

THE


Elks

MAGAZINE



JANUARY





Watch the change to Chesterfield  
says **DONNA DAE**  
**CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL**  
starring with  
**FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS**

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

*Chesterfield*

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get  
what you want... *real mildness and better taste.*  
You can't buy a better cigarette.



H. Armstrong Roberts

#### MY BROTHERS:

Every successful organization pauses for a time at least once each year to inventory its resources and at the same time to consider its obligations. We are proud of our past record, but no institution can long survive merely on the glory of its past achievements. We must constantly prepare for the future. The present trend in international affairs should stimulate patriotic sentiment for a more loyal Americanism. If that sentiment is properly fostered, we may safely face the future with confidence and hope. If we lose our splendid heritage of American freedom and liberty, some of us now living will regret our negligence, and posterity will condemn us for it. We may well stress the importance of our precious American rights and institutions. Those institutions should be retained. They will be lost unless there is proper love of country and a strict fidelity to defend its ideals and principles. We may well view with alarm the situation of the many peoples in the world who have been deprived of their rights and privileges and who are living in bondage rather than enjoying the blessings of freedom.

If we must fight again, may it be for America and America alone, and then only in defense of our homes and our Nation. We are too much inclined to be neglectful of our obligations and responsibilities. We fail to appreciate our rights and opportunities. The people of America by keeping out of war and by retaining all of the advantages which were a part of our heritage will continue to lead the world in ways of peace and happiness. We should cultivate the spirit of self-reliance and self-respect which our forefathers gave to this Nation in 1776.

The week commencing Sunday, February 18th, is hereby designated as Americanism Week. Let us dedi-

# A Message

## from the Grand Exalted Ruler

cate ourselves that week to a renewed and revived spirit of Americanism. Meetings devoted to patriotic observance of this week should be held in every lodge in America and the officers and members of every lodge are urged to cooperate to the fullest extent by arranging meetings of their respective lodges during the week commencing February 18th. The birthday of the "Father of our Country" occurs during that period and it seems a fitting time for Elksdom to express anew its devotion to America.

Sincerely and fraternally,

*H. C. Warner*

Grand Exalted Ruler.



JANUARY 1940

# Contents

Cover Design by George Howe

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Message	1
The Kid Was Lucky..... G. R. Spencer	4
Moulding Your Life..... Roger Kafka	6
The Big Fellows..... William Arthur Breyfogle	10
With Richards In Darkest Tweed... Kent Richards	14
What America Is Reading..... Harry Hansen	18
Age of Gold..... Stanley Frank	19
Editorials.....	20
Under the Antlers.....	22
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits...	34
News of the State Associations.....	36
Rod and Gun..... Joe Godfrey, Jr.	52
Your Dog..... Edward Faust	54



## THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

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

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## THIS MONTH We Present—

**Mr. William Arthur Breyfogle** has written a piece about a zoo-keeper and his almost unconquerable fear of a vicious tiger who has clawed him badly. How young Halloran works out his problem makes a swell story. Mr. Breyfogle is an American who lives in Canada. He was educated at Dartmouth College and the University of Munich. His stories have been published in well known magazines both here and in England. You've seen his work many times before in *The Elks Magazine*. He tells us that his hobbies are hiking, fishing and reading, and that due to his very recent marriage he hasn't been able to indulge any of them.

**G. R. Spencer** makes his first appearance in these pages with "The Kid Was Lucky", a short short story with a grand punch. Mr. Spencer is a Westerner himself and he gets real authenticity in his yarn. We hope to have him with us again.

**Roger Kafka's** article on plastics told us a great deal we never knew before. He presents a fascinating picture of a brand-new industry that has grown up right under our eyes without anyone knowing it. At its present development it might go a long way toward solving any war problems America might happen to have.

In "With Richards in Darkest Tweed" **Kent Richards** has been very frank and forthright in his opinion of anyone who wants arbitrarily to change the male apparel. We find ourselves agreeing with him heartily. No one's going to take our pockets away from us if we can help it.

This seems to us as good a time as any to mention the illustrators in this issue. **Harold Von Schmidt**, who did the two fine drawings for "The Big Fellows", has been prominent in his field for many years. His work has appeared in a great many publications.

**Hamilton Green**, who illustrated "The Kid Was Lucky", is a sportsman pilot and he flies his pictures down from his farm in Vermont. You can imagine how we feel about that. We expect at any moment to hear that our pictures are irretrievably lost in a fog somewhere. We find that it is asking too much to make us worry about Mr. Green himself.

You have seen **George Daly's** cartoons in *Elks* many times, although "With Richards in Darkest Tweed" is the first article he has illustrated for us. We hope you like it as well as we do.

Don't forget our regulars: **Harry Hansen, Stanley Frank, Ed Faust and Joe Godfrey**. They've done a good job for you this month.

# IT'S SMOOTH GOING WITH Velvet

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**HARVEY NILSEN**  
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Ski-Jump Champion



Packs easy in a pipe  
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Smoking Tobacco  
.. say **VELVET**

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# The Kid was Lucky

A Short Short Story  
by G. R. Spencer



ABOUT sundown the Missouri Kid left Charley's Place and headed toward the Elkhorn Saloon. I could see him from the door of the Yellowstone. He was young, not more than twenty; blue eyes, smooth cheeks and a touchy, sensitive mouth. He was wearing his six-gun and I noticed he had tied the holster down, gunman fashion, against his thigh. As he came past I fell into step. "What's up, Kid?" I asked.

He gave me a thin look out of the corner of his eye. "They tell me," he said, "that Frank Gruno's in town."

I knew who had told him that. Walt Redmond had seen Gruno come in on the afternoon stage. That was why I'd been watching for the Kid.

"What do you want with Frank

Gruno?" I asked, although I knew.

The Kid looked at me again. "You was in the Elkhorn last night, Sam. You heard me talkin'."

"Maybe you shot your mouth off a little," I said, "thinking that Gruno was still in Texas. But nobody paid attention. Any kid's liable to do a little loose talking once in a while."

"Gruno's bad, Kid," I continued. "I was in Basin that night three years ago when he killed Ed Miller and Hank Kilgore over a poker game."

The Kid's mouth tightened. "I told Walt Redmond," he said, "that if Gruno ever came to Cody I'd make him eat his gun. Now I aim to do it. I ain't afraid of him."

"Kid," I said earnestly, "any man that ain't afraid of Frank Gruno is a fool!" I thought a minute. I felt sure the Kid was bluffing. He'd grab a chance to get out of this deal if he could. "Listen," I went on, "I was aiming to hit out for the ranch in the morning, but I'd just as soon

go tonight. Want to come along?" "Thanks," said the Kid, "but I ain't leavin'!" He spat in the dust. "You hombres had too much fun with me when I first blew into town!"

I cursed Walt Redmond to myself. The Kid had hit town the week before, claiming to be from Texas and talking big about the men he knew down there. It gave Walt an idea. Shorty Smith, who swamped in the Yellowstone, was a dead ringer for Will Cody. Walt got a-hold of him, trimmed up his beard and passed him off on the Kid as Buffalo Bill Cody himself. The Kid fell for it hard. He knew Cody's show was in winter quarters and it looked reasonable that Buffalo Bill should be back.

The Kid was proud to know him. He spent the evening buying drinks and letting Shorty fill him with lies about the badmen and Indian fights.

The next morning he walked into the Yellowstone and saw Shorty swamping out behind the bar.

It got the Kid. For a day or so he disappeared. Someone saw him down at Watonka. We figured he was too ashamed to show up in Cody again.





For the smallest fraction of a second a look of surprise hung on Gruno's face. Then his hand darted under his coat.

Illustrated by

HAMILTON GREEN

But he was back before the week was over and seemed to have forgotten all about it.

I knew now, though, that he hadn't forgotten. The hurt to his pride had gone pretty deep; it was still smoldering down inside. We'd played him for a greenhorn. This was his chance to show us different.

But at the same time I figured the Kid wasn't altogether a fool. He must know that Gruno would probably kill him. I decided to give him another chance to get out of the deal.

"Kid," I said, "you don't have to stay here in Cody. I could use another hand out at the ranch. We could leave right now."

The Kid didn't answer. We walked on. I thought of Ed Miller and Hank Kilgore. But there wasn't anything more I could say.

We reached the Elkhorn. I followed the Kid inside. The Elkhorn had a long bar with card tables along the other wall. Frank Gruno was at a back table, playing stud with two cattle buyers. I recognized him at once. You wouldn't forget that thin, ferret face, nor that hard mouth.

There was a fair crowd at the bar,

cowhands and local men. Walt Redmond was the first to see the Kid. His mouth dropped open and hung there. A sort of tense quiet spread over the place.

Gruno sensed the tension. He looked up to see the Kid standing with his elbow crooked over his gun. The gambler eyed the Kid curiously, but without making a move.

"Gruno," the Kid said coldly. "I think you know me."

Frank Gruno shook his head. "I can't say that I—"

He stopped abruptly. The Kid was pulling his gun. For the smallest fraction of a second a look of surprise hung on Gruno's face. Then his hand darted under his coat. But that instant's hesitation had been too long. The Kid's gun covered him.

The Kid walked up to the gambler. He took his gun and tossed it back of the bar.

"Gruno," he said tightly, "I heard you came in on the stage. Don't wait for the next one. There's a sorrel tied outside. Get on it and ride!"

Walt Redmond bought the drinks for the house. He shook the Kid's hand. When someone reminded him that it was his horse Gruno had ridden away, Walt bought another round.

He wasn't satisfied with that; he took the Kid to the Yellowstone and then to Charley's Place. The Kid was feeling big, but I wasn't so happy about the whole deal. About eleven I got the Kid away and headed him toward the Cody House.

The stage was in when we got there and a man got out of it. I saw

him, but I didn't notice him in particular; my mind was on the Kid.

"Son," I said, "you figure you got a reputation now. Probably you aim to hang around here and add to it a little as you get the chance. Until, some day, a real gunman shows up and shoots your heart out. If you're smart you'll hang up that six-gun and come out to the ranch with me."

"Huh?" The Kid was drunk enough to be a little ugly. "Gruno ain't gunman enough for you, huh?"

"Kid, you were lucky this time. Lucky, and that was all."

"Lucky? Listen, hombre!" The Kid's tone was mean. "Who was it had the nerve to take Gruno's gun away from him? Was it Walt Redmond? Was it you? Maybe—"

The Kid broke off. The man from the Watonka coach was staggering toward us. He pawed at the Kid's arm. I saw then that he was a thin, ferret-faced man with a black mustache. He looked almost exactly like Frank Gruno—almost, but not quite.

"Mister," he was saying, "I sure hope I ain't too late. I missed the afternoon stage—wash delayed by friends—"

The Kid stared at him a minute, then pushed him away. He turned toward me and I saw that his face was white and there was sweat standing on his forehead.

"Kid," I asked sharply, "what's the matter?"

He didn't answer for a moment. He unbuckled his gun and put it in my hand.

"Sam," he said, "let's hit out for the ranch." He gulped and wiped his face. "My God! That *was* Frank Gruno I ran out of town!"





# Moulding YOUR

*Courtesy of Tennessee Eastman Corporation*

A PURELY routine investigation of the way patents might influence monopoly was dragging its way along in Washington on January 20th when a bombshell was dropped in the committee room that broke every front page in the capitals of the world.

With a few words a seventy-one-year-old invention came of age and, at the same time, it was dramatically revealed that the United States had an unsuspected ace in the hole in the world's armament game.

It all started one day when Sherman M. Fairchild, who builds airplanes, took a last look at an amphibian that his company was about to deliver to a customer and out of pure curiosity decided to count the number of rivets in the job. In no time at all Mr. Fairchild was so dizzy that he let himself off with a rough estimate of 300,000.

Now right there was the answer to the question that laymen always ask when national defense becomes the topic of conversation, "If automobiles can roll off assembly lines at the rate of 7000 or more a day, why can't airplanes?" Well, three hundred thousand holes have to be drilled and then three hundred thousand rivets hammered home, which help to make the elapsed time for building the metal shell for just one plane anything from a week to several months.

Mr. Fairchild was both annoyed by the problem and intrigued by the idea of solving it. Besides, by calculation his engineers were able to assure him that an average airliner would take 250 fewer horsepower to pull it through the air if there were no rivets to interfere with perfect streamlining. That made the search for a solution doubly tempting because it meant speedier, and therefore cheaper production and cheaper maintenance.

In time he shifted the burden to Colonel Virginius E. Clark, retired army aircraft engineer. Now, the problem wasn't new; Fairchild wasn't the first to have

recognized it, nor was Colonel Clark the first to try to do something about it. Their distinction lies in the fact that they solved it. In doing so they enlisted the resources of several other companies, designed some startling new machinery and pulled the whole trick right under the noses of the German army and technicians. These not untalented gentlemen were rumored to be working under the constant prodding of Colonel-General Goering and Adolf Hitler who had more than one good reason for wanting to get hold of this particular military trick.

Clark's solution, which threatens to throw the world balance of power in favor of American aircraft, was only possible because of a material created in answer to an advertisement back in 1868. As an invention, that material didn't seem to have the dramatic and world-shaking importance of the steam-engine or the electric light, but in the long run it is quietly changing our lives as completely as did the automobile and the reaper.

The advertisement that started it all read, "Attention! We will pay \$10,000 for a Billiard Ball," and went on to say that Phelan and Collander of New York would pay the prize to anyone devising a satisfactory billiard ball made of anything else but ivory.

Up in Albany a blacksmith's son who had decided that he was going to be a printer came across the notice and not knowing that his goal had been missed by every scientist who'd ever tried for it, decided to take a crack at the prize in his spare time. Neither John Wesley

At right: "Lucite" makes possible a powerful, sterile beam of light without heat, glare or danger of shock. It's practically unbreakable and will carry light around any number of bends.

Far right: The man with the shovel could stand a lot of knocking around in his laminated Bakelite helmet. It's almost as strong as steel and far lighter.



Hyatt nor his brother Isaiah were trained chemists, but they set up a rude laboratory and went to work. After plenty of hit or miss experimenting, they did the impossible—hit upon a mixture of cellulose, nitric acid, citric acid, flour of camphor and a little alcohol which produced a material that when heated could be moulded into shape and after cooling retained that shape. Thousands of billiard balls have been made from it since, but strangely enough no one knows whether or not the Hyatts ever collected the award. In either case there's no need to feel sorry for them because they gave up their little print shop and set out to manufacture their new product. They called it celluloid and the name soon became a household word back in the days when women wore imitation tortoise-shell combs made of it, with kewpie dolls, baby rattles and piano keys following close behind. But celluloid contained nitric acid and cellulose, which are also ingredients of high explosives and it had an unhappy tendency to burn with great speed and a very unpleasant odor, which restricted its use.

But it was a remarkable achievement, not only because it was produced in answer to an advertisement, but because it was, with the single exception of glass, the origin of which was probably accidental, the first material ever planned and *created* by man. Unlike iron, stone or wood it wasn't found in nature and unlike steel or concrete it wasn't a combination of natural struc-

tural materials. It was, in short, the first of what we now call the *plastics*, a mixture of chemicals, synthesized by a process no one can describe exactly, that have entirely different properties and uses separately and yet once combined cannot be reduced or even analyzed back into their original forms.

Almost unnoticed, it started a revolution in man's way of living that was slow at first, but that is now making itself felt in more than a thousand different ways. How far ahead of his time young John Hyatt was is proven by the fact that no one made another plastic until twenty-two years later and even then Dr. Adolph Spitteler's mixture of sour cow's milk and formaldehyde, producing something he called casein, wasn't much of an improvement and wasn't used for much else than buttons in which it replaced bone and mother-of-pearl.

Then in 1908 a young chemist who knew what he was looking for mixed carbolic acid with formaldehyde and produced oxybenzylmethyleneglycolanhydride. Since that jaw-breaker couldn't even be pronounced by chemists, he compromised by naming it Bakelite which was remotely derived from his own name, Dr. Leo Hendrik Baekeland. And it was his son, George Baekeland, who tossed the bombshell into the monopoly inquiry in Washington just thirty years later.

The bombshell was simply that Colonel Clark had found that a layer of hard-wood veneer and a layer of a

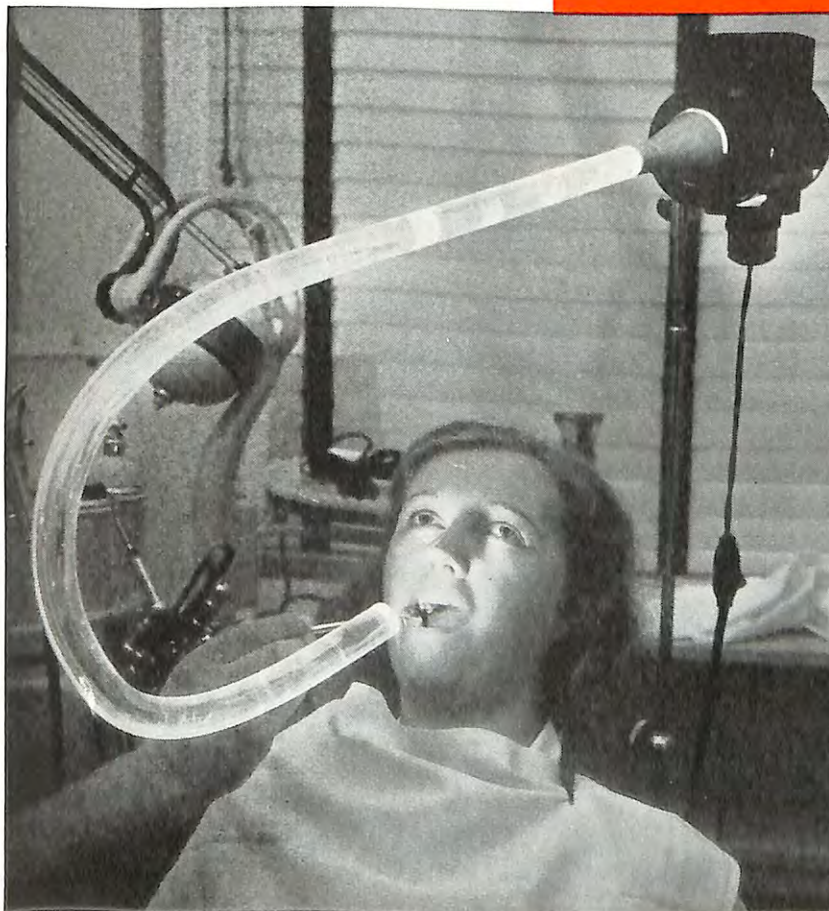
# LIFE

**They're in your bathroom, your office, your bedroom,  
in fact they're even in your hair when you use a comb.**

**And what we're talking about is Plastics—America's**

**Ace in the Hole.**

**by Roger Kafka**



Courtesy of du Pont Company



Courtesy of Bakelite Company



Bakelite compound, plus a layer of wood veneer and so on, could be moulded in a press to make one entire half of an airplane fuselage in a single operation. Then the two parts just had to be joined together, thus reducing the time of manufacture for this most difficult piece of aircraft construction from upwards of a week to two hours. On that basis the United States is in a position not only to build planes at a rate that cannot be duplicated anywhere else, but to build planes that will fly thirty-five miles an hour faster with regular motors because there are no protruding rivets to cause air-drag.

The mould which makes the new fuselage had to be designed first because nothing like it had ever been seen before. Looking like a whale and called a "whale" by the men who work it, the huge machine can turn out both the right and left halves of the fuselage or body. Because the successive layers of wood and plastic are only one-sixth as heavy as duralumin out of which planes are usually made, thicknesses six times those of ordinary plane "skins" can be used. Being that thick, the material doesn't buckle under strain and the resultant planes can be made without internal bracing, which not only simplifies manufacture, but makes them cheaper and lighter as well. Of course, the wings are slightly more complicated to make but four moulds can produce a pair of wings at about the same rate and in the same way.

Since German plane production is acknowledged to be the highest-g geared in the world today, it is interesting to note that the most optimistic estimates place the production-rate of the best German factory under war-time pressure at five or six planes a day, while by

Colonel Clark's process only one set of moulds would be necessary to turn out ten plastic planes in the same time.

Taken alone these facts are startling, to be sure, but they're not as dramatic as they seem, because in the thirty-one years that had elapsed between Father Leo's announcement in Yonkers of his oxyben-etc. and son George's quiet testimony in a Washington committee-room plastics had been gradually filtering into every part of Modern Living.

Coming in 1906 with the electrification of America on its way in home and factory, Bakelite filled a great need. It had what is known to scientists as extremely high *dielectric qualities*, which means in simple terms that it most emphatically does not conduct electricity, and therefore permitted high-tension electric current to be carried almost anywhere that it was used as insulation.

Now, new materials had been made out of vegetables (celluloid), animal matter (casein) and what Bakelite calls the Fourth Kingdom, a combination of all three of the known ones, and nothing remained to be done

**At left:** The entire stock of this shotgun is made of a shock-resistant, non-stainable, non-scratchable, weather-resistant plastic—far more practical than wood.

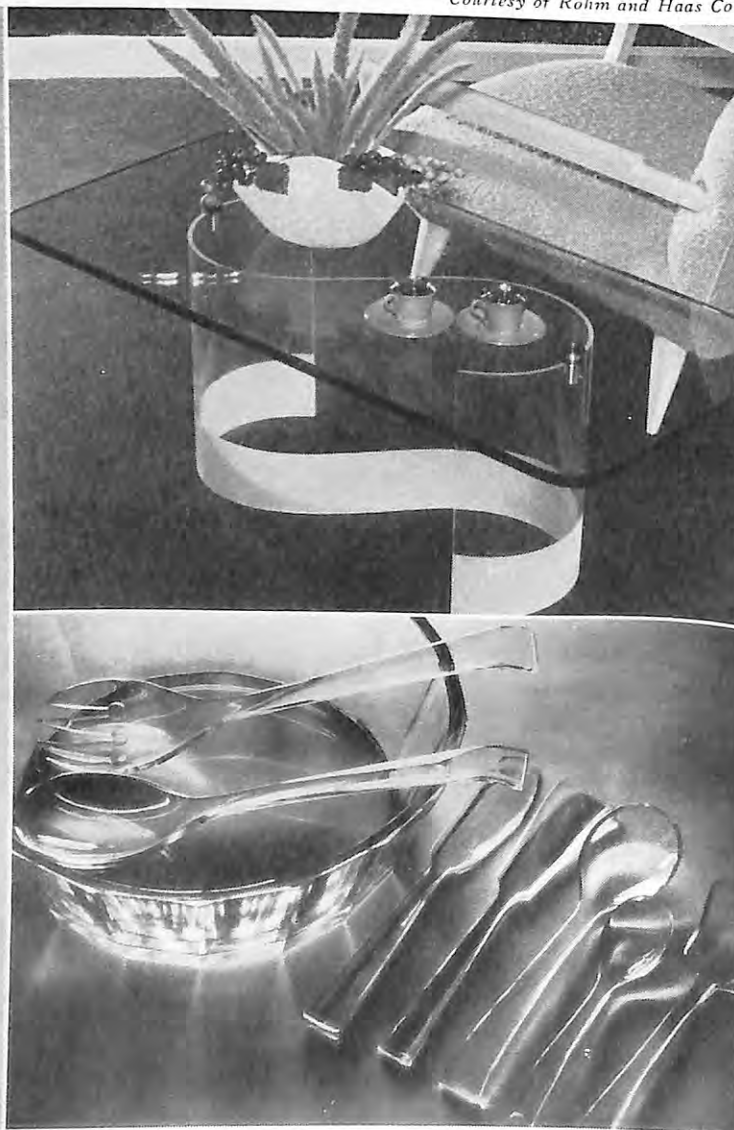
**Below:** This glass-topped table, designed by Gilbert Rhode, has a Plexiglass plastic base. It is about 40% lighter than glass and is non-scratchable and harder to break.

**Bottom.** And here is the newest wrinkle-bowl and eating utensils of heat-resistant, crystal-clear Plexiglass. Soon maybe we'll be able to look right through a steak.

*Courtesy of Röhm and Haas Co*



*Courtesy of Tennessee Eastman Corporation*



*Courtesy of Röhm and Haas Co*





This is the thing the world is worried about, a plastic plane made from moulds. When it's in production it will revolutionize about everything that is left to revolutionize.

except to make them out of thin air and chemists proceeded to do exactly that. They took nitrogen from the air and combined it with other chemicals to form synthetic urea, which in turn they treated to make, among other things, the unbreakable bathroom tumblers that have brought color into the prosaic matter of cleaning your teeth.

At first, all these materials were limited to use in small objects because they had to be moulded under extreme pressure or heat or a combination of both. As recently as 1935, then, plastics appeared mostly in the form of gadgets such as fountain-pens, spectacle frames, doll's eyes, chessmen and ashtrays. The stuff, usually in the form of powder, was put into a mould, heated by live-steam and slammed into shape under about 3000 pounds of pressure. Naturally, big machines that had to stand up under great temperatures and pressures were costly, so progress was slow. But by gradual experiment, improvements in metal and method and with plenty of expense, the machines have grown and now kick out complete radio cabinets and automobile steering wheels under a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch.

Greatest impetus toward the production of large objects, and therefore to ever more widespread uses of plastics everywhere, was given, oddly enough, by a wide-awake manufacturer of scales. His scales had always been encased in cast iron covered with the usual white enamel, so that they weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds. In order to sell the scales it was necessary to haul them into grocery stores and butcher shops for demonstration and none but big, brawny salesmen could carry the samples. That meant that a lot of good little salesmen who piled up fine records elsewhere couldn't do anything with scales and many big men got a job they weren't always fitted to hold. But most of all the manufacturer figured that he was losing sales and he went into a huddle with his board of directors to see what could be done.

His first thought was some form of plastic, but the

only type available at the time that could be turned out in a few large pieces to house the works of the scale had to be made in dark colors. In desperation he made up a few in black and loaned them to butchers for a trial. They were nice scales except for one minor drawback—housewives simply would not buy meat weighed on a black scale, felt it wasn't clean or something.

Advised to drop the matter, he shrugged off the advice and set up a fellowship at the Mellon Institute to be used in discovering a plastic material that would be both pure white and sufficiently strong to permit its being moulded into large pieces. It took a few years, but the research men at the institute did the job and presented him with the result. It was only one-third the weight of the original cast-iron scale, much smaller, far better looking and sent his sales skyrocketing.

But that was purely incidental. Now there was a pure white plastic available and machinery to mould it into large sizes and everybody jumped aboard the bandwagon. Anything that was white to start with could be colored and designers leaped at the chance to bring the rainbow into our daily lives.

THEY'VE already put the rainbow to shame, though. One manufacturer boasts that he can make his product in ten thousand shades and if you're fussy and can't find your particular pastel in his files he'll make a new one to match your needs or desires. With color and size practically unlimited, the automobile industry took plastics to its bosom and the interiors of cars bloomed with dashboards, knobs, handles and steering wheels made of the stuff, not only because it's bright and cheerful, but because it's warm to the touch and unaffected by oil, grease or the perspiration of your hands.

Next step was to make plastics transparent and they've licked that situation, too. As clear as glass, it will do what only very special forms of glass can do and that is, admit the ultra-violet rays of sunlight. That's a comparatively minor attribute though; the important point is that it is almost unbreakable and sandwiched between two pieces of plate glass it makes the non-shatterable glass for automobile windshields and windows. And, on jobs where men's eyes are endangered by sparks and pieces of metal, such as welding, it makes perfect goggles with (Continued on page 37)



The memory of fear had young Halloran licked until Hajji the elephant showed him that terror has no place among the Big Fellows.

