and all of them are probably right, but the one we like best to consider is that when winter comes in the north there is a depletion of the food supply caused either by disappearance or hibernation of the insects, and by the mantle of snow that prevents access to the seeds and other forms of food found close to the ground. Then there is the fact that winter brings shorter hours of daylight thereby restricting the ability of the birds to obtain sufficient food at a time when the cold requires an increased supply to maintain body heat, so we say that the birds are lured south each year by the greater abundance of food. These same birds go north in the spring for breeding. They go north to places where they have more room because in the performance of their reproductive duties every pair of birds requires a certain domain. This territory must be large enough to provide adequate food not only for

the parent birds, but also for the young. If all birds were to remain constantly either in tropical or in temperate regions, there would be an overcrowding during the breeding season, so we find the ducks and the geese leaving the north in the fall and returning to the north in the spring.

We sometimes think that birds are more or less helpless in the dark, but this theory is blasted when you consider the many birds that select the night hours for extended travel. The passage of flocks of ducks and geese is frequently observed by the sportsmen who stay after shooting hours to watch them go southward. I have seen millions of them . . . geese in V-formation, chattering as they go, ducks that blackened the skies above. Those who have checked carefully find that the bulk of the flocks pass during the earlier hours of the evening and toward daylight in the morning. Perhaps it is true that small birds migrate by night to avoid their enemies.

How fast does a bird fly? That depends. They have two speeds, one being their normal rate of speed for migration, and an accelerated speed for escape or pursuit. It is true that the speed of the game birds has been greatly exaggerated. We should know how fast ducks fly in order to become more expert in shooting ducks, but in most cases the hunter is the one who has given out the stepped-up information about the

speed of the duck. What we all want to know is the distance that is traveled by the duck from the time the gun is fired until the bird is struck by the shot, also the time required for the shot to travel from the gun to the duck. We can find out the velocity of the shot from the gun, but it is difficult to find out how fast the duck is flying when hit because momentum will carry a shot bird some distance before it falls. In order to measure the speed of ducks, we have used stop watches to time birds flying across measured distances, we have used automobile speedometers and airplane air speed indicators and have come up with some reliable records, all of which show that earlier estimates of bird speed were too high and that some birds, especially the song birds, are rather slow flyers. The age of the bird, the state of its plumage and other physical conditions modify its powers of flight and therefore affect its speed. Variation in speed is also caused by the force of wind and other atmospheric conditions. In timing birds in flight, it must also be remembered that they are timed in level flight only because any bird flying downward will add velocity. An aviator once said that while he was diving towards a flock of ducks at a rate of speed of 175 miles per hour a duck hawk passed him as though the plane were standing still. It is generally agreed that when two birds of a similar type are once in the air, the heavier bird

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"What do you mean, there was a stowaway?"

is the faster. The quick rise and get-away of the small bird, the teal, for example, gives a false impression of speed. Although I have watched them at various times and it appeared to me that the blue-wing teal or the green-wing teal can go at the rate of a mile a minute, I have seen canvasbacks go past teal so fast it looked as if the canvasbacks were going at least one hundred miles per hour. Then there was the Golden eagle, being pursued, that flew 120 miles per hour.

As nearly as can be figured, the flying speed of birds is as follows:

Canada goose50 miles per hour
Whistling swan	...52 m.p.h.
Cackling goose	...58 m.p.h.
Snow goose52 m.p.h.
Brant51 m.p.h.
Mallard58 m.p.h.
Canvasback72 m.p.h.
Redhead42 m.p.h.
Shoveler53 m.p.h.
Teal60 m.p.h.
Pintail52 m.p.h.
Blackduck26 m.p.h.
Goldeneye50 m.p.h.
Duck hawk180 m.p.h.
Turkey50 m.p.h.
Bald eagle30 m.p.h.
Golden eagle60 m.p.h.
Quail48 m.p.h.
Pheasant60 m.p.h.
Partridge45 m.p.h.
Woodcock15 m.p.h.
Gulls30 m.p.h.
Golden plover60 m.p.h.
Ruffed grouse	...25 m.p.h.
Sharp-tail grouse	...33 m.p.h.
Mourning dove	...40 m.p.h.
Blue jay20 m.p.h.
Crow50 m.p.h.
Robin35 m.p.h.
Meadowlark20 m.p.h.

The speed of migration is quite different from that attained in forced flights for short distances. We know that most of the ducks perform their migrations in a leisurely manner, and that after a flight of six hours the birds pause to feed and rest for one or several days. By banding the legs of ducks it has been found that a month or more is taken to cover a distance of 1,000 miles. There is the case, however, of a mallard, banded on November 23rd in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and shot five days later, 900 miles away, near Georgetown, South Carolina. The blue goose, a smart bird, breeds on Baffin Island in the northern part of Hudson Bay, where it is severely cold except for a few weeks each year. This bird goes south in the early fall, then lives in the coastal marshes of Louisiana until April when it makes a long distance hop back to the Island.

