

THE ELKS MAGAZINE



SEPTEMBER, 1940



THE ALEXANDER TWINS...Dorothy and Grace, Famous Drum Majorettes for American Legion Post 42, Martinsville, Virginia

SALUTE YOU

AND SALUTE

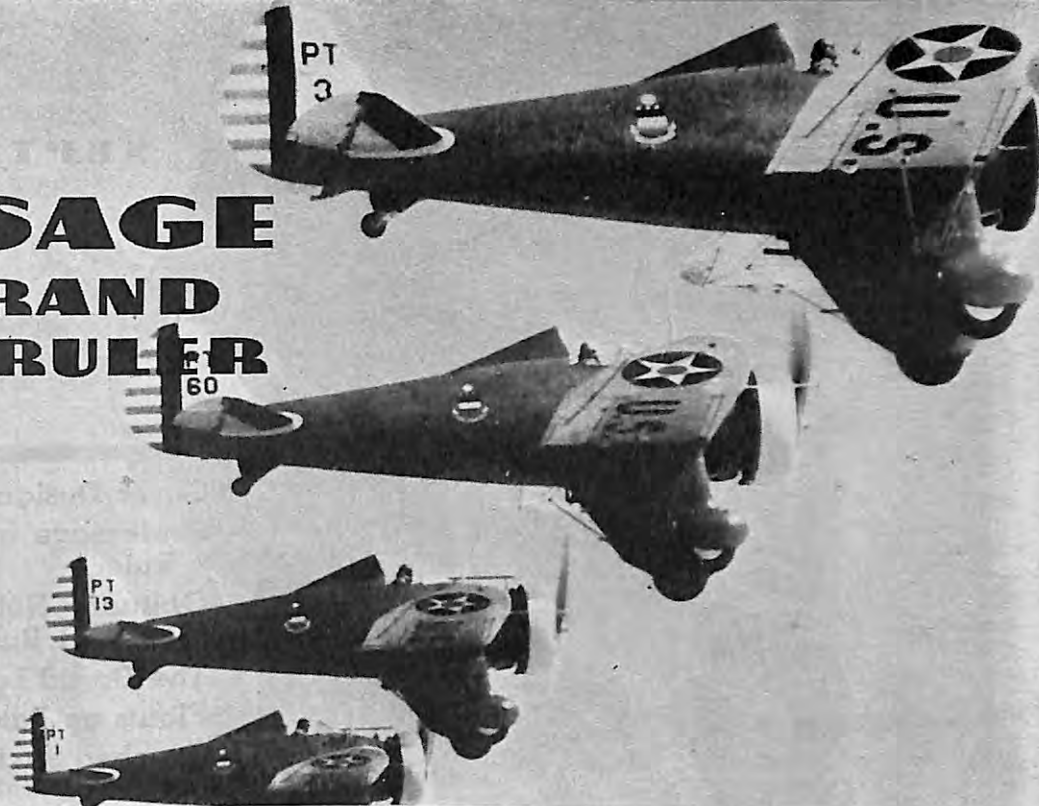
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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



Dear Brother Elks:

I am deeply appreciative of the honor accorded me in being elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. In assuming this high office, I am well aware of the heavy responsibilities entailed and that this country is facing a grave period in its history. However, I am glad of the opportunity of leading this great Order in these momentous days, and I pledge the allegiance of every member to our government in any eventuality that may arise.

So, in this, my first of a series of regular messages, I am appealing to all members of our Order throughout the land to stand 100 percent behind our national defense program. At the Houston Convention, the Grand Lodge unanimously adopted a resolution creating an Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission. I have named the Hon. James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, of New York City, as Chairman and I am now requesting State Associations and subordinate lodges to name a similar committee so that, all working together, we may cooperate to the fullest extent with our national, state and local governments.

