

THE

MAGAZINE

Elke

JULY, 1940



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The statue of Nathan Hale in front of the Nathan Hale Dormitory at Yale University in New Haven.



A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS:

My final opportunity to write an official message to Elkdome is at hand. The "moving finger" has well-nigh completed its writing, and other hands will soon take over the reins of leadership. Sincere appreciation is expressed to every member of our Order for granting me the privilege of serving as your Grand Exalted Ruler. To my successor is pledged my most earnest cooperation, and those who so ably assisted me are requested to give him the same sincere support.

The year closes with great concern on the part of every thoughtful American citizen. The dramatic impact upon our consciousness of the European situation has become the important and immense theme of our stream of thought. The ultimate destiny of mankind is now uppermost with every loyal, thinking American. Are we to be drawn unwillingly, unwittingly into a tragic conflict, or will we be spared that terror? In the past, the citizens of our great country, which extends from coast to coast, teeming with boundless energy and limitless possibilities, have always had a potential power to successfully cope with and solve any national problems which arose. Perhaps never before, however, have insidious influences been so subtly or so secretly aggressive.

Elkdome has increased in numbers and in patriotic effectiveness during the year which is drawing to a close. May we continue unabated and unceasingly our efforts throughout the coming months and years, with a proper regard and esteem for America and all of its institutions. May "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" be guaranteed to those who are to follow, with every blessing that we have so bountifully enjoyed in the past. If those who have heretofore served Elkdome and their country so well and so faithfully unite with those who have more recently joined our ranks, the future of our beloved nation will continue to be safe and secure.

Again, with sincere appreciation, I am
Gratefully and fraternally,

H. Warner

Grand Exalted Ruler.

JULY 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—



AT the left is Will F. Jenkins who says, "It is traditional for writers to outline their lives as vastly more exciting than their stories. Regrettably, I depart from tradi-

tion. I broke into print at the ripe age of thirteen, and actually began to get paid for my stuff when I was seventeen. At twenty-one I ran away from home to typewrite, and darned near starved to death—not for Art, but because I wrote pretty badly. I managed to stay alive, however, and ultimately managed also to serve in the World War, a more than usually abortive Central American revolution and then to get in a little poking around in various places. In the years since, I've managed to write and see published an incredible lot of fiction, under various *nommes d'apprendre*, but now I've despaired of ever learning all about writing, and use my own name. I'm an insufferably proud father, have the same wife I started out with, and two of the best dogs you'd ever want to see. Incidentally, I live in Gloucester County, Virginia, thirty miles from a railroad, in a house that was built long before the Revolution and has been falling down ever since."

Mr. J. has written a darned good yarn of submarines and such, called "The Bait".

Your old friend (not so old, at that) Fairfax Downey of Glee Club fame, has done a piece on Robert Houdin, the forerunner of the modern prestidigitators who infest our stages and nightclubs. It seems that 'way back in the 1860's, Mr. Houdin mystified a whole nation and kept them from a long and bloody war. It seems a pity that something on the same order couldn't be worked today.

Stanley Frank goes on with his biog. of Al Schacht, baseball's funniest madman, and Ed Faust and Ray Trullinger carry on in their usual style. Harry Hansen has some new slants on books, while this time Kiley Taylor tells about the eastern coast hospitality. It sounds great to us, even though we have been won over by Houston's glowing tales of Texas.

That reminds us—don't forget *The Elks Magazine's* exhibit when you get to Houston. We guarantee it will tell you things you never knew before.

J. B. S.

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Hocus-Pocus

In these days of blood and Blitzkrieg it's a relief to hear of a man who, with little more than a twist of the wrist and a quirk of the eyebrow, kept a whole nation from war.

by Fairfax Downey

FAVORITE acts in the theater of warfare are no longer feats of brute strength only. Old Man Mars applauds tricks. He is enthusiastic about conjurers among the performers who display mechanical ingenuities and assorted martial gadgets that make him laugh fit to kill.

In the last war he was amused for a time by the British tank and the German 75-mile gun. In this one he has chuckled over the German use of the American electro-magnetic mine which forced stout British dreadnaughts to take to wearing girdles. Also his interest has been aroused by advance billings of the United States' bombsight and oxygen bomb, guaranteed to bring down the house.

Are these new turns? If Mars thinks so, he has forgotten like most others that almost a century ago there was a magician who caused victory to perch on the French eagles in Algeria with some of the neatest tricks of the day. One of them employed electro-magnetics, too. Though he did not triumph without firing a shot or shedding a drop of blood, Jean-Eugène Robert-Houdin kept them down to a minimum when he nipped revolt in the desert. Follows his extraordinary story.

Houdin, who was not born hyphenated, was the son of a watchmaker of Blois. Not long after his birth in 1805 he discovered that the paternal shop offered a splendid opportunity to a boy who wanted to see the wheels go 'round, and there never was a lad more eager to do just that than young Jean-Eugène. He was a mechanical genius, a congenital gadgeteer, always tinkering with clocks and music boxes. But his father, ambitious to see him rise in the world, insisted on his studying to be a lawyer. At school the boy neglected the classics to invent contrivances powered by mice. Confinement to the punishment cell was welcomed by him, since that gave him a chance to trap a rat—and

more power to him. Also he devised a bird cage in which canaries had to push springs and tip slides in order to eat or bathe. Houdin might have become a pioneer in the study of animal behavior, but it was only the mechanics that interested him. Before long, his peculiar conduct got him fired from school and returned him to watch-making.

Yet that also failed to satisfy him after he witnessed an exhibition of juggling by a street entertainer. Houdin decided he must master this art. He found a local chiropodist, who doubled in juggling, and sat at his feet to learn. Soon he was able to keep four balls in the air while reading a book. Though he was proud of his dexterity, he realized he had best stick to watches for his living.

Now occurred two singular events which determined the career of the future great magician, events in which it is difficult not to sense predestination. Going one day to buy a treatise on clocks, he was given instead by the absent-minded bookseller a work dealing with sleight-of-hand. To Houdin the mistake was the happiest of accidents. He devoured the volume and practiced its precepts with nimble fingers. His magic and juggling amazed his friends and he was the life of many a party. However, he was still only a talented amateur.

The second incident is curious to the point of being uncanny. The watch-maker, who had moved to another town, dined on a ragout and picked up a severe case of ptomaine poisoning. He became so ill he believed himself to be dying and must hasten to Blois to bid his parents farewell. Fleeing from the hospital, he caught a stagecoach in which he chanced to be the only passenger. During his solitary journey he suffered such agony that he opened the door and, unnoticed, flung himself out and lay by the roadside in a dead faint. When he regained consciousness, where should he find himself but in the traveling van of an accomplished conjurer named Torrini.



in Algeria

Plainly Fate had been playing tricks on young Houdin. Clearly it was his destiny to play tricks, too. He stayed with the show.

Torrini willingly taught him his trade. There was, however, one feat of legerdemain against which the Italian warned his pupil in tragic accents: the bullet trick, in which a magician allows a spectator to load a pistol and fires it point-blank at an accomplice who proves to be invulnerable. Something had gone wrong on the last occasion Torrini exhibited it, with his own son as the target. The boy had fallen dead with a hole through his forehead.

But it was, Houdin privately concluded, a good trick if you could work it. He memorized its details; it might come in handy some day. How extremely useful it would be at a critical moment in his career he could not, of course, foresee.

After several months Houdin left the show and went back to his shop, no longer to manufacture conventional time-pieces, but to combine watch-making and tricks. He invented a clock mounted on a glass column which lit a candle when it rang. Among other marvels he produced were: A toy bakery where figures prepared and served *patisserie*. Toy acrobats who tumbled, smoked a pipe and played a flute. An orange tree which bore blossoms and fruit at command; one of the oranges opened to display a handkerchief, which had been borrowed from a spectator, and two butterflies fluttered up, took the linen by the corners and unfolded it. Justly celebrated was his automatic man who wrote the answers to questions and made drawings requested.

With sales and appearances at expositions where he delighted royalty and commoners, Houdin amassed money and medals. He married and raised a family. But he did not really make his fortune until he went on the stage, opening his own theater in Paris and going on tour through Europe. Houdin was the first mod-



ern magician. He discarded draped tables and all the obvious hocus-pocus of his predecessors. Disdaining the usual cabalistic robes, this lively little man appeared in simple evening dress and captivated his audiences as much by his charm of manner as his prestidigitation. He fooled them with the aerial suspension trick in which his son seemed to recline on air, save for one elbow resting on an upright wand. (The wand was steel and connected with a steel framework under the boy's clothes.) He fairly panicked them with the drinks-to-order act, recently current in American vaudeville and night clubs, in which any beverage a spectator called for is poured from a single receptacle. (He used a bottle divided into compartments, the flow of their contents regulated by air vents stopped by his fingers.) This demonstration nearly caused him to be mobbed in Manchester, England, by an audience whose tongues were hanging out.

Rich from his *Soirées Fantastiques*, Houdin retired on a reputation which still endures although the American magician, Houdini, who in early admiration took his name from Houdin, later wrote a book purporting to expose the Frenchman's tricks as not new inventions but merely adaptations of old ones.

One day early in his retirement, Houdin's second honeymoon—his first wife had died—was disturbed by the arrival at his villa on the Loire of an important visitor, Colonel de Neveu of the French Intelligence Service in Algeria.

Trouble was brewing in France's important African colony, declared the Colonel. Two still unconquered provinces were in revolt, led by the marabouts. These dervishes, revered as saints, exerted immense influence over the tribesmen. Of their number had been the formidable rebel chieftain, Abd-el-Keder, who had surrendered only a few years before after long, costly campaigns by French armies. So long as the marabouts retained their sway, the colony

and French holdings were in danger. What was the secret of their power? Houdin asked.

Sorcery, explained the Colonel. They were able to devour glass and thorns, to pass their tongues over red-hot irons and their hands into sacks of scorpions and poisonous serpents. They could thrust daggers into their cheeks and leap on to the edge of a sabre without harm.

Tricks, shrugged the magician. Once he himself, he recalled, had displayed the feat of passing a nail through both eyes and out of his mouth to a young lady. She fainted.

Tricks to be sure, the officer agreed. But no native could be convinced that the marabouts were not miracle workers and masters of the black arts.

How to convince them then?

By better tricks, remarked the Colonel. In short, those of Monsieur Houdin. When could he leave for Algeria?

Houdin excused himself. He was, he confided, but now in the bosom of his honeymoon and imbibing deep draughts of happiness.

In that case, the Colonel instantly conceded, Algeria must wait. The French, they are a gallant race.

Houdin was ready in due course to do his duty for France. The one-man expeditionary force arrived in Algiers in 1856. An army corps was even then attempting to suppress a revolt in Kabylia but it returned without accomplishing anything conclusive. At once the government summoned chiefs of tribes from all parts of the colony to a fête. Its climax was to be a marvelous performance of magic in the Algiers theater.

On the big night Houdin, his stage set, waited. A marshal of France and all the colony's high officials took their places in the boxes. The Arab chieftains, gorgeous in their panoply, thronged into the orchestra stalls and dress-circle. A deep, almost religious silence fell, as the curtain rose.

When Napoleon invaded Egypt, the savants accompanying his expedition

had performed electrical and chemical experiments without impressing the natives in the slightest degree. Houdin did not make their mistake. He was a scientist also, but he was first a showman. His opening act literally started the ball rolling. From a top hat he produced one cannon-ball after another. This martial display seemed to indicate that the French had the problem of ammunition supply handily solved. Then over the heads of his audience he wafted a crystal casket from which spilled five-franc pieces. Next he sprung his inexhaustible bowl from which he served all hands alternately with sweetmeats and coffee. It was plain that with such talent the French Army's pay and commissary departments were sitting pretty.

But Houdin knew that it was not enough to mystify and amuse. He must startle and even terrify his audience with evidence that he possessed supernatural powers. He picked up a small but solid box from a table and advanced to the front of the stage. The dapper little Frenchman announced impressively, "From what you have witnessed, you will attribute a supernatural power to me, and you are right. I will give you a new proof of my marvelous authority, by showing that I can deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at my will. Anyone who thinks himself strong enough to try the experiment may draw near me."

A muscular Arab strode forward. The man was no confederate of the act. That would have been too great a risk, nor was an accomplice needed.

Houdin asked, "Are you very strong?" The Arab haughtily acknowledged it.

"Are you sure you will always remain so?"

"Quite sure."

"You are mistaken, for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child."

Disdainfully the Arab obeyed Houdin's order to step to the table and



Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

Houdin confided to the Colonel that he was in the bosom of his honeymoon and imbibing deep draughts of happiness.



lift the little box. Nothing to it. He complied and sneered, "Is that all?"

"Wait!" the conjurer cried. "Behold! You are weaker than a woman. Now try to lift the box."

The strong man tugged vainly at the handle. He struggled and strained but could not budge it an inch. Gasping and furious, he flung himself on the box again, seizing it with both hands, bracing his legs in a terrific effort. He could not move it and was ready to give up.

But now he could not let go. His legs went limp and he sank to his knees yelling in agony. Then Houdin waved a wand, and the Arab, released, fled in panic from the theater.

The handle and a plate in the

bottom of the box were metal. On a signal from Houdin, an assistant had turned on a strong electro-magnetic current which fixed the box immovably to the table. A second signal had sent an electric current through the handle to clamp and shock the victim.

Astonished murmurs of "Satan!" and "Demon!" rustled through the pit of the house. Houdin gave them no chance to recover. Now was the moment for a masterstroke.

The marabouts, in their most effective tricks, apparently risked death or wounds. There was one in which a sorcerer ordered a gun to be loaded and fired at him; the flint struck sparks, but the powder charge, under

the marabout's spell, failed to explode. This, Houdin knew, was accomplished simply by stopping up the gun's vent. Colonel de Neveu had warned especially that in this trick, above all, the French must surpass the native magicians.

Houdin was ready to try. He announced that he owned a talisman rendering him invulnerable and he defied the best shot in Algeria to hit him. Hardly had he spoken when there was a commotion in the audience. An Arab vaulted four rows of seats, scattered the orchestra from his path, scaled the stage, burst through the flames of the footlights and shouted,

(Continued on page 44)



Screwball Saga

by Stanley Frank



Mr. Frank carries us farther along the happy-go-lucky road to hilarity with the delirious Mr. Schacht.

ALL the mental anguish Al Schacht has been inflicting on the straight men of baseball for years might have been averted if not for a false accusation which beclouded his early childhood. He was a thoroughly normal, noisy little boy and somewhat of a neighborhood celebrity in the Bronx when he pitched P. S. 42 to the public school championship of New York City. The incident which was to influence his life occurred in a game he pitched for good old 42 against P. S. 12, whose principal and coach was Dr. John F. Condon, the "Jafsie" in the Lindbergh case. In the last inning, with his team trailing by 2-1, Schacht stole home with the tying run. Jafsie lifted his voice to high

heaven and assured all witnesses that Alexander was a "dirty little boy".

Al brooded over that for several years and apparently decided to earn official censure. In 1911, the day before he was to pitch for the High School of Commerce against Stuyvesant for the city championship, he was disqualified for playing with four semi-professional teams under the name of Alberts. He didn't mind much. He had one less team to pitch for and just as much revenue.

Clark Griffith, then managing the Cincinnati Reds, heard about the eccentric 129-pound kid and offered him a job at Fort Wayne. It was an overture Griffith was to regret presently, although Schacht spurned it at the time. Mrs. Schacht might

have raised an irresponsible son, but there was nothing wrong with his arithmetic. He was getting \$25 a game three times a week from semi-pro teams around New York, and Fort Wayne's best offer was \$125 a month.

The youth continued to collect his twenty-five a game and one Sunday afternoon a few weeks later pitched for the Metropolitan in an exhibition game against the Boston Braves. A venerable gentleman was Schacht's pitching versus who was knocked out in the fifth inning when Al hit him for a single. That was Cy Young, who might or might not have been the greatest pitcher baseball has ever known. Two days later Young announced his retirement from the game and it is not quite clear yet whether he was discouraged by Schacht's hit or just tired after pitching in (Continued on page 41)

IN older—and slower—times, the physician had a chance to play the violin in a quartet and to read poetry; today he must keep his nose to the grindstone. If he is a horse-and-buggy doctor, even though he uses a coupe, he is kept busy rushing from one patient to another. If he is a fashionable city doctor, his office is jammed with orchidaceous women who have real or fancied ills. The doctor in research, teaching and administrative work seems to touch the best of life; like Dr. Victor O. Heiser, he gets an opportunity to study the best practice everywhere.

Hans Zinsser's new book, "As I Remember Him; the Biography of R. S.", is about a man in the top

veloping an extreme form of military nationalism". In Boston, at the other extreme, he saw the Brahmin class going but the old Puritan stock persisting and sending its sons all over the country. "Even if they don't enjoy art and music themselves", he said of the Boston conservatives, "they value it platonically and support it; you can see more old ladies with ear trumpets at the Friday afternoon symphony than anywhere else in the world". In discussing professors and college presidents, he emphasizes the place of research in modern education, the need of collecting data before making conclusions and the place of science in a liberal education. Of the future in

this field he says, "Not everyone will be educated, but few will be totally neglected and talent will rarely miss its opportunity". Of the relation of conservatism to progress he says, "Our task, as we grow older in a rapidly advancing science, is to retain the capacity of joy in discoveries which correct older ideas and theories and to learn from our pupils as we teach them. . . . The doctor's profession is, in part, an art—since it deals with matters that demand manual skill; in part, again, it is a branch of that vague middle ground between the physical and the psychological, in which emotional intelligence and great sanity of judgment are required; it is, like all biology, an application to an unlimited variety of problems of the reasoning and the techniques of all available science".

A stimulating book, because it gives the mind something to do in these times when there is so little time for reflection. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.75)

IT is safe to predict that we are going to be saturated with books and articles about war and politics this year. There will be books of theory and policy—what to do to defend the United States. There will be studies of democracy versus totalitarianism. There will be histories of international affairs and first-hand accounts of the fighting. And we will be expected to keep clear heads and not let our feelings dominate our thinking. It will be a difficult task. Reading will be richly rewarded if we get more books like "This War", by
(Continued on page 47)

WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

by Harry Hansen

flight of his profession. It is the best book of this kind that we have had since Dr. Heiser wrote "An American Doctor's Odyssey". It is less about a man than about the medical profession, and it describes attempts to treat cholera, typhus, social diseases and plagues in various parts of the world. Dr. Zinsser is a well known Boston authority, professor of bacteriology in the Harvard Medical School, and author of "Rats, Lice and History". His experiences parallel those of his friend, R. S.; he taught in various colleges, served with the United States Medical Corps, went to Serbia to help the Red Cross fight typhus and investigated disease in Russia after the war, and was in a position to make all the observations he credits to R. S., so that we may assume that rather than write an autobiography he has developed this record in a biographical form.

This is a fine survey of modern medicine, filled with shrewd comment on social and political conditions. In Russia R. S. saw the effect of that terrorism that became "a savagely cynical and bloody autocracy maintained by espionage and brutality, utterly inefficient and rapidly de-



Dr. Hans Zinsser of Harvard Medical School and author of "As I Remember Him: The Biography of R. S."



Wallace M. Kelly, who is now hard at work on a novel of Kentucky life entitled "Days Are As Grass".

the BAIT

Some men seek vengeance for an injury. To the Skipper it was all in the day's work, but he felt more comfortable when the score was even.

by Will F. Jenkins

DAWN came at last, but the motion of the boat did not change. It heaved and pitched and rolled and wallowed, violently and without restraint. An oiler was seasick up in the bow. There was no cheer in him. The skipper looked formidable and very tired. As the gray light strengthened he looked wearily about him. Waves came rolling from the northeast, and were interfered with by other waves from somewhere else, and the result was a choppy sea in which the lurchings of the lifeboat were drunken and unpredictable. The sea wasn't blue. It was a dirty grayish color. The sky was gray, too, with an unbroken bank of clouds that blotted out nearly all the colorings of sunrise. The lifeboat made a picture that approached demoralization. Two of the men in it had come tumbling up out of the engine-room in their undershirts. Now they shivered bitterly and tried to invent adequately profane invective to apply to the authors of their discomfort.

The skipper had a two days' stubble of beard on his chin and his eyes were sunken in. As the light grew and grew, he said wearily, "We drifted faster than the wreckage. Break

out the oars and we'll start upwind."


Somebody swore passionately. The skipper said, "No use swearing. It's a game we've lost at, so far. He scored first, whoever he was. Maybe we'll get a chance some day. But first we'll see if anything worth while is floating back yonder."

Four men took the oars. They put their backs into the work. The oars made little swirls—tiny whirlpools—in the water. It was not possible to see that the boat actually moved at all. There was no way to tell. There was no land visible, nor any ships. No floating object. Not even the other ship's boat from the sunken *Stoddart*. That other boat had pulled away sometime during the night under the mate's guidance.

The skipper steered. His face had no discernible expression. The *Stoddart* was small enough, but he'd had her for ten years. He'd even owned a share in her. It was gone now. But he kept his thoughts to himself. He steered upwind, retracing the night's drift.

The four men not rowing huddled under the lee of the gunwale to be clear of the wind. They had tried to sleep, and failed. Now one of them repeated for the twentieth





time what he'd said when the explosion blew the *Stoddart* three feet sidewise and threw him against a hot steampipe. Another tried to drowse, but seasickness waked him from time to time. The other two played some game upon their fingers without interest.

It was half an hour after sunrise when an oarsman suddenly broke stroke. He stared astern, his mouth dropped open.

"Stroke, there!" said the skipper. "What's the matter with you?"

THE man shifted his oar, but without strength, still staring. The bos'n, rowing, saw the same thing. His oar wavered. Then he grunted and heaved on the shaft again. The skipper turned in the stern-sheets to look over the empty, tossing water.

He saw it, too. It was a vertical, cylindrical object perhaps four inches in diameter. It projected perhaps two feet above the crests of the waves, and seven or eight feet from their troughs. It looked rather like a spar-buoy, but spar-buoys aren't painted a neutral gray, and they aren't found a hundred miles offshore, and they don't have lenses at their tops.

The skipper watched grimly while the four oarsmen fell into their rhythm again. Then he turned back.

"Nothing to worry about," he said curtly. "Waiting to see if we'll be picked up. We're bait. He's scored once on us. He'll try to do it again. But maybe we can score, too." He paused, and added grimly, "I'd like to even things a bit."

He steered, ignoring the thing. The four men in the bow sat up and stared back, one at a time. One of the two firemen, at the oars, growled maledictions upon it because he hadn't had time to get a coat before leaving the *Stoddart*.

"Needn't ha' been in such a blinkin' hurry!" he rumbled wrathfully. "Could ha' let a man fetch his coat!"

But he was warm, now, from his exertion. There was no real venom in his spleen. Two more oarsmen pulled stoically. The *Stoddart* was at the bottom of the ocean. As prisoners, they would be worse than useless. Therefore the object in the water was no longer a menace.

They saw that it was moving. It left a narrow, winding wake behind it on the flanks of the moving waves. It came closer. Obviously, it had been hunting for them. But a quarter-mile astern the wake died away. Having found them, the cylindrical object matched its speed to theirs.

One of the men in the bow said, "'Ullo! I can 'ear 'er motors! Put y'ear to the plarkin' an' y' can pick 'er up!"

The skipper said curtly, "Somebody stand up and see if any wreckage is in sight."

A man scrambled to a thwart. Another man steadied him. He looked, and looked. At last he said dubiously, "Over there, sir, I think." He pointed.

The skipper prepared to change course. The man added, "There's smoke over to port, sir."

"Don't point!" said the skipper quickly. "Let it go! Get down!"

The lookout got back below the gunwale amid a silence of complete comprehension. To conceal the presence of another ship from the periscope was a trivial way to score, perhaps, but it was better than none. The skipper changed course to starboard—toward the sighted wreckage. It would be wreckage from the *Stoddart*. The roster of the crew was not complete. A hurried check with the other boat, before they separated in the darkness, had shown two men missing. Therefore it was necessary to search the scene of the sinking by daylight just in case one of those two had improbably survived.

