

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



MAY, 1940



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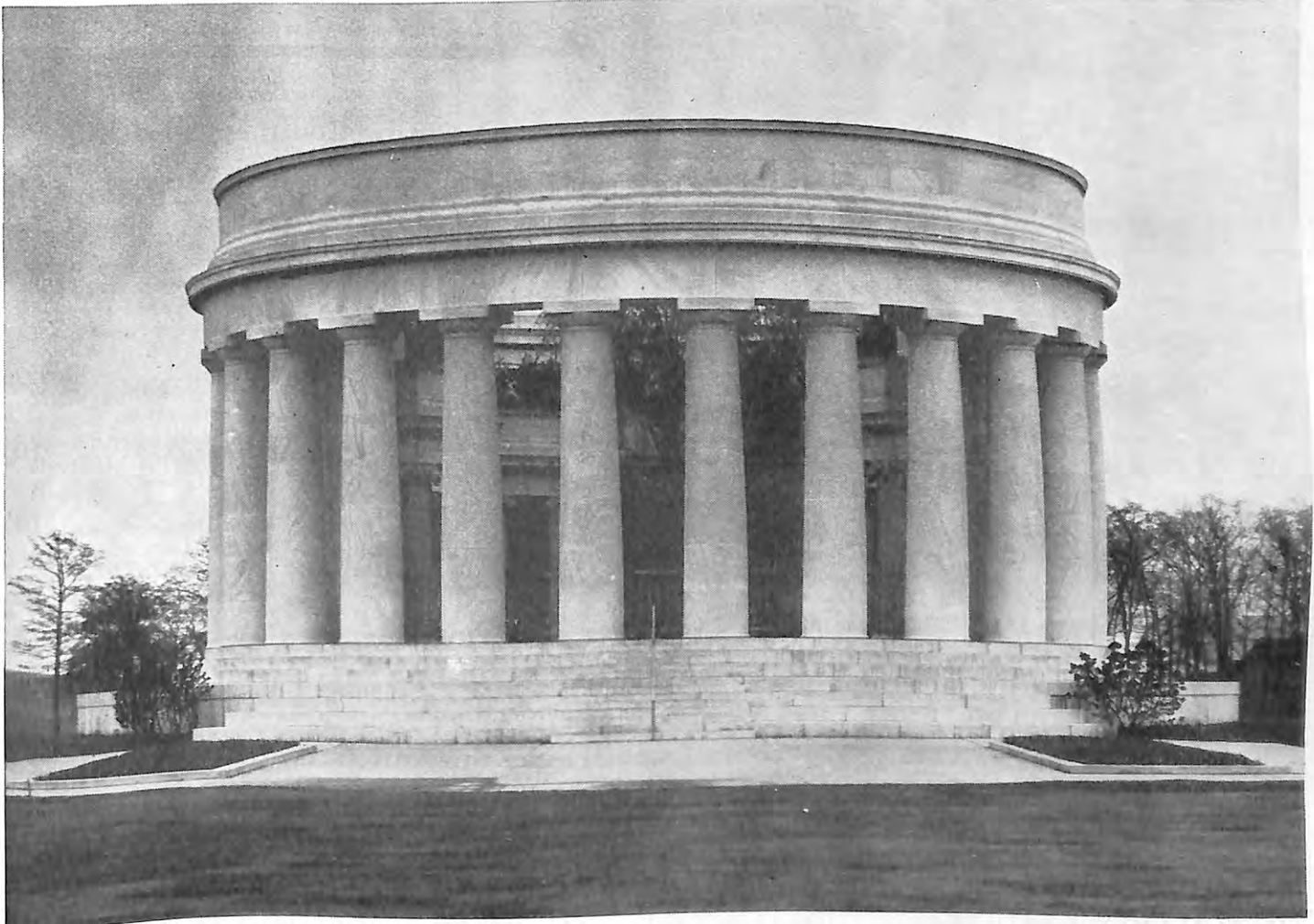
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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



The tomb of Warren G. Harding, to which Ohio Elks will make a pilgrimage under the sponsorship of Marion, O., Lodge.

My Brothers:

With the passing of April 1st the record for another year of Elkdom has been officially written. The members of our Order have not lived the year in vain. Almost universally, Grand Lodge Officers and Members have exerted their best efforts on behalf of the Order, and from present indications there will be a substantial gain in membership when the subordinate lodge reports are tabulated.

Many outstanding programs of a patriotic nature have been arranged during the year on behalf of Americanism, yet at the same time charitable and benevolent activities have not abated in the slightest. A kindly spirit of good fellowship in events throughout the Order has been noted and the hearty cooperation and the true value of our Order to the respective communities in which the lodges are located has stimulated all fraternal efforts with excellent results. One notable feature of the near future is the celebration being planned by Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, in honor of the memory of a deceased Brother, ex-Presi-

dent Warren G. Harding. We strengthen our Nation and our Order by calling attention to the virtues of deceased Brothers, and to the achievements of our Nation's heroes.

The celebration of Americanism Week was an outstanding event during the year. It is safe to predict that at least ten million people were contacted through patriotic addresses, radio broadcasts, newspaper publications and other forms of publicity which resulted from the various celebrations held throughout the United States. Our Order has been made an important factor in the progress of our Nation and it is a valuable asset to the perpetuation of our form of government.

Sincerely and fraternally,

H. Warner

Grand Exalted Ruler.

MAY 1940

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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—

HERE'S what Fairfax Downey ("Tavern in the Town") says about himself: Graduated from Yale in 1916 and entered the coal business which he left with vast relief to go to war, ending as a field artillery captain. From that it was but a step—but what a step!—to cub reporter. He has worked on three newspapers; written eight books, numerous articles, verses and songs. He sings, though many doubt it, with the University Glee Club of New York City, an organization seriously crippled a few years ago by the departure of the Editor of *The Elks Magazine*.

PHILIP HARKINS is a familiar figure to you all. This time he gives us the lowdown on the domestic wine makers and the troubles they are having, in this article, "Grapes of Mirth", illustrated by William Steig whose cartoons appear in magazines the length and breadth of the country.

Kiley Taylor started this month with a series of travel articles, taking Canada as a lead-off because of the war situation. United States citizens have been laboring under the misapprehension that Canada is a closed book. Kiley Taylor makes it clear that it's not true. This writer's travel background started with a honeymoon in China which began to pall a bit only after three and one-half years of the Far East. From there, back to America and various abodes in such States as Maryland, North Carolina, Louisiana, California, etc. We feel sure you'll enjoy these articles.

STANLEY FRANK has been in Florida with the Dodgers for the past few months. His letters are full of inside dope on the team's pennant chances, which we are loath to pass on at this premature date. However, to say as little as possible, we have hopes for the Brooklyn boys.

It's almost impossible to learn anything about Suzan Van Buskirk, author of "The Hanging Oak". You'll have to read her story and judge for yourselves. It's about a young Westerner who thinks he's some punkins. It takes a murder and an almost hanging to convince him that he's wrong.

RAY TRULLINGER has a yarn for you that he swears is true. It's about his wife and how she put the finger on him. Eddie Faust and Harry Hansen are particularly interesting this month. Eddie will give you some dope on the cost of raising dogs that should open your eyes.

Don't forget to look at the schedule of events for the Houston Convention on Page 42. The convention this year should be the best attended one of all. Houston is certainly planning some wonderful things for all of us.

—J. B. S.



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THERE is, in fact as well as in song, a tavern in the town. It stands near the lower tip of Manhattan Island, New York City, restored much as it appeared in the 18th Century. If you feel the need of some restoration yourself, you can step up to the bar and appropriately order a "Manhattan". It should be drunk as a toast to the shade of Samuel Fraunces.

Around you in Fraunces Tavern a ghostly company will raise their glasses, too—glasses of old Madeira, bumpers of sangaree, mugs of flip. "To Black Sam!" they will echo. "The finest host in New York! Spy on the redcoats! Friend of poor devils of prisoners in the hulks! Father of the fair Phoebe who saved General Washington's life! Steward to the first President of the United States!"

Drink hearty. Black Sam deserves it.

He came from the West Indies, born there about 1722, of French extraction. It was his swarthy skin, tanned by tropical suns, that gave

him his nickname of Black Sam. Affordable, hospitable, a connoisseur of food and drink, he was a born tavern-keeper, and, after emigrating to New York, in due course he found the ideal tavern in a house at Pearl and Broad Streets. It was the home Stephen De Lancey built in 1719, and as capacious and comfortable as a Dutch burgher. Sam bought it for £2,000 in 1762. He arranged its kitchen where countless roasts would brown on spits turned by boys or by trained dogs on treadmills. He stocked its cellar with wines and spirits which would wet the gullets of the notables of the town, the American and British armies and the Continental Congress. With pride he surveyed its handsome Long Room on the second floor, and his pride proved better justified than he imagined. History would be made there.

Indeed it was in the making there on the night of April 22, 1774. An excited company was gathered in the Long Room—Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee. Tea was

The room rang with the angry words of the Sons of Liberty. Tea was frequently mentioned but nobody ordered it, because they were pledged not to drink it.

frequently mentioned but nobody ordered it. There was a British tax on it and true Americans were pledged not to drink it. Black Sam, smilingly serving stronger stuff, listened patriotically and discreetly. The room rang with angry words. It was soon apparent that George III, as Patrick Henry suggested, might profit by the example of Caesar and Charles I, but not by a tax on tea.

Down at the East India Company's wharf nearby lay the newly arrived tea ship, *London*. Something ought to be done about the tyranny of taxation without representation. In Boston a little while ago patriots disguised as Indians had boarded a tea ship and dumped the tea in the harbor. What a pity the New York tea ship had been delayed by the storm, allowing the Boston Tea Party to be given first. Just the



Tavern in the Town

A tribute to Black Sam Fraunces, inn keeper, spy, patriot and steward without peer to his Excellency George Washington, first President of the United States.

by Fairfax Downey

same, it was a good idea, the Sons agreed. To the wharf!

Out of Fraunces Tavern they streamed. It was as well no British patrol encountered that determined mob. They hailed Captain Chambers of the *London*, demanding whether he had tea aboard. Not a leaf, Chambers declared. The Sons expressed impolite disbelief. They swarmed over the side, dragged eighteen cases of tea from the hold, broke them open and emptied them into the harbor. Plainly, Americans preferred their tea, as long as it was taxed, with neither cream nor lemon but with plenty of salt water.

Ensued trouble and plenty of it, during which Black Sam found himself in the line of fire. His tavern was becoming known as a hotbed of rebellion. John Adams and the Massachusetts delegation to the Second Continental Congress on their way to Philadelphia put up at the tavern, already known to Adams for serving the best dinner he ever ate. A month or so later (August 23, 1775), Sons of Liberty and Columbia students,

among them a young fellow named Alexander Hamilton, began removing cannon from the Battery out of danger of capture. Captain Vandeput of the British man o' war *Asia* in the harbor cleared for action and opened fire on the party and the lower part of the town. The result is best described by the patriot-poet Philip Freneau:

"Scarce a broadside was ended, till another began again.
By Jove! it was nothing but Fire away, Flannagan!
Some thought him saluting his Sally's and Nancy's,
Till he drove a round shot thro' the roof of Sam Francis.
At first we suppos'd it was only a sham,
Till he drove a round ball thro' the roof of Black Sam;
The town by the flashes was fairly enlightened,
The women miscarry'd, the beaux were all frightened.
For my part, I hid in a cellar (as sages

And Christians were wont in the primitive ages)."

Sam kept open for business during repairs, and business was excellent. The bloods of the town flocked in to drink his proverbially fine Madeira. (A bottle brought \$38 in 1860, and in the museum rooms of the Tavern a bottle of it survives to this day.) It was of such wine, sometimes laced with brandy by hard drinkers, that a verse was written, "Good Old Madeira", which runs:

"Not drunk is he who from the floor
Can rise again and still drink more,
But drunk is he who prostrate lies
Without the power to drink or rise."

Sam's cooking was also famous and he carried a toothsome line of eatables to be taken out: "portable soup", catchup, bottled gooseberries, pickled walnuts and mushrooms, sweetmeats, jellies and "pickled and fried oysters, fit to go to the West Indies". In June, 1776, he spread his tables for one of the most splendid banquets of his career, the party thrown by the Provincial Congress for General Washington, his staff and the officers of regiments in and around New York.

The Long Room glittered with lights, which later showed up on the bill along with the glassware broken in the course of the evening. Around the festive board sat the General and his officers in blue and buff and the more soberly attired members of Congress. Host Sam marshalled his serving-men who advanced with a procession of steaming dishes. All, it may be hoped, partook heartily, for ballast would be needed. Tapsters established a virtually endless chain from the cellar. Madeira, port, porter, cider, spruce, sangaree, punch, and bitters flowed and glasses clinked. Toasts began, getting off to

a good start with healths to Congress, the American Army and Navy. The company then drank to Mr. Burke and other friends of America in Parliament. Somebody bid for Irish support with the proposal, "May the generous sons of St. Patrick expel all the venomous reptiles of Britain." Somebody else proposed the praiseworthy but vain wish, "May placemen and pensioners never find seats in America's Senate." Freedom was heartily approved. They drank to the Governor of South Carolina without mentioning the Governor of North Carolina, for it definitely was not a long time between drinks.

Thirty-one toasts, no less, were quaffed that night. They missed a few good ones of the day, such as, "May the enemies of America be turned into saltpetre and go off in hot blasts", and "The daughters of America—in the arms of their brave defenders only". But not many were neglected. Along toward the end of the evening toast Number 31 was given. It was, believe it or not, "The civil and religious liberty of all mankind", and perhaps it was actually pronounced, "Th' shivil an' relishous liberty 'fallmankinsh".

At the door of Fraunces Tavern that night there may have been a waiting line of wheelbarrows, the taxicabs of the time. If so, there is no evidence of how many of them were needed, as there was in the case of a later New York dinner, attended by 120. Its bill lists as its final item, "Coffee for eight gentlemen", which indicates the number of survivors.

However, banquets did not interfere with serious business. There was a war on and the Americans held New York against the British fleet and army eager to capture it. George Washington had come to entertain a high opinion of Samuel Fraunces who, with his family, was devoted to the General. On that simple fact—the loyalty of a tavern-keeper and one of his daughters in particular—depended for some breathless hours the course of mighty events.

It is a little-known story, since it is one of the might-have-beens of history. Had the plot come off—and it was a near thing—it would have meant the ruin of the American cause or at least a tremendous setback. The plot, said to have been hatched within the British lines by Governor Tryon of New York,



It was wartime and Phoebe was courted by a soldier and an Irishman—an almost irresistible combination.

involved Mayor Matthews and, as an American put it, "a number of villains possessed of fortunes and who formerly ranked with gentlemen". Cannon defending the town were to be spiked and powder magazines blown up. The crowning blow was to be the assassination of Generals Washington, Putnam, Greene and others. As a mode of warfare this was hardly cricket, but it promised to be effective.

Washington's headquarters was in a house on Richmond Hill, isolated by a fine stand of trees. On duty with the General's bodyguard was an Irishman named Thomas Hickey, who, as a deserter from the British Army and a trained soldier, had been welcomed into the American service. This man, aided by the fifer, drummer, and several others in the guard, was to kill the General when the plot was sprung. His position gave him excellent prospects of success.

It happened, however, that Washington, impressed by Black Sam's culinary skill and surmising it must run in the family, had appointed Sam's daughter, Phoebe, housekeeper at headquarters. The General lived well. So did his bodyguard. Thomas Hickey fell in love with Phoebe. As for the girl, she was hardly un-receptive. Those June nights the moon shone through the trees on Richmond Hill. It was wartime and Phoebe was eloquently courted by a stalwart fellow at once a soldier and an Irishman, an almost irresistible combination. But when, like Irishmen and men in love, Tom Hickey talked too much and told of the plot, the idyll ended. Love failed to conquer all. Phoebe knew what she ought to do and what her father would have her do. She told the General.

The Americans moved fast, arrest-

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN



The British had left their flag flying with cut-away halyards on a greased pole, but an American sailor nailed cleats, climbed up and hoisted the Stars and Stripes.

British officers made the tavern a favorite resort and the secrets they babbled in their cups were passed on by Black Sam to General Washington.



ing Hickey, the faithless fifer, the dastardly drummer, and quantities of Tories. It speaks well for patriots, enraged by "a hellish plot against the best man on earth", that the trial of the conspirators was fair. The American Commissary General remarked that he prayed "the villains may receive a punishment equal to a perpetual itching without the benefit of scratching". But no drastic penalty was imposed except in the case of Hickey, who was sentenced to death.

Details with fixed bayonets from the American battalions reported at jail on June 28, 1776. They were hanging Thomas Hickey in the morning. With dead march and muffled drums, they haled him to Bowery Lane where a concourse of 20,000 was gathered around the gallows. Hickey brazened it out until the chaplain grasped his hand and bade him farewell, when tears gushed from his eyes. Scornfully then he wiped them away with the back of his hand and paid his disrespects to the fair Phoebe with the remark that keeping company with lewd women brought a man trouble. His last words were a defiance to American officers, "We'll get you yet!"

They strung him up. So died one who so nearly robbed a young nation of the leader who was to be its salvation.

The Americans intensified their preparations to defend New York. Windows of Fraunces Tavern suffered as its roof had. All the lead sash-weights were taken to be moulded into bullets. Sons of Liberty pulled down the leaden statue of George III on Bowling Green. Somebody with a feeling for history or a desire to insult royalty made a count which showed that the effigy supplied 42,088 shots at His Majesty's myrmidons. In spite of that, the

Americans lost the city after the Battle of Long Island.

Now in British-held, Tory-filled New York, it was up to Sam Fraunces and others to do their best under cover for the American cause. Along with such men as James Rivington, unsuspected since he was the editor of *The Royal Gazette*, Black Sam became a spy. He kept the tavern running full blast, and British officers made it a favorite resort. The military secrets they babbled in their cups were passed on by Black Sam to General Washington. Notable, too, was Sam's aid to American prisoners of war, confined in the

noisome jails and in the leaky, rat-infested hulks in the harbor. Thousands of them suffered and died under the inhuman treatment given them by Provost Marshal William Cunningham whose cruelty was enhanced by the fact that he was a renegade son of Liberty. Cunningham packed his victims in so tightly that when they lay down to sleep on the damp, dirty straw it was impossible for any man to shift from one side to another unless a command of right or left turn was given for the whole floorfull. He sold their food and gave them only muddy water to drink. It (Continued on page 38)

"Two dollars for that fish! I will not touch it," declared the economical Father of his since more spendthrift country.



Machine-Made Records



Illustrated by WILLARD MULLIN

Mr. Frank swears that it's the makers of equipment who deserve all the credit—the athletes are no better than they should be.

by Stanley Frank

AT the end of this baseball season an exalted bookkeeper versed in higher mathematics will inform a profoundly disinterested public that American League hitters belted about 800 home runs in 1940 and National League muscle men were not far behind that figure. This revelation will not serve to lighten the white man's burden. For the last ten years major-league ball players have been unloading close to 1,500 homers a season regularly. So what?

But in 1907, when many of the

better ball players were being born or house-broken, the news would have been an incredible sensation. That year the eight American League clubs hit the grand total of 101 homers. This year three teams—the Yankees, Red Sox and Tigers—will bash more than 100 homers apiece or disband in disgust, and if Joe DiMaggio, Jimmy Foxx and Ted Williams fail to amass a hundred among them it will be a typographical error.

Par in golf is supposed to represent that perfection which, theoreti-

cally, is the ultimate in the skill of knocking a little ball around an elaborate cow pasture and dropping same into a tin cup eighteen times. Starry-eyed poets have been assuring us for centuries that perfection brooks no improvement, but professional golfers, whose most absorbing literature is a racing chart, consistently give par a worse beating than an outspoken New Dealer would get in the Bankers' Club.

Tennis players today are banging backhand shots with greater velocity than top-notchers stroked forehand drives a quarter of a century ago. The major track and swimming meet which does not produce a mess of new world records is a total loss. High school football and basketball players are marvels of consistency in kicking and throwing balls at designated targets.

Whither mankind? Is it possible that we are breeding a race of supermen among athletes? Can it be that present-day stars are so superior in skill, strength and speed that champions of the early 1900's would be hopelessly outclassed under modern conditions? Don't be silly.

Don't give too much attention, for that matter, to the heavy thinkers among the students of sport who attempt to explain the whole thing

on a psychological basis. The bright boys will tell you the performances have improved so remarkably because competition is so much better. They go on to say that the continual pressure on the champion forces him to keep in better condition, to main-

(Continued on page 43)

SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON was the British ambassador to Germany in the fateful days when Hitler was telling him that Great Britain would have to keep hands off. He had direct personal contacts with the German leaders, listened to their abuse, carried their messages back to Chamberlain. He believed that the treaty of Versailles "certainly contained a far fairer adjustment of territory, based on the principle of nationality, than had ever previously

well as those of the enemy. As an ambassador he spoke for Britain, but he tried to understand the German point of view, and they respected him. He knew that a prosperous Germany would be Britain's best customer. There was a time, after Munich, when Germany might have been swung into normal life again by Hitler, with the support of elements in Britain. This opportunity passed, and the chance for peace went by the board. Sir Nevile, try-

AMERICAN military aviation cut its eye teeth in the great war. What that hazardous enterprise was like comes clearly to mind again when Lieut. Col. Harold Hartney, D. S. C., commander of the First Pursuit Group in the United States Air Service, describes it in his book, "Up And At 'Em". (Stackpole Sons, \$2.50). This is the first history of the Group, which accounted for 285 German planes and balloons, received credit for 201 officially, and lost 72

WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

George Dyer, well-known author, who wrote "The People Ask Death", which was published not long ago by Charles Scribner's Sons.



A picture of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, author of "Bethel Merriday", while on tour with his play, "Angela is Twenty-two".



"A Stricken Field", by Martha Cellhorn, is about the blackout of a nation, published by Sloan and Pearce.



existed", but that it failed when it did not give Germany the same right of self-determination that it granted to Poles, Czechs, Yugoslavs and Romanians. He looked at Hitler when his eyes were "hot and angry". What he experienced is today one of the important personal stories of the New War. We have it in his own book, "Failure of a Mission". (Putnam, \$3)

Although we know the general outlines of Sir Nevile's experiences, reading them here in their proper order gives a much better idea of what happened when the British were trying, desperately, to stave off war. Here a cultured Englishman gives not only the facts, but analyzes his feelings and state of mind, as

ing to understand Hitler's motives and ideas, gives a close view of the conflicting influences of those six months when the attack on Czechoslovakia was brewing.

Sir Nevile describes Hitler's occupation of Prague as his greatest political blunder and tactical error, for the pirate flag of the skull and crossbones now replaced the German flag at the masthead. His book, however, is quite free from rancor and hatred. He retained a great respect for the German people and the conviction that they did not wish the war. The various stages by which Hitler reached the Rubicon are here explained as clearly as they can be by an outsider who was as close as anyone to official opinion.

of its own pilots. Its commander doesn't waste words on theorizing. Writing in a brisk style he tells how the flyers "edged toward danger" and finally encountered the enemy in ships that would now be considered hopeless. He tells of the desperate flying on July 15, 1918, when the Germans attacked at Chateau Thierry, how every officer was up five hours at least and how one man flew seven and a half hours on repeated trips, emptying his ammunition on the German troops. He witnessed the great Allied counter-attack of July 18, 1918, from a grandstand seat, 20,000 feet in the air, leading a formation of 16 planes. "No man ever saw a more magnifi-

(Continued on page 44)

**He didn't have a thing but a song and a horse
and a certain handsome way of lying—but
they'll never forget him at Queen's Point.**

by Suzan Van Buskirk

THIS is the story of the Hanging Oak at Queen's Point and of Applejack Thomas who sat beneath it with his own lariat looped around his neck and his two hands tied so that he couldn't so much as lift an arm to wipe away the rain that kept getting into his eyes. But more than that it is the story of Mary Curtin and Larry Durand, for without the tree and the rain and the rope around Applejack's neck their lives might have been very different.

It began a long time ago, but even then Applejack was an old man, and only the clerk in the back end of the General Store where the Post Office was sometimes remembered that his name was not Applejack Thomas at all, but Thomas O. Jackson. Even the clerk forgot after a while when Applejack stopped sending for his cut plug from the mail order house and he became, to the men, "Ol' Applejack," and to the women, "That dirty ol' Applejack Thomas."

Few people at Queen's Point liked him and, indeed, it was no wonder that they did not. For he was a paunchy, dirty old man with a long black beard and a tongue that clacked faster than a guinea hen chattering at a hawk. To hear him tell it, he was a rarin', tearin', gun-totin' he-wolf who had cut down enough gents to start a boot-hill all his own. Everytime a horsethief had kicked his way to hell on the Hanging Oak, old Applejack had been there to give him a shove, and it wasn't no-way uncommon to hear someone remark that it was a pity old Applejack hadn't gone along to keep him company and smooth things over with the devil when they got that far down the road.

Likely enough he had only three friends in the world which, in a way, was sad when you think how he liked everybody and was never in too much of a hurry to stop and tell a man the right way to do whatever he was doing.

His first friend was Mary Curtin, whose pop he worked for sometimes, and the second was Skeeter, his slim little mare, who could show her heels to any horse around Queen's Point, and who carried him proudly as if the very sight of him wasn't an insult to her trimness and beauty. His third friend was the jug of apple brandy from which he borrowed his name and there were times when he thought it the best of all his friends. And, in the end, true enough, it was the only friend he had left. And it,



even, was small solace after Larry Durand came and went in that country with his guitar and his big horse, Jefferson Davis, and his way of laughing and lying and making music with his words.

Old Pete Curtin was the first one in the foothills to see Larry. He was standing on the porch of the ranch house one day and he looked up and saw a stranger coming. But Mary, his daughter, came out just then and what she saw was different. She saw a young fellow with wide shoulders and blonde hair that curled out from beneath his big hat. He had blue eyes and a straight nose and

a chin with a cleft. He was singing and his big voice rollicked and rolled and struck the high notes and the low notes, and all the time she could hear the laughter in it. It made her catch her breath, realizing of a sudden what a rare thing laughter was.

He was at the house by that time and she was shy about meeting him so she turned around and went inside. She stopped in the doorway and saw that the stranger was looking at her over Pete's shoulder and that the laughter had gone out of his eyes.

After that day Larry got to be a



It seemed to her that in all her body
there wasn't the strength to lift her
hand away from him.

regular visitor at the ranch. He had a homestead near there but he paid little attention to it. He liked to sit in Jake's Place in town and play cards with any of the boys who happened in. There were some claimed he dealt from the bottom of the deck and made the cards dance to his own tune when he shuffled them, but no one ever knew for sure. He let fall a couple of hints that he had left in a hurry from up north somewhere and to Mary he seemed in this to be like Applejack—in this and in his love for his big fast horse and his hatred of hard, physical labor. It made her feel somehow ashamed and tender toward him, and tolerant, as she'd always been tolerant of Applejack.

It didn't take her father long to start disliking Larry. He'd grumble to Mary, "Jest a silly young smart-aleck. Jest another wind bag." And Mary would pretend not to hear. She wished that old Pete would go away some night when Larry was there, but he never did. So the three of them sat together in the evenings and Larry would watch her with a strange glow in his eyes.

Mary was enough to make any man's eyes shine. She wasn't so tall, but looking at her you'd think she was. Her body had long curves and a quick grace that was something like that of a cat. Her hair was dust colored and straight as a stick, but sometimes in the moonlight it would turn to pure silver. She had the tenderest grey eyes you ever saw in your life.

So the three of them sat together in the twilight and sometimes a stillness would come over them and they would sit together without saying a word, the way three people are often



silent after they have worked through the day and sit down in the evening just content to rest and be alive. And the silence was like a bond between them in the summer evenings.

One day in late fall Pete had to go into town to haul out some block salt and some feed for the milk cows. By night he still hadn't come home and Mary was standing by the door, listening, and hearing queer sounds, and seeing queer shapes in the dark, when she heard the horse trotting away off down the trail.