We all know the situation that confronts us now, but what the future holds, no one knows. In my acceptance speech I stated that we must see that America is safeguarded from within, as well as without, for in this blessed land of ours there must be no divided allegiance. Those who attended the recent Convention heard Congressman Martin Dies, a Texas Elk, dwell at length on conditions as they exist in this country. Our eyes were opened by his revelations and I recommend that every member read his speech, which will be published in a forthcoming issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

There are many ways in which the membership of the Elks can prove its loyalty. Eternal vigilance is necessary if we are to preserve the personal liberties obtained by the blood and sacrifice of our heroic forefathers. Everywhere, as Congressman Dies pointed out, there are foes of our country ready to undermine our government and who seek to lull our citizens with propaganda so that we will not be prepared if the time comes when we must rise to defend our country. Be alert and loyal at all times, for while the Elks, as an organization, is opposed to send-

ing our American youth into war on foreign shores, we are in favor of the fullest and most adequate preparedness to meet any war of aggression, to defend our shores and our national honor.

You have chosen me to lead you in this crucial year. I need your help in order that the Elks may uphold the glorious record of achievements, written during the days of the World War. As soon as the Elks National Defense Commission prepares its program, and it is made available, I want each and every member of our Order to do his part so that, in presenting a united front, we may prove to the country that we are loyal citizens and ready to sacrifice both life and property, if necessary, to defend our land and our institutions.

There are many points in my program which I would like to discuss, but these will be taken up in later messages. I want to thank the membership of our Order for the confidence placed in me and I assure you that nothing will be left undone to make this year a glorious one in the annals of the Order.

We must establish ourselves firmly in the hearts of every community. We must prove that we are loyal Americans, for by so doing we shall go forward. Membership in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks must be made a goal to be cherished and encouraged. Then, and then only, will the Elks be fully serving our communities and our government. This goal can be achieved if the State Associations and subordinate lodges do their part.

As your Grand Exalted Ruler I am appealing to you for support. Be Alert. Be Loyal. Do Not Fail Me. We Must Follow Through.

Fraternally and sincerely,

Joe Buch
GRAND EXALTED RULER



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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—

DAVID LAMSON is with us again with a story of Nazi Germany before the war. We know that it is dated, but it is such a gripping yarn that we think you will like it as much as we do. It is illustrated by George Howe, whose drawings have appeared in most of the national magazines. Mr. Howe knows Nazi Germany from bitter personal experience. He says he enjoyed reading the story.

It has been a long time since Max Brand has appeared in *The Elks Magazine*. In the meantime, he has become even more famous than before, with his Doctor Kildare stories. You have all seen them in the movies—and if you haven't, you should. Most of them were written for the movies and then published in *Cosmopolitan* magazine. Mr. Brand is about as prolific a writer as they come. He has turned out stories under as many as fifteen pseudonyms in the past twenty-five years.

Most of his best Westerns were written from a secluded little spot in Florence, Italy—as far as possible from any western "local color". Hollywood weaned him away from Italy, and he is still on the Coast, turning out pictures by the gross. His story, "A Watch and the Wilderness", will be included in a collection of his works which will be published by Dodd, Mead in September, or thereabouts.

ON page 4 you will find an obituary notice of the sad death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier. Most of you will remember him as a great and kindly man, and will grieve as we do at his untimely death.

A list of the new District Deputies appointed by our new Grand Exalted Ruler is on pages 36 and 37, and on page 34 is the supplementary report of the National Foundation and the winners of the Foundation's scholarship awards.

The social side of the Convention was almost as much fun to report as it was to be there. Your editors had a wonderful time in Houston. The gentlemen of the press made our stay a memorable one. We spent our evenings looking for and over Houston's Mexican restaurants. Chile in any form is our favorite fodder and it is at its best in Houston. One half of your editorial team fell for a Mexican sombrero about the size of a 40-gallon milk can, and had some little difficulty getting it back to New York. We want to pass along the tip that it's true about Texas gals. They don't make 'em any prettier.

And now, we are looking forward to Mr. Grakelow's Convention in Philadelphia next year.

J. B. S.



STERLING HAYDEN
23-year old skipper,
who has sailed the
"Seven Seas."

WHEN THERE'S A
WHIFF O' *Velvet*
IN THE WIND

... watch all the pipes
come out! That wonderful
aroma and milder taste can
only come from Kentucky's
finest Burley...

You'll Say VELVET'S
THE RIGHT WORD FOR
SMOOTH SMOKING
MILD and COOL—NO "BITE"

*Try Velvet...
Better Smoking Tobacco*

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WALTER F. MEIER
Past Grand Exalted Ruler

PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER WALTER F. MEIER died in Seattle, Wash., on Friday, July 19. He had been ill since June 1.