The boat heaved in this direction and that. She wallowed in that direction and the other. The oars stroked and stroked, and made small swirls in the water, and there was no indication whatever that the boat was not utterly stationary in the midst of the deep.

One of the oarsmen said suddenly, "The periscope's movin', sir."

"Going over to see what we changed course for," said the skipper curtly. "They fancy they'll score again."

The cylindrical thing moved swiftly, compared to the boat. It cut through the waves, foaming. It went past, a hundred yards to starboard.

There was a tiny vibration in the fabric of the lifeboat. The man with his ear to the planking said, "When she goes full speed, she fair 'ums!"

A gull came flying out of nowhere and went on back to the same place. Waves came monotonously out of the thin haze to windward and beat their way on to the thin haze to leeward. The cross-seas wandered erratically here and there. The boat heaved and pitched.

"She's broachin'!" said a man at the bow.

The skipper looked. Between wave-crests and pitchings he saw white foam like sea breaking over a rock awash. Then that foam-streak lengthened, and parted, and gray solidity appeared in the middle

of it. An angular conning-tower became visible. The thing came to rest. The skipper thought he saw black streakings on the conning-tower. They would be numerals and a letter.

The thing lay still for a space. Then, quite suddenly, the lifeboat was filled with a smooth, faint, throbbing sound.

"'Er Diesels," said a fireman wisely. "Startin' up."

The conning-tower moved. It gathered speed. It swept with a swift rush across the face of the waters. It headed for the smoke upon the horizon to port.

"I 'ope she catches a Tartar, I do," said a voice filled with malice. "A destroyer, now—"

Even the oarsmen turned their heads to watch as they rowed. The streak of foam sped away and sped away and sped away. It dwindled to a speck which was seen at increasingly infrequent intervals. Then nothing at all was visible.

"She'll be submergin'," said one of the two finger-players, "an' tryin' to creep up. Eh?"

"They're slow, submerged," said another voice. "It'll depend on the ship's course. Couldn't tell from 'ere, only from the smoke."

The skipper said, "I doubt she'll get the steamer now. Bear a bit harder on the oars there."

The oars rose and fell and rose and fell. Presently a bowman said, "Ere's wreckage, sir," and pointed.



HARRY
MORAN
TYLER

It was a mess of oily waste, with little iridescent streaks of oil trailing away from it—from the engine-room of the *Stoddart*, blown open by the explosion. The skipper did not speak. Farther on there was a bottle, bobbing upright. Then a hundred-yard patch of sea in which the litter always left behind by a sinking ship was irregularly dispersed. A grating, in which a rag of cloth was tangled. For a space they saw nothing else. Here, as everywhere, the seas and cross-seas interwove to produce utter confusion on the surface. A scrap of planking, frayed where the explosion had blown it loose. Ten yards off, what looked like the chart-house door. But that was not likely. There was a formless mess which



might be straw, from none knew where, and a life-preserver with a great gash in its canvas covering. It floated very soggly. Then something which splashed heavily. The *Stoddart's* utility-boat, its canvas cover still lashed in place, full of water and with its side stove in. It floated gunwale-even with the sea.

"In the hurry last night," said the skipper, "somebody left the cover of this boat. We want that canvas."

They got it. It was ticklish work, with the heavy lurchings of the swamped smaller boat, but at last the soaked and icy canvas was aboard.

"Nothing to save for the underwriters," observed the skipper. "We'll go on. You up for'ard, take the two bow oars and lash this cover on for a sail."

Two men kept the boat's head to the sea while the others stepped an oar for the mast, and a second for a boom. The boom was much too long, and the sail was nothing to be proud of, but it might serve. The skipper swung the boat's bow to see. The improvised sail filled.

"That's better," the skipper said briefly. "We'll go faster."

Everybody relaxed. The motion of the boat was no longer so erratic. On the new course, and with a rag of a sail to steady her, she went forward with a swooping, swinging movement. She shipped more water, though. The north-east seas struck her quartering, and smacked small solid masses of water inboard from time to time.

"Wonder what happened yonder?" said a voice hopefully. "Seems like we'd 'ave eard a torpedo. Maybe she'll catch a Tartar."

The skipper said slowly, "We'd know if anything went off. Chances are our friends will come back." Then he added sharply. "Now, listen! Any man who sees that sub won't show by a sign or a flicker of his eyes that he does! Understand that?"

"Aye, sir." Then the bos'n said, "But what's the diff'rence, sir? We can't do 'er any harm, much as we'd like it."

"We're bait for her," said the skipper curtly. "But as long as we keep her busy without baiting another ship to her, we're scoring on her after a fashion. If we can keep her busy enough, we might score on her in earnest. You, Jennifer, listen for her motors. You heard her before."

"Yes, sir."

An hour later—a good hour later—Jennifer said, "She's some'rs about, sir. I 'ear her."

"Mind yourselves, now!" the skipper warned. "We don't know she's about. We don't suspect that she's waiting for another ship to sight us and for us to signal for help."

Then something dark arose in the midst of those bubbles, an angular conning-tower and a bit of slanting deck.

The lifeboat sailed on. She contained eight men besides the skipper. They had the clothes they sat in—but two firemen had only their undershirts. They were in the bow now, hunched down in the shelter of the gunwale and grumbling at their luck. Of the rest, one, an oiler, still occasionally and wearily succumbed to spells of seasickness. The motion of the boat was vastly unlike that of the *Stoddart* to which he was accustomed. The rest lay down out of the wind. From time to time a head popped up, to look around or listen. But with the obvious futility of the practice, more and more the men watched the skipper. His face showed no emotion at all—but his eyes were sunken. And he had owned a share in the *Stoddart*. The men watched him speculatively.

Presently he said, "They just pushed up their periscope and pulled it down again. They're back. No question. Now we'll see."

Nothing happened. They sailed. At noon the lifeboat's emergency rations yielded a meal—mostly hard biscuit—and water. And they sailed. And sailed. And sailed.

A little while after noon the skipper said abruptly, "'Ware water, up for'ard! We're going to take it aboard."

He changed course a little. The thumping of seas against the boat's side became thunderous. Water came in in showers and sheets. In seconds there were six inches in the boat's bottom. The skipper brought her head to wind.

"Unstep the mast and get the sail inboard," he ordered curtly. "We'll make repairs. And get her bailed out."

Water came out as men scooped it. Half a dozen men alternated at the task. Three of them saw the periscope. Half a mile away and watching them bail with their sail lowered.

"Nothin' wrong with the sail, sir," said the bos'n, puzzled.

"Well, make something wrong," said the skipper, "and then fix it! And keep your heads down! Dammit, there's smoke in sight. D'you want to be rescued, with our friends waiting to slip home a torpedo and us without any way to give warning?"

He eased himself down in the sternsheets. And then, instead of a lifeboat under sail, beating east toward the coast, there was apparently only an empty boat, deep in the water and wallowing aimlessly. And in these seas no skipper would stop his ship to salvage an empty lifeboat. Not in these seas! From a distance, with a glass, there seemed nothing to change course for. And nearby, the behavior of the ship's boat was so absurd that it would certainly keep interested any man who watched it in separate peeps through a periscope. He'd probably neglect to watch the horizon, which, in hiding, he couldn't do well anyhow.

For three-quarters of an hour the boat wallowed aimlessly. Then the

(Continued on page 38)

Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS



Drawings by F. R. Gruger

Editorial

A Highly Successful Year

THE development of our Order is in large measure due to diversification of activities. This naturally results from electing each year Grand Exalted Rulers of somewhat different ideals, each with a different conception as to how improvement can best be accomplished, and who impresses his ideals and personality on the Order. During the year which closes with the Grand Lodge Session in Houston this month, we have had at the head of the Order a great Elk and a man of practical business experience who has strenuously endeavored to impress on subordinate lodges the importance of adhering to business methods in handling their affairs. He leaves the Order in better financial condition than ever before.

However, Henry C. Warner has not neglected the fraternal side. He has, in written and spoken word, stressed all that to which the cardinal principles are an index. Marked enthusiasm has followed in the wake of his official visitations. He early established and has at all times maintained an intimate relation with Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen and especially with his field generals—the District Deputies. The result has been highly beneficial and has placed subordinate lodges on a firmer basis fraternally as well as financially. Notwithstanding the fact that general conditions obtaining during his administration have not been conducive to a large increase in membership, there has never-

theless been a most encouraging growth and a more healthful condition established throughout the Order.

One of his outstanding acts was the establishment of Americanism Week to which the Order enthusiastically responded with patriotic exercises conducted by lodges throughout the nation. These were not mere flag-waving ceremonials but exhibitions of the underlying patriotic sentiment which is one of the cornerstones of the structure of Elksdom. Everywhere throughout the Order was echoed the sentiment of the inspiring strains of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." This refrain cannot be sung too loudly nor too frequently when international disorders challenge civilization, and especially our form of government, as they do in these troublous times.

The Order can be no stronger or better than the sum total of its subordinate lodges. This fact was recognized and impressed by Brother Warner during his administration, and his accomplishments are hailed with rejoicing throughout the Order. That lodges are in a more prosperous condition is due to his meticulous efforts in their behalf. He leaves his high office with the confidence, esteem and gratitude of the entire membership and the well-wishes of all for a continuation of the success which has been attendant on his life's work as a highly respected and honored private citizen.

Two Independence Days

THROUGH the ordeal of bloody revolutions the month of July has witnessed the birth of two great nations which since have operated under a republican form of government. Each marked an epochal event in the world's history. In each the people revolted against tyrannical oppression, secured their independence and established their rights *vi et armis* and bloodshed.

On July 4, 1776, the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, adopted and published to the world the Declaration of Independence penned by Thomas Jefferson, in which, after reciting by way of justification the many



grievances suffered by the Colonies at the hand of King George III, it was solemnly declared "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." This was a development of the American War of Independence which had been in progress since the battles of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, which had been fought the preceding year. Then followed the trying days of suffering and bloodshed until 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown on October 19th. One year later the preliminary treaty of peace between the Colonies and Great Britain was signed at Paris, the definite treaty being signed in 1783 and ratified by Congress on January 14, 1784.

Such in brief outline is the background of our celebration of July 4th as a National Holiday—a day set aside for commemorating our national independence and expressing our never-failing gratitude to those who suffered, fought and sacrificed that we might enjoy the blessings of freedom.

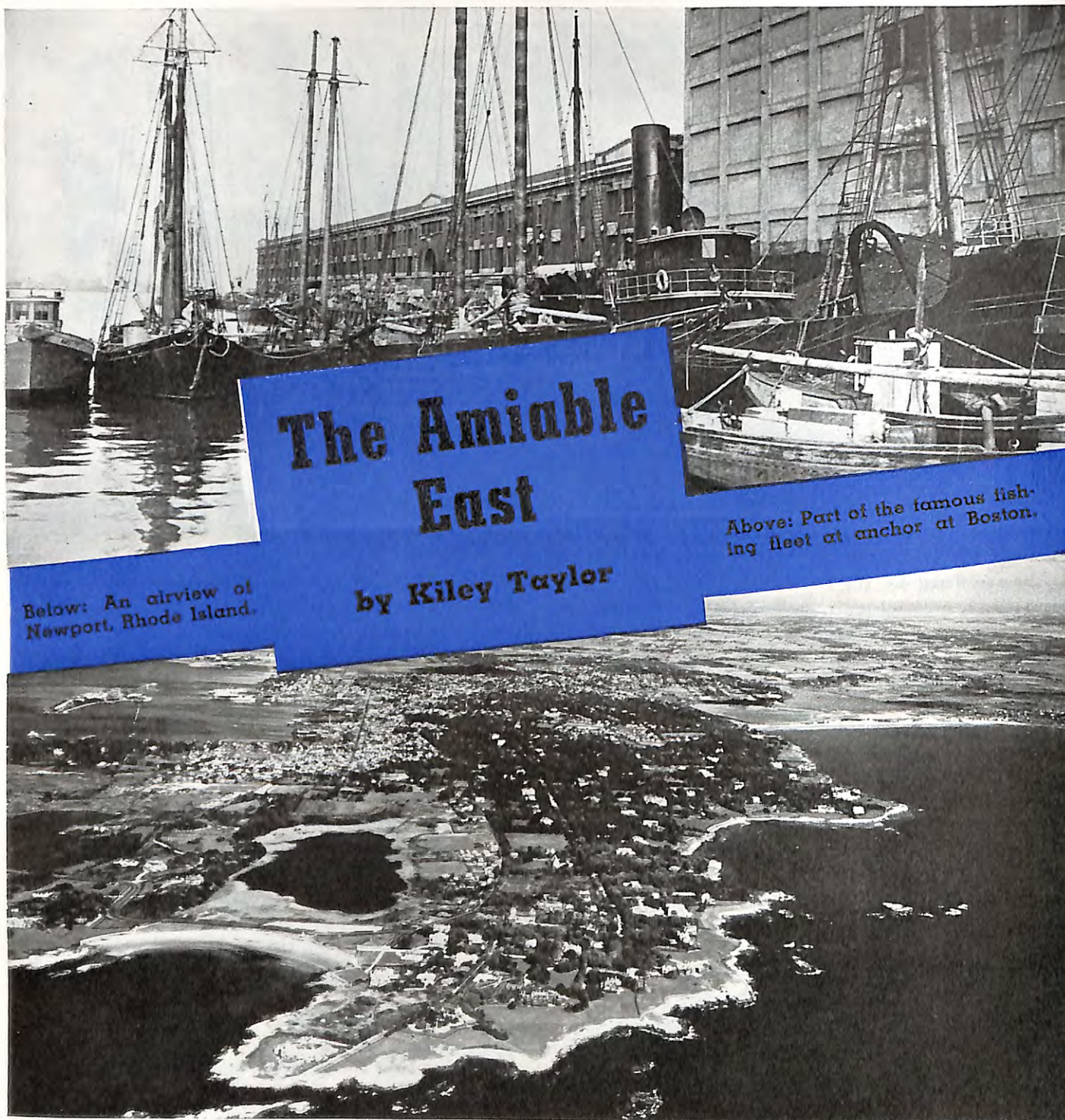
In France, July 14th is celebrated as Independence Day. On that day in 1789 the French people reached the limit of tolerance of the insufferable conditions which had been forced on them by the ruling class headed by Louis XVI, and the Bastille fell at the hands of irate citizens organized into a mob rather than an army. Behind those four forbidding walls there had been imprisoned under unspeakable conditions many of those who had dared to raise their voices on behalf of the sorely oppressed people. With the fall of the Bastille they had been liberated, and for the most part of the ensuing ten years the French Revolution ran rife, leaving in its trail perhaps the most distressing and horrible holocaust in the world's history. Louis was dragged from the palace where he had reigned in regal splendor and his head made to pay the penalty of outraged public sentiment. Into the basket there also fell the heads of many who had shared in oppressing the people, reducing them to rags, penury and starvation while they themselves lolled in luxury, burdened with jewels and arrayed in costly robes.

While it must be admitted that the oppression laid on our Colonies was not to be compared with that to which

the people of France had been subjected, it nevertheless is to the credit of the Colonies that they proceeded with less hysteria in working out their independence from despotic rule. Thus there was exhibited to the world two different approaches, albeit to the same end. Looking to the success which had attended our Revolution and to the material aid rendered us in that struggle by France, it is but natural that the sympathy of Americans was extended to the French Revolutionists and resulted in a substantial and well-buttressed sentiment that we should go to their aid. The arguments for and against such intervention and the mercurial sentiment in this country, first favorable and later antagonistic to France, cover many pages in American history, all of which served to fortify and strengthen our resolve to be for all time a free and independent nation deserving and commanding the respect of the world.

An Important Grand Lodge

THE summer months of this year are crowded with conventions, political and otherwise, but for Elks the all-important one will be held at Houston, Texas, during the week of July 14th. This will be the most unselfish and sincerely patriotic of all the now scheduled conventions. It will resound with sentiments and demonstrations which will appeal to your Americanism and strengthen you to meet with fortitude the developments of the future whether they be of weal or of woe. Those attending will lend not only their presence but their influence, counsel and advice in building our Order for even greater accomplishments in the future. This alone is sufficient incentive to stimulate the desire of every Elk throughout the length and breadth of the land to attend this important session of the Grand Lodge. It has been said, and with verity, that the United States needs the Order of Elks. Let us not fail in this opportunity to serve our Order and at the same time our beloved country by laying the foundation at the Houston session for a bigger and better and if possible a more patriotic Brotherhood.



Below: An airview of
Newport, Rhode Island.

The Amiable East

by Kiley Taylor

Above: Part of the famous fish-
ing fleet at anchor at Boston.

Photos by Courtesy of American Airlines, Inc.

WHATEVER else is asked of a summer vacation, it must bring rest and comfort, and in this unhappy year it is perhaps hearts and minds and imaginations, rather than tired bodies, which need such treatment.

Comfort, certainly, comes quickly with the contemplation of the broad rolling acres, of the glint of rivers, of the craggy peaks bordering a blue sea, which make up this Land of the Free.

Whether it be a "truly rural" retreat which is sought, or an exciting and glamorous holiday, historic New England, the invigorating Great Smoky Mountains and Virginia,

old and mellow, can meet all specifications.

"Down in Maine" are words which paint a picture all their own, of rugged country, moody in its changes from smiles to stern solemnity, with inhabitants to match. The United States Weather Bureau is quoted as saying that Maine has the most perfect climate in the world. A broad statement, even for a Weather Bureau, it is still encouraging to those to whom a pleasant climate is half the joy of a holiday.

Not only does Maine offer this superlative climate, but also vacation lands to suit every whim and fancy. The jagged coast-line between Port-

land and St. Croix within its 2,500 miles carries hundreds of points of interest. Rubbing elbows with New Brunswick is venerable Washington County, where was established by Champlain and DeMonts the first colony north of Florida. This land has known the tramp of armies. Eastport, the easternmost city in the United States, was captured and held for years by the British, and out from Machias raged the first naval engagement between the colonies and a foreign power.

Through the town of Caribou runs the trail to the wild country of Aristook County. Aristook County is but

(Continued on page 45)

On to HOUSTON!



FLASH! EXTRA! LAST CALL! ATTENTION!

Are you all set to be in Houston for the 76th Grand Lodge Reunion the week of July 15th?

Houston and the whole State of Texas are ready to greet those thousands of Elks and their families who will be present when the curtain goes up in the beautiful million-dollar, air-conditioned Sam Houston Music Hall for the opening session.

Houston B. P. O. E. No. 151—the host Lodge—has arranged a “top” program—The 1940 Convention is for all Elks—There will be no occasion for anyone to stand around hotel lobbies twiddling their thumbs for want of something to do. It will be worth a trip to Texas just to see Elks Gulch with Texas Jim in charge, and genuine Buffalo Steaks, served to tempt one’s palate. Dancing twenty-four hours a day—without any high-jackin’ prices—your Elks Convention dollar will do double duty in Houston in July.

Don’t hesitate about the heat or rumors of heat—it’s not *hot* heat—it’s the kind of heat that has made Texas men and women the envy of the rest of the nation.

There will be all kinds of contests—\$2500.00 in cash awards for Bands, Drill Teams, Golf, Skeet, Trapshooting, Glee Clubs and Ritualistic Competition.

What promises to be Elkdom’s greatest and finest parade is scheduled for Wednesday, July 17th, at 8:30 P. M. Electric Floats, Bands, Army & Navy Units and many Texas high school drill units.

The big Barbecue planned for Tuesday will give you a genuine sample of that style of food preparation so famous in Texas—ALL FREE to Elks and their families.

Night Clubs and Theatres have arranged special Elk Convention features.

WARNING! If you haven’t made your hotel reservations, write, wire or phone the Elks 1940 Convention Corporation, 916 Main Street, Houston, telephone Fairfax 8687.

If you want special Fishing Information or Road Data, or Galveston Beach Hotel or Cottage Information, address your inquiry to the Convention Corporation.

Plan NOW to see the Great Southwest, where the Economic White Flag waves year in and year out. Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Fort Worth, Dallas—the land that has prospered under six flags; the land the whole world talks about; the land you should see and enjoy the week of July 15th.



Above, Clifford S. Maher of San Diego, California, Lodge, presents an honorary life membership in the "Heaven On Earth Club" of San Diego, to Henry C. Warner during the Grand Exalted Ruler's tour through Southern California. District Deputy L. P. Bonnat sits at Mr. Warner's right.

Under the ANTLERS



At top are officers of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, photographed at the banquet held for State President Elmer B. Maze.

Above: Those who attended the presentation of a projection machine to the police by the Stamford, Conn., Elks.

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge Honors Dr. Marx, State President

The Homecoming Reception and Dinner with which Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, honored Dr. Francis H. Marx, Pres. of the N. Y., State Elks Assn. and P.E.R. of Oneonta Lodge, was attended by more than 1,000 Elks from all sections of the State. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 and William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Secy. of New York Lodge No. 1, were among the distinguished guests who were present.

The introductory remarks, made by E.R. Francis B. Lalor, were followed by the Invocation given by the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes of Rochester, Past Grand Chaplain. Toastmaster Dr. George J. Dann, P.E.R., was introduced by Chairman Donald H. Grant. After a selection by the Elks' Quartette from Rome, N. Y., Lodge, Dr. Marx delivered his address, the principal one of the evening. Past State Pres. Dr. J. Edward Gallico of Troy Lodge, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, spoke for the State Association, and Judge Hallinan for the Grand Lodge.

Juneau, Alaska, Elks Hold Annual Bowling Banquet

Three handsome teakwood trophies were presented to the winners in the 1939-40 Elks Bowling Tournament at the annual bowling banquet held by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, on April 15. The presentations were made by Toastmaster Harry Sperling, P.E.R. The recipients were Dorothy Hurley, Bob Hurley and H. R. VanderLeest, members of the Amazon Team which won the first half of the Tournament and beat the Dark Horses in a play-off between winners of the two halves. Two of the trophies will grace the same mantel. During the bowling season, the Miss Dorothy Green who started with the Amazons became Mrs. Bob Hurley.

Frank Metcalf, who holds the alley record, spoke at the banquet and also gave a demonstration of how and how not to bowl. W. A. Chipperfield was presented with a bowling pin, awarded by Mr. Metcalf, for improving his average the greatest number of pins during the season.



Pacific Press Photos

Above are Elks of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge with publishers, editors and writers of the district who were guests at the Lodge's "Press Night".

Right are those who were present at the annual banquet and business session held by the LaFayette, Ind., Lodge bowlers. The banquet ended an active season.



Mother's Day Exercises Are Held At the Elks National Home

Sunday afternoon services in commemoration of Mother's Day were held on the lawns of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., under the direction of Daniel F. Edgington, of Wichita, Kans., Lodge, E.R. of the home lodge, assisted by his officers. Highlights of the program were "A Tribute to Mother," given by Mr. Edgington; "Remembrance"—Esq. Joseph M. Johnson, of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge; "Benevolence"—Est. Lect. Knight Harry Hartley, Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge; "Protection"—Est. Loy. Knight John H. Burden, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge; "Inspiration"—Est. Lead. Knight Oscar F. Sessinghaus, St. Louis, Mo., Lodge.

Thomas H. Hughes, of Adams, Mass., Lodge, and Chaplain John J. O'Brien, Albany, N. Y., Lodge, also participated. John H. Cooper, Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, was Chairman of the Committee on Music. The Rev. Father John F. O'Hara of the Holy Cross Church at Lynchburg, Va., delivered the address of the day. The musical program was arranged by the choir of St. John's

Episcopal Church, of Bedford, under the supervision of Mrs. Harry M. Carder. Preceding the services, the Bedford Firemen's Band gave an outdoor concert.

The public was cordially invited to attend. A wide interest is taken in the exercises on account of the number of lodges and States represented by those taking part.

Right: At an important joint fraternal meeting held at Utica, N. Y., are Joseph Foley, Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus of the Utica Council; Jacob Tumposlry, Commander of the American Legion Post No. 229, Utica, and E.R. Dr. Verner Kennedy of Utica Lodge. All three were speakers.



Below: Those who were present on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on the home of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge. State President Elmer B. Maze was present.





Left is the committee which managed the successful 30th Anniversary celebration held by Knoxville, (Pittsburgh), Pa., Lodge.