It was Larry, and as he came he sang the chorus to that mournful old ditty, "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie", the saddest tune that any melancholy cowboy ever sang around a campfire. Yet with Larry singing it you heard a kind of laughter beneath the sadness, as if even while he made you cry he was laughing at you. And laughing at himself.

Mary went down the path to meet him, silently because there didn't seem to be anything to say.

She held out her hand and his fingers closed over it ever so lightly. Just touching it, they were, so she could move away if she wanted to. But it seemed to her that in all her body there wasn't strength to lift her hand away from him.

And Larry was looking at her suddenly with all the little devils of laughter gone out of his eyes and little passion devils there instead. Maybe he couldn't help it really, for he had never seen her hair in the moonlight before, and there it was like a silver halo and there were her eyes, soft and dark and glowing a little, and her mouth, trembling and waiting. She felt his hold growing tighter and tighter and then he kissed her and in her mind was the thought that this moment was all life and all eternity.

Later, after Pete came back, Larry left, and there was a strangeness all about him in the night. The cool wind came with a sort of whispering out of the hills and the moon came closer and the dead grass rustled and sighed. He thought of Mary and the memory was a sweet sickness in him. He thought of her closed eyes and her shut, still mouth and he closed his own eyes that the picture of her might come more clearly.

There was a lightness in his blood and he wanted to ride and ride till the crown of his hat scraped against the sky where it came low down at the earth's rim away off yonder. So he passed his shack by, hardly seeing it, and headed Jeff Davis toward town.

Jake's place was still lighted up at this hour and there were voices coming out of it, and laughter. He had a sudden violent distaste for the place that he wondered at. He rode on past it and put Jeff Davis up at the livery stable. Then he climbed up into the hay loft and went to sleep with the strange wonder of the night still in his heart.

When he waked, the sun was climb-

ing high and chasing the shadows into hiding. Baldy, the stable hand, joked with him.

"By God, ya musta got a plenty last night," he said, grinning sideways and squinting his eyes in the manner he had, "Someday ya'll git full like that an' go to sleep in a snowbank. Then ya'll wake up in kingdom come."

Larry grinned. "Not before winter," he said.

He felt young and silly like a kid that's been caught hiding an apple in his teacher's desk. Why, if he didn't know enough about women to keep from being sentimental over a girl who'd just quit wearing pig-tails, someone had ought to break his fool neck. That's what came of his going over there so often, more to spite old Pete than anything else, but look what he'd gained by it. Somehow the daytime twisted his mind around so that the things that last night had been rare and lovely seemed now something to be ashamed of and to hide.

HE said good morning to Jeff Davis, and seeing Skeeter in the next stall he walked around and looked at her slim strong legs and the deep chest. He called to Baldy, "Betcha a couple of greenbacks Jeff can run the legs off her."

Baldy called back, "I wouldn't be too shore. Myself, I wouldn't be bettin' either way but you'll find ol' Applejack rarin' to put up his shirt."

"I don't want his shirt," said Larry, his eyes fixed appreciatively on the little gruya, "It's too dirty." He slid a hand down along her leg and again stood back and looked at her with a shuddering in his stomach at the thought of Applejack's dirt and flabbiness sitting atop her sleek beauty.

He washed his face in the little side room where Baldy lived, and borrowed his towel and his razor. He used the towel to polish the dust off his boots and then hung it back on the nail, knowing well enough that Baldy would never notice the difference. That tickled him and he laughed. Then he remembered Mary and he scowled, combing his hair with smooth vain strokes and admiring the way the light from the window sent off little glints of gold.

Gradually he felt better. He started to hum under his breath and then he opened his mouth wide and let the big notes roll out and rollick up to the rafters. They hit the ceiling and bounced back and found their way out the window and the little notes chased them and circled them and bumped into them joyfully until they were all mixed up and beautiful in the morning air.

People for over a half mile around could hear him. They stopped to listen and when they moved on they went somehow more quickly and were gladder of being alive.

In the third stall, measuring out oats to Skeeter, Baldy left his whistling suspended in mid air. He

thought, "By God, he ain't got nothin' but a voice and a horse an' a certain way to his talkin', but, by God, that's enough!" Almost he called to Larry to fix himself some breakfast, and just in time he remembered how shaving soap was cheap but bacon was forty cents a pound and there was no use a man making a plumb fool of himself over a dam' song.

Over at Dolly Fry's Rooming House Larry got himself some hard fried eggs and a cup of scared water that passed for coffee. Across the room from him were Duke Martin and the large-breasted, yellow-haired woman whom he introduced sometimes as his wife and sometimes as his sister, depending on the way he felt about it. Larry had close to two hundred dollars of the man's money nestling in a warm little packet against his belly and he felt friendly toward him and a bit guilty so he called out for them to have breakfast with him.

Duke looked across at Larry and barely moved his thin lips, but his words came out distinct enough. "Thanks," he said, "I'm pertic'ler who I eat with."

It was too early in the day and the air was too cool and fine for fighting so Larry grinned. "Hell you are!" he said. But the words stayed in his mind and rankled.

The woman, Belle, looked at him across Duke's shoulder and winked. He grinned at her and felt more like himself. A man didn't want to get himself mixed up with girls like Mary. They were the kind that tied a fellow down and had kids and cried when a man came home with the smell of whisky on him. He thought of the things he might have said last night, things he came pretty near saying, and relief was like a strong liquor that he drank with his coffee.

Outside the bright morning had hazed over with clouds and Larry took off his hat and let the wind blow the clean, exciting promise of rain to his nostrils.

It was a shock to him when Mary came out of the door of the drygoods store with a paper parcel in her hand. The way she was dressed shocked him too, for she had on pants and boots like a man and beneath one of Pete's old hats her face was kind of soft and shining.

For a second he considered turning away from her and heading across the street, and he was angry at her as if she had no right to be here in town, with her quick cat ways and dust-colored hair disturbing his mind. Then the strange breathless feeling grabbed at his chest and all at once the eggs he had eaten turned into a hard, indigestible lump in his stomach.

He took the package from her and his fingers touched her hand. It was as if the touch of her cleansed him, washed his mind of bad thoughts that he hadn't known were bad.

Duke Martin's yellow-haired woman came up beside Mary and stood

there smiling at him. He looked at them both standing there. Mary in an old hat and a man's clothes and Belle Martin in all her fine woman's clothes, with fancy, curly feathers on her hat and high-heeled shoes that tapped smartly when she spoke to him.

The blood came high and bright in Mary's face and Larry took her arm and helped her into the buckboard. To Belle he said, "Mornin', m'am," and tipped his hat.

And then, in that very instant, there was old Applejack Thomas strutting up the sidewalk drunk as a boiled owl, with a grudge against the world and his mind crazy set on giving someone the devil. He fixed his eyes on Belle.

"Lookie, here, Belle," he said and spat fiercely at a chewed-off clump of bunch grass, "You got no mortal right to be standin' up there by a decent girl actin' as if you was her equal."

FOR a second there was a stillness over everything and then Duke Martin came up behind Applejack and wrapped his fingers around the old man's flabby neck.

"If you wasn't drunk and an old man," he said in his flat, tight voice, "I'd bash yore brains all over the street." Duke shook him for a moment like a shepherd dog snapping the life out of a hog-nosed skunk, and then he gave him a mighty shove that sent Applejack reeling off down the sidewalk and smash up against the only plate glass window in Queen's Point. Duke walked off without another glance at Applejack, and after a moment Belle followed him, looking like an angry bobcat.

Applejack straightened himself up and shook his fist after them. "You'll die fer this," he hollered, his words coming out like he was choked on a stringy piece of jerky. "There ain't a man livin' what kin knock down Applejack Thomas an' live ta brag about it after'ards." The few men that had gathered snickered and Applejack croaked, "Laugh, dam' ya. But I'm tellin' ya, before this sun goes down ye'll be findin' out someone in this town kin speak the truth!"

Larry felt that Mary was fixing to get out and humor Applejack so he backed the team out quick and started them at a lively clip down the road. Mary said with great pity, "Poor ol' Applejack. I hadn't ought to have left him." You could see how she was thinking that it was her fault and that she was feeling that maybe it should have been Larry who had spoken up to Belle. "I dunno,"

(Continued on page 35)

Illustrated by
W. EMERTON HEITLAND

She came to him running, looking up into his face and weeping. "Make them stop, Larry!"





"Now, take this oyster," said the Walrus, taking it. "What would go better with it than a flinty California wine?"



Water, from which no one takes any profit, is a flat, insipid beverage when one's palate has become used to wine.



A sure sign that a salesman doesn't know what he is talking about is, "Why, yes, that's a very good seller."

by Philip Harkins

THIS may come as something of a shock, but the next round is on me. Make it malted milk for Wilbur, scotch for Milton, rye for Butch and wine for your correspondent. Yes, I said wine—dry sherry, to be specific. And if you take me to dinner you'll find a glass of claret beside my veal cutlet. In this I am not only pleasing my palate but following a trend, for figures show a growing group of Americans taking to wine.

The trend toward wine began the day something called the Noble Experiment came to an end, December 5, 1933. On that fateful day, California, whose vineyards produce 95% of American-grown wine, stood on the threshold of a golden era. Half a million of her profitless acres were about to change from liabilities to assets; five hundred wineries

atable, if mild alcoholic drink, found himself choked by Continental etiquette. It was "do this", "do that" and "don't, for heaven's sake, even consider such—you boor". The trend toward wine sputtered to a stop.

Consider just one phase of the debacle. John American, ripe for conversion to wine, was used to drinking ice water with his meals. He soon discovered that wine was a chilled drink at its coldest and one that was usually taken at room temperature. It tasted lukewarm to John's untutored tongue but when he dropped a couple of ice cubes in it for old time's sake, hostesses and headwaiters squealed their horror. Chagrined and annoyed, John said, "The hell with it," and turned back to ice water with his roastbeef. In the meantime, his wife approached this delicate problem from the feminine viewpoint. Anxious to impress her special guests with wine at dinner she timidly consulted the local

Grapes OF MIRTH

It is Mr. Harkins' considered opinion that Wine is here to stay despite the disgusting predominance of Alexander and Clover Club cocktails.

were ready to resume time-honored operations; hundreds of thousands of her citizens were going back to work; one out of every twenty-five Californians stood to benefit directly or indirectly by the revival of the state's second most important agricultural industry.

Everything looked simply dandy. As part of the general celebration, newspapers that had been playing up gruesome stories about liquor-poisoning, blossomed forth with columns about wine by men who had become experts overnight. Did someone say something about "experts"? There's a word that is not to be mentioned in the presence of California wine-growers. For experts and connoisseurs insisted on taking charge of the wine industry's revival, and their snobbish, dictatorial lectures quickly alienated the general public.

The American who had envisioned a simple meal enhanced by a pal-



The Wine Institute showered folders down on housewives like bills on the first of the month.

expert and was pompously warned that she must serve the correct wine for each course, the correct glass for each wine and, if possible, the correct year.

She discovered that there were aperitif wines, soup wines, fish wines, fowl wines, steak wines, salad wines, cheese wines and dessert wines. And the tone of the advice offered was snobbishly smug. If the hostess did not serve a full-bodied Burgundy with the filet mignon and a sweet Chateau Yquem with the chocolate soufflé she was a slatternly fishwife who should go back to drinking tea out of her saucer.

What the experts refused to realize was that wine-drinking is a habit that is slowly acquired and that potential wine-drinkers are sensitive people who are willing to learn but must be gently guided rather than sternly shoved. Beginners usually tend to start off with sweet wines, a concession to their conventional ex-

known as Manhattan, red-blooded American he-men (fanfare, please) have called for every bottle in the bar but the one with the grapejuice in it.

Some of us who want to boast about it can claim the world's hardest drinkers as ancestors. In 1763 Boston merchants estimated that 900,000 gallons of rum were consumed annually in Massachusetts. Divided up among the Colonists it meant six gallons for every sturdy man and woman.

An official report reveals that at the siege of Louisburg, Nova Scotia, in 1745, a thousand of the four thousand American troops were so drunk they couldn't stand up. Possibly they were able to fire from horizontal positions, although their wavering muskets must have been as dangerous to friends as to enemies.

The pioneers thought nothing of mixing gin with beer and rum with beer, combinations that would ex-

hibit drinking strong liquor is an obstinate one to displace. Scotch and rye hardly prepare the palate for the delicate flavor of a claret or a Burgundy. But the opportunity that was presented when Prohibition was repealed was a home-run ball that should have been smacked out of the park; instead, the wine-growers, coached by the connoisseurs, let it go by for a called strike.

"Light wines and beer" had been the Wets' slogan for years. Prohibition was going to be wiped off the books but the drinkers were going to be cautious moderates who drank ale in winter and Rhine wine in summer. What happened? Prohibition was repealed, swinging doors were forbidden, a few glasses of watery beer were consumed and bingo! the stampede for scotch and rye was on, with the working-women taking up almost as much room as the men in the rush to the bar. But what hurt the vintners was the se-



perience with elderberry and dandelion wine. Then, as they progress, they develop a palate that becomes sensitive to flavor, scent and body. Taste can be directed but not dictated by captious connoisseurs.

Rebuffed, insulted and confused, the incipient wine-drinker resumed his walk straight past the wine shelves to the ryes and bourbons. Liquor was taken neat before dinner and water was again drunk with it. Only Luigi Monteverdi of the Mulberry Street Monteverdis stuck to the custom that had been in his family for generations. Unfortunately for American wine-growers, the many Monteverdis throughout the land made their wine in the cellar.

Down through the years the vineyards of California have felt more frosts than a newcomer to Newport, for this volatile country has often flirted with wine but rarely made a pass at it. Ever since the Dutch swigged gin on a little island now

punge our present-day drinkers. Sometimes they'd even added molasses to these psychopathic cocktails. Here's an old Colonial recipe you might like to try out on a guest instead of giving him the hot-foot. They called it *rumfustian*; I call it madness. Take half a pint of gin, a quart of beer, a bottle of sherry, the yolks of a dozen eggs, sugar and nutmeg. Mix, shake, serve and run.

The Colonists didn't offer any alibi when they swilled these strange and potent mixtures, but the fact is that they lived in badly heated houses, like me, and were constantly exposed, in the course of their daily labors, to Indian raids and pneumonia weather. Unlike the encroaching whites, the Indians couldn't hold their liquor. In fact, they lost more by fire-water than they did by musket-fire.

It wasn't the vintners' fault if the pioneers and the Colonists went for whiskey instead of wine. For the

There is an unconfirmed rumor that the northern growers like to quote Virgil who said, "Bacchus loves the hillsides."

quel to the bar scene, when the man or woman came home and sat down to dinner with water, milk or coffee. To be sure, wine was a nice drink but who wanted to go through a training school before being able to drink it properly?

Crestfallen, the wine-growers sulked in their cellars. And then out of the sediment that had settled in their brains came a plan that was to inject new life into old bottles; wine was to be sold as a simple, God-fearing drink from the grape-stained hands of the laborer to the workman's plebeian table, unadorned, unembellished, but not unsung.

Thirty-four million gallons of wine had been sold in 1934, the first year of Repeal, but wine-growers wept when they compared the annual per capita consumption of two-tenths of

a gallon to France's thumping forty gallons, although the comparison is far-fetched. Americans can never be expected to rival the Frenchman's amazing thirst for wine; milk, coffee, cocoa and hard liquor have had too much of a head-start and inherited tastes and stomachs are tough to influence.

Consumption had risen to 45,000,000 gallons in 1935 but the wine-growers glanced at the population total of the last census (130,000,000), multiplied it by California's annual per capita consumption of three gallons and decided to put their plan into effect at once.

Thus the Wine Institute came into being. Its inception was heralded by the appearance of newspaper squibs, talks at civic clubs and radio com-

like bills the first of the month. "Serve wine today," they exhorted. "Not only will your guests think the red carpet is being rolled out but wine will break the ice and not the furniture."

An asset the Wine Institute overlooked in its hurry to get the public's votes is that once the citizens accustom themselves to the taste of wine at dinner they will generally be reluctant to return to water. Water, a pure drink from which no one makes any profit, is a flat, insipid beverage when one's palate has become used to wine. To a confirmed wine-biber, going back to water with meals is like going back to corn-flakes without cream.

Not content to stop at an altitude of 60,000,000 gallons, the wine-

control, when a good many families in other parts of the country are worried about getting enough orange juice for their children.

A quorum of wine-growers subsequently presented themselves before the state director of agriculture with a plan devised to set up a marketing program whereby growers would be assessed on the basis of wine gallonage, the money thus raised to be used for market expansion instead of the usual crop curtailment. Market expansion meant advertising and sales promotion. It meant that wine was grown to be sold and not to be mulled over by pedantic experts. Placing an estimate on the gallonage expected for the next three years, the growers figured to have \$2,000,000 with

Illustrated by
WILLIAM STEIG

The wine growers sulked in their cellars, and out of the sediment that had settled in their brains, came an idea.



mercials, all to the effect that the wine-growers wanted Americans to drink wine the way they wished and not to bother about the correct glass, temperature and conversation.

Mollified by this generous pronouncement, some of the customers who had walked out in disgust decided to try again, and this time they put ice in the stuff if too warm, diluted it if too strong and gulped sherry with steak, all of which horrified the gourmets but seemed, at the same time, a stiff shot in the arm of the wine industry. And when the annual consumption jumped to 60,000,000 gallons, the wine-growers spit the seeds out of their grapes and eagerly agreed that their policy had been right.

In line with this policy, folders and booklets from the Wine Institute showered down on housewives

growers drew on their oxygen masks and pointed for thinner air and fatter profits.

As California is primarily an agricultural state overflowing with such fruit as sunkissed oranges, sun-touched prophets and Hollywood lemons, there came to be on the State Statute books a string of legalistic phrases called "The Marketing Act of 1937." Under this act, 65% of the producers of any agricultural community may petition the state director of agriculture to put into effect a marketing program for that industry, the program to be backed up by the full force of a state which develops very forceful athletes.

About sixty California industries have marketing programs of one kind or another, a great amount of their activity being occupied in fretting about such things as surplus

which to irrigate arid plains and palates.

The nearest thing to a rule in the abashed wine-growers' hesitant advice to neophytes is that dry wines go better with dinner and sweet wines before it. From now on, however, the customer is always right with the wine people and if he wants to drink Burgundy with filet of sole he may go ahead and do so with a promise of full protection from sneers and arched eyebrows. The California Caliphs haven't the slightest desire to return to that embarrassing epoch when the prospective wine-drinker revolted before the rigmarole of etiquette.

Purely as a gesture of good-will, the Wine Institute compiled a list of the people's favorites. Port and muscatel, it revealed, are the most popular sweet wines today, with dry



sherry coming up fast at the cocktail hour, while claret, Burgundy and Barbera hold forth in the dry districts. With white wines, Chablis, Reisling and sauterne are leading the parade. Here again you need feel no compulsion to follow the herd and drink the most popular wines.

One of the weakest arguments ever put up by a salesman in a liquor store and an almost sure sign that he doesn't know what he's talking about is the falsely reassuring, "Why, yes, sir, that's a very good seller." This means practically nothing as it stands, but it means even less in the wine department than among the ryes and scotches. Once in a while you'll come across a salesman in a liquor store who really knows whereof he speaks, but the taste of the majority is no better than yours and many times not as good. A fallacy that has become fact through repetition is that sauterne is a dry wine. Sauterne was originally a sweet Bordeaux wine, but in the migration to California (possibly the jouncing it got in the covered wagons) its voice

changed, and by the time it got to the Pacific slopes it was a baritone instead of a tenor. There is still a great deal of argument about sauterne, but most liquor salesmen now think of it as a dry, white, American wine.

The question of what wine with which food should have been posed long ago by Alice in Wonderland, but as she overlooked it, we'll assign it to America's Little Orphan Annie.

"What should I eat with my wine?" asked Little Orphan Annie, escaping from a coterie of cut-throats.

"You mean what wine should you drink with your eats," replied the Malibu Beach Walrus, swallowing an oyster. "Now, take this oyster for instance," said the Walrus, taking it. "What would go better with it than a flinty California Rhine wine as cool and clear as a forest spring? Now, if I had a platter of crisp, pink, little neck clams I think I'd call for some domestic Chablis. Hors d'oeuvres are fine before dinner and if someone slipped me a few arti-

She discovered there were aperitif wines, soup wines, fish wines, fowl wines, steak wines, and so on.

choke hearts and a fistful of meaty Norwegian sardines I'd moisten them with a little California sauterne. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"It sure would," said Little Orphan Annie washing dishes for the wicked old witch.

"Let's see now," said the Walrus, smacking his lips and really entering into the spirit of the thing. "I'd like a glass of dry sherry before my dinner and if I were in the mood I'd take another glass of it with the soup. I see a tender filet of sole coming up and I hope it's been cooked in white wine sauce. Even if it has it might get stuck in my throat so I'd better wash it down with a glass or two more of that California sauterne. That sauterne would go nicely with any sea-food from crabmeat to finnan haddie."

"What about red wines?" asked Annie, falling off an iceberg at the North Pole.

"To be sure," said the Walrus. "We must certainly have red wines. How would you like a juicy porter-house steak two inches thick, broiled over charcoal?"

"Gee, I'm hungry," said Annie to the iceberg patrol.

"I'd have a lusty California Burgundy with that steak," said the Walrus, drooling into his moustachios. "But if some tight-fisted host served me one lamb chop I'd hold myself down to a glass of domestic claret. Either one, Burgundy or claret, would go with roastbeef, pheasant or a slice of that venison the Madhatter promised me the last time he went a-hunting."

"Do you like spaghetti?" asked Annie, cornered by a band of villainous Greek sponge-divers.

"Crazy about the stuff," said the Walrus. "Simply crazy about it. I coat it with Parmesan cheese, wind it up in a spoon and lubricate it with California Barbera. Benissimo!" The Walrus flapped his flippers.

"There's just one thing more," said Little Orphan Annie, escaping from the Greeks in a diving-bell. "What about American champagne? When would you drink that?"

The Walrus flicked a barnacle off his water-proof coat. "Anytime," he said simply. "Anytime at all. And now you've made me so hungry I'm going to dive down and root up some mussels. Put a bottle of Chablis on ice, Annie. I'll be right back."

Wine is not only good with food, as the Walrus said, it is excellent in it. For centuries wine had held an important post in the kitchen. The chefs (Continued on page 39)



If a hostess did not serve a full-bodied Burgundy with the filet mignon she was a slatternly fishwife and should go back to drinking tea from her saucer.

On to HOUSTON!



ON to Houston!

In deep south lies the most fabulous state in the union—rich, sprawling, informal Texas—and from its largest city comes a hearty invitation to the 1940 Elks Convention.

It is an amazing town, Houston is. Its business district is all hustle and bustle—the great stimuli of oil, cotton and cattle sees to that. It is a metropolis in which big-hatted, booted millionaires rub elbows with white-collared financiers.

But Houston is not all modernity; it is a city rich in historical memories. In its vicinity was fought and won the crucial battle for Texas independence, and on the battlegrounds at San Jacinto has been erected the tallest monument in America. Its residential sections, many of them full of ante-bellum architecture, are redolent of the Old South. And awaiting visiting Elks is plenty of old-fashioned hospitality.

Accommodations for as many as 20,000 Elks are being arranged by W. W. Short, Executive Director of the 1940 Convention. There will be an abundance of special entertainment, and fine facilities for golfing, riding, tennis, fishing and surf-bathing will also be available.

"There will be fun galore—as much as can be packed into five days," Mr. Short says.

The National Elks Trapshooting Contest will be held at the Houston Gun Club. Nimrods who arrive early in Houston will find plenty of traps open for practice.

Sightseeing buses will leave the Rice Hotel, Convention headquarters, at regular intervals. The tour will include the residential districts, the parks, ship channel, turning basin and other points of interest.

A boat trip down the Houston ship channel to the San Jacinto battlegrounds will be given all Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, Past Grand Ex-

alted Rulers, District Deputies and their ladies. A dinner at San Jacinto Inn, famous throughout America for its cuisine, will climax the trip.

An Elks Golf Tournament will be held at the Braeburn Country Club. Sidney Van Ulm, Houston Press cartoonist and golf expert, is arranging this event. Among the prizes to be awarded is the \$2,000 Doyle Trophy.

Open house—and free beer—will be the Gulf Brewing Company's contribution to the Elks' entertainment. The company's product, Grand Prize beer, will be served all day on the spacious company grounds.

The above are only a few of the many events being planned for visiting Elks. There will also be an old-style Southern barbecue, a skeet contest, free tickets to a night double-header baseball game at Buffalo Stadium, a beach party at Galveston, a glee club contest, and—for the ladies—a tea and style show at the Houston Country Club.

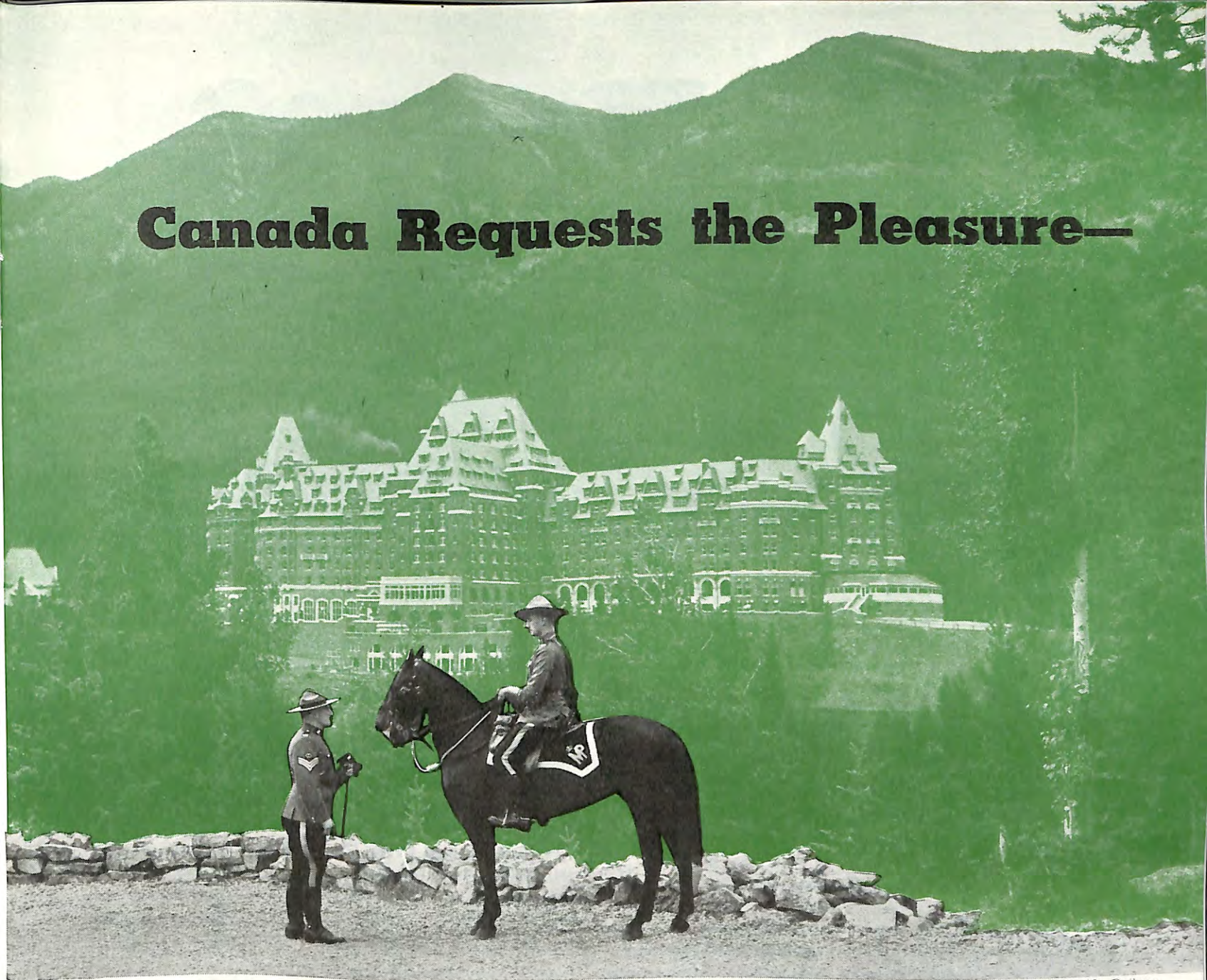
There will be plenty of opportunity for free-lance amusement, too. For movie fans, Houston has a full set of theaters, ranging from ornate, first-run houses to the ubiquitous neighborhood places. Its night clubs, headed by the Empire Room, the Rice Roof, and the Southern Dinner Club, feature nationally known orchestras. And then there's also the Museum of Fine Arts and the Houston Public Library, both of which are stocked with hundreds of fine works.