## William Arthur Breyfogle

Illustrated by  
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

JOHN SAVAGE put it off as long as he could. It was a job he hated facing. But when it could no longer be avoided, he sent for young Halloran and spoke to the point. Tom Halloran wouldn't look at him, but the older man discounted that. He was puzzled, rather than angry. The way Burton had been talking, he had to ask the questions. But no one would be quicker than John Savage to turn the answers, if that proved possible, to Halloran's advantage.

"It isn't only the animals who are on exhibition in a zoo," Savage said. "You must have heard the talk, Tom. Let me ask you one thing first: is that shoulder of yours still bothering you?"

Halloran shook his head. "No, sir." "No shame to you if it is," the head-keeper pressed him. "When you've been clawed by a full-grown tiger. . . ."

"There isn't a twinge in it, Captain Savage. The scars healed clean."

"I see," said Savage, who didn't see at all. He tilted his chair back. "Tell me again how that happened, will you?"

He had a full report already. He had pondered over it for weeks. But hearing Tom Halloran relate the happenings of that morning might give him a clue to what was wrong with the boy. Whatever it was, it dated from that day, and no one but Halloran had the secret. Savage composed himself to listen attentively.

"There's nothing to add to the report," Halloran said, and you could tell that he hated talking about it. "It was in Hamid's cage, and I'd gone in to clean the floor. Somehow, the steel door between the inner cage and the outer hadn't dropped into its groove at the bottom. Hamid must have heard me sweeping. He got his claws under the edge of the door. Then, the first I knew of it, he'd got in and sprung at me. I had nothing but the broom, and he broke the handle. I held him off the best way I could, till the other keepers came. He laid that one shoulder open to the bone, and it's lucky for me I didn't faint. I don't remember much after that. They came and drove him off, got me out of the cage. That's exactly the way it happened, sir."



The last words had a ring of defiance in them. Savage noted that. There was something the boy wanted to conceal. But what was it? It wasn't his fault that the door hadn't dropped deep into its groove. If anything, he deserved praise for fighting off a killer like Hamid with nothing but a broken broom-handle. So it couldn't be that he feared punishment. John Savage tried another device.

He nodded, as if wholly satisfied, and reached across the desk to offer Halloran a cigarette. "It's funny about tigers," he said, and he might have been talking to himself. "There's no other animal to match them for devilment. I've heard most of the stories, and most of the stories are true. Jungle-bred Malays won't even

call a tiger by name, and they know all about him! They call him Si-pudong—the One with the Hairy Face. And they don't call him that without a shiver!"

The device worked! Halloran put the cigarette down, and his hand was shaking. "Yes," he said. "Yes, he had a hairy face!"

Savage didn't need to prompt him then. The boy's cheeks were grey, and he stared at Savage without seeing him. It was something else he saw, and talked about. "That hairy face! It wasn't a foot from mine, and it was pure hate! You could see the whiskers were curled back and up, out of the way. Very dainty, like a fine gentleman! Oh, a delicate, fine gentleman, minding his manners!"





# The Big Fellows

He laughed, and John Savage sprang up. "Stop it!"

But for a long time, Halloran couldn't stop, though he tried. His eyes, that saw Savage again now, were full of misery and dumb pleading. But his big shoulders still shook helplessly, and a thin, giggling sound came from him. Savage turned his back, gave him time. When the boy was quiet again, sweating and breathing hard, he said, "I thought it might be something like that. You should have told me, Tom."

"That I was a coward? That I couldn't pass a tiger's cage without trembling?"

"No, but the reason for that! Good Lord, do you think you're the first?"

"If there were others, what did they do to get over it? Or is there any way?"

"You find it for yourself, and not by trying. Not by being ashamed, certainly. Are you ashamed of a nightmare—some terror that's none of your seeking or deserving? Well, neither was this anything you

"I had nothing but the broom and he broke the handle. I held him off the best way I could, till the other keepers came."

brought on yourself. It had a function once, terror like that. It kept our early ancestors alive, when we were all animals together. We've never shaken the legacy off. You're only repeating the experience of the race. Those Malays I told you about—they'd understand. And so do I."

"Most people wouldn't. They'd call it cowardice and let it go at that."

"More fools they!" Savage sat down at his desk again. "That's a mistake you and I can avoid. The plain fact is that you've got that tiger's face bitten into your mind, too deep for reason. And no wonder! It's a mortal agony for you to stay in the lion-house, to pass the cages, isn't it?"

"Burton can tell you. He knows!"

"We're not considering Burton."

He chose his words carefully. "I'm going to take you out of there, Tom. Whenever you want to go back, come and tell me. But give yourself lots of time. This isn't a demotion, nothing of the sort. I'm going to put you on with the elephants. You need a few months to forget what's happened. And I'm going to make sure that you get them. The pay will be just the same."

The pay was the same, but the job wasn't. Nothing Savage said could change that. Tom Halloran had been taken out of the lion-house and put inside the elephant-stockade. Everyone knew that it was because he was afraid of tigers now. And everyone knew that it pretty well ended his chances of promotion. Halloran had been in line to succeed as head-keeper when they moved John Savage up to be Director of the zoo. But no head-keeper had ever been chosen except from the lion-house. The odds now were on Burton. Halloran might wait a long time for advancement, especially with Burton as his immediate superior.

Norah Savage insisted that it made no difference. "Of course, I'm sorry, Tom. But it wasn't your fault, and the important thing is that you weren't killed. Stop thinking about the rest of it. I know that isn't easy, but try. Try for my sake, if not for your own."

She was like her father—small and trim and quick. Looking at her, Halloran tried to keep the pain out of his voice, and the effort made him speak harshly. "It isn't only that we'll have to wait longer now, to be married. Worse than that is asking you to marry a coward, a fellow who's lost his nerve!"

"That's ridiculous! Is it cowardly to fight off a beast like Hamid with only a broken stick? I think I'm a better judge than you, my dear."

"Maybe. But there's only one reason why they're putting me on with the elephants."

"You think that's a disgrace? It



isn't! I've heard Dad say that elephants are the hardest animals of all to handle. He doesn't understand them himself, even. He says nobody knows much about them. Why, think of Hajji! When he's in one of his rages..."

Suddenly Tom Halloran showed a spark of interest. "I had forgotten about Hajji," he admitted.

Burton would act if Hamid had clawed him? Anyway, I made up my mind a long time ago." She reached for one of the hands he was staring at, and took it in both of hers. All at once she was laughing, not very steadily. "Oh, Tom, dear, I'm glad they've taken you out of the lion-house! You never belonged there. I don't want to insult you,

animals. When he was younger he had worked out of Singapore as a hunter and collector for menageries. Too old for that now, he'd been lucky to find a place as head-keeper in a zoo, with every prospect of being made Director within another year. But Savage didn't consider that his adventures had ended with the end of his travels. As he knew it, ad-



The girl watched him. "I'm only trying to say that you're being moved from one dangerous job to another. And that isn't what they do with cowards. You can forget what Burton says."

He looked up. "Was Burton here?"

"He still comes, sometimes. It isn't because I want to see him, but he's slow to understand that."

Halloran looked down at his big hands. "I never thought I'd have to admit that Burton was a better man than I am."

"You don't! How do you think

but you make me think of elephants. You're big and quiet and gentle, and wiser than you look. There's nothing strong enough to hurt you but yourself, and you mustn't let that happen. Burton's spiteful, but it's because he's afraid of you. Burton's all right where he is, with his tigers. But you belong with the big fellows."

Then, for a moment, she was anxious. "Only, don't go too near Hajji," she said. "Not when he's angry, Tom."

John Savage was sixty, and his whole adult life had been spent with

venture happened in a man's mind, and was not dependent upon far places. The kind of adventure, anyway, that engaged John Savage's interest.

It was the kind of adventure he scented in what was happening to Tom Halloran. He thought a lot of Halloran. The boy had come from a circus, and he had the knack with animals a keeper needs. He had other good qualities, too, and Savage had looked with favor on the quick friendship that sprang up between him and Norah. He was glad to see



that the girl stood by Halloran now. It spoke well for them both.

John Savage watched what happened. He began by watching the boy, and was surprised to find his attention extend to cover Hajji, the big elephant as well as Tom. The surprise annoyed him a little. He should have known by now that animals were not so widely different from men.

benign. But now and then, at intervals not to be predicted, his little eyes grew hot and red. He trumpeted and stamped and his trunk lashed out like a flail. Once there had been talk of shooting him, but John Savage had put a stop to that.

Savage could guess at what Hajji remembered, aided by the white scars and the record of his first sale.

flanks and the wide circle closing in upon the spot where Stripes lay. His mahout had been nervous, on an untried beast, and Hajji felt how the man's thin legs trembled, one on either side of his neck. Hajji was nervous, too. The mahout had a hard time keeping him in his place in the narrowing circle.

There was wind enough to stir the high grass. They could not tell that the tiger had moved until he sprang. He had burst from the waving cover just at Hajji's feet, a lank, huge beast, with murder in his eyes. The mahout tumbled off, screaming, when the tiger sprang. There was enough to bewilder even an old and tried elephant—the shouts of the men, the banging of guns, the tiger's stench and high-pitched snarling, the cruel claws raking at his shoulder. Hajji squealed and stumbled, and shook the cat off. The next instant he was gone, scot-free, and it was all over. Their quarry had broken through the careful circle and fled, and the angry hunters blamed Hajji for it. He remembered the disgrace, as well as the pain and sudden terror. His mahout climbed back on his neck, abusing him. That was what the reek of tiger meant to Hajji, ever afterward. That was what stirred in the depths of his mind and set his eyes to burning and his big feet to shuffling and trampling. He didn't forget.

They put him at tiger-hunting again, and he saw how it was done—the trunk curled up out of reach, the chopping blow with the tusks, backed by the head's weight, the quick stride forward and the foot brought down

The crowd scattered wildly from a new terror, and Hajji came like a moving mountain, trumpeting.



The three cow-elephants bore howdahs on their backs, and children rode around the grounds of the zoo in them. With Hajji, that was not considered safe. Instead of rolling along behind a uniformed keeper, he stood swaying in his compound, with thoughts in his dreamy, big mind, back of the slatey forehead, that no one could guess. He was fifty—not old for an elephant. He stood well over nine feet at the shoulder, where the top of the long, white scars showed. Most of the time he was quiet, and he looked

He had been bought from an Indian ruler who was in no way impecunious, but well able to indulge a passion for hunting big game. That was how Savage reconstructed the rough outline. Hajji had been sold just as a gun-shy dog is sold—because he was useless and a disgrace to his breed. And his scars spelled tiger.

Although Savage couldn't know it, they went back to a time when Hajji was twelve years old, a big, solemn youngster on his first hunt. Hajji remembered the silence and the Indian sun, the high grass against his

like a pile-driver. But the lesson, though he learned it well, came too late. The scars were there, and the fright that turned to slow fury, later. They gave up trying to make him a hunter and sold him to an American dealer. But, thousands of miles away, years later, Hajji still remembered that black afternoon and the striped thing that had clawed and disgraced him and got away.

Tom Halloran made friends with him. He knew there was danger, at first, but he didn't flinch. He went to work with a saw and file on the neglected toe-nails of Hajji's feet. He played a hose on the huge back and sides, and scrubbed them with a stiff, long-handled brush. He polished the brass bands of the tusks until they gleamed. And he stood quiet while Hajji's trunk explored his pockets, his hands and—worst of all—the nape of his neck. John Savage noticed that the big elephant hadn't flown into one of his rages in more

(Continued on page 39)



**Mr. Richards feels the lack of concerted male resistance to the feminine clothes reform menace is a very serious thing.**

**By Kent Richards**

*Illustrated by*  
**GEORGE DALY**

clothes. I have thought that maybe here and there something might be done to streamline the bowler and to add to the comfort and utility of the good old three-piece suit. Two lapel buttonholes, instead of one, say, and possibly an extra button on the sleeve to give it more flair. Mainly, though, I have been content to drift along, satisfying myself, after one or two disastrous experiences which shall be recounted later, that as a preview of the sartorial male of tomorrow, Richards left something—in fact, quite a bit, to be desired.

become self-conscious and shy; afraid to call their b.v.d's their own. Pretty soon the country would have a matriarchal society with gorgeously bedecked males remaining at home to mind the children.

For, believe it or not, my hearties, the lady reformer, whose *nom de guerre* is Elizabeth Fashion-is-Spinach-and-so-is-Elizabeth Hawes, is carrying the torch for a suit coat for men which hasn't got collar or lapels and with its sleeves cut off above the elbow! I'm serious—a suit coat without collar or lapels and with the

# With Richards in darkest



**E**VER since the day the first *Pithecanthropus Erectus* pulled a bear skin around his shoulders and marched forth into the forest to see what he could see, there has been a movement on foot somewhere for reform in men's clothes. Invariably it has been led by some man or other who happened to get steamed up for the moment and so nobody paid any particular attention. But now a new threat has appeared on the horizon and this time it's from a woman. It looks serious.

I have myself been, in a small way, an advocate of reform in men's

But now with this feminine fashion menace rearing its pretty head and telling us males where to sew on the cuffs of our pants, the time has come for us to rise up and do something. If we've got to reform let's do our own reforming, I say. And so will you when you hear what she'd have us wear. Why, if we followed her advice we would be laughed out of town. We wouldn't be able to go to business or even to appear on the street. Men would fade in blushing ignominy from groups where more than two or three had gathered together. They would

sleeves cut off above the elbow. That's what she wants us to wear. Can you picture yourself dictating to your stenographer in one of those? Close your eyes and imagine yourself mounting the rostrum at the Ball Bearing Manufacturers' Convention to deliver an address, with your sleeves cut off above the elbow. Take yourself for a mental walk in that get-up down Main Street at lunch time.

The worst of it is, we must admit that there is enough room for reform to give some communistic idea like that a chance to take hold. There are



some guys who are so uncomfortable that they'll grasp at anything, even an empty sleeve, if it promises relief. So maybe we'd better get under way and see if there aren't some changes that can be made that will be an honorable compromise. Something we can call our own.

Anyhow, let's look at the record. Let's analyze this thing from the outside in and see what we want and what we don't want. What function do men's clothes fill? Are they really necessary or shall we purge them?

The main purpose of clothes is

keep off the elements just as well, too, and nobody of my acquaintance seems to be wearing long underwear and a toga. Besides keeping off the elements there is another and really important reason for men's clothes. It's pockets.

Yes, pockets. And if you don't believe it, just try sewing yours up for a week and watch the wheels of industry stop turning. Pockets are a basic necessity.

So what? Pockets are important. With all this stew about reform something ought to be done to protect them. They ought to be written into the Constitution.

The typical business suit has fifteen pockets. Fourteen of these are in constant use. The fifteenth, a secret pocket inside the vest, is held in readiness for an emergency which rarely arises but which might happen to any of us, we hope. The cloak and suit manufacturers, pandering to the male's eternal anticipation of adventure, have built into this harmless and useless little pocket all the lure of a secret drawer. They have made it into sort of a cache, as if they expected that the eventual wearer of the suit would need a place to put large sums of currency, smuggled jewels or documents of a highly confidential character. Even a contortionist couldn't reach that pocket without completely unbuttoning his vest, so its usefulness is necessarily limited to harboring valuables which in real life either don't exist or are kept on top of the dresser. I've never known a man who kept anything beyond a couple of slightly blond telephone numbers in this pocket, but I've known men who would refuse to buy a suit that didn't have it.

EVERY other pocket in a man's wardrobe is, theoretically, cocked and set on a hair trigger for instant use. And they are used, there is no doubt of that. But usually they serve as receptacles for stuff that would shame a waste-basket. As far as their functional value goes, however, the pocket situation as a whole leaves something to be desired. Any one who has ever watched the agonies of a male conducting a search from pocket to pocket and back again for a pair of elusive theatre tickets knows that somewhere something is slightly less than efficient about present-day methods of pocket distribution and design. To watch a man go through the process when he is standing up is bad enough, but few can look with eyes unaverted at the pitiful sight of one of his fellows searching his pockets while sitting down.

What to do about pockets in the coming reformation is an engrossing and perplexing problem. Something will have to be done—you can't reform a man's clothes and just leave his pockets hanging up in the air. If I were asked—and I have been, thank you—I would advance as my solution the Richards Accordion-

supposed to be to keep you warm, and, if I remember how it was last summer, mine did just that. They had another function, too, or at least mine did. They kept me humid. And, of course, it wasn't so much the heat...

But we can certainly start with the premise that we need some sort of clothes to keep off the elements. The ones we have on now do that, of course. Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night shall penetrate these staunch, if slightly soiled, white ducks of mine. Yet long underwear and a toga would serve to

# Tweed



The first *Pithecanthropus Erectus* pulled on a skin and marched out to see what he would see.

Pleated Self-Refracting Pocket Apron which I have just designed. This novel and practical garment consists of a square apron in which are sewn ten, fifteen or twenty pockets, depending on requirements. It is worn across the middle. This makes all the pockets as handy as your chest and greatly facilitates the searching for hat checks, as you can go through the pockets systematically, starting with the upper left-hand corner and working across or down. All you have to do is remember which way you are headed. Nobody has yet, of course, but then *you* haven't tried. The apron is equipped with a self-

The American vest was the most flamboyant, raucous article of clothing extravert men have ever known.







Like bathing trunks, which brought men only one step from complete freedom, slack suits are here to stay.

emptying device which enables you to dump its entire contents on the floor merely by pulling a rip-cord. It comes in five conservative colors, all of which are black.

The problem of the vest is also important but mainly it is of historical significance. Fashion experts—male fashion experts—say its days are already numbered. There is no telling where the vest got its start, but if there has been an article of clothing that has had a greater effect on the moral, spiritual and political development of a pioneering nation than the lowly vest has had on America, I would like to hear of it. Historically its beginnings are a trifle obscure. It may have begun as a sort of exterior corset to hide the corpulence of some of the early *bon vivants*, or maybe it was first designed to minimize the chafing of armor or coats of mail. Some say that it is an outgrowth of the doublet.

In any event, its heyday began with the close of the Civil War. The political adventurers who swarmed over the South in the late 1860's were, many of them, as famous for their vests as they were for their carpet bags. From that time until it entered into a senile old age along about 1900, the American vest was the most flamboyant, the most downright raucous article of clothing extravert men have ever worn. Spellbinding politicians awed their constituents with the dazzling brilliance of their fronts. Gamblers fleeced tenderfeet who were so distracted by the gaudy checks and

plaids of the opponents' vests that they didn't know they were being cheated. It is said that once a railroad magnate quelled a striking mob merely by unbuttoning his coat and subjecting the men to the subduing effect of a good steady look at his midriff.

[N those days vests weren't manufactured; they were created. If a big-shot wanted a new one he first took up the matter in prayer—he waited for inspiration, he suffered the tortures of childbirth, and what was eventually produced was his own, by God!

During one period in which I should have enjoyed living, mere cloth wasn't sufficient to express the inner soul of some of the more imaginative. Paint brush and palette and the delicate hand of an experienced artist were needed to produce the proper amount of "oomph" and originality. With this innovation, patterns were quickly abandoned as stuffy and old-fashioned and genuine real-life scenes painted on by hand became the decorative motif of the American embonpoint. Almost invariably these scenes were executed under the personal direction of the wearer and immortalized some sentimental or historic occasion in his life. A sartorially correct fire chief might, for example, have on his vest his own conception ("with lots of red") of the three-alarm warehouse fire which won for him a decoration for bravery. One politician was said to have shown his friendliness for all mankind by having two huge clasped hands painted on his vest and on the finger of one of them could plainly be seen the very signet ring the politician wore.

The opportunity for murals was

too great to be resisted and some of the creations which resulted, if accurately chronicled by the historians of the day, must have been something to behold. Patriots demanded such classics as the battle of the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac", flanked by waving American flags; those who heard the Red Gods' call had panoramas featuring Pike's Peak. One successful and not ungrateful wheat speculator did a farm scene, recorded for posterity as "The Threshing of the Golden Grain".

But the fad for painted vests, like most good things, was short-lived. They weren't very durable and there was considerable conflict between the desire to be a walking art gallery and the desire to have and show off the size and quality of one's watch chain. In the long run the watch chain element—the conservative element, I might add—won out, and the brief but glorious fireworks were over. But not before the mixture of pattern and paint had done its job in cowing the recalcitrant voter, in arousing the love instincts of usually reluctant ladies and, in fact, of building the West. We owe much to the lowly vest which, due to double-breasted suits, we now seem about to discard.

THOSE who today advance various proposals for reform in men's dress seem to be unanimously of the opinion that men's clothes in the future must be colorful. Maybe it's a throw-back to the vest era. Anyhow it's here; Robin's egg blue, Albuquerque orange and lemon yellow are typical colors suggested for the man of tomorrow for the spring of tomorrow. It is interesting to speculate on the effect of such a brilliant array on normal male characteristics.



I had my first experience with color a number of years ago when I was living in Hollywood. I attribute it entirely to the effect of going to a city which seemed lighted entirely by neon signs. Either I was temporarily dazzled or my color sensitivity was dulled to any but the most obvious distinctions. At any rate, I bought a green shirt. This shirt was green, all right, but it wasn't the shade of green you're thinking of—not a placid and restful lawn or billiard table green. This was a green with a capital "R". This was a green that stood up on its two hind legs and snarled.

Up to that time I had never owned anything more colorful than a polka dot tie which I thought looked pretty well with the blue serge. But after I got the green shirt I became a Personality. In the toils of that green monster I found I had an ego to express. I had to live up to that shirt, to do what it expected of me. Instead of being able to go to a party and pass the time in pleasant and unnoticed conversation with a few people, I had to be the center of a

The main purpose of clothes is to keep you warm—and last summer mine did exactly that.

happened if the laundry hadn't lost that shirt. I know it wouldn't have worn out—a green like that could wither the toughest mangle in the country with a glance. Anyhow, one day the green shirt was gone and I had learned an important lesson, one which all the reformers will have to learn before they get anywhere with changing men's clothes. The lesson was this: Above all else men want to be anonymous. Most men don't want to be singled out in a crowd and made the center of attention. They don't want to have people turn and look at them when they walk along the street. They don't want to be wearing a soft felt hat if nine out of ten of their fellows are wearing derbys and they wouldn't be caught dead in a derby if everybody else is wearing a soft felt. People who go about making wild suggestions about cutting coat sleeves off above the elbow, and tearing off lapels, had better do a little thinking about that!



The lesson for today: Above all else men want to be anonymous.

Group. People crowded 'round partly out of curiosity and partly, I suppose, as a mass defense against a common threat. I had to show off—prove that I was man enough to wear a shirt like that. I don't show off well. I forget the point of jokes and can't remember people's names. It wasn't long before I was pretty unhappy. I didn't sleep or eat very much and didn't write to my mother at all.

I don't know what might have

The leading evangelist of color in men's clothes is a swank Manhattan tailor, Raymond G. Twyeffort. Mr. Twyeffort is quite rabid on the subject and has been ever since 1925, when, he claims, bright colored clothes cured him of stomach ulcers and a hatred of automobiles.

Mr. Twyeffort explains to all who are within earshot, and you are within earshot of Mr. Twyeffort if you live in the United States, that color does something to pep you up. The Twyeffort thesis is that an ordinary, garden variety Caspar Milquetoast, properly dressed in a canary yellow business suit, immediately gains

self-confidence. He can put across business deals; he can lick Jack Dempsey; he is, in effect, a Tarzan of the Skyscrapers. Mr. Twyeffort has hundreds of testimonials from bulging muscled, mental dynamoed, personality forceful, and, need I remind you, necessarily colorful, customers who sing his praises. In gingerly describing the eccentric Mr. Twyeffort, *The New Yorker* lists among his customers Eugene Grace, head of Bethlehem Steel; Jesse Livermore, the Wall Street financier; Bruce Barton; Harry du Pont; Horace Dodge, Jr., and Herbert  
(Continued on page 41)



AMERICANS are great readers, but the number of those who read stories in magazines compared to those who read novels is about ten to one. And that leads to a curious discovery. The stories in magazines are chiefly romantic tales of love and action, mystery and spy stories—things that we like to dream about and that don't touch the actual life around us. But the stories in books are often serious, even deal-

a thriller about the Nazi persecutions. "The Grapes of Wrath", which has been a best-seller for months, deals with such unromantic subjects as the flight of dust-bowl farmers and the overcrowding of migrant camps on the Pacific coast. "Christ in Concrete" is a pretty earnest tale of a young Italian bricklayer and his family. Even Christopher Morley has gone serious in writing "Kitty Foyle". He means to be entertaining,

Nazi leaders are crying to do. Then take "Days of Our Years" which describes experiences in Europe and has been on best-seller lists most of the year. It shows that when people are interested in a news event they want to read more about it.

There is something else to remember when we wonder why there are so many magazine readers compared with book readers. That is the price. Magazines cost from 5 to 35 cents;

Below: Phil Stong, author of the popular new novel, "Ivanhoe Keeler", a happy story of vagabondage.



Above: Christopher Morley, famous author, whose most recent book "Kitty Foyle," has received acclaim.

## WHAT AMERICA IS

# Reading

By Harry Hansen

ing with events that are reported every day in the newspapers. The magazine readers run into millions, but when a book sells 100,000 copies it is considered exceptionally lucky.

As we know, magazine readers are not all office girls. A great many executives enjoy a good story after a hard day selling automobiles or soap by carload lots. And some of these men, and their wives, must be among the readers of books. Novel readers don't seem to be annoyed if plots deal with tragic life or wars and foreign persecutions. "Escape", which has had a wide sale both as a magazine serial and as a book, is

of course, but Kitty is pretty close to life and far from romance. Now and then a gloriously imaginative book, like "The Yearling", gets into everybody's hands, but for the most part even our entertaining books are earnest in mood.

This also goes for non-fiction. You'd think people would find plenty of news about the Japanese and the Germans in the newspapers from day to day, but there has been a big demand for Gunther's "Inside Asia", and Rauschning's "The Revolution of Nihilism" has crowded the sales of "Mein Kampf" because it tells, in much shorter form, just what the

books start at \$2.50. Magazines give a choice of articles and stories, but if you don't like the book you're out. If you are going to spend \$2.50 or more for a book you are in earnest. Of late, experiments with books priced under \$1 seem to be meeting with success. Many of these are reprints, so that the cost of production is lower. Some excellent titles (including "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Bronte, "Abraham Lincoln" by Lord Charnwood, "Enough Rope" by Dorothy Parker, "Lost Horizon" by James Hilton, etc.) have been announced by Pocket Books, Inc., 386

(Continued on page 43)



**Mr. F. reviews a decade of sports filled with some of the greatest performances in history**

It was a screwy and significant decade, all right, and all the screwiness of the 1930's was not confined to sports. Nor were sports entirely unaffected by the profound social and psychological changes which influenced the thought and attitude of men everywhere. In the fourth decade of the twentieth century even the grubby six-day bike riders were granted a five-day working week.

It was an era of realism in sports as opposed to the romanticism of the 1920's, and the break with the tra-

ditional past was as pronounced as the earthquake which struck Wall Street one harrowing day in October, 1929. In the lush, roaring '20's, men played games for the hell of it or for a quick touch which would make them independent financially. In the tense, turbulent '30's, sports came to be regarded as a business and athletes prepared for professional careers because games offered them a better living than any other field of endeavor.