Penna. N. E. District Assn. Holds Quarterly Meeting At Shenandoah

The Northeast District Elks Association of Pennsylvania held its 11th Quarterly Conference in the home of Shenandoah Lodge No. 945 on May 19. The full complement of 19 lodges was represented with 114 delegates in attendance and many prominent Elks of the State as guests, including Past State Presidents Scott E. Drum of Hazleton, and George J. Post of Mahanoy City, and District Deputy Alfred A. McCabe of Easton Lodge. The visitors were warmly welcomed by Exalted Ruler Dr. John Conway. The next district meeting will be held the third Sunday in August, with East Stroudsburg Lodge No. 319 acting as host. Elks are invited to bring their ladies and a tour through the Pocono Mountain section is planned for their entertainment.

Below: A class of new members of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge. Seated, center, is Governor Leverett Saltonstall in whose honor the meeting was held.

The Antlers of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, headed by P.E.R. Sam C. Price, attended the Conference and were given an ovation when they took their places in the lodge room. During the meeting, they gave a highly creditable rendition of the Antlers' Ritual. Officers were elected by the District Association as follows: Pres., Robert W. Davies, Bangor; Vice-Pres., Thomas Giles, Shamokin; Secy., Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh; Treas., John L. Evans, Tamaqua; member of the Executive Committee, Max L. Silverman, Scranton; Inner Guard, Norman Roth, Easton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Clair Peiffy, Bangor; Tiler, Dr. W. C. Neumuller, Lansford; Chaplain, Dr. W. H. Haverkost, Jr., Mahanoy City. The meeting was preceded by a turkey dinner and followed by a buffet luncheon served in the grill.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Honors Judge John P. Hartigan

Outstanding among its Spring activities was the stag testimonial dinner held by Providence, R. I., Lodge, No.

14, in honor of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Judge John P. Hartigan, P.E.R. of the lodge. In the absence of E.R. Walter J. Friel, unable to be present on account of illness, Est. Lead. Knight James F. Duffy extended official greetings. P.E.R. John E. Mullen, D.D. for Rhode Island, acted as Toastmaster. The presentation to Judge Hartigan of a diamond ring as a memento of the occasion was made by P.E.R. H. Edgar Walton, and high tribute was paid him by speakers representing the Rhode Island Supreme and Superior Courts, the Rhode Island Bar Association and the American Legion. An attendance of 500 was present in the auditorium of the lodge home where the festivities took place.

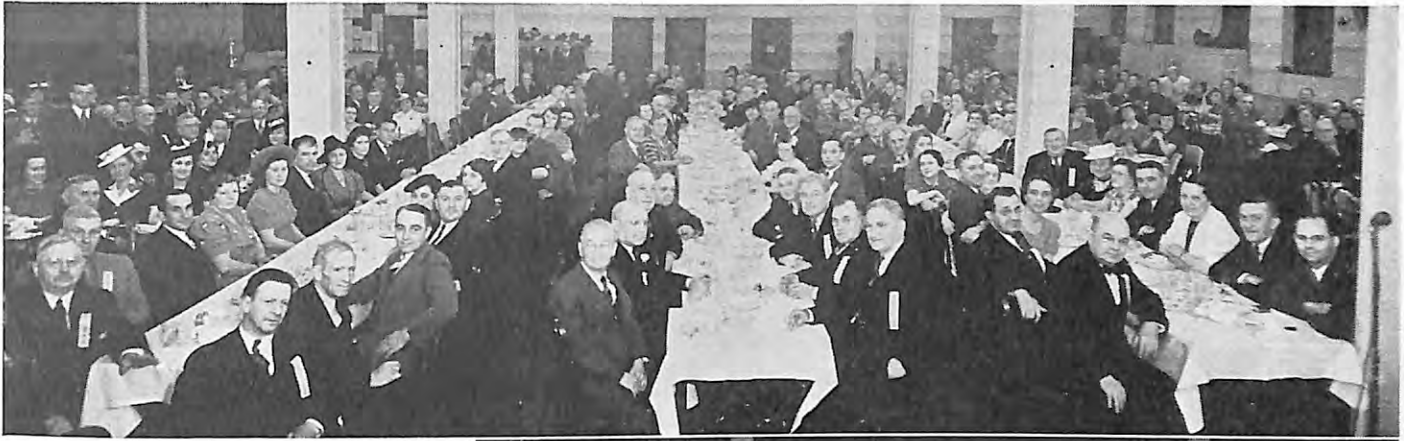
Saturday Night charity parties held in the auditorium by Providence Lodge have been drawing capacity crowds. Summer activities so far have included the huge Family Picnic and Children's Outing on Sunday, June 16, at Chopmist Hill Inn, North Scituate, R. I.

Utica, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Bronze "Book of Eternity"

Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, on May 26, dedicated a memorial tablet consisting of a solid bronze box securely mounted and enclosed in a wall niche in the vestibule of the lodge home. On the front is an ornamental cast bronze door with suitable hinges, permitting the six bronze leaves, bearing the names of deceased members, to open like the leaves of a book. Each name is set

At bottom are 39 members of Watertown, Wis., Lodge who were present at "Old Timers' Night". All have been members for 20 years or more.





Above are those who attended a banquet on annual "Life Membership Night" at Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, held in honor of those Williamsport Elks who possess a Life Membership in the Lodge.

Right is the Sea Scout Patrol of Boy Scout Troop No. 12, sponsored by La Porte, Ind., Lodge, photographed at a party given in their honor.



in Roman type in raised letters on a solid bronze bar. There is space for more than a thousand names.

The tablet was unveiled during ceremonies conducted by E.R. Dr. Verner Kennedy, Esq. Rees E. Jones and Inner Guard F. Carl Barth. County Judge Ezra Hanagan was the speaker of the occasion and the Elks Quartette contributed to the musical portion of the dedication program. Members of the families of Elks attended the ceremonies which were preceded by a dinner.

and Past Exalted Ruler James E. McDonald. Buglers from the American Legion Post in Waterbury sounded Taps. John J. Campbell and Mr. O'Neill were in charge of arrangements. Dinner was served at the Waterbury Lodge home, after which the visiting Elks were taken for a drive through the Naugatuck Valley.

Fairbury, Neb., Lodge Honors P.G.E.R. Frank L. Rain

On the thirtieth anniversary of its institution, Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203, held a celebration in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, who was the first Exalted Ruler of the lodge, serving two consecutive terms. The tribute was a surprise to

Elks Make Pilgrimage To Grave Of P.G.E.R. Edward Leach

The 15th Annual Elks Pilgrimage to the grave of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, P.E.R. of New York, N.Y., Lodge, No. 1, who is buried in Riverside Cemetery, Waterbury, Conn., was made on May 4. A large delegation made the trip in a special car from New York City to Bridgeport where the visitors were met by P.E.R. Arthur V. Dearden of New York Lodge and taken in special buses and private cars to Waterbury. After a brief stop at the home of Waterbury Lodge No. 265, they were joined by many Connecticut Elks in the formation of a motorcade which proceeded with police escort to the cemetery where memorial services were held.

The eulogy at the grave was delivered by Secretary William T. Phillips of the Mother Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Ritual was exemplified by Senator Phelps Phelps, E.R. of New York Lodge, assisted by George J. Cary, John A. Gleason, Justice Pelham St. George Bissell, J. A. Boone, Frank A. O'Neill,



Above, right is the champion Santa Barbara, Calif., Antlers Basketball Team which defeated Oakland Lodge for the State Antlers Championship.

Right is the Commission which will rule Atlantic City, N. J., for the next four years. The entire Commission are members of Atlantic City Lodge, three holding office there.

Right are some of the Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge bowlers getting their thumbs oiled up before leaving for Fort Wayne, Ind., to attend the Elks National Bowling Tournament.



Mr. Rain. Upon entering the lodge room to attend the anniversary meeting, he was handed a brochure prepared for the occasion and discovered that the booklet was dedicated to him and that he was to be the central figure in the festivities of the evening.

Before Fairbury was large enough to have a lodge, Mr. Rain was one of a number of Elks belonging to Lodge No. 619 at Beatrice, Neb., 26 miles from Fairbury. More than 50 members of Beatrice Lodge were present to help the Fairbury Elks celebrate their thirtieth birthday, among them being P.E.R. C. T. Fowble who acted as Installing Officer on the night Fairbury Lodge was instituted. Mr. Fowble, still a resident of Beatrice, served as District Deputy in 1915. Also in attendance at the anniversary meeting were eight members of Lincoln Lodge No. 80 and four from Nebraska City No. 1049.

Sumter, S. C., Lodge Sponsors Drive To Purchase Iron Lung

Ceremonies held recently at the Tuomey Hospital Nurses' Home marked the presentation to the Hospital, for emergency cases, of an Iron Lung, purchased through the agency of Sumter, S. C., Lodge, No. 855. The idea of securing the respirator was first conceived by E.R. M. M. Weinberg who

was one of the chief workers in the drive through which the money was raised. The lodge recognized his efforts by voting him a Life Membership. Presentation of the Lung was made by Mr. Weinberg, and the speech of acceptance by Mayor F. B. Creech. W. B. Daughtrey, of Sumter Lodge, was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the presentation. The exercises were followed by a dance.

On April 11 the lodge announced in a broadcast that, with the cooperation of Station WFIG, it was beginning a drive for funds with which to purchase an Iron Lung for the use of the citizens of Sumter County. Contributions were invited, as no personal solicitations were made. The necessary amount was raised within two weeks. Voluntary subscriptions amounted to \$212. The city and county contributed \$250 each, and the rest of the sum needed was raised through contributions made by the members and proceeds realized from entertainment sponsored by the lodge. The hospital will act as custodian of the Lung for the free use of the citizens of Sumter County.

San Diego, Calif., Elks Visited By State President Maze

P.E.R. Elmer B. Maze, of Merced Lodge No. 1240, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., made his official visit to San Diego Lodge No. 168 on May 2. He was accompanied by delegations from Santa Ana and Oceanside Lodges. Preceding the regular meeting, a banquet was held in the Grant Hotel attended by approximately 100 members.

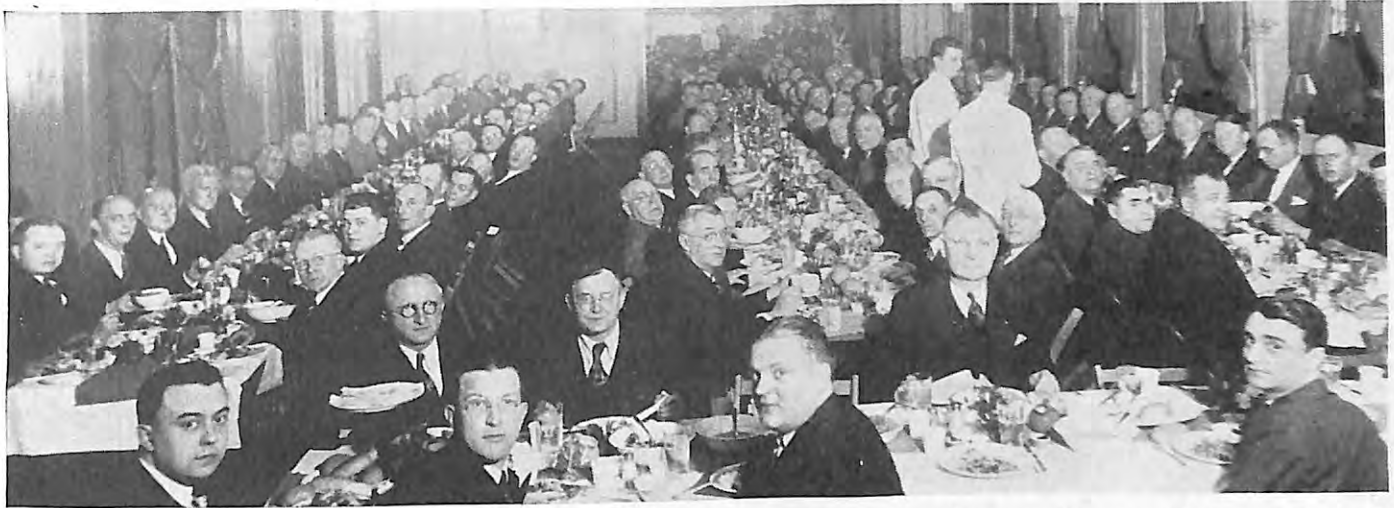
At the meeting, Mr. Maze delivered his message in a spirited address which was applauded by a capacity crowd of members and visiting Elks which included State Trustee Morley H. Golden, San Diego, and State Vice-Pres. William W. Garvin and P.D.D. G. P. Campbell of Santa Ana. E.R. Clifford S. Maher, San Diego, also spoke. Mr. Maher explained that Mr. Maze is attempting a feat which has not heretofore

Below is the Glee Club of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge with John Westervelt, director of this musical group, at the piano. The Glee Club recently held a very successful benefit concert.

Bottom: Those who attended the 56th Anniversary and Installation Dinner held by New Haven, Conn., Lodge. Seated, center, is Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, of N. Y. No. 1 Lodge.

Pacific Press Photos





Above are those who were present at a banquet held by Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge in honor of 36 Elks who received Life Membership cards, having been members for 25 years or more.

fore been accomplished in the State, inasmuch as California now has 77 lodges of the Order within its boundaries. It is the State President's hope that at the end of his term, he will have visited all of the lodges, making each visitation on a regular meeting night.

Waltham, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Its Thirty-Fifth Anniversary

The celebration of the 35th Anniversary of Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953, was a colorful and enjoyable event, attended by nearly 300. Honors were accorded the six charter members present, George S. Wyman, ex-Fire Chief George L. Johnson, Clifford S. Cobb, John J. McCarthy, William J. Mahoney and Timothy J. Sullivan, P.E.R. and Treasurer.

A dinner and a fine speaking program were featured. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield Mass., Lodge, gave an address on the principles of the order.

Right: A delegation of Clearwater, Fla., Elks who recently paid a visit to the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla.

Shown below are those who attended the 35th Anniversary Dinner-Dance held by Waltham, Mass., Lodge.

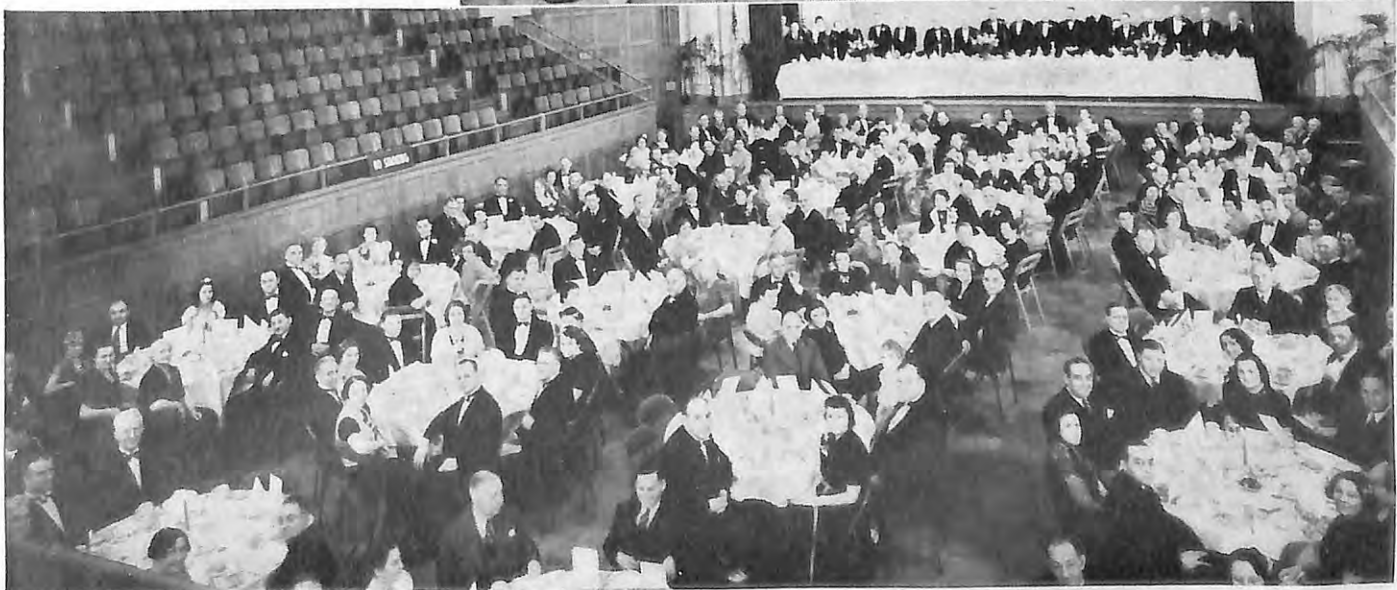
E.R. George W. Loving voiced a message of welcome, and Mayor Arthur A. Hansen praised the local lodge's charitable work. P.E.R. Matthew F. Ruane acted as Toastmaster. Other distinguished Elks who spoke were D.D. Harold J. Field, of Brookline, William F. Hogan, of Everett, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and State Secy.-Treas. Thomas F. Coppinger, of

Newton. Former Mayor Edwin O. Childs, P.E.R. of Newton, Mass., Lodge, was the principal speaker. Professional entertainment and a dance concluded the evening.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge Holds 56th Anniversary Dinner

The 56th Anniversary Dinner, held by New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, was attended by more than 300 members. Included among the guests were many distinguished civic, fraternal and religious leaders.

A number of particularly fine speeches were made. The newly installed Exalted Ruler, Clarence E. Hennessey, outlined his plans for a com-



Right is the bowling team of Carbondale, Ill., Lodge which won honors at the La Salle, Ill., midwinter round-up of the Illinois State Elks Assn.



prehensive program of business administration and social activity. Other speakers introduced by Toastmaster Capt. John J. Lyons were William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Martin J. Cunningham, Mayor of Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. John P. Gilbert, Danbury; Frank M. Lynch, of the Connecticut State Elks Association; Mayor John W. Murphy of New Haven; P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Editor of the Bridgeport Times-Star; P.E.R. Albert E. Gray of Derby, Conn., Lodge, and the Rev. M. Ernest Wilson, Pastor of St. Aedan's Church.

Iron Lung For Northwest Nebraska Is Purchased by Alliance Lodge

In a ceremony befitting the occasion, an Iron Lung, bearing a plate with the inscription "Presented to the People of Northwestern Nebraska by Alliance Lodge No. 961", was given into the custody of St. Joseph's Hospital on May 8. The presentation followed the Sand Hill Oyster Dinner held by the lodge and attended by 156 Elks from the lodges of the Nebraska Panhandle.

Five thousand tickets were sold for

Below: E.R. Dr. I. H. Etheridge of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge receives a check for \$1,000 as a last payment on the mortgage on the Lodge home, from P.E.R. Jason Tuggle.

the Elks benefit dance held for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of the Lung. The proceeds and local donations amounted to more than was needed, and the surplus was used for the purchase of a Hawley fracture

table which the lodge has also presented to the Hospital for the use of the patrons. Three hundred and fifty people were taken care of by St. Joseph's Hospital and Alliance Lodge on May 18, when the Elks' Crippled Children's Clinic was held.

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

Association	City	Date
Montana	Havre	July 25-26-27
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Annapolis	Aug. 4-5-6-7 August*
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 15-16-17
Wisconsin	Green Bay	Aug. 19-20
Virginia	Norfolk	Aug. 23-24
Colorado	Walsenburg	Aug. 25-26-27-28-29
Pennsylvania	Washington	Sept. 12-13-14
California	Santa Cruz	Sept. 13-14-15
North Carolina	Raleigh	Sept. 21-22
New Hampshire	Claremont	Oct. 12-13
Vermont	Burlington	
*Date not yet set.		

Iowa City Lodge Names Room In New Home For Henry Louis

Meetings and social affairs of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge, No. 590, are now being held in the new home of the lodge. One of the rooms has been named the "Henry Louis Room", dedicated to Henry Louis, the lodge's first Exalted Ruler, holder of Card No. 1, an Honorary Life Member, P.D.D., Past Pres. of the Iowa State Elks Assn., and a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. The honor was conferred upon Mr. Louis as a tribute to his faithful discharge of lodge duties since No. 590 was instituted 39 years ago, and his unbroken record for attendance at meetings. Since the organization of the Iowa Elks Scholarship Inc., he has acted as Secretary and Treasurer of the Corporation Committee. Mr. Louis had the pleasure this year of installing his son, Norwood C. Louis, as Exalted Ruler.

Since the new officers took over, the lodge has completed arrangements for participation in the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston. Mr. Louis, Senior, has been Chairman of the Transportation Committee for Iowa and in charge of all the special trips to the Grand Lodge Reunions for the past 15 years. Incidentally, he has attended every State Elks Convention since the Iowa Association was organized, 34 in all. He recently retired as State Trustee, after 23 years of service.

New Jersey Elks Attend Meeting At Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

Several hundred Elks from all parts of New Jersey, headed by the brass band of Trenton Lodge No. 105, attended a recent meeting of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. William J. Jernick, of Nutley Lodge, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., headed the delegation. The visitors, who came by bus, were met by local members at Winfield where a parade was formed. The Elks' procession then marched along Queens Boulevard to the Queens Borough Lodge home. Past State Pres. Col. William H. Kelly, of East Orange Lodge, headed a delegation of 10 Past



Left are members of the Senior Boy Scouts of Santa Ana, Calif., with a mobile receiving and broadcasting unit to be used in rendering first aid in emergencies and in case of disaster. The unit is sponsored by Santa Ana Lodge.



At top are those who attended the Bowling Banquet held by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge when "Champs" Dorothy Hurley, Bob Hurley and H. R. VanderLeest were awarded trophies for the 1940 Bowling Tournament.

Presidents of the N. J. State Elks Association. Also in the line of march were the brass band and uniformed Drill Team of Elizabeth Lodge No. 289, and the Fife and Drum Corps of Jersey City Lodge No. 211.

The gathering was the largest that has assembled in many years in the home of Queens Borough Lodge, which is in point of membership the largest lodge in the Order. E.R. James W. Walsh made the welcoming speech. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, made a brief but inspiring talk, stressing the Order's Americanism program. Mr. Jernick paid a special tribute to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. of No. 878, for his active interest in the work of New Jersey lodges, and presented him with a set of glassware. During the meeting the national championship ritualistic team of Elizabeth Lodge initiated a class of 27 candidates for Queens Borough Lodge.

Guy T. Tou Velle Is Killed In An Automobile Accident

News of the death of Guy T. Tou Velle, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was received with sorrow by every member of his lodge, Lincoln, Neb., No. 80, his Grand Lodge associates, fellow workers in the

Nebraska State Elks Association and hundreds of friends throughout the country. Mr. Tou Velle was killed instantly on Sunday, May 19, in a collision with a truck on a curve a few miles from Peoria. He had been in Lincoln on Saturday attending to business and the accident occurred while he was driving from Galesburg to Bloomington, Ill. At the time of his death, he was Assistant Secretary of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, with headquarters at Bloomington.

Mr. Tou Velle, who was but 46 years of age, was a prominent Lincoln at-

Above is a class of candidates which was recently initiated into Holland, Mich., Lodge.

torney. Although he had spent most of his time in Bloomington during the past year, he had not severed his Lincoln law connections. He was born in Lincoln, and educated in his native State, having attended the Nebraska Military Academy, Nebraska Wesleyan, and the University of Nebraska law college. He was graduated and admitted to the Bar in 1916, was a member of Phi Alpha Delta and of the State and American



Above, right is a photograph of the Boy Scout Troop which is sponsored by Key West, Fla., Lodge.

Right is the Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge bowling team which has enjoyed a successful season.





Above is the Male Chorus of Meadville, Pa., Lodge which sang at a recent ceremony when the Lodge's new organ was dedicated.



Left: Croton-Harmon, N. Y., High School and Ossining, N. Y., High School debaters with the cup donated by Ossining Lodge which was won by the Ossining team in a contest between these two schools.

Bar Associations, and had served as Assistant Attorney General for the State in relation to corporations, and Chief of the Bureau of Securities in the Department of Trade and Commerce.