And for Elks who have a few days to spare after the Convention, Houston can be a starting point for a trip to Mexico City. Indeed, the Missouri-Pacific lines are already planning a post-Convention tour to Mexico.

So on to Houston—and a swell time!

A TENTATIVE PROGRAM OF EVENTS
APPEARS ON PAGE 42

Canada Requests the Pleasure—



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

by Kiley Taylor

FOR almost 3000 miles along the top of these United States, stretching the full distance between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, is the International Boundary that separates us from the Dominion of Canada. For more than 125 years this Boundary has been patrolled without bayonets and without the use of armed troops. Citizens of Canada, as well as Americans, have been able to cross this border freely, without the formality of a passport. Millions of Americans who have been to Canada will tell you of the complete absence of red tape restrictions and the friendliness of the Immigration and Customs Officers of both nations.

The question many Americans want to have answered is, "Will the war affect American visitors to Canada this year?" Unfair propaganda, spread by means of a whispering campaign, that Canada has been seizing the automobiles and confiscating the money of American travelers in the Dominion, can be

branded as absolutely false. As in peace time, no restrictions have been imposed upon visitors and, for many reasons, they're not likely to be.

Your United States currency can be exchanged for Canadian funds at any bank, hotel or department store in Canada, which will give you just about one hundred and ten Canadian cents for every U. S. dollar you exchange. This makes your U. S. vacation dollar one-tenth larger than it really is, or, putting it another way, offers you a 10% discount on the cost of your vacation.

There are dozens of routes by which Americans can go into the Dominion. And it isn't necessary for you to return by the same gateway at which you entered. But once you get into Canada, if you've never been there before, you're going to be amazed at its beauty and industry.

Very cosmopolitan is Montreal—the largest city in Canada, and the Canadian commercial, industrial and financial metropolis. It is the second

largest French city in the world in point of population. It is America's leading seaport—after New York—and the world's chief wheat exporting center.

While Montreal is essentially a French-speaking city, it has a large English-speaking population, and all other nationalities are well represented with people who have come from all parts of the Old World. Both French and English are spoken by almost every one in the city.

You will be impressed by the many fine residences, beautiful churches and historic buildings in Montreal. There is an atmosphere of sophistication, appealing to vacationers on pleasure bent, and there is plenty of night life to increase that pleasure. So splendid, smart and modern are the shops of Montreal, that they are mentioned with respect in every city of the world, and a morning spent within their aisles may result not only in a flatter wallet, but also in a warm Hudson Bay blanket, exquisite (*Continued on page 40*)



Drawings by F. R. Gruger

Editorial

Boys Camps

A NUMBER of our subordinate lodges have established and are sponsoring boys' camps which serve the highly useful purpose of keeping boys off the streets and out of alleys, affording them open air sports and recreation. It is an activity which cannot be too highly commended. This out of door life builds stronger bodies, and under proper discipline also results in character building. It is doubtful if an equal amount of good can otherwise be accomplished with a like expenditure of time, energy and money.

The development of these camps is generally slow. Frequently a modest start is made with tents and these later are replaced by comfortable cabins with accommodations in keeping with the surroundings. Where practical, a safe swimming pool should be installed, and of course a baseball diamond is a necessity. Other sports may be added from time to time but boxing should not be overlooked for it is one of the most attractive and beneficial of athletic exercises.

Recognizing the benefits which flow from such clubs, other organizations have established and are maintaining them in many communities by voluntary subscriptions. Where this has been done, Elk lodges may very well join in supporting them, or, where the need exists, may establish a camp of their own. A lodge will naturally be more interested in a boys' camp for which it is sponsor, than merely

contributing to a camp which has been established by some other organization. The sense of proprietorship and responsibility will add zest to the undertaking.

We suggest that each lodge through a committee specially designated for the purpose make a survey of its community and if it develops that there is no boys' club in existence, or if there happens to be need for another, that the lodge undertake to meet the situation in a practical way. A public service will thus be rendered which will result in general approbation and, what is of infinitely more importance, in incalculable benefit to the boys. It will be a source of great satisfaction to the members and richly compensate them for the trouble and expense necessarily involved. This is the best time of the year to get this activity under way in order to meet the need during the coming summer.

Observance of Flag Day

ON June 14th of each year our Order observes Flag Day. A Grand Lodge statute makes it the duty of each subordinate lodge to observe the day in appropriate manner. The Secretary of each lodge has, or should have, in his office the Ritual of Special Services adopted at the Portland Grand Lodge Session in 1925 in which will be found a ritual for Flag Day exercises which may be followed in whole or in part and will be found of material assistance in arranging an interesting and colorful program.

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee recently issued a timely letter to all Exalted Rulers with an accompanying questionnaire intended to secure the cooperation of subordinate lodges in the observance of Flag Day. The members of this committee are to be congratulated and we urge each Exalted Ruler to cooperate along the lines suggested in the letter which was sent out not only with the approval but at the request of the Grand Exalted Ruler. It urges, and we think wisely and forcefully, that such exercises should be held out of doors rather than in lodge rooms in order that the public may participate.

The observance of Flag Day is of special interest to our



Order which was the first among fraternal organizations to advocate the holding of patriotic exercises in honor of the National Emblem. At first such exercises were optional but subsequently the observance of the day by all subordinate lodges was made mandatory. Such action was not necessary as the patriotic sentiment prevailing in each lodge had resulted in general observance of the day but it was felt that special significance would be added by such action on the part of the Grand Lodge.

Looking to the unsettled condition of world affairs now obtaining and more especially to the various foreign "isms" which are being advocated and fostered in this country by foreigners and by some misguided citizens, the observance of Flag Day this year is of unusual importance and significance. It affords every lodge and every member of our Order an opportunity not only to pay tribute to the Stars and Stripes but also to renew allegiance to the Flag and to all which it has in the past represented, which it today represents and which in the future it will continue to represent so long as our democratic institutions continue to exist unimpaired, thus guaranteeing the United States its envied position among nations as the land of opportunity for free men and free women.

Los Hermanos Penitentes

COMPARATIVELY few people are aware that there is in this country a religious sect which even to this day practices flagellation in expiation of sin. The devotees of this, to us, medieval form of worship are to be found in southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, principally in the latter. They call themselves Los Hermanos Penitentes, which translated from the Spanish means The Brothers Penitent, but they are generally referred to as the Penitentes.

They are inclined to be clannish but are law-abiding citizens and good neighbors. The cult had its origin in Spain

some three hundred years ago. Its membership is confined to Spanish immigrants and their progeny and a few half-breed Indian converts. It is asserted and also denied that they at one time practiced actual crucifixion, but there is little doubt that crucifixion in modified or symbolic form is still a part of their religious rites.

Their religious activity is confined almost entirely to the Lenten period and reaches its culmination on Good Friday when the greatest tortures are inflicted and suffered. Those who undergo these tortures do so voluntarily and this includes practically all males. The sick, the very aged and the infirm must be content to have their sins expiated by others better able to undergo the ordeal. The devotees strip to the waist and their bare feet travel the long, tortuous, stony pathway to the church they call the *moranda*, which is always erected on some hill or high mound generally in plain view of the surrounding country. During the ascent they lash themselves with flagels made of knotted rope, or of the long bearded leaves of the Yuca plant, until their white trousers are red with blood, and their feet cut by the stones and thorns over which they traveled.

Sometimes an effigy of Christ is used but more often a Penitente is chosen as the Christus—a distinction eagerly sought by all the truly penitent. A cross is provided for him of such size and weight that he staggers and sometimes falls under the burden. He is provided with a crown of thorns and often is lashed almost to the point of exhaustion as the weird procession, reformed at the *moranda*, proceeds to the place which has been designated as Calvary where the crucifixion is enacted. The Christus is there lashed to the cross with ropes or leather thongs, and the cross, none too gently, planted in the ground. During the time he remains thus suspended by his wrists, those attending him kneel in prayer. When the limit of his endurance is approached he is cut down, and his sins and the sins of those who attended him are expiated. At the succeeding Lenten season the ritual must be reenacted.

Under the ANTLERS



Above are prominent Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks and the superintendents of the nine Queens County hospitals which received oxygen tents from the Lodge.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Presents Oxygen Tents To Nine Hospitals

Oxygen tents, costing \$500 each, were presented to nine hospitals by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on March 19. Approximately 700 persons attended the ceremonies in the spacious lodge room and watched internes and nurses demonstrate the apparatus. Before the presentation, hospital superintendents and nurses were guests of the lodge at a dinner in the private dining room of the lodge home. With each of the tents went a \$100

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

check for the purchase of the first supply of oxygen. The presentations were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge, assisted by E.R. John Frank and James W. Walsh, Exalted Ruler-elect. In presenting the tents, Judge Hallinan praised the work of P.E.R.

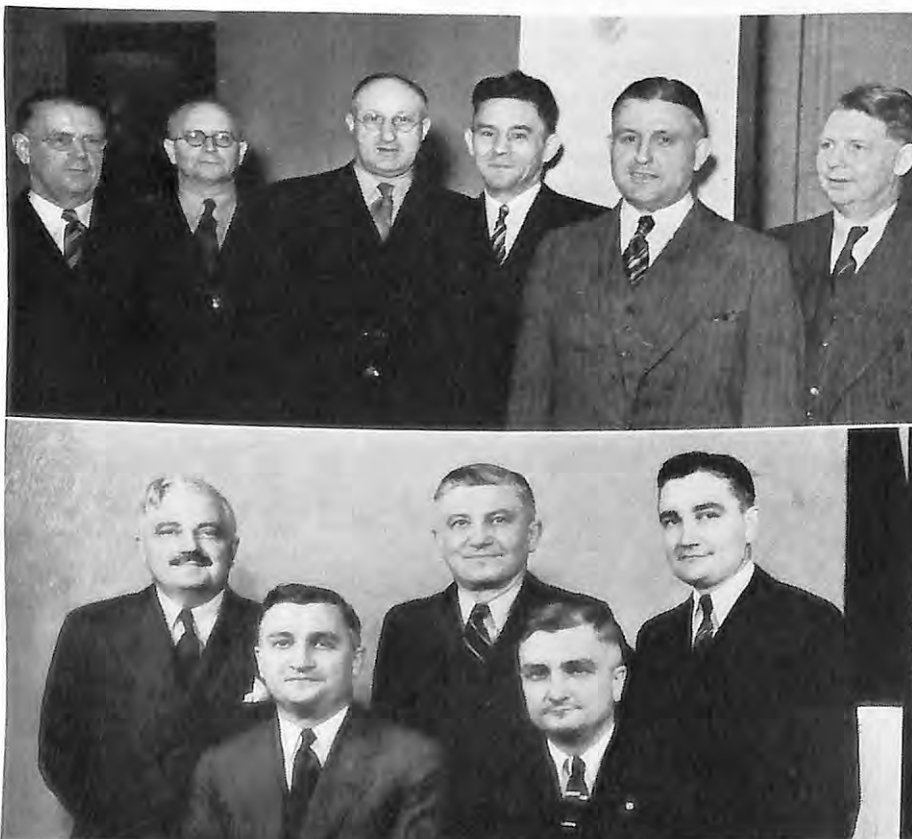
Frank J. Rauch, as Chairman of last year's annual charity bazaar, which was so successful financially that the lodge was able not only to provide the oxygen equipment but, in addition, carry through with effectiveness its regular welfare program.

The nine hospitals which received the gifts were St. John's, Long Island City; Wyckoff Heights, Ridgewood; Flushing Hospital; Queens General, Jamaica; Jamaica Hospital; St. Joseph's, Far Rockaway; Rockaway Beach Hospital; St. Anthony's, Woodhaven, and Mary Immaculate, Jamaica.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Has An Organized Blood Donors League

Among the important activities sponsored by Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, is the organized donating of blood. The movement is not a recent one. The organization of a community blood donors league was started in 1936 by the present retiring Exalted Ruler, David P. Bishop. The object was to secure a list of names of public-spirited citizens willing to give blood transfusions in cases which might result in loss of life unless a transfusion was given immediately. The plan was well received and various fraternal, social and religious organizations were invited by the Elks to join in their benevolent undertaking. At the end of the year the League had furnished six donations from the list.

In 1937 the number was increased to 18 and by the end of 1938, when Mr. Bishop was Est. Lead. Knight, 23 persons had received transfusions from the donors on his list. During his term as Exalted Ruler, the effectiveness of the organization was stressed and publicly recognized for its great worth. Forty-nine transfusions were given. Mr.



Above left: Past Exalted Rulers of Ferndale, Mich., Lodge who were guests of honor at a lodge meeting recently.

Left: The five Balliet brothers who were recently honored at the Old Timers' meeting of Appleton, Wis., Lodge.

Bishop retired from office with a list of more than 50 names of members and other citizens who have expressed their willingness to cooperate.

The procedure is as follows: Mr. Bishop has at his place of business, and also at his home, a list of the donors, with their addresses and telephone numbers, and the type of blood each possesses. When a transfusion is needed, the hospital telephones Mr. Bishop who then selects and notifies the person who has the right type of blood. The donor goes immediately to the hospital and the transfusion is made.

The organization has progressed to such an extent that it has attracted outside attention. Mr. Bishop received a letter a few weeks ago from Keith Kiggins, Director of the N.B.C. Blue Network, requesting him to broadcast information relating to the workings of this fine humanitarian work.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1940

Association	City	Date
Florida	St. Augustine	Apr. 14-15-16
Ohio	Akron	Apr. 26-27-28
Arizona	Tucson	May 2-3-4
Oklahoma	Oklahoma City	May 4-5
Georgia	Augusta	May 5-6-7
Alabama	Anniston	May 12-13-14
Illinois	Springfield	May 17-18-19
Kansas	Junction City	May 19-20
Texas	Galveston	May 25-26
West Virginia	Charleston	May 30-31, June 1
Wyoming	Casper	May 30-31, June 1
Utah	Ogden	May 31, June 1-2
Mississippi	Jackson	June*
Maine	Houlton	June 1-2
Iowa	Waterloo	June 1-2-3-4
South Dakota	Yankton	June 2-3
Indiana	Anderson	June 2-3-4-5
New York	Rochester	June 2-3-4-5
South Carolina	Columbia	June 4-5
Idaho	Twin Falls	June 6-7-8
Rhode Island	Providence	June 8
North Dakota	Dickinson	June 9-10-11
Nebraska	McCook	June 9-10-11
Oregon	Pendleton	June 13-14-15
Michigan	Jackson	June 13-14-15-16
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 14-15
Massachusetts	Pittsfield	June 15-16-17
Kentucky	Covington	June 16-17-18-19
Washington	Ellensburg	June 20-21-22
Connecticut	Meriden	June 29-30
Montana	Havre	July 25-26-27
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Annapolis	Aug. 4-5-6-7
Wisconsin	Green Bay	Aug. 15-16-17
Virginia	Norfolk	Aug. 19-20
Colorado	Walsenburg	Aug. 23-24
Pennsylvania	Washington	Aug. 25-26-27-28-29
California	Santa Cruz	Sept. 12-13-14
New Hampshire	Claremont	Sept. 21-22
Vermont	Burlington	Oct. 12-13

*Date Not Yet Set

Corning, N. Y., Lodge Continues Americanization School Activity

The Americanization School, conducted by Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No.



At top are Traverse City, Mich., Elks and municipal officials conferring on a survey of youth needs of the city, an activity in which the Lodge is interested.

Above are distinguished New York Elks who were prominent at a dinner and reception given by Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Edward Gallico is second from left.

Below are Past Exalted Rulers of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge who presented plaques to members as rewards for outstanding lodge work during the year.

At bottom: The "Joe Buch Class" recently initiated into Dover, N. J., Lodge in honor of the former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.





At top are those who attended Past Exalted Rulers' Night held recently by Titusville, Pa., Lodge.

Above: Charter members C. E. Larimer and Tide Houston, burning the mortgage on the home at Logan, O., Lodge.

Below: Dubuque, Ia., Elks at the presentation of a 16-millimeter motion picture projector to the Dubuque Boys' Club.

Bottom: Marysville, Calif., Elks, shown with their new boy scout troop for which a charter was recently presented.



1071, under the direction of P.E.R. Dr. John A. McNamara, held its 15th Annual Commencement Exercises at the Corning Free Academy on March 18. The Class was a large one, representing many nationalities.

The standard of training is so high and instruction so thorough that no graduate of the school, applying for U. S. citizenship papers, has ever failed to meet the knowledge requirements set by the Government. The work is performed with the cooperation of the local city schools. In carrying on this useful and commendable activity over such a long period, the good accomplished by Corning Lodge of Elks is far-reaching.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Sponsors A Novel and Impressive Ceremony

At a recent patriotic demonstration sponsored by Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, a large American flag was raised to the top of a 55-foot pole mounted on a barge placed at a central point on Lake Merritt. At night, spotlights were focused on the flag, impressing spectators with its beauty and significance.

Lake Merritt, in Oakland, the only tidal lake in the heart of any American city, is one mile long and the distance around the lake is three and one-quarter miles. It is surrounded on all sides by a beautiful park. Visited as it was by thousands of people, Lake Merritt provided the perfect setting for the Elks' ceremonies and the placing of the national emblem.

South Dakota Elks Donate \$750 For Crippled Children Work

Presentation to Gov. Harlan J. Bushfield of \$750 to be used for rehabilitation of crippled children in the State



Above: Members and visiting Elks who attended a reception and initiatory ceremony in connection with the opening and dedication of the State College, Pa., Lodge home.

was a feature of All State Night held recently at the home of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262. Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow of Aberdeen, S. D., State Pres. Leo A. Temmey, Huron, State Secy. Carl H. Nelles, Madison, and E.R. George A. Rensvold, participated in the ceremonies. The governor accepted the checks in behalf of the Child Hygiene Division of the Department of Health. Presented by the South Dakota State Elks Association, the sum will be matched with a similar amount of Federal funds, making \$1,500 available for rehabilitation of crippled children.

More than 400 Elks were present. A class of 22 candidates was initiated by Past District Deputies from different parts of the State. D.D. Dr. A. A. Harris, of Brookings Lodge, acted as Exalted Ruler. Entertainment presented by professionals closed the eve-

ning which began with a dinner.

This latest contribution of the State Association for Child Welfare and Crippled Children Work makes a total of \$1,750, similarly contributed during the past few years. Two separate scholarship checks for \$300 each, given the South Dakota State Elks Association by the Elks National Foundation, have been in turn allocated for this particular work of benevolence. The total of \$600 was augmented by a check for \$150 from the State Association. Recently \$300 from this special fund was turned over to the Elwood F. Coombes Trust Committee of Watertown, S. D., for use in the rehabilitation of a fine young high school student, afflicted with infantile paralysis.

Below are the officers of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, surrounded by a class of 33 candidates which they initiated on the occasion of the official visit of State Pres. Dr. Francis H. Marx. Grand Tiler Stephen McGrath was president.



Left: Prominent members of Albuquerque, N. Mex., Lodge photographed when the mortgage on the Lodge home was burned.

New York Lodge No. 1 Holds Open Meeting on "Clergy Night"

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, the Mother Lodge of the Order, designated a recent meeting as "Clergy Night". Americanism furnished the topic of a symposium by three prominent clergymen of leading religious faiths. The three guests of honor were Father John F. White, Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception of Stapleton, Staten Island, Treas. of the Catholic Actors Guild and Chaplain of the 102nd Regiment of the National Guard; the Rev. Benjamin A. Tintner, Rabbi of the Mt. Zion Congregation of New York City, Chaplain of the Jewish Theatrical Guild, and Lieut. Colonel in the Reserve Corps of the U. S. Army, and the Rev. C. Everett Wagner, Pastor of the Union Methodist Church of New York City and Director of the Actors Kitchen and Lounge for Stagefolks, an organization devoted to the relief of needy members of the theatrical profession.

"Clergy Night" was initiated and arranged by the Americanism Committee of No. 1, with the cooperation of Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Secretary of the lodge. The event was widely advertised as an open meeting. The response was so great, however, that hundreds had to be turned away for lack of room as the meeting was held after the regular lodge session. E.R. Murray Monness, Est. Lead. Knight Senator Phelps Phelps, Est. Loy. Knight Justice Charles Garrison, Est. Lect. Knight Assemblyman Robert Wagner, Jr., and Esquire President Justice Pelham St. George Bissell, stressed the need of a continuous allegiance to American principles. The three guest speakers were unanimous in condemning class and religious hatred. Stephen Kearns was Chairman of the Americanism Committee.

Vermont Elks Take Prominent Part in Patriotic Program

Harold J. Arthur, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., and First Lieutenant of the 172nd Infantry, Company K, led the Burlington Green Mountain Boys in the recent "re-capture" of Fort Ticonderoga, launching the "attack" on skis. The pageant was a dramatic reenactment of Col. Ethan Allen's historic victory. Mr. Arthur, Past Exalted Ruler of Burlington Lodge No. 916, is a descendant of Maj. Jacob Cheesman, aide-de-camp of Gen. Montgomery, who



At top are those in the North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge room when a class of candidates was initiated in the presence of members and officers.

Above: A distinguished looking group of men were the Past Exalted Rulers of San Diego, Calif., Lodge who were present at the annual P.E.R.'s Night.

was killed at the Battle of Quebec. The Vt. State Elks Association sponsored several public addresses over the radio during the week in which the pageant was staged. Speeches were made by P.E.R. Julian F. Allard, Est. Lead. Knight Dr. Wallace M. Sanders, and Attorney A. P. Feen, a member, of Burlington Lodge. P.D.D. John T. Nelson, P.E.R. of Barre Lodge, was in charge of the Elks' program.

Oskaloosa, Ia., Lodge Initiates A Class of 87 Men

Eighty-seven men, believed to be the largest group initiated into Oskaloosa, Iowa, Lodge, No. 340, in several years, became members of the lodge at a ceremony following a 6:30 P.M. dinner on March 21, held in the lodge home. The class was initiated by officers of the recently reorganized lodge headed by E.R. Harold J. Fleck. The new members were informed of plans for a \$15,000 building modernization program by Building Chairman R. V. Porten, who stated that a prominent architect from Iowa City was already laying out plans for completely remodeling the building, including first floor quarters to be vacated by the Farm Bureau. The new quarters are expected to be ready by September 15. Plans for a continuation of the new membership drive were made, with old members to oppose new members, headed by Mr. Fleck, the losing side to play host to the winners at a turkey

dinner. Several prominent guests were present and lauded the progress made by the lodge in the reorganization movement. These included Arthur P. Lee, Marshalltown Lodge, Pres. of the Iowa State Elks Association, E.R. William R. Welsh, Grinnell, Ia., P.E.R. E. W. Hall, Marshalltown, and P.E.R. Dan K. Brennan, Rock Island, Ill. The lodge's social program is extensive.

Marion, O., Elks "Harding Class" Observes Fiftieth Anniversary

The four sole surviving members of the class in which the late President Warren G. Harding was initiated into Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, made plans not long ago to celebrate their golden anniversary of membership. Three reside in Marion—Edward H. Huggins and B. E. Kleinmaier, former secretaries of the lodge, and Harry O. Scribner. The fourth, R. R. Bartram, is a resident of Columbus.

Mr. Huggins has in his possession his receipt for lodge dues bearing the

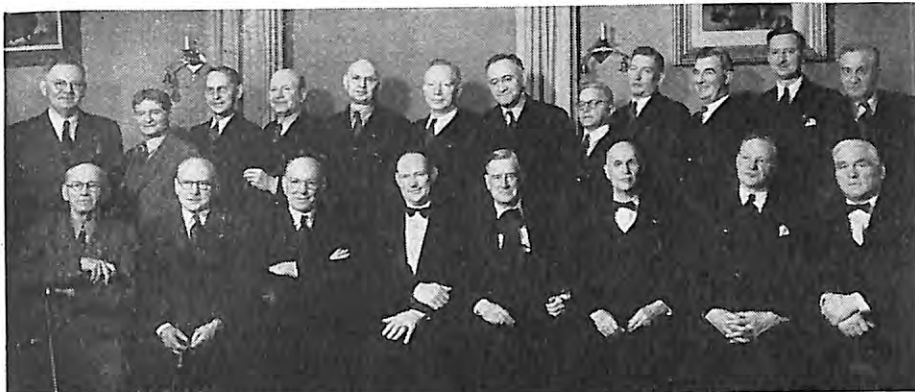
March 13, 1890, date. He also has a faded leaf from a memo book which he prizes highly. It bears the names of the members of the class and the order of their initiation, including, of course, the name of Warren G. Harding.

Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge Endorses American Civic Assn.

At a recent regular meeting Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, adopted a Resolution endorsing the American Civic Association, a local organization, the members of which are all naturalized American citizens. The purposes for which the American Civic Association was founded are based on Americanism, in the best sense of the word. The object of greatest importance is the setting up of an Adult Civic Education program, which will enable anyone



Right: The Washington's Birthday Celebration Committee of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge which put across one of the most successful all-day programs in the history of the Lodge.



At top are Past Exalted Rulers of Portland, Ore., Lodge who recently formed a permanent organization of Past Exalted Rulers.

Above: Past Exalted Rulers of Towson, Md., Lodge who observed the Lodge's birthday, P.E.R.'s Night and Old Timers' Night on the same evening.

Below: Past Exalted Rulers and the present Exalted Ruler, F. Wilson Wait, at their banquet at Medford, Ore., Lodge.

At bottom: 52 candidates initiated into Stillwater, Minn., Lodge by the Degree Team of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, seated, front, with Stillwater officers.



who wishes to become a better citizen to learn the things necessary for an intelligent exercise of the rights of citizenship. Believing as it does that an enlightened citizen is a good citizen, and that the attainment of citizenship is an important event in the life of any man or woman and should be regarded with the seriousness it deserves, the Association encourages all unnaturalized residents of foreign birth to apply for citizenship, and stands ready to assist any person who may encounter difficulties in so doing.

**THE WARREN G. HARDING
MEMORIAL PILGRIMAGE
MARION, OHIO, JUNE 9
*All Elks Are Invited***

The late Warren G. Harding was the first member of the Order of Elks to become President of the United States. He died during his term of office.

On Sunday, June 9, the late President's home lodge, Marion, Ohio, No. 32, uniting with the Ohio State Elks Association, will pay him tribute. A Harding Memorial Pilgrimage Parade will be held in the city of Marion, culminating at the Harding Tomb, where appropriate ceremonies will take place in the beautiful memorial building erected to his memory.

Invited to attend are Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and his official family, all Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Elks holding National, State and City government positions and others who figure prominently in professional and industrial life. In addition the Elks of Ohio are inviting members of all of the subordinate lodges to participate. This will be the first organized Harding Memorial Pilgrimage to be held by Elks, and it is felt that there are many members of the Order in various parts of the country who would attend if they but knew about it in time to make plans.

Therefore, through the medium of *The Elks Magazine*, an invitation is extended by Marion Lodge and the Ohio State Elks Association to all members of the Order to visit Marion on June 9, and join in the tribute to be paid the late President on that day. All will be welcome.



Left: Those who attended the dedication of a flag pole, donated by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge to Ely, Nev.