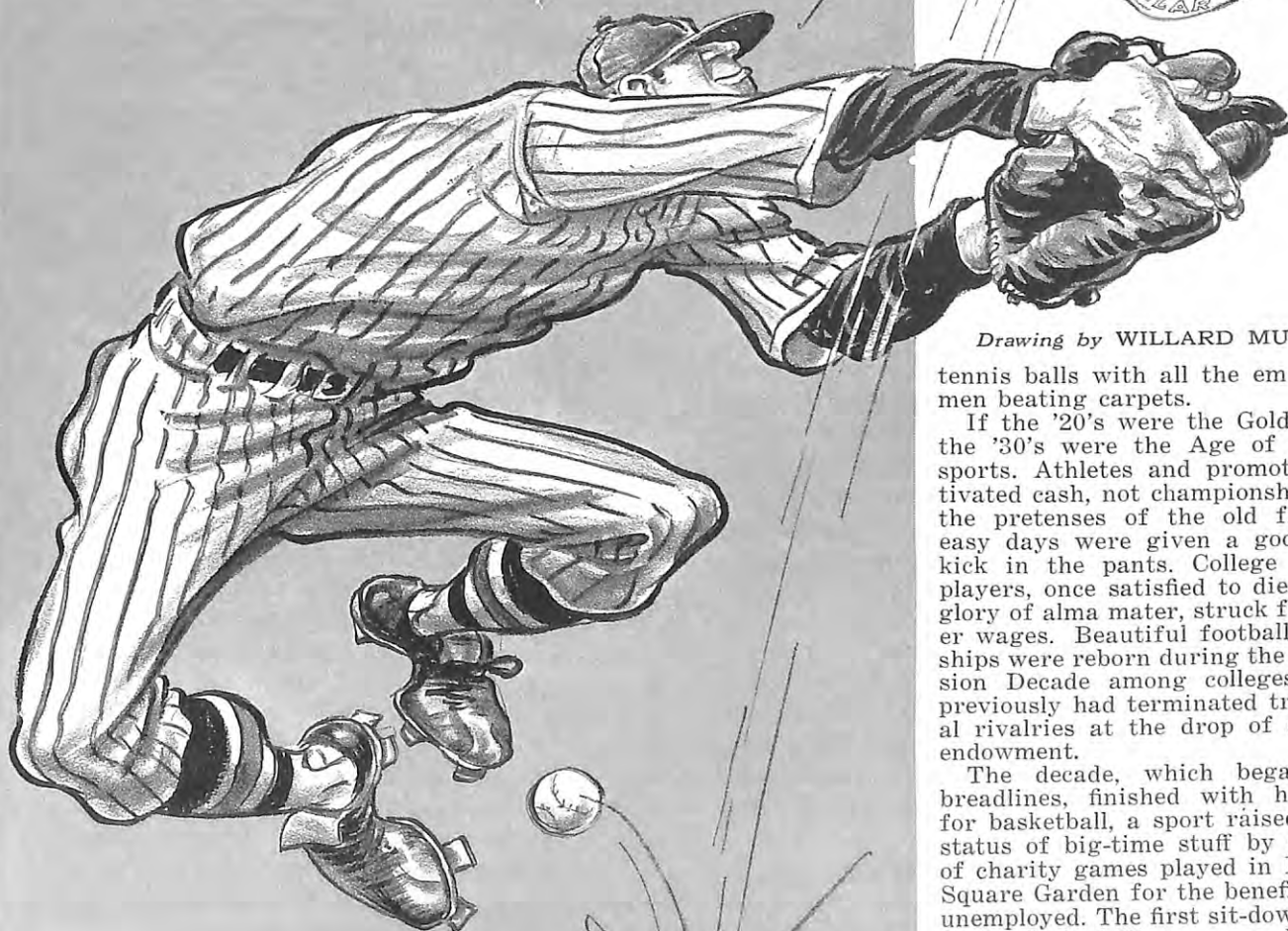
The 1920's, the Golden Age of sport, gave rise to such spectacular figures as Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey and Bill Tilden, whose swashbuckling exploits were in keeping with the tempo of the times. They were glamour boys who captivated the imagination, dominated their games and, through ten thousand counter-

parts, the whole American scene as well. The gallant and daring gesture was in full bloom. Men could afford to live dangerously—the popular philosophy—for failure could not languish long amid the extravagance of opportunity.

The personality kid of the '20's was dispossessed from his ivory tower and was thrown into the street with the rest of the depression babies. The dead-pan efficiency expert of the '30's, in the business for the long haul, replaced the knights in shining armor. Volatile Ruth gave way to phlegmatic Hubbell and DiMaggio. Dynamic Dempsey was a total stranger to the throne room of boxing now inhabited by lethargic Louis. A social revolution separated temperamental Tilden and his successors, Vines and Budge, who batted

# The Age of Gold

by  
**Stanley Frank**



Drawing by WILLARD MULLIN

tennis balls with all the emotion of men beating carpets.

If the '20's were the Golden Age, the '30's were the Age of Gold in sports. Athletes and promoters cultivated cash, not championships, and the pretenses of the old free-and-easy days were given a good swift kick in the pants. College football players, once satisfied to die for the glory of alma mater, struck for higher wages. Beautiful football friendships were reborn during the Depression Decade among colleges which previously had terminated traditional rivalries at the drop of a cushy endowment.

The decade, which began with breadlines, finished with headlines for basketball, a sport raised to the status of big-time stuff by a series of charity games played in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of the unemployed. The first sit-down strike in the United States came during a softball game in Akron, and a celebrated amateur track star filed an

(Continued on page 44)





Drawings by H. Gilmore

# EDITORIAL

## The New Year

**T**HE year on which we are entering thunders loud in the index. No horoscope is available, but that it is pregnant with events both at home and abroad which will mark great changes in the history of the world would seem to be certain.

It is with deep concern that we await developments in the foreign wars now raging. Peace may not come during the ensuing twelve months, although all neutral powers are fervently hoping and joining in prayers that this may speedily come to pass. The deleterious effect of these wars is perhaps less noticeable in this than in any other neutral country, but we are far from being immune.

But wholly aside from these wars and their inescapable influence in this country, the year holds consequential events in store for us. Important elections will be held in every state, and in the nation the all-important general election. The air will be surcharged with propaganda and rumors, some based on facts but many without foundation except in the fancy of aspiring politicians. We owe it to ourselves and to succeeding generations carefully to sift the grain of truth from the chaff of misrepresentation and intelligently to cast our ballots on election day, unswayed by bias or prejudice.

Politics is barred from our Order but that which is barred is partisan politics. We are speaking of politics as the science of civil government which in its broadest meaning embraces the study of public questions. This is not only our privilege in a democracy but our solemn duty. Only by faithfully



and conscientiously discharging this duty can we preserve our American institutions and transmit the blessings of independence and individual freedom of thought, speech and action to those who come after us as they have been handed down to us by preceding generations. This is spoken to you as Elks and as American citizens, wholly regardless of the political party with which you are affiliated.

## Censorship Un-American

**A**MONG the rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution and guarded with zealous care by every American is that of free speech and of a free and untrammelled press. This, of course, does not mean unbridled license to make or publish falsehoods, slanders and libels. The law establishes as a necessary protection responsibility for all such statements whether made orally, in writing or in print, but within the limit of truth and a decent regard for the rights of others the American citizen is privileged to speak, write or publish what he pleases. This right and privilege is cherished and safeguarded in this as in no other country.

Recently there has been much concern lest this right be lost or curtailed to such an extent as to amount to its practical elimination. It is doubtful if any such danger seriously threatens. It could not come about short of revolution, and revolution in this country, while at times hinted, is improbable. That alien spies, saboteurs and secret agents are actively at work is unquestionable. That they have gained a foothold is undeniable. That they will be halted before they accomplish their purpose is certain. The warning, however, is sufficient to challenge watchfulness and combative activity on the part of thinking and loyal citizens everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the right of free speech shall not be placed in jeopardy.

With the advent of the radio a new and highly important means of communication came into existence. In some countries this is exclusively under the control of the government, with the result that the people are permitted to hear over the air only that which the government desires them





to hear. Happily this is not true in our country, but it is undeniable that there is a tendency in that direction. Our government necessarily and rightly licenses and regulates broadcasting stations through the agency of a commission, but in the law which created the commission the Congress was careful to provide that it should not by regulation or otherwise interfere with the right of free speech. In other words, the commission was denied the right of censorship. The present commission is made up of capable and high-minded gentlemen and their declaration that they have no intention or desire to censor programs may be accepted at its full face value, but the very power given them to license broadcasting stations carries with it a modified censorship in that any station broadcasting programs which do not meet with the approval of the commission may be taken off the air by cancellation of its license or by refusal to renew it. This has been referred to as a censorship of fear hanging over every broadcasting station like the sword of Damocles. This is a far-reaching and dangerous power to place in the hands of any agency.

### Attractive Elk Homes

**E**LKS CLUBS generally, and we think, preferably, are referred to as Elk Homes. The word home is peculiar to the English language. No other has a word which is synonymous. It is a place of affection, peace and rest, hence a congenial meeting place. In comparison the word club is harsh and meaningless. Homes must be made attractive. Every housewife understands this and within available limits constantly strives to this accomplishment.

This is no more desirable in private than in Elk Homes. Where you find a lodge which has failed to maintain its quarters in a clean and attractive condition, you will also find poor attendance. The need may be a new carpet or an old one cleaned and relaid. It may be a few new chairs and sofas or old ones refinished and reupholstered. It may be only a little paint and varnish. It may be a general overhauling and refurnishing, but whatever it is, the cost will be more than justified by increased attendance, added revenue and



over and above all a renewed spirit of fraternity among the members which is a sure forerunner of increased membership.

It is worthy of serious consideration and if the Home maintained by your lodge is not attractive, we suggest that you interest yourself in advocating the necessary improvements.

### The Message to Garcia

**T**HE story of the message to Garcia is now forty-one years old—so old, in fact, as probably to be new to some of our readers and hence worth repeating. Elbert Hubbard first published the story in his inimitable style and so embellished the facts with dramatics that the expression “he carried the message to Garcia” has come into common use in praising any person who has successfully performed a difficult and important task.

Early in the history of the Spanish-American War William McKinley, then President of the United States, commissioned Major Andrew S. Rowan to carry an important message to General Garcia, Commander of the revolutionary forces in Cuba. Grave danger was involved as success was dependent on safely passing twice through the Spanish lines. This Major Rowan accomplished disguised as a native both in going to and returning from General Garcia’s headquarters in the field. He delivered the message and brought back secret information of “such great value that it had an important bearing on the quick ending the struggle and the complete success of the United States Army”. This quotation is from the citation to him by the Congress when he was honored by the “Distinguished Service Cross” for “extraordinary heroism”.

Recently Cuba recognized his service to that country by a special act, conferring on him the Cuban decoration “Order of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes”. American soldiers are not permitted to accept decorations from foreign countries except by special act of the Congress, which action was recently taken and Major Rowan, now eighty-two years of age and living in retirement in the City of San Francisco, California, is the recipient of this highly prized Cuban decoration, long delayed but most worthily bestowed.





# Under the ANTLERS

Above is part of the huge crowd which flocked to the Seventh Annual Harvest Festival held by Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, when \$4,000 was realized for the Lodge's charity fund.

## **Southern Indiana Elks Convened At Mount Vernon, Ind.**

Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, was host to the lodges of the Indiana South District Association meeting on November 18-19 for their semi-annual convention. A fraternal meeting in every sense, the convention was at the same time a patriotic assembly at which 200 Elks, including many of State and national reputation, rededicated themselves to American ideals and principles. It was the first time that the Association had met in as small a town as Mount Vernon. All who attended declared they had never had a better time or enjoyed a better brand of hospitality. From the standpoint of lodge business, the meeting was important and productive. P.E.R. Nelson E. Kelley, D.D. for Ind., South, presided at a business session of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. The speakers were Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Clarence E. Thompson of Frankfort, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and Mr. Kelley. The week-end program was directed by E.R. Dale DeFur; Otto C. Klein, Chairman on Arrangements; Howard L. Howden, Chairman on Entertainment, and Mr. Kelley.

A floor show was presented in the lodge room on Saturday night with a long list of entertainers. On Sunday morning a tour was made of

## **News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order**

local spots of interest in the vicinity, including the new Indiana game preserve, Hovey Lake. Covers were laid for 175 at the noon banquet on Sunday at which E.R. DeFur presided and Mr. Kelley was Master of Ceremonies. The keynote of the convention, Americanism, was climaxed in the address of the principal after-dinner speaker, P.D.D. Harry E. McClain of Shelbyville Lodge, Chairman of the Americanism Committee of the State Association. The veteran secretary of the host lodge, P.D.D. George S. Green was introduced. Mr. Green has attended 634 of the last 638 meetings of his lodge. Chaplain Horace Smith gave his own original Elk Toast to Absent Brothers.

### **Akron, O., Lodge Gives Safety Car To County Sheriff's Office**

Akron, O., Lodge, No. 363, is credited with playing a large part in the reduction of traffic accidents in Akron and Summit County. Within the past two years it has given two completely equipped safety cars to the Akron Police Department. Re-

cently the lodge presented a third such car to Sheriff Walter O'Neil for use by the Summit County Sheriff's Office. The fittings of the new car afford every facility for safety work, including two-way radio communication.

Mr. O'Neil, E.R. J. V. Sawyer, Safety Chairman Bernard Frye, County Commissioners and representatives of various civic groups attended the Elks' luncheon which preceded the presentation formalities. The ceremonies were broadcast over Radio Station WJW.

### **Oxnard, Calif., Lodge Wins Elks Softball State Championship**

The Elks Softball Championship of the State of California was won this year at the State Elks Convention by Oxnard Lodge No. 1443, playing against the team from Alameda Lodge No. 1015. That local interest ran high was shown by the fact that, although Oxnard is a small town, 200 softball enthusiasts, in addition to the Elks' delegation, made the trip all the way down to Santa Monica. The game was played in the Santa Monica Municipal Stadium.

Dave Henry pitched the Oxnard team into the championship, defeating the opposing team to the tune of seven to three. The Oxnard players got off to a slow start, and before



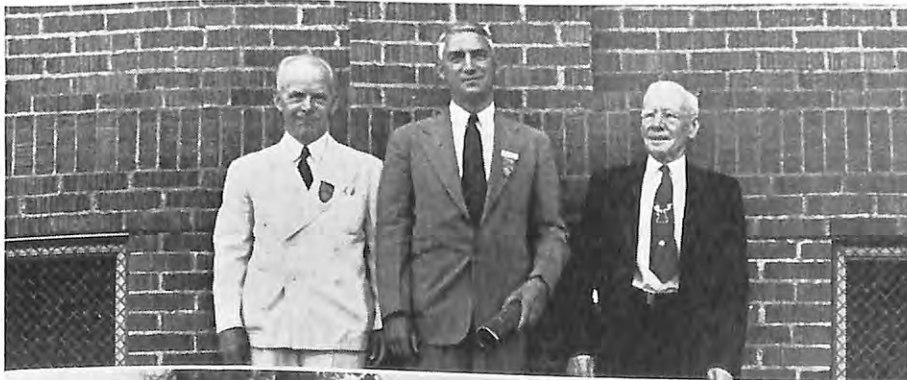


Left is a picture of several distinguished Elks who were present at Hibbing, Minn., at the Honor Night celebration which was tendered to R. N. Hitchcock, of Hibbing Lodge. Fourth from right is Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland.



Above is the Racine, Wis., Elks Safety Patrol which recently initiated a new Safety Patrol at Two Rivers where a bicycle corps will be established.

Below: State Pres. Ed Johnson, Chief Justice Howard Johnson and "Pop" Johnson of Missoula Lodge, at the Montana State Elks Convention.



they could blink their eyes the Alameda men had two runs across the plate. It was not until the 4th Inning that the Oxnard slugger could straighten out the curves of Bertrand, the Alameda pitcher. In this inning Oxnard staged the big rally of the ball game. Outstanding for Oxnard, besides Dave Henry, were Bob Henry and Mike Carr. Carr drove the ball for the only home run of the game.

#### ***The Antlers Lodge of Boise, Ida., Aids Unfortunate Group***

The Antlers Lodge of Boise, Ida., has taken up an admirable work, aiding the blind of the State. Included in the first plans were the raising of money for the assistance of the Idaho Progressive Society of the Blind in obtaining and repairing talking machines, assisting in the publication of its paper, and helping to transport members to conventions. One thousand tickets were printed for the Antlers' first function for the benefit of the blind—a dance at the home of Boise Lodge No. 310. Robert Trask is Chairman of the Blind Aid Committee, the other members of which are Mel Hulet, Bob Pyper and Bob Packham.

The Antlers Lodge numbers about 50 members. New officers elected recently are: Exalted Antler, Bob Packham; Leading Antler, Porter Seibert; Loyal Antler, Bob Estelle; Lecturing Antler, Winifield Jones. The appointive officers are: Guide, Jim Baxter; Chaplain, Emilio Aldecoa; Sentinel, Don Howard; Guard, Bob Pyper.

#### ***Nelsonville, O., Lodge Celebrates Its 40th Anniversary***

About 250 members and visiting Elks attended the turkey dinner, lodge session and initiatory ceremonies on Thursday, October 19, held in connection with the 40th anniversary of the institution of Nelsonville, O., Lodge, No. 543. The three-day celebration was concluded with a large dance on Friday night.

The dinner was served in the lodge home by the ladies of St. Andrews Church. Toastmaster Charles L. Haslop, of Newark Lodge, Past Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., introduced the officers of Nelsonville Lodge, headed by E. R. S. W. Ross, and other prominent Elks. Among those in attendance were present and past officers of the State Association including the guest speaker, Secy. C. W. Wallace of Columbus Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Creden-

Left: The attractive float entered by Fairfield, Ia., Lodge at the Fairfield Centennial Celebration.





Left are the officers of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge who have directed the many worthy activities of their branch of the Order.



Above is the handsome new Home of Panama Canal Zone, Balboa, C. Z., Lodge, which was dedicated recently.

tials, State Vice-Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald of Canton, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and State Pres. C. A. Lais of Norwalk who acted as Exalted Ruler in the initiation of the class of 22 candidates. The other officers were filled by leading Ohio Elks, and the famous championship Elks Patrol of Columbus Lodge, in charge of Capt. Rhodes, assisted in the ceremonies. Don Sheffield was General Chairman of the Anniversary Committee. J. H. Inderrieden was Chairman of the Banquet Committee.

Five of the lodge's charter mem-

bers, Ed. C. Evans, George E. Johnson, E. R. Lash, J. I. Pritchard and James Sharp, enjoyed the greetings of old friends and acquaintances. Mr. Pritchard, "Dean" of Nelsonville Lodge, is 88 years old. Mr. Evans and Mr. Sharp were charter officers.

#### **Citizen Day Program is Broadcast By Waycross, Ga., Lodge**

The Citizen Day program, broadcast in October by Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, over Station WYAX, met with a cordial reception from the public. Many messages were re-

Below: The handsomely uniformed Elks Purple and White Band of Bismarck, N. D., which broadcasts every fourth Sunday from the Lodge Home.

ceived congratulating E.R. Frank B. McDonald, Jr., upon his splendid address, and Mayor M. W. Bailey, Miss Gertrude Hodges and Jock Watts who responded.

Citizenship certificates were presented to Miss Hodges and Mr. Watts as representatives of the girls and boys of Ware County and Waycross. The certificates, issued by the City, are handsome documents, bearing the seal of Waycross and the signatures of the Mayor and City Clerk C. O. Parker, both of whom are members of Waycross Lodge. The certificates are being presented to all citizens who attain their majority this year.

#### **Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Visits North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge**

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John P. Hartigan, P.E.R. of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, visited North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, on October 17, accompanied by a large delegation of Providence members. This was also the date set for Roll Call Night and a good representation of the membership responded when their names were read.

Mr. Hartigan addressed the lodge and praised its record for outstanding achievement. P.E.R. Joseph D. Irvine, a charter member, traced the growth of the lodge and its steady progress up to the present time. At the end of the session a luncheon was served in the grill by the Stewards.

#### **Elks Honor State Pres. Frank T. Lynde at Antigo, Wis.**

P.E.R. Frank T. Lynde, Pres. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., was the guest of honor on October 18 at a testimonial banquet given in the home of his lodge, Antigo, Wis., No. 662, and attended by about 150 local and visiting Elks. Mr. Lynde, head of the accounting office of the Chicago and Northwestern in Antigo,







Above is the class initiated into Wichita Falls, Tex., Lodge in honor of Special District Deputy Floyd H. Brown of Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge.

has been transferred to Chicago where the division accounting offices are being centralized.

P.E.R. Elmer Nelson acted as Master of Ceremonies, and E.R. G. S. Vassau welcomed the visitors. Merrill, Wisconsin Rapids, Rhinelander, Manitowoc, Wausau and Marshfield, Wis., Lodges were represented. The guest of honor was highly praised for the work he has done for the State organization by Past State Pres. Thomas F. McDonald of Marshfield and State Treas. Fred A. Schroeder of Wausau. Mr. McDonald stated that the Wisconsin State Elks Association "now stands about twelfth among the 48 States and Frank Lynde has done his part to make it that." A quartet sang three numbers after the banquet. Later a class of 13 candidates was initiated by D.D. Dr. C. O. Fillinger of Marinette Lodge, assisted by the Antigo officers.

#### **J. R. Clegg, Toledo, O., Elk, Widely Known as Blood Donor**

James R. Clegg, an Elk for 20 years and a member of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, is one of the best-known blood donors in the country.



Above: The prize-winning Mississippi State Elks Association float which won first place in the Fraternal Day Parade held at the Mississippi State Fair in Jackson.

Several years ago he was a victim of streptococcus viridans. He recovered, and his blood is accordingly of the rare Moss Type IV, transfusions of which are the only known cure for those stricken with the infection.

Mr. Clegg has given 11 transfusions to streptococcus victims, traveling more than 6,000 miles on his errands of mercy. He accepts no pay for his services and often pays

his own traveling expenses. His only compensation is personal satisfaction, a scrapbook of clippings and a file of grateful letters. Toledo Lodge is proud of him.

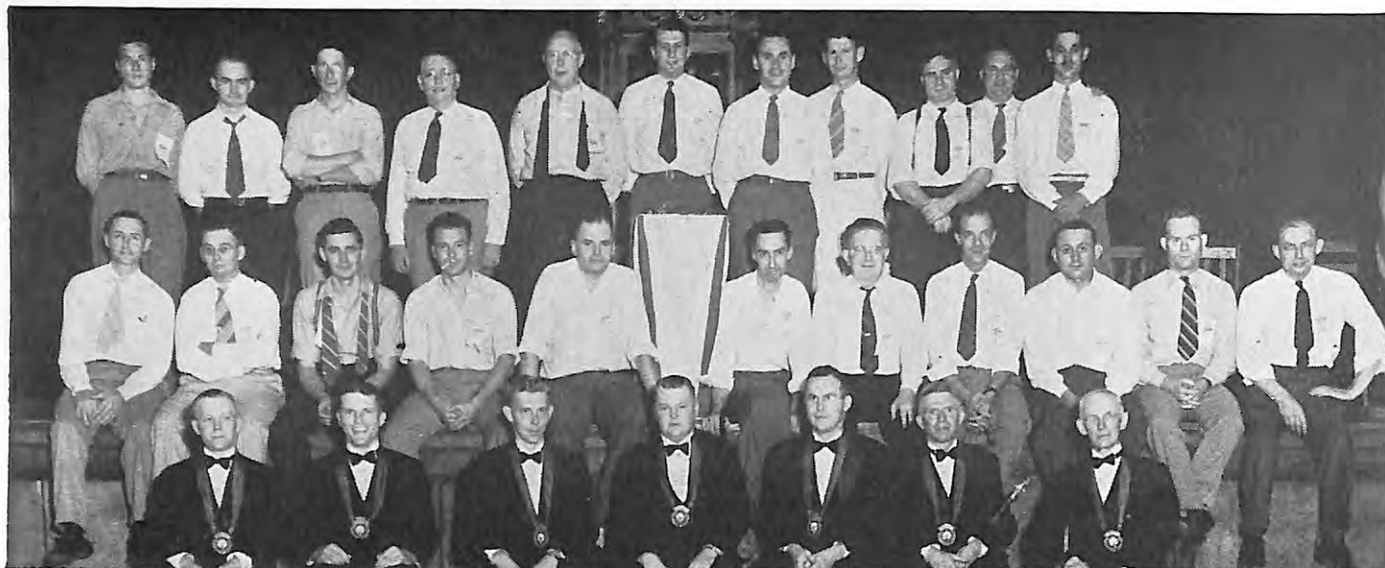
#### **E.R. M. G. Murphy Initiates Father Into Huron, S. D., Lodge**

A father was initiated into the Order by his son at a recent meeting of Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444. George Murphy and seven other can-

Below: The Iron Lung which has been presented by Columbia, S. C., Lodge to the city for use in the aid of infantile paralysis sufferers. Elk and hospital officials and a group of nurses are shown with the Lung.







Above: The Elks Iron Lung Day Class of Charles City, Ia., Lodge, which was initiated to celebrate the presentation of an Iron Lung by the Lodge to the city. Also shown is the crack Decatur, Ia., Lodge Ritualistic Team which initiated the class.

Right is a picture taken when Dr. S. U. Siron on behalf of Ravenna, Ohio, Lodge presented to the local Junior Safety Patrol rain coats and hats with an Elk insignia.



didates were members of a class initiated by E.R. M. G. Murphy.

The ritualistic work featured an evening set aside for the official visit of Dr. Addison A. Harris of Brookings Lodge, District Deputy for South Dakota. Mr. Harris made a patriotic talk and also spoke in commendation of the work of the officers and the record of Huron Lodge. At the end of the session, a Dutch Lunch was served to approximately 200 members.

#### Warren, O., Lodge Initiates a Class On District Deputy Night

Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, initiated a class of nine candidates on the evening of D.D. Harold P. Rosenberg's official visit late in October. The District Deputy was accompanied by a delegation of 25 members of his home lodge, Alliance, O., and greeted by a large representation of the local membership and visiting Elks from Butte, Mont., and Ashtabula, Youngstown and Columbus, O. P.E.R. Chester D. Smith, of Barberton, O., was also present.

A Hallowe'en Party was one of the delightful features of the lodge's social calendar. Several hundred attended, and most of the merry-makers were masked.

Right are distinguished members of Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge who were present at Francis Wallace Night, held by the Lodge recently. Mr. Wallace, who is a famous sports writer and author, stands second from left.

#### Secy. Burt Entertains P.E.R.'s Of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

Edward Burt, Secretary for 33 years and senior Past Exalted Ruler of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, celebrated his 78th birthday on October 21 by giving a dinner at the Hotel Pines for 19 Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. P.E.R. Edward F. Houghton acted as Toastmaster. The felicitations of the lodge were extended by E.R. Robert C. Carlson. On behalf of the guests, Mr. Houghton presented Mr. Burt with a dressing robe and slippers to match.

Mr. Burt has been an active mem-

ber of the lodge for 43 years. In spite of his advanced age, he takes care of the manifold duties of his office as secretary without assistance. He is one of New Brunswick's better known citizens. He has served in the General Assembly, as President of the Board of Aldermen, and as County Treasurer. He has been employed in various capacities by the Pennsylvania Railroad since 1881, became Chief Clerk of the Maintenance Division, and later became Assistant Supervisor at the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. He retired in 1927.





Right are some of those who attended the Twenty-fifth Anniversary celebration of the dedication of the Winona, Minn., Lodge Home at a banquet and parade.