One of the amazing things

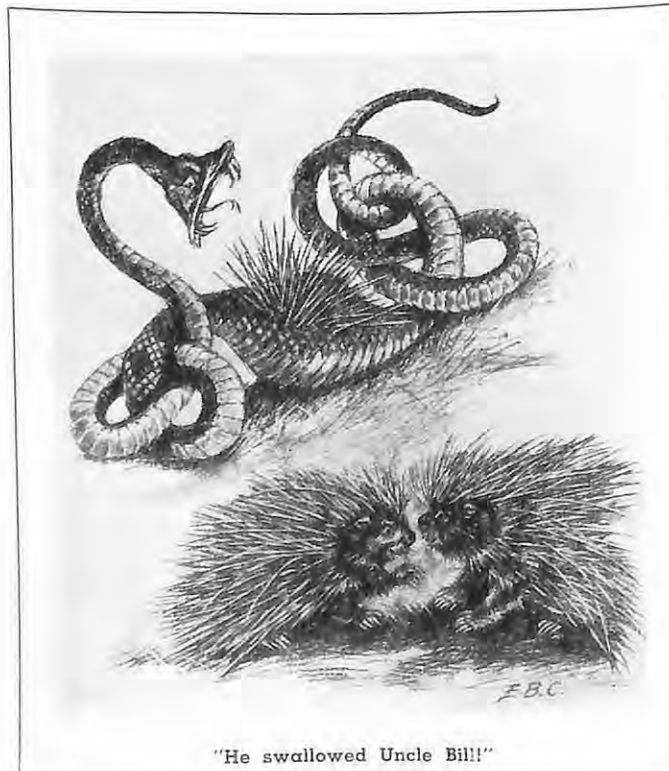
that wins our admiration for the ducks and geese that fly south in the winter is that they cover thousands and thousands of miles of land and water and always come to rest in exactly the same spot where they spent the previous winter. They return again and again to their identical nesting sites. Banding the birds and trapping them to examine the bands also tells us that these birds migrate in the fall over the same route making the same stops year after year. This is probably because these birds have a great sense of direction. Birds sometimes lose their migratory impulse when they find an abundance of food en route.

THERE are four major migration routes used by ducks in passing from the north country to winter quarters. The Atlantic coast avenue of travel is called the Atlantic Flyway. In the northern part of the Atlantic coast route is a tributary route used by the brant. The Atlantic Flyway receives birds from four interior migration paths, one being a great flock of canvasbacks, redheads, scaup ducks, Canada geese and many black ducks that winter in the water and marshes of the coastal region south of Delaware Bay. The canvasbacks, redheads and scaups come from their breeding grounds on the great northern plains of Central Canada, follow the Great Lakes, cross Pennsylvania and reach the Atlantic Coast near Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. Black ducks, mallards and blue-winged teals gather in southern Ontario and proceed southwest to Lake St. Clair, near Detroit, and then swing southeast, reaching the Atlantic coast south of New Jersey. The Canada goose winters in the vicinity

of eastern Hudson Bay, then moves south to lower Ontario between Lakes Erie and Huron and finally ends up in the waters of Back Bay, Virginia and Currituck Sound, North Carolina. This goose is not to be confused with the Canada goose that starts from Newfoundland and skirts the New England coastline in its southward flight.


THE longest route in the Western Hemisphere is that extending from the Mackenzie valley, past the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi river, including its tributaries. This is called the Mississippi Flyway and is the biggest of all. The farthest points north in this flyway are Alaska, the Arctic coast and the mouth of the Mackenzie River, while the farthest point south is Patagonia. From the mouth of the Mackenzie to the delta of the Mississippi, this flyway is uninterrupted; no mountains, but is covered with water and timber and farm lands, affording ideal conditions for the support of its great hosts of migrating birds. During the height of the migration it is said that this route boasts a greater variety of birds than any other in the world. Starting in the region of Kotzebue Sound, Alaska, the flyway extends eastward across northern Alaska and joins another that has its origin at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The line of flight then goes through the lake region of central Canada, where it is joined by three other routes from the northeast that have their origin on the central Arctic Circle. As they pass over central and southern Canada, other flocks join the flight. They then fly to the Illinois or the Missouri or the Ohio, then the Mississippi and finally they reach the Gulf coast, where they spread out, east and west, for the winter. Some then strike out and hit for Central and South America and make it. Another route is the Pacific Coast Flyway, starting at Alaska and ending in southern California and Mexico, also the Central Flyway that is between the Pacific and the Mississippi routes.

There are 7,000,000 licensed hunters. They buy 800,000 duck stamps. They buy licenses costing \$12,000,000. The duck stamps are sold for one dollar each and are required of waterfowl hunters in addition to state licenses. From all reports obtainable, it is noted that the number of hunters is increasing. With the arrival of more ducks this year, all previous records are sure to be broken. This will be a great year for the nimrod who likes to go hunting. I'll see you in the duck blind.



"He swallowed Uncle Bill!"



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