From the time he acquired membership until his career was terminated under such tragic circumstances, Mr. Tou Velle was actively interested in the activities of the Order. He was a Past Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge, a Past

District Deputy, a Past President and Trustee of the Nebraska State Elks Association, and a former member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. After serving as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary in 1937-38, he was elected Chairman, his unfinished term being his second at the head of that important committee.

Mr. Tou Velle was buried in Lincoln.

Funeral services at the grave were in charge of Lincoln Lodge. Frank M. Rain, P.E.R. of Fairbury Lodge No. 1203, D.D. for Nebraska East, presided as Exalted Ruler. Surviving Mr. Tou Velle are his widow and daughter, and his father, Dr. A. R. Tou Velle, and to them *The Elks Magazine* offers its heartfelt sympathy.

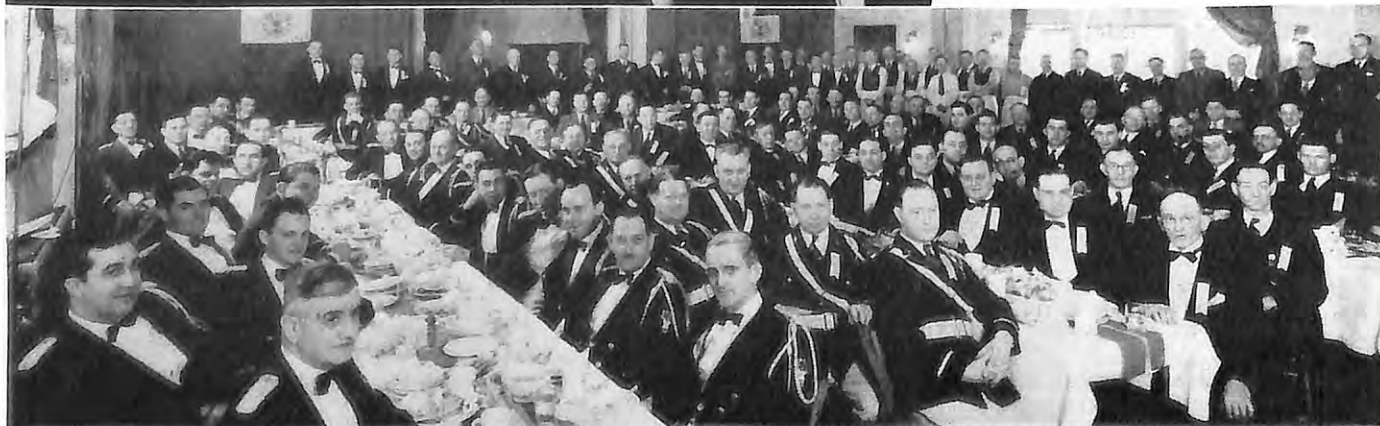
Lawrence, Mass., Lodge Holds a Special Anniversary Meeting

The 53rd anniversary of the founding of Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65, was celebrated on May 19 by a large gathering of members and guests. Initiation ceremonies took place in the afternoon at the lodge home, and a supper and an entertainment were held in St. Mary's Auditorium in the evening. P.D.D. Robert M. Dowe and E.R. Felix L. O'Neill were in charge of the pro-

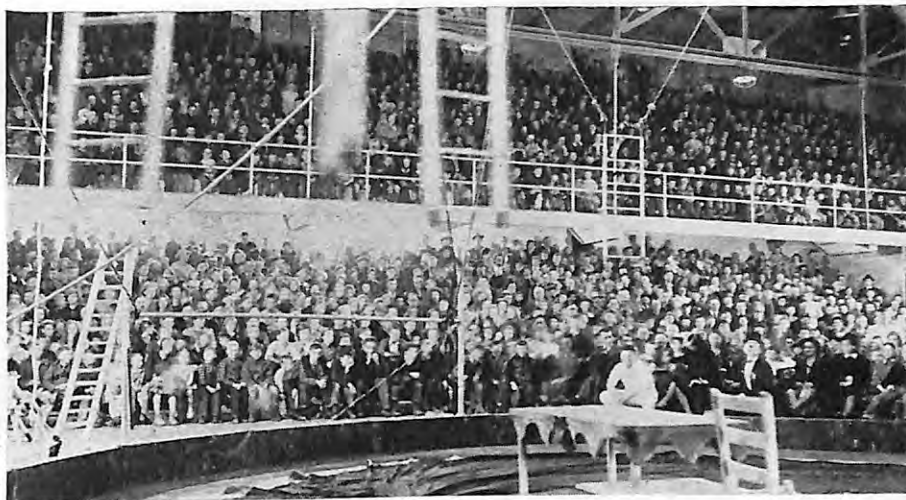


Left is the Elks Male Quartet of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge which is one of the most active of such groups in the Order. It has done much to call attention to the activities of the Lodge.

Below are those who participated in the Golden Jubilee Banquet held by Kenton, Ohio, Lodge.



Right is a group of children who were guests at the Eighth Annual Indoor Circus sponsored by Bismarck, N. D., Lodge. Five thousand children attended the performance.



gram. The class was the largest initiated into Lawrence Lodge in several years. In the group of 31 candidates were Joseph C. and Jeremiah W. Cronin, 21-year-old twin sons of Jeremiah J. Cronin. Mr. Cronin Sr. and another son, Est. Lect. Knight John J. Cronin, have been active members of the lodge for some time. Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron, of Woburn Lodge, was the speaker at the afternoon meeting. The evening program was featured by an address delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and brief speeches by John F. Burke, Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Mr. Dowe, who acted as Toastmaster, E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, a member of the Grand Forum, P.E.R. Fred Calnan, Chairman of the Lodge's Finance Committee, P.E.R. Attorney Michael A. Flanagan and the Exalted Ruler, Mr. O'Neill.

Mr. Burke paid a tribute to P.D.D. Daniel P. Desmond, P.E.R., who is now serving his 38th year as Secretary of Lawrence Lodge. Charity work is an important part of the extensive program carried on by the lodge which, last year, spent more than \$8,500 in charitable and welfare activities. The lodge is a yearly subscriber to numerous funds including the Lawrence Community Chest and the Massachusetts State Elks Hospital Fund and is co-sponsor of the Lawrence Medical Clinic.

Will of Braddock, Pa., Member Benefits Elk Funds

The distribution of the estate of the late John W. Johnson, a former resident of East Pittsburgh, Pa., reveals that he left sums which totaled nearly \$3,000 to the Elks National Foundation, the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, of which Mr. Johnson was a

Right are prominent California Elks, among them State Pres. Elmer B. Maze, on a cruise during Mr. Maze's visitation to the California South and South Central Districts.

Below: Officers, members and initiates who were in attendance at a meeting of Rahway, N. J., Lodge on "Joseph G. Buch Night".

member. The local lodge received \$200 and each of the other two beneficiaries received \$1,309.28.

In the State of Pennsylvania alone, last year, 27 scholarships were awarded by the Foundation in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and scores of crippled children received aid. Some time ago Braddock Lodge completed its thousand dollar payment for an Honorary Founders Certificate, to be presented to the lodge at a meeting by D.D. John R. McGrath of Sheraden, Pa., Lodge.

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Gives Children An Easter Party

More than 400 children were entertained by Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, at a mammoth party in the lodge room on the Saturday afternoon before Easter. Chairman Edmund T. Hoover, Est. Lead. Knight, opened the program by welcoming the

children and their mothers to the party which was the second annual affair of the kind. The first Easter party was sponsored by the lodge under the leadership of E.R. Walter L. Aspenleiter.

First on the program was a vaudeville show of acts especially interesting to youngsters, with trained dogs, magicians, fancy roping and a puppet show. Merriment was provided by the officers of the lodge, dressed as clowns. More than 250 small bunny rabbits, chicks and ducks were presented to the children, and 1,000 candy Easter eggs and 2,000 hard boiled colored eggs were distributed among them.

Membership of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, Largest To Date

The total membership of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772, as shown by the annual report submitted by Secy. E. J. W. Crawford at the end of





Above are the Executive, Entertainment, Bowling and Dance Committees of Springfield, Ill. Lodge who were largely responsible for the success of the Illinois State Assn. Convention.

the fiscal year, is the largest in the lodge's history. Forty-five new members were initiated and many reinstatements were received.

A recent program, at which E.R. Edward B. Knecht presided, was broadcast over Station WSLB. The principal address was delivered by St. Lawrence County Surrogate Ceylon G. Chaney, a member. This was the first time that an Ogdensburg Elks' program had been presented on the radio.

Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge Holds Two Outstanding Meetings

Two events, outstanding in the history of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, took place recently. One was the initiation of a class of twenty-five candidates which included Mayor Alfred Woollacott, with the Governor of the Commonwealth, Leverett Saltonstall, a

member of Newton, Mass., Lodge, as the guest of the evening. The other was the installation of City Councillor C.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE AT HOUSTON

If you are going to the Grand Lodge Reunion this month, be sure to see the Exhibit of THE ELKS MAGAZINE in the Rice Hotel. We'll be there to tell you many interesting things about your Magazine and the way it is put together every month. Come and see us—and bring the ladies with you.

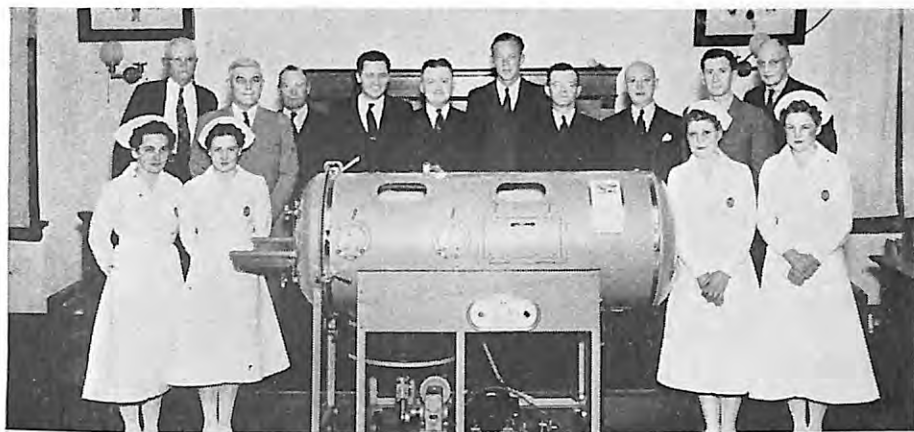
Francis Cowdrey, Jr., as Exalted Ruler by U. S. Marshall J. Henry Goguen, Past Exalted Ruler of Leominster Lodge.

At both meetings, Grand Lodge and State Association officers were in attendance, and addresses were delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, a member of the Grand Forum; John F. Burke, Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and William F. Hogan, of Everett, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Fully five hundred Elks attended both affairs, which were held in the auditorium of the lodge home. Visitors were present from each of the New England States. The "Governor's Night" program was in charge of a committee headed by Clerk of Courts Henry G.

Below are officers of the Ohio State Elks Association and officers of Uhrichsville, Ohio, Lodge who were present at a meeting held by that Lodge.

At bottom: The large cast of the Charity Minstrel Show which was presented by Bozeman, Mont., Lodge to an audience of more than 1000 persons.





Left: Alliance, Neb., Lodge officers, members of the Medical Association and representatives of St. Joseph Hospital at the presentation of an Iron Lung by Alliance Lodge.



Above are city officials of Sumter, S. C., and other important local citizens who received an Iron Lung, purchased through the agency of Sumter Lodge.

Bowen, while the installation was in charge of a committee headed by P.D.D. James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg.

Milton, Pa., Lodge Enjoys Progress and Prosperity

Milton, Pa., Lodge, No. 913, reports a steady increase in attendance at regular meetings and a growing interest in lodge activities among the members. A new grill, constructed at a cost of \$5,000, was opened last September, and reports of the finances of the lodge since then have shown a

gratifying increase. The Elks Band of 38 pieces, is one of the most popular organizations within the lodge.

Retiring Exalted Ruler Myers B. Enterline has been presented with a Life Membership as a tribute to the noteworthy accomplishments which distinguished his two-year term. During that time Mr. Enterline initiated nearly 100 new members. The presentation was made by Fred A. Godcharles, one of the two surviving charter members of Milton Lodge. Mr. Enterline was appointed District Deputy for the

Below are those who attended a banquet given by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge when a group of visitors from Seattle, Wash., Lodge were guests of honor.

North Central District during his second term as Exalted Ruler. The new officers, headed by E.R. Samuel E. Wolford, were installed by Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis of Williamsport, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

Whiting, Ind., Lodge Presents Raincoats to Safety Patrol Boys

Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, on April 30, presented white regulation police raincoats to the members of the Whiting Public and Parochial School-boy Safety Patrol. Traffic safety talks were made, stressing the Elks National Safety Program. An address was made, also, by a representative of the Chicago Motor Club.

The presentation ceremonies were in charge of Chief of Police Richard S. Springgate, a member of Whiting Lodge, assisted by John Evan, Jr., James Owens and James S. McCarthy, P.E.R.'s, and Fire Chief Clyde C. Lampman and Mayor James T. McNamara, members. Safety and travel motion pictures in color were shown and a buffet supper was served for more than 200 boys.

Kane, Pa., Elks' Charity Ball Marks Important Anniversary

Kane, Pa., Lodge, No. 329, sponsored a charity ball recently, marking the 26th anniversary of the opening of its present lodge home, the proceeds to be used for redecorating the Elks' room in the Community Hospital, and any residue to be placed in the charity fund. Outside invitations had been issued and a large attendance of Elks and their friends enjoyed the social side of the event and the pleasure of contributing to a worthy cause. Arrangements were in charge of the Dance and Entertainment Committee, under the chairmanship of J. C. Bly.

Superior, Wis., Lodge Honors Two Veteran Railroad Members

Two members of Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, retiring from active service with the Great Northern Railway Company with long and honorable





Above is a class recently initiated into Monrovia, Calif., Lodge.

records, were fêted by the lodge on May 16 and also presented with engraved Life Membership Cards. Engineer Tim Hunt, who retired after 41 years of service, is a 30-year member of the lodge. Agent George Turgeon, 28 years a member, was a Great Northern employee for a full half century. A program of entertainment was provided and supper was served.

The lodge session was opened by E.R. John O. Berg, Jr., and then turned over to Past Exalted Rulers. Senior P.E.R. Olaf Johnson acted as Exalted Ruler. The membership of Superior Lodge includes a large number of railroad men, ten of whom are locomotive engineers. Many were present at the testimonial meeting, which was well attended.

The lodge took steps recently to purchase and present an American Flag to the A. W. Holland Orthopedic School in Superior. This will be the ninth flag, and flag pole, presented to the parks or

schools in the city by the local lodge. The Holland School is named for A. W. Holland, an Honorary Life Member of No. 403. Mr. Holland has devoted much time during the past twenty years to the crippled children work carried on by the lodge.

Four Members of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge Die on Same Day

Four members of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, all prominent Fayette County men, died on May 9. They were Milton A. Burris, Joseph Coyne, J. Edgar Hustead and Lester D. Jones. All died within twelve hours of each other.

This was the first instance of its kind in which more than one member of Uniontown Lodge passed away in any one day. Mr. Burris died in Brownsville, Pa., Mr. Coyne in Miami, Fla., Mr. Jones in Scottsdale, Pa., and Mr. Hustead at his summer home near Uniontown.

Below: The championship bowling team of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge which won first prize in the Commercial League of the city.



Veteran Members Are Honored By Steubenville, O., Lodge

Fifty-five "Old Timers" of Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231, were rewarded for their thirty or more years of faithful membership when the group was honored by the lodge with a banquet and a special entertainment program. All received gifts, the roll for the presentations being called by Toastmaster Joe F. Klein.

Singled out for special honors were D. M. Beall, George M. Crawford and W. R. Johnson, charter members. Paul S. Linn was Chairman of the "Old Timers Night" program. Seated at a table of honor were members of the Steubenville Elks national championship bowling team of 1940 including Murray Fowler, Frank Sharp, Jack Sharp, Paul Letcher, Hugo Alexander and Captain D. R. McClelland. Two hundred attended the festivities which took place in the Elks' ballroom.

Death of Steve A. Beasley Brings Sorrow To Duncan, Okla., Lodge

In the passing of Steve A. Beasley, on May 6, Duncan, Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, lost one of its most beloved members. For many years Mr. Beasley served the lodge well as Tiler and as Steward, and at the time of his death he was in charge of the Elks Golf and Country Club. On the following night a Lodge of Sorrow was held by the lodge. P.E.R. L. A. Browder and Est. Lead. P.E.R. Dion C. Wood gave beautiful eulogies on Mr. Beasley's life.

Watertown, Wisconsin, Lodge Observes "Old Timers Night"

Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666, honored its "Old Timers", those who have been members for 20 years or more, at a dinner held recently in the lodge home. Of the 68 members who belong to the group, 36 local members and three from out-of-town, or a total of 39, were present. This number included P.E.R. W. H. Woodward and Dr. A. F. Sollday, two of the lodge's five remaining charter members, and Frank P. McAdams and F. W. Koenig who have served as District Deputies.

E.R. F. J. Kaercher presided over the dinner program. At the regular meeting held later, Secy. Dr. R. V. Harte called the roll of "Old Timers" and read letters and telegrams from members who were unable to attend.

Left: Officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge with some of the bird-houses which are manufactured from scrap material by those who received food supplies from the Lodge.



Yuma, Ariz., Lodge Buys Site For Scout Troop Headquarters

A few months ago, Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, No. 476, purchased a desirable lot situated in that part of the city in which is located the Civic Center. Use of the lot for the erection of a Scout Headquarters building was turned over to Troop No. 53, Imperial-Yuma Council, the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Yuma Lodge. E.R. E. G. Lawler, Linwood Perkins, Chairman of the Boy Scout Committee, and James Birmingham, Assistant to the Scoutmaster of Troop 53, gave the project active support.

The Scouts began work immediately on their building, laying the bricks themselves and attending to the landscaping. Trees and shrubs, and the building, which is constructed of adobe brick, all are in keeping with the natural surroundings and architecture of the locality. The boys have their own workshops in the building, and are provided with many facilities which tend to keep them occupied after school, on Saturdays, and during vacations.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Entertains "Elk-Kiwanians"

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, held Open House for Elks affiliated with the Kiwanis International who visited the Mill City during their national convention, June 16-20. Treas. Fred Thielen, who is a member of the Kiwanis, was delegated by the lodge to act as chairman of the welcoming group. E.R. Arden T. Thomasen appointed the various other "Elk-Kiwanians" who assisted the chairman.

P.E.R.'s Night As Observed By Taft, Calif., Lodge

Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, observed its annual Past Exalted Rulers Night recently with an appropriate program featured by a meeting, a splendid dinner and a show. The official visit of Elmer B. Maze of Merced, President of the California State Elks Association, added to the importance and enjoyment of the occasion.

Esteemed Lecturing Knight William Gordon Lewis was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the arrangements. Taft Lodge has eleven Past Exalted Rulers, and Mr. Lewis conceived the idea of using the significance of eleven, as designated on the emblem of the Order, in grouping photographs of the past officers about the clock in the order of their respective years of service. A photograph was taken of the ensemble, and after the Eleven O'Clock Toast had been given, a framed copy of

Above: Officers of Paterson, N. J., Lodge and a class of candidates whom they initiated in honor of former Grand Trustee Joseph G. Buch.

the picture was presented to each Past Exalted Ruler and also to Mr. Maze and to State Vice-President Lawrence Bastien, of Tulare Lodge, who was a guest. A résumé of the work accomplished by the lodge during the term of each Past Exalted Ruler appeared on the souvenir programs. Many dignitaries of the Order and other members of the San Joaquin Valley lodges attended. Mr. Maze was the principal speaker. William Littlefield, the only deceased Past Exalted Ruler of Taft Lodge, was given special remembrance when the Eleven O'Clock Toast was rendered.

Dedication of New Organ Held By Meadville, Pa., Lodge

A beautiful new organ was dedicated recently by Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219. The exercises, to which the public was invited, were held in the auditorium of the lodge home and were attended by more than 800 persons. An organ recital and selections rendered by the Elks Male Chorus were features of the program.

The organ was dedicated by Past Exalted Ruler L. J. Peiffley in honor of mothers of members, many of whom were present. Exalted Ruler Franklin R. Peters delivered the opening address of welcome and Professor Hurst R. Anderson, of Allegheny College, was a speaker.

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Above are members of a Boy Scout Troop assisting in the building of a scout headquarters on a lot donated by Yuma, Ariz., Lodge.

Also above are some of the Elks of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge who sponsored an Easter egg hunt for 1500 children.

NEWS of the State Associations

FLORIDA

With a registered attendance of approximately 450 Elks and ladies, a representation of 31 out of the 36 lodges of the State, a delightful program of social events and productive and well attended business sessions, the 35th Annual Convention of the Florida State Elks Association, held at St. Augustine, was successful from every standpoint. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach Lodge, a Past State President and former Governor of Florida, acted as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. His stirring, patriotic address at the first session which took place at the Civic Center Auditorium, Convention Headquarters, followed the cordial greeting voiced by Mayor Walter B. Fraser, and the equally warm response of State Pres. Chelsie J. Senerchia of Miami Lodge. The three District Deputies of the State were present, namely, Cullen H. Talton, Daytona Beach, J. B. McGuinness, St. Petersburg, and Cecil H. Zinkan, St. Augustine, and 33 Past State Presidents and Past District Deputies attended.

THE Ritualistic Contest was won by Miami Lodge No. 948, with Tallahassee, Daytona Beach and Tampa Lodges finishing in the order named. Important business transacted at the meeting included the adoption of a complete new set of by-laws, a new Installation Ritual for officers, and a permanent set of books of account. Pres. Senerchia stated that the Florida lodges had enjoyed a banner year, and reports showed a State-wide expenditure of \$75,000 for charitable endeavor. Approximately \$10,000 was raised by the lodges themselves for the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla. Jacksonville Lodge No. 221 was given special recognition for an outstanding record of membership attendance during the past year, and also won the award for having the most officers at the Convention, Daytona Beach being second and St. Petersburg third.

At the State President's Banquet, Senator A. M. Taylor, of St. Augustine, one of the founders of the Association and its president in 1906-07-08, received a silver plaque for meritorious service. The presentation was made by Past Pres. Harold Colee of St. Augustine Lodge No. 829. John Hayes, of Palatka, who won the Association's recent



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick is pictured with two ladies at the Ladies' Special Luncheon held at the Ohio State Elks Spring Conference at Akron.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley sees State Pres. J. Clayton Burke present to P.E.R. J. J. Hill of Augusta, Ga., Lodge, the coveted J. Bush Ritualistic Trophy.



Below: The official car used by Jackson, Mich., Lodge at the State Convention, with well known Jackson Elks.



Right: E.R. James A. Dunn of Miami, Fla., Lodge receives the State Ritualistic Cup from State Pres. Walter Moore, Jr. P.E.R. Otto S. Stegemann was Master of Ceremonies.

essay contest on Americanism, received his award at the banquet. Winners of other contests received their trophies at the President's Ball. The membership cup was won by Palatka Lodge and the reinstatement cup by Pensacola Lodge. District championship plaques were presented to Tallahassee and Tampa Lodges. The convention was held on April 14-15-16.

Arcadia Lodge No. 1524 was awarded the 1941 Convention. Officers chosen for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., W. T. Moore, Jr., Tallahassee; Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., J. L. McMullen, Live Oak; Cent., John Tilden, Orlando; SE., Errol S. Willes, Fort Pierce; S.W., A. Sidney Nelson, Clearwater; N.W., Forrest F. Holland, Panama City; Secy., Claude L. Johnson, Tallahassee; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Gessner, DeLand; Tiler, Herbert Redding, St. Petersburg; Chaplain, Rabbi Jacob Kaplan, Miami. Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, was reelected Treasurer, J. A. Roston, Lake Worth, was reelected a member of the Executive Committee, and A. M. Taylor, St. Augustine, was reelected Historian. The new officers were installed by Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker of West Palm Beach Lodge. In appreciation of his fine leadership, the retiring president, Mr. Senerchia, was given a handsome wrist watch by the Association, the presentation being made by Past Pres. M. Frank O'Brien of Jacksonville. P.E.R. Verle A. Pope, St. Augustine, was Chairman of the Convention Committee. Est. Lect. Knight Allen J. MacGill was Convention Secretary.