N. J. State Elks Assn. Holds Third Quarterly Meeting

The New Jersey State Elks Association convened at Ridgewood Lodge No. 1455 for its third quarterly session on March 10. State Pres. William J. Jernick, of Nutley Lodge, who presided, was assisted by Vice-Pres's. Eugene McDermott of Union City, Frederick I. Pelovitz, Somerville, Daniel S. Reichy, Freehold, and Floyd Tredway, Boonton. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough Lodge,

was the guest of honor and addressed the assemblage. The William Jernick Ritualistic Trophy was presented to the officers of Lyndhurst Lodge No. 1505, winners in the State Contest. The Hon. Thomas S. Doughty, an Honorary Life Member of the host lodge and Judge of the Domestic Relations Court, welcomed the delegations. P.E.R. Nat Frank, Secy. of Ridgewood Lodge, was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. The announcement of the candidacy of Past State Pres. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, former Chairman of the

Board of Grand Trustees, for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, was greeted with enthusiasm. Mr. Buch was assured that he would receive the undivided and wholehearted support of every Elk in the State of New Jersey. Plans were discussed for the State Convention to be held at Atlantic City on June 14-15. A special committee, headed by Past State Pres. Col. William H. Kelly, of East Orange, reported on arrangements for attendance at the National Convention in July at Houston, Texas.

Salt Lake City Lodge Presents A Flag Pole at Ely, Nev.

In accordance with its annual custom of erecting a monument and flag pole honoring George Washington, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, presented and assisted in dedicating a beautiful copper plaque and staff at Ely, Nevada, on February 22 as a gift to the county. The presentation was made through the local lodge, Ely No. 1469, which arranged and carried out a magnificent program, beginning at 8 A. M. and lasting until well after midnight. The visiting delegation of one hundred and twenty-five officers and members arrived by special train and was met by members of Ely Lodge and entertained at a breakfast at the Nevada Hotel, followed by a public reception.

The Elks of both lodges, together with the Salt Lake City Elks Band, the White Pine Post of the American Legion, and representatives of various fraternal, civic and school organizations, formed a parade at the city park and marched to the scene of the ceremonies. The dedication exercises at the Court House grounds were conducted by E.R. Lawrence Allen of Ely Lodge, with E.R. Lee Lovinger, Jr., and P.E.R.'s George H. Llewellyn, a former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, State Secy. Harry S. Joseph, State Vice-Pres. Otto E. Vombaur, Jr., and D. E. Lambourne, all of Salt Lake City Lodge, participating. The principal address was delivered by Clifford Huss, of Ogden Lodge, Pres. of the Utah State Elks Association. The ceremonies were followed by a luncheon and a sight-seeing tour. A regular meeting of Ely Lodge and a stag smoker were held in the evening.

Each copper plaque mounted on the monuments carries in print a message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The visit to Ely was one of fourteen made by Salt Lake City Lodge, annually, to lodges in Nevada, Idaho, Colorado and Wyoming. The arrangements and details of the trip were carried out by a committee of No. 85, headed by Trustee Robert C. Henderson, Chairman, and Mr. Joseph, Honorary Chairman.



Left, above, are those who attended the annual Fathers' and Sons' banquet held by Martins Ferry, Ohio, Lodge not long ago.

Left: Governor Harlan Bushfield accepts a check for \$750, donated by the S. Dak. State Elks Assn., which is to be used for child welfare work in the State. Left to right are State Secy. Carl Nelles; State Pres. Leo Temmey; E.R. Dr. G. A. Rensvold, of Sioux Falls Lodge; Governor Bushfield; D.D. A. A. Harris, and Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow.

Right is the basketball team of Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge which has distinguished itself by its fine record this year.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Sponsors Tour To Houston Convention

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, with its enviable record of having sponsored and arranged tours to the National Conventions for more than 30 years, is presenting this year an "All Expense On to Houston" tour in keeping with its policy of "nothing but the best". As usual Elks are invited to share in the advantages afforded by a tour which offers a maximum of comfort and luxury with a minimum of expense.

The party is exclusive and the number, for efficient supervision, will be necessarily limited. Jersey City Lodge, therefore, urges all Elks, their families and friends, to accept its invitation and make their reservations at the earliest possible date. Copies of the itinerary and complete information about the tour may be secured by communicating with the Chairman of the National Reunion Committee, P.E.R. Charles P. McGovern, Jersey City Lodge, 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

Included in the cost are air conditioned Pullman accommodations, sightseeing as specified in the itinerary, tips, etc. Every detail of the trip has been worked out to eliminate worry and responsibility. The tour begins when the special train leaves Jersey City at 1:20 P.M. on Friday, July 12, and ends on Saturday, July 27, at the Jersey City station. A diverse route will be used, out one way, back another. High spots of the trip, fully described in the folders which will be furnished on request by Chairman McGovern of the Reunion Committee, are listed as follows: Cincinnati, St. Louis and the celebrated health resort, Hot Springs; Houston and the Grand Lodge Convention, July 15-18; New Orleans, City of Commerce and Carnival; Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, scene of the "Battle above the Clouds;" Knoxville, with its Norris Dam and T. V. A. City; Great Smoky Mountain National Park; Roanoke and Bedford, Va., and the Elks National Home; Natural Bridge; Washington, the Shrine of American Patriotism. The tour is endorsed by the New Jersey State Elks Association and by Past State Pres. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, former Chairman of the



Board of Grand Trustees, and candidates this year for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Manchester, N. H., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary

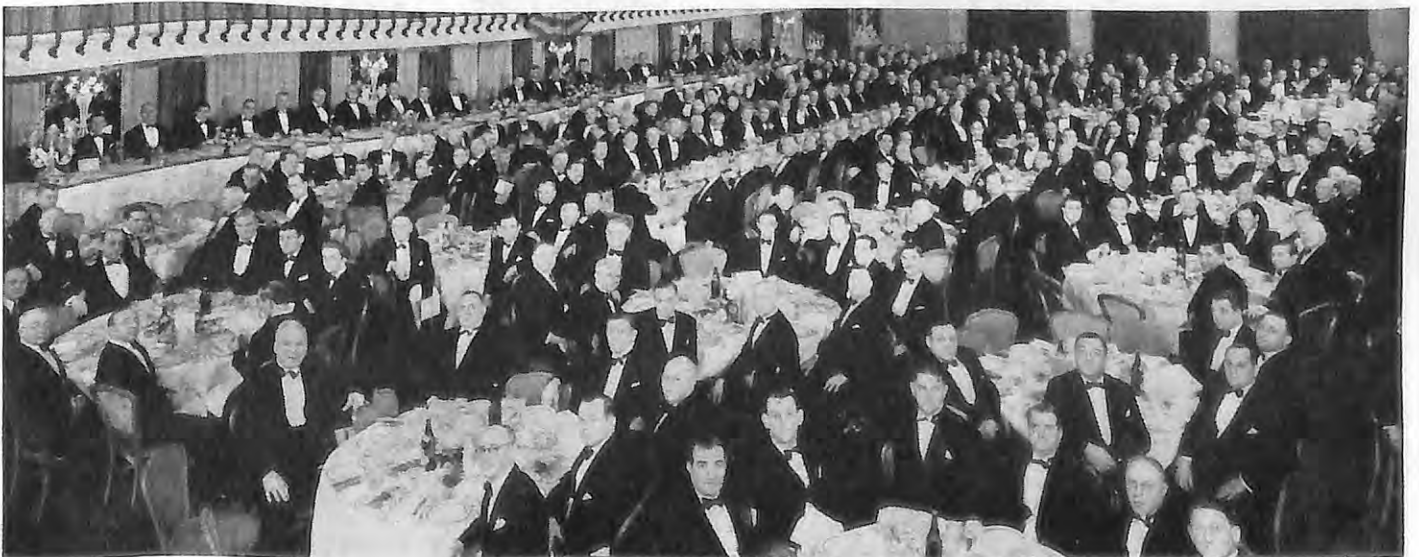
Manchester, N. H., Lodge, No. 146, celebrated its Golden Anniversary with a two-day program, featured by a colorful ball held at the Carpenter Hotel on Saturday, February 24, and the initiation of the "Patrick J. Hinchey Class" of 54 candidates on Sunday afternoon at Odd Fellows Hall. The initiatory ceremonies were conducted by the officers of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97, headed by E.R. Joseph J. Shan-

Below are those who attended the 72nd Anniversary banquet of New York Lodge No. 1 at which Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was the guest of honor.

Above are the officers of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge photographed with State Pres. Wm. J. Jernick and the trophy which he presented on the occasion of the Lyndhurst officers' winning the State Ritualistic finals.

ley. Among the distinguished guests who attended were P. J. Hinchey of Berlin Lodge, District Deputy for New Hampshire, for whom the class was named; John F. Burke, Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; P.D.D. George Steele of Gloucester, Chairman of the Mass. Inter-State Relations Committee, and P.E.R. John Griffin of Portsmouth Lodge, who was a member of the installing suite 50 years ago when Manchester Lodge was instituted. During the meeting the visiting ladies were entertained by the Emblem Club.

The Anniversary Banquet was attended by nearly 400 Elks and guests



Right: Prominent McMinnville, Ore., Elks, photographed at the awarding of the Gold Palm of the Eagle Scout rank to Scout Robert Brooks.



from three States. General Chairman Leo F. Donnelly, P.E.R., opened the program by introducing Toastmaster John S. Hurley, the principal speaker. Mr. Burke, Charles T. Durell, Portsmouth, Pres. of the N. H. State Elks Assn., and John Horan, E.R. of Manchester Lodge, also spoke. Gov. Francis P. Murphy was represented by Dr. Thomas A. Murray, of Manchester Lodge, a member of the Governor's Council. The banquet was followed by a delightful evening program of entertainment at the lodge home for Elks and their ladies. Nine acts of vaudeville and many specialty numbers were presented. The size of the class initiated was particularly gratifying to the local membership. Manchester Lodge suffered a severe set-back during the depression years, but has reached a definite turning point and is making steady progress.

Many civic leaders and prominent business men are members. The new lodge home is located in the heart of

the city, adjacent to the City Hall and the hotel and banking districts. Furniture and other equipment are being replaced gradually, and for the Golden Jubilee Celebration the building was newly decorated. To Mr. Donnelly, as General Chairman, the lodge gives great credit for the success of the two-day program. Improvement in lodge affairs during the last few years was increased during E. R. Horan's administration.

Edward Howard, Philadelphia, Pa., Elk, Is Famous As Blood Donor

By all who are acquainted with his remarkable record as a blood donor, Edward "Spike" Howard, a member of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, and Chairman of the lodge's Blood Donors Committee, is looked upon as one of the country's great humanitarians. During the past 22 years, on visits to all of the 48 States, he has given, to date, more than 900 transfusions for charity. The cases have included every known disease, and in every instance the patient has lived. Figures show that Mr. Howard has given more than 440 quarts of blood, but these are adult cases only. He has given freely to infants and children but has not concerned himself with keeping count of transfusions requiring less than 100 c.c. blood.

Mr. Howard has been cited in Robert L. Ripley's "Believe It or Not," John Hix's "Strange As It Seems," *Life Magazine*, *The Bloodless Phlebotomist* and the principal newspapers of this country and Europe. Mr. Howard has visited, by invitation, many lodges of the Order, and besides entertaining them, has been of great assistance to the lodges organizing their own Blood



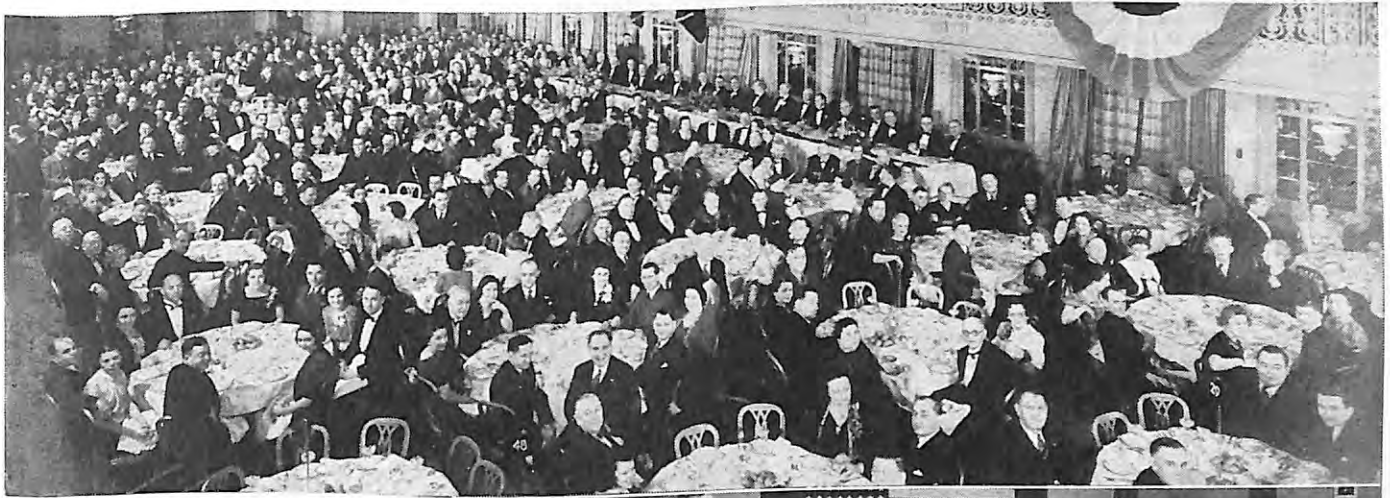
Above, left, is the championship bowling team of Tyrone, Pa., Lodge, photographed with the manager of the team.



Left is the bowling team of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge which has been entered in the Central Penna. Elks Bowling League. The team recently won the Eastern Division Championship from 45 competitors in the national Schlitz Brewing Company competition.

Below are the Ritualistic Team of Manchester, N. H., Lodge and 54 candidates who were initiated at the 50th anniversary celebration of the Lodge.





Above are those who attended the annual banquet of the Penna. Southwest District Assn. at Pittsburgh Lodge. The dinner was graced by the presence of Mr. Warner and several Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

Right is the Aberdeen, S.D., Lodge Band which gained national honors at the Denver Convention and also took second place at the St. Louis Convention last July.



Donors Associations. The fact that he is a veteran athlete and "strong man", and in superb health at the age of 57, undoubtedly accounts for his ability to establish such a remarkable record and to continue as a blood donor year after year.

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Initiates a Class on "Mike Shannon Night"

March 14 was "Mike Shannon Night" at Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, was the guest of honor, and honor was also shown D.D. W. C. Miller by the initiation of the "Bill Miller Class" of candidates.

Among the 27 candidates was a namesake, "Bill Miller", whose son and grandson are already members of Phoenix Lodge—three generations of the same family, bearing the same name, all on the membership rolls of the same lodge. The Class also included sons of other members. Harry Nace, Jr., son of Harry Nace of Phoenix Lodge, Conner Johnson, whose father belongs to Douglas, Ariz., Lodge, No. 955, and D. J. Fisk, son-in-law of J. J. Leary of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, were among the initiates.

Old Timers' Night, Held by Boise, Ida., Lodge, a Success

Three hundred Elks attended the Old Timers' Night meeting held recently by Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, in honor of members who have been affiliated with the lodge for more than 20 years. Charter members P.E.R. W. S. Whitehead, W. N. Northrop, E. J. Frawley and W. S. Maxey were present. A delegation from Caldwell

Lodge No. 1448, headed by E.R. C. E. Bales and Secy. Norvil T. Hinds, paid a surprise visit and were given an enthusiastic welcome.

The history of Boise lodge was reviewed briefly by Mr. Frawley. The Committee in Charge of Arrangements was made up of comparatively new members of the lodge, with James Galloway acting as Chairman. Est. Lect. Knight Carroll Zapp was Master of Ceremonies.

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge Celebrates Its 55th Anniversary

Between four and five hundred Elks, representing 25 Connecticut lodges and other lodges in New England, attended a special initiatory service and dinner at the Stratfield Hotel, on March 9, commemorating the 55th birthday of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36. Added import was given the auspicious occasion by the initiation of Gov. Raymond E. Baldwin who, as a resident of Strat-

ford, is within the jurisdiction of Bridgeport Lodge.

A special dispensation was granted by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner for the ceremonies which were held in the sun parlors of the hotel. Assisting the Bridgeport officers were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, New York Lodge No. 1; D.D. John P. Gilbert, Danbury, Conn.; P.D.D. George W. Hickey, Willimantic, Conn.; State Treas. Joseph E. Talbot, Naugatuck, and E.R. C. John Satti, New London, Conn. P.E.R. Maj. Joseph P. Houley, of New Haven, was Esquire.

At the conclusion of the initiatory exercises the members and guests repaired to the banquet hall where the dinner got under way. All of the speakers stressed the part played by the Order as a fraternity in preserving the ideals of Democracy. Particularly happy in this respect were the remarks



Right: E.R. V. J. Baatz of Rochester, Minn., Lodge receives a charter for Boy Scout Troop 83, sponsored by Rochester Lodge, from the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

of Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Malley, U. S. Senator Francis T. Maloney, Meriden, and Gov. Baldwin, who also expressed his pleasure at having become an Elk. Others who spoke were Mr. Phillips; William M. Scully, Meriden, Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Association; the Hon. Jasper McLevy, Mayor of Bridgeport; the Rev. John F. Walsh of St. Peter's Church, and E.R. John A. Franko, P.E.R. Clifford B. Wilson, former Lieut. Gov., and P.E.R. A. J. Elson, who gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. P.E.R. James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport, was Toastmaster. John F. Burke of Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was among the distinguished visiting Elks introduced by the Toastmaster. P.D.D. Joseph A. Muldoon was Chairman of the Anniversary Committee.

Ohio State Elks Hold Winter Meeting at Bellaire, O., Lodge

The winter meeting of the Ohio State Elks Association was held on Sunday, February 11, with Bellaire Lodge No. 419 acting as host. More than 400 Ohio Elks attended, including State Pres. C. A. Lais of Norwalk, and Past State Pres.'s John F. Sherry, Bellaire, and James R. Cooper, Newark. Ten lodges and 25 communities were represented. Visiting delegates arrived as early as 10 A. M., and local and visiting officers and State dignitaries were entertained at a 1:30 dinner at the Belmont Grill.

The program was opened officially at three-thirty by the Bellaire officers with Exalted Ruler John Rataiczak presiding. Twenty-seven candidates were initiated during the meeting in one of the most impressive ceremonies ever conducted in that part of the State. The principal address was delivered by State Pres. Lais, and brief talks were made by Adam Martin of Wheeling, L. C. Purdy, Wheeling, and Roy C. Heinlein, Sistersville, President, Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, of the W. Va. State Elks Assn.; State Sergeant-at-Arms Kenneth Best, Secretary of Marietta, O., Lodge; Mr. Rataiczak, and Mr. Sherry, who acted as Chairman of the Committee in Charge of Arrangements. The afternoon program was concluded with a buffet luncheon followed by an informal social session.

State Elks Executive Committee Meets at Savannah, Ga.

At a meeting, on February 11, of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association held in the home of Savannah Lodge No. 183, the announcement was made by State Vice-Pres. Young H. Fraser that a new lodge at Dalton had been instituted in his district, Ga., West. The new lodge is the seventh instituted in the State during the past three years. It was also announced that a telegram had been sent by State Pres. J. Clayton Burke to Albany Lodge No. 713, offering sympathy and aid in view of the wrecking of the lodge home by the tornado of February 10.

The meeting was called to order by Pres. Burke and the Invocation given by E.R. Edward Dutton of Savannah Lodge. Reports of the District Deputies, C. Wesley Killebrew, of Augusta, and H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur, showed that all of the 20 Georgia lodges were doing excellent work. President Burke made a report on the activities carried on with great success by the State-wide



At top is a class recently initiated into Marquette, Mich., Lodge in honor of Grand Inner Guard Frank Small, seated center.

Above is P.E.R. T. I. Borden of Van Wert, Ohio, Lodge, presenting to Miss Lavina Reichard a scholarship to Van Wert Business University.

Below: Those who attended the annual P.E.R.'s Dinner at Washington, D. C., Lodge, a highly successful event.

At bottom are the officers of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge who celebrated the Lodge's 39th Birthday at a big meeting.





Left: Three generations of one family who were present at a recent meeting of Willard, Ohio, Lodge: Charles W. Baker, father; Chas. E., son; George, grandfather; with Jim Langhurst, captain of the Ohio State Football Team, and P.E.R. E. J. Langhurst.

Charities Committee under Chairman Pierre Howard. Past State Pres. John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, delivered a brief but helpful address. A sea food dinner was served by the host lodge after the meeting.

Special Events Featured Recently By Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

Following its policy of making every regular Thursday evening meeting one of special interest, Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, brought the lodge year to a lively close. February's calendar of events included a short formal session followed by an open meeting at which lapsed, delinquent and prospective members were present

by special invitation. Entertainment was arranged by a committee headed by Marshall Hickson, Sanford J. Mosk and Walter F. Woods, Chairmen of the Standing, Lapsation, Reinstatement and New Membership Committees, respectively. Another was designated "Owen Keown Night" in honor of one of the lodge's most popular Past Exalted Rulers. Mr. Keown is an active worker in the interests of the California State Elks Association. He served as General Chairman of the State Convention, held in Santa Monica last September, which hung up a new all-time high in attendance records and was voted one of the best ever held. Representatives of the Grand Lodge and the State Association, with delegations from numerous southern California lodges, joined the more than 300 Santa Monica members in honoring Mr. Keown at the testimonial meeting.

P.E.R. Louis Euler, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, delivered a patriotic address at Santa Monica Lodge on Washington's Birthday. The famous "906 Band", under the leadership of

Capt. William Osterman, rendered patriotic selections. An initiation was conducted the next week by the officers of San Fernando Lodge No. 1539, who were among the guests of honor at a meeting of Santa Monica Lodge to which the Exalted Rulers of all of the lodges in the South Central District were invited. The lodge's six-months-old Glee Club of thirty voices, made a successful radio debut over Station KGER, Los Angeles, on the Frolic of the Air program on Sunday evening, February 11.

Rock Island, Illinois, Lodge Initiates a Large Class

On March 18 Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980, initiated a class of 35 candidates. The work was exemplified by the Degree Team of LaSalle-Peru Lodge No. 584. About 300 Elks from Davenport, Rock Island, Moline and surrounding lodges attended the meeting which was preceded by a banquet and a vaudeville show. E.R. Joseph W. Johnson was Master of Ceremonies.

Rock Island Lodge is completing one of its most successful years and shows a substantial gain in membership and financial strength. After an absence of a few years, the lodge has rejoined the Illinois State Elks Association. Many improvements have been made on the lodge home, and the possibility of paying off the entire indebtedness on the property during the coming year is reported favorable.

Donora, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its 28th Birthday

An outstanding event in the history of Donora, Pa., Lodge, No. 1265, marking the 28th anniversary of its founding, was held recently in the I.O.O.F. Hall. The attendance of more than 100 Elks included many from out-of-town.

E.R. E. C. Cannon was Toastmaster, and P.E.R. Gilbert Koedel was the principal speaker. The anniversary banquet was followed by a meeting and a social session with entertainment.

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge Burns Mortgage on P.E.R.'s Night

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, burned the mortgage on its \$250,000 home on Past Exalted Rulers Night. Senior P.E.R. L. C. Bennet presided and a large crowd of members was present, including a dozen Past Exalted Rulers.

The lodge did not pay off its mortgage by curtailing activities. On the contrary, it has increased its charity work, providing milk for hundreds of school children and furnishing food and clothing for the needy. Expenditures along these lines run into thousands of dollars annually. The lodge home was badly damaged by fire at one time, giving the mortgage another twenty years to live. The property is now entirely free of debt.

(Continued on page 48)

Below: Exalted Ruler W. J. Ebert who initiated his two sons, W. J. Jr., and Richard, into Harvey, Ill., Lodge recently. Seated center is Tom Nesbitt who is under contract with the Chicago White Sox ball club.



Left are participants in Denver, Colo., Lodge's 13th annual Boxing Tournament which was a great success.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Above: E.R. R. M. McDuffie greets the Grand Exalted Ruler at East Point, Ga., when he visited that Lodge.

THE banquet tendered Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner by New York Lodge No. 1 was an outstanding affair, held at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City and attended by a large and representative gathering of Elks. The event also marked the celebration by the Mother Lodge of the 72nd Birthday of the Order. The Hon. Ferdinand Pecora, P.E.R., presided. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Dr. Francis H. Marx of Oneonta, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. The speakers were E.R. Murray Monness, Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, the Hon. Charles Poletti, Lieut. Gov. of the State of New York, State Senator the Hon. Robert F. Wagner, members of No. 1, and Mr. Warner. Six Past Grand Exalted Rulers were present—John K. Tener and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge; James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; Murray Hulbert, New York Lodge No. 1; James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Lodge. Other distinguished Elks who attended were Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Grand Tiler Stephen McGrath, Oneida, N. Y.; Grand Trustees Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, N. J.; Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind.; Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif.; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., and William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York Lodge; Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, Pa., Chairman, and Ray C. Delaney, Ossining, N. Y., a member, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D.'s Thomas F. Dougherty, Freeport, N. Y., Lewis M. Austin, Cortland, N. Y., Arthur H. Kimble, Middletown, N. Y., Andrew F. Polite, Madison, N. J., Russell L. Binder, Hackensack, N. J., and John P. Gilbert, Danbury, Conn.;

(Continued on page 46)

Left: Mr. Warner is photographed with Grand Esquire George M. McLean and members of McPherson, Kans., Lodge who welcomed him there.

Below are Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and other Grand Lodge Members, and a class of candidates which was initiated into Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge.



The Hanging Oak

(Continued from page 13)

she said, angry all at once, almost crying, "why you wanta go talkin' to a woman like that. I dunno why you can't anyway wait until I'm not around."

"Look," said Larry, and he searched carefully in his mind for the words, "You take most any man who might've been setting there with you when Belle came up. If she'd spoken to them they would have turned their head and made out not to have heard her. On the other hand, if they met her alone somewhere they couldn't be friendly enough. Anybody I talk to in private," he finished up, "I'm not gonna get snurlly at when I meet 'em out."

Mary was silent for she saw that somehow he had the right of it, but it was in her mind to ask what was the use of a woman's being good if it didn't give her the edge on those that weren't.

He took her hand and she leaned her face against his and happiness came upon her like sunlight. As for Larry, all the cynical, high-flown resolutions he had made no longer than an hour before melted away as quick as a snowbank beneath warm rain. It was like a hand that had been covering his eyes since before he could remember, had lifted and now he could see clearly and know that not ever, no matter what happened, could he let her go.

BY the time he walked back up toward the stable the clouds had thickened and hung so low and heavy that only a young fellow with his head foolish with unsaid love words could have failed to mark that the day was gloomy, and that the wind out of the northwest had a cold tang to it like winter was at its heels.

There was no one at the stable when he reached it so he took his bridle off a peg in the saddle room and caught Jeff Davis. He curried and brushed the horse till he shone brighter and blacker than a piece of new black satin, and he put the saddle on carefully, being sure that every wrinkle was smoothed out of the bright colored blanket. Then he tied the horse to a manger and went out and hollered for Baldy. "Hey—Baldy!"

Behind him a flat, clipped voice said, "Maybe he ain't here."

There was a startled, half-awakened fear in the back of Larry's mind when he turned sharply and saw Duke Martin standing in the yellow leaves that had fallen off the big cottonwood by the fence.

With this fuzzy caterpillar of fear crawling through his mind and saying in a slow way that there was meaning in Duke's voice and in his posture, Larry still smiled and spoke in a friendly way, "You lookin' for him, too?" he asked.

"No," said Duke and his mouth got

mean and kind of crooked, and all at once the reason for his crouching there by the fence was written plain on his face. "I'm taking my two hundred back again, cowboy." And his right hand jabbed downward in a quick, trained movement.

Well, there was Larry caught in a place he couldn't talk his way out of and he felt his own hand instinctively follow the movements of the other. When the report smashed into the damp, blowing air he closed his eyes and his thoughts were queer and amazed.

He opened his eyes and saw Duke Martin's head drop forward and his legs give way at the knees. He stared at Larry and his mouth gaped open, sucking at the air like a catfish out of water. Then all at once he was very still and awful lying there under the almost naked tree with a bunch of yellow leaves in each hand.