### Golden Jubilee Celebration of Mount Vernon, O., Lodge

Mount Vernon, O., Lodge, No. 140, celebrated its 50th Anniversary on October 23-24. The formal program began with a noon luncheon given at "The Alcove" in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., Lodge, with E.R. Clifford G. Clark of Mount Vernon presiding and P.E.R. Major Julius W. Headington acting as Toastmaster. The introductions were made by D.D. James Armitage of Elyria, O. A short talk by State Pres. C. A. Lais of Norwalk Lodge was followed by a selection by the Mount Vernon Elks Quartette. Dr. McCormick then delivered an address. Present at the luncheon were the only living charter members of the lodge, Frank A. Parrott and Thomas E. Taugher. At 3 p.m. initiation ceremonies were held at the lodge home, the ritualistic work being performed by State Pres. Lais and a staff of officers of the Ohio State Elks Association. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Dr. McCormick presented honorary life membership cards to Dr. James F. Lee, W. P. Creeden, John V. Willemin and Harvey J. Moore, all of whom have been continuous members of the lodge for 40 years.

At seven o'clock a parade, lighted by red flares, was held in which the Columbus, O., national championship Elks Band of 100 pieces, led by Nate McCoy, Jr., participated. The parade disbanded in front of the lodge home, and the Band gave a half-hour con-



cert on the public square in front of the building, after which a program of entertainment with a floor show was held in the lodge hall. A buffet lunch was served throughout the evening. Members of the Golden Jubilee Committee were P.E.R.'s Dr. E. C. Limbaugh, Chairman, John B. Collins, Clyde G. Church, Donald M. Snow, D. H. Odell and Robert W. Stauffer. The Committee, in arranging the event, included a program for the Elks' ladies consisting of a dinner and a bridge. The Golden Jubilee Ball was held the next evening. Two hundred and twenty-five couples danced to the music of Little Jack Little's Orchestra and Ernie Moore, magician, entertained during

the intermissions. A buffet supper was served all evening in the newly decorated dining room. The lodge home was recently remodeled and modernized.

### Rockland, Me., Lodge Opens Its Remodeled Home

The home of Rockland, Me., Lodge, No. 1008, has been remodeled and redecorated since it was visited by fire last Spring and damaged to the extent of \$8,000. New furniture has been installed in the main lobby and other parts of the building where needed. In November the home was opened to the public and inspected by more than 500 people. Howard Dunbar headed the House

Right is the Social Committee of Covington, Ky., Lodge which recently presented to the Covington County Tuberculosis Sanatorium two invalid chairs. Seated in the chairs are two of the patients who will use them.

Below are 250 members and visiting Elks who attended the Fortieth Anniversary of the institution of Nelsonville, Ohio, Lodge.







Left is a class which was initiated into Pendleton, Ore., Lodge recently in honor of D.D. Frank J. Lonergan. Mr. Lonergan is seated center.

Flag stands in the center of the vestibule on the first floor of the School. Pupils of the senior assembly were present at the ceremonies. Among those seated on the stage of the auditorium with Mr. Knipe and Mr. Wesenberg were Joseph Ricapito, Dean of the High School, and four members of the lodge, John Uren, Chairman of the Elks' Board of Trustees; P.E.R. Harry W. Lewis, Secy. J. Matthew Litsch and Treas. Stewart A. Shimer.

#### **Booklet on Ohio Scholarship Fund Published by Trustees**

The Trustees of the Ohio Elks Scholarship Fund, Inc., have published a booklet in which are set forth rules, financial statements and facts relating to the Fund's administration. W. H. Reinhart, of Sandusky Lodge, is President of the Board of Trustees, the other members of which are William G. Lambert, Cleveland, Vice-Pres.; C. W. Wallace, Columbus, Secy.; William Petri, Cincinnati, Treas., and J. C. A. Leppelman, Toledo. The Fund is sponsored by the Ohio State Elks Association.

Above is a picture of the Esteemed Leading Knights of California South Central District Lodges, together with their wives. They were guests at San Pedro, Calif., Lodge where they enjoyed a yachting trip.

Committee, and George Sleeper was in charge of entertainment. A buffet luncheon was served during the afternoon and a dance was held that evening in the ball room.

#### **Monmouth, Ill., Elks Join Legionnaires in Patriotic Project**

Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, No. 397, and the local American Legion Post joined in an Armistice project. The lodge contributed six miniature sets of 10 flags, used during the History of the United States, which were presented to the four grade schools of the city, the parochial school and the

Boy Scout troops sponsored by the Legion.

The presentation was made by four Legionnaire-Elks: E.R. Robert Williams, P.E.R. O. E. Sterett, H. A. Peterson and Earl McKinnon. The story tellers included the Mayor of Monmouth, two Past Commanders and the present Commander of the Post, a Past Exalted Ruler and the present Exalted Ruler of Monmouth Lodge.

#### **Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Gives Flag to Local High School**

The gift of a silk American flag, five feet by three, to the Liberty High School, was made recently by Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191. The presentation was made by E.R. James E. Knipe and the acceptance by Principal E. E. Wesenberg. The

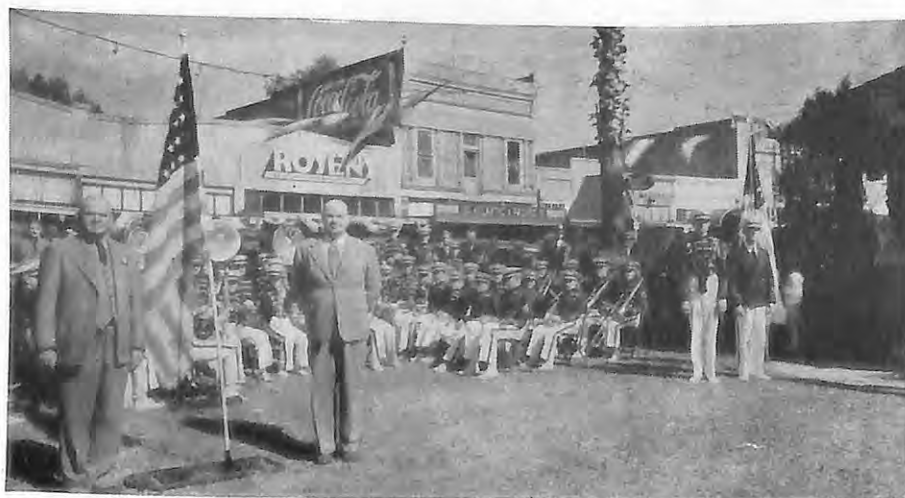
#### **Pontiac, Mich., Lodge Sponsors Local Americanism Campaign**

In the intensive Americanism campaign sponsored by Pontiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 810, every civic, patriotic, religious and fraternal organization in the city, and many groups throughout Oakland County, are giving active cooperation. P.E.R.'s Ray H. Gorsline and Ward E. Fulcher, P.D.D., were named co-chairmen. At the beginning of the campaign, headquarters were established in the lodge home for the assembling of information on anti-Americanism. The campaign was formally launched on Armistice Day with a huge night parade and a patriotic rally staged in the Pontiac High School.

The first step was to arrange for the setting up of a school, along the Corning plan, for foreign-born residents seeking American citizenship papers. Provision is made, also, for native born citizens. A program of education, for both classes, teaches American ideals and provides full information for all who have reached or are approaching voting age.

#### **Treasurer of Freeland, Pa., Lodge Engaged in Unique Pursuit**

Amandus Oswald, a charter member of Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, has officiated as Treasurer of



Left: Judge Amos Lewis and Exalted Ruler Harold McCaskill of Marianna, Fla., Lodge present the high school band with a set of silk flags as a fitting finale to the Lodge's celebration of Armistice Day.





Above are those who attended the Old Timers' banquet held at Prescott, Ariz., Lodge not long ago.

the lodge for more than 25 years. Mr. Oswald is an octogenarian. He has begun his 47th reading of the Bible and is planning to take up the perusal of the Book, after his 50th reading, chapter by chapter.

#### **Pendleton, Ore., Lodge Initiates Class on District Deputy Night**

On the occasion of his official visit to Pendleton, Ore., Lodge, No. 288, D.D. Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Ore., Lodge, was greeted by some 150 members and visiting Elks. A chicken dinner was served at 6:30. The Pendleton officers, in new and snappy uniforms, initiated a class of 13 candidates. Pendleton Lodge enjoyed progress throughout the year and initiated many candidates.

#### **D.D. Fred Mac Gribble Visits Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge**

D.D. Fred Mac Gribble of Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge, No. 1221, made his official visit to Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge, No. 1090, on November 13. He was greeted by a large turnout of members and a class of 13 candidates was initiated.

The membership was increased at a previous meeting, at which the District Deputy was present, when

31 new members were received into the lodge. The initiatory work was performed by the State championship Degree Team from Homestead Lodge, No. 650. A dinner was served to more than 100 Elks and their ladies. About the same number attended the 35th anniversary dinner shortly afterward. P.E.R. Judge W. Heber Ditrich was Toastmaster. The entire first floor of the lodge home has been remodeled and refurbished.

#### **1,200 Hear Congressman Dies At Dinner Meeting**

On Saturday evening, November 4, the joint Americanism Committees of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1350, and Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, sponsored a Peace Rally Dinner held in the Rainbow Room of the Carter Hotel in Cleveland.

Principal speaker of the evening was Congressman Martin Dies,

Chairman of the Dies Committee investigating un-American activities in this country. Mr. Dies was introduced by former Congressman Harold G. Mosier of Ohio, a former member of the Dies Committee.

Mr. Dies gave an address on the work of his Committee and the dangers confronting America through the work and efforts of various groups within our country with known foreign allegiance.

Cooperating with Cleveland and Lakewood Lodges were 21 other northern Ohio Elks Lodges, as well as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Gold Star Mothers, Young America League and Pro-America.

#### **Interesting News of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge**

D.D. Dr. M. H. Porterfield, of West Virginia North, paid his official visit to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, recently. A class of 31 candidates, known as the "Dr. Porterfield Class", was initiated into the Lodge in his honor. The initiatory work was put on by the splendid Ritualistic Team of Sistersville Lodge, the State Champions of 1938. A Remington-Rand electric razor was presented by the Lodge to Dr.

Below is a class of candidates initiated into Connellsville, Pa., Lodge in celebration of the Lodge's 40th Birthday.





Right: P.E.R. Dr. Chester H. Webber of San Diego, Calif., Lodge blowing out candles on a cake at the 10th Annual "Kick-Off" Dinner for a football game between the U. S. Marines and the College of the Pacific. Bill Brunson, Chairman of the Lodge Football Committee, is about to cut the cake.

Porterfield. A turkey dinner preceded the Lodge meeting and a floor show and lunch followed.

Sistersville Lodge was saddened by the death of Perry A. Shanor, first Exalted Ruler and the last surviving charter member of the lodge. Mr. Shanor passed away at his home in New York City on November 6. He was an outstanding Elk and held a number of Grand Lodge offices at various times. He was instrumental in the organization of Sistersville Lodge in 1896.

#### **Drum and Bugle Corps Feted by Racine, Wis., Lodge**

In the basement of the Home of Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 252, where it originated on May 14, 1917, the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps was honored recently by civic, fraternal and veteran leaders who attended a Victory Dinner. The Corps was urged by those present to "carry on" and "march through the years, a credit to the American Legion and to the City of Racine".

The Corps paraded in downtown Racine and gave an exhibition drill behind the Memorial Hall, after which it serenaded the Elks in their refurnished and refurnished club house.

Henry T. Larsen, Commander of Racine Post, No. 76, thanked the Elks for the banquet and the support which has always been extended to the Legion and its Corps by the Elks.

#### **St. Maries, Idaho, Elks Entertain American Legion**

To celebrate Armistice Day and to exemplify Americanism, the members of St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1418, designated November 8 as "American Legion Night". The Elks played host to about 100 members of the Benewah Post of the



American Legion, with a very fine program which had Americanism as its theme. The program was successfully presented and was thoroughly enjoyed by members of both organizations.

A stirring address was given by E. E. Hunt, of Sandpoint, Ida., Lodge, a Past Commander of the Department of Idaho American Legion.

#### **Fargo, N. D., Lodge Honors Oldest Members**

Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, which will celebrate its 50th anniversary this year, paid tribute to the 59 members of the Lodge who have been affiliated with the Order for 25 years or more.

Of the 25 veterans who attended P.E.R. Hector G. Barnes, second oldest member on the Lodge's records, was dean. He was initiated in 1896.

Below: Members of Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge, photographed during a meeting which celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of the Lodge and the burning of the mortgage.

Peter Olsen, himself a veteran, having been affiliated with the Lodge since 1908, presented the 25-year buttons to those who attended. Buttons will be sent to the veterans who were unable to be present.

#### **Winona, Minn., Lodge Observes 25th Anniversary of Dedication**

Winona, Minn., Lodge, No. 327, celebrated the 25th anniversary of the dedication of its present home with a banquet and party on October 23. Many Past Exalted Rulers were among the 175 Elks who attended, and a delegation was present from Rochester Lodge No. 1091. The dinner program included an address by P.E.R. L. C. LaFrance. E.R. J. C. Bambenek was Toastmaster.

Gifts were presented to H. M. Lamberton, the only living charter member of the lodge, H. C. Ahrens, Secretary for 20 years, and Peter Bender, who has served as Steward since the lodge home was purchased. Five pairs of fathers and sons, all members of Winona Lodge, were introduced during the festivities.







Left are those members of the Mixed Bowling League of Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge at one of their quarterly parties.

### Activities on the Calendar Of Bellevue, O., Lodge

A fine representation of the membership was present at the meeting held by Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, on Roll Call Night. Seven applications were received and two

candidates voted upon. The lodge also voted to accept a proposal, presented by Trustee O. A. Overmyer, to renew the lease on its present quarters, including the Elks' recreation room, for a five-year period.

Bingo was a big attraction at the successful Hallowe'en party given by the lodge. E.R. O. J. Gabel delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, after which festivities were resumed. One hundred and thirty Elks and guests attended. Saturday night suppers served in the club rooms will be con-

Below is a picture of the float entered by Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge in the Armistice Day Parade. Approximately 150 Elks marched. Standing beside the float is P.E.R. John M. Fitzgerald.



tinued throughout the winter. The Bridge Tournament got off to a good start early in the season.

### Oxnard, Calif., Lodge Holds Seventh Annual Harvest Festival

The Seventh Annual Harvest Festival held by Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, realized nearly \$4,000 for charity. More than 300 members worked at the various concession booths. A night parade on the first evening attracted over 10,000 people, half of whom remained on the grounds. E.R. Edward C. Maxwell and P.E.R. Emil Pfeiler, General Chairman, welcomed the crowd.

On Saturday afternoon 2,000 boys and girls of grammar school age participated in a children's parade. After it disbanded, the youngsters enjoyed the freedom of the grounds, entertainment, ice cream and candy, all without charge.

### P.G.E.R. Charles Spencer Hart Wins in Election

In last November's election, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart was elected Supervisor of Eastchester, N. Y. Major Hart is a Past Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842. His large plurality was not only a tribute to his popularity in the community, but a vote of confidence in his desire and ability to work for the benefit of Eastchester.

### Secy. C. W. Deming Honored By Waycross, Ga., Lodge

Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, recognized the diligent and very successful efforts for the best interests of the lodge given by its secretary, C. W. Deming, by presenting him with a life membership at a testimonial meeting. The membership was fully represented and many distinguished visitors were present. The presentation was made by Q. L. Garrett. Introduced by E.R. Frank B. McDonald, Jr., D.D. C. Wesley Killebrew, of Augusta, gave a talk and Congressman W. Ben Gibbs was also a speaker. A fried chicken dinner was served.

Mr. Deming has assisted greatly in bringing about a solid and progressive condition in Elk affairs in southeastern Georgia. He is prominent in the insurance field and is one of the most respected citizens in Waycross.

### Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Holds "State Employees Night"

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, held a "State Employees Night" on November 14, in honor of Ed-

Left: Elk and high school officials are shown at the presentation by Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge of a flag to the local high school.





Left are Danville, Va., Elks who entertained District Deputy Harry F. Kennedy of Alexandria Lodge. A class of candidates was initiated during the lodge session.

ward L. Abbott, a member of the California State Prison Board. Mr. Abbott and Tony Prevedello were initiated during the meeting.

The Chairs were occupied by officers and Past Exalted Rulers, all of whom are State employees. P.E.R. Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, acted as Exalted Ruler. He was accompanied to Santa Barbara by Jim Huddie, Esquire of No. 99, who acted as his Esquire during the initiation ceremonies.

#### **D.D. T. F. Dougherty's Visit to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge**

More than 400 members, including a large number of Past Exalted Rulers, were on hand to greet D.D. Thomas F. Dougherty of Freeport Lodge, and Vice-Pres. Charles J. Conklin of New York Lodge, No. 1, when they visited Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, on November 9. Fifteen candidates were initiated.

During the meeting E.R. Edmond F. Weisheit presented Father Torpey of the "House of Calvary", cancer hospital, with a check for \$1,002.85. This impressive sum represented the proceeds of a benefit card party given by the lodge for the "House" in October.

#### **Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414 Dedicates New Home**

Impressive ceremonies dedicating the new home of Panama Canal Zone, Balboa, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1414, were held on October 25. P.E.R. A. W. Goulet, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, acted as Grand Exalted Ruler, with Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1414 assisting as Grand Lodge officers. During the ceremonies, several musical numbers were rendered, including selections by the Elks Quartet accompanied by Organist L. J. Frates. The dedication address was delivered by E.R. A. Murray Wright. P.E.R. Robert W. Glaw was Chairman of the Building Committee.

Immediately after the ceremonies,

Right are the members of the Antlers Lodge of Sunbury, Pa. They are a representative group of Elks-to-be. This is the first organization of its kind in Pennsylvania.

a regular lodge session was held during which Mr. Glaw, District Deputy for the Canal Zone, made his official inspection, and the officers of Cristobal, C. S., Lodge, No. 1542, conferred the degree of initiation on a class of candidates named in their honor. More than 100 Cristobal Elks, including officers of the lodge, journeyed by special train to Balboa to attend the ceremonies and the Dedication Dinner and Dance.

#### **Terre Haute, Ind., Elks Celebrate Capt. Duddleston's Birthday**

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, celebrated the 80th birthday of its first Exalted Ruler, Captain Alonzo C. Duddleston, at the regular Wednesday night meeting on November

1. Captain Duddleston has been an active member for 47 years. He was Exalted Ruler in 1893-94.

The Captain was the recipient of some handsome gifts. He was presented with a \$100 bill by the lodge, 20 five-dollar bills by the Past Exalted Rulers, and a complete smoking set by the Old Boys of No. 86. The party, which followed the meeting, was held in the social session room.

#### **D.D. D. A. Morris Visits Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge**

On November 10, Winston-Salem, "Winston", N. C., Lodge, No. 449, celebrated its 41st Anniversary, and D.D. Dr. D. A. Morris of Durham, paid his official visit to the lodge. E.R. J. Fred Richardson presided, with Dr. Morris assisting. The 41st Anniversary Class was initiated during the meeting and Dr. Morris gave an interesting and instructive talk on the Order. Others who spoke were P.E.R.'s P. E. Wilmoth, W. L. Reid, George Lawson, W. T. Gray and Henry W. Masten, P.D.D. A social session wound up the evening.

Below is a picture of the principals at the speakers' table at a recent dinner held by Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge in honor of Judge Peter Paul Boli. Seven candidates were initiated.







### **Ashland, Ky., Lodge Gives Banquet for D.D. James Diskin**

An address by D.D. James A. Diskin of Newport, Ky., and a banquet in his honor were features of the evening when the District Deputy visited Ashland, Ky., Lodge, No. 350, on November 22. Mr. Diskin spoke highly of the progressive spirit displayed in the lodge and complimented the members on their home, which has been remodeled at a cost of \$10,000. A large attendance was on hand.

### **News of Interest From Holyoke, Mass., Lodge**

The recent resignation of Treas. Arthur J. Brouillet, after 19 years of service, was accepted with regret by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902. Mr. Brouillet has taken up his residence in Long Beach, Calif. The lodge elected Trustee Harvey J. Hewitt to fill the vacancy and elected Robert H. Doran to the Board of Trustees.

A class was initiated by D.D. George A. Underwood of Gardner,

Above are those who attended a Peace Rally Dinner which was sponsored by the joint Americanism Committees of Lakewood and Cleveland, Ohio, Lodges. The principal speaker was Congressman Martin Dies.

Mass., Lodge, when he visited Holyoke Lodge officially. The District Deputy was assisted by his own suite and by Past Exalted Rulers of nearby lodges. A dinner was given in his honor.

### **Annual Fall Class Day Held By Concordia, Kans., Lodge**

Elks from South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas lodges attended the Annual Fall Class Day held by Concordia, Kans., Lodge, No. 586. Eight candidates were initiated and one former member reinstated.

A "feed" was served at 5:30 p.m., with covers laid for nearly 400. Secy. Jack Welch reports that lodge affairs are decidedly on the up-grade.

Below: Candidates recently initiated into Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge by the Degree Team of Homestead, Pa., Lodge

### **Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Stages Hallowe'en Parade**

A colorful mummers' parade, participated in by 2,000 gaily costumed children, with thousands of people thronging the streets, was staged not long ago under the direction of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. Children representing everything from witches and goblins to Ferdinand the Bull, competed for cash awards amounting to \$50 and more than 50 merchandise awards.

Musical organizations in the line of march included the Williamsport High School Band, the Williamsport Elks' Band, the newly-organized South Williamsport Band, the West Branch Council Boy Scouts Drum Corps and the Junior American Legion Drum Corps.

After the parade had disbanded, the children marched to the Elks Auditorium where members of the Ladies' Auxiliary had prepared bags of goodies. Prizes were then awarded by the judges, after which the children journeyed to their homes.

(Continued on page 46)





# GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Mrs. Warner were guests of Akron, O., Lodge, No. 363, on Thursday, November 2. On their arrival they were welcomed by the Akron Elks Band and a large delegation and escorted to the Presidential Suite at the Mayflower Hotel. A splendid dinner was given in Mr. Warner's honor, attended by many city officials and prominent civic leaders. At a meeting held later in the lodge room, a class of 74 candidates, including Don Ebright, State Treasurer of Ohio, and Mayor Lee D. Schroy of Akron, was initiated. After the ceremonies a reception was held at which the ladies were present.

On Friday the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner were guests of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. They were met at the station by P.E.R.'s John E. Lynch and Philip U. Gayaut, Past Pres.'s of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn., and a reception committee. A dinner at the Mayflower Hotel was attended by many distinguished Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rush L. Holland, of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge; Raymond Benjamin, Napa, Calif., Lodge, and David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., former Governor of Florida; Grand Treasurer

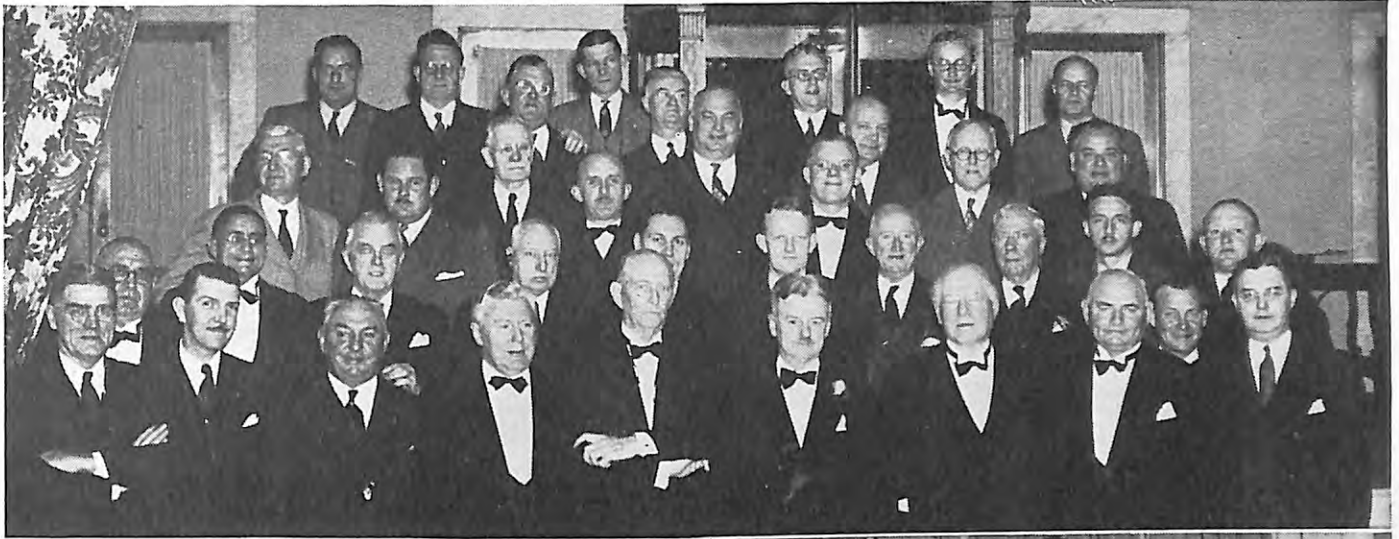
At top: Lester L. Barrett, house Manager of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, and Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, helping with the preparations for a huge turkey banquet held by the Lodge in honor of Mr. Warner.

Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler is met at the Georgia-South Carolina State Line by a delegation of Georgia Elks on his official visit to Augusta, Ga., Lodge.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner are seen seated with members of Florence, S.C., Lodge. Next to the Grand Exalted Ruler is Miss Rosanne Howard, who is Florence Lodge's Queen for this year.







Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, N. J., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; E.R. Harold T. Pease and the officers of Washington Lodge; D.D. E. Leister Mobley, Hagerstown, Md.; Frank Hladky, Annapolis, Md., Pres., and Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Past Pres., of the Tri-State Assn., and visiting Exalted Rulers Charles E. Powell, Alexandria, Va.; James A. Young, Annapolis; James R. Cadden, Baltimore, Md.; Manuel M. Weinberg, Frederick, Md.; Frank M. Gallagher, Hagerstown, and Richard A. McAllister, Towson, Md. Impressive ceremonies were held at which a large class of candidates was initiated. A concert was given by the Washington Elks Band.

Mr. Warner was an honored guest on Sunday, November 5, of the North Carolina State Elks Association, meeting at Charlotte for its annual convention. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner were greeted at the train by a delegation of Elks and their ladies. The meet-

Above are officers of Washington, D. C., Lodge and guests at a recent dinner held in honor of Mr. Warner. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rush L. Holland and Raymond Benjamin; Grand Treasurer Robert S. Barrett, and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Right: Mr. Warner pictured with prominent North Carolina Elks when he visited the North Carolina State Elks Association Convention at Charlotte.



Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and other Officers and Trustees of the Grand Lodge are shown on a visit to Lynchburg, Va., where they were guests of honor at a dance held by that Lodge.