Below: Past Exalted Rulers, State and Lodge officers of the Illinois State Elks Association, who were entertained at a luncheon meeting at the State Convention.



OHIO

The Tenth Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Association, which took place in Akron April 26-27-28, proved to be one of the most successful of the Spring Meetings held in several years. More than 1,000 Elks registered. The various committees were scheduled for meetings during the afternoon of the 27th, Saturday, and made their reports at the Sunday business session.

Among the prominent Elks who attended the Conference were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O.; Grand Trustees Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., and Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va.; State Vice-Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald of Canton, O., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, Secy. of the Mich. State Elks Assn. Mr. Kyle, Mr. Kepner and Mr. Leonard acted as judges in the Ritualistic Contest, won by Lakewood Lodge No. 1350. Special awards were made to the officers who received the highest individual grades. The group was designated the All Ohio Ritualistic Team. For winning the

State Championship, the Lakewood Team will represent Ohio in the National Ritualistic Contest at Houston, and the National Championship Band of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, which gave several concerts during the Akron meeting, will represent the State in the parade.

A special feature was the Ladies' Luncheon held at the Mayflower Hotel. Dr. McCormick addressed the more than 250 ladies who were present. Six hundred Elks and ladies attended the banquet held on Saturday evening in the home of Akron Lodge No. 363. P.E.R. James V. Sawyer was Toastmaster. Mayor Lee D. Schroy welcomed the visitors and State Pres. C. A. Lais, of Norwalk, responded and also made the presentation of the ritualistic trophy to the Lakewood Team. Louis A. Jurgens, of Cleveland, O., Lodge, presented the individual awards, given by the Past Exalted Rulers Association of which he is a Past President. Dr. McCormick, also a speaker, received an ovation signifying the great esteem with which he is regarded by the Elks of his State. Judge Ed Sheck, of Akron Lodge, delivered the principal address.

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GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



Above are officials who were present at the "Old Timers' Dinner-Dance" held by Columbia, Mo., Lodge. Many Grand Lodge officers, including Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, were present.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner spoke earnestly on the subject of pure Americanism to 350 members of Columbia, Mo., Lodge, No. 594, their wives and guests, on Tuesday, April 23, on the occasion of the lodge's Annual Old Timers' Dinner and Dance held in the Sinclair Pennant Tavern. Fifteen members of the lodge, who have been Elks for 25 years or more, were listed as honor guests. Thirteen were present and introduced by E.R. E. F. Immerthal, Toastmaster, and presented with white gold recognition pins by Trustee F. G. Ridgway, P.E.R. Senior P.E.R. M. F. Thurston, State Vice-Pres., responded for the Old Timers. The presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler and other distinguished Elks added greatly to the enjoyment of the

occasion. Among those seated at the speakers' table with Mr. Warner were Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Mr. Immerthal; D.D.'s A. O. Nilles, Kansas City, Mo., and Ernest W. Baker, Washington, Mo.; A. W. Jeffreys, of Herrin, and J. H. Dickbrader, Washington, Past Pres.'s of the Illinois and Missouri State Elks Associations respectively; Judge George S. Starrett, Grand Sire of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, P.E.R. H. T. Limmerick, local delegate to the

Grand Lodge, and officers of many Missouri lodges. Charles Harrell headed the General Committee.

During the two-day meeting of the Southern Indiana District on April 27-28, Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge, No. 362, for the first time, acted as host to a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order and a convention of District Elks. Approximately 400 delegates represented the lodges at Evansville, Mount Vernon, Vincennes, New Albany, Seymour, Madison, Princeton, Bedford, Linton, Sullivan, Washington, Boonville, Jeffersonville and Bicknell. Mr. Warner was the guest of honor at the luncheon held at the Masonic Temple on Sunday. An enthusiastic gathering of some 300 officers of the District attended, and a special table was reserved for the ladies who were guests of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Warner, introduced by D.D. Nelson E. Kelley, of Mount Vernon Lodge, was the principal speaker, and his address received much favorable comment. Claude E. Thompson of Frankfort, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., was among the prominent visiting Elks present. Interesting and instructive discussions featured the business session presided over by E.R. P. W. Loveland of Jeffersonville Lodge, Saturday's program was climaxed by a dance and floor show at the Club Greyhound. Registration and meetings took place in the lodge home which has been completely reconditioned and refurnished since the flood



Left: Mr. Warner, as he alights at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, shakes hands with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.

of 1937, which damaged the building along with other property in the community.

Leaving Chicago on May 2, the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Wellington, Kans., for an afternoon meeting and reception at Wellington Lodge No. 1167, where he was enthusiastically received. A feature of the visit was a band concert given by the talented and well trained members of the Wellington High School Band.

Mr. Warner was the guest of Winfield, Kans., Lodge, No. 732, at a banquet held in Recreation Hall at the Winfield High School on May 3, with the girls from the eighth grade economics class serving the dinner. Inspiration in devotion to American ideals and principles was contained in the address which he delivered before a large audience. The register of visitors showed a hundred names of Elks from other lodges. The bus from Junction City brought 30 members including the Elks Band, the official band of the Kansas State Elks Association. Augusta, El Dorado, Chanute, Independence and Wellington Lodges were well represented. More than two hundred were present at the banquet. Seated at the speakers' table with Grand Exalted Ruler Warner were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook, Topeka, Kans.; Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; D.D. Amos A. Belsley, Wellington, Kans.; State Pres. J. J. Hess, El Dorado; 1st State Vice-Pres. Henry Cook, Independence; State Secy. Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend; State Treas. J. H. Morton, E.R., and the Rev. E. F. Wilcox, Chaplain, of Winfield Lodge; Dr. C. C. Hawke, who presided, and Tom Parker, members of Winfield Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Parker were schoolmates in the grade schools at Dixon, Ill., and both enjoyed the reunion afforded by Mr. Warner's visit. The banquet-program was over by 9:15, and the rest of the evening was spent in the lodge rooms where dancing continued until a late hour.

From Winfield the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Lamar, Colo., to join in the Silver Anniversary Celebration held on May 4 by Lamar Lodge No. 1319. A dinner, attended by the Lamar officers and a large gathering of State Association officials, District Deputies and other prominent Elks, preceded the lodge meeting which Grand Exalted Ruler Warner addressed. La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, was represented by a delegation of members who escorted the Grand



At top: Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner with the Secretary and Exalted Ruler of Ontario, Calif., Lodge.

Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed with prominent Kansas Elks at the home of Winfield Lodge.



At bottom: Mr. Warner and Orange County, Calif. Elks visit the San Juan Capistrano Mission.

Below: Mr. Warner pictured with a group of California Elks at the home of Anaheim Lodge.





Above: Those who received Mr. Warner on his official visit to Wellington, Kans., Lodge, photographed outside the Lodge home.



Left: Distinguished Indiana Elks and their ladies are shown with Grand Exalted Ruler Warner when he visited Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge.

Exalted Ruler to La Junta at the close of the anniversary meeting. Mr. Warner was entertained at breakfast the next morning by the La Junta Lodge officers.

Boarding the Santa Fe Super Chief at La Junta that day, the Grand Exalted Ruler began his trip to the West Coast. At Pasadena, California, a large gathering of Elks was on the platform to greet him as the train made a brief stop at the station platform. Upon his arrival in Los Angeles, Mr. Warner was met by another large delegation which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle and Exalted Ruler Jere J. Sullivan, Los Angeles Lodge; Elmer B. Maze, of Merced, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; Past State Presidents Harry M. Ticknor, Pasadena, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park; District Deputies Raymond C. Crowell, Pasadena, and L. P. Bonnat, Anaheim, and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, Past Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge. More than 100 Elks attended a breakfast at the Casa La Golondrina, where

an impressive Salute to the Flag Ceremony was conducted by Harry Leonhardt, the official greeter of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99.

LEAVING Los Angeles after the breakfast, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the large party accompanying him enjoyed short visits with members of Whittier Lodge No. 1258, Anaheim Lodge No. 1345, and Orange Lodge No. 1475, and a stop was made at Santa Ana Lodge No. 794, where a delicious luncheon for more than 200 guests was served at the lodge home. The next stop was at San Juan Capistrano Mission, where the Grand Exalted Ruler, and his party paid an interesting visit. The party then drove to Riverside Lodge No. 643 and to Redlands Lodge No. 583, where receptions were held, after which the motorcade proceeded to San Bernardino Lodge No. 836.

A group of Elks are shown as they gathered to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler on his arrival at Vallejo, Calif., Lodge. Among them was Fred B. Mellmann, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees.

An elaborate dinner was served by San Bernardino Lodge after which lodge convened, a class of candidates was initiated and an address was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler who then left for Riverside. At the Mission Inn, on the following morning, he was the guest of honor at a breakfast given by the officers of Riverside Lodge No. 643. During the morning Mr. Warner and his party were guests of Ontario Lodge No. 1419, Pasadena Lodge No. 672, and Glendale Lodge No. 1289, where brief but enjoyable receptions were held.

Sponsored by Glendale Lodge and the 18 other lodges of the California South Central District, a luncheon was given in Mr. Warner's honor at the Oakmont Country Club. P.E.R. Albert D. Pearce, of Glendale Lodge, was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the luncheon program. E.R. Aaron A. Couch, P.E.R.'s Mayor William J. Goss and Judge Bert P. Woodard and Mr. Pearce were members of the delegation which escorted Mr. Warner to Glendale. Mayor Goss extended a welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of the city of Glendale. A large attendance was on hand and at the tables were many Elks of high rank, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon, Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Maze, and others who had attended some of the above mentioned functions with Mr. Warner;



Judge Marshall F. McComb of Los Angeles Lodge, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, Pasadena, and officers and members of the lodges which joined with Glendale Lodge in staging the affair.

Leaving the Oakmont Country Club, the party proceeded to Oxnard Lodge No. 1443 and Ventura Lodge No. 1430, stopping en route at the beautiful country home of a Ventura member, Henry M. Borchard, where afternoon tea was served and entertainment was furnished by members of the family of another Ventura Elk, Adolfo Camarillo, with their beautiful horses.

MEMBERS of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, had prepared a rousing welcome for the Grand Exalted Ruler who visited them on May 7. Mr. Warner and his official party, together with some 300 visiting Elks of Southern California, were royally entertained. Picture taking at the Old Mission, where Father Augustine welcomed the party, preceded the banquet at the Samarkand Hotel, entertainment by the Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 and a concert by the Santa Barbara City and County Band. E.R. George Giovanola, Santa Barbara, presided at the banquet which was attended by Mr. Ticknor; D.D.'s Edwin F. Pray, Fresno, and Raymond C. Crowell, Pasadena; P.D.D. James J. McCarthy, Santa Monica; State Tiler Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles; State Trustee Walter Heller, Redondo Beach, and many other officials. The highlight of the evening lodge meeting was the exemplification of the initiatory Ritual by the Santa Barbara Antlers for the first time for an official reviewing by a Grand Exalted Ruler. The Antlers officers were headed by P.E.A. Kenneth Arnold. Addresses delivered by Mr. Warner and Andy Devine, film star and an officer of San Fernando Lodge, were enthusiastically received.

The following morning in company with Mr. Pray and P.E.R. William S. Freeland, of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, Mr. Warner visited Bakersfield Lodge No. 266 where a noon luncheon was served, and Tulare Lodge No. 1429 where a reception was held. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at an elaborate banquet at the Hotel Fresno and was formally introduced to several hundred San Joaquin Valley Elks at the evening meeting at which initiatory ceremonies were impressively conducted. Mr. Warner's address received much favorable newspaper comment.

On May 9, Monterey Lodge No. 1285 served a fish luncheon at an outing on the shore, and visits were made to the local packing plants and one of the local wineries. Mr. Warner enjoyed this day tremendously. State Vice-Pres Roland C. Ingels, P.E.R. of Monterey Lodge, was Chairman of the Luncheon Committee.

Representing the 10 lodges of the California West Central District, 700 Elks gathered in the auditorium of the home of Salinas Lodge No. 614 to extend a welcome to Grand Exalted Ruler Warner. Routine business was suspended and the regular lodge meeting was short so that introductions and the seating of the many Elk dignitaries present could get under way. Among those introduced were Fred B. Mellmann of Oakland, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Homer F. Potter, San Francisco, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; D.D. Lawrence T. Brazer, Palo Alto; Mr. Ingels and Mr. Cianciarulo; State

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The Bait

(Continued on page 13)

sail went up again. The edge of the world was clean of smoke once more. The boat beat on toward the coast.

"Score one for us," said the skipper, but without satisfaction.

Later still, above the perpetual washing sound of the waves, there came a distant, droning hum. It was a wasplike noise. A snarling sound. And it was aloft.

"If one man shows his head," rasped the skipper, "I'll bash it in for him! Keep down!"

The noise grew louder and faded, and alternately rose and fell with the peculiar, rounded effect of an aeroplane motor in cloud formations.

"But—sir," protested the bos'n, "they've got bombs up there, sir! If we can flag 'em down they can blow merry 'ell out of our friends be'ind!"

"And don't you think our friends are watching us?" demanded the skipper furiously. "And if we signal aloft don't you think they'll dive? We'd lose our chance to score!"

The snarling noise grew gradually fainter and at last died away. There was again the wash of waters, and only that. And now, hour by hour, the lifeboat approached the land, and the chances of its being picked up by another steamer were increased. Wherefore, until dusk settled down and deepened, those in the lifeboat kept very keen and very discreet watch indeed, and once they fled downwind, apparently making desperate signals to a quite non-existent ship. And the light was then very poor, and a periscope followed them cunningly. By which maneuver the source of a smoke upwind went on its way unharassed, and probably a man or two who might have been killed lived on. Certainly the periscope did not follow the lifeboat for amusement, but because there was good reason. A boat sporting an improvised sail was plainly a boat that had left a sunken ship at least some hours before. Anybody would approach such a boat out of pure humanity. And therefore the neighborhood of the lifeboat should be ideal for an ambushade.

"Maybe that was another score," said the skipper hungrily.

Just before nightfall he tried to beat up closer into the wind. It could not be done with the unhandy sail.

"Unstep the mast," he ordered, "and take the canvas off it. We're rowing again."

The bos'n tried to grasp the idea. He failed.

"Ow's that, sir?" he

asked uncomfortably, "'ow's that?"

"Dammit!" the skipper told him. "It's so our friends can follow us in the dark! Don't you see? They'll be coming topside soon, for fresh air and to charge batteries. They've been submerged practically all day. They'd give us up, normally. But if we're rowing, they can follow us by the creaking of our oars in their microphones—even if they're charging batteries. And they'll tag along to see if we set off a rocket or two."

The bos'n scratched his head. But he took his place at an oar. Before darkness became quite complete, the lifeboat rowed squarely in the eye of the wind. Her change of course and of propulsion were plainly visible to all the ocean round about. And nobody saw the periscope, but every man felt quite sure that it had been watching.

Biscuits and water. The men ate and drank in the dark. There was no talk at all. Every man listened. And half an hour after darkness settled down upon the ocean, Jennifer said in a muffled voice from somewhere near the bottom of the lifeboat, "I 'ear 'er Diesels throbbin', sir. She's chargin'."

"She should hear our oars," said the skipper grimly, "for two or three miles. Be sure you keep those oars creaking, men! If you still hear his engines in half an hour, she's following us and we'll make a real score this time!"

After that there was tensivity. The boat pitched and rolled and wallowed. She pointed her bow successively at

all the invisible stars beyond the cloud-curtain. Some water came in, and the two firemen in undershirts wrapped themselves firmly in the clammy, wetted canvas. There were a few muttered jokes. But mostly the men listened.

"Time yet, sir?" asked the man in the bottom of the boat. "I still 'ear 'er, and the throbbin's a bit louder."

"Then keep the oars creaking," said the skipper, "and you can count on making the score more even by morning."

It was cold in the boat during the dark hours. The men who rowed were warmed by their exercise. The others huddled under the sail. They rowed, and rowed, and rowed. Always one man listened for the sound of Diesels. He heard the wash of water and the magnified noise of his comrades' movements, too, of course. But always he heard the distant, monotonous throbbing sound. It was somehow comforting. But just after midnight it cut off abruptly.

"'Ullo, sir! 'Er Diesels cut off!"

Silence. The skipper's word was awaited anxiously. Nobody knew what he had in mind, but most of these men had sailed on the *Stoddart* more than one voyage. They knew him. They waited expectantly.

"Keep listening," said the skipper shortly, after an instant. "How about other engines?"

A long, long wait.

"Aye!" said the listening man at long last. "I catch 'em now! Fair boomin', they are!"

"Destroyer," said the skipper. "And she'll have microphones going, too. Our friends know better than to try to torpedo her in the dark, with no lights to aim by. They'll cut their Diesels till she goes by. She could make things nasty for them."

The men searched the darkness all about the lifeboat. The seas were invisible, and the sky was invisible, and the lifeboat might have been alone in a universe of darkness but for the cold, cold wind and the spray, and the seas that came out of nowhere. They saw nothing and heard nothing. And the listener reported that the underwater sound grew vaguely louder and then steadily less until it could no longer be heard at all.

Then the Diesels began again. They were very near, as if the periscope that had trailed the squeaking oars had come closer under electric power, and had started to charge her



"Nah, Nah! You know the wife's a sport! She don't mind if I wanna play cards now an' then."

batteries again only when relatively close. Men who used microphones would not imagine men in a lifeboat listening with ears pressed against wet, paint-roughened planks for sounds the microphones picked up so much more easily.

The night wore on. The men at the oars exchanged their task for a period of huddling under the stiff and wetted sail. Later, they changed again. And because they could not sleep, they talked. Well past midnight a voice said hopefully, "'Ave you got a trick you're going to play, sir? You've spoke as if you 'ad something in mind."

"I've hopes of a trick," said the skipper. "I'm not sure. It depends on the landfall we make. I'm hoping to touch somewhere near Baddington Head, with the weather no worse than it is now and the sea all clear around us. I know that place. I was born there. We could play one trick there. Somewhere else we might play another one, but that would be best."

"Could you tell us, sir?"

The skipper said a dozen words in a low voice. There was a chuckle. Then many chuckles. Then the tempo of the oars—which had been growing ragged—tightened up as if by more effort and better discipline the coming of dawn could be hastened. And after that in the darkness there was much humor despite the harsh, bitter wind and ever-present spray.

The Diesels stopped finally a full hour before dawn.

When pale gray lightened the east, the skipper looked very tired indeed. He had then been more than thirty-six hours at the steering-oar, and during all that time he had had bitter thoughts to fill his mind. The *Stoddard* sunk, and two men killed, and his savings—there'd be some insurance, yes, but it was a tragic blow, nevertheless—and the trouble there'd be about a new berth with every shipwrecked skipper demanding that he be rewarded for his misfortune by a chance to be as unfortunate again.

The light grew stronger, and below it was a shore-line, and the sea was empty, and the line of the land presented recognizable peculiarities. Men looked eagerly at the skipper.

"Our landfall's right," he told them. "Baddington Head's up ahead, there. Yonder's where I was born. Hear anything, Jennifer?"

Jennifer, lying in four inches of bilge-water with his ear against the planking, replied.

"No, sir. Leastways, I can't be sure, sir."

The boat went on, its oars rising and falling. Seas rolled down, and other seas rolled across them. The boat pitched and tossed and heaved and lurched. There was nothing in sight anywhere but the land. Men watched the listening Jennifer anxiously, for news of the sub.

"Sometimes," he said bitterly, "I think I 'ear it, an' sometimes I'm sure I don't. There's a sort o' rumblin'."

"Surf," said the skipper. "Heavy surf. I ought to know! We'll go through with it. If she's trailed us, we score, and if she hasn't, we're asses. That's all. Another mile and we start. Meanwhile, anybody with a nearly dry shirt—"

He stripped off his own, and others were thrust upon him. He bunched them and considered. He had a corner of the soaked, stiffened canvas rolled into a sort of tube. He found matches. He passed the shirts and matches forward.

"You know how to work it. Yes, Jennifer?"

"I—I thought I 'eard it, sir," said Jennifer unhappily, "but I couldn't swear to it. I've fair burst my ears listenin', sir."

"Never mind," said the skipper. "Pull ahead. Pull ahead."

The boat progressed. Suddenly its motion grew more violent. Not outrageously, but distinctly greater. The waves were higher. The cross-seas more virulent. The oarsmen grinned and pulled harder. Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty. The seas returned to their normal, merely uncomfortable height again.

"That'll do it," said the skipper quietly. "Light away."

Matches scratched, one after another. A tiny puff of smoke. A thin

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trickle. Then a heavy mass of white vapor poured out of the tube of wetted canvas. Wind blew through it, forcing combustion of the cloth and making a cloud of smoke which spread out in a long streak which was vastly more visible than the boat itself.

"Cut it off!" said the skipper. "Now signal. Three short ones first."

Separate, dissipating masses of smoke spread out. Three short streaks. A space. Three long streaks. A space. Three more short ones. S. O. S.

"It's burnin' out already!" said the man who worked it, tense with responsibility.

"Ere! My jacket!" "An' mine—" More cloth stuffed in the reeking tube. Three short streaks—

"Gawd!" said the man in the bow. "Ere comes somethin'! A destroyer, by Gawd! Comin' round the 'Ead!"

And then Jennifer lifted his face from the bilge-water and said—streaming water, "I 'ear 'er, sir! I 'ear 'er! She's fair 'ummin'! The sub, sir! She's fair tearin' 'erself apart to get a'ead of us so she can cut 'er motors an' wait—"

The skipper suddenly snapped, "Steady, there! Steady! If one of you jumps or waves his arms I'll bash his head in!" Then he added, his eyes flaming. "The destroyer settles it. To bag a destroyer would be a score!"

The boat rowed on. The destroyer, miles away, came into full view out around Baddington Head. A watcher on the hilltop had reported the lifeboat's signal. The destroyer came out to see about it. She was still so far away that her outlines were misty, but she was coming.

"I 'ear 'er!" repeated Jennifer in agonized ecstasy. "She's louder, sir! She's comin'!"

Men swore in instinctively hushed voices. They held themselves still, with tautened muscles. The skipper steered.

"Comin'—she's comin'—" repeated Jennifer in little ecstatic gasps. "'Er motors fair 'ummin'! She's—"

His voice broke off. He listened, and listened.

"She stopped!" he said blankly. "She—"

The skipper deliberately turned in the stern-sheets and stared behind him. For what seemed a full minute there was nothing to be seen but tossing water. When one looked for it—but only then—it was clear that in a certain sharply-defined line the waves were higher than elsewhere. Not markedly higher, but higher. They did not break, but they were not the same.

And then, on the farther side of that sign of a sunken ledge of rock, there was suddenly a mass of foam. Bubbles arose and covered the ocean with snowy white. Then something dark rose in the midst of those bubbles. An angular conning-tower and a bit of slanting deck. The life-

boat suddenly quivered with a distinct throbbing sound which once had been identified as the sound of Diesels. The conning-tower and the deck moved forward—but foam spread about on every side.

"Blowing her compressed-air tanks," said the skipper evenly. "Started her Diesels. Going to try to ride on her hydroplanes. I'll bet her whole bow is stove in."

In a vast, expanding cloud of foam, the conning-tower and the deck swept forward. The conning-tower rocked and swayed visibly. She came across the waves with the foam of her compressed-air reserves pouring

from her, seeming to leak air at every rivet, but fighting to keep afloat.

She almost managed it. She crossed a good half-mile of sea before the foam about her seemed to lessen. She crossed—ironically enough—the rocky ledge which juts out four miles to sea from Baddington Head and necessitates the lighthouse on that promontory.

Then the foam lessened. No longer did vast masses of bubbles pour upward all about her. She settled a little in the water. Fighting magnificently, she went lower and lower. Then, quite suddenly,

her long tail broke water. It reared upward. She dived.

The foam of her making scattered and died away. Waves from the northeast marched across the face of the waters, and there was a lifeboat pitching and tossing beneath a leaden sky.

But there was a long gray destroyer coming swiftly toward them. The skipper was the first man to break the silence.