Larry's mind was at once unreal and yet sharper and more clear than ever in his life before. This dead man here by the watering trough was the result of hours of practice alone. And maybe Duke Martin's gun had stuck in his holster, or maybe he'd had a cramp, or his heart had failed suddenly. However it had been, he had never fired a shot and somehow his gun had fallen so that it looked as if it might just have slipped out of his holster when he fell. It looked as if Duke Martin had been shot down in cold blood.

Larry watched the smoke trickle slowly from the barrel of his own gun and then, in desperation, slammed it back into its holster and ran, climbing the back fence. He felt like some wary kind of an animal as he circled into the mesquite brush and back toward the saloon. Deep in his mind part of him was laughing and jeering fiercely at himself for the sickness in his stomach and the sweat that kept popping out in the palms of his hands.

And the thought of Mary, slipping upon him suddenly, was more than he could stand.

All the time the weather went on about its business just as if it didn't know there was such a person as Larry Durand in the world. The wind talked softly about many things and the rain started to fall in small drops that came to his ears as light as the rustlings of termites in dead wood. He kept thinking, *Who'll know? Nobody saw. Who'll know?* And the rain came a little harder and a little colder and sent the good smell of water on dry ground to his nostrils. And he cried out in his heart, *It wasn't my fault.*

Only no one would believe him. He had been too thorough in building up his rep as a gun-totin', card-sharpin' kid with a shady past. Too many men had seen their hard won

earnings find a way into his pockets. Too many men had swallowed their grudges because of the way he sang and the friendly laughter in his eyes. Well, why hadn't he taken Duke's gun and fired and put it back in Duke's hand? No one would have doubted that Duke had fired the shot. Any fool would have thought of that. And now it was too late.

Just as he started out of the mesquites there came footsteps hurrying along and he jerked back. It was old Applejack Thomas stepping along pert as a drunk Indian with the black tags of his beard snapping back in the wind and his chest stuck out like it was running a race with his feet and winning. Larry watched him go. Dirty old Applejack with his hand curled importantly over his gun butt and the little rat tails of tobacco juice at his mouth perked up, grinning like a back-sliding preacher daring the devil to get him.

APPLEJACK had got a little blood on his hand from feeling of the wound in Duke's chest when some of the boys with Sheriff Hardin puffing after them came storming around the barn like a trail herd with the smell of water in its nostrils.

Applejack stood up and blinked the rain out of his eyes and said, "Deader'n a door nail, Joe. Look. Wonder who done it?"

A few more fellows had come up, making a small crowd of dusty, worn boots shuffling in the rain-spotted dust. They all stood there still and quiet, just looking at him, and finally Sheriff Hardin spoke. "I wonder," he said.

"Well, it's a funny thing all right," Applejack pointed out. "Never had a chance, that man. I swear it's as funny a thing as I ever see."

And then Sheriff Hardin took a deep breath and spoke with his words sounding soft and yet kind of scratchy like the moss you find on the shady side of granite rocks. "Let's see your gun, Applejack," he said.

Applejack handed over his gun, beginning to be a little puzzled and to feel queer standing there alone by the dead man with all the others bunched together staring at him and keeping so still. Then the sheriff broke open the gun and pried out an empty shell and it lay bright and shiny between the calluses of his palm.

You can see, of course, how one thing led to another after that. Applejack started twisting around like a maggot on a hot rock and his insides folded up like a patented drinking cup, and he tried to explain how he'd taken a pot shot at a coyote a couple of hours before. But all those staring eyes fastened on him and the little fingers of fear that clamped tight around his heart were

too much for him and his story was confused and twisted and the fellows knew he was lying. Sheriff Hardin passed the gun around from one to the other of them and they sniffed at it and were agreed that the smell of powder was fresh. Maybe they weren't experts at powder smoke. Maybe they just had it in for Applejack or maybe they were thirsting for excitement.

However it was, there was Applejack already tried and convicted not twenty minutes after Duke Martin had been shot. At that there might have been no impulse for a lynching if Belle Martin hadn't come up just then and started screaming bloody hell and saying that Applejack had said he would get Duke. The boys remembered this too, and nobody noticed that in spite of all her carrying on there were no tears on her face. Only markings of raindrops.

Applejack said, "I didn't do it, boys. I didn't do it," over and over, until even to himself he sounded like a cracked record on a talking machine. He felt a soft, frightened touch on his arm and there was Skeeter, like no other horse in the world, braving the scent of blood and the noise to come to him and touch his arm with her gentle muzzle. He put his arms around her neck, and hid his face, letting his chest heave in obscene, old man's crying. Through everything he could hear Belle screaming. High, long screams that'd lift your hair straight up and if you heard them at night in the mountains you'd swear it was a mountain lion gone loco as hell.

First thing Applejack knew he found himself lifted atop Skeeter and someone was tying his own rope around his neck. It was pitiful the way he looked from one to the other, begging them with his eyes, only they wouldn't look at him. You'd think they'd never seen him before.

They led Skeeter off toward the Hanging Oak and Applejack wept into his beard and said, "Aw, yer jest afunnin' ain'tcha, boys? You know I wouldn't hurt a flea. Ya know I didn't do it."

The only man who didn't go trailing after Applejack like buzzards after a sick yearling, was Larry Durand. He just stood there looking after them and he pulled down his hat to keep the rain out of his face.

He saw how the horses were all scared and skittish, crowding to one side of the corral, and he picked up the dead man and carried him into the saddle room. He laid the body down carefully and brushed off the wet leaves that clung to its hair. After

that he got a saddle blanket and spread it over the corpse, seeing how the blanket was so stiff with sweat and salt that it lay straight, not conforming to the curves beneath it. You couldn't have told what it was that he had covered over.

He went out quickly, not liking the look of it, and led Jeff Davis outside the corral and mounted. It seemed to him that the only thing in the world he could do was to get out in the hills alone somewhere with the wind and the rain, and let the dripping quiet and the cold wipe the whole day from his mind. He felt low and dirty but he couldn't see what he could do about it. He argued with himself that Applejack was old and filthy, that he wouldn't live long anyway and that God knew the world would be better off without him. And besides there was Mary.

LARRY gave Jeff Davis his head and the big horse rolled his breath out through his nostrils and bolted into the wind. Larry couldn't have stopped Jeff to save his soul from hell, and the first thing he knew he was sitting his horse there by the Hanging Oak and Jess Martin was up in the tree tying a rope around the limb that jutted high and horizontal out from the trunk.

He hadn't expected to see Mary there and the sight of her turned his heart colder than the rain that smacked down against his back. Every time he didn't want to see her, there she was. Poking her nose into men's affairs. She was holding on to Pete Mason's arm, crying, and saying, "Please, Pete. Wait a while. Think what you're doin'."

Pete said, doing his darnedest to be gentle, "Now, Miss Mary, you know this ain't no place fer wimen. Us men-folks'll handle this all right."

Then Mary saw Larry, and she cried, "Stop them, Larry! Make them quit!" She came to him running and put her hand on his knee, looking up into his face and weeping all the while. "Make them stop, Larry." Stubborn she was and bound to have her own way. Couldn't she see that even Sheriff Joe Hardin stood aside helpless against the law of the cow country?

He could not somehow meet her eyes and though he meant to speak and though he opened his lips and moved them right enough, no sound came out. The rain kept coming harder and harder and Jeff Davis kept batting his eyes and stamping under the cold drops. Mary stood back. "You know he didn't do it," she said. It was like the rain had blown into her eyes and put out the shining light.

The wind whipped off Applejack's hat and it went rolling and bouncing down the flat. He whined eagerly, "Yo're jest afunnin', ain'tcha, boys?"

It was a terrible moment. It was like time took a deep breath and stopped to listen. Everyone grew suddenly very quiet and there was just the rain pounding angrily, and the clouds getting black and awful looking and getting closer and closer all the time as if they meant to creep down and choke the whole world when it wasn't looking.

Mary started walking toward town with her head dropped low against the rain and her eyes as sad as the eyes of a sick hound. Of a sudden Larry knew just how high he'd stand with her if he let old Applejack go on and hang, with her believing in her heart that he was innocent.

Of a sudden he was seeing nothing that was happening there at the Hanging Oak. He was thinking and the thoughts ran fast and clear through his mind. He saw, plain as if it were written out, that he and Applejack were the same. Only Applejack was old age and Larry was youth. It was all there. When you were young you had a silver tongue and a quick hand at cards and a way with women and horses. You had a love for good liquor and you practiced your draw until your hand was smooth and fast. And you thought you were pretty smart and tough. But if down underneath you were just an ordinary young fellow who shrank from blood and cruelty, and who, when hard pressed, found his thoughts running back to the time in Wyoming when he helped dig the hole underneath the horsethief who'd been dangling there for three weeks slowly rotting with an



"I don't care how cozy it is, I still think we're step-children!"

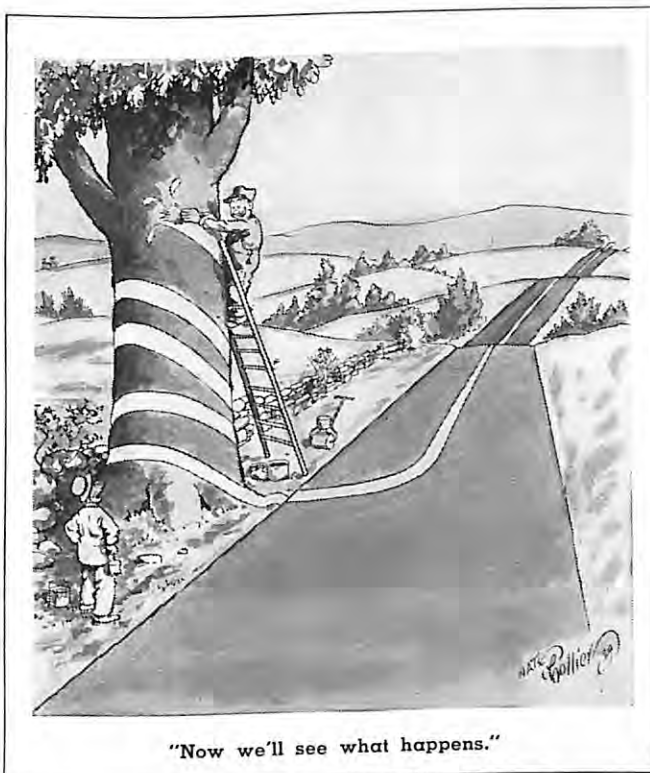
awful stink—if you were like that then you were like Applejack. And you turned slowly to a fat, hateful old man. A dirty, low, brag-gity fellow whom everyone hated. Somewhere along the way, youth got tired of poking along with you, and seeing you had middle age for company anyway it ran off. And then middle age got weary of your dragging feet and it, too, left you and you had old age to comfort you. Old age hobbling along, mumbling into its beard.

And it was the gospel truth that old age wasn't such a pleasant companion at its best. Old age needed decency and cleanliness and love. It shouldn't end up hideous and pitiful, with its neck broken and rain-drops dripping off its long black beard like raindrops off tree moss in a swamp.

Swift as wind these thoughts went through his head and before he rightly knew what he was doing he yelled at the group. "Listen, you blankety sons of so's and so's," he told them, and his voice whipped out the words like the wind cutting through the badlands, "I am the fellow that shot Duke Martin and no son of a gun can hang me to any tree you ever saw. If you'll remember, Joe," he spoke now to Sheriff Hardin, "Jeff Davis was standing there saddled all the time, and you can find Baldy and ask him if he did it. So you'll know I was there before Applejack an' that for some reason of my own I let out like a streak of greased lightning. Duke was askin' for his money back an' he got what he wasn't askin' for." Then, before they had quite made out if he was telling them the truth or if he was talking through his hat, he had whirled Jeff Davis and was gone in a great splattering of mud and dust. It looked funny to see the little puffs of dust come from under Jeff's hoofs when everywhere the surface of the ground was wet.

Behind him he could hear sounds of pursuit but that didn't worry him. It'd take a damn' good pony to catch Jeff Davis, and the rain would wash out his tracks. And once over the mountains this place would be long gone and he could straighten up his shoulders and try an honest man's trade for a change. He'd see how it felt to put a curb on his tongue and listen to somebody else and maybe learn a thing or two.

Only thinking about Mary bothered him. He thought he might write her a letter when he got to someplace away off and he would tell her how it had been, because he couldn't bear to think of the things her father would say to her. And maybe Mary would answer. "I reckon you was



"Now we'll see what happens."

right, Pap. He sure had me fooled right enough."

He kept thinking that way and pretty soon the rain on his face started tasting salty. When he bit his lips it didn't help at all, so after a minute he just bent his head and pulled down his hat and bawled like a two-year-old kid.

Seemed as if all the music in his heart was dead and stiff as Duke Martin, and the whole of his life stretched away before him, empty and bare and tuneless. All around him the grey rain came down cold and quiet and the wind cut through his jumper and moaned off softly through the live oaks.

AFTER a time he pulled Jeff Davis down to a slower pace and it was then that he heard the horse coming in back of him. For a second he listened and then he leaned forward in the saddle and Jeff Davis spattered mud and water four ways. The big horse gave all he had and there was something that was splendid and great in the workings of his muscles. But still when Larry listened there was the sound of that horse coming hell bent for Christmas up the trail. He figured it was some hombre high-tailing it after him on Skeeter, because no other horse in the country could gain on Jeff Davis that fast.

He pulled Jeff Davis to a quick, sliding stop, thinking how sure as hell he'd have to shoot this fellow, and he thought, *I can't do it.* And then he knew he'd have to.

The rider came splashing up beside him and he saw then that he didn't have the guts for shooting anyone else no matter what happened. The rider spoke then and said, "Well, we caught you." And

it was no man at all, but Mary, with her face all shiny bright as he'd never seen it.

He didn't say anything, just sat there gaping at her in a silly way and grabbing her hand like he wasn't ever going to turn it loose. For the first time in his life his tongue refused to work, simply because there were no words he had ever heard tell of that would express the things that were tumbling around inside his chest.

Mary said softly, and you could see she was just talking to keep from saying the things she really meant, "We got to write Applejack sometime," she said, pressing his hand close between hers, "an' tell him how Skeeter beat Jeff Davis. He allus said she could. Wa'n't it sweet of him to give her to me?"

"She couldn't do it on dry ground," Larry said, finally getting his tongue to work and dropping her hand to tend his skittish, blowing horse. "It wasn't like it

looked, Mary," he said, "He was startin' to grab his gun before I even knew what was happenin'."

"I know," she said gently, "Haven't I saw you turn white around the gills when you saw a calf with a broken leg? Haven't I saw you being good to anything that was hurt? Don't you think I know the kind of man I'm going away with?"

He looked at her and he felt hopeless and lost. "You ought to know," he said. "An' you ought to know you can't come with me. You know what I did. You know the sort of fellow I am."

Mary watched him with that steady light shining in her eyes, shining as if all the rain in the world couldn't put it out. She ran a hand along Skeeter's hot, wet neck. "Pap allus said they's some things worse than killin' a man," she said steadily. "An' I reckon Pap is right—mostly." She smiled at him and turned Skeeter down the trail, holding her to an easy running-walk that would make the miles slide under her.

Jeff Davis followed without waiting for Larry to tell him to. He went stepping high and wanting to run. Didn't seem to realize that he'd been beaten.

When the rain stopped completely it was night, and the moon rose big as a washtub full of gold and went wading across the heavens knee-deep in clouds. It was as pretty a sight as a person is apt to see no matter how many years he lives. And Mary stopped Skeeter to look at it.

Larry reached over and took off her hat. He could see her hair in the moonlight, glistening there like a silver halo, and he kissed it, and kissed her lips and her smooth white neck. He took her two cold hands and warmed them with his own. Of

all the fine ready-made love words that he had in his head not one would come out. So he said instead, "Before long we'll light a fire and rest a spell."

"Oh, I'm not tired yet," she said, "But this wind does seem cold. A

fire'll seem good." And she shook the reins on the mare's neck and clucked softly to her.

And Larry knew, for a moment, humbleness. Then deep in his heart a new song stirred and came to life, and the wonder and the beauty of

it was too great to pass his lips. It sang quietly there in his heart and was like a wild bird hidden deep and secure in a forest of green leaves.

They rode on together, silent and sure, through the moonlit night.



Tavern in the Town

(Continued from page 7)

came to be his boast that he had killed more enemies than all the British armies.

Black Sam was able to lighten the misery of the prisoners, to smuggle in food and clothing, perhaps to arrange escapes. What he accomplished in their behalf during the long years of the British occupation is not specifically recorded, but its value is testified to by a grant of £200 by Congress and the New York legislature to Samuel Fraunces for his kindness to American prisoners, and other services to the patriot cause.

WHEN the war was won, General Washington met British officers to arrange for the withdrawal of their troops from New York. Sam catered for their dinner which cost £500, but that was in depreciated paper money. At last, on November 25, 1783, arrived the great occasion of Evacuation Day. Out marched the redcoats; in marched American troops through a wildly rejoicing town which showed the effect of an iron hand. Houses of rebels had been reduced to rack and ruin, and many a fine shade tree cut down for firewood for Hessian officers. A few minor disturbances occurred. An American officer was insulted by a British son of Bellona (as the press euphoniously put it) who promptly received a horse-whipping and a half-dozen *coups des pieds au derriere*. Provost Marshal Cunningham, after tearing down several prematurely hoisted American flags and "pronouncing some scores of double-headed Dams, besides the genteel epithet of Rebel Bitches", prudently boarded a British ship; subsequently he was hanged for forgery in London. The British had left their flag flying with cut-away halyards on a greased pole, but an American sailor nailed cleats, climbed up and hoisted the Stars and Stripes.

The celebration also called for many a drink to be hoisted, and Black Sam never spent a busier day. General Washington made his headquarters at the Tavern, and that night Governor Clinton gave a dinner there for the General and his officers. While the toasts drunk were

to the Original States, which limited them to only thirteen, the evening was a grand one.

December 4th saw the most famous scene in this already historic setting. Then Sam's Tavern was done such honor as he must have remembered to the end of his days. Washington, about to retire as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and return to Mount Vernon, summoned his officers to meet him in the Long Room and say farewell. A hard-riding cavalryman, Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge, wrote of that affecting moment in his diary:

"We had assembled but a few moments, when His Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment, in almost breathless silence the General filled his glass with wine, and turning to the officers he said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.'

"After the officers had taken a glass of wine, General Washington said, 'I cannot come to each of you, but I shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate manner, every officer in the room marched up to, kissed and parted with his General-in-Chief."

Such was that affecting leave-taking of comrades-in-arms who had fought and won the war for American Independence. Nor can the General have neglected to say farewell to Sam Fraunces. He, too, had served.

Certainly Washington did not forget the tavern-keeper he esteemed so highly for his own and for his daughter's sakes. He wrote Sam in 1785, asking a favor in the following letter:

"As no person can judge better of the qualifications necessary to con-

stitute a good housekeeper, or household steward, than yourself, for a family which has a good deal of company and wishes to entertain them in a plain, but genteel style, I take the liberty of asking you if there is such a one within your reach whom you think could be induced to come to me on reasonable wages. I would rather have a man than a woman, but either would do, if they can be recommended for honesty, sobriety and knowledge of their profession, which, in a word, is to relieve Mrs. Washington from the drudgery of ordering and seeing the table properly covered and things economically used

"The wages I now give a man is about one hundred dollars per annum; but I would go as far as one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

WHETHER Sam found a steward is not stated. Curiously, four years hence he was filling the job himself, but not in Virginia. George Washington had been elected President, inaugurated in New York, and had established his "White House" at No. 3 Cherry Street. Black Sam ran the household with his accustomed skill, and probably no President since has given state dinners better cooked and served. Still the household budget had to be balanced, and it was made clear that no over-lavishness should be tolerated. That point was clinched when Sam served up a fine shad, the first catch of the season, for breakfast one morning.

"What fish is this?" demanded the President.

"A shad, Your Excellency."

"It is very early in the season for it. How much did you pay for it?"

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars! I can never encourage this extravagance on my table. Take it away. I will not touch it," said the economical Father of his since more spendthrift Country.

The steward took it away and relished breakfasting on it himself.

Black Sam was still in the position the following year when death claimed the famous keeper of a famous tavern in the town.

Grapes of Mirth

(Continued from page 17)

of the royal houses in Europe always spiced their food with wine and you can bet that no matter what their defects in other fields, those royal families insisted on superior victuals even if they occasionally sprinkled a little arsenic on their political rivals' broiled squab.

Among the cauldrons and casseroles, sherry is a constant visitor. It blends with almost anything. Spill a few spoonfuls of sherry in the chicken à la king and you'll give the creamy sauce a delicious pungency. Add half a cup of sherry to Lobster à la Newburg, or a tablespoon to each dish of soup. It can be used instead of water when cooking a roast, or half a cup may be poured over each side of a sizzling steak.

White wine is almost as essential a base as sherry for kitchen dishes. Filet of sole is never better than when cooked with a white wine sauce—a dish that can bring as much ecstasy to a gourmet as the Toscanini string section to a music lover. Port is an excellent mixer with cheese and many a crock of Stilton soaked in port has made American lips smack with delight. The wine-growers have printed several hundred booklets about wine's place in the culinary community. Your local wine salesman will be or should be glad to get them for you.

California wine is produced by men who are highly skilled in their art. Most of the vintners inherited their talent. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers (written home to Mother lately?) were vintners in Europe and California. Out on the Coast they consider themselves as pioneers who take precedent over the famous "forty-niners". For Father Junipero Serra, who spread a line of missions from San Diego to San Francisco, planted the first wine-grapes at Mission San Diego as far back as 1769 and the vine blossomed into a \$420,000,000 industry. Most of the vines producing around San Francisco today were brought over from the Burgundy district of France and one strange chapter in California's history was a "grape rush" by farmers to Sonoma County in the 1860's. They sought cuttings from the 100,000 vines which had been transplanted from Europe into that hilly county.

Today, the grape and wine industry flourishes from San Diego up to Mendocino, north of San Francisco. There are three distinct districts. In the hilly north, dry wines are predominant. There is an unconfirmed rumor that the northern county wine-growers like to quote Virgil who said, "Bacchus loves the hillsides." Those of the broad, flat San Joaquin Valley cater to America's sweet tooth and are proudest of their sweet wines. Running true to



BILL CORUM
Famous Sports
Columnist

"I'll say it's Smoother" *Bill Corum*

"I thought your 1934 Seagram's Crowns were as smooth and mild as whiskies could be, but your 1940 Crowns are even better," said Mr. Corum, popular sports columnist, when asked to compare Seagram's Crown Whiskies of today with the identical Crown Whiskies that became leaders in the few short months following Repeal.

Ted Husing, radio's No. 1 sports announcer, made the same comparison with Seagram's 7 Crown of '34 and '40. "Your present 7 Crown wins by a wide margin," announced Ted, "but, in my opinion, it has always been a wonderfully smooth whiskey—a luxury whiskey."

George Jessel, beloved comedian of stage and radio, also cast his vote in favor of Seagram's 5 Crown of today, "America's Finest Popular-Priced Whiskey." "Yes," said George, "it's even smoother than that grand 5 Crown you could get right after Repeal."



Since 1857
Seagram's

SMOOTHER AND FINER
AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation. Offices: New York, N. Y.

type, Southern California is proud of both her dry and sweet wines, not to mention her climate, blondes and football teams.

Those wine-bibbers who have done a little research on the subject and would like to point with pride to Chateau du Bidal 1922 or Clos de Patois 1928 can save their breath as far as California is concerned because there is no such thing as a vintage year on the Golden Coast.

But an absence of vintage does not indicate an absence of vineyards and the growing industry has now flowed over the \$400,000,000 mark. If the California wine-boosters eventually succeed in hoisting their trade to the billion-dollar level, they will take their place in the ranks of big business within a cork's pop of nickel candy-bars and bursting beer barrels.

Should you raise your son to be a Wine Warden? Why not? It's a pleasant, if rather unorthodox business. It combines the crop problems of the farmer, the distribution problems of the pencil manufacturer, the tax problems of any big business and the regulatory problems of the distiller and brewer.

The wine-growers must press their grapes of mirth into the moulds required by each whimsical state in the Union and every state has its own peculiar tax rates, labeling laws and retailing regulations.

Its retail outlets can be headaches, too, because a careless or ignorant dealer can change the quality of a whole shipment by mishandling it in his store. The consumer who buys a bad hunk of ham goes back and throws it in the butcher's lap, but the wine customer is a sensitive fellow who is on unfamiliar ground and he has an unhealthy habit of pouring the jug of vinegar down the drain, to the ultimate disadvantage of the wine-grower.

The Wine Institute has taken great care to warn the retailer about putting his bottles upright in the

sun and selling sweet port to a customer who wants a red table wine. Retailers have also been instructed to keep dry wines on their side and in a reasonably cool place. Gone is the day when ignorant merchants placed bottles of vulnerable wine in the show-window where the noon-day sun could cook it to a syrup.

SOME of the headaches of the wine trade are illustrated by the following statement from the Eastern sales manager of a large California wine company:

"... The '5 & 10c' wineries make boastful claims and sell unsound wine to all and sundry. Their wine will remain unsound as long as they follow the present practice of not giving it a chance to develop. This practice and the lack of enforcement of standards of quality, added to the very common foreign products brought in by department stores and others under their import licenses, are injuring the development of American wine more than any other single factor.

"... Some of the poorest products are sold at top prices and the price or label seems to mean very little. The type of retail licensees we have seem to consider nothing but their own profit and they naturally get a bigger profit by selling cheap wine at a retail price 100% higher than its wholesale cost. When this rancid stuff is high-pressured on you by a greedy dealer and you innocently try it with your dinner, your reaction is, 'If that's a good domestic wine, I'm drinking imported stuff from now on. No more vinegar for me.'

"... Our company does not belong to the Wine Institute, a group which should not be confused with the Wine Advisory Board. As members of the latter organization we are paying from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ c on each gallon of wine sold to defray the expenses of our campaign to put American wine on American tables."

Despite the steady rise in consumption of American wine and the concomitant interest of the moderate drinkers, there still seems to be some sediment in the wine industry that needs clearing out. And it will have to be cleared out before the citizens begin to use wine regularly with their meals.

The public is not going to rush in and buy wine if it is sold acidulous ink. It wants a good-tasting wine that will be kind to its gastric juices. And it is up to the wine-growers to give it to them. If, as charged, there are still firms selling "guinny red" it is up to the reputable wine-growers to do something about them. An independent board might be set up to pass on suspect wines, and weed out those unfit for consumption. And the absence of an approving label on substandard wine would be enough to warn the purchaser. There is little sense in plugging wine consumption to the 100,000,000-gallon mark unless there are 100,000,000 gallons of decent wine available to the consumers.

After the last war to perpetuate munitions manufacturers, the United States poured itself a Mickey Finn in the guise of the Volstead Act by which bootleggers thrived, racketeers mushroomed and stomach linings were assassinated. Even today, members of the "lost generation" can be seen drinking gin with giblets and some poor souls have even been caught drinking cocktails after dinner, fancy mixtures like *Alexanders* and *Clover Clubs*.

All this is very discouraging to the vintners but the inherent worth of their product should triumph in the long run, or pull. Wine can do as much for meat and vegetables as salt and pepper. If you don't believe me, why don't you try a glass of good American wine with your next dinner? Forget about the fancy frills and fripperies and just drink it for enjoyment's sake. That's why vineyards were born.

Canada Requests the Pleasure—

(Continued from page 19)

table linen, or perhaps in an imported tweed overcoat.