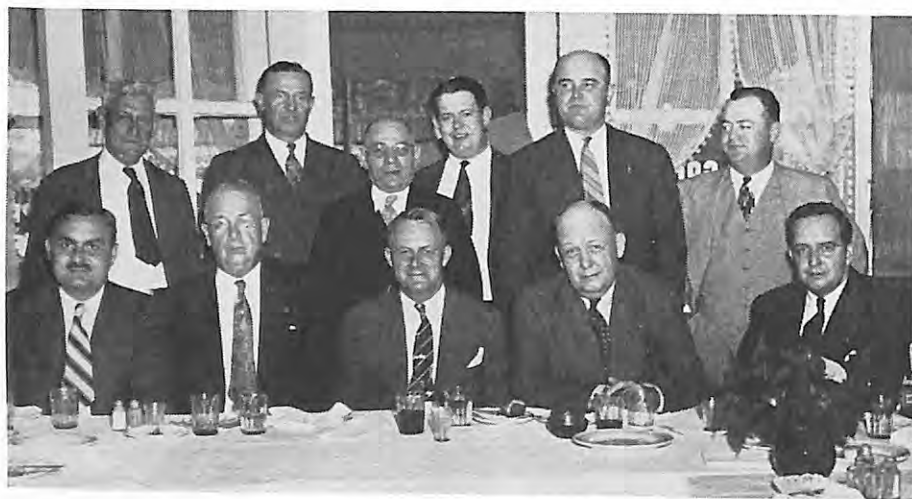
ing of the Association was followed by a dinner at the Elks Country Club on the banks of the Catawba River. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was broadcast. One of the highlights of the visit to Charlotte was a sightseeing tour with the

Grand Lodge party as guests of the Elks' ladies of North Carolina. Mr. Warner was deeply interested in the city from a historical standpoint and enjoyed to the utmost a visit at Col. T. L. Fitzpatrick's magnificent home  
(Continued on page 45)





# NEWS of the State Associations



Above is the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association which met at Decatur Lodge recently.

## MONTANA

The 37th Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Association, held at Livingston on August 24-25-26, was called to order by E.R. Allen G. Miller of Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246. The Invocation was given by Chaplain Ted Stump and the welcoming address by Mayor Breen. First State Vice-Pres. Otto Powell responded. State Pres. Ed Johnson, of Anaconda Lodge, was introduced by Past Pres. Charles J. Carroll of Billings, who presented him with a handsome gavel, made from an elk's horn. At the close of his address, in which he spoke on Patriotism, Lapses and Reinstatements, Mr. Johnson called attention to the death of D.D. Lawrence Gaughan and a Lodge of Sorority was held for him. The Eulogy was given by Stanley Felt.

Chief Justice Howard Johnson of the Montana Supreme Court was the principal speaker at the opening of the session on the second day of the meeting. The report of Secy. Art Trenerry showed the financial condition of the Association to be the best in its history. All reports submitted by chairmen of the various committees showed progress and constructive activity. Both of the Montana District Deputies, Joseph Brooks of Livingston, and L. Ott Gordon of Dillon Lodge, spoke briefly. Results in the Ritualistic Contest were reported by the Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee,

Herbert Carlson. Anaconda No. 239 won the first prize, Helena No. 193 second, and Bozeman No. 463 third.

On the last day of the meeting the Hon. Hugh Adair, Lieutenant Governor of Montana, addressed the Convention. Officers for the coming year were elected and installed as follows: President, Otto Powell, Great Falls; First Vice-President, C. F. Coleman, Helena; Second Vice-President, Frank R. Venable, Butte; Secretary-Treasurer, Arthur Trenerry, Billings; Trustee for three years: Leon E. Choquette, Havre. The social side of the Convention was splendidly taken care of by Livingston Lodge and a resolution of thanks for the hospitality shown the visitors was passed by the Association.

## MASSACHUSETTS

Under the leadership of Pres. W. F. Hogan of Everett, the Mass. State Elks Association is having a most successful year. Never before has attendance at regional meetings been so large. The September meeting, held at Everett Lodge, No. 642, in the N.E. District, was designated Presidents' Night. Among the 250 Elks in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the Grand Forum, and John F. Burke, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, both of Boston Lodge; D.D. for Mass. N.E. Warren M. Cox, and D.D. for Mass. Cent. Harold J. Field. The October meeting took place at New Bedford Lodge, No. 73, with 160 present. On November 12, Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272, was host for the regional meeting of the Western District. Traveling in two private railway cars, 120 Elks from the eastern part of the State left Boston. At the lodge home they were met by an equally large and enthusiastic group of western members, making the Pittsfield meeting the largest in the history of the State Association which will hold its annual convention in Pittsfield in June.

State Vice-Pres. James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg, is 1940 Chairman of the Committee for the Association's big social function of the year—the reception and banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler, held annually at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. It will take place next month. Reports from all of the State committees showed great activity in all lines of endeavor.

## COLORADO

One of the most successful annual conventions ever held by the Colorado State Elks Association took place at Salida, Colo., on August 25-26. Delegations from every lodge in the State were present, together with representatives of the Wyoming State Elks.

(Continued on page 50)



Right are officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, who were present at a regional meeting held at Pittsfield.



# Moulding Your Life

(Continued from page 9)

both lenses and frames transparent for a wider range of vision. Even spectacles have been made of it, ground to prescription just like ordinary glasses, but a pair have been thrown out of a ten-story window to the pavement below and picked up unbroken. For scientists it has provided a dramatic insight into life functions. A small square cut through the abdominal wall of white rats with a thin piece of transparent plastic set into it allowed the rats to continue carrying on normal lives while their organs were in constant view. Heretofore, doctors could only guess from brief glimpses during operations and post-mortem examinations how the stomach, intestines and heart functioned; now they know.

It found another educational use in the study of plants, flowers, insects and even small birds. Specimens of these used to be preserved by pressing and drying them or by immersing them in liquids. In either case they discolored, were easily damaged and soon lost their value. Now the transparent plastic in liquid form is poured over them and allowed to harden in a mold. Thus they are permanently sealed, protecting them from damage by time, mishandling or fading. No one knows yet how many years their color and shape will be protected in spite of dust, decay or sunlight, but scientists guess that they will remain perfect practically forever.

An ardent fisherman named George Beck even applied translucent plastics to his favorite sport. One fine day he anchored his boat between two larger craft and proceeded to catch fish where there didn't seem to be any, at least not as far as the Waltons on the bigger vessels could see. When they finally gave in to their curiosity and asked how he did it he showed them an old toothbrush holder made of plastic, in which he had put a small flashlight battery and bulb. It had a couple of hooks attached to it and when he dropped it overside the fish were so fascinated that they swallowed the hooks without bait. When last heard of, Mr. Beck was making a very nice living selling his illuminated lures to other fishermen with a little of the swindler in their souls.

Experimenting one

day in a laboratory with a long rod made of transparent plastic, someone noticed that if the rod were held with one end pointed to a light, the light shone through to the other end with particular intensity. That observation revealed a previously unknown quality of transparent plastic and one that makes it particularly valuable for doctors and dentists. It has the property of internal reflection, which simply means that it channels light the way a pipe channels water. If the rod is bent, the light rays are bent too, and because it absorbs the rays that are hot, the light that comes out at the end is "cold". Thus, if it is made into the shape of a surgical clamp with a light in the handle, the entire wound is lighted while the doctor performs his operation, with almost perfect illumination just where he needs it and without danger of burning or shocking the patient. Dental instruments have been made the same way, as well as a laryngoscope which makes it possible to bring a powerful, nonburning light into the depths of the throat for examination of the tissues.

In the works now is still another and startling adaptation of the transparent variety of plastic. It's a liquid that hardens in air and that can be sprayed on cloth, wood, paper or stone, making them proof against water, oil or chemicals, practically

non-inflammable and unaffected by sunlight. Since it doesn't change their color or texture, its perfection will double or triple the life of thousands of things we use every day.

Practical as plastics are, they have an artistic value, too. They've brought color into the home as well as to the automobile, speeding up what students of our civilization like to call "industrial art" or "functional design"—they take kindly not only to color, but to the rounded effects of streamlining. And in the transparent form they've even broken into the "fine" arts. The Government Building at the New York World's Fair has a dozen statues of heroic size, each symbolizing some phase of government activity. Each of them weighs about 1500 pounds and is made of translucent plastic cast in one piece in the rough, and sandblasted and buffed to a smooth finish. Effects of mass and color unusual in sculpture is obtained by illuminating them from behind with vari-colored fluorescent lights.

But probably the largest popular vote of thanks to plastics in art will go for their aid to the best known and most universally appreciated artist of the day, Walt Disney. Besides being a box-office smash, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" has landed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or at least one scene from it has, taking its place with all the

greats in ancient and modern art. In the making, the figures of Snow White, the Prince, the dwarfs and some of the rest were animated on transparent plastic sheets which were then moved around on a permanently painted background, giving a three dimensional effect previously unobtainable in cartoons and speeding up the project tremendously.

In art, science and industry plastics have made their advances quietly and have been accepted without much comment and it is only when they affect international affairs, as they did in the airplane, that they're considered newsworthy and noteworthy. It's likely, though, that future historians won't take them as lightly as we do. Because if any one thing can be said to have made Adolf Hitler world figure number one, it is plastics.

Almost from the day he took power Hitler



On the right is Norman D. Ellis, Toronto electrical worker, as he now appears with his wig. The top of his head was almost burned off. At left you see the Bakelite skull cap which makes it possible for him to lead a normal life.



has gained his diplomatic victories by the ever-present threat to make war if his wishes weren't fulfilled. Yet it has been repeatedly pointed out that Germany has no rubber and is terribly short of the basic metals that are necessary for war-making. But plastics have done a great deal to make him independent in spite of those shortages.

Chemists have known for a long time that various plastic materials could not only replace hard rubber as in telephone receivers and steering wheels, but can be kept in a flexible state so that they can be used for such things as automobile tires. Those transparent and colored shower-curtains you've been using in the bathroom for the past year or two are an example of that. Hidden in automobiles, planes and other machinery where rubber corrodes under the effects of gasoline and oil there are plenty of other examples. In Germany, though, almost every automobile rolls on tires made of "buna" which costs about six times as much as the real stuff, but is worth it because it can be made from German coal, even though the British navy cuts the shipping lanes to Java, Africa and South America, the sources of natural rubber.

ENGINEERS have found, too, that a coating of plastic on sewer-pipe more than doubles its life because hard water can't deposit corrosive salts on the smooth surface and it makes the pipe decay resistant. But Germany saves all the copper and iron it has or can get for the armament industry by making both water-pipe and sewer-pipe entirely of plastic. Since the stuff can be heated and will then harden again, German plumbers don't have to worry about making joints or elbow bends. They just put a torch to the pipe, bend it as much as they need and let it cool in shape—handy, even if expensive.

These ingenious tricks gave rise to the rumor that German technology was supernaturally skillful along these lines. But proof that these applications were more the result of necessity than superior ability is the fact that it was American technicians who solved the problem of making an entire airplane out of plastic plywood and not the Germans, who had been working on it the longest and needed it most.

In the meantime, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, large sheets of this resin bonded plywood produced in a factory and put together in the field have made possible the building of a low-

cost, three-room house that rents at two dollars and fifty cents a week complete. Architects believe that this may be the first step toward a dream that has been shaping up for a long time: the production of houses in a factory and sold just like automobiles at a low cost, thus ending the problem of the "one-third of a nation" that is ill-housed.

Automobile manufacturers, too, are looking hopefully to plastics because car bodies made of it would have the color right in them, no need for painting and no danger of fading or chipping, to say nothing of the fact that a plastic body would probably be a lot cheaper to produce than the metal variety, and lighter and faster as well.

That's still in the future, though, and right here and now plastics are giving another very good account of themselves in replacing glass.

When some unsung genius first happened on the idea of putting beer in cans he had one big hurdle to get over right at the start—beer had a tendency to react with the metal and spoil itself as well as the can. Not for long, though, was that a handicap, they simply coated the inside of the can with something called vinyl acetate, fancy name for one of the plastics, and solved the problem, not only for beer but for a lot of other things that hadn't taken kindly to canning before.

Lighting fixtures were the next battleground. Glass bowls and globes have an unpleasant habit of breaking if they're dropped, and in pullmans, battleships, buses and airplanes where vibration is pretty

strong, they often crack. Slowly, but surely, translucent plastic globes are replacing the glass variety, because in addition to being unbreakable, they actually give better light diffusion. The Michigan State Highway Commission put plastic reflectors along a stretch of lights between Lansing and Detroit with a resultant drop of 79% in the night accident rate for three months.

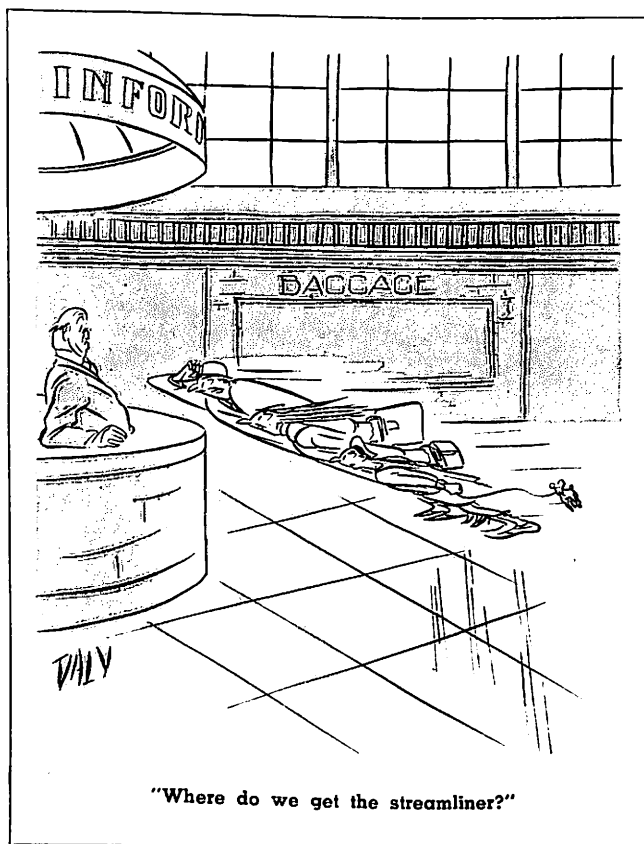
Somebody with a quick mind took that diffusion quality into consideration and used the same material to make slats for venetian blinds. Not only do they let light in without glare, but since they have an absolutely smooth surface they can be cleaned by running the furniture attachment on your vacuum cleaner over them.

Now, one reason plastics haven't been watched seriously is precisely because they lend themselves so well to gadgets and trick uses that most everyone thinks of them that way rather than as a great step forward in man's technical advancement. Besides the hundred and one things that are lying around the house, there are lots of others. There are transparent minnow traps, unbreakable camera lenses, bathroom tiling that is as cheap as the ceramic kind and that can be put up by a carpenter without tile-setting skill, and those zippers that make dresses fit the female form so smoothly, match the exact shade of the dress because they're made of colored plastic.

Yet, the war-lords of Japan are only too well aware of the epochal effect of at least one plastic development. Unless you've been very much engrossed in something else you know that the Japanese are doing something in China. Officially they don't call it war, but whatever it is that kills so many Chinese and Japanese alike, it costs money to run and Japan's biggest single source of income has been the sale of raw silk to the United States for the manufacture of stockings without which the average American woman would not be found dead, even though she might be going cold or hungry to scrape up the money to buy them.

Since there wasn't any substitute for silk in stockings the various unofficial boycotts never got anywhere against the flattery of silk on feminine limbs. But, working independently and with two entirely different plastics, two American manufacturers have come out with a yarn which they claim is as strong as mild steel, more lustrous than silk and finer than a spider web.

Aside from generalized boasting along these lines



"Where do we get the streamliner?"



they refuse to say much, but since one of them has invested ten million dollars and the other eight in the manufacture of the new yarn, they must believe their own stories (or, if you like puns—yarns).

First inkling of the fall of the Japanese silk empire came with the use of the same stuff to replace pig's bristles in brushes. The best brushes have always been made from hog bristles which varied in size and thickness and after continued use with water lost their natural stiffness

and spring. Plastic bristles, on the other hand, are endlessly uniform in size and shape, perfectly smooth even under a microscope, and unaffected by water, hair-oil, toothpaste or powder and cleaning fluid.

Once the thick, bristle-type filament was made, the next obvious, though not simple step, was to draw finer strands of the stuff and spin them into thread and—presto, somewhere a bell rang, tolling the knell of the silk worm and his Japanese master.

Where next and what next? Your

guess is as good as anybody's, even though you may use plastics a hundred times a day without even recognizing them. Standard varieties are now made of cotton linters, coal, synthetic urea and cow's milk, but raw coffee beans, soy beans and waste from paper mills seem to work just as well and trying to guess the next source or use for plastics is just a little less profitable than betting against seven turning up on a pair of dice—which, incidentally, are usually made of plastic.

## The Big Fellows

(Continued from page 13)

than a month. It was a good sign.

But when he did go into a rage, it was as bad as ever. Savage happened to be in the elephant-house that day, and he stood appalled. "Run, man!" he shouted to Halloran. Good Lord, didn't Halloran know the signs?

If he did, he ignored them. He sat on a tub, watching Hajji, and his face was intent and pale. But he didn't move when the shuffling and trumpeting began. He sat there throughout the furious din, and the lashing trunk missed his head by inches. It lasted nearly an hour, and John Savage watched, transfixed. By all the rules, by all that he knew about elephants, Halloran should have been trampled to death before now. But Halloran was getting up, moving toward his angry charge. He reached up and patted the writhing trunk. Savage heard him talking to Hajji, and wiped the sweat from his own forehead. He'd give Halloran a dressing-down for this, if Hajji, even now, didn't do it first! But Hajji was only shuffling his feet, and the fire was dying out of his little eyes. Savage saw that the tip of his trunk was curled about the boy's arm, as if for reassurance.

The dressing-down was less severe than Savage had intended. Tom Halloran was ready to admit that he had been at fault. "But I had to try it, sir. I guess you know why."

"To prove to yourself that you weren't afraid? If that was it, it was pure folly!"

"That was only part of it. I did want to see whether I'd lost my nerve entirely, or only where tigers were concerned. But aside from that, I wanted to see how well I was getting on with the big fellow—with Hajji. I didn't think he'd hurt me, but I had to make sure."

"If you had guessed wrong about that, you'd be dead now. Or isn't that worth considering?"

Halloran didn't hear the sarcasm. "There was a funny thing I noticed about him. I want to watch and see whether it happens again. You know, we've never thought of a reason for that fit that takes him. Well, today the wind was from southeast, and it brought the smell of tiger strong enough for even me to notice. Do

you think maybe that could be it?"

"It's worth bearing in mind." Savage nodded to the boy. "You can go. And don't get into any more mischief."

The fact was, John Savage was pleased. He had never doubted Halloran's courage, but this would put a stop to some of Burton's malicious talk. It was something to tell Norah, too. He was wondering whether Halloran could be right about the cause of Hajji's rages.

Savage went on watching, and his anxiety was scarcely less than it had been. There were times when Halloran suffered a black depression, when even Norah couldn't make him talk. The girl was patient and understanding, but the trouble with Tom Halloran lay too deep for any sympathy to reach. He did battle with a fear that wore a square, whiskered face, that crept up on him from behind, and sprang. No one could help him with that. But John Savage insisted that it was the truest sort of adventure, because it was the hardest test of a man's fibre. John Savage and his daughter never lost faith in the boy. They could do nothing else for him, but they waited to be proved right. And Halloran communed with Hajji, and waited, too. The two big fellows understood each other without words.

What worried John Savage, though he kept it to himself, was a decision the trustees of the zoo were reported to have taken. The office of Director had been vacant for nearly a year, and Savage wished that it might not be filled for another year at least. He could be sure of the appointment, but he was willing to wait. As things were, it would be hard to convince the trustees that Tom Halloran ought to be made the new head-keeper. Burton wanted the place, too, and Burton's record was good.

"But it doesn't mean that he'd make a good head-keeper," Savage told Norah. "You know what I thought of him, even before this happened to Tom. Burton would do the work—he understands it. But nothing would go smoothly. He isn't popular with the other men, and the animals don't like him, either. The trustees would only laugh at that,

but it's serious! I've been grooming Tom for the job, and I still think he's the best man for it. But Burton will make sure that the trustees know he's been moved to the elephant-house, and why. And if Burton gets the job, Tom will wait a long time for promotion. Burton doesn't like him, and I'd be bound to take my head-keeper's advice."

"Why doesn't Burton like Tom?"

"It's you, mainly. Burton's jealous."

"He has no reason! I was hardly more than polite to him. If I have to, I'll wait for Tom any length of time. Or he can get another job."

"It might be the best thing for him, but I don't think he will. He'd think it was running away, to leave now. He'd never be sure of himself again."

"Poor Tom! He expects too much from himself."

"A way some men have. He's proud, with the right kind of pride. I wish I could think of a way to help him, but I can't. There isn't much time, either, if they're going to make me Director as soon as they say. A lot of satisfaction it will be, if I have to watch Burton take my old job!"

"Burton doesn't matter. And Tom knows it isn't your fault. I think he's better than he was, don't you? To see him with Hajji . . ."

Savage nodded. "He's done wonders with that beast."

But John Savage was downcast. The trouble with adventures of this sort was that too often they ran out into anticlimax. You got your situation, but it was never resolved. A brave man was attainted of cowardice, and had no opportunity to prove his detractors wrong. Savage reminded himself that he must not look for a special dispensation this time merely because Halloran was involved, and Norah. But maybe the true climax was in the way they accepted what happened to them. Maybe he ought to be content with that.

He got the trustees to postpone his appointment as Director for another month. Savage knew that Burton was impatient and resentful when he heard of that. The trustees themselves were surprised, and it was a maneuver that Savage could not re-



peat. Anyway, it was not likely to help. Halloran had said nothing about wanting to go back to his old job in the lion-house. That might be Halloran's way of admitting defeat; Savage didn't know. But he did know that the time was growing very short. If anything was going to happen, it would have to happen soon.

John Savage took to prowling about the zoo, as if by his own restless activity he could speed an event that was otherwise scarcely to be expected.

That afternoon he had observed that Norah was talking to Tom Halloran. It was a hot day, with the mutter and rumble of distant thunder in the air, and Halloran and the girl stood outside the elephant-house. Hajji was outside, too, moving up and down in his compound, where the packed earth showed not a blade of grass. He was restless, in spite of the sun on his mighty back. Once he rolled forward to where Halloran stood leaning on the stockade, and Halloran put up his hand to fondle the inquiring trunk. The stockade was of horizontal logs, bound with strap-iron to posts, but it was a venerable fraud. Here and there dry-rot had eaten at the wood. The stockade was less an actual barrier than a reminder of confinement, potent only because it had never been challenged.

John Savage waved to his daughter from a distance, and went on. He felt a little like Hajji himself—restless, for no good reason. Absently, he noticed that there was a fair crowd—thickest around the monkeys just now, of course. Later, at feeding-time, the lion-house would be the big attraction. He looked at his watch. There wasn't long to wait for that.

It might have been the nearness of feeding-time or the far-off thunder, or both, that set the big cats to pacing and roaring in their cages. It might have been their restlessness and the noise they made that had disturbed Hajji. The wind was right to bring him their scent, too.

An assistant passed, going toward the lion-house, pushing the heavy meat-barrow. Burton was just behind him. He saluted Savage, and Savage nodded. Punctilious in ceremony, that fellow. Bit of a martinet himself, probably. Looked a little bothered today, though. It might be the weather, or it might be his deferred hope of being made headkeeper. Savage supposed he would

be making his rounds behind the meat-barrow, to be sure that the cages were securely locked after the animals had been fed. The people were flocking into the lion-house. The visitors were restless today, too—like the animals, like John Savage. He looked at his watch again.

Burton went inside. A moment later the assistant came out and started toward the keepers' quarters. A dry grin twitched at Savage's lips. Burton had his little vanities! With a good crowd, he sometimes dismissed the assistant and fed the animals himself. Evidently that was what he was going to do today. A man with a sense of showmanship could make it look spectacular. The crowd was all inside now. Burton would be enjoying himself.

JOHN SAVAGE wasn't, but he didn't know why. There, in the near distance, was the bulk of Hajji's forehead looming above the stockade. There were Halloran and Norah, still talking. The walks and outside cages were nearly deserted. Everything looked peaceful, just as it ought to look. But Savage wished it were closing time. He didn't like the feel of the air.

Then it came—one of those things that should theoretically never happen, but do. It began with a single, sharp scream from inside the lion-house, a sudden wave of people pouring out the open doors. Lucky the doors were wide! Even as it was,

the crowd fought for passage. Savage hurried down that way, in time to see Burton run out, and Burton was not the last to leave the house. The man's face was white, and his mouth stood open. Savage caught him by the arm. "What happened?"

Burton wasted precious moments trying to tell him. "Hamid!" He managed to say at last. "The big tiger's loose! I tell you, Captain—"

Savage shook him. "Get me my rifle! Quick!" Nothing that Burton could tell him mattered just now. If Hamid had got out, it was Burton's fault. Savage tried to fight a way through the panic-stricken crowd. God grant the beast hadn't—

The people swept him back, and he struggled helplessly against them. But all the screaming came from near at hand. That ought to mean that no one had been hurt yet. In God's name, where was Burton with the rifle? Savage stumbled and nearly fell. When he got to his feet again, he saw that the doors to the lion-house were empty now. Except that Hamid stood there, blinking in the strong light.

He snarled, and took a step forward. The crowd broke in screaming panic again, sweeping Savage along with them. Hamid padded out into the full light and stood there switching his tail. Then John Savage saw a thing that made the breath catch in his throat.

The child must have fallen, or been knocked down. She lay on the hot gravel, crying, struggling to get to her feet. Hamid wasn't twenty yards away! He lowered his square huge head and sniffed. The rifle! Savage prayed, Oh, Lord, the rifle!

He was still trying to get out into the open. And he was close enough to see what happened. Tom Halloran burst out of the edge of the crowd and ran forward. He had the heavy elephant-goad in his hand, but he dropped it to snatch the child up. She buried her face against his tunic and Hamid's lips drew back from his fangs. He dropped to a crouch, and began to creep forward, watching the man. Savage saw Burton with the rifle then, but the rifle might as well have been miles away. There wasn't time for anything but the inevitable tragedy. Halloran knew better than to try to run. He had put the child down, behind him, and picked up the goad. The coward! Savage thought. If that was cowardice . . .

He hadn't been aware of the dead silence until it was broken. The



"One of those May and December weddings."



splintering crash stopped Hamid in his crawling advance. The crowd scattered wildly from a new terror and Hajji came like a moving mountain, trumpeting. His little eyes burned red, and the sun caught the white scars on his shoulder. He came with the astonishing swiftness of elephants, and a long splinter from the broken stockade stuck in his wrinkled hide. Halloran turned, snatched up the child and ran. The tiger didn't even see them go.

That time Hajji made no mistake.

The enormous head swept up to meet the tiger's spring. It dropped like a boulder dropping, and transformed the snarling fury into a screeching, gaudy huddle on the ground. The pounding blows of the forefeet were not really needed, or the final, triumphant fling with trunk and tusks. The tiger was dead of that first blow, and the score was settled between Hajji and all tigers.

YOU may still see Hajji if you go to that zoo. His temper is of the

best now, and it would be safe enough for children to ride on his back. But mostly, Hajji still lives back of a stockade in which one log is slowly weathering to match the others. They think too much of him to put him to work, and only one child has ever ridden on him. But that child had a particular claim, having a grandfather Director of the zoo, a father head-keeper, and the biggest, oldest, gentlest of the elephants for protector, servant and chosen friend.

## With Richards in Darkest Tweed

(Continued from page 17)

Bayard Swope. If that be libel it belongs to *The New Yorker*.

Mr. Twyeffort is no fly-by-night fad pusher. For over sixty years he and his father before him have been established and respected tailors to social New York. Furthermore, he gets upwards of \$150 for a business suit, no matter what color it is, and does a gross business of around \$350,000 a year. That, gentlemen, is the pot of gold at the end of Mr. Twyeffort's little clothing rainbow.