"Oars, there!" he said curtly. "Don't stand and gawk. Give way! Pull up toward the destroyer." Then he added, "We scored that time. Score's even, men. Score's even."

Screwball Saga

(Continued from page 8)

the major leagues for twenty-two years, during which time he won 511 games, the all-time record.

Launching his professional career in 1912, Schacht performed with Erie, Chicago of the abortive U. S. League and Newark during the next four years. In 1916 he had such a lame arm—pitching those double-headers finally caught up with him—that he was released in mid-season by Newark. Schacht promptly sold himself to the Giants, although everyone in the whole wide world knew he had a dead arm. Among John J. McGraw's many qualities must have been an excellent sense of humor. There is no other logical explanation for the master mind's getting involved with the problem child.

Schacht did not pitch a game for McGraw, yet he stuck with the team for the remainder of the season. Of course, the facts that the Giants started making their record-making 26-game winning streak the day after Schacht joined the club, and that ball players are inordinately superstitious might have had something to do with the case.

McGraw evidently could take a joke—up to a certain point. In 1917, at the Giants' training camp in Marlin, Texas, dousing unsuspecting victims with buckets of cold water was a running gag all spring. Schacht was on the receiving end of the horse-play once too often for his

own good. One day he thought he had his tormentor spotted and provided himself with a nice ice bucket and prowled around until he thought he had the villain cornered. He opened a door suddenly and let him have the load. He got McGraw, an innocent bystander. Schacht did all his pitching that season for Rochester. He fought the war from Fort Slocum and in 1919 popped up with his pretty tremendous year at Jersey City.

During that season Griffith, then managing Washington and the first to offer Schacht a professional job, invariably received a thick stack of post cards every time Schacht pitched one of his ten shutouts. The appearance and the wording of the cards never varied. Pasted on the

back was the box-score of Schacht's latest opus and an inspiring message touting him as the best pitcher in the International League. The writer always wondered out loud why an astute gent such as Griffith did not buy this pearl of no great price and always signed the cards, "Just a Fan". Griffith purchased Schacht on the strength of the glowing testimonials. He discovered ten years later that Schacht himself had been the author of the cards.

In spite of it all, Schacht might have been a valuable artistic, as well as social addition to the Senators. He won six games in ten for Washington in 1920 before he suffered the accident which ended his legitimate career. Donie Bush, Detroit shortstop, fell heavily upon the right shoulder of Schacht, who was sliding into second base to break up a double play, and he never completely recovered from the injury, although he hung on with Washington for another season and in the minors for two years before he was convinced.

"It was fate, not Bush, hittin' me, but I was too dumb to realize it," Schacht now says. "I always was meant to be a screwy southpaw, and gettin' my right shoulder banged up should of been the tip-off. Imagine me, a left-handed thinker, pitchin' left-handed! The combination would of been invincible!"

Three years af-



"I been bafflin' the cops for years with my finger-prints."

ter the collision with Bush, Schacht sustained a broken hand when, rushing in for an expected bunt, he barely deflected a line drive which surely would have decapitated him. He broke his knee in training camp the next year—and still sold Griffith the idea of making him a coach, a position regarded as a pension awarded to veterans for long and distinguished service. Schacht's tenure in the majors was neither long nor distinguished, but he got the job.

It was then that Schacht began to consider clowning, formerly a hobby, as a career. As soon as he joined the Senators he had begun to dabble in nonsense with Nick Altrock, a famous pitcher for the old White Sox and then a Washington coach who was getting a few laughs with burlesque catches around first base during infield practice. But until Altrock teamed up with Schacht, foolishness, like crime, did not pay.

Their first planned gag was a take-off on Ruth St. Denis' death dance. In the original version, Miss St. Denis charmed a snake and died in spectacular agony when the reptile bit her. Schacht used frankfurters dangling on a string, bit into one and died barking like a dog. Everyone thought it was highly hilarious, with the possible exception of the people who owned the concessions in the ball parks.

The fans liked the act and the pair was hired to amuse the early customers at the 1920 World Series, their first paying engagement. Four gags were prepared, but Altrock and Schacht did eighteen before the customers would let them go. Schacht has appeared at every World Series since; he has given command performances at every All-Star game; he has scored such notable successes that patrons rolling in the aisles have resembled nothing so much as a school of fish. But he doubts that he will ever attain again the giddy heights of sheer artistry he achieved in the World Series of 1922.

Rudolph Valentino was the man of the hour and Schacht saw his latest vehicle, "Blood and Sand", in which a bullfight was the big punch, the night before the first Series game. Always on top of the news, Schacht decided to stage his own bullfight on the ball field the following afternoon, but a suitable substitute for a bull had him stumped. He got the answer in his favorite speak-easy in the Bronx when the bartender suggested the goat in the lumber yard across the street.

With the assistance of the neighbor's children, he corralled the goat the following morning and pushed it into a taxicab. It was a very anti-social beast until Schacht

won its everlasting affection by feeding it cabbage leaves. Working with an untried goat in a new act before 50,000 people was a ticklish (*sic*) affair, but the cabbage solved the problem. Schacht knew the animal would charge him as long as there was cabbage in his hip pocket. Sticks could be thrown at the goat like banderillas to make it shy and paw the turf after the fashion of a man-killing bull. The goat cooperated beautifully and was so gorged with cabbage that it was pretty reasonable when Schacht wrestled it to the ground for the *coup de grace*. Schacht arose to acknowledge the thunderous applause of his public. He was quite overwhelmed by the ovation but he began to smell a goat when the laughter became louder, funnier and more general. Looking around, Schacht saw the beast matching him bow for bow like an old trouper. In throwing his stooge, Schacht had twisted his neck and the goat was bobbing its head to loosen the kinks, but from the stands it look like genuine bowing.

"That's the last time I worked with an animal," Schacht confides bitterly. "They're like babies. They'll steal the act every time."

The Altrock-Schacht act flourished until 1934, when Schacht followed Cronin to Boston, but for the last three years of their partnership they never spoke to one another on or off the field. The same old story: clashing artistic temperaments. The split finally came one memorable afternoon when Schacht missed, so he says, a cue to switch from a base-ball to a rubber ball. The script

called for Schacht to bean Altrock with the ball. He did; the lights went out for Mr. Altrock. The next day in a comic boxing bout Schacht was supposed to block a punch with his glove. He blocked it, all right, but with his chin. While they were reviving half the act, Altrock casually explained he had miscalculated slightly in the direction of his blow.

Such goings-on by a mere coach were tolerated for one good reason. Schacht was one of the best in the business, for all his tomfoolery. Between the piercing whistles he used to salute rallies or, maybe, awaken dozing customers, he was constantly on the alert, watching the opposition and enhancing his prestige as a sign stealer. A good coach at third base is as important to a team as a good hitter. Joe Cronin valued his services so highly that his first official act upon moving from Washington to Boston was to make certain Schacht would accompany him.

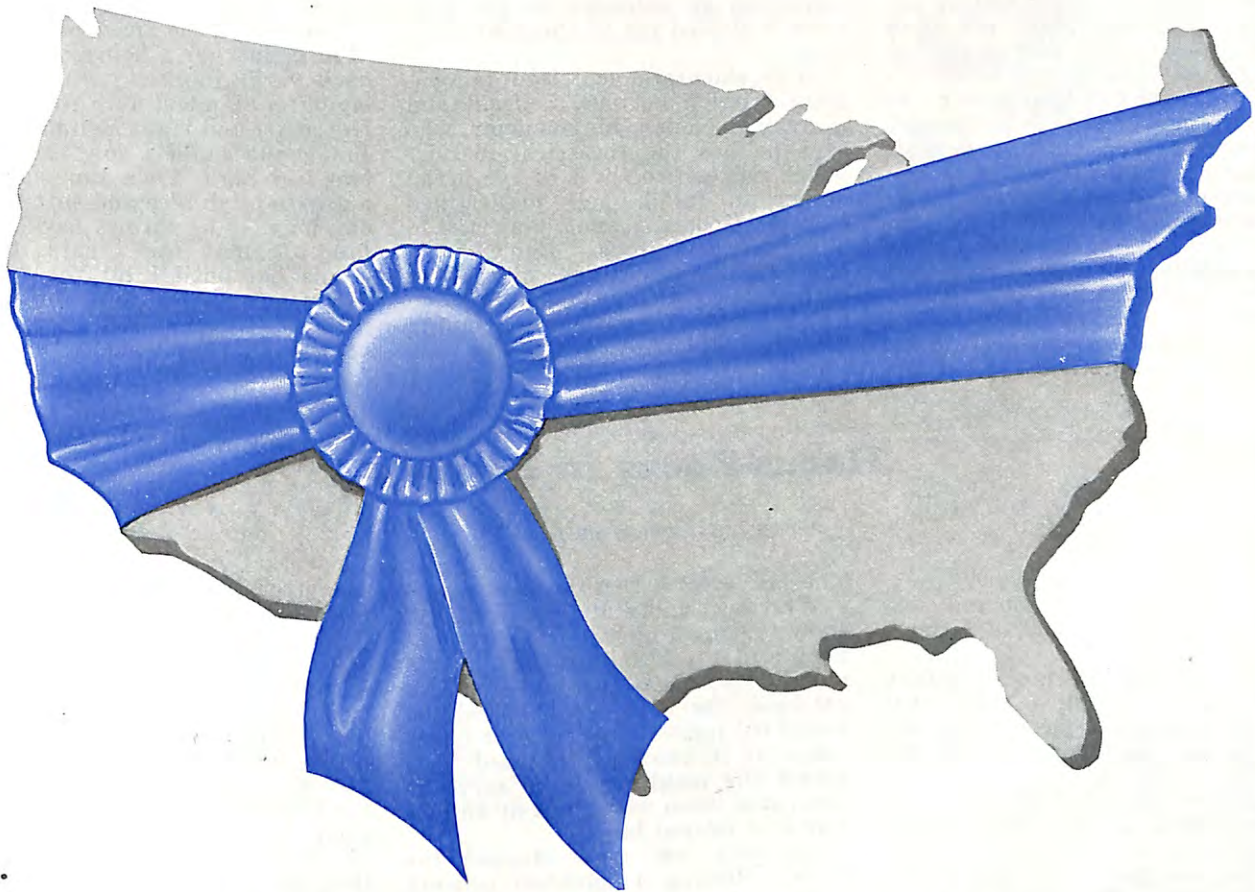
"Al is a very funny man," Cronin says, "but there aren't many smarter in baseball. He knows how to develop young pitchers and I never saw a better third-base coach. I lost an assistant manager when Schacht decided to go out on his own."

Laughs were abundant, the food was good and there was no work which appealed more to Schacht, but he began to get restless five years ago. Schacht realized he had gone as far as he could in baseball. At \$6,000 a year he was in the higher salary bracket for a coach and he knew nobody in his right mind would entrust him with managing a team. His only hope for a secure future in baseball was to go barnstorming with his comedy act. He sent out a few inquiries to people he knew in the minor leagues, asking whether he could get bookings for a modest tour. To his amazement, he was deluged with enough engagements for a solid season. Originally, Schacht planned to play the sticks for two years, then go into business with a brother who is a metal manufacturer. He never will, of course. By next year he will be the highest paid performer in baseball.

Schacht gets from \$100 to \$500 for a half-hour show, proof positive that it's smart to be silly. The act starts with Schacht, wearing a rusty frock coat over his uniform, a battered silk hat and a maniacal expression, circulating in the stands and kidding the customers. They laugh when Schacht sits down and plays the infield and makes circus catches. He then goes into his feature presentation, the slow-motion pantomime which invariably brings down the



"His mother was frightened by a comedian."



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* * *

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In response to numerous requests, special reprints of this page have been prepared. Copies suitable for framing may be obtained by writing to Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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house. If he has time, he will do a comic play-by-play of the first inning or two over the public-address system. Ninety percent of his appearances are made at night and he immediately sets out after the show for his next stop, averaging 420 miles of night driving for almost six straight months. Last year he jumped from St. Paul to Hollywood, a distance of 2118 miles, and made it in forty-eight hours.

He always is devising new gags and there are no limits to his insane ingenuity. A typical Schacht production number opens with a catcher's glove so large that it is trundled on the field in a wheelbarrow. The maestro follows wearing a bird-cage for a mask. He goes through the mo-

tions of chasing a high foul and in taking off the mask a canary is released. Schacht takes a pot-shot at the bird with a rifle planted in the glove and an assistant on the roof hurls a stuffed cat to the field. Curtain.

Such elaborate acts lead to constant friction between Schacht and Murray Goodman, his manager, who says he has the theatrical instinct which makes two slices of rye bread quiver to fulfill their predestined purpose. Goodman wants his artist to eliminate all props—"Don't be a ham, Al"—and confine himself to pantomime, which has been the basis of his success. Goodman is winning his point gradually, but it has been a long, hard fight.

The customers will be wanting to know whether Schacht is a frustrated ball player or an actor at heart. Well, we put the question up to him, man to man.

"Some day," he answered dreamily, "I'm gonna get a house with a little back yard. In this yard I'm gonna lay out a diamond with the bases ten feet apart and right behind first base I'm gonna build a low fence about two feet high. Then I'm gonna hire a guy to pitch nice and soft to me all day long. If he throws hard, he gets fired. It may take years, but I'm gonna bat until I hit the ball over that fence for the first home run of my life. I don't care what happens after that. I'll die happy."

Any questions?

Hocus-Pocus in Algeria

(Continued from page 7)

"Very good. I will kill you!"

The interpreter whispered excitedly in Houdin's ear, "A marabout!"

"You wish to kill me!" Houdin shouted back. "Well, I reply that though you are a sorcerer, I am still a greater one, and you will not kill me."

He handed a cavalry pistol to his adversary. The marabout examined it carefully. His sect's own trick would not be played upon him by this Frenchman. He made sure the vent was open.

"The weapon is good," the marabout finally acknowledged grimly, "and I will kill you."

"As you are determined," said Houdin, "for more certainty put in a double charge of powder and a wad on top."

"It is done."

"Now that you are quite sure your pistol is loaded and that it will explode, do you feel no remorse, no scruple about killing me thus, though I authorize you to do so?"

The marabout coldly waved aside such imputations of weakness. Evidently it would be a pleasure.

Houdin stepped a few yards away, stuck an apple in the point of a knife and held it over his heart.

"Aim straight at my heart," he ordered.

The Arab raised the pistol, aimed carefully.

Houdin stood there steadfast. How could anything go wrong? Yet so the son of his old master, Torrini, must have thought just before his father fired the shot that killed him.

Murderously, the marabout pulled the trigger.

The house echoed to the detonation.

Whirling smoke drifted away to show the small figure of the Frenchman still erect and smiling at his utterly flabbergasted audience. He cut open the apple and showed his would-be assassin his marked bullet lodged in its center. The dazed Arab seized the magic apple to serve as insurance when next anybody shot at him and retired hastily.

Houdin's last trick stopped the show. Placing a volunteer beneath a cone, he caused him to disappear. Thereupon the audience stampeded for the doors on the theory that it was much wiser to vanish of one's own accord and without any assist-

ance from a sorcerer. Outside, the fugitives met the materialized volunteer who, overwhelmed by a storm of questions, himself took flight.

After a second performance the next night had repeated the success of the first, a Kabyle chief confided in the French marshal, "Instead of killing your soldiers in conquering the Kabyles, send your French marabout to the most rebellious tribes and before a fortnight he will bring them all in."

This had been the big idea all along. So the government asked Houdin to venture into the interior, and the intrepid magician assumed the risk. This time, however, he was not to escape without firing a shot and shedding some of his own blood.

At an encampment in the desert, a jealous marabout challenged Houdin to prove his invulnerability in a duel with pistols. This test could not be avoided or all the prestige gained would be lost. Houdin asked a few hours to prepare himself with prayer. He used the time to mould two hollow balls of wax blackened to resemble bullets. One he filled with his own blood.

Before a great concourse of Arabs, the duelists advanced to choose and load their weapons. Houdin was nervous. It was one thing to manage this trick on a stage and another in the bright sunlight with spectators on all sides. But his art did not fail him. Cleverly he palmed the lead bullets and substituted the wax ones. The one in the marabout's pistol was crushed into harmlessness when rammed home. Houdin loaded his own gun



"What would I do if you died? I'd bury you, same as anybody else would do."

more carefully with the other bullet.

They took their posts fifteen paces apart. At a signal, the marabout fired. In dumfounded amazement he saw his bullet appear, gripped between the teeth of his opponent. Then Houdin shifted his aim from the helpless marabout and fired at a whitewashed wall. Lo and behold, upon it appeared a crimson blotch—blood!

THE desert chieftains welcomed and feasted Houdin throughout his triumphant tour. To them he admitted that his feats were no miracles but tricks, just like the marabouts', which was first-rate psychology. Thus he dispelled the claims of his rivals to supernatural powers and destroyed their influence. With the thanks of his compatriots loud in his ears, the little magician, who had stamped out a revolt and done so much to make Algeria a loyal colony of France, sailed for home.

Once a magician, always a magician. But it was to modern magic, the practical application of electricity, that Houdin devoted the latter part of his life. His villa, like the homes of Franklin and Jefferson, was equipped by him with numerous ingenious devices and gadgets. By 1868, he had installed electric bells, long in advance of their general use.

The gate of his estate was electrically controlled from the house. When the letters were deposited in his mail box, a bell rang in the house; and bullseyes in his shooting gallery were registered by electricity. The swinging door into the kitchen generated current to run the clock in the bell tower. Electric alarm clocks woke the staff at specified times, nor was there any oversleeping, for a button had to be pressed to turn off the ringing. Houdin could control electrically the cook's clock, speeding it up if he desired his meals earlier.

When he had trouble with a groom stealing oats, Houdin invented electrical clockwork which started and stopped the flow of grain into the mangers, meanwhile locking the stable door. There was an electrical thermostat which registered the degree of heat maintained in his greenhouse and another which rang an alarm in case of fire in the woodshed.

Before this scientific wizard died in 1871, he was faced with another war. Beyond inventing a Prussian-proof secret hiding place for his own and his neighbors' valuables, Houdin took no part, which was unfortunate, for he might have produced a contrivance useful against the foe. In 1870, France could have used some good tricks—as now.

The Amiable East

(Continued from page 16)

twelve miles from the International Boundary, and only by the grace of Daniel Webster's diplomacy is it American, instead of Canadian, today. In its forests is to be found unsurpassable hunting; in its lakes and streams trout and salmon leap and flash, and there is deep-sea fishing beyond the lobster pots off the coast.

In extreme contrast to such a holiday in the wilds, fashionable Bar Harbor basks in the sunshine of Mt. Desert Island. Sharing the island is the unspoiled freshness of the Acadia National Park, which now spreads over the bay to long Schoodic Point on the Mainland. The Mt. Desert Light guards them both.

Acadia, five hundred miles from New York, in the territory which in the early days belonged to France, was the first national park to be established in the East. With a grandeur of its own, Acadia, surrounded by the sea, is unique in including coastal waters in its recreational area. Daily boat trips along the shores of Frenchman Bay are one of its great attractions for inland dwellers. Within the Park there are a very well kept public camping ground and, for short excursions, cleared picnic grounds. Travelers by car, entering the Park either from

Bar Harbor or from Seal Harbor, will find good roads, and it is even possible to drive right up to the top of Mt. Cadillac, the highest point on the eastern coast.

Wild life and flowers and trees, so well protected, are among the greatest charms of Acadia. The Park lies directly along the route of migration for those birds which take the Coast Line South, and its forests are part of the great Appalachian forest which at one time marched unbroken from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. It is the white pine of this forest which is the emblem of Maine. All through the warm months dells and valleys are mantled with flowers. Wild orchids grow bravely, and in mid-summer may be seen the pale purple of the fringed orchid.

To the South of Acadia begins the archipelago of islands which spangle the sheltered bays and waterways indenting the coast. In Penobscot and Casco Bays are such islands as North Haven, Deer, and simple, old, peaceful Chebeague. Rugged beaches offer superb bathing to swimmers hardy enough to endure the cold water for the sake of the exhilaration it brings. If a return to the past is sought, one which will recall a long-gone Maine, it is possible to put out from Camden in a wind-jammer



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It need not be said that boats of all sorts are endemic to the New England Coast; boating and yachting are today, as they have been through the years, among the principal sports and interests of New Englanders.

Over the fine roads of New Hampshire, with close glimpses of the White Mountains, motorists can swoop into hilly Vermont. Constant are the reminders of Vermont's part in the Revolution, and no one can cross the State without giving a thought to the Green Mountain Boys, to Ethan Allen and to Fort Ticonderoga just across the New York line. Weeks could be spent in these States, with visits to sites crammed with American history. Adventures along quiet country roads, bordering lakes and forests, lead, more often than not, to an old, old house which is a gem of early American architecture.

Less remote, however, for many travelers, is Cape Cod, that long arm which reaches into the Atlantic to embrace a dozen or more holiday spots, each, from Hyannis to Provincetown, unique, and inviting for reasons of its own. A new bridge, spanning Narragansett Bay and joining Jamestown to western Rhode Island, brings the Cape fifty miles nearer to New Yorkers.

BUT it may be that the road to this peaceful vacation winds not toward the vigorous North, but into the smiling graciousness of the South.

The South has long been considered a winter playground. But it is in spring, summer and early autumn that the legendary "old South" comes to the fore, that its full romantic sweetness and beauty can be felt. Then is a perfect time for a trip to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and through the Shenandoah Valley.

Although by summer the dogwood and the bright judas-tree blossoms have faded, there are still azaleas and late rhododendrons in bloom, and in July in the Smokies there is the amazing and unforgettable picture of the mountain-side a-gleam with the gold of mimosa.

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, one of the youngest of the eastern National Parks, is a gift to America in part from Tennessee, North Carolina, and the United States itself, and in part from John D. Rockefeller, Jr. as a tribute to his mother.

The Great Smokies straddle the border between Tennessee and North Carolina. A part of the Appalachian Range, they are the densest rank of mountains east of South Dakota's Black Hills. The almost tangible haze, deeply blue, which rises from the luxuriant vegetation at their feet, gives them their name.

Clinging to the mountain-sides are hundreds of acres of virgin timber.

Among the red spruce and sturdy hardwood trees race miles of trout streams, already superlative, which the National Park Service plans to make the best in the eastern States. Riding and hiking trails have been blazed, and Clingmans Dome Highway, rearing over 6,000 feet into the air, is the highest highway in the East. Another highway crosses the park from Gatlinburg, Tennessee, to emerge at Bryson City on the North Carolina side. A favorite retreat these many years for vacationers from the deep South and from the nearby Carolinas, now that new roads make them accessible, the Smokies are drawing hordes of visitors from all over the country. Trails and camps have been greatly refurbished this summer, in the expectation of one of the greatest seasons they have ever seen.

From the Great Smoky Park to the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia, the Blue Ridge Highway, which will be restricted to passenger vehicles, approaches completion this summer. To all intents and purposes a continuation of the scarcely older Skyline Drive, the Highway, planned in 1933, was delayed for five years, until at last the Cherokee Indians, whose reservation nestles in the foothills of the Smokies, voted to grant the right of way. Construction has been in the hands of the Bureau of Public Roads and engineers of the War Department.

The Shenandoah Park reserves for an American vacation ground more than 180 acres of the famous, storied region. The Blue Ridge Mountains on the east, the Alleghenies on the west, guard the gentle, thirty-mile-wide valley. Within these acres the wilderness has its way, save for roads and trails, and those up-to-date habitations which go a long way toward making the wilderness, if not paradise, certainly comfortable.

Opened for colonization by Governor Spotswood at Jamestown in 1776, the valley, only 250 miles from New York, opens at the Potomac and rolls softly southward for 200 miles to Roanoke. It may be entered through Hagerstown, Maryland, although Front Royal, nineteen miles south of Winchester, is considered to be the northern gate.

It is probably the Skyline Drive, more than any other feature, which has brought the Shenandoah National Park sharply to the public consciousness. Begun in 1931, the Drive, slipping along the crest of the mountains, traverses the entire length of the Park. Only two motor highways intersect it—the Lee Highway, at Thornton Gap, and the Spotswood Trail, at Swift Run Gap. Riding trails, however, have been carefully worked out, and form a network within the Park. It is possible here to venture upon the Appalachian Trail, which finds its way from far-off Maine to Georgia.