From Montreal you will probably journey, through dozens of little country villages, to fabulous Quebec. In Quebec, the only walled city left in North America, the old world meets the new. The new could not be better represented than by the Chateau Frontenac, the lovely, lordly hostelry built upon the site chosen by Champlain, in 1620, for his center of government. Not far from the Chateau are the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the battle which brought Canada under British rule. There is the Citadel, now an echo of a fort, the tunnels closed and the cannons

silent; but still a sentry guards the great door. Below the high plateau where the Chateau stands is the little old City, endearingly quaint with its huddling small houses, and the aged Notre Dame des Victoires, detached and silent. Olden days live again as a visitor drives in a bumbling, two-wheeled *calèche* through the gates of the city, or walks, because they are so narrow, down Breakneck Stairs and Little Champlain Street. Bordering streets that seem to wander aimlessly here and there, are small, inviting shops filled with habitant handiwork. A moonlight night, and there is the band playing on Dufferin Terrace, high above the Old Town.

Having come as far as Quebec, it would be a pity not to go on, by the shores of the St. Lawrence, past the Baie des Chaleurs, to the Gaspé Peninsula. Almost newly discovered country seems the beautiful peninsula, so remote and unvisited it lay for centuries, before the building a few years ago of the splendid motor road which now swings around it. Yet its charm is its antiquity, and its inhabitants live practically as did their forebears hundreds of years ago. Descendants of early traders from France, of exiled Acadians, these fine, simple people have preserved, almost untouched, the customs of their ancestors. And French

is still the language of the North Shore.

The road to Grand Pré is a romantic pilgrimage, since this is the Land of Evangeline, and it still lies under the spell of that gentle maid.

New Brunswick is full of interesting and unusual sights. In the vicinity of Moncton, for instance, is the tidal bore of the Petitcodiac River, the "Magnetic Hill" where cars appear to coast uphill without power; "The Rocks" at Hopewell Cape are strange, red sandstone cliffs, sculptured by the tides of the Bay of Fundy into innumerable weird forms. At low tide, the visitor can go down a ladder-like staircase to explore these overhanging cliffs, but he must be wary lest the returning tide trap him.

If you are driving, you will find that New Brunswick's lovely highways offer you countless spots of intriguing beauty which will invite you to stop, look and relax. And if you like to spend your vacation in the clubby atmosphere of a large summer resort, you should investigate the opportunities at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. From June to September this lovely spot is agog with the doings of smart people at their best.

But all of Canada is not to be found east of Montreal. The extensive natural resources of Ontario provide such a variety of attractions, it may truly be called a vacationist's paradise. Thousands of miles of paved highways lead through unsurpassed scenery. Whether you fish in stream or lake; from canoe or from the shore, with or without a guide, you will find the opportunities for sport unlimited in Ontario. And the variety of fish to be found is almost unequalled anywhere. Vacation resorts are to be found close to populous centers or in the heart of the great northland—where virgin forests and lakes still abound.

In Canada's far west tower the breath-taking Canadian Rockies—overwhelming in their majestic splendor. Those who have experienced the spell of this region know how inadequately words express its charm. In this unspoiled alpine kingdom, hallowed by history and by the romance of the fur traders, are tremendous peaks that lift their heads beyond the clouds, and black canyons that brace their feet in unimaginable depths.

Six of Canada's nineteen national parks are in the Rockies and one of these, Jasper, is the largest National Park in North America. It contains an immense region of majestic peaks, ice-fields, broad valleys and beautiful lakes, and includes the famous resort, Jasper.

Banff and Lake Louise offer luxury that is almost continental in settings of startling beauty, while just as breath-taking are the backgrounds of the simpler camps and lodges. From either Lake Louise or Jasper it is an easy drive, by the new Skyline Highway, to one of the most stupendous sights in the world—the

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Pabst *Blue Ribbon* Beer

Columbia Icefield. These great masses of ice are carried high upon the towering shoulders of the mountain peaks and flow into rushing rivers and tumbling waterfalls.

For more than a century, explorers have written of the Columbia Icefield, but few of the thousands who visited the Rockies have been able to see it. Now, over the new motor road which traverses wild and gorgeous country, you can reach the Icefield in a few thrilling hours—a trip which previously required ten days in the saddle.

Great as is the spectacle of the Canadian Rockies, their appeal is not to the eye alone. The young and sprightly may find themselves riding over the mountains to the timberline, and down into gentle valleys, or swinging afoot through winding, narrow trails. In this summer of 1940 the Calgary Stampede, an annual event, will be held at Calgary from July 8th until the 13th. The Stampede is a picture of the old pioneer life, which will raise in American hearts an echo of early days of the Wild West when cowboys were cowboys and must have been made of iron. Indians are not lacking, and a few days after the Stampede, the Stoneys move into Banff

for their own festival, a revival of colorful tribal customs and ceremonies.

Vancouver, with its magnificent land-locked harbor, is Canada's gateway to the Pacific. It is one of the continent's great ports and ships of every flag can be seen tied up at its piers. Just a short sail from Vancouver by auto ferry or palatial liner is Victoria—lovely residential city and capital of the Province of British Columbia. The Legislative Buildings, its fine public parks, drives and gardens, make it a place not to be missed on your trip to British Columbia.

Canada's inland waterways—the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes—make it easily possible for you to enjoy a holiday on shipboard. These inland waterways stretch two thousand miles from Duluth in Minnesota to Chicoutimi in Quebec. This distance is almost as far as a trip to Europe, but it offers a variety of ship cruising that ocean travel lacks—shores, islands, straits, canals and cities to see. Luxurious accommodations and the finest modern hotel service are available and you'll get an almost continuous program of entertainment afloat and ashore.

Wherever you may decide to go in Canada, or by whatever means, you

need fear no lack of comfort. Trains are air-conditioned, motor highways are well kept and the hotels are as luxurious as any of the best in this country. Even the out-of-the-way places offer adequate, homelike accommodations.

But making for your greatest comfort is nature's own gift of a happy climate. Summer temperatures are as near perfection as possible. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the thermometer averages around seventy during daylight hours. Quebec's temperature is close to that of one of New York's summers, but lacks the uncomfortable humidity. In the Rockies, the summer sun does its work well at midday, but nights and early mornings there, as elsewhere in Canada, are crisp, cool and invigorating.

Each of Canada's Provinces has prepared—and makes available to you—colorful literature which will give you much information to help you get the most out of any time you spend in Canada. If you'd like to have some of this literature to decide some of the things you want to do in Canada, send us a note addressed to the Travel Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and we will have the information sent to you.

1940 Convention Program

(Tentative)

Sunday, July 14

Churches. Special services. Rev. J. W. E. Airey, Chairman.
Trapshooting. Houston Gun Club. Traps open for practice for those entering contest.

Sightseeing Trips. Sightseeing buses will leave the Headquarters Hotel, the Rice, every day of the Convention at regular intervals for a tour of the residential districts, the parks, and the ship channel turning basin, terminating at the Long Reach Compress where special demonstration of Cotton Compressing will be staged for Elks.

3:00 P.M. Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committee-men, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, District Deputies and their ladies will leave the Turning Basin by boat for a trip down the Houston Ship Channel to San Jacinto Battle Grounds. The party will visit San Jacinto Memorial Shaft and tour the battle grounds.

7:00 P.M. Party will dine at the famous San Jacinto Inn, noted throughout America for its fine food.

Monday, July 15

Trapshooting. Traps open for practice. Houston Gun Club.
Golf. Brae-Burn Country Club. First qualifying match, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., Sidney Van Ulm, Chairman.
10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest to be held in Shrine Temple Auditorium. M. A. DeBettencourt, Chairman, Local Arrangements.

Open House. All day in the spacious, shaded grounds of the Gulf Brewing Company, brewers of Grand Prize Beer.

Special trips to San Jacinto Battle Grounds. Special buses will leave on regular schedule from Headquarters Hotel, the Rice.

Specially arranged entertainment at Night Clubs, Theaters and the Museum of Fine Arts.

8:00 P.M. OPENING CEREMONIES, SAM HOUSTON COLISEUM. Reception and Musical. All Elks and ladies to be guests of the Grand Lodge. Open to the public. Special entertainment.

Tuesday, July 16

10:00 A.M. National Elks Trapshooting Contest. Many important prizes at the Houston Gun Club.

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest continuation at Shrine Temple.

1:30 P.M. Second qualifying match of Golf Tournament. Brae-Burn Country Club.

Open House. All day in the spacious, shaded grounds of the Gulf Brewing Company, brewers of Grand Prize Beer.

Skeet Contest. Main Skeet Club.

Sightseeing Trips.

Specially arranged entertainment at Night Clubs, Theaters and the Museum of Fine Arts.

2:30 P.M. Band and Drill Team Contests at Buffalo Stadium.

6:00 P.M. Old-Time Southern Barbecue at Buffalo Stadium. Free to all Elks.

8:00 P.M. Night double-header baseball game at Buffalo Stadium. Free to all Elks.

Wednesday, July 17

Ritualistic Contest continues at Shrine Temple.

Final playoff of Golf Tournament 1:30 P.M. Many prizes, including the John J. Doyle \$2,000.00 Perpetual Trophy.

4:00 P.M. Tea and Style Show for ladies at Brae-Burn Country Club under the direction of the ladies of Houston Lodge. Mrs. Joseph F. Meyer, Jr., Chairman.

3:00 P.M. Glee Club Contest. C. J. Atchison and Vernon Farquhar, Co-Chairmen.

8:00 P.M. Patriotic Elkdom on Parade. Night electrical parade with State floats, military and naval units, bands, drill teams and all the famous Texas High School Girl drill teams. Sam W. Becker, Chairman of Parade Committee.

10:30 P.M. Grand Ball and reception in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner in Sam Houston Coliseum. Fine music and special floor show. W. W. Short, Executive Director, Chairman.

Thursday, July 18

Sightseeing trips continue.

Special entertainment for Elks and their ladies at all Theaters, Night Clubs, etc.

Beach Party at Galveston with bathing beauty contest.

10:00 P.M. Mexico City post-Convention Tour via Missouri Pacific leaves Union Station.

NOTE—Bring your Golf Clubs, riding togs and fishing tackle; also your swim suits. Golfing, riding, fishing and surf bathing are tops in Texas.

Machine-Made Records

(Continued from page 8)

tain a higher emotional resistance to defeat. They also give credit to expert coaching available to youngsters everywhere and there is something in what they say. But they have neglected to mention the most significant factor of all.

Better and cheaper equipment, scientifically designed to foster the astonishing demolition of time and space, is the answer to it all. Superlative performances all along the line are pretty much of a snare and a delusion. The human equation remains constant but the tools the athletes use have been subject to such tremendous improvement that modern and old records cannot be measured by the same yardstick.

Golf, perhaps, has seen the sporting goods manufacturers at their ingenious best. Once upon a time, and not so long ago, a man who brought in a card of 80 could point with pride and to a suitably engraved trophy. Today a guy has to crack 70 to get his name in the papers. It's not done with mirrors, but with streamlined clubs and balls.

A few years ago the manufacturers had so many clubs on the market that the U. S. G. A. had to pass a rule restricting tournament players to fourteen sticks. A golfer with a

strong bank account and caddy had at his disposal a club for extricating himself from every difficulty but an income tax rap. If the trend had not been checked, golf matches would have degenerated into private contests between the Rockefellers and the Morgans. Championships would have followed money—as almost everything else does—since good golf was in danger of becoming a mechanical proposition. The clubs the Sneads, Nelsons, Picards and Sarazens use still require a certain degree of native skill.

Pioneers of the game who had to struggle with crude clubs are not as amazed as you'd expect them to be when a young squirt casually posts a 72-hole card which shatters par by a dozen strokes. Gaffer golfers managed to do all right in the dark ages when all-wood clubheads were bought separately and attached to wooden shafts. It's no great trick to reach the promised land with the matched irons and perfectly balanced woods available today.

A gent who is strong enough to lift a golf club is capable today of belting a ball 250 yards down the fairway on occasion. Years ago the bean bags used couldn't be shot more than 150 yards with a cannon. The

first ball was a queer gadget made of a horsehide cover stuffed with feathers and it was rather satisfactory until it was belabored vigorously, when it had the disconcerting habit of busting at the seams. A gutta-percha ball was tried next and although it traveled for more distance, the damn' thing had a distressing tendency to swoop like a vulture in full flight. (No, you don't. You can't blame the ball if you slice off the tee. Even twenty-five-cent balls bought at the drug store will go straight—if you have the presence of mind to hit them correctly.)

Observant golfers noticed, however, that an old, slightly nicked "gutter" held a truer course in the air and covered more yardage than a new ball. Thrifty citizens—not all of them Scotch—presently were subjected to the harrowing ordeal of watching fellow golfers deliberately mutilate new balls. That was the evolution of the "dimple" and "marked" balls, made now in accordance with the principles of aerodynamics and ballistics which golfers discovered quite by accident.

The most radical change ever made in the nature of a game can be traced to the deliberate tinkering with a ball—a baseball. In 1920 a



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8 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF

race of devastating demons suddenly appeared in the major leagues. Babe Ruth skyrocketed his home-run record from 29 to 54 circuit clouts in one season. The feat of Frank Baker, celebrated by the sobriquet of "Home Run" Baker when he knocked twelve balls over the wall during the entire season of 1913, was to be duplicated in one month of play. Baker thrilled the country by hitting two homers in the 1911 World Series; Ruth hit nine in the 1926, '27 and '28 Series. The home run, once the climactic offensive gesture of the game, became commonplace.

While infielders and pitchers screamed they were exposed to the imminent danger of decapitation by murderous line drives and while club-owners reaped the fruits of the home run's enormous value at the box office, the manufacturers of the official baseball stoutly maintained they were using the same materials and machinery. A few years ago I conducted a free-lance laboratory experiment which, despite its admitted crudeness, proved conclusively that the same old ball players were hitting a brand new ball which was so hopped up it couldn't pass the saliva test.

AN official 1918 ball and a 1936 ball were the materials of the experiment. Dropped simultaneously on concrete, we found the new ball bounced fully forty percent higher. Granted that a ball may deteriorate in eighteen years, the difference in the liveliness of the balls was obvious. The two spheres then were bisected with a hacksaw. The 1918 ball cut as easily as if it were a piece of cheese; the 1936 ball resisted the saw, and the rubber core was so tough that it could not be cut until an

incision was made with a razor blade.

A cross-section of the ball revealed several striking disparities. The gray rubber and cork core of the '18 ball was jagged and irregular. The center of the '36 ball was absolutely symmetrical and was made of hard black rubber encased in red rubber and had approximately twice as much cork, a resilient substance. The cover of the '36 ball was twice as thick—also promoting resiliency. The yarn of the '36 ball was wound tighter, felt more "alive" than the stuff used in the old ball. The record books said the barrage of home runs commenced mysteriously and miraculously in 1920—when organized baseball was rocked by rumors of the Black Sox scandal of 1919 and Babe Ruth first demonstrated the commercial value of a belt into the bleachers. Club officials said three balls were used in the average pre-war game, but two dozen were required to finish a knock-down, drag-out brawl of the post-war era. My humble experiment was one of hundreds which were being conducted throughout the country by amateurs and professional experts. The manufacturers contend no longer that Joe DiMaggio tees off on the same ball Frank Baker once hit.

Shopping for tennis balls used to be an adventure. Prospective buyers would squeeze and bounce a dozen balls, then select two or three and hope for the best. Covers then were stitched on a rubber core and air was introduced through a needle inserted into a plug. The pressure was not uniform, the plug made the ball lopsided and the minute orifice left by the needle permitted slow leakage of the air, which, in turn, made for weird bounces, and frustration on the part of the player.

The tennis ball today is a plugless affair which gives identical perform-

ances whether it is bought in Broken Bow or Boston. Uniform pressure is trapped mechanically by two hemispheres coated with an air-resistant lining, and a vulcanized rubber seam is the finishing touch on a perfectly round and balanced article.

A good part of childhood when you and I were young, Maggie, was devoted to a perpetual struggle with the gooseneck bladders used in footballs and basketballs. Enlightened youth now inflates its equipment by sticking an air gun into the valve of a bladder which fits snugly in a laceless casing. There are no dead spots and the ball gives true performance every time.

Running, the most fundamental sport of all, has been given a shot in the leg by the precise calculations of the engineer. Cinder tracks built by specialists can make for as radical a change in speed as the addition of a couple of cylinders in your car. The wooden indoor track at Dartmouth is so abnormally fast that the records made on it are not recognized by the International Federation. Every indoor mark from a quarter of a mile to a mile has been broken on the Dartmouth track in the last three years and in March of this year eight world's records were fractured there beyond all recognition during the course of one meet. And did you know that the construction of a swimming pool can mean a difference of as much as four seconds in a 100-yard race?

Athletes are by no means underprivileged people, but they are denied the luxury of complaining about their tools when something goes out of whack, a privilege enjoyed by journeyman plumbers and carpenters. The playing public has too much experience with fool-proof gadgets to be taken in by such deceptions.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

cent or a more significant sight." But his account of the daring flying of Frank Luke, Jr., and Joe Wehner, is enough to thrill every American who scans this page. Both men took great chances against German balloons and planes and both died fighting. Luke's end was characteristic; after bringing down three balloons and two planes and killing eleven Germans by hand bombs he was forced down and ordered to surrender, but he fought on with his automatic until killed. Col. Hartney believes aviation is and will be the main defense of the United States. "Neglect it and we die or do the goose-step the rest of our lives." An official roster of the Group is included in the book.

TO get a good perspective on the development of the flying machine we turn to "The Story of Flying,"

by Archibald Black. (Whittlesey House, \$2.75). This is a logical, non-technical history, which tells the layman—and the potential air passenger—just how flying developed. Flying is the supreme contribution of the 20th Century to the life of man on earth. As soon as men rose in balloons over 100 years ago they began to dream about developing the wings of birds. By the end of 1903 the Wright brothers were able to rise off the ground and fly in a contrivance propelled by a motor and from then on the aviation race started. Keeping pace with it came radio, now essential to communication between the airplane and the ground. Since the war commercial aviation has zoomed; great landing fields and airports have been developed; airplanes everywhere are transporting passengers and mail

daily. Engines have been revolutionized. At this moment a great boom in aviation is going on in the United States, wholly independent of military purchases. Today the air forces of the warring nations are their most powerful and most destructive arms. Mr. Black does not give much time to military aviation; his interest is in the peacetime uses of aircraft and his book gives a good introduction to its development.

NEW NOVELS

ONCE an international tragedy, now a novel—the story of the sinking of the *Titanic*, April 14, 1912. But "Titanic", by Robert Precht, a German writer, is not the account with which we are familiar. Precht has become interested in its

"historical and symbolic significance"; he wants to get at essential truths. His characters discuss money, politics, science—reflect the preoccupations of the men of 1912. This is what a novelist thinks might have taken place on the *Titanic*. Somebody else may have an entirely different version. Interesting because of its point of view. (Dutton, \$2.50)

"The Power and the Glory" by Phyllis Bentley, author of "Inheritance", is a story of life during the English Civil War of the 17th Century, as described by Penninah Thorpe, an honest woman interested with her husband in preserving liberty of conscience and freedom of action, in Yorkshire. Well written, dignified, it extols fortitude and uprightness in evil times. (Macmillan, \$2.50)

"This Side of Glory" by Gwen Bristow is the third book in a series comprising "Deep Summer", and "The Handsome Road". Here Eleanor Upjohn, daughter of a man who started life as a "sand-toter" on southern levees and who is now a levee contractor, marries Kester Larne, owner of Ardeith plantation, the story of which began in "Deep Summer". Their life together under adverse financial conditions of modern times is the core of the book. (Crowell, \$2.50)

"Don't You Cry for Me" by John Weld is a long novel about the hard times and adventures of a party of pioneers crossing the western plains and mountains from Independence, Mo., to California, in 1846-47. Here men and women of varying temperaments fight the elements and the forces surging within themselves. Nell Lansing, 22-year-old wife of George Lansing, the 42-year-old schoolmaster, falls in love with young Asa Harper, aged 26, helping to complicate matters. Suggested to the author by the trials of the Donner party, it is filled with emotional crises and adventure. (Scribner, \$2.75)

"Citizens" by Meyer Levin is thoroughly modern, a socio-economic novel built around the labor upheaval in an Illinois steel town, in which ten labor demonstrators were killed in an attack by police. Excellently organized, compactly written, it shows a young doctor of an inquiring mind, Mitch Wilner becoming acquainted with the men and speculating about the undercurrents, influences and conse-

quences of the shooting. Although the characters are not as interesting as those of "The Grapes of Wrath" it belongs to that small group of American novels dealing with difficult social conditions of today. Well worth reading, but not as a romance. (Viking Press, \$2.75)

"Their Own Country" by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Hester and Stephen Chase passed through the difficult situation in China described in "Oil for the Lamps of China". Here they are in the United States, where, after several disappointments in the East, Stephen becomes manager of an industrial alcohol plant in Kansas. His attempts to make the plant pay, to be just to the farmers in the grip of the depression and to deal honestly with subordinates and superiors, in which Hester seconds him, makes this a real novel about the troubles of a real American group that rarely gets into novels—the honest managers who don't control the policies of great companies. (Bobbs, Merrill, \$2.50)

PEOPLE who wonder what Sinclair Lewis will expose next may be surprised to learn that Mr. Lewis doesn't expose or attack anything in his new novel, "Bethel Merriday". But he does give a lot of interesting information about a beginner's career on the stage. Bethel is a Connecticut girl who is just 23 when the story closes, in 1939. So she is very much one of the younger generation. In her youth she knew nothing about the stage because only

movies came to her town, until a stock company played "The Silver Cord" and impressed her tremendously. In school—Mr. Lewis invents the Point Royal, Conn., College for Women, Bethel plays Nora in "A Doll's House", in fact, she overplays it. Comes summer and she gets a chance to join a summer theater at Grampion Point, doing all sorts of odd work and paying the actor-manager \$425 for the privilege! But she's ecstatic about the theater; work doesn't stop her desire to act; the pavements of New York and the rebuffs of casting directors don't stop her, and in time she teams up with Andrew Deacon's road company, to play "Romeo and Juliet" in the small towns of the Middle West. There, as is always the case, two males of the cast fall in love with Bethel...

THOSE of us who were born in small towns recall the big brick pile known as the opera house and possibly remember stock company performances or even one-night stands by metropolitan stars. Sinclair Lewis has been acting on the road the last few seasons and the whole routine of tramping is bright in his memory. He loves it. He makes it glow in Bethel's story. Bethel's personal career isn't half as important as the theater itself. In our business of pigeon-holing novels we call this one of Sinclair Lewis' lighter tales. A light, happy, cheerful story of Bethel's progress—and today she's on her way, and just 23! (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

EASTERNERS whose summer vacation trips have led them to Cape Cod will admit that Jack Frost's ready pencil has captured the picturesque qualities of life on the Cape in "A Cape Cod Sketch Book". (Coward-McCann, \$1.50). Low-roofed houses, cupolas in Chatham, overhanging elms in Yarmouth, a house built from two lighthouses at Nauset, an old wall at Provincetown ascribed to the Vikings, and many other things seen here are commemorated by Mr. Frost, who also writes about them.

Joseph C. Lincoln, who ought to know, approves the book in his introduction and says Mr. Frost managed to tell old Cape Codders a thing or two about their own country.

Mr. Frost has taken all of the most typical features of the Cape and brought them clearly to us with his facile pencil.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 34)

Charles J. Conklin, New York Lodge No. 1, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and William J. Jernick of Nutley, President of the N. J. State Elks Association.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's home lodge, Dixon, Ill., No. 779, was the next to honor him. The meeting was enthusiastic and well attended. Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, was represented by a large delegation of members, who brought along moving pictures of their Flag Day celebration, and showed them later in the evening to an interested audience.

On February 27, Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and Mrs. Warner were met at the Terminal Station in Birmingham, Ala., by a large delegation of Elks and their ladies, headed by E.R. Harry K. Reid, and were extended an official welcome to the city by Commissioner James W. Morgan. At their hotel, they were greeted by D.D. J. E. Livingston of Tuscaloosa, State Pres. Harry Marks and P.D.D. Thomas E. Martin, of Montgomery Lodge, together with a number of other distinguished Elks, including Judge John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. A special luncheon was arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Warner and other distinguished guests at the Tutwiler Hotel, immediately following which the Grand Exalted Ruler in company with Judge McClelland, Mr. Reid, Mr. Livingston and Mr. Marks, P.D.D. John F. Antwine and Mr. Martin, visited Past State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy at his home. From there they proceeded to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen, where the Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath with proper ceremony. The group then visited the home of Birmingham Lodge No. 79, and inspected the lodge's large and interesting historical collection which covers activities of the Order during the past fifty years. During the afternoon, Mrs. Warner was taken on a sightseeing trip and entertained later at a tea by a committee composed of the officers' wives and headed by Mrs. John Antwine. Initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Class of 67 candidates was conducted by the Birmingham Degree Team at 6 P.M., and Grand Exalted Ruler Warner made a brief talk to the newly made members. A reception, banquet and dance at the Tutwiler Hotel, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Warner, was attended by 500 Elks and their ladies, including a number of out of town guests, among whom were P.E.R. Peter R. Conway, Ensley; Exalted Ruler A. E. Traylor, Selma; Exalted Ruler R. W. Gamble, Sheffield, and Secretary L. S. Jamison of Gadsden Lodge. As a memento of his visit, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a beautiful plaque by Past Exalted Ruler James B. Smiley, acting on behalf of Birmingham Lodge. Mr. Warner delivered a stirring address in

which he stressed Americanism.

During a change between train and plane, en route to Florida, Mr. Warner paid a short visit to East Point, Ga., Lodge, No. 1617, where he and Mrs. Warner were delightfully entertained by a large gathering of members and their ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Warner were greeted upon their arrival in Jacksonville, Fla., by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz of Daytona Beach Lodge, E.R. Thomas E. Mallem, Jacksonville, Mayor George C. Blume, and many of the local members. A banquet was served at the George Washington Hotel, followed by an enthusiastic meeting in the beautiful home of Jacksonville Lodge No. 221, just recently remodeled. An account of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Jacksonville visit and his participation in "All-Florida-Day", appeared in our "Under The Antlers" section last month.

Officially proclaimed by Mayor Ian V. Boyer, "Elks' Day" was celebrated by St. Petersburg, Fla., when the Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visit to St. Petersburg Lodge No. 1224. A warm reception and a busy program had been arranged by the lodge with D.D. J. B. McGuinness, E.R. L. G. Ramsey and the committees in charge. Among others who greeted Mr. Warner and his party were Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins of DeLand, Fla., Lodge; D.D. Cecil H. Zinkan, St. Augustine; Grand Treasurer Dr. Robert S. Barrett and Mrs. J. E. Masters and Miss Mildred Masters, wife and daughter of the Grand Secretary, who were sojourning there; P.D.D. G. Frank Bullard, E.R. Charles Campbell, and Secy. C. G. Stalnaker, Tampa; E.R. A. Sidney Nelson, Clearwater; E.R. G. P. LeMoyné, of Fort Myers Lodge, and other leading

Elks. A banquet at the Suwannee Hotel was attended by about 200 members of the Order and their ladies. The address made by the Grand Exalted Ruler who was introduced by Mr. Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, was broadcast, and Mr. Warner later addressed a large public gathering of approximately 10,000 people in Williams Park, later addressing a meeting at St. Petersburg Lodge and a large crowd at the Policemen's Annual Ball, where over 2,000 were in attendance.

Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party on March 1. The visitors were entertained at luncheon at the Clearwater Yacht Club, preceding which they made a stop on the way for a visit to the veterans' facility at Bay Pines.

From Clearwater, Mr. Warner proceeded to Tampa, Fla., by motorcade, being taken on a Gulf Coast sightseeing tour and entertained at 5:30 at an enjoyable and well attended dinner. An enthusiastic evening meeting was held in the home of Tampa Lodge No. 708, where the several hundred Elks present applauded the spirited address made by the Grand Exalted Ruler and joined in the hearty reception accorded him by E.R. Charles I. Campbell and the Tampa membership.

The next day, March 2, Mr. and Mrs. Warner were officially greeted at Atlanta, Ga., by E.R. Dr. I. H. Etheridge, P.E.R. Judge John S. McClelland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and many other members of Atlanta Lodge No. 78. The banquet hall at the Georgian Terrace Hotel was filled to capacity with members of the Order who listened intently to the splendid talk made by the Grand Exalted Ruler. A large class named in his honor was initiated. A noon luncheon given by Atlanta Lodge at the beautiful club house at Lake Moore was one of the delightful features of the day's program. Grand Secretary Masters was also an honored guest of the lodge.