Sometimes I wonder how one of Mr. Twyeffort's Beau Brummel Tarzans would have handled my green shirt.

Naturally, there must be some attention paid to matching color in men's clothes even if that color isn't as vivid as a desert sunset. It is downright offensive to a lot of people to see dark sox worn with white shoes or black sox with brown shoes or black shoes with a brown suit. And some of us ought to be a little more cautious about wearing brown shoes with a dark suit, though at times it can be done. College boys can and do wear red or gorgeously plaid sox with everything from a G-string to evening dress, not because it's right but because they are college boys. People, in this country at least, have learned to be tolerant of such manifestations of the collegiate phenomena.

WHEN men do fall down in dressing well, it is usually in some small item that they feel is unimportant. A battered two-year-old felt hat doesn't exactly set off a new Easter outfit and grabbing the first pair of sox without holes in them will often kill the effect of painstaking effort in getting a tie and shirt into harmony with the suit. The well dressed man usually doesn't try to wear everything of the same shade, but when he attempts contrasting colors he should be pretty sure they will act more like Damon and Pythias than like, say, Hitler and Chamberlain.

Reform in men's dress has to

come about slowly and it has got to come naturally if it is going to get any general support. Men are not going to don a new-style shirt or coat or pants because of any idea that they are in the vanguard of a "movement". With any such concept as that they would avoid the new style like poison. If the thing is going to be put over, they must be made to feel that by *not* wearing the new style they would be either conspicuous or uncomfortable.

Those who view any change in men's clothing as a hopeful sign claim to have seen the first signs of a "movement" last summer in the slack suit craze. Staid bankers, lawyers and just plain business men appeared at country clubs, shore and mountain resorts dressed in slack suits of blue, brown, aquamarine and, in at least one horrible instance, tomato red. That isn't a movement, it's a revolution, say the more enthusiastic hopefuls. Actually it isn't as broad as it might seem. It's a long step between wearing a tomato red costume on the beach and wearing it to the office, Mr. Twyeffort notwithstanding.

ON the other hand, this general adoption of comfortable, loose-fitting slack suits as standard summer vacation dress on any except formal occasions, really is an extreme change in men's styles. Not long ago the standard male summer outfit consisted of white flannel trousers—only the "sports" affected a pin stripe—stiff white shoes, a fully tailored, blue serge, double-breasted coat and a straw hat. Shirt and tie varied according to taste, provided the taste didn't vary far from white broadcloth for the shirt and blue for the tie. Now if there is any combination less suited to summer use, short of tails and a top-hat, I have yet to learn of it. Yet for twenty-five years that I know of, men have spent their summer vacations and sometimes their entire summers wearing that outfit day after day. The only latitude allowed

was a Panama hat, but actually anybody who wore one was considered something of a swaggerer and not quite trustworthy.

Take the shoes, for instance. It seems inevitable that American men will continue to wear stiff shoes for every-day use, shoes of a strength sufficient to withstand the wear and tear of a transcontinental walking tour. Why, I don't know, but they do. Why in heaven's name on a summer vacation when, presumably, the feet should rest as much as any other part of the body, they should be encased in solid leather is beyond me. What difference does it make if the leather was white; it was still leather, and thick leather, too.

And look at the pants we used to wear. For general use, white flannel is a complete washout. It's perfectly satisfactory for a tea party where nobody is going to do anything more strenuous than pass the sandwiches. But you can't stand around at tea parties *all* summer long. If you wear white flannels and sit on anything more robust than a down sofa, they get soiled. If you bump into anything, they get soiled. The idea that flannel is cool is a snare and a delusion. Flannel is not cool. It is only less warm than some other things—an all-wool winter suit, for example.

WHITE broadcloth for summer shirts is another of these little fallacies that have persisted just because nobody would change before everybody else had done it. Broadcloth is about the most tightly woven shirting material that a loom can turn out. It is virtually impossible for air to get through broadcloth unless forced by a high-powered wind machine. When a man's torso is encased in a broadcloth shirt all it can do is stew in its own juice until nighttime when the shirt is changed for a pair of broadcloth pajamas. In the interval of change the torso can momentarily gasp for air, but generally it is by then too weak to do so.



A straw hat is an atrocity at any time and its adoption in the first place is no tribute to what we sometimes seriously refer to as "our modern civilization". I have seen men take off straw hats, exposing a ridge around their heads a quarter of an inch deep and say how thankful they were for summer so they could "wear a good old straw again". What the effect of the complete absence of circulation in the top of their domes had on their mental processes I don't know, but I have my opinion. Its effect on their chances of staving off baldness is a matter of scientific record. Talk about the demon rum. How about the demon straw hat?

The last item in the summer wardrobe, the form fitting, double-breasted, blue serge coat, is probably the innocent party that gets hurt in any major revolution. If there had to be a coat—and don't think for a minute there didn't—then it might as well have been blue serge as anything. Anything, that is, except about two dozen types of loose fitting, casual, comfortable and really cool sport coats which are used now for any occasion too dressy for the slack suit.

ALL in all, the summer costume for males during the first part of this century may or may not have been pretty to look upon, depending on your taste, though certainly it met the statute requirements of public decency. But as something you could have fun in—well, for twenty-five years it kept masculine physical development practically stagnant. The man who first recognized this fact and did something about it is, like the man who first ate an oyster, by way of being a public benefactor. What inner struggles he may have had with his own sense of the fitness of things, what courage it took to risk possible ridicule for life we may never appreciate, but at least we can enjoy the fruits.

Two years ago the first general distribution of male slack suits was attempted outside of specialty stores. A few of them were sold to individualists, and, due to wifely pressure, to some of the rest of us. At least there was enough of a demand to encourage the manufacturers to push it further last summer. The result was that even though it was greatly overpriced, the slack suit became a part of our national life. Like bathing trunks, which brought men only one step from complete freedom in water, slack suits, which give him almost as much freedom on land, are here to stay. The only questions now are whether they will be adopted for general use, and when.

Under present circumstances only a national crisis would make their general adoption possible. A prolongation of the European War, perhaps, a really serious depression, a shortage of wool cloth, a successful communist revolution or the threat of having to wear a coat without

lapels or collar and with sleeves cut off above the elbow, might do the trick, but nothing else. But we can put it down on our list of desirable reforms, even if we can't have it.

There has been some discussion, by females and others, of men's shoes, and what could be done about them. Having been a careful observer of women's shoes since I was sixteen (you can't see the ankle without seeing the shoe) I feel that I'm in a position to say that if I were a woman I wouldn't have much to say about men's shoes. After all, reform begins at home. But as a man interested in the gradual emancipation of his own sex, there are one or two points which I might mention here about shoes. Originally shoes were made strong because they had to protect feet from injury. The danger of sharp rocks, snakes, cinders and general wear and tear was at one time sufficient to require boots so heavy that it was a considerable feat to carry them around at all. Nowadays, in most cities, the danger of snakes, at least, is past. To that extent shoes can be made lighter and more flexible. Maybe in certain places the possibility of severe cuts and abrasions, due to steady walking over jagged stones, is somewhat less than it was a few hundred years ago, so maybe in these localities the shoes can be even lighter and more flexible than in communities where all we have been able to do is drive out the snakes. On the whole, we probably need lighter shoes than we did not too many centuries back and the question is, why don't we get them? By actual measurement, the soles of good quality dress shoes are often thicker today than they were a few years ago. The general replacement of "high" shoes by oxfords is considered by some to be a tremendous advance in efforts to streamline the male wardrobe. Oxfords do provide a little breathing space below the ankle. But there is no reason why the entire foot should be encased in stiff leather and the soles be as inflexible as a board.

LAST summer in Mexico I purchased a pair of huraches, handmade native Mexican shoes which are a cross between a sandal, a slipper and an oxford. They are as soft and comfortable as a moccasin, as cool as a sandal and yet have a sufficiently sturdy sole to do the work of a shoe. If manufactured in this country to meet a considerable demand they would probably sell for \$1.50 a pair. But despite the fact that they are the most comfortable and practical apparel I have ever put on my feet, I don't believe they have a ghost of a chance of general adoption unless the revolution comes. Anyhow, they're item No. 2 for our well-dressed male of tomorrow.

I have for some time doubted the general usefulness of men's hosiery but it was only recently I appreciated that men had to wear sox in order to

protect their feet from their shoes. Most men probably think they would catch their death of cold if they went without adequate protection for their delicate ankles from drafts. It's poppycock. Women wear their silk stockings from their feet to their knees in sub-zero winters and thrive on it. Sox are about as necessary to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as tail feathers are to a comet—provided men are willing to wear a soft, ventilated shoe that won't scrape their feet to the bone.

With a slack suit the shirt and coat become as one, but some provision has to be made for underwear and this is a horse of a different color. There is only one reason for underwear and that is utility. It should keep you warm or absorb perspiration. Aesthetically it doesn't amount to a damn, and purple underpants are a sign of decadence and don't ever let the haberdashery salesman tell you otherwise. But there is no point in a steam-heated city slicker trying to advocate the abandonment of long underwear. We must assume that anybody who wears long underwear does so only because it's cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey. And nowadays, what with steam heat and one thing and another, this isn't true very often.

THERE has recently been a tendency for men to discard their undershirts with the approach of summer and then, when fall came, to forget to put them back on. Under present conditions this is very sensible. The undershirt has outlived its usefulness. But if the slack suit is put forward for general adoption we may see its return. Anyhow there will have to be *something* under the slack suit and in cool weather undershirt and underpants of suitable weight are probably just the ticket.

With just these three standard items to turn out, the cloak and suit manufacturers would probably claim that they were headed for ruin, but they might do even a better business. With a low initial cost for an outfit—you could do the whole thing for \$15.00—men could afford to be more conscious of style trends. And once they became aware of style, the sky would be the limit. Anyhow, thus equipped, I believe the male of the species will have, for the first time since I've known him, an equal chance to compete with the gals in comfort. He needn't suffer from heat; he needn't suffer from cold; he needn't suffer from the busy-body efforts of little Elizabeth Miss-Fix-It Hawes to rip off his collar and lapels and chop off his sleeves above the elbow when he isn't looking, which sounds to me like somebody's idea of heaven. If you want the recipe, here it is:

To one slack suit of demure color and suitable weight, add one pair of Mexican huraches. Season with underwear to taste. Serve ready to wear.



## What America is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

Fourth Ave., New York City, at 25 cents each. Write the publisher for a list. If some of the vast number of magazine readers can be led over into the book section by way of popularly priced books it will be a great advantage to publishing in the United States.

The emphasis on books about war and politics is so excessive that I have been groping for books of solid adventure, which would give me a chance to join the author in some big heroic exploit which had nothing to do with implements of war. I found a certain amount of it in "Five Miles High" by Robert H. Bates, which tells how two Americans, members of an expedition that set out to climb K 2, the second highest peak in the Himalayas, succeeded in getting 26,000 feet above the sea level. K 2 is in Karakoram, 800 miles north of Delhi, and is 28,250 feet high, next to Everest, which is 29,002. I have read several books dealing with British expeditions up Everest, and the present volume shares their alluring quality. There were hazards galore on the climb, glaciers and crevasses and huge cliffs of rock, and the men had time to conquer their personal distress and plenty of funds with which to work. They were scientists, and that gives the account a precise air and makes the adventure of some use to future climbers. The climb took place in 1938. There are some excellent photographs in the book. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$4)

MUCH closer home comes "North Again for Gold", by Edgar Laytha, which describes the mineral wonders of Canada and the intense activity among prospectors and workers, from the Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean, where gold, silver, copper, pitchblende, cobalt, bismuth and other treasures are found. Today the wise prospector takes photographs from the air and then interprets the markings, and thus experts can forecast where gold may be found. Pitchblende, from which radium is extracted, is one of the highly valuable deposits of northern Canada. The thrill of boom-time stories runs through this chronicle, which is packed with information about the latest caravans and discoveries. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$3)

So much for the high places of the earth. "Caribbean Treasure", by Ivan T. Sanderson, opens a far different locality to the eager reader. Mr. Sanderson is a roving zoologist, an animal collector. The jungles of the south are filled with specimens that rarely appear in northern museums. Mr. Sanderson journeyed from Trinidad to Surinam, studying spiders, scorpions, centipedes, frogs, bats, fish, wild pigs, anteaters, peccaries, tree-toads, four-eyed fish, roaring

monkeys, giant otters and other extraordinary forms of animal life. He has a happy, informal style and draws in an original manner. (Viking Press, \$3)

FRANK O. HOUGH'S new novel of life during the American Revolution is not strong on love interest, but there's plenty of rousing action in it. Perhaps Kenneth Roberts is responsible for this popularity of marching men; he found a large audience eager for his tales of hardships in the forests and suffering on the military campaigns. Mr. Hough, like him, has written about Benedict Arnold (in "Renown"); now, in "If Not Victory" he takes up a lesser known struggle, the raids in Westchester County, New York, just northeast of Manhattan Island. Part of this was known as the Neutral Ground, and here the poor farmer was apt to be robbed nightly by roving bands that claimed allegiance to Britain and to the Continental cause. The soldiers who fight for the new republic also languish in the sugar house prison in New York. The first American author to use this locality was James Fenimore Cooper, when he wrote "The Spy". Mr. Hough's book is published by Carrick & Evans (\$2.50).

TO take a woman's soul apart is an older form of novel-writing, reminiscent of the days of Henry James, but it is no deterrent to enjoyable reading. Raymond Holden has made an excellent case for this type of analysis in "Believe the Heart", which deals with the emotional difficulties of Leda Putnam, after her husband, Hendrick Fillmore, has died and left her a wealthy woman, with a stake in a steel and wire corporation owned by his hostile relatives. Leda Putnam Fillmore has to decide whether she wants to go it alone or lean on two men who attract her, and also whether she can adapt herself to one of them in marriage. Since she is not carried away by her feelings, she becomes an excellent subject for the novelist's scrutiny. Mr. Holden, being a practiced writer (he started her story in "Chance Has a Whip" several seasons ago) gives a complete portrait of this intelligent American woman. (Holt, \$2.50)

What is so rare these days as a gay, cheerful tale in which the characters don't brood over their hard luck or throw rocks at the boss's factory? Phil Stong's new novel, "Ivanhoe Keeler", commends itself to the reading public by its very gaiety, its light-hearted mood. Keeler plays the fiddle in Pittsville, Ia., and has ambitions of going to Paris and becoming a great violinist. The year is 1839—almost primitive times for Iowa. He doesn't get far with the

lass he loves, so he wanders south on a steamboat. It's the day of carpet-bags and top hats and fancy vests. He picks up a companion, Charley, and a Negro man, Sammy, whom he sets free. He dallies with dark-eyed beauties in Habana. He picks up a war record in Mexico. And as he loves his violin, he becomes, in time, more of an artist than a mere player for tavern dances. In all his adventure there remains a deep nostalgia for the home-land, and in time he plays there, too. Ivanhoe Keeler's progress is a happy story of vagabondage many years ago. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

Since we are on the subject of Phil Stong and his writings, may I mention "Horses and Americans", by this author, whose memories go back to plowing behind the strong horses of an Iowa farm, and who has described here the history of the horse, especially its useful career in the United States, in dazzling fashion. It is heartening to know that horses still perform many duties besides racing around a track and that the breeds have never had greater excellence than now. (Stokes, \$5)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S new novel, "Kitty Foyle", is fun, too, but of a different kind. Here a different Morley writes a different kind of story—the tale of a frank, mannish lass of Irish descent who lives near Philadelphia, attends college in the middle west, carries on a love affair with a son of Philadelphia's aristocracy and comes to conclusions about life that grow out of the ups and downs of her experiences. Kitty Foyle is unlike any of the heroines who have moved through the pages of Morley books. At times she's hard-boiled; she takes everything in her stride, with a robust swagger, but she's a white collar girl who doesn't quite belong, and she feels it. To me she was a surprise, and that, I take it, is the way she affects many of the author's admirers. (Lippincott, \$2.50)

Thomas Mann is an author with many facets to his talent; the novel "Royal Highness", was written in 1905, when he was 30, but, as he writes in a preface to the first American translation just issued by Knopf (\$2.50), it has its place in his intellectual development and his growth as a novelist. Aside from that it is a full-bodied tale of a royal prince with a withered arm, and an American daughter of wealth, both individuals who have been kept from contact with the world of their generation. The book can be read for the romantic story of other times in Europe, as well as for the meaning that may lie in this story of Klaus Heinrich and Samuel Spoelmann's daughter, Imma.



# The Age of Gold

(Continued from page 19)

income tax in excess of \$30,000.

Naive, starry-eyed fans turned in to case-hardened cynics and discovered many of their idols had feet of clay. Once upon a time they were enthusiastic supporters of the theory that the sweaty slaves of sport deserved all the money they could squeeze out of the plutocrats who owned them. In 1938 twelve million unemployed men were outraged when a twenty-three-year-old boy spurned \$25,000 for six months of light labor and their caustic cracks were heard all season by Joe DiMaggio, the ball player of his generation.

Virtually every phase of a changing social order was mirrored in sport. The Federal Government, delegating to itself authority calculated to undermine autocratic power, hastened the adoption of pari-mutuel betting on horses by banning telegraphic results of races to pool-rooms and bookmakers. Pressure from the White House forced the resumption of the Army-Navy rivalry which everyone but a few feuding brass hats wanted. The government's trust-busting activities were echoed vaguely in baseball, where Judge Kenesaw M. Landis cracked down on farm systems to check the monopoly of money exerted by a few rich ball clubs.

There was a stronger sense of social-consciousness throughout the country and so the Negro, granted a slight measure of fair play, celebrated his emancipation by dominating the two Olympic Games conducted during the decade. Streamlining, the motif of industry, was adopted enthusiastically by sports. There was more continuity of action in team games; speed became the keynote of football and basketball. Hockey, failing to go along with the temper of the times, began to feel the first twinges of *rigor mortis*.

The most significant trend of the Age of Gold was its inevitable by-product—the steady advance of professionalism at the expense of the amateur ideal. In the '30's, pro football began to outdraw college teams in large cities. The far-reaching effect of this small break in the wall of privilege protecting amateur sports will be more patent during the 1940's. It may correct some of the abuses which now are undermining the college game; may even give varsity football back to the boys, but this will take time. Tournament tennis suffered severely from the periodic raids made by check-waving gents upon the Budges, Vineses and Perrys, leaving the game without an outstanding personality. Lawson Little, the one amateur golfer capable of succeeding Bobby Jones as the Number 1 hero of the boys in the back room, turned pro a few years

ago and nobody has come up to take his place. The only amateur sports which thrived during the depression more abundantly than ever before were basketball and softball. Low admission prices and cheap cost of equipment for catch-as-catch-can participants were vital factors in their progress, in case big-time operators are listening.

It was a time to try men's souls, and sports, weathering handsomely a period when it might have been submerged under an avalanche of more weighty events, established firmly its place in the American way. Even in a once-over-lightly treatment, certain highlights stand out.

BASEBALL went into the '30's with a full orchestra of sourpuss skeptics playing the anvil chorus. Poor old baseball finished the decade in need of no man's sympathy. Seasonal club attendance figures of a million cash customers, a rarity in boom times, became commonplace. Maybe the depression, fostering a new appreciation of the simple, fundamental things, helped baseball, which always has offered the best value for every dollar taken in at the gate. Concessions were made, however, to attract trade. Night baseball, essentially a circus stunt, was embraced by every minor league and at the decade's end, eight of the sixteen major-league teams were planning to install lights in their parks or had them already. . . . The American League, winning seven of the ten World Series played and five of seven All-Star games, made comparisons odious to the National League, but one team, the Yankees, was largely responsible for the difference. . . . As long as baseball is played, the '30's will be remembered chiefly for the rise of the Yankees as the mightiest organization ever known to the game. . . . For a time, pitchers such as Grove, Gomez, Hubbell and Dean were the popular heroes, but there was a pronounced swing back to long-distance hitters as the people's choice. . . . Incredible Ruth, who spanned three decades, finally passed from the scene. . . . A sad and shocking story was reserved for the last few months of the '30's—the forced retirement of Lou Gehrig, symbol of durability, with a dreaded disease.

FOOTBALL survived a series of crises and became accepted for what it is, a spectacle as well as a sport. . . . Public and players turned cynical and took in stride strikes staged by freshmen for higher wages and college presidents' suggestions that gladiators should be paid for services rendered. . . . Every literate American reached the realization that the better college teams are not happy accidents, but the result of

intensive proselyting and subsidization. . . . All-American teams, once the end and answer to all of living, were kidded by the very men who selected them. . . . Bowl games marked the glorification of the team over the individual. . . . The forward pass became the major offensive weapon everywhere and will continue to get a heavy play in the future.

BASKETBALL made tremendous advances and outdrew consistently every other sport in the books. . . . The elimination of the center jump five years ago made for demonstrations of mass madness which the customers dearly love. . . . Transcontinental trips were arranged and the game really went big-time for big money gates. . . . If football ever begins to slip in the esteem of the public, basketball will move in as the big hooray in the colleges.

BOXING couldn't stand the prosperity of the fabulous '20's and had to hock its dinner jacket and topper for the old sweater and cap it wore before making high society. The muggs, who always controlled the racket, reverted to type and the fighters reverted to tripe. . . . The giddy days of fifty bucks for a ring-side seat lived only in the misty past and so did the fans' recollection of great boxers. . . . The heavyweight division, backbone of the business, witnessed a dreary succession of five cheese champions who failed in their first defense of the title until Joe Louis came along to make the general pattern more deadly than ever—in more than one sense. . . . Henry Armstrong gave the lighter classes a brief shot in the arm, but on the whole, boxing befouled itself by skullduggery and stinkeroos.

HOCKEY had the sports world by the tail in the early '30's but finished with its own tail dragging, due to the stubborn refusal of the die-hards to rescind the blue-line rule, which is stifling scoring and interest. . . . THE OLYMPIC GAMES, always good for several incidents calculated to make a hollow mockery of the hands-across-the-sea ideal it is supposed to promote, produced its usual quota of records, particularly for unsportsmanlike conduct by one Adolph Shickelgruber, who turned the 1936 show into a vulgar display of propaganda. . . . YACHTING went on the rocks and POLO came a cropper when the English, even before the Great Unpleasantness, tired of spending fabulous sums in vain efforts to win silver trophies worth about \$100 at current prices.

It was an era of folly and futility, perhaps, but there was a slight evidence of some permanent benefit to civilization contributed by sports. At long last, wrestling was revealed to one and all as a fake and a farce.



## Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

which is beautifully located near Charlotte.

Early the next morning William Elliott, Jr., of Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, Pres. of the S. C. State Elks Assn., and a present member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and D.D. Thomas G. Sharpe of Greenville Lodge, No. 858, called for Mr. and Mrs. Warner and escorted them by motor on a series of visits beginning with Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge, No. 1318, where a reception was given for them, attended by a large crowd of members and ladies. The party was greeted at Sumter, S. C., by a delegation headed by M. M. Weinberg, E.R. of Sumter Lodge, No. 855, the lodge officers and the Mayor. The Sumter meeting was very enthusiastic and was addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The party then proceeded to Charleston, S. C., where a hearty welcome was extended at the outskirts of the city by a delegation of Elks, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, and E.R. William C. Ehrhardt and Secy. Henry Tecklenburg of Charleston Lodge No. 242. The distinguished visitors were escorted to the City Hall, where they were welcomed by Mayor Henry W. Lockwood and other city officials. A banquet and a reception in their honor were given by the lodge and a class was initiated at the meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a splendid address in the lodge room which was filled to capacity. Mr. Sholtz made a stirring speech at the banquet and Mr. Elliott, who was also a member of the party, spoke at the meeting. Mrs. Warner was entertained at dinner by the ladies. The party was taken on a sightseeing tour early the following morning and all were impressed with the charms of Charleston and its historic background.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were met at the city limits of Florence, S. C., on November 7 at 5 p.m. by a special delegation from Florence Lodge, No. 1020, headed by E.R. S. F. Hilton, and also by highway patrolmen and city officials. They proceeded to the Junior High School where the Veterans of Foreign Wars Drum and Bugle Corps and the Boy Scout Color Guard were waiting to act as escort to the lodge home. An early

meeting of Florence Lodge was opened promptly at six o'clock. After the initiation of a splendid class of young men, the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet was held, followed by an enjoyable dance. Music was furnished by the Elks Orchestra. The welcoming address was delivered by City Recorder William H. Smith. Miss Rosanne Howard was crowned 1939 Queen of Florence Lodge and led the Grand March with the Grand Exalted Ruler.

THE party left Florence the next morning and was greeted at Columbia, S. C., by Mayor L. B. Owens and a delegation of city officials and all of the Chair officers of Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, headed by E.R. Gary Paschal. An Elks' luncheon was given at the lodge home and Mrs. Warner was entertained at the Governor's Mansion by Mrs. Maybank, wife of Gov. Burnet R. Maybank. The Governor and Mayor Owens made welcoming speeches and Mr. Warner spoke at the luncheon. Later, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party enjoyed a short visit with the Governor at the Mansion.

The next stop was at Augusta, Ga., where an enthusiastic welcome was received. Mr. Warner met with the officers of Augusta Lodge No. 205 and officers of nearby lodges who were present and discussed the activities of the Order in relation to the State of Georgia. A dinner and reception at 6 p.m., honoring Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner, was held at the Hotel Augusta. Initiation ceremonies were held that evening in the Julian Smith Casino for one of the largest classes ever inducted into Augusta Lodge. Eighty-seven candidates were initiated in Mr. Warner's honor. Among those present besides Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, Mr. Elliott and Mr. Sharpe, accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler on his trip, were John S. McClelland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and J. Clayton Burke, Pres. of the Georgia State Elks Assn., both of Atlanta Lodge; D.D. H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Decatur; Past State Pres. Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta; Mr. Ehrhardt, and many other distinguished Elks. The Grand Ball was held that night at the Casino.

At Greenville, S. C., the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were met at the outskirts of the city and presented with the keys to the city by Mayor C. Fred McCullough. With Mrs. McCullough and other members of the welcoming committee they were escorted by motorcycle police to the Poinsett Hotel. Luncheon was followed by a tour through the large spinning mill located at Greenville. Greenville Lodge No. 858 carried out an elaborate program of entertainment for the visitors climaxed by a banquet in the late afternoon. Mr. Warner and Judge McClelland were the principal speakers. Adjournment was made later to the lodge room for a meeting. Nearly 50 candidates were initiated and after the ceremonies, which were very ably conducted, a dance was given. Four beautiful Southern girls, representing lodges in the vicinity of Greenville, were crowned queens of the respective lodges.

At Greenville, Mrs. Warner acknowledged in a brief but gracious speech, the gifts presented to her by Proctor Bonham on behalf of Greenville Lodge. In all of his addresses, made on the visits described above,



"We got him on his way out of Minsky's."



the Grand Exalted Ruler stressed Americanism. He urged all Americans to be on guard to preserve the American government and cited members of the Order of Elks as being in the front ranks of patriotic Americans. His talks also contained information about the Order and its work.

Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner, in company with many high officials of the Order, arrived in Bedford, Va., on the morning of November 10 and were welcomed by Superintendent Robert A. Scott of the Elks National Home. Members of the party drove to the Home where a two-day meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees was scheduled to take place. Mr. Warner and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters attended the meetings, and Chairman Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., and William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, were all present. On the evening of the 11th the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Warner were entertained by Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, at a delightful dance. The beautiful ball room of the Elks' home was exquisitely decorated. Mr. Warner was introduced by E.R. George C. Walker. Past State Pres. R. Chess McGhee, Esquire of Lynchburg Lodge, presided. Sam W. West was Chairman of the Dance Committee. Mayor L. E. Lichford extended greetings on behalf of the city.