Mr. Meier was born in Lancaster County, Nebraska, on September 12, 1879. He was educated in the public schools of the State and graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1903 with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Laws. He practiced law in Spokane, Wash., for several years, removing to Seattle in 1909 where he has since resided. He was a member of the Bar in the State of Washington. During his career he rendered public service for many years, first as Chief Deputy Prosecuting Attorney for King County, and then as Corporation Counsel of Seattle, to which latter position he was twice elected. He also was elected and served as a member, and as chairman, of the Seattle Freeholders Charter Revision Commission chosen by the people to propose a new Charter for the city. He was widely known as a public speaker.

Mr. Meier was initiated into Seattle Lodge No. 92 on October 23, 1919, and at once identified himself with its activities. He was elected Esteemed Leading Knight in March, 1921. The following year he was elected Exalted Ruler, and also Second Vice-President of the Washington State Elks Association. He was regularly advanced to the office of First Vice-President of the State Association, and was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland as District Deputy for Washington, Northwest, in 1923. In 1924, he was elected President of the State Association, and organized the movement resulting in the subsequent erection in Seattle, by the Elks of the State, of a convalescent home for crippled children. At the Grand Lodge Convention

held at Portland, Oregon, in July, 1925, he was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. The following year he was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell as a Justice of the Grand Forum for a five-year term and served as its Chief Justice during the year 1930-31. While serving as a member of the Grand Forum, Mr. Meier compiled the opinions, theretofore rendered by that body from its organization upon the adoption of the new Constitution by the Grand Lodge in 1907, down to and including those rendered in 1928. This compilation was officially adopted by the Grand Lodge at the Miami Convention in 1928.

In 1931, Mr. Meier served as a member of the committee appointed by his lodge to handle the Seattle Grand Lodge Convention. In 1931-32 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee, Wis., in 1933. Mr. Meier was also a Past Grand Master of the F. & A. M. in the State of Washington. More than a thousand people attended the funeral services, which were held at the Scottish Rite Masonic Temple on July 23 under auspices of the Rose Croix. The Rev. Newton E. Moats, of the First Methodist Church, gave the Eulogy. Most of the Elk lodges in the Northwest were represented. At Washelli Cemetery, Seattle, where interment took place, the Elks' service was held, with Past Exalted Rulers of Seattle Lodge acting as Grand Lodge officers.

Mr. Meier is survived by his widow, Mrs. Anna Meier, two sons, Ronald W. and Kenneth W. Meier, and a daughter, Lois E. Meier, all of whom reside in Seattle. To them *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the Order.

The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

AT THE hour of eleven, on Wednesday, July 17th, as had been settled by the Elks 76th Grand Lodge Convention, business was put aside and the attention of the delegates was turned to the Memorial Service which paid honor to the memory of the departed members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, in the capacity of Acting Grand Exalted Ruler, requested the Grand Lodge delegates to stand silently for a moment in memory of those who were beyond recall. Grand Chaplain Rev. J. B. Dobbins, of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, led those assembled in prayer. Then Henry Wehrman, the organist of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, played Chopin's "Funeral March".

Next, the Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, Glee Club, national champions in the Grand Lodge Glee Club Contest of 1939-40, rendered "The Long Day Closes", by Solomon. At the close of this heart-warming song, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, delivered the following moving address:

"I stood in front of an old-fashioned house in Philadelphia, from the top of which the Liberty Bell had announced many steps of importance in the building and preservation of the nation. I could hear, as I stood there, the joyous ringing of that bell, I could hear its mournful tolling, yet it had not spoken since it lost its voice as it cried in agony as John Marshall was carried away to Richmond for burial.

"We hear the dinner bells of childhood, church bells that ordered Sunday worship—yes—and wedding bells ring. We literally hear the bells after they stop ringing. If we do not, we are deficient in memory, and in that big spiritual thing which ties us to the past.

"I can think of no wicked bells. All the bells that I know of either warn, or rejoice, or call, or clang in gladness, or toll in sorrow.

"I think experiences are bells. They are suffered, or enjoyed, and furnish a pull for better action. Those bells—those experiences—are facts, not theory, not fancy, not untried, half-