At Macomb, Ill., Lodge, No. 1009, on March 5, Mr. Warner addressed almost 500 persons, present for the dinner and evening program held in his honor, on the subject of "Americanism and the Elks". The banquet served as a wind-up of a membership drive which brought 110 new members and reinstatements into the lodge. Est. Loyal Knight D. W. Gregg captained the Purple Team in the membership contest. Secy. S. A. Thompson was Captain of the White Team. The Class was designated the "C. T. W. Class", the initials being those of the last names of Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, and Mr. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, the State's three Elks who have been Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order. The initiatory work was performed by the Ritualistic Team from Galesburg Lodge No. 894.



headed by E.R. Hollis Hansen, E.R. Frank J. Horn of Macomb Lodge presided as Toastmaster. Among others who participated in the program were P.D.D. A. J. Fish; General Chairman S. A. Thompson; Frank P. White of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children's Committee, and members of the Elks Quartette.

Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge, No. 544, initiated a class of 87 candidates in honor of Mr. Warner's official visit on March 8. There were also 35 reinstatements. The ceremonies, ably conducted by the local officers, headed by E.R. J. E. Carver, were held in the Naval Reserve Armory, climaxing an afternoon and evening of gala celebration. The large audience included Elks from South Haven, Niles, Battle Creek, Dowagiac, St. Joseph, Three Rivers, Pontiac, Royal Oak, Grand Haven, Flint, Mount Pleasant and Saginaw, Mich., and Elkhart, Gary, South Bend and Valparaiso, Ind. Besides the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Masters, the Order was represented by many distinguished Elks among whom were Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small of St. Joseph; D.D.'s John T. Hickmott, Harold A. Preston and J. B. Cunningham of Kalamazoo, Mt. Pleasant and Flint, Mich., respectively; D.D. Paul V. Gouker, South Bend, Ind.; John Olsen of Muskegon, Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn.; State Secy. Joseph M. Leonard of Saginaw, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and F. A. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters. The program was officially opened when a delegation of local members met the Grand Exalted Ruler at Michigan City, Ind. A caravan of motor cars escorted by Sheriff C. L. Miller took the party to Benton Harbor where a parade was formed which proceeded to the Vincent Hotel. There the lodge held its banquet for the Grand Exalted Ruler, the officers of the Mich. State Elks Association, and the other distinguished guests. Attorney Wilbur M. Cunningham was General Chairman of Arrangements for the day's program.

From Benton Harbor the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary went to Erie, Pa., for another enthusiastic initiation of nearly 200 candidates from lodges of the Northwest District of Pennsylvania. A banquet was held at the Hotel Lawrence at 6:30 P.M. in Mr. Warner's honor. The initiation ceremonies took place in the public auditorium and were conducted by a selected degree team from the lodges of the District. March 9 marked the first time in more than 20 years that Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67, had been honored by a visit made by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. Mr. Warner was accompanied to Erie by a group of Grand Lodge officers, State Pres. James G. Bohlender of Franklin Lodge, and many Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Activities started at noon as members and candidates were welcomed upon their arrival from down state. By early afternoon there were more than 1,000 Elks in Erie.

A banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler was served at 6:30 P.M. at the Hotel Lawrence. A dinner was held for the candidates at St. Paul's Evangelical Church. At 8 o'clock the ceremony of initiation took place at the public auditorium, during which time musical numbers were furnished by the Elks Orchestra of Franklin. The Elks Glee Club of Meadville Lodge



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was also heard in several numbers. Fifty candidates joined Erie Lodge and 150 others became members of other lodges of the District, of which there are nineteen in all. Following the initiation there was an address by the Grand

Exalted Ruler after which those present returned to the lodge home for a social evening and buffet lunch. D.D.'s Fred Mac Gribble of Woodlawn Lodge, and John R. McGrath, of Sheraden, attended the meeting. During the eve-

ning E.R. Ford E. O'Dell presented, and Mr. Warner accepted officially for the Elks National Foundation, Erie Lodge's check for \$100 as a member lodge. The Pa. N.W. District is now 100 per cent affiliated.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Presents Plaques on P.E.R.'s Night

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, makes an annual presentation of two plaques of honor as awards of merit. On Past Exalted Rulers Night, March 6, P.E.R. George H. Llewellyn, a former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, was presented with a plaque for his outstanding work during the lodge year as a Past Exalted Ruler. Charles G. Myrick received his plaque as an award for meritorious service as Chairman for 19 years of the Investigating Committee.

Bellaire and Marietta Elks Visit Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge

Fifty Elks from two Ohio Lodges, Bellaire No. 419 and Marietta No. 477, paid a visit recently to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333. Short, enjoyable talks were made by E.R. John Rataiczak, and P.E.R. John F. Sherry, Past Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., both of Bellaire Lodge, and E.R. Philip M. Becker and P.E.R. Fred Augenstein, Marietta. A buffet supper was served.

This was the second inter-lodge visitation at Sistersville Lodge in two weeks. A delegation from Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, attended the meeting at which the Sistersville Americanism Class was initiated.

Chicago Lodge No. 4 Honors State Organist Sam Rosenthal

On his 74th birthday, March 7, Sam Rosenthal, a twenty-five year member, was honored by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. Mr. Rosenthal is Organist of the Illinois State Elks Association.

The festivities were opened with a banquet in the lodge home, attended by 150 members, and followed by a regular lodge session and entertainment. The guest of honor was presented with a fine camera. E.R. Sharl B. Bass was Toastmaster. Interesting talks were made by State Pres. Joseph M. Cooke, of Harvey Lodge, and others. All cited the many fine things Mr. Rosenthal has done for his lodge. Elks from all over the Northeast District attended.

Death of Former Treasurer Griefs Washington, D. C., Lodge

In the death of Michael G. McCormick on March 20, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, lost one of its most beloved members. Fifty-eight of his 87 years were spent in serving his lodge of which he was the last surviving charter member. He had served as Treasurer and was an Honorary Life Member. A special night was set aside so that the life of Mr. McCormick could be eulogized.

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of Washington Lodge gave a dinner recently after which they elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Pres., John E. Lynch; Vice-

Pres., Philip U. Gayaut; Secy., L. Martin Young. It is the custom of the P.E.R.'s Association to act in an advisory capacity to the chair officers of the lodge.

Tulsa, Okla., Lodges Votes \$30,000 For Remodeling Program

A \$30,000 bond issue, for remodeling the lodge home, was voted by Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, at a meeting on March 19. The work was scheduled to begin immediately. Plans include a new ladies' lounge complete with kitchenette, fluorescent lighting and the installation of a motion picture machine.

A class was initiated at the meeting named in honor of Grand Esquire George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743. Mr. McLean had planned to attend but was unable to do so. P.E.R. C. C. Armstrong of Bartlesville, D.D. for Okla., East, was present for the initiatory service.

Paducah, Ky., Lodge Observes Past Exalted Rulers Night

Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed by Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, in conjunction with a fine patriotic meeting at which an excellent oration was delivered by Elliott C. Mitchell, speaking on "What Americanism Means to the Order". Past Exalted Rulers occupied all of the Chairs.

Good results were reported in the membership drive being carried on by the lodge. For the first time, an Exalted Ruler of No. 217, Tom Rogers, has been elected to succeed himself. Guy McChesney is serving his twenty-fourth year as Secretary.

Dr. Marx, State Pres., Is Honored By Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge

Dr. Francis H. Marx, President of the New York State Elks Association, delivered the principal address at a special meeting of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, not long ago, speaking on Americanism and commending the lodge for its patriotic work and its activities in general. Brief addresses were made by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Past State Pres., and State Vice-Pres. Judge J. J. Sweeney, P.E.R.'s of Troy Lodge. A member of Oneonta Lodge No. 1312 for 20 years, Dr. Marx has held many offices in his lodge and in the State Association. A dinner preceded his address and later a reception was given in his honor.

On March 2, Schenectady Lodge presented American Flags to schools throughout the county at exercises held in the Plaza Theatre. Each classroom now has its own flag. About 1,500 school children attended. The presentation was made by E.R. Fred W. Fisch, and acceptance by Mrs. Jessie T. Zoller, Pres. of the Board of Education. Ben H. Rensin, Chairman of the Elks Committee, made the address of welcome.

Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge Rewards Contest Winners

Martinsburg, W. Va. Lodge, No. 778, promoted an essay contest recently among the children of Martinsburg and Berkeley County who attend the public and parochial schools. Nearly 500 essays on "Americanism" were submitted. Six cash prizes were awarded the winners at a gathering in the lodge home, at which E.R. F. W. Boehm presided, and P.E.R. M. H. Porterfield, D.D. for W. Va., North, delivered an address.

Tacoma, Wash., Elks Stage An Elaborate Holiday Celebration

Approximately 1,000 members participated this year on one of the most successful annual Washington's Birthday celebrations ever held by Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. Many reunions were held in the lodge home during the afternoon, where games and amusements were provided and music was dispensed. Starting at 6 P. M., dinner was served to more than 800. A two-hour vaudeville show was presented in the evening.

Sterling Cox was Chairman of the Committee in Charge of Arrangements, and Fred Smith was Chairman of the Dinner Committee. The Elks' Washington's Birthday celebration in Tacoma is not just a routine event. From the early plug hat parades of earlier days, it has developed into an all-day celebration on an elaborate scale.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge Gives a Delightful Anniversary Party

Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, No. 660, celebrated its 39th birthday and the 72nd birthday of the Order with an anniversary party attended by 500 Elks and their ladies. Fifty members of Laramie, Wyo., Lodge, No. 582, led by D.D. M. J. Knight and E.R. B. A. Deti, were met just west of the city by Police Chief N. E. Tuck and several highway patrolmen and escorted to the Cheyenne Lodge home. Twenty-five Greeley, Colo., Elks and ten from Casper, Wyo., also attended.

The party began with the presentation of a nine-act floor show. Music for dancing was furnished by Lynn Snyder's Elk Orchestra, and a hot turkey supper was served from ten o'clock until midnight.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Closes Carnival With "T. Joe Cahill Night"

Two hundred members of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, No. 660, and their wives attended "T. Joe Cahill Night" at Greeley, Colo., recently, making the trip on a chartered special train. Greeley Lodge No. 809 had set aside the last evening of its four-night carnival for the purpose of honoring Mr. Cahill, former Chief of Police of Cheyenne and a charter member of the local lodge. The Cheyenne guests were royally entertained.

**Pittsburgh, Pa., Elks Sunshine Club
Visits Crippled Children's Home**

On its most recent visit to the Crippled Children's Home, the Sunshine Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, provided two hours of entertainment. Several comedians and singers, a magician, a ventriloquist, and a puppet show delighted the children, whose appreciation, in turn, gratified the Elks and the performers who accompanied them.

Superintendent of Police Harvey Scott furnished a police escort with cars to transport the party to and from the Institution. J. J. Flannery, M. Wess, Leo Coleman, Leon Ward, Bob Aiken and Chairman Steve Forrest were in charge.

**"Hobo Night" Furnishes Fun
At Salem, Ore., Lodge**

"Hobo Night", featured by Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336, on one of its regular meeting nights, was made the occasion for a unique and hilarious get-together. The arrival of Elks from all parts of the Willamette Valley increased the evening attendance 100 per cent. It was a good place to see what the well-dressed hobo is wearing on the "dusty roads". The affair was a sensational success.

**Boise, Ida., Elks Honor Antlers
At a Banquet and Ball**

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, held a delightful banquet and ball recently in honor of Robert Packham, Exalted Antler of the local lodge of Antlers, Past Exalted Antlers, and their guests. Bob Trask, P.E.A., introduced by Pat King, a member of the Advisory Board, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Dancing began at 9 P. M. with a grand march led by Mr. Packham.

E.R. George Penson of Boise Lodge of Elks and Chaplain Horace Ashby made brief speeches. During the banquet, Mr. Packham was presented with a beautiful Antlers emblem in recognition of his outstanding work.

**Albion Degree Team Officiates
At Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge**

Before a large gathering of local members and visiting Elks from Albion and Salamanca, N. Y., the splendid ritualistic team of Albion Lodge No. 1006 initiated a class of 12 candidates in March for Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, in the Lancaster Lodge room. The Albion Degree Team is scheduled to compete for State honors at the Convention of the N. Y. State Elks Association at Rochester next month.

The retiring Exalted Ruler of Lancaster Lodge, Floyd G. Wendel, thanked the officers and members for their fine cooperation, and also announced that a large reduction on the mortgage would be shown on April 1. Special entertainment and a hot lunch followed the meeting. An inter-lodge bowling match, held that evening, was won by the home team.

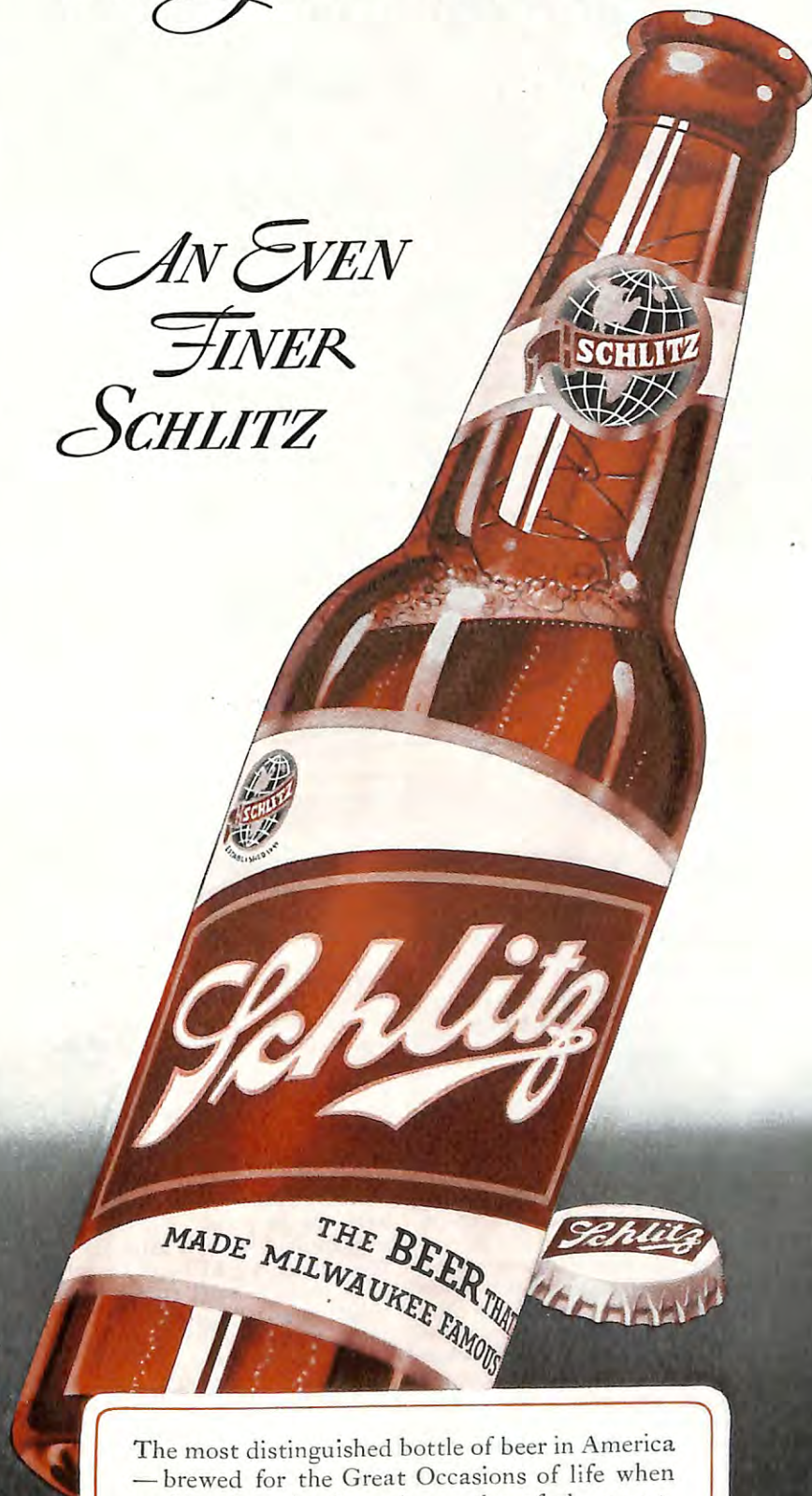
**Johnstown, Pa., Lodge Completes
\$75,000 Improvement Program**

Having completed a program of improvements at a cost of \$75,000, Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 175, dedicated its building and lodge room during a four-day celebration which also featured dances and floor shows, and the initiation of a large class of candidates. The Elks Glee Club and the lodge officers

(Continued on page 54)

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Red AND Gun



by Ray Trullinger

Mr. Trullinger says that regardless of his last article, this one is no fish story

THERE'S such a thing as outfoxing yourself. Take last summer's debacle, as an example. It didn't seem like my little scheme could miss, much less backfire, but it did both, and this is how it came about. . . .

It all started one morning last summer at breakfast, shortly after the opening of the bass season. The missus and I were working on a mess of poached eggs and debating what to do with an unexpected \$25 check which she'd just received. Her windfall plus a few frogskins I'd held out and cached in a bureau drawer would just about cover the cost of a 4½-ounce dream rod I'd spotted in a downtown tackle shop.

Unfortunately, the little helpmate was in one of her selfish, unyielding moods. She wanted the \$25 herself. Women are funny that way. Mercenary and penny-pinching.

Anyway, the argument got so acrimonious I stepped outside to cool off, and just at that moment Lem walked in the front gate, his arm done up in a sling. Lem is the odd-job spe-

cialist around the neighborhood—husky, willing, but not too bright. In addition to garden weeding, basement cleaning and other chores, he'd also been serving as official boat puller on bass fishing jaunts. Lem had dropped by to tell me our fishing date for the morrow was off, at least as far as he was concerned. His '26 vintage jalopy had kicked back, which explained the bandaged right arm. More grief. First no new rod; now no boat puller. And there it was, the beginning of bass season.

It wasn't until suppertime that a solution to the dilemma took shape. It seemed sure-fire from every angle. Only finesse was needed to put it over. Female psychology, I figured, would take care of the rest.

"Baby," I remarked, fixing the wife with a concerned eye, "I don't believe you're getting enough fresh air these days. You look a little peaked."

She flashed me a suspicious look before replying. "You don't say! Who," she questioned, "spent three hours this afternoon working in the garden while a certain lazy loafer was snoozing in the hammock?"

Wrong signal. That play certainly didn't make any yardage, but I wasn't licked.

"Not only do you look sort of wan,"

I resumed, "but you're also . . . er . . . beginning to put it on where it shows."

She bristled at that but I cut her off before she could get going.

"Now don't get me wrong, honey. I really like you that way. I never could see these skinny dames, and you know it. I like a woman to look like a woman. Of course, you've got to do something before you start popping seams, but—"

"Am I really that bad?" she cuts in, startled like.

"No, not bad at all. I just got through telling you I liked a gal with a little . . . er . . . oomph. You know," describing an hour-glass figure with my two hands, "like this." The missus shuddered slightly before replying.

"What do you think I ought to do?" she queried.

"Why, exercise more, of course! Do something to cut down that waist and reduce the size of your . . ."

"What kind of exercise?" she interrupted.

"Well, you could chop wood or . . . Say, I'll tell you what you can do! You can go bass fishing with me and take your turn at the oars. There's something that's made to order for what ails you. Rowing! A few hours at the sweeps and in no time at all you'll be streamlined like a saloon society deb. What's more, it'll get you out in the fresh air and you'll have fun, to boot."

Believe it or not, the little woman fell for that gopher dust and next morning, with a picnic lunch packed, we were tooling over to a favorite New Jersey bass lake. We got there around 10 A.M., on one of the summer's hottest days.

Now there are anglers who will tell you that bass cannot be caught in the middle of a blistering summer day. Don't take that stuff seriously. There are too many self-commissioned fish experts these days; gents who fish with thermometers, barometers, tide tables and piscatorial dream books, and each can prove (on paper) that his system is sure-fire. Actually, all it takes to catch fish, bass included, on any kind of day, is plain hoss sense, plus a little experience. You've got to be awfully dumb if you can't fool a fish.

Anyway, the missus and I pulled up beside the lake, tethered the V-8 and strolled into the shade of a nearby boathouse. The boat liveryman took one gander at the wife's hotcha slacks and promptly began tossing kapok cushions into a canoe. "No, no, chum," I objected, "you got us wrong. This is a fishing party. I want a rowboat—not one of those Siwash gondolas. Break out a good one and don't forget a bailer and a spare oar."

"You really goin' fishin' on this kind of day?" he queried, mopping his brow, as I jointed up a stiffish fly rod and the wife stowed our lunch in the boat. "You should have been here early this morning, before sun-up." Then he noticed the fly rod.

"You gonna bug for bass?" he next asked, in a surprised tone.

"Nothing else but."

"Well," he went on, "ifn I was you, I'd get me a few lively minnies and forget that bass bug business. Ain't nobody ever caught any fish thataway around here."

"Swell!" I answered, bending on a 7½-foot tapered leader and a hair frog. "There's always a first time for everything."

With that we pushed off, the missus at the oars. Just as the boat cleared the dock I made a couple of false casts to get out line, finally plopping the frog near the dock's edge. A bass boiled up from the shadowy water, smacked the lure and five minutes later we had the day's first fish.

"Well, I'll be a dirty name!" exclaimed the liveryman. "Some guys have all the luck. I been fishin' for that bass for a week."

It was only a little two-pounder so I unhooked it and tossed it back.

"I WOULDN'T want to spoil your fun," I retorted as we pulled away. "Keep right on fishing for him."

The missus rowed a barking dog course down the lake. I raised a bass about every fifty yards and she raised a profuse sweat. She also raised a cluster of blisters on the palms of her hands.

"Rowing is just what you need to take it off," I encouraged her. "Two or three hours at the sweeps a couple of times a week and your figger will make Hedy Lamarr's look like a sack of oats." She wasn't entirely sold on the idea, but she kept on rowing.

Halfway down the lake we drifted past one of those oil drum bathing floats. A curvy cutie and two boy friends were parked thereon, gams dangling in the water. Just for luck I tossed that phony frog near the float and from beneath it came a nice three-pounder. Bass are where you find 'em.

Along in the middle of the afternoon, after several hours of grade-A sport, I took over the oars and let the missus fish. There was no sense overdoing a good thing. Five minutes later she snaffled the biggest bass of the day. That big-mouth easily would have gone 5½ pounds, but unfortunately, little butter-fingers got excited and threw a hitch around the tip guide. By the time I cleared the tangle her bass was off.

"You lost that fish for me on purpose," she squawked. "You didn't want me to get the biggest one!" That sort of broke up the party so I rowed back to the boathouse.

"How many you get?" quizzed the liveryman as we docked.

"Plenty," I replied.

"Don't see no bass in the boat," was his comment.

"Listen, Butch, I fish for the fun of it. Furthermore, I don't care much for bass, except on the end of a line." I gave him his dollar and we headed for home.

The little woman was stiff and sore the next morning, and said so. With gestures. Figure or no figure, she wasn't going to be broiled in the sun, blister her palms and suffer from a crick in the back. I could take her as is, and like it.

"Ah," I said, "a quitter, eh? With the battle half won you lay down like a dog. No pride in your looks. Going to let yourself go to pieces! Okay, dumpling, have it your way."

That "dumpling" thing got her. She was so mad she would have rowed a boat clear to Peoria. So I hit while the iron was hot. How about trying another lake that afternoon? She agreed. She even half promised she'd reconsider the loan of her \$25, provided I'd let her use the new rod.

WE fished a nice stretch of bass water that day and did all right. The first few minutes of rowing were tough on the missus, but eventually the hot sun and exercise loosened her stiffness. Late in the afternoon I let her take the rod and coached her in bass bugging technique: how to plop the frog in a likely spot, let it rest motionless for a few moments and then give it natural action with gentle twitches of the rod tip. The idea, I explained, was to simulate a frog which had just jumped into the water. She got this little strategy down pat in no time and on the way home that evening gave evidence of becoming a nut bass bugger. She wanted to go fishing again the next day, but I had some work to do and a date to sit up with a sick friend.

The sick friend kept me out pretty late. It was 2 A.M. when I rolled home, and a quiet entry was indicated. Everything went well until I groped my way into the bathroom to give the bicuspid a scrubbing. Stepping forward to reach the light switch, I tripped over something that fetched me a nasty clip in the shin and pitched me headlong with a horrible clatter that shook the house. There was a suppressed snicker from the bedroom.

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?" piped up the missus in a sugary, sarcastic voice.

"I didn't do myself any good," I replied, fumbling for the switch. "What in hell's the idea, leaving a wheelbarrow in the bathroom?"

"That's not a wheelbarrow," she replied. "That's my new exerciser."

Just then I snapped on the light and there, so help me, stood one of those trick rowing machines!

"Where in hell did you get that contraption?" I asked, gazing at the thing, spellbound. "And where did you get the money to pay for it?"

"Why, I took that \$25 check I got the other day and what with some bills I found in your bureau drawer, there was just enough to buy it. After this I'm doing my rowing in the bathroom. You're doing yours in a boat, while I fish."

As I mentioned previously, sometimes a guy can manage to out-fox himself.

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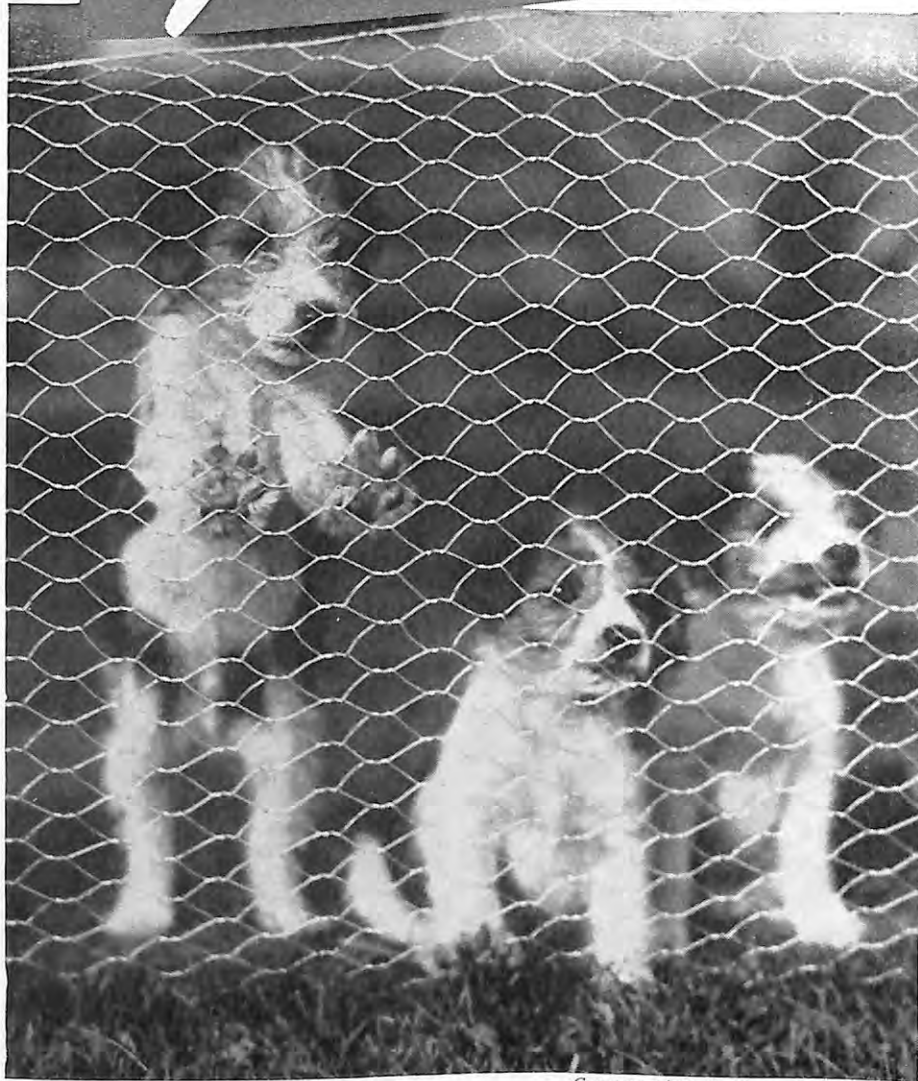
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Your DOG



Courtesy of Doris Day and Acme Photos

by Edward Faust

Let's Start a Kennel

IN other days he was one of the most affable men we knew, but recently we have detected a change in his disposition toward us. This is marked by an air of disapproval that carries with it a kind of mild astonishment at the discovery of an unlooked-for taint of niggardliness in us. It all goes back to a few weeks ago when one of our dogs thoughtfully presented us with a litter of puppies and our friend, always wanting a dog, let it be known that he could be persuaded to accept one.