In this journey through the gracious valley may be included many of Virginia's memorable sights.

On the Lee Highway are the Luray Caverns, grotesque yet magnificent in the midst of loveliness. Not far from Waynesboro, near the present terminal of the Drive, lies Staunton, in other days a cross roads where met covered-wagon caravans and the gleaming carriages of the elegants of the Carolinas and of the Tidewater. South and to the east of Waynesboro, Charlottesville is tucked among sunny slopes. Here is the University, founded and designed by Thomas Jefferson, and only two miles south is Monticello, the gorgeous home which has become a national shrine. Of interest also to the historically minded is Breemo, a complete, oldtime plantation.

Virginia boasts of its seashore resorts, too. Thrusting out into the Atlantic, Virginia Beach was not unknown to Captain John Smith. He could never have imagined, however, that that strip of coast could become the entrancing resort that it is today. Within a range of a few miles there are swimming, smooth sands upon which to catch the sun, fishing, riding and splendid golfing.

At the northernmost end of the Beach is Cape Henry, where was founded America's first permanent settlement. In this old and romantic county of Princess Anne mementos abound, not too far from the Beach, of the earliest days of America. Old churches and older houses create visions of bewigged and beruffled gentlemen, of the graceful way of life that was even then in the making for the South.

But before Virginia Beach, there is Tidewater, Virginia, full of years

and memories, to be explored. Between the two broad blue ribbons which are the York and the James Rivers, lies Williamsburg, the Colonial Capital of America. Williamsburg, authentically restored, may be called the living shrine of the elegance, grace, and beauty which unbelievably lighted this little corner of America, when the rest of the country was shakily emerging from wilderness.

JAMESTOWN, peaceful today at its quiet anchorage on the James River, knew famine and pestilence and massacre before it became the Virginia colony's first seat of government; and at Yorktown, across the peninsula, the curtain fell upon the American Revolution when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.

Whether the vacation this summer leads to the North or to the South, beauty fills the eye, and comfort is there for the asking. Historic spots tell of struggles endured, of obstacles overcome, the ordered countryside speaks of a way of living won hardily, and deeply treasured.

The airlines and railroads of the nation can carry you from wherever you begin your vacation to all the vacation spots in New England, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Virginia. The new railroad Travel Credit plan is going to make it a lot easier for many more people to take longer vacations this year. If you're driving your own car, or traveling by bus, you'll roll over highways that are laid through some of the most picturesque scenery in the country. And take your camera with you—you'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

Thomas Mann. This eloquent discussion of the basic issues is more like an essay—only 66 pages long, but it gets at the truth. Dr. Mann puts his finger on the malady—that the German leaders and the people who follow them hold the pessimistic view of interest as the motive of all thinking. A nation that denies that there can be any contact between power and morality can hardly be fit to exercise power, says Dr. Mann. Under "that unexampled intellectual and civil dishonor, namely National Socialism", Germany has "shaped its purposes finally and fundamentally for power and for world domination, inspired by an insane envy of England". Dr. Mann sees his native land as fighting not for peace and greatness, but for "the fortunes of a dozen upstarts and adventurers linked together by their crimes". His little essay is a clear statement of the issues of the conflict. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1)

Other recent books that have a

bearing on the issue of the war and American defense are "Why Europe Fights", by Walter Millis, author of "Road to War", who attempts to give a simple, straightforward resumé of the principal political maneuvers since the treaty of Versailles, including the rise of the Nazi party and the gradual crumbling of the appeasement policy of the democracies. This book will help you to check up on the important events of twenty years, but it does not offer a new point of view. (Morrow, \$2.50). Charles A. Beard's argument for keeping out of Europe, "A Foreign Policy for America", is an exposition of the "mind our own business" policy, with special emphasis on the western hemisphere, or "continental Americanism", as opposed to investments and military entanglements abroad. (Knopf, \$1.50). Raymond Leslie Buell, on the other hand, sees isolation impossible; in "Isolated America" he describes all the dangers that affect the United

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States, advocates a carefully prepared defense policy and participation in attempts at international regulation in the future, since we cannot escape the consequences of world trade, a world monetary system and the speed with which communications make distance of no moment. Mr. Buell's book covers a great deal of ground and is most carefully prepared; it gives Americans a lot to think about. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3)

AT the New York World's Fair many visitors crowd the demonstration room of the General Electric Company in order to get a thrill out of man-made lightning. Why scientists try to reproduce lightning is made clear in a new book, "Playing With Lightning", by two workers in the laboratory of General Electric—Dr. K. B. McEachron, assisted by Kenneth G. Patrick. This investigation was begun by the late Charles P. Steinmetz, who had a shack in the Berkshires, where he used to study thunderstorms. In reproducing lightning scientists learn how to protect the high voltage wires that carry power and the low voltage telephone and telegraph wires. They say that the lightning rod still offers protection, if properly installed, and that unless a man lives in a steel-frame building he can be injured if

he touches a radio, electric sewing machine or bathtub during an electric storm. Lightning may strike twice in the same place. If you hear thunder, the lightning did not strike you; if you see lightning, it missed you; if it strikes you, you won't know it. (Random House, \$2.50)

EVER since Dr. Mortimer J. Adler told of all the different ways to squeeze the juice out of a book in his "How to Read a Book", friends have been asking me how a reviewer, who is supposed to keep abreast of the new books, can ever become intimately acquainted with the books he reads. He can't, unless he takes time to read a book several times. The non-professional reader, who reads for pleasure, is under no compulsion to rush through books just to cover the ground; he may read leisurely and get thorough enjoyment out of a few books. For instance, it is easy to see how the discontented, jaded characters in Louis Bromfield's "Night in Bombay" work out their problems, but if you read slowly you will see how well he has built up the mood of that torrid period in India, where the weather is an important factor in the way the characters act and feel. With plenty of leisure and a comfortable chair on a cool porch, the reader may forget France of the present to become intimately ac-

quainted with the life of the talented pianiste in "Cecile Pasquier" and to study her problem of an unloved husband and a beloved child. The reader may even go back to those earlier Pasquier stories by Georges Duhamel, describing the interesting life of a Parisian family, in which Papa Pasquier is the blundering and eccentric patriarch, a most satisfying portrayal of life among the middle class in Paris. (Henry Holt & Co., \$2.75). "Cecile Pasquier" is not wholly about Cecile; a large part deals with the young scientist, Laurent, who played an important part in the earlier volumes of this author.

The reader who doesn't want to linger too long with one book will be grateful for the collected stories of one author; in this instance, "When the Whippoorwill" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. (Scribner, \$2.50). Mrs. Rawlings endeared herself to the whole nation by portraying Jody and the backwoods people of the Florida pines in "The Yearling". The present volume has some capital stories of the piney woods people, showing that some are shiftless and others are courageous; it portrays the lonely lot of the women, the ability to make the best of things. Mrs. Rawlings manages to picture the amusing side of these people without making fun of them.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Stamford, Conn., Lodge Presents Police With Safety Equipment

Acting on behalf of the members of Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899, E.R. Cornelius H. McGuinness presented the Stamford Police Department recently with a synchronized projection machine. The equipment was accepted by P.E.R. Mayor Charles E. Moore, representing the city of Stamford, and Chief John B. Brennan, acting for the Police Department. Other speakers were Edward J. Dwyer, Chairman of the Elks' Safety Committee, P.E.R. Paul P. Pavia and Policeman Carl W. Paight, who is in charge of traffic statistics for the local department.

The machine will be used in conjunction with the police safety campaigns being carried out in the schools and by a number of business organizations.

Galveston, Texas, Lodge Loses Veteran Secretary Through Death

P.E.R. Maurice Meyer, Secretary of Galveston, Texas, Lodge, No. 126, for 46 consecutive years, died on the morning of June 2 of a heart attack. Mr. Meyer was devoted to the Order, and was one of the local lodge's most faithful members. During the afternoon before his death, he completed all of his financial reports for the previous months covering lodge affairs and club room operation. His records were regarded as models of efficiency throughout the State. Mr. Meyer attended many Grand Lodge Conventions.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Henry Cohen, a member of Galveston Lodge and widely known as a religious leader. Five Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge and D.D. Thomas W. Hopkins, of Houston, Tex., Lodge, acted as pallbearers.

No Arrears Are Shown on Books Of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge

Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, enjoys the distinction of having closed its fiscal year on March 31, 1940, with a one hundred per cent paid up membership. The lodge gives credit for this perfect record to its genial and capable secretary, George J. Schaffhauser, who was elected for his sixth term at the beginning of the new lodge year. Mr. Schaffhauser has been an Elk since 1909. He is active in numerous civic enterprises.

Newspaper Men Are Entertained By Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

"Press Night" was held recently by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, with publishers, editors and writers of the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Bay district newspapers as guests of the evening. The scribes recounted dramatic incidents in their experiences in quest of news and numerous humorous happenings were described. A close and friendly relationship exists between the lodge and the publications in the jurisdiction.

The "906" Glee Club and Band gave

a concert recently in the local High School Auditorium. A portion of the proceeds was donated to the underprivileged boys' summer camp fund in which the lodge is greatly interested.

Cullman, Ala., Elks' Float Wins First Honor In Festival Parade

Cullman, Ala., Lodge, No. 1609, took first honor for having the most beautiful float in the huge parade held during the Strawberry Festival at Cullman on May 15-16. In addition, Russell Smith, a member, was elected King of the Festival and the lodge's choice, Miss Margaret Engel, was elected Queen.

The float was designed and built by R. E. Meldrum, with the able assistance of Lawrence Veigle, Cliff Skipper, Carl Hembre and Haynes Windsor, all of whom are members of Cullman Lodge. Mr. Meldrum was Chairman of the Elks Festival Float Committee.

Cumberland, Maryland, Lodge Observes Its 53rd Birthday

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, observed its 53rd anniversary in a manner befitting the occasion by holding a large dance on April 24. The lodge home, gaily decorated, was filled to capacity, and entertainment and refreshments were provided. The visit of Frank Hladky, of Annapolis, Pres. of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Assn., was a highlight of the celebration.

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.

3:00 P.M. Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, 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 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 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 Elksdom on Parade. Night parade. 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.

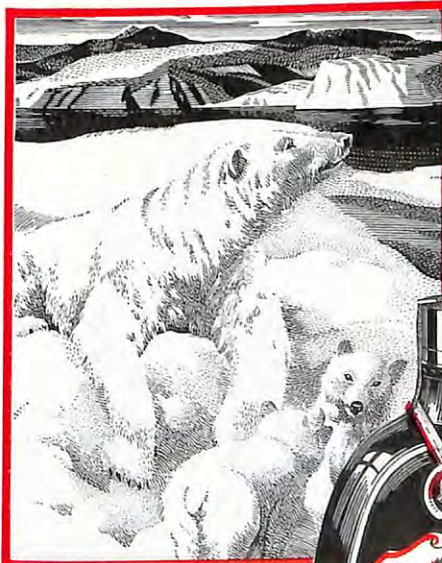
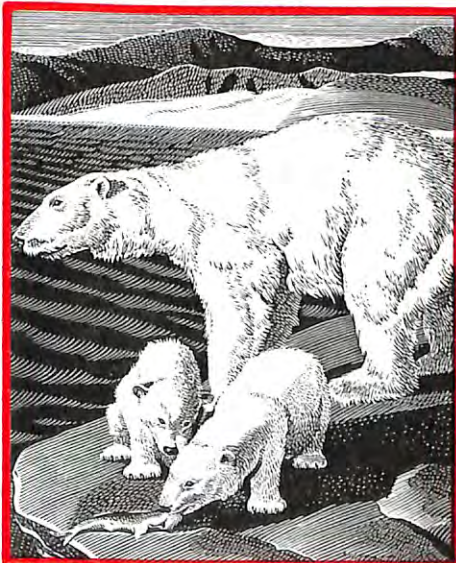
10:00 P.M. Mexico City Tour via Missouri Pacific and the National Railways of Mexico leaves Union Station.

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

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Your DOG

by Edward Faust

Dogs in the Dog Days

A HOTEL prospectus holds him spellbound, steamer schedules do things to his blood-pressure and he spends practically all his spare moments, this friend of ours, planning wonderful vacations. But barring the time that he came to life in a city some six hundred miles from his home, following a star-spangled joust with the Demon Rum, he's never had a vacation, never altered his daily routine of home-to-office, office-to-home. True, in this he enjoys a certain advantage, dwelling as he does in an Elysium of anticipation which can provide no let-downs, but he does miss a lot of fun that you or your writer would certainly enjoy. We like vacations. In fact we're crazy about them, and right here and now we're serving notice to both political parties that any candidate they name who will put a plank in his platform for double vacations, one for summer and another

for winter, gets our vote. Yes, indeed, we're all for bigger and better loafing periods for everybody, except, possibly, that public enemy who chooses this time to abandon his dog. Oh, yes, we've known one or two to do this shameful thing.

To enjoy a dog's love and companionship for fifty weeks of the year only to turn it loose to shift for itself while one would vacationing go, is not only cruelty but entirely unnecessary cruelty. If one cannot arrange to secure a decent temporary home for the animal or is reluctant to spend the few dollars a boarding kennel would charge, it is quite possible to take the dog along on the outing. As a matter of fact, most dogs keenly enjoy a change of scene and the wise owner finds that taking his four-legged friend with him adds much to the fun that he has while away, and this goes whether it is to be a touring vacation or one spent at some farm, seaside or summer resort. The number of hotels that welcome dogs increases every year and some of them go so far as to provide special kennel accommodations for the pets of their guests, with special dietetic arrange-

ments for them. Others cheerfully permit the dog to be kept in its owner's room and only ask that it be restrained from undue barking or from becoming a nuisance to other guests. The sensible owner will keep his dog from loitering in the public rooms of such hotels and will by all means not bring him into the dining room. As much as we like dogs, we certainly don't approve of their being brought into public eating places and of all things condemn their being fed in them. After all, there are some people who are not exactly enthusiastic about the dog, many of them fine people whose sensibilities shouldn't be shocked. The considerate owner will also keep his dog off hotel beds. This is only a fair return for the privilege of being allowed to have the dog in one's room. Of course, the sensible thing to do when arranging for the trip is to write to those hotels you plan to stop at and ask whether or not your dog will be allowed to stay with you.

Now, as to the manner of going away. If this is to be by train, then you may find that the road you plan to use will insist that the dog be confined to baggage coach. This isn't a hardship for him, provided the journey isn't one that will take many days. You can either travel with him on the same train or have him shipped to your destination after you arrive. This business of shipping isn't the complicated thing that it first appears to be. If yours is a small or medium-sized dog, he can be crated very easily and the express company will give every attention in the way of cleaning, feeding and watering it. Should you have the dog sent this way, be sure to tack a placard on the outside of the crate if you want him fed en route, and it's a good idea to include a bag of his food attached to the outside of the crate.

Now if yours is going to be an automobile journey you may be faced with the problem of car-sickness about which there isn't much you can do. Your veterinarian may be able to give you some small prescription that will help the animal but it is a good precaution to withhold all food when you start. You can give the dog a little water, but it is best to give him whatever he is accustomed to eat at the end of the day when you have completed your journey for that day. However, all dogs don't get car-sick and maybe you are fortunate enough to have that kind. On this matter of food—when you are away with Fido try to give him the same rations which he was used to getting at home. A change of diet isn't always a good thing, you know, nor is a change of water, but there isn't much you can do about that.

Now, assuming that you've arrived at your temporary playground, we'll repeat, don't inflict your dog upon strangers. If people show a disposition to be friendly toward him, fine, but if they don't, then keep him re-



Doris Day from Atlas Photos

strained. Another thing, you may go where there is water, a lake or the sea-side. Don't practice that very unfunny stunt of tossing Fido into the drink. If he hasn't been in water over his head before, this is going to be a shock to him that may give him a very jaundiced opinion of it. Besides, it's a cruel thing to do. Now, almost all dogs can swim instinctively, but the horrendous (to the dog) experience of being thrown in over his head is about the worst way to get him to swim. Another thing to be avoided is to repeatedly throw sticks or other objects into the water for him to retrieve. To the dog this is one of the most fascinating of all games, but if indulged in too much will soon exhaust him. More than one fine animal has drowned gallantly trying to reach the shore. If you bring the dog to the seaside, don't, unless he is a large and powerful fellow, allow him to go into very rough water. For a small dog, put the surf out of bounds entirely. Along certain parts of the coast we have seen water so rough, surf so high, that no dog, unless a well-experienced Newfoundland to whom rough sea is duck soup, should be permitted to enter. As salt water is somewhat of a skin irritant, it is best to keep the dog that has any sort of rash out of it. Sea water will only make the condition worse.

If by chance you happen to be sojourning in a place that you know is occupied by such snakes as the copperhead, the rattler or moccasin, don't let your dog romp about too freely. Any one of those reptiles is capable of killing a small dog and even a large one, particularly if it is not in robust condition. If by some lucky chance the bitten dog does not die, he'll be a very, very sick pooch before he gets well. As a matter of fact, a copperhead killed a wire-haired fox terrier owned by the writer only on the outskirts of New York City. Bit him on the tummy. Result—convulsions and a dog funeral.

Now, as to the care of your friend during the hot weather. You won't have to coddle him, but he will need a bit more attention than is given to him when the thermometer is in

the mood to behave itself.

In the first place, whether on vacation or at home, he should have access to shade at all times. Dogs like sunlight. They're perhaps the original sun-bathers, but you'll notice that when they get enough of it, "and they know how much is enough to a T", they'll hunt around for a shady spot. If they are outdoors all day, unrestrained, they'll spend the time alternately roasting and cooling off.

While on this business of shade, when the dog is outdoors for any length of time, see that he has ample drinking water and don't let that remain in the sun. Dogs don't like tepid water any more than people do. It's best to change the water once or twice a day. But avoid the mistaken kindness of giving him ice water which, if too cold, will put a crimp in Towser's tummy.

HERE'S the time of the year of all times when, if your dog is housed in an outside kennel, the utmost cleanliness should prevail. Don't let droppings lie around, or soiled bedding, either. This, too, is a time of the year when insects, fleas, etc. get in their best licks. Heat helps no end in increasing vermin.

It's a good thing, too, if your dog gets choosy for a meal or so and leaves any portion uneaten, to remove such food quickly; otherwise, if exposed too long it will sour or spoil and your dog will, if he later tries to eat it, get the same results obtained by little Willie when he eats green apples. A mistaken belief persists that meat shouldn't be included in dog diet during hot weather. Well, there's nothing against meat at this time, but it can for cooling purposes be mixed with one of the prepared dry dog foods.

Now, on the subject of water again: it is a well-known fact that a bit of salt added to drinking water in warm weather helps human beings materially to avoid heat prostration. You see, a large part of perspiration consists of salt, and we are only putting back what the body loses when we add a pinch of salt to that cup that refreshes even if it doesn't cheer. Now, dogs perspire, largely through the tongue. There are some people who'll tell you that having no

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"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.

body pores, your dog perspires only through his tongue, but that's the stuff they fill balloons with. On a warm day we have seen clearly damp footprints left by some of our dogs on the concrete floor of our porch. I believe it's called verandah in the South—am I right, Southerners? More than this, between the legs and under the armpits of those same dogs traces of moisture can be detected. The dog that seems to be suffering excessively from the heat should have a wee pinch of salt placed in his drinking bowl and had best be brought in out of the sun and confined, if possible, to the cooler realms of the cellar, or, lacking that, in some room with the shades drawn.

When the dog is outdoors, let him dig all the holes he wants to. If allowed, he'll do this and in doing so will cool off by lying in the hole. Of course this does not go if he begins his excavation work on your favorite flower-bed. Darn them! They will do that sometimes.

We'd like to put this in electric lights—**DON'T ENCOURAGE YOUR DOG TO INDULGE IN VIOLENT EXERCISE** during hot weather. This sometimes will result in a fit. Keep him quiet when the thermometer is up. Now, if he does have a fit, don't you get one. Keep your head. A simple fit in a dog isn't pretty to look at, neither is it

anything to call out the marines about. Try to get hold of the dog. Put him in a cool, quiet place—again the cellar's the spot. Put, *don't throw*, cold water on his head. Talk quietly to him. By this we don't mean that you should read him a bedtime story, but just talk quietly and firmly and as soothingly as you can. If you can get all three of these inflections in your voice, then you'll be able to teach Edgar Bergen a thing or two, but you'll get the point we're trying to make.

FOR the pooch that gives evidence of suffering from the heat, as we've said, put him in a cool, quiet place; but, as we didn't say and will now, it will help if you bathe him under the arms (the armpits) with cold water and souse his head with it, too.

Of all seasons of the year summer is the time when your friend needs more grooming. He should be brushed and combed at least every other day—this for the purpose of keeping his skin clean and also to enable you to detect the presence of parasites. For the free-running country dog, look out for ticks. If you find any on the dog's skin, and you usually don't notice them until they've become bloated with the dog's blood, the best way to remove them is to apply a drop of ether or chloroform to them first. To at-

tempt to snatch them free of the dog's skin is risking the possibility that the head will remain buried in it and create a festering sore. Turpentine also is a good knockout fluid to use on them, but don't use more than a few drops, as the dog's skin is very sensitive to certain liquids.

Under the head of grooming comes the business of bathing the dog, and in summer he can and should have a bit more tubbing than you'd give him at other times. Be sure the dog is dried right down to the skin. Damp dogs develop colds; these mean—maybe—distemper. Play with the dog after his bath or induce him to romp with any toy he may own. And that's about all on the subject of bathing.

One other thing—don't make the mistake of having a long-coated dog clipped close for hot-weather comfort. You see, the long coat hasn't a thing to do with making the dog warmer. As a matter of fact, it's an insulating protection against heat and the sun's rays. And as a further matter of fact, certain of the short-coated breeds are notorious sufferers during the summer, so much so that some of the outdoor dog shows at that time of the year, while permitting all other breeds to be judged in the open sunlight, hold the judging of some of the short-coated fellows under the cool shadiness of tents.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit

(Continued from page 37)

Trustee James A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo, and Past State Pres. F. E. Dayton, Salinas, who introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. A class of 36 candidates was initiated, the ceremony being conducted by the 1939-40 district championship ritualistic team of Monterey Lodge headed by P.E.R. Stanley Douglas. The meeting was then turned over to Mr. Ingels as President of the District Get-Together Association, who made a brief speech followed by an address of welcome by Mayor E. J. Leach and the address delivered by Mr. Warner which climaxed the program.

On Friday, May 10, the officers and members of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, tendered an informal breakfast to Mr. Warner. Mr. Mellmann, Mr. Potter and Mr. Cianciarulo were among the guests.

The Grand Exalted Ruler received a rousing welcome when he arrived in Vallejo at noon on May 10, accompanied by Mr. Mellmann, Mr. Potter, and Mr. Cianciarulo. The party was greeted at the Carquinez bridgehead by E.R. Charles T. Reynolds and a delegation of Vallejo members, including P.E.R. Frank M. Dickey, Chairman of Arrangements. Escorted by local police department traffic officers, Mr. Warner and the members of his party were taken through the downtown district and on to the Casa de Vallejo where they were honor guests at a luncheon. Mr. Dickey was Toastmaster. Among others present were Capt. Andrew D. Denney, Acting Commandant of Mare Island Navy Yard; Commander L. P. Padgett; charter member Senior P.E.R. Frank R. Devlin; present and past of-

ficers of Vallejo Lodge No. 559 and charter members John Brownlie, and P.E.R. Nate E. Hanson; Mayor Jack Stewart; Luther E. Gibson and Dr. H. R. Quinney, Pres.'s of the Senior and Junior Chambers of Commerce respectively; Commissioners Frank Brew and J. Hayden Perkins, and members of the press. Later in the afternoon Mr. Warner was officially welcomed to Mare Island by Capt. Denney.