After the Eleven O'Clock Toast had been recited by the Grand Exalted Ruler, dancing was resumed until midnight when a pause came for the observance of Armistice Day. Mr. McGhee gave a brief Armistice reminiscence. In addition to those heretofore mentioned there were present Mrs. Masters, wife of the Grand Secretary, and Mrs. Scott, wife of the Superintendent of the Elks National Home; Judge John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., and Clyde Jennings, Lynchburg, former Chairmen of the Board of Grand Trustees, and officers and representatives of the Va. State Elks Assn. and of Virginia Lodges, many of whom were accompanied by their wives. Mr.

Warner spoke during the evening and his words will be long remembered. The affair was an outstanding success.

Leaving his office at Dixon, Ill., on November 16, the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled to Pendleton, Ore., on the streamliner City of Portland. There he was greeted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle, Wash., E.R. E. J. Brunton and Secy. Louis B. Romine of Walla Walla Lodge, and Past Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke of Yakima. The party proceeded to Walla Walla where a luncheon in honor of Mr. Warner was given by the Ladies Auxiliary of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 287. Six hundred and fifteen ladies were present. An inspiring address was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Upon his arrival at the lodge home, Mr. Warner tendered his services, was given a knife immediately and proved his ability by assisting in the preparation of forty turkeys, weighing 816 pounds, for the banquet that evening. A large class was initiated at the lodge meeting.

On Sunday, November 19, Yakima, Wash., Lodge, No. 318, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Meier. A well attended banquet, at which Mr. Warner spoke, was served at noon with E.R. Elwood Hutcheson presiding. The party, accompanied by George C. Newell of Seattle, Pres. of the Wash. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R. O. R. Schumann, Yakima, left immediately after the banquet for Seattle, arriving at 5 p.m. Chairman Arthur Wichman and his committee had arranged an outstanding musical program and the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were serenaded by the Seattle Elks Band and entertained at a concert recital by the famous Ralston Chorus. Mr. Warner addressed a large gathering of Elks and their ladies and then proceeded to Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827, for an evening meeting with an initiation ceremony after which Mr. Warner spoke. A large crowd attended the banquet and the meeting and there was much enthusiasm.

The next visit on schedule was to Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. The Grand Exalted Ruler was met by D.D. Frank J. Lonergan, E.R. George

A. Marshall and P.E.R. Charles C. Bradley, a former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. A large party of Elks and their ladies had gathered at the lodge home for a noon luncheon. Preceding the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler broadcast a message to Elks of the Pacific Northwest and attended an informal reception as guest of Mayor Joseph K. Carson, Jr. That afternoon, Mr. Warner, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Lonergan drove to Hood River for a four o'clock reception and then to The Dalles, Ore. En route a short stop was made at the Bonneville Dam, which is now in operation. The meeting with The Dalles Lodge, No. 303, was most enthusiastic. It was preceded by a 6 p.m. dinner. Nearly 100 candidates were initiated during the lodge session. The Grand Exalted Ruler received an ovation at the close of his address. While speaking he highly complimented the officers of the lodge for their excellent rendition of the Ritual.

En route to Devils Lake, N. D., the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted at Spokane by E.R. Ray A. Lower, Secy. W. F. Connor, Est. Leading Knight Paul F. Schiffner, Chaplain Russ O. Danielson, P.E.R.'s Nave G. Lein and Sam Edelstein, and Otto Mengert, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. A short visit was made at the magnificent home of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228.

An unannounced visit to Devils Lake Lodge, No. 1216, proved to be of special interest. A large number of the members happened to be at the lodge and many more gathered for an informal reception during the evening.

On Monday, November 27, Grand Exalted Ruler Warner paid an official visit to Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295. More than 20 lodges of the Northeast District of Illinois were represented. The spacious lodge room of the lodge home was crowded to capacity and the address made by Mr. Warner was enthusiastically received. Among the distinguished guests were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Special Representative William M. Frasor of Blue Island, Ill., and Frank T. Lynde, Antigo, Pres. of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

### Elk Leaders Praise Pennsylvania Lodge for Boys' Work

Edward D. Smith, of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. addressed Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, at a recent meeting.

He gave his commendation to the formation of the Antlers Lodge of Sunbury Lodge for youths too young

to become members of the Order of Elks. He said the Antlers give a young man right ideas, sound objectives and opportunity for better use of his time than to spend it with gangs on the streets.

The meeting was honored by the official visitation of D.D. Myers Enterline, of Milton, and P.D.D. Robert Baker, of Bloomsburg. A class of

13 candidates, conspicuous by having in it sons of two prominent members of the lodge, was inducted into the Order. Initiatory degree work, conducted by E. R. Sam C. Price and other officers, won the endorsement of visiting Elks.

The business session was featured by gifts of \$25 and \$15 to the Salvation Army and Industrial Fund.



### An Interesting Initiation at Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge

On November 22 candidate number 1143 was initiated into Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge. The number is significant inasmuch as the number of the lodge is 1143. On that date the lodge had initiated the same number of candidates as its official number. The lodge will be 31 years old this March.

### Distinguished Elks Attend Special Ceremonies at Tiffin, O., Lodge

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., and John M. McCabe, Toledo, a member of the Grand Forum; Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, were among the distinguished Elks who attended special initiatory ceremonies at Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94, on October 29. P.E.R. Charles J. Schmidt, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the O. State Elks Assn., initiated his own son, William Schmidt, together with Burton Borer and Herman Rosenblatt, whose fathers are active members of the lodge, and 15 other candidates.

A reception for visitors followed a noon luncheon-meeting of the State Lodge Bulletin Association, with Col. C. W. Wallace of Columbus, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, presiding. At 2:30 the lodge room was filled to capacity, with more than 200 members of the Order, representing 32 Ohio Lodges, in attendance. Officers of the State Association occupied the Chairs and exemplified the Ritual. Mr. Schmidt acted as Exalted Ruler, being assisted by Vice-Pres.'s E. B. LeSueur, Toledo, Leslie Scrimger, Columbus, and Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton; Trustees Walter Penry, Delaware, and Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe; Inner Guard John Neate, Upper Sandusky, and Secy. Harry D. Hale, Newark. State Pres. C. A. Lais, of Norwalk, acted as Esquire as he had done when Mr. Schmidt initiated a son a few years ago. The floor work was beautifully performed by the national champion Elks Patrol of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37. Leo Harworth of Newark, Station WHKC, conducted the musical portion of the program. The State-wide Father and Son Banquet and Initiation program was originated three years ago by Mr. Schmidt and is now one of the Ohio State Elks's Association's most important activities. Interest has been increased and a substantial growth in membership has been produced among the 84 lodges in Ohio.

Places of honor were occupied also by D.D.'s Harold Rosenberg, Alliance; James Armitage, Elyria; V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia, and Charles Prater, Kenton; Past State Pres.'s A. B. Dawson, Columbus; J. F. Sherry, Bellaire; Charles W. Fairbanks, Marion; James Cooper, Newark; W. G. Campbell, Lorain, and Charles L. Haslop,

**"How does COOLNESS rate with you in pipe tobacco?"**  
*we asked in a drafting room...*



**COOL BURNING MAKES**  
A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE IN  
PIPE-SMOKING. PRINCE ALBERT  
TAUGHT ME THAT. IT'S SO MUCH  
**MILDER!**

A COOL SMOKE IS A  
**MELLOW, DELIGHTFUL**  
SMOKE, THANKS TO  
PRINCE ALBERT'S  
**CHOICE TOBACCOS**

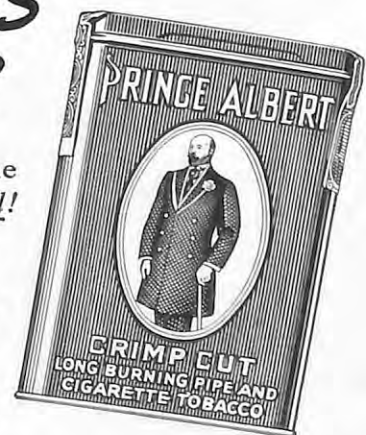
**COOLNESS COMES**  
FIRST WITH ME, TOO.  
THERE'S NO BITE IN  
**COOL-BURNING P.A.,**  
BUT THERE'S **PLENTY**  
OF **RICH TASTE**  
AND **AROMA**

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL"  
TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

**86 DEGREES**  
**COOLER**

than the average of the 30 other of the  
largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all!

**U**P goes the pleasure of pipe-smoking when  
burning temperature goes *down!* There's  
no excess heat to bite the tongue and flatten out  
flavor and aroma. COOL-SMOKING Prince  
Albert opens the door to TRUE MILDNESS  
and MELLOWNESS with PLEASING TASTE  
— the topmost joys of choice, fully aged tobac-  
cos. "No-bite" treated for extra smoothness.  
"Crimp cut" to pour, pack and draw *easier*. In  
a pipe (and a "makin's" smoke, too) you'll  
simply be delighted with P. A.!



**50** pipefuls of fragrant  
tobacco in every handy  
tin of Prince Albert

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**Prince Albert** THE  
NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



bell, Lorain, and Charles L. Haslop, Newark. Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. McCabe were the principal speakers.

At the dinner served at 6:30 in the Elks' ball room, Past Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick, introduced by Toastmaster William Bobo, E.R. of Tiffin Lodge, delivered an eloquent address before 300 Elks and guests. Mr. Lais was also a speaker and Mr. Prater brought greetings from his district, Ohio, N.W. Twenty-seven Past District Deputies, many Exalted Rulers and other lodge officers attended. The ladies who accompanied the visiting Elks to Tiffin were entertained by the wives of the local lodge officers in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt. After the dinner, they joined in a social session at the lodge home.

#### **Membership Increases in Wichita Falls, Tex., Lodge**

Wichita Falls, Tex., Lodge, No. 1105, initiated 24 new members at two recent meetings, honoring Floyd H. Brown of Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060, Special Deputy of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The ritualistic work was performed at both meetings by the officers of El Reno and Duncan, Okla., Lodges. D.D. B. C. Morgan of Breckenridge was among the prominent Texas Elks who attended. An increase of 38 members was shown by the local lodge during Mr. Brown's stay in Wichita Falls.

#### **Columbia, S. C., Lodge Gives Two Iron Lungs to City**

When Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, was visited officially by D.D. Thomas G. Sharpe of Greenville, ceremonies were held at which Columbia Lodge presented to the hospitals of the city and its environs two iron lungs for the aid of infantile paralysis sufferers. The hospitals have the use of them upon request. E.R. Gary Paschal and his officers officiated in the presentation, and representatives of the hospitals were present.

Funds were raised for the purchase of the lungs through benefit entertainments given by the lodge. In addition, many voluntary donations were received. One of the lungs has been in constant use in the case of a young girl stricken with the disease.

#### **Team of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge Is State Ritualistic Champion**

Ever since its victory in the California South Central District, climaxed by the winning of the State championship at the 1939 convention of the State Elks Association, Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, has been feted by Elk groups and civic organizations. The Inglewood team came within a fraction of one per cent of being letter perfect in the State contest. The district winners, Monterey and Petaluma, were the competitors and all three teams fin-

ished above 97 per cent.

The Inglewood champions are conducting a campaign to enable them to participate in the national ritualistic contest next July at Houston, Tex.

#### **Decatur, Ala., Lodge Honors Past Pres. C. M. Tardy**

Another Clarence M. Tardy Class, one of many initiated during the past few years, was inducted recently into Decatur, Ala., Lodge, No. 655, organized in 1936 by Mr. Tardy. D.D. J. E. Livingston, of Tuscaloosa Lodge, made his official visit that evening, and E.R. L. A. Mackentepe was present with a delegation from Cullman, Ala., Lodge, No. 1609.

Dinner was served in honor of the visiting Elks and the 16 members of the Class. Mr. Tardy has served several terms as President of the Ala. State Elks Assn.

#### **Prescott, Ariz., Elks Reunite On "Old Timers Night"**

A turkey dinner at the Hassayampa Hotel opened an elaborate program on "Old Timers Night" celebrated recently by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330. The dinner and meeting brought together 150 Prescott members from Yavapai County, the Salt River Valley, and several southern cities. Two original members, P.E.R. Barney Smith and Al Brow, were present. The lodge was granted its charter in 1896.

An address by Thomas Campbell, a veteran member and former Governor of Arizona, and a resume of the history and activities of the lodge 40 years ago, given by Floyd McCoy who came from Los Angeles to attend, were highlights of the meeting. A fine class of candidates was initiated.

#### **Charles City, Ia., Lodge Presents Iron Lung to City**

To Charles City Lodge No. 418 goes the honor of being the first lodge in Iowa to present an iron lung to its city. Many conferences regarding the type to be selected were held with the Cedar Valley Hospital by Weston E. Jones, in charge of the arrangements. The model chosen was a \$2,000 orthopedic lung, the first to be brought to the State. It was presented to Charles City for use, free, to all people, regardless of race, creed or color.

The Grand Lodge was represented at the presentation ceremonies by D. E. LaBelle of Minneapolis, Minn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and D.D.'s Howard M. Remley of Mason City and A. D. Bailey, Fort Dodge. State Pres. Arthur P. Lee of Marshalltown was accompanied by State Trustee Robert Hardin of Waterloo. The program began at 9:30 A.M. E.R. William A. Beckwith stated that approximately 10,000 persons attended during the day and evening. The "Elks Iron Lung Day Class" of 22 candidates was initiated by the Ritualistic Team of Decorah, Ia., Lodge, runners-up

in the National Ritualistic Contest at St. Louis last summer. The Decorah Junior Drum Corps, with a personnel of 35 boys clad in Highland costume, contributed to the general entertainment.

#### **Hallowe'en Is Celebrated Safely at Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge**

The Elks Special Activities Committee of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1350, of which P.E.R. Frank Russell is Chairman, sponsored a safe and sane Hallowe'en, which was a great success. Police reported the quietest Hallowe'en in recent history.

Judges of the costumes were Mayor Amos I. Kauffman, Judge M. J. Walther and Judge Henry Williams, all members of Lakewood Lodge. The judging was thrown into a turmoil when it was discovered that the prize for the best-dressed girl was awarded to a five-year-old boy. Dressed in an Aunt Jemima costume, he somehow got into the girls' lineup. The judges, instead of submitting the case to a higher court, decided to award the boy a special prize and called it a "Consternation Prize".

#### **Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge Burns Mortgage on 40th Birthday**

Elks from miles around turned out on November 15 and 18 to join in the observance of the 40th anniversary of Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge, No. 520, and the celebration of the burning of the 30-year-old mortgage on the lodge home. Open House for members exclusively was held the afternoon and evening of the 15th. During the lodge session, thirteen 35-year members were presented with honorary life membership cards. On the following Saturday, Elks and their ladies were entertained at an informal dance. On both occasions money was a drug on the market as everything was "on the house."

To Alf Diefenderfer, Treasurer of the lodge since its institution, was given the honor of striking the match in the mortgage-burning ceremonies. It was only after many setbacks that the lodge began to make headway in reducing the debt. The major portion has been paid off in the past few years during which the present Board of Trustees, Dr. A. E. Adkins, Dr. Earl Whedon and H. M. Bennett, and the present Secretary, A. J. Stager, have been in office. Many improvements have been made on the beautiful building and more are planned.

#### **N. D. Elks Discuss Child Welfare at Fargo Meeting**

A proposal that the North Dakota State Elks Association provide an additional fund for Child Welfare Work, to be matched by federal funds of the N. D. State Welfare Department, was discussed at a meeting on November 19 at Fargo of more than 30 representatives of the 10 lodges of the State. State



Pres. L. B. Hanna, former Governor of North Dakota, presided.

A turkey dinner and addresses by visiting officials followed the conference. Frank Milhollan, Chairman of the State Welfare Board and of the Child Welfare Committee of Bismarck Lodge; State Vice-Pres. Sam Stern, Fargo; Miss Theodora Allen of Bismarck, head of the Child Welfare Department; State Treas. Alec Rawitcher, Williston, and Judge Ronald Davies, Grand Forks, were among those who spoke. A feature of the conference was the reading of a report from each lodge in the State of the child welfare work being carried on.

#### **Connellsville, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its 40th Anniversary**

Nearly 500 persons attended the banquet at the First Methodist Church which opened the celebration of the 40th anniversary of Connellsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 503. P.E.R. Andrew J. Rottler was General Chairman. E.R. Charles A. Crowley, who presided, introduced State Vice-Pres. Wade K. Newell of Uniontown, Past State Pres. John F. Nugent, Braddock, P.D.D.'s W. C. Kipp of Apollo Lodge and W. C. Allen, Uniontown, and the six charter members of Connellsville Lodge who were present. Dancing and entertainment were enjoyed later at the lodge home.

The next evening 54 candidates were initiated, among them being U. S. Congressman J. Buell Snyder. Howard R. Davis of Williamsport, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, delivered an address, the only talk on the three-day program. He dwelt entirely on the work of the Order. The celebration closed with a grand ball, professional entertainment, a peanut party and a mystery man hunt.

Tribute was paid the lodge in an editorial, entitled "Forty Years of Service" written by the editor of the local newspaper who is not an Elk. The article mentioned, in particular, the lodge's fine spirit, charitable work and activity in community campaigns.

#### **The Alameda, Calif., Elks Annual Charity Baseball Game**

The Charity Fund of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, was increased by a large sum realized from the 11th Annual Charity Ball Game held by the lodge on the night of October 20 in the Oakland Coast League Baseball Park. Some 6,000 fans turned out to see the Major League All Stars trounce the Minor Leaguers to the score of 15 to 6. Joe Di Maggio and Joe Cronin starred for the Majors, each with three hits of five trips to the plate, while Garibaldi and Orengo played best for the

Minors. Also in action were such celebrated players as Sam Chapman, Gus Suhr, Ernie Lombardi, Lee Grisson, Dominic Di Maggio, Sheehan, Monzo, Puccinelli, Fain, Vezelich and Wright, and many others. All gave their services free.

Members of the special Baseball and Publicity Committee promoting the affair were Manuel Durate, Harry Bartell, Dick Bartell, Johnny Vergez, Ray Kramelly and Paul Stang. The wide publicity and co-operation given by the local newspapers and radio stations contributed largely to the success of the event. Since the classic was originated, a sum in excess of \$18,000 has been derived, which the lodge has used for its milk fund, Christmas baskets and other charities.

#### **Forty-Five Years Old, Beaumont, Tex., Lodge Celebrates**

The 45th Anniversary of the original founding of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, was celebrated by the members on November 15 with an appropriate program. The attendance was large and the "old timers" were out in full force. Some of them have been members for almost 40 years. Congratulatory wires and letters were received from such distinguished Texas Elks as Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge William Hawley Atwell of Dallas, Congressman Martin Dies, who is a



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YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS



member of Beaumont Lodge, State Pres. A. V. Tate, Galveston, and Past Pres.'s Walter W. Short, Houston, J. A. Bergfeld, Tyler, and H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham.

A 45-minute floor show preceded the business session. E.R. Kenneth McCalla of Houston Lodge, Judge of the 127th Judicial District Court of Texas, was the principal speaker. A luncheon and social hour followed the meeting. P.E.R. A. L. David, P.D.D., was Chairman of the Anniversary Committee. Serving with him were Secy. R. M. Rimer, P.E.R. Frank McGrew, Charles Abel and Herbert Peters.

#### **San Diego, Calif., Lodge Gives Successful "Kick-Off Dinner"**

The "kick-off dinner", given by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, in the interest of the 10th annual charity football game between the

U. S. Marines and the College of the Pacific, was held at the U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego. Brig. Gen. W. P. Upshur, Commandant of the Marine Base; Maj. Elmer Hall, coach of the Marines team; Capt. George Esau, Base athletic officer, and the sports writers of the three daily papers, were guests of honor.

A huge birthday cake, with 10 candles, was cut by Bill Brunson, Chairman of the Football Committee, with the assistance of P.E.R. Dr. Chester H. Webber. Speeches by E.R. Edgar B. Hervey, Est. Lead. Knight Clifford S. Maher, and Brig. Gen. Upshur, and songs by the San Diego High School quartet, were broadcast by Station KFSD.

#### **Fred Krebaum, Santa Barbara Elk, Wins Many Golf Trophies**

A member of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, Fred Kre-

baum, has won the Calif. State Elks Assn. championship Golf Tournament for the past four years in succession. He has many trophies, the finest being the gold one presented to him at the Convention at Santa Monica last September. He has also won the American Legion State Championship for the past three years, the annual Semana Nautica trophy championship held in Santa Barbara for the past three years, and a place in every tournament in which he has entered.

Mr. Krebaum has three holes in one to his credit, one on the Montecito Country Club course, one on the Catalina Island course, while playing with Sir Harry Lauder, and one on the La Cumbre course in Santa Barbara. Mr. Krebaum will challenge any Elk to 18 holes of golf or more, according to club handicap rules, for any reasonable amount.



## **News of the State Associations**

(Continued from page 36)

Association. The Convention was honored by the presence of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who delivered a fine address at one of the sessions, and many other distinguished Elks. Much constructive work was accomplished and members of the Association joined in complimenting State Pres. Leslie J. Bush, of Salida Lodge, on the fine work he had done during the year. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer of Casper Lodge, Pres. of the Wyoming Association, delivered a stirring address on Americanism, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, inspired his listeners with a rousing address, taking for his subject, "Leadership".

Two important resolutions were passed by the Association, one dealing with Americanism, the other recommending that there be created a Child Welfare Commission of three members, one for one year, one for two years, and one for three, each to be appointed by the incoming president. The Commission is empowered to adopt rules and regulations necessary for the proper conduct of Child Welfare Work and to take action for the solicitation of necessary funds. From the funds of the State Association, the sum of \$500 was appropriated to be paid by the Treasurer upon requisitions from the Commission as needed. The present members of the Commission are Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, of Denver, Colo., Lodge, Arthur L. Allen and E. P. Adams.

The Ritualistic Contest, presided over by Past State Pres. Byron Albert of Fort Collins, Chairman of the

Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was won by Greeley Lodge No. 809. Officers for 1939-40 were elected as follows: Pres., Art L. Allen, Pueblo; Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., T. S. Barnes, Colorado Springs; West, Albert H. Diemer, Leadville; North, E. S. Prohs, Longmont; South, Joel W. Todd, Rocky Ford; Secy. W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins; Treas., W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Chaplain, W. S. Buchanan, Salida; Trustees: Wilbur M. Alter, Victor, and G. A. Franz. The Association will meet in Wal-senburg in 1940.

#### **NORTH CAROLINA**

Election of officers shared the spotlight with the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner at the annual convention of the North Carolina State Elks Association held at Charlotte on November 5. Two business sessions were held at the home of Charlotte Lodge No. 392, with E.R. Leon Lawrence, retiring President, presiding. At the afternoon session P. C. Smith, of High Point Lodge, was elected President. The other officers are as follows: Secy. W. C. Burns, High Point; Treas., Tom C. Daniels, New Berne; Vice-Pres.'s: Ben W. Taylor, Washington, and Ernest D. Grady, Charlotte; Trustees: W. C. Davis, Charlotte, Adam Younce, Greensboro, and E. A. Pogue, Asheville.

More than 300 Elks attended the Convention. P.D.D. I. M. Cook of Charlotte was the Convention Chairman. Mrs. Leon Kendrick was Chairman of the Ladies' Committee in charge of entertainment for Mrs. Warner and the wives of other visiting Elks. It being Sunday, social activities were minimized. The Grand

Exalted Ruler was the principal speaker at a luncheon given at the Elks Country Club on the Catawba River. An informal reception at the lodge home ended the meeting.

#### **NEW MEXICO**

The New Mexico State Elks Association met this year for its ninth annual convention at Las Vegas, N. M. State Secy. Alfred E. Rogers, in charge of registration, reported a record attendance of Elks and their ladies. Social functions and meetings were held in the beautiful home of the host lodge, Las Vegas No. 408.

The first business session was opened at 1:30 P.M. on September 23 by P.E.R. William H. Springer of Las Vegas Lodge, and the Invocation was given by the Chaplain of the lodge, the Rev. Father Francis L. Markey. E.R. Paul P. Dailey made the welcoming address which was responded to by E.R. Anthony Belmonte of Albuquerque Lodge. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger of Denver, Colo., an honored guest of the Association, spoke at the afternoon session and also at the evening meeting at the close of ceremonies in which the State Class was initiated by a ritualistic team composed of one chair officer from each lodge in New Mexico. Their work drew favorable comment from all in attendance. The Convention Ball was a formal affair, beginning that evening at nine o'clock. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by E.R. Donald D. McDonald of Roswell Lodge.

The Association convened for its final session on Sunday morning. Election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: Pres., Dr.



Chester F. Bebbler, Albuquerque; Vice-Pres., Earl Brown, El Paso, Tex.; Secy., Alfred E. Rogers, Las Vegas; Treas., George A. Fleming, Las Vegas; Trustees: Donald McDonald, Roswell, Roy C. Anderson, Carlsbad, F. W. Smith, Santa Fe, F. A. Vigil, Raton, and David S. Bonem, El Paso. Albuquerque, N. M., was selected as the 1940 meeting place. At 11 A.M. a State Lodge of Sorrow was held. The Convention Committee had given a great deal of time to preparation for the ceremony which was unusual and beautiful, and impressively conducted by Vice-Pres. Earl Brown. Several short talks were made. The session was concluded with an address delivered by Charles L. Berndtson of Albuquerque, D.D. for New Mexico, North. The guests were then taken to Alta Vista Lodge, the summer home of E. A. Bradner, where a venison barbeque and refreshments were served by the Entertainment Committee of Las Vegas Lodge. Mr. Bradner is a member of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, and Superintendent of the New Mexico Power Company. The rest of the day was devoted to golf, tennis and swimming. The convention was a great success.

## MISSOURI

The annual Fall Meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association took place on Saturday and Sunday, November 4-5, in the home of Columbia, Mo., Lodge, No. 594. The lodge acted as host to the visiting Elks on Saturday afternoon at the Missouri University football game—Missouri versus Nebraska University. A reception and a dance for Elks and their ladies were held that evening.

At 9 A.M., Sunday, Ernest W. Baker of Washington Lodge and A. O. Nilles of Kansas City, District Deputies for Missouri East and West respectively, met for a conference with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Missouri lodges. At ten o'clock the regular business session of the Association was opened by State Vice-Pres. M. E. Thurston. State Pres. C. Lew Gallant of St. Louis presided. Welcoming addresses were made by Mr. Thurston, E.R. Harry T. Lime- rick and Mayor Rex P. Barrett. According to reports made by the Vice-Presidents, Joseph N. Miniace, N.W., Lawrence Maher, S.W., Dr. Carroll Smith, S.E., and M. F. Thurston, N.E., the outlook for Missouri this year is most favorable.

Two Past Grand Exalted Rulers were in attendance, John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, who represented the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, who addressed the delegates on the subject of rehabilitation of Missouri lodges. Both made impressive speeches. A motion picture dealing with Americanism was shown by E. F. Immerthal of Columbia Lodge, Chairman of the State Activities Committee. During the meet-

ing the visiting ladies were taken on a sightseeing tour.

At 1 P.M. a banquet was held at the Pennant Hotel. A program of music was presented under the direction of Franklin B. Launer, Director of Music at Christian College, and the State Elks Association quartet sang several numbers. Mr. Coen and Mr. Campbell were the principal speakers. More than 150 delegates were present. Among other leading Elks attending the banquet were Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, St. Louis; Special District Deputy William M. Frasier, Blue Island, Ill.; State Trustee Henry Salveter, Sedalia, and Past State Pres.'s Harry Garrison, Warrensburg, E. J. Martt, St. Louis, and J. H. Dickbrader, Washington.