We don't know what it is about this business of breeding dogs that makes the average person regard a breeder as an individual who is only too anxious to distribute free sam-

ples. People who write books tell us that they are regarded that way, too. The same fellow who wouldn't dream of asking his butcher to endow him with a few choice hams will view the acceptance of a pedigreed puppy in the light of conferring a distinct favor, or at least as something that it would be sheer extravagance to pay for. And we've heard more than one writer moan about the cost of the books which he or she is expected to give away to friends who never realize that the author must pay for these copies.

It's unfortunate, but we must admit that some there are who still believe that the prices asked for pure-bred dogs border on extortion. The idea seems to be that all one needs is a dog, the leisure to conduct

a few matrimonial formalities and Ergo! within a short time the stork arrives and the only thing the breeder has to do is look around for a few obliging friends to take the youngsters off his hands. He may even sell one or two for real money, the lucky devil! Which is pretty much in line with the day-dreams of certain middle-aged bookkeepers who have an eye to raising chickens as a profitable pastime for old age. Now, breeding any kind of livestock whether dogs or chickens, you lads of the ledger take note, is very much a business, unless one is in it purely for fun and need not take count of the costs. To succeed is much more than a matter of wishful thinking; it requires more time for the learning than will ever be paid for, and to this must be added an unlimited stock of patience, plus the persistence of a process server.

Are we piling it on? Well, let's go back stage and follow a breeder step by step from the beginning. The best way we know to do this, is for you and me to start our own kennel.

Here we go!

Assuming that we're determined to raise fairly good stock from which we may in time hope for a modest profit or at least to keep out of the way of the sheriff, we'll begin by looking around for a good female.

To locate the lady will take time and perhaps many visits to dog shows to learn the fine points of the breed we select. Of course, we could put the costs of these safaris on the debit side of our kennel ledger but we won't. Instead we'll charge this off to experience and tell each other that we've had a lot of fun this way, which may or may not be true. For economy's sake we'll agree to raise one of the smaller terrier breeds, although for most breeders sheer chance, or call it arbitrary preference, dictates the choice. But the little fellows eat less, and after we've been in this business of breeding for a short while, we'll thank our stars that we didn't select one of the larger dogs, the keeping of which may be pretty much like boarding a horse. For our female or prospective matron we may have to pay from \$100 to \$500, but we'll say that we lay \$300 on the line. This is for a grown dog, of course, as we don't want the expense of rearing a puppy until she becomes old enough to be interesting to the opposite sex and responsible enough to take care of a family.

Now to establish prestige for our kennel, which is something necessary to every business and particularly to the dog business. As it means better prices for puppies, we should do a little exhibiting. Who will take the time to condition, groom and train our dog for the ring—assuming that we've learned these arts? I'll toss you for it. Heads—you win. Next, who's going to horse her around to the shows and handle her in the ring? Well, with all the time that you have spent training her, you're the one to do this. She's used to you and if I

tried to handle her she'd probably behave like a wild canary. So off to the shows you go.

Looking over the show record of the mother of the puppies we mentioned in the first paragraph of this thesis, we find that she was exhibited, or rather that she had placed in the money—1st, 2nd or 3rd—some 21 times. Actually she was shown 26 times, gaining 11 of the 15 points necessary to make her a champion. It may be noted here that if she did hold that title her children would bring much better prices than would the progeny of an untitled mother. Assuming that either you or I (in a pinch) handle her in the show ring and do not employ a professional handler for this purpose (without whom we'd be darned lucky to accumulate the above mentioned 11 points) we would have spent \$78 for entry fees, the average being \$3 per entry. Giving our imaginary kennel a break, let's say that our dog was 1st twenty times and perhaps won three special prizes of \$5 each. (If any experienced exhibitor reads this he'll call it a most optimistic pipe dream.) For the twenty 1sts at \$3 each (average 1st prize money) we get \$60; add \$15 for the specials, which totals \$75 leaving us a deficit of \$3 for our exhibiting. Had we employed a professional he would have charged us \$10 per showing and pocketed all winnings and the total cost in that case would have been \$335. This would not include his charges for transportation between shows. But we've been brash enough to do our own showing and generous enough not to charge for our time or transportation costs.

Now, this business of exhibiting took us some thirteen months—or 395 days. In that time our dog had to eat and having only one pooch we could not buy food in wholesale lots as do some of the larger kennels. Feeding raw beef at 21 cents a pound per day makes the board bill come to \$82.95. Mind you, we're only feeding one small terrier.

Our dog has now cost us \$385.95, and mark you, we haven't put down a sou for our time.

Now, the lady may get sick—many dogs don't, of course, but exposure to the vicissitudes of showing may result in the contraction of almost any doggy disease—so we'll allow for only two visits to the vet. At \$3 each, our grand total swells to \$391.95.

Now comes the time when we really get into the puppy business and you'd say that we can comfortably sit back and rake in the profits. Not so fast, my friend. We have to find a spouse for the lady and this involves a little matter of stud fee. After looking over the field we find a gentleman of the species suited to our requirements: one that has won his championship. It is necessary to have at least one title holder as a parent to get fairly decent prices for the ensuing pups. Besides, we have an eye to breeding, if we're lucky, an out-

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standing female or two which we can retain as the beginning of the foundation stock for our kennel. Now, the stud fee asked by the owner of a champion may range from \$40 to \$75 — occasionally this goes as high as \$100, depending upon the dog and the breed. But let's say that we pay \$50. This antes our total to \$441.95. After some 63 days of additional boarding—add another \$13.23 at 21 cents per day—the puppies arrive. We won't put in here the cost of a possible visit or two by the vet. We'll assume that Nature was in a forbearing mood. If we're lucky—you'll note how we cling to the apron-strings of that gal Lady Luck—we may have a litter of five which is about average for our breed. Continuing in an optimistic vein, we'll say that three are males, two females. If the five live—and Fate often steps in to say something about this, more often something unpleasant—we are fortunate enough to get \$40 for one female and \$50 for each of her brothers; in all, \$190. Now where do we stand? Well, we have to feed the little family for another nine weeks before we can humanely sell the puppies. At 21 cents a day for the mother, add another \$8.82, plus an egg a day for the six weeks she nurses her family, which makes a total of (figuring the eggs, grade B, at 35 cents per dozen) \$10.04. Add another 50 cents for eggs for the pups until the time we sell them. While we are weaning the youngsters in order to build strong bones and body, we should give them calcium and cod-liver oil and they'll consume about one bottle of the former and two of the latter, the total cost being \$1.74. Food for the period will roughly run to about



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently 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 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.

twenty pounds, and at 21 cents a pound this totals \$4.20 (for bull beef). Alternating with this, they'll need about twenty cans of evaporated milk which we'll halve with water and this adds, at four cans for 25 cents, another \$1.25 or a total of \$15.98 for the family for the nine weeks until the time we sell them.

AFTER figuring for days, the very best we can do is a deficit of \$282.31.

You can reasonably add to this another \$10 for distemper inoculation by the vet, as anybody with a \$300 dog on their hands who didn't take this precaution, to our way of thinking, is balmy in the crumpet, as our English cousins would have it. Being likewise solicitous of the welfare of our puppies and because it helps a lot in selling them, we see that they too get the needle. If our vet is in a generous mood he might give us a wholesale charge of, we'll say, \$10 for the litter—the average cost per individual dog is usually about \$10. If you're a veterinarian, hold your horses, we're only guessing and not trying to fix fees. This may run a whole lot higher and justifiably so. But say it is only \$10—this adds, including the shot for our original dog, another \$20 to our overhead, thus making our total deficit \$302.31.

We haven't added a dime for advertising the pups and, believe it or not, buyers of pedigreed dogs don't

come knocking on kennel doors in droves. But we'll say that in some way or other we found purchasers without advertising, although the majority of kennels don't.

"Ah," I can hear the reader say, "but he's forgotten to mention that out of the litter they kept one good puppy for breeding purposes."

Yes, we did, and if she is a good one then all the time and the trouble and the trials have been worth it. But we'd like to point out that nowhere have we calculated those things on which it would indeed be difficult to attach a price-tag. Time? There is no such thing when you breed dogs, no such thing as hours, no closing down your desk at five o'clock and looking forward to an evening of uninterrupted pleasure.

Admittedly, the expenses enumerated were incurred. They have been our own, in fact, in a high-cost area, Westchester County. But conditions are comparable elsewhere. As a matter of fact, we recently saw the carefully kept books of a breeder of fox terriers which showed that it cost him \$42 to raise a puppy which he sold for only \$50 at the age of nine weeks. And we don't think his costs were extraordinary.

Yes, my friend, I mean you who mentioned earlier that you would graciously accept a pedigreed pooch as a gift and to whom the price of \$50 for one is larceny, consider please what it costs to raise good dogs.

As a hobby, to get your mind off the cares that afflict the day, to enjoy watching a living thing grow, to experience the thrill that comes from seeing dogs of your breeding triumph in the show ring or in the field, there is nothing finer. But as a business, mark my words, dog breeding is by no means a short cut to riches.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

participated in the celebration. In addition to these activities, the lodge sponsored a dance for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund. The total sum turned over to the fund was \$515.

The final audit of the "Elks Finnish Relief Fund Ball" account was staged in the lodge home. The Ball netted \$345. Thomas E. Prout had intended to make a personal donation to the Fund through the regular channels, but when the Elks Home Association contributed \$55, bringing the amount up to \$400, Mr. Prout donated \$50 and in a brief speech, urged the members to make additional contributions. The "hat was passed" and soon filled with fives and ones, amounting to \$65. E.R. John F. Wilson led the Elks "Help the Finns"

movement, devoting a great deal of time to its promotion.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Is Proud of Its Membership

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, observed its 43rd anniversary not long ago. Two hundred of the members attended the pleasant affair which was presided over by Dr. Frank A. Kearney. Among the speakers were P.E.R.'s Ross A. Kearney, Percy Carmel, and Secy. Thomas L. Sclater. Mr. Sclater was the third Exalted Ruler of No. 366. At the expiration of his second term, he was elected secretary and has held that office for the past 40 years.

Hampton Lodge numbers among its

members many of the leading citizens of the lower peninsula. It carries on a wide variety of charities and owns its own home, a beautiful building, well located. During the World War the Elks turned their home over to the War Camp Community Service. Many veterans have recalled with pleasure the days spent under that hospitable roof.

George F. Keefer Is Honored By Sunbury, Pa., Lodge

Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, paid an impressive tribute recently to George F. Keefer, its only surviving charter member, by presenting him with a gift and initiating a class of 30 candidates

named in his honor. At a dinner preceding the meeting, nearly 250 members of Sunbury and neighboring lodges were served. D.D. Myers B. Enterline of Milton, Past State Pres.'s Dr. E. L. Davis, Berwick, Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Edward D. Smith, Lewistown, were among those present.

The presentation of a comfortable arm chair to Mr. Keefer from his fellow members was made by P.E.R. Ely Biow, P.D.D., who expressed for the lodge its debt to Mr. Keefer for the example he has set in genial fellowship, kindness, interest in lodge affairs and a regularity of attendance into advancing years. As a gift from his family, Mr. Keefer's son, George W. Keefer, former Esquire, presented Sunbury Lodge with a check for the purchase of a new antlers altar emblem in honor of his father.

Oakland, Calif., Antlers Are Engaged in Many Activities

The Antlers Lodge of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, acted as host a few weeks ago to the Antlers of the Bay District. The feature of the evening was a ritualistic contest in which Oakland, Berkeley, San Francisco, San Rafael and Palo Alto took part. San Francisco Lodge, as winner of the contest, gained temporary possession of a silver trophy. The cup will go permanently to the lodge winning three times in succession.

The basketball team of Oakland Lodge of Antlers completed a successful season, winning the Championship of the Bay District Antlers League. It then entered the Eastbay League, sponsored by the Oakland Y.M.C.A. The Oakland Antlers will enter their newly organized baseball team in the San Francisco Bay District Antlers League. The Oakland Antlers have many new activities planned for the rest of the year. Just recently their Glee Club was organized with a large turn-out.

Connecticut Elks Honor Their State President, W. M. Scully

Approximately 300 Elks from 25 Connecticut lodges assembled recently in the home of Meriden Lodge No. 35 to pay tribute to the President of the Conn. State Elks Association, William M. Scully, P.E.R., and for 20 years Secretary of Meriden Lodge. The attendance included scores of the most prominent Elks in the State and several from Massachusetts. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, who has known Mr. Scully for almost all of the 37 years he has been an Elk, testified to his high devotion to the principles of the Order and praised his qualities as a friend and citizen. Mr. Scully was presented with a handsome lounging chair and foot rest by one of his lifelong friends, a veteran Past Exalted Ruler of Meriden Lodge, Harry Mitchell.

A venison dinner was served at which Past Exalted Ruler Charles N. Carroll, Past District Deputy, was Toastmaster. The speakers, in addition to Mr. Nicholson, were Mayor Francis E. Danaher; Past Exalted Ruler James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, Editor of the *Times-Star*; State Labor Commissioner Cornelius J. Danaher; Mayor George W. Hickey, Willimantic; District Deputies John P. Gilbert, Danbury, and Edward T. Cox, Wallingford; Exalted Ruler Peter J. Combs of Meriden Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler Harry Mitchell.

Towson, Md., Lodge Observes Three Special "Nights" on One Occasion

Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469, celebrates its birthday annually, and in conjunction with the ceremony, which has become traditional with the passing of the years, also observes Past Exalted Rulers and Old Timers Nights on the same evening. The 1940 anniversary festivities began with a 6:30 dinner held in the Grill Room. More than two hundred Baltimore County Elks were served. P.E.R. John A. Zimmerman was Chairman of Arrangements for this year's program. At the regular lodge meeting the Chairs were turned over to Past Exalted Rulers, with Lawrence E. Ensor presiding in the office of the Exalted Ruler, Richard A. McAllister. Judge T. Scott Offutt, the second oldest living Past Exalted Ruler, delivered the address of the evening, including in his speech a complete history of the lodge. Cards and other amusements occupied the attention of the Old Timers during the social session which followed the meeting.

Since its institution Towson Lodge has been an influence for good in the life of the community. Its charitable activities have been numerous and donations given without stint. Nearly every man prominent in official circles or active in public affairs in Baltimore County is or has been a member of No. 469.

Nationality Nights are Observed By Holyoke, Mass., Lodge

A feature of the annual "Irish Night" held recently by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, was the presentation of a pen and pencil set to Charles M. Calhoun of Springfield, Clerk of the Superior Court. Mr. Calhoun is completing 40 years of public service this year. He has been a regular attendant at these affairs at the local lodge for many years. The gift was presented by P. J. Cadigan, Chairman of the Irish Night Committee.

Nearly 500 attended the corned beef and cabbage supper with spare ribs as a side dish. Mike O'Hare was in charge of the dinner and the members of the committee acted as waiters. An orchestra made things lively with Irish airs during the supper and a minstrel show followed with Irish songs, stories and dancing. Emmett Cauley was Master of Ceremonies.

"Polish Night", held the preceding week, was also a great success. About 275 members and guests attended. One of the features of this occasion was a reenactment of the presentation of a cup to Chester Szetela, who 25 years ago won the trophy for his essay on "Our Flag". Dr. J. A. Starzyk was Chairman of Arrangements.

"Rockville Night" Is Held By Willimantic, Conn., Lodge

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, was visited by more than 40 members of Rockville, Conn., Lodge, No. 1359, on March 20. The lodge elected a staff of new officers for the coming year, headed by Exalted Ruler-elect Arthur B. Small, and carried out an entertaining "Rockville Night" program.

A class of candidates was initiated for the host lodge by the Rockville officers, with Exalted Ruler Paul J. Roden presiding. A luncheon was served in the grill after the meeting.

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope, but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 190-F Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE 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 June issue should reach us by May 1st.

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H. H. Bromley, of Shelburne, Vt., writes: "I suffered for years with acid stomach trouble. My doctors told me I had ulcers and would have to diet the rest of my life. Before taking your treatment I lost a lot of weight and could eat nothing but soft foods and milk. After taking Von's Tablets I felt perfectly well, ate almost anything and gained back the weight I had lost." If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis, heartburn, bloating or any other stomach trouble due to gastric hyperacidity, you, too, should try Von's for prompt relief. Send for FREE Samples of this remarkable treatment, and details of guaranteed trial offer. Instructive Booklet is included. Write

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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 Avenue, Dept. EM-5, New York, N. Y.

Prominent Ohio Elks Attend Initiation at Wapakoneta Lodge

Three Past Presidents of the Ohio State Elks Association, P.E.R.'s Ernst Von Bargen, A. Bart Horton and John F. Fussinger, of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, were among the many prominent Elks of Western Ohio in attendance at the Washington's Birthday celebration held by Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170. The Cincinnati delegation of 52 members included the lodge officers and choir, and was headed by P.E.R. Jack Auer, Mayor James Stewart and Vice-Mayor Edward Waldvogel. Four hundred Elks were present.

Initiation ceremonies were conducted by the Cincinnati officers. The Boy Scouts who were adjudged winners in the local Elks' Essay Contest on Americanism, were honored by being introduced to the assemblage by E.R. Harry Kahn. The home of Wapakoneta Lodge was rededicated not long ago, the ceremonies being held on the lodge's 15th anniversary.

Boy Scout Activities Sponsored By McMinnville, Ore., Lodge

Immediately after the close of a recent regular lodge session, McMinnville, Ore., Lodge, No. 1283, acted as host to the Yamhill County Boy Scouts at a regular meeting of their District Court of Honor. The highlight of the evening was the awarding of a Gold Palm of the Eagle Scout rank to Scout Robert Brooks of McMinnville by E.R. Arlie G. Walker. With 200 Boy Scouts in attendance, 60 awards were made before a crowd of approximately 150 interested spectators which included members of the lodge and friends and relatives of the attending Scouts. Scout officials expressed appreciation of the use of the lodge home for the Court which they declared was the most successful and the best attended of any held so far in the County.

For the past three years, the lodge has sponsored the local Boy Scout Troop, No. 233. The Scout Committee, the members of which are Martin Redding, Bert Moersch and Al Beeler, has been active since the charter was granted in 1937. It is interesting to note that the majority of the members of the Yamhill County Boy Scout Council are Elks. Harper Hamison is Chief Scout Executive for the District, and O. I. Chenoweth, Gene Marsh, R. W. Travis and Bert Moersch are Council members.

"Old Timers Night" Observed By Manistee, Mich., Lodge

Men who have been members of Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, for twenty years or more were especially honored recently at an "Old Timers Night" which proved to be one of the most interesting and enjoyable evenings of the year. On the roster are the names of 74 such members, 52 being resident and 22 non-resident. Twenty-six resident "Old Timers" were present.

A dinner preceded a smoker and social hour. Inner Guard Joseph J. Piekariski acted as Toastmaster for the evening. During the dinner hour appropriate music was furnished by the Elks' Orchestra. The roll call was conducted by E.R. R. B. Stedman. Each guest of honor, when called, responded with a few remarks, and greetings were read from wires and letters received

from more than half of the non-resident "Old Timers."

Elks Jubilee Dance Held by San Antonio, Tex., Lodge

The ballroom on the roof of the lodge home of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, was the scene of an entertaining frolic when the 72nd Birthday Anniversary of the Order was celebrated with an Elks Jubilee Dance. Dancing ceased for a time and the merrymakers became temporarily serious when Dr. Hugh Warren, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, took his place at the microphone and began to speak. Americanism was the subject of his address.

Festivities reached a peak when a three-decker birthday cake, specially decorated for the occasion, was placed upon the table and sliced with ceremony by E.R. D. M. White and Dr. Warren. Although several hundred Elks and ladies were present, the cake was so huge that there was enough for everybody. An artificial cake in front of the bandstand, even larger and more elaborate, was a center of attraction.

P.E.R.'s Night Observed by San Diego, Calif., Lodge

San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, held its annual Past Exalted Rulers Night on March 7 with 23 local and five visiting Past Exalted Rulers in attendance. All of the offices were filled by Past Exalted Rulers who conducted the meeting and closed the lodge. A feature of the occasion was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of roses to John M. Dodge, the first Exalted Ruler of No. 168. Mr. Dodge, who is 87 years of age, responded and made an appropriate talk. Special musical entertainment and a buffet supper concluded the evening.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Elks Hold State Association Night

State Association Night was an event at Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, not long ago when State Pres. Elmer B. Maze of Merced, accompanied by State Vice-Pres. Fred Peters of Whittier, and State Trustee Dr. Walter Heller, Redondo Beach, paid his official visit. Among the distinguished visitors were D.D. Raymond C. Crowell of Pasadena, E.R. Roy E. Gladwell, Whittier, E.R. Arthur F. Spring of Ventura and his officers, and six officers of Lancaster Lodge, headed by E.R. John W. Allen. More than 250 officers and members of 17 California lodges attended.

The monthly birthday dinner was served that evening, and a number of excellent speeches were made. Mr. Maze paid Santa Barbara Lodge a glowing tribute for its work on behalf of the State organization. Prizes for the winners in the golf contest, at the La Cumbre Club links the preceding afternoon, were awarded by Fred Krebaum. The Santa Barbara Elks' team was in top form. First honors in the tournament went to Cecil Harris of Whittier Lodge, and second honors to Lawrence Christ, Santa Barbara.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Increases Membership In Exciting Campaign

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, begins the new lodge year with a membership roster that has been vastly increased in past months. Two hundred and fifty names were added by initia-

tion, dimit and reinstatement last September and October when the lodge put on a membership campaign remarkable not only for its ultimate success but for the thoroughness with which it was handled. Five hundred members participated.

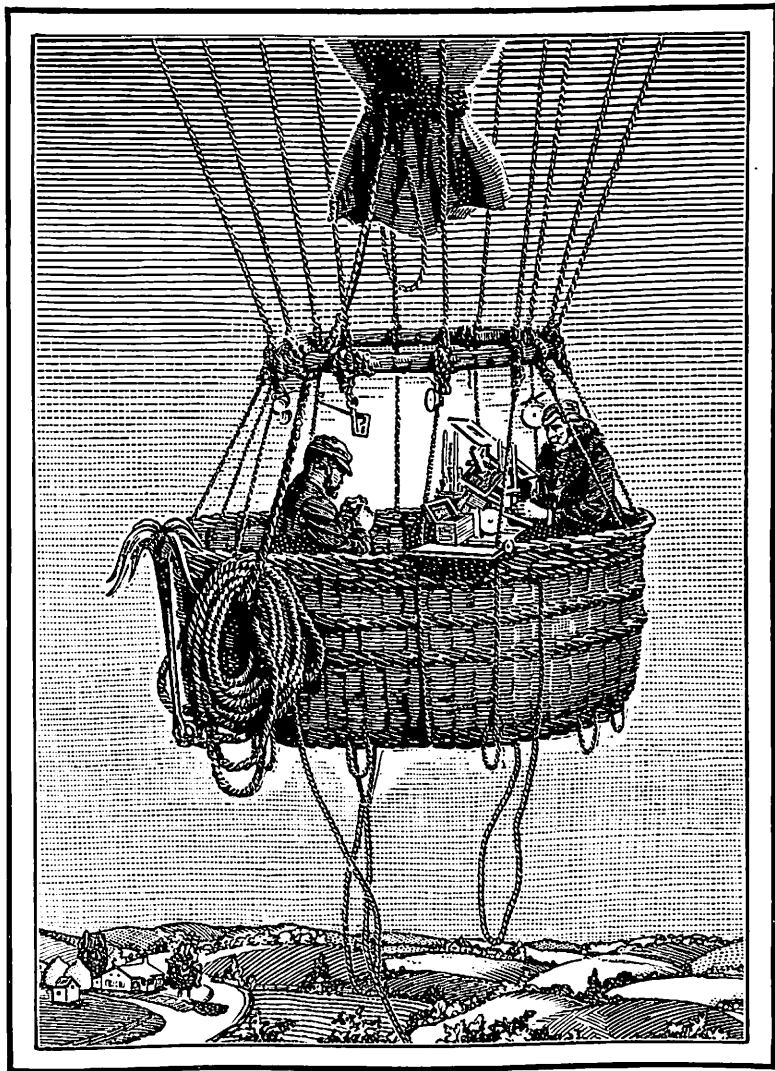
Commencing two months prior to the actual opening of the campaign, the officers and the members of the lapsation committees held several meetings at which ideas were introduced to be made use of later in the campaign itself. The drive was inaugurated September 11. A group of 200 prominent members was divided into twenty teams of ten men each, with ten of the teams captained by the lodge officers and trustees, and the other ten by active members. The twenty teams were divided into three groups headed by "Majors" whose duties were to instill enthusiasm into their respective groups and to keep the team captains on their toes. Members of the various teams were grouped with regard to a common interest of employment. As a result teams were made up of Post Office employees, police officers, firemen, Navy men, city employees, lawyers and doctors.

On the opening night, the "Majors" talked on the merits of their squads and after the preliminaries the teams were called to the Altar and each member was presented with a plain white button to be worn until he secured one new member, at which time he would receive a purple button. After obtaining two or more new members, reinstatements or dimit, a gold button would be awarded. The purpose of the buttons was to attract the attention of men friends. An inquiry as to why an Elk was wearing a blank button would give the Elk a chance to explain that the button represented part of the lodge's Membership Campaign. Thus the ice would be broken and an opportunity provided for a talk on the Order. An added incentive in the campaign was the prospect of attending, as a guest, the elaborate party known as a "Night in Paris" to be held at one of the country clubs. Each member who secured an application for a dimit, reinstatement or new member received free tickets for himself and his candidates. Otherwise the admission was \$10. When the party was given, members of the winning Post Office Team were guests of honor and occupied seats at the head table.

In connection with the campaign three Open House sessions were held—"Long Beach Business Men's Night", "City Hall Night" and "Navy Night". Serious talks on the Order and an entertainment featured each program. Radio and screen stars Monte Blue and Andy Devine assisted in making the affairs a success. A large membership barometer had been set up in the club lobby with the names of proposers of new members, dimit or reinstatements placed thereon. Stars indicated the number of applications secured. It was a happy day for the Long Beach Membership Committee, the officers and the members when the barometer burst as the total lodge membership went over the two-thousand mark.

Chairman R. P. Mohrbacker, William L. Fields, B. A. Dooley, George Quinn, Prentice Smith, and Joe Mason were in charge of the drive. E.R. John W. Harvey and Prentice G. Smith were honored for securing the most applications during the duration of the campaign.

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What a changed world it was for the first balloonist. He saw hills and valleys level out. He saw dark clouds serving a thrilling purpose when they reflected a gorgeous sunset. He got a new perspective.

Wise is the man who takes a broad view of today's events and keeps them always in true focus. He makes no mountain out of a rumor and sees no valley as deep as the despair of the pessimists. He is confident that he can take the hurdles as they come.

Such a man has the will to work—and the good judgment to relax when work is done. Moderate in all things, in his thoughts and in his activities, he is living—really living—with and for his family and among his friends. (He is unusual if he doesn't usually serve Budweiser.) He is, indeed, the backbone of America.

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