The evening program featured a banquet at the lodge home, a regular meeting and a buffet supper. The attendance of more than 1,000 Elks included Mr. Warner and his party; Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3; officers and members of the host lodge, with Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Dickey presiding; Exalted Rulers and their officers from 13 Bay District lodges, and E.R. Frank A. Toolan and Secy. G. H. Chapman, of Stockton Lodge No. 218, which is in the Calif. North District. Eureka Lodge No. 652, farthest north in the Bay area, was represented by three officers. Mr. Warner's address highlighted one of the biggest nights in the forty-year history of Vallejo Lodge. Entertainment was supplied by the combined Glee Clubs of Oakland Lodge No. 171 and Richmond Lodge No. 1251.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Warner, and Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler, were guests of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, on May 23. Many prominent members of the Order attended the

banquet at the Virginian Hotel and the dance and buffet supper held later in the lodge home. Mr. Warner was the principal speaker at the banquet, at which Exalted Ruler D. Hampton Kizer, Jr., presided and other guests made brief talks. A floor show was part of the entertainment presented in the lodge rooms. There was also a brief ceremony attending the presentation of a silver pitcher and goblets to Mr. Warner. The Eleven O'clock Toast was pronounced by the Grand Exalted Ruler. In his party were Grand Trustees Fred B. Mellmann of Oakland, Calif., with Mrs. Mellmann, Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, W. Va., and Mrs. Kepner, and J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D.; Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., and Mrs. McLean; John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Scott of Bedford, Va. Mr. Scott is the Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford. The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees was held during the week at the Home and many who attended remained for the festivities with which Grand Exalted Ruler Warner was honored by Lynchburg Lodge. The following members of the lodge composed the committee in charge of arrangements: R. C. Callahan, W. W. Averett, Jr., Harry P. Holt, Carl V. Hopkins, M. P. Tanner, John Burnett, Russell Blankinship, Robert Stump, Earl W. Wingo, Carter Glass, Jr., Charles E. Burks and Shuler A. Kizer.



Rod AND Gun

by Ray Trullinger

Mr. Trullinger has a little bit of everything for us this time, including some new game laws

WELL, here it is summer again, with vacations looming for a lot of work-weary hombres. Two weeks' or maybe a month's furlough from the jute mill, with nothing to do but fish, loaf and watch the whiskers sprout.

At least, that's Pop's idea of a vacation, even though Mom and the kids might have other plans. Pop craves a rustic cabin somewhere back of beyond, completely surrounded by hungry bass, trout, pike and other finned fauna. You've got to get off

the beaten track for good fishing these days, Pop argues, but the old man's vacation plans likely will founder on the rock of compromise.

The reason is that Mom wants to be within striking distance of the cinema and an occasional bingo binge. The kids, Junior and Sis, prefer a resort featuring a corny swing band, group aquatic sports and other diversissements of this kind. There is no record that Pop ever found good fishing in such a locality, but that's where he'll spend his vacation whether he likes it or not.

Quack, Quack Dept.

It won't be long now before we'll have the lowdown on this fall's migratory bird hunting regulations. New game laws and seasons usually are announced by the Bureau of Bi-

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ological Survey toward midsummer, and already rumors of changes are flying around.

Some of the more persistent which have reached these large ears include possible revocation of the live decoy ban, an earlier morning shooting deadline, a later and perhaps longer season on ducks and geese and the possibility that woodcock shooting will be prohibited, or at least restricted.

Barring a summer drought over Canada's prairie nesting area, whence come 70 percent of our ducks, next fall's flight likely will approximate the big migrations of fond memory. Last season's flight was up 15 percent over 1938 and the nation-wide kill was low because of generally poor gunning weather. All of which resulted in one of the heaviest—if not the heaviest—northern migration in a decade this spring.

Another factor which should contribute to a heavier duck flight this autumn is the fact that Canada's sportsmen will be busy with other and more serious gunning. Then, too, there's more than a possibility that this country's younger wild-fowlers will be shouldering something a little more potent than 12-gauges, come snowfall.

Literary Note

Better take some reading matter when you head for Camp Cozy on good old Siwash Lake. There are bound to be intervals when fish won't bite, and you'd just as well fill in these angling doldrums by reading about more successful fishermen.

Your correspondent suggests three new volumes, "The Big Ones Get Away", by Philip Wylie, ten grand salt water fishing yarns; "No Life So Happy", by Edwin L. Peterson, which details the adventures of two troutlers on a fishing trip, and Lew Wulff's superb new book on salmon fishing lore, "Leap-ing Silver".

Clay Bird Massacre

Beginning August 6th, 300-odd of the country's top-flight clay target fusileers will rally at the Onondaga Skeet Club, Syracuse, N.Y., to decide who's who in the sixth annual National Skeet championships. The tourney will continue for five days, and although your agent is willing to predict that enough ammunition will be consumed to settle a banana republic revolution, he is hesitant about naming the winner.

Defending champion in the all-bore event will be Walt Dinger, of Tulsa, Okla., who breezed home in front last year with a score of 247x250. That's hot skeet shooting in any man's league. The 20-gauge and smallbore champ is Don Sperry, the Flint, Mich., crack, who copped both titles in 1939 with twin scores of 99x100.

Dick Shaughnessy, the Dedham, Mass., schoolboy sensation, will defend his .410 short shell laurels and Pat Laursen, the Akron, Ohio, eyeful, likely will shoot the female competition dizzy to retain her women's championship.

Although potential winners of the big race likely will exceed two score, this observer wouldn't be surprised if a new champion turned up in the person of Dr. Robert F. Westemeier, Buffalo, former world's record long-run titlist and recent winner of the New York State individual crown.

Then, too, there's Frank R. Kelly, three-time all-America skeet team captain. Kelly's form was a bit off last year due to a minor affliction, but the smiling Jerseyite is reported back in shape and burning up those saucers in old-time style. He might not take it all, but he's going to be hard to beat.

Fish Deception Dept.

Are there no limits to human ingenuity? Now we have a unique lure, christened the "Rattle-bug", which is reported to drive game fish nuts through a combination of underwater vibrations and zig-zag wiggles.

Unlike usual lures, the Rattle-bug makes its presence felt, as the hoss handicappers put it, even before fish see it. By compelling attention through the sense of feeling as well as the sense of sight, the angler's chances of luring a cagey fish to strike are said to be doubled. Billy Rose is reported to have made a

million bucks last year at the Aquacade with the underwater wiggle and vibration idea. Maybe the Rattle-bug manufacturers have something, too.

Add Statistics

Approximately 1,000 hunters who start the season with us this fall won't be among those present when it ends, according to figures compiled by one of this country's great insurance companies.

Despite safety campaigns by fish and game commissions, countless pleas in the press, magazines and over the radio, 1,000 hunters will die this coming gunning season and another 5,000 will be variously injured, many as a result of criminal carelessness.

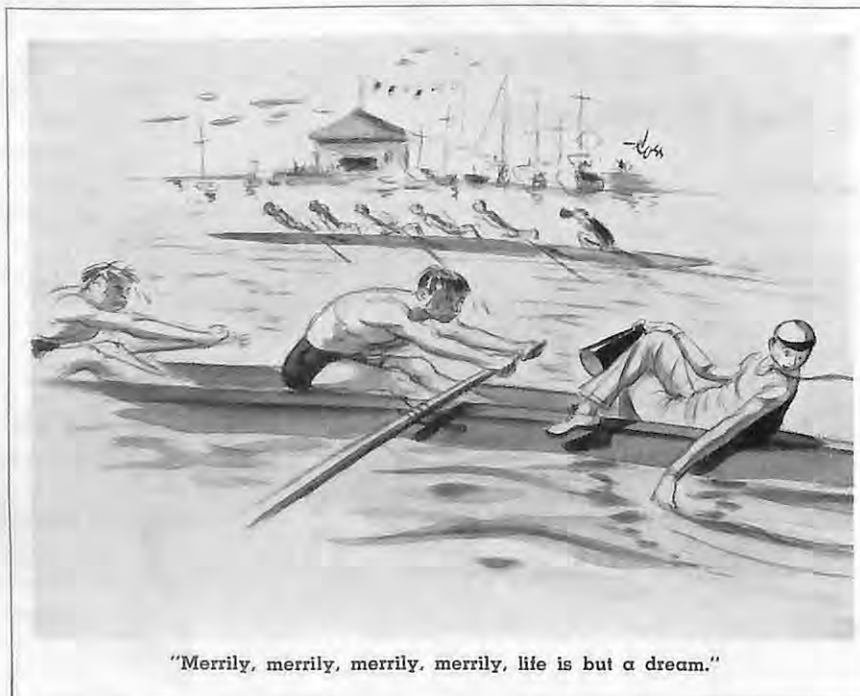
Some, of course, will depart this life via time-honored mental errors, as, for instance, pulling a loaded gun through a fence, muzzle first, but a few of the more original will kill—and be killed—in rather unusual ways.

There was, as an example of this last, that arboreal deer hunter of a few seasons ago. He decided it was easier to climb a tree and wait for deer to come to him than waste effort chasing his meat on the ground. It was a noble idea, except that he lost his balance in the tree, toppled from his airy perch and broke his neck. He not only broke his neck, but also shot himself through the brisket with his 30-30, the rifle discharging its lead when it hit the ground. It takes positive genius to kill yourself twice.

Then there was that dimwit in New York State awhile back. He mistook a flapping towel on a camp clothesline for a deer's tail, upped with his trusty meat-getter and cut loose. Result: One dead hunter and another badly injured. Many of the boys never seem to learn a thing.

Tip Dept.

If that new enameled fly line starts disintegrating on you about a week after you've landed in a fishing camp this summer, it isn't improbable that fly dope is responsible for the disaster. Some of these preparations have a ruinous effect on bugs, but what the average angler never suspects is that a few also will peel the enamel off a line like a monkey husking a banana. This is the voice of experience speaking. It was a long time before I learned this—but it took!



"Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream."

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

ALABAMA

The Convention of the Alabama State Elks Association, held in Anniston on May 12-13-14, was reported as being the largest in attendance and one of the most constructive in achievement of any of the Association's annual meetings. Officers for the year 1940-41 were elected unanimously as follows: Pres., Dr. H. A. Elkourie, Birmingham; Executive Vice-Pres., Charles L. De Bardeleben, Selma; District Vice-Pres's: G. R. Mayer, Sheffield; Henry W. White, Cullman; Sam C. Brodie, Ensley; A. E. Trayler, Selma; George A. Swim, Tuscaloosa; Harry H. Myers, Mobile; Charles H. Echols, Gadsden; Trustees: Harry Marks, Montgomery; Dave Israel, Blocton; W. S. Eastep, Florence; E. Y. Dishman, Anniston; George Ross, Bessemer; Secy-Treas., P. G. Buchanan, Birmingham; President Emeritus, Clarence M. Tardy, Birmingham; Chaplain, J. Hubka, Ensley; Sergeant-at-Arms, Carter Dobbs, Decatur.

Adopted unanimously was the report of the Philanthropic Committee, recommending the raising of a minimum of \$50,000 as the initial sum to spend on rehabilitation in needy cases and on worthy charities. All of the entertainment features provided by the host lodge, Anniston No. 189, were elaborate and enjoyable.

TEXAS

Texas Elks, at their 16th Annual Convention, held in Galveston, on May 25-26, elected C. E. Smeltz, of San Antonio, President of the Texas State Elks Association, and to serve with him during the ensuing year also elected the following officers: Vice-Pres's: W. Rees, of Dallas, M. A. deBettencourt, Houston, John H. Street, Cleburne, and H. V. Tull, Jr., Plainview; Trustees: Henry Block, Galveston, N. B. Wofford, Port Arthur and Dr. J. W. Bass, Dallas; Treas., Dr. T. A. Low, of Brenham. H. A. Nass, of San Antonio, was appointed Secretary by the new president, Mr. Smeltz. Amarillo was selected as the convention city for 1941. The Association's Annual Memorial Services were conducted by Grand Chaplain the Rev. J. B. Dobbins of Temple, Tex., Lodge.

The Convention drew an attendance of approximately 300, and many distinguished Elks were present. The speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell and Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk of Dallas Lodge; Retiring Pres. A. V. Tate, Galveston; Past State Pres. W. W. Short, Houston; Pres. Smeltz; P.D.D. W. A. James, Galveston, and Frank K. Holaday, prominent Dallas attorney. The "Elkadettes" from Houston Lodge marched in the parade welcoming Grand Lodge officers, along with Drum and Bugle Corps from Dallas and San Antonio Lodges. Entertainment included a dance at the Convention Headquarters in the home of Galveston Lodge, and a dinner in honor of Grand Lodge and State Association officials.

KANSAS

The Kansas State Elks Association held its 35th Annual Convention at Junction City on May 19-20 with a total

registration of 516, including 311 delegates, four visitors and 201 ladies. The convention was honored by the attendance of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook of Topeka, Kans., and A. N. Yancy, of Lawrence, and Amos A. Belsley, Wellington, District Deputies for Kansas East and West respectively.

The Children's Welfare Committee reported that during the past year the State Association, through the lodges, had furnished 266 pairs of glasses for needy children. Many lodges reported on the furnishing of clothing, shoes and milk for indigent children of their respective communities. The Association voted to enter a float in the Grand Lodge Parade at Houston and funds were raised to pay for the float. The Entertainment Committee, headed by Chairman Edgar Darby of Junction City Lodge No. 1037, gave two Dutch Luncheons during the Convention. An Equestrian Show at Fort Riley was put on for Elks and their ladies by the Cavalry soldiers and officers at the Fort. Entertainment was also provided at the City Auditorium by Tom Collins, lecturer from Kansas City, Mo. The annual Banquet was held in the Auditorium, followed by a floor show presented by Coleman-McLaughlin artists of Kansas City, and declared to be one of the finest entertainments ever given at a Kansas State Elks Convention. The show was followed by a dance, the music being furnished by Earl Coleman and his Ambassadors of Swing, also from Kansas City. The Elks Band of Junction City gave a number of enjoyable concerts during the meeting.

The Ritualistic Contest, held on Sunday afternoon, with four lodges competing, was won by Great Bend Lodge No. 1127, with Salina Lodge No. 718, Pratt Lodge No. 1451, and Newton Lodge No. 706 winning second, third and fourth places respectively. From the scores made by the officers and by all four teams, the judges and clerks of the contest picked a star team as follows: Exalted Ruler, Esquire and Inner Guard—from Great Bend Lodge; Est. Leading Knight and Chaplain from Salina Lodge; Est. Loyal Knight from Pratt Lodge; Est. Lecturing Knight from Newton Lodge. The following officers were elected to serve the Association during the ensuing year: Pres., Forrest E. Link, of Pratt Lodge; 1st Vice-Pres., H. F. Chandler, Atchison; 2nd Vice-Pres., Tony Shaw, Goodland; 3rd Vice-Pres., Wilford Hunsinger, Lawrence; Treas., Clay E. Hedrick, Newton; Secy., H. Glenn Boyd, Wichita; Trustees: C. E. Dundore, Manhattan, Harold Schafer, McPherson, and Paul G. Harness, Augusta. Winfield Lodge No. 732 was chosen as next year's host lodge. The convention activities will begin on the Sunday following Mother's Day. It was voted to hold a fall meeting of the Association, the time and place to be fixed by the officers of the Association in the near future.

OKLAHOMA

The Oklahoma State Elks Association held its 33rd Annual Convention at Oklahoma City on Saturday and Sunday May 4-5. Competition in the ritualistic contest was completed on Saturday afternoon. Duncan Lodge No. 1446 was

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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 August issue should reach us by July 1st.



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the winner, El Reno Lodge No. 743 was second, and Bartlesville Lodge No. 1060 was third. An All-State Team of the four Chair officers was chosen by the Judges to receive personal awards presented by several of the Association's Past Presidents. El Reno Lodge placed three of the individual winners. Duncan Lodge was represented by the officer chosen as Esteemed Lecturing Knight. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans, La., Lodge, who arrived on Saturday afternoon by plane, and Grand Esquire George M. McLean, of El Reno Lodge, were special guests of Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417 during the Convention. Approximately 350 Elks and ladies were entertained by the host lodge at a dinner-dance on Saturday night at the Skirvin Hotel Roof. Mr. Rightor was the principal speaker at the dinner which was preceded by a musical program rendered by the El Reno Elks Male Chorus of thirty voices.

State Pres. W. L. Fogg, of El Reno Lodge, presided at the Sunday business session. Mr. Rightor addressed the meeting and Mr. McLean and Paul Shoemaker, Superintendent of the Oklahoma State Training School for Boys, at Pauls Valley, were present. Mr. Shoemaker thanked the Association for its interest in the school and the financial aid given in furnishing playground equipment which otherwise would have been unavailable. The Association voted to maintain Oklahoma headquarters at the Rice Hotel in Houston during the Grand Lodge Convention to be held this month. Through a committee of ladies, the local lodge provided entertainment for the visiting ladies on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.

The last order of business was the election of officers for 1940-41 which resulted as follows: Pres., W. H. Eyler, McAlester; 1st Vice-Pres., D. H. Perry, Enid; 2nd Vice-Pres., Paul C. Thorn, Shawnee; 3rd Vice-Pres., Robert G. Maidt, Oklahoma City; Treas., R. V. Miller, Tulsa; Trustee, R. V. Tarrant, Bartlesville.

GEORGIA

Four days of social and fraternal activity marked the 39th Annual Convention of the Georgia State Elks Association. The meeting was held in the city of Augusta on May 4-5-6-7, at the invitation of Augusta Lodge No. 205. Pres. J. Clayton Burke, of Atlanta, presided at all of the sessions. D.D. C. Wesley Killebrew, P.E.R. of Augusta Lodge, was elected President for the coming year. R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta, was unanimously elected to succeed himself as Secretary-Treasurer for the tenth consecutive term. District Vice-Presidents were chosen as follows: District 1, Luther P. Call, Atlanta; 2, Judge C. McNeill Leach, East Point; 3, Judge Frank Guess, Decatur; 4, Edward A. Dutton, Savannah; 5, Dr. Albert C. Tuck, Thomasville; 6, W. Wayne Hinson, Waycross; 7, W. L. Daniel, Fitzgerald. The officers were installed by Past State Pres. John S. McClelland of Atlanta, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

The Convention was ushered in with an "Open House" celebration and dance at the Augusta Lodge home. Other events on the program were a barbecue dinner and the annual Convention Ball. The Ladies' Entertainment Committee headed by Mrs. Killebrew, wife of the new President, provided numerous activities to keep the visiting ladies busy during the business sessions.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F.

Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, was an honored guest of the Association. He was introduced at the first business session by Judge McClelland. Mr. Malley's speech was one of the highlights of the meeting. Mayor James M. Woodall, a member of Augusta Lodge, extended an official welcome to the more than 300 Elks present at the session. E.R. Louis J. O'Connell, of the local lodge, acted as spokesman for Augusta. The 1940 Ritualistic Contest for possession of the J. Bush Trophy and the honor of representing Georgia in the National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston this month, was held in the Ballroom of the Hotel Richmond on Sunday afternoon, May 5. Past Pres. Walter E. Lee, of Waycross Lodge, acted as Chairman in the place of P.D.D. Dr. I. H. Etheridge who participated in the contest, substituting for the Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge. The team representing Augusta Lodge, with a score of 99,685, was declared the winner of the contest, with Decatur Lodge No. 1602 second with a score of 99,500. Athens Lodge No. 790, with a score of 99,050, was third. East Point and Atlanta Lodges participated, scoring above 95. C. B. Brown, of Atlanta Lodge, was the winner of the Charles G. Bruce Golf Trophy. Lombard Brinson, of Augusta Lodge, was runner-up. The Golf Tournament was held on the Forest Hills course under the direction of Chairman Warren Walker of Augusta Lodge. More than 35 Elks took part in the competition. The Convention closed on May 7, having transacted much important business. An attendance of more than 300 was registered. The meeting was pronounced one of the most successful ever held by the State Association.



ILLINOIS

More than a thousand delegates had arrived in Springfield, Ill., on Friday, May 17, the first day of the 37th Annual Convention of the Illinois State Elks Association. The official statement made at the close of the three-day meeting by Earl R. Schryver, Secy. of Springfield Lodge No. 158, placed the total registration of delegates at 1,333. The attendance was the largest in the Association's history. Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was a special guest. State Pres. Joseph M. Cooke, of Harvey Lodge, presided at all formal convention sessions. The downtown district was gaily decorated and additional facilities for the accommodation of the visitors were installed in the lodge home where a reception committee of more than 200 Springfield Elks, headed by General Convention Chairman P.E.R. A. F. Buedel, greeted the delegates and E.R. Ray E. Simmons welcomed the officers of other lodges. Initial activities got under way with the Ritualistic Contest at 10 A.M. on Friday followed at noon by a luncheon for Exalted Rulers,

Esteemed Leading Knights and Secretaries of the 80 Illinois lodges represented. Among the speakers at the luncheon were State Pres. Cooke; State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, of Lincoln; State Treas. Fred P. Hill, Danville; Past Pres.'s A. W. Jeffreys, of Herrin, Dr. Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville, and Truman A. Snell, Carlinville, and Frank P. White, Oak Park, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission. The Past State Presidents met at a dinner at six o'clock with Grand Lodge officers. Starting at eight, a stag party was held for delegates and their guests in the main auditorium of the lodge home. Entertainment included a floor show.

THE first business session was held on Saturday at 10 A.M. The Annual Memorial Services were conducted that morning at eleven, with V. Y. Dallman, of Springfield Lodge, as the principal speaker. Constructive accomplishments in work for crippled children, carried out on a large scale as one of the State Association's most important activities, were stressed at a clinic held that afternoon under the direction of Dr. Robert K. Campbell. Other features on the Saturday program were bowling and golf tournaments, and a tea and reception for wives of members at the Executive Mansion as guests of Gov. Henry Horner. The election of officers for the ensuing year also took place that day. Daniel T. Cloud, of Jacksonville Lodge, was elected President and Secy. Albert W. Arnold, of Lincoln, and Treas. Fred P. Hill, Danville, were re-elected. District Vice-Presidents and Trustees were named as follows: E. Cent., Glen E. Massieon, LaSalle-Peru, Donald Miller, Clinton; N.E., Enoch K. Carlson, Blue Island, Walter L. Morava, Des Plaines; South, D. H. Miller, Herrin, Harvey Mellor, Cairo; S. E., Russell L. Earl, Champaign, Ronald Calverly, Mount Carmel; W. Cent., Melvin D. Leach, Pekin, Earl R. Schryver, Springfield. The President's Ball was the climax of the day's activities. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed upon his arrival on Saturday by Mayor John W. Kapp and a large representation of the membership of the local lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, a Past President of the Ill. State Elks Assn., also received a hearty welcome. On Sunday, in company with a large number of Elks, Mr. Warner made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln where he placed a wreath and paid tribute to the Great Emancipator in a brief but heartfelt speech. Later, at the banquet which was given in his honor and was the closing event of the Convention, he delivered an address on Americanism and described the work carried on by the Order during the World War. President-elect Cloud was also a speaker.

The annual Elks' Trapshoot took place on Sunday, and the officers were installed. The day was also marked by a tour of historical places, one of the many events on the program for the entertainment of the ladies, and the awarding of a cup to the State Championship Ritualistic Team from LaSalle-Peru Lodge No. 584. Galesburg, Danville, Des Plaines and Alton Lodges also competed, finishing in the order named. P.E.R. Edwin C. Mills, of Lincoln Lodge, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, announced that the LaSalle-Peru Team would compete in the national contest at the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston.



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MEET

PETER FICK

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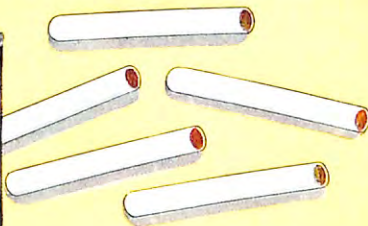
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"I WANT all the mildness I can get in my smoking," says Pete Fick (on diving-board). "Camels burn slower and give me what I want—even give me extra smoking."

Yes, Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean several important *extras*. Science knows slow burning preserves the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance... means freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Camels give you *extra mildness*, *extra coolness*, and *extra flavor*.

The longer you are a Camel smoker, the more you'll appreciate these extras in pleasure. And if you measure puff by puff, you'll find Camels also give *extra smoking* (see right).



In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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