## KANSAS

The Kansas State Elks Association held its Fall Meeting at Manhattan, Kans., on Nov. 12. More than 100 delegates, representing 20 lodges, and all of the State officers were present. The meeting was called to order by Pres. J. J. Hess of El Dorado Lodge. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook, of Topeka, Kans., gave an interesting talk and explained the Grand Exalted Ruler's program for the year. Pres. Hess addressed the meeting, stressing the importance of a better financial set-up, of good ritualistic work, inter-lodge visitations and carrying out the Grand Exalted Ruler's program.

The committees in charge of State headquarters at the Grand Lodge Convention at St. Louis, gave a detailed report, including an account of the Elks Band from Junction City which represented the State of Kansas at the Convention. The Band was present and played a number of selections. D.D. A. N. Yancey, of Lawrence, reported on conditions in his district, Kansas, East. Reports were also submitted by William J. Duval, Chairman of the Children's Welfare Committee, Fred M. Brown, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, and E.R. Edgar M. Darby of Junction City Lodge, in charge of the Convention Committee for the 1940 State meeting to be held in Junction City this Spring. State Vice-Pres.'s Harry Cook of Independence, Forest E. Link of Pratt, and H. F. Chandler, Atchison, also spoke.

## GEORGIA

Judge John S. McClelland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, stressed the great value of inter-lodge visitation in the speech he delivered at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Assn., at Atlanta Lodge, No. 78.

D.D. C. Wesley Killebrew, of  
(Continued on page 56)

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## FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS

**M**ORE than four hundred years ago Ponce de Leon, while searching for the legendary "Fountain of Youth", came upon a land of flowers and blooming trees and called it "Florida", the land of flowers. Today hundreds of thousands of people, while following the sun, go there in winter to enjoy the flowers, the blooming trees, the sunshine, the surf bathing, sailing, golf-

ing, racing and salt water fishing. Florida is really the salt water fishing hot spot of the world, so they tell me whenever I go there to fish, and they have a way of proving their stories.

Just to give you an idea of what I mean, here are a few convincing facts: Exactly 124,000 people entered over 400,000 fish that they themselves caught in the waters around Miami, making their entries in the 1939 Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament. More than \$10,000 in prizes were awarded to lucky anglers in this biggest of all fishing contests which lasted only 99 days. Miami visitors spent more than \$100,000,000 in 1938 just to go fishing.

If there is any place in the world

that has ever staged a bigger fishing contest than this one, cable me collect from wherever you are because I want to be the first to know about it. One of the reasons why this tournament is so successful is because there is such a great concentration of fish in these Gulf and Gulf Stream waters that everyone gets a catch every day. Of course, if you are one of those gladiators who trolls the Stream with a seven pound bonito as bait in search of a big blue marlin, then you might only catch one in a week or one in two weeks. If you will settle for a beautiful sailfish, wahoo, dolphin, kingfish, barracuda, Allison tuna, amberjack, tarpon, grouper or a permit, you will always get a kick out of fishing in Florida waters. There are 600 varieties of fish in Florida waters and some of them are bigger than the present world-record fish.

## FLORIDA'S GULF STREAM

Florida's greatest asset is the Gulf Stream. At Miami Beach, it runs about five miles off shore. At Palm Beach, it runs about a mile from shore, but these distances vary from day to day. The water of the Gulf Stream is indigo-blue, easily recognizable because the ordinary sea water on both sides of the Stream is green in color. The Stream always moving northward, at Miami about four miles per hour, carries with it a quantity of "gulf weed", familiar to those who fish in Gulf Stream waters. In its progress from the tropics, speaking now of the Equatorial Current which goes to make up the Stream, the transit is so rapid that time is not given for more than a partial cooling of the water, so that the Gulf Stream is very much warmer than the neighboring waters of the seas through which it flows.

Because the stream does flow northward, ocean-going ships travel in it if going north and avoid it as much as possible when going south. It is perhaps 35 miles wide off Miami because it runs very close to the shores of Cat Cay, Walker Cay and Bimini, the three greatest fishing islands in the Bahamas. Cat Cay is the jewel, set in the sea, that has been developed into a magnificent spot by Louis Wasey of New York and is the scene of the annual Tuna Tournament held there the last five days in May and the first five in June. Many world-record fish have been taken at this hot spot, and now that fishing tackle design has been improved you may look for new records every year.

## FISHING MIAMI WATERS

In the Miami area, commonly known as Southeastern Florida, the fishermen fish in a variety of ways, beginning with surface trolling, bottom fishing and surf casting, and ending with bait casting, fly casting and drifting. And so we find the surface-feeding fish, such as the sail-



fish, mackerel, barracuda, tarpon, snook, bluefish, jack and ladyfish striking at baits that are cast or trolled. This is the more sporting way to fish than still fishing. Usually the best time for this kind of fishing is when there is an incoming tide or at high tide. When fishing an inlet or when surf fishing, I am in favor of going fishing on the incoming tide. For the average bay fishing, for the smaller fish, you can catch fish on all tides. The tide around Miami is eighteen inches.

When trolling the inside waters or even the waters around Cape Florida, you can use any light-weight rod with any reel that contains at least 100 yards of nine-thread line. Always use bronze wire leaders about six feet in length. At one end of the leader you attach a swivel, at the other end your hook or feather jig or cut bait. It is best to troll at a speed of four to six miles per hour for best results when you are after bluefish, mackerel, barracuda, jacks and sea trout. Three popular spoons for this fishing are the Pflueger Record Nos. 3 to 5, the Huntington Drone No. 1 to 3, and the Salt Water Weezel. Good cut bait can be had from the side of any silver-sided fish, best of all is the bonito. Two tips worth remembering: Oil your reel often. After you get through fishing, wash your reel in fresh water.

### CATCHING A SWORDFISH

Across the Gulf Stream forty miles from Miami and Palm Beach are the Bahamas of the West Indies, known around the world as a fishing hot spot because the waters all around these particular islands have given up so many splendid catches. In recent years this spectacular fishing has been mostly for blue marlin and for bluefin tuna. In addition, however, the flats, found east of these islands, boast the finest bonefishing in the world, and tarpon by the hundreds can be seen in all of the bays. One night a group of fishermen decided to have a party out on the water just west of the Island of Bimini, so they loaded up with enough of what it takes to keep them enthusiastic, took along their trolling outfits, as most crazy fishermen do, and they were having quite a time. The ocean was calm, the breeze was refreshing, and the drinks were good, but the important part of this story is that suddenly a fish jumped about eleven feet out of the water and just as suddenly one of the fishermen realized that at the end of his line was a fish that was anxious for a battle, so battle it was. I am not sure just how many of the members of the party handled the rod, but perhaps it was all of them, and after a long period of strenuous work, the fish was brought to gaff . . . a broadbill swordfish. Well, sir, this was the first broadbill ever taken in these waters, and it started all over again—the discussions that never end, more talk

of the mystery of the migration of the swordfish.

It seems that the broadbill in winter is found off the coast of Chile, in the Mediterranean and off the coast of Africa, whereas in summer he is caught off Catalina and in greater numbers in both our North Atlantic waters and in Japanese waters, but what route does the broadbill take when traveling from the south to the north or vice versa? No one knows this. Catching one west of Bimini is not an indication. Later, however, while fishing for bonefish in the flats back of Bimini, a surprised angler hooked a broadbill that apparently was lost. Being in shallow water, the fish ate sand, leaped and ate more sand and soon became exhausted, so was landed by an angler who was using extremely light tackle. A guess as to where the broadbill travels is not in the Gulf Stream west of the Bahamas, but rather in the open water to the east of these islands. It takes heavier tackle to land bigger fish, but sometimes big ones are taken on light outfits, so for general fishing in these waters I recommend the use of a reel from 12/0 to 16/0 having line capacity of from 800 to 1500 yards of from 24 to 72 thread linen line. Of course, the rod should be made of hickory or of split bamboo or of laminated bamboo and hickory. The tip should weigh between 25 and 45 ounces, depending on the size of the reel and the thread of the line. The best bait I have ever used for marlin in these Bahama waters was a whole mackerel; when mackerel is not available, bonefish will do.

One of the best ways to insure yourself of a good time in Florida is to take a trip across the State to Everglades and to go tarpon fishing in the 10,000 Islands. In the spring these tarpon are found in the rivers and all along the west coast. Another way is to go to the Florida lake region around Lake Apopka and fish for large-mouth black bass. The Florida variety is the largest in the world, growing up to 26 pounds in size.

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One of the most delightful trips you can make is that drive over the new bridge to Key West, the most southern city in the United States. It's a spot worth seeing, too. Never has been touched by frost. It's a great place—farther south than Cairo, Egypt, by 375 miles. For over a century this isolated coral island has been lying in the sun, with the blue water of the Atlantic and the Gulf mingling on its shores. Now, with its many attractions worth talking about, it has come to depend on visitors for its existence. Here you find sunshine, distinctive architecture, fascinating vegetation, unusual cuisine, peace and quiet and rest along with the delightful charm of the Old World—and the best fishing in America.



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## To All Members

Congress recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address. This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address. Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

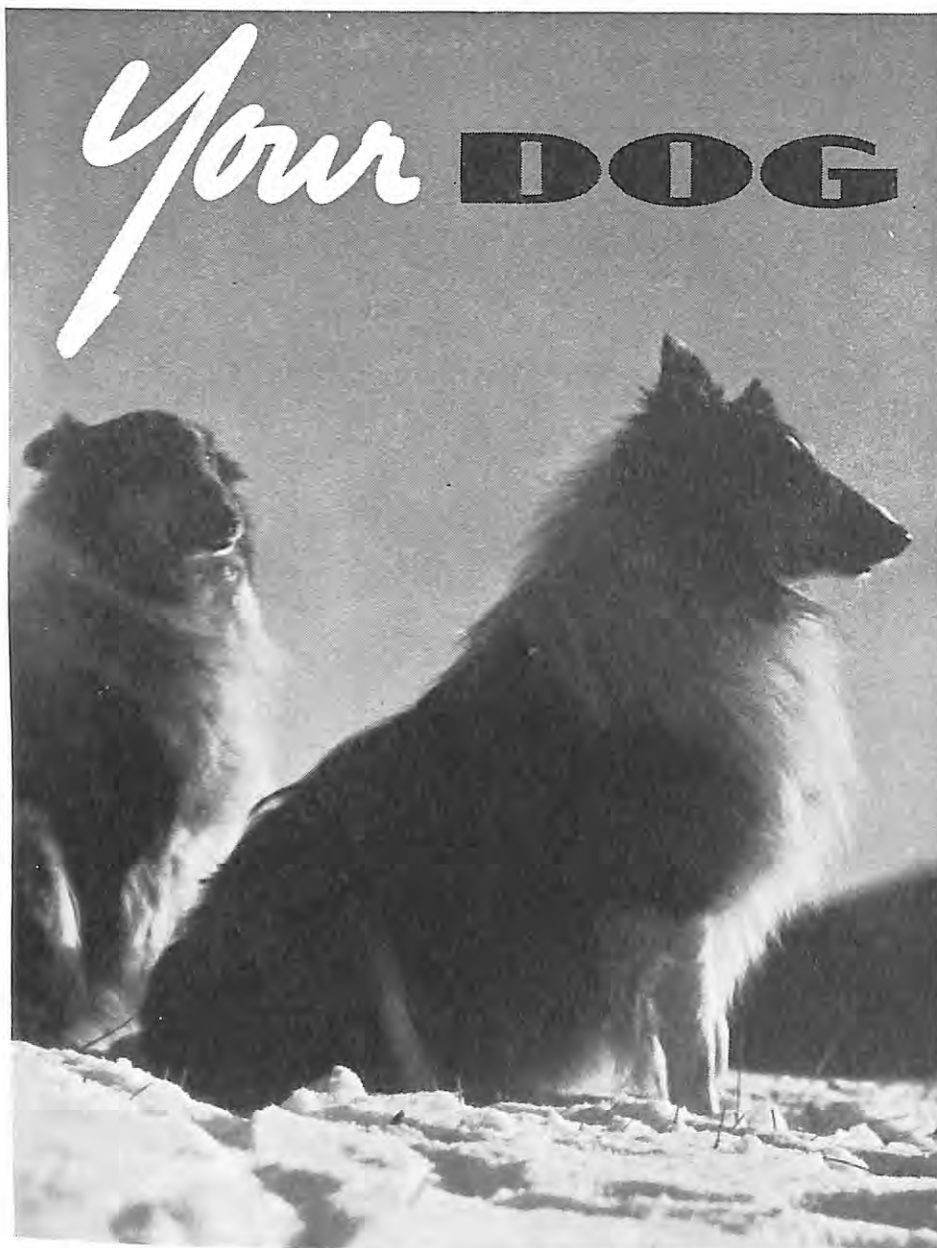
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*Doris Day from Atlas Photos*

**by Edward Faust**

### **What's in a Name?**

**I**N the world of dogs there is much in a name; often is it indicative of the work for which the dog was developed, frequently revealing the land of its development or origin, sometimes descriptive of its appearance, and in at least two instances dogs are named for men.

Indeed, Shakespeare's old question, "What's in a name?" finds scant favor among modern dog breeders and with good reason, considering the variance in breeds and the resultant significance of breed names. It would be difficult to reconcile the breeder of the Chihuahua, a pair of which would scarcely make fair-size bookends, to a belief that the name of his breed does not distinguish it from all other dogs in a way that reveals its nativity and something of its characteristics. Considering one of the better known breeds, the Collie, for example, this truth becomes more

pronounced. While the names of the breeds often enable us to visualize them, there is still much that remains a mystery to the average person in the origin of these names.

To back-track into these origins holds something of the fascination of sleuthing. Particularly is this true when we examine certain of the more ancient breeds, some of which carry us back to the beginning of history.

Returning to our familiar friend, the Collie, how many of the thousands of owners of these beautiful dogs know what the breed name means? It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *Coll*, meaning black. Whether this was inspired by the dog's original color, seen today in its close relative, the unrecognized English Shepherd dog, or originated from its early use in chaperoning a certain type of black-faced sheep indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland is a matter of learned controversy. But the solons are in agreement that the word is descriptive of a color.

Here we get ahead of our story,

and to start our name investigation properly we'll begin with the breed groups. As we have said elsewhere, every breed of dog recognized by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, is allocated to one of six groups and for this there is sound reason, the group designations being determined by the original use or purpose of the breeds. Group No. 1 comprises the sporting dogs, those used for hunting—to point, flush and retrieve game. In this group there are 19 breeds. These are the Pointers, Retrievers and Spaniels. Group No. 2 includes the Hounds, hunting dogs also, used largely for coursing the game. There are 16 breeds in this group ranging from the pint-size Dachshund to the Irish Wolfhound, a dog almost as big as a husky colt. In England these two groups are combined under one label, sporting dogs.

**G**ROUP No. 3 consists of 27 working breeds, dogs developed for herding, guard or draught purpose.

In Group No. 4 we find the Terriers and, incidentally, more canine impudence than in any other division. It is interesting to note that the group name—Terrier—is derived from the Latin word *Terra*, meaning earth, and the name is appropriate inasmuch as these are breeds developed largely to dig for burrowing game.

The Toy dogs comprise Group No. 5, and the breeds are pretty much what the name implies—toys, playthings of dogdom. There are 16 of these breeds.

**L**AST is Group No. 6, termed non-sporting dogs. Until you know the eight breeds in this Group the name is somewhat ambiguous, but in the main it is well named.

Among the 107 officially recognized breeds, some forty or so are designated by place-names that hardly necessitate explanation, examples of which are the Welsh Terrier, German Shepherd, French Bulldog, Brittany Spaniel, etc. But this still leaves quite a few names the origin of which you may be interested in knowing.

Beginning with our Group No. 1 we have the Retrievers whose name is derived from the work the dog was developed to do. Here, too, we have the Pointers—to point the game, to indicate its location to the hunter. The only breed name among these that may call for explanation is the Wire-Haired Griffon, a product of Holland, whose name Griffon means rough, a rough-coated dog. Then we have the Spaniels, so named because of the Spanish origin of the parent stock. Two of these breeds, the Welsh and the English, are Springers, so named because they were trained to spring at their quarry. A third, the Cocker, gets his name from his original use in the field on woodcock. Another Spaniel, the Clumber, takes his name from Clumber Park, estate of the Duke of Newcastle who was



largely responsible for the development of the breed. Concluding the Group we have three Setters, the English, the Gordon and the Irish. The word Setter was applied to these dogs because centuries ago, before the invention of firearms when nets were used to snare game, these dogs were trained to "set" or crouch to prevent fouling of the net when it was cast. Again we have nobility sponsoring a breed—the Gordon Setter so named for the Duke of Gordon. Perhaps you may own a dog whose breed is listed among the 19 comprising this Group No. 1 and for purpose of identification we give you the names of these breeds, omitting those we have previously mentioned. They are—Pointers, German Short-haired Pointers, Chesapeake Bay Retrievers, curly-coated, flat-coated, Golden and Labrador. Among the Spaniels: the Brittany, Field, Sussex and Irish Water Spaniel.

In Group No. 2 we have some of the most ancient of all breeds. Exemplifying those whose names are self-explanatory, we'll look into the origins of some which may not be so easily identified. Beginning with the Basset Hound, this is a French dog whose name is evolved from the adjective "bas" meaning a low thing, a dwarf, which indeed is suited to this short-legged, low-to-the-ground little fellow. Next we have the Beagle, properly an English breed but bearing a Gallic designation derived from the corrupted word Beigle, meaning small. Turning to the Bloodhound, incidentally the most effective canine tracking agent on earth, we find that his name has nothing to do with bloodshed but is instead the result of centuries of careful breeding in the course of which he long ago became known as the blooded hound. We might add here that he is one of the most gentle of all dogs. The aristocratic Russian Wolfhound, which is today known as the Borzoi, properly earns his name, which means swift. Our little friend the Dachs-hund takes his name—Dachs—from the German noun for Badger, a dog originally used to hunt that animal. Many people believe that the name Greyhound is identified with a color, but, as a matter of fact, for this dog a variety of colors is permissible. He is of Asiatic origin and being popular with the ancient Greeks it is said that his name is a combination of the words Greek and Hound. Another breed that takes its name from an animal is the Harrier, so called from the word Hare, a dog used to hunt the hare. The Salukis, recently recognized member of the Hound Group, carries an Arabic name meaning Gazelle Hound. Last in the Group is the Whippet, oddly enough named for the whip, indicating speed, smartness. The other breeds among the 16 members of this division are the Afghan, Scottish Deerhound, American and English Foxhounds, Norwegian Elkhounds, Otter Hounds and the Irish Wolfhound.

In Group No. 3, the working dogs, first we have the Alaskan Malamute, named for American Eskimos, the Innuits, a word which means men. Next there is the rather rare Bouvier des Flandres, a Belgian cattle driving dog whose name Bouvier means just that, a driver of cattle. A more popular breed, the Boxer, gets his name from the fact that when he goes to war he begins by standing on his hind legs and employing his forelegs as would a human boxer. A dog in this Group bearing an odd combination of names is the Doberman Pinscher, one of the very few dogs to be named after a human being. He's a creation of one Louis Doberman, a German dog catcher. The word Pinscher means, in German, Terrier. The breed isn't very old as breeds go but is rapidly and deservedly becoming popular. One of the latest breeds to be admitted to this Group is the Komondorock, an Austrian herding dog. Frankly, we haven't traced his name derivation to any authoritative source. But then, he is so scarce that it's a hundred to one that you don't own one. Another Austrian is the Kuvaz, a sheep herder with a Turkish name which means guardian for nobility. An old and familiar breed, the Mastiff gets his name either from the old French noun Mastin or, as we may believe owing to the antiquity of the breed, from the still older Latin word Mansuetus which means tame. Evidently the fact that a dog of such gigantic size could be gentle must have registered with the Ancients in no uncertain way. Now, here's a dog named after a city, the Rottweiler, another cattle driver, so called after the city of Rottweil, Germany. One of the most popular of the Arctic dogs, the Samoyede, is in this Group.

He's the chap who greatly resembles the widely distributed but unrecognized Spitz and he is named for a Siberian tribe.

The increasingly popular Schnauzer, a Bavarian, takes his name from the German, meaning snout. This isn't precise but it's pretty close to it. The traditional life-saving St. Bernard was a development of the Swiss Hospice of that name, and the smallest of all the working dogs, the Corgi of Wales, both Pembroke and Cardigan types, bears a name which in Welsh simply means little dog. Others of the Group whose names require no accounting for are—the Belgian Sheepdog, German Shepherd, Bernese Mt. Dog, Bull Mastiff, Eskimo, Great Dane, Great Pyrenees, Newfoundland, Old English Sheepdog, Shetland Sheepdog and Siberian Husky.

Coming to Group No. 4 we have the Terriers, with nine of the 21 listed bearing place-names needing no explanation. The first is the Airedale whose name comes from the Valley of Aire, England. Next is the Border Terrier, a product of the borderland between England and Scotland; the Bull Terrier so named

(Continued on page 56)

## ELK LODGES

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**DOG AND CAT FOOD**

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## SECRETARIES AND LODGES CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the first of the month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the March issue should reach us by February 1st.

## WHERE'LL WE STAY IN ST. LOUIS?



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REAL FOOD AND SERVICE.

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A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Ave., Dept. EM-1, New York, N. Y.



# OH BOY! DON'T I FEEL GREAT!

MY BOY FRIEND HATES TO GO OUT NIGHTS. HE'S ALWAYS TIRED. THAT'S TOO BAD. MY JOHN'S ALL-WAYS FULL OF PEP. JANE SAYS THAT JOHN'S NEVER TIRED IN THE EVENING. I'LL ASK HIM HOW HE DOES IT.

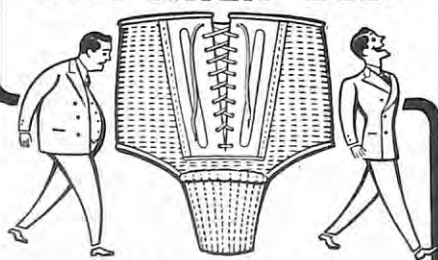
## JOHN'S ADVICE - JIM GOT A TRIM-SHAPE

SAY, JOHN, HOW I WEAR A DO YOU KEEP YOUR TRIM-SHAPE? IT GIVES ME REAL ATHLETIC FORM (MID-SECTION AND SUPPORT). JIM, YOU'RE A CHANGED MAN! I FEEL GREAT - THANKS TO TRIM-SHAPE.

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Send me for 10 days' approval a genuine Trim-Shape. I will pay postman \$2.95, plus postage. If not satisfied I may return it for prompt refund.  
My present waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_  
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy.)  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ We stand postage if you enclose \$2.95. Mark box.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 51)

Georgia East, and D.D. H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Georgia West, outlined the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and emphasized to the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries present the real value of cooperating in the State Association.

A resolution condemning "isms" was introduced, and passed, by Aaron Cohen, honorary Life Member of Athens Lodge, No. 790, and an official of the State of Georgia.

A program was adopted to rehabilitate all of the weaker lodges of the State and also a program of instituting new lodges. A charity

program through the Manual Arts Department of the public schools was introduced by Chairman Pierre Howard whereby the public school children would be made conscious of the underprivileged physically handicapped. This was a program originated with Mrs. Ruth Campbell, feature writer for the *Atlanta Georgian-American*.

P.D.D. J. Bush, a Past Exalted Ruler of Athens Lodge and Chairman of the Safety Committee, presented a program to continue the Elks Safety-First Campaign in the State.

## Your Dog

(Continued from page 55)

for his principal ancestor, the Bulldog; the Cairn of Scotland named for heaps of stones, "Cairns" into which this dog was introduced to rout out small game; the Dandie Dinmont called after a fictitious character of Sir Walter Scott's creation; the Fox Terrier who earned his title accompanying fox hunts wherein he would be used to chase the dunned-up fox into the open; the Kerry Blue, an Irishman named for that County in Ireland; the Lakeland, for the Lake District of England. The nine of this group bearing place names are—the Bedlington, Irish, Manchester, Norwich, Scottish, Skye, Staffordshire, Welsh and West Highland White Terriers. Two Schnauzers—a miniature and a standard size round out the Group.

Group 5—Toy dogs, ten of which bear names descriptive enough in themselves. The others are—the Affenpinscher, a German whose name means Monkey Terrier which comes from the fact that the dog has a somewhat monkey-like face. Next is the Chihuahua, a dog of the Aztecs and named for a city in Mexico. Then there is the Papillon, a dainty little Frenchman whose widespread ears give it this name which in French signifies Butterfly. Add to these the Pekingese, originally of

Pekin, China. Then we have the Pomeranian, hailing from Pomerania. The Pug is also in this Group and his name is a corruption of the noun Puck, signifying mischievous. The remaining breeds are the English Toy Spaniel, Brussels Griffon, Italian Greyhound, Japanese Spaniels, Maltese, Mexican Hairless, Miniature Pinschers, Toy Manchester Terriers, Toy Poodles, and Yorkshire Terriers.

Our last is Group No. 6, the non-sporting breeds. First we have the Bulldog, so named from his ancient use in bull baiting. Following is the Chow Chow, named for that Chinese word meaning food as this dog is used for that purpose as well as for general work use in China. Third is the Dalmatian from the Province of Dalmatia in what was Austria. Next is the Keeshonden, a Hollander, named, it is claimed, after one Jan Kees, a Dutch patriot who flourished during the middle part of the 17th Century. Then we have the noble Poodle, whose name is derived from the German word Pudel, meaning water. He is German and not French, as commonly believed. Last is the Schipperke of Holland whose name, because of his principal employment as a canal boat guard, means Little Captain. The remaining members of this Group are the Boston Terrier and the French Bulldog.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book just published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the 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 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.



# THE *Elks* MAGAZINE

## TRAVEL CONTEST

### . . closes this month

The end of this month—January 31st at midnight—marks the deadline for the mailing of your entry in this vacation Travel Contest. One of the rules of the Contest calls for all entries to be postmarked on or before January 31st, 1940.

The Travel Contest Editor is already hard at work grouping the thousands of entries into their proper classification to facilitate the mammoth job of the judges when they begin *their* work after the Contest closes. Most Elks and their families have finished their 1939 vacations. Many Elks have waited until this winter weather to vacation in the warm, sunny country of the South.

21.1% of all *The Elks Magazine* readers take a winter vacation, and a large portion of these have, in previous years, gone cruising to foreign ports. With the availability of cruising ships seriously impaired this winter, Florida, Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico are among the most favored spots of our winter-vacationing readers. But Canada's winter spots and Mexico's excellent golf and fishing haunts are getting a goodly share of visitors, if some of the travel entries can be used as a barometer.

Here's your last opportunity, these thirty-one days in January, to participate in this vacation travel contest. Your entry which should tell us, in about 300 words or less, about your most interesting vacation trip within the last two years, will enable other Elks to learn of your vacation experiences because we plan to publish some of the winning entries.

For the best 61 LETTERS or STORIES telling us what you saw, how you traveled and where you went for your most interesting vacation during these last two years, *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. The rules are very simple, but read them carefully. Your letter or story must be postmarked not later than January 31, 1940.

### 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.



HERE'S  
ROY CONACHER  
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FORWARD OF THE  
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**AGAIN** a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

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EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR  
**CAMELS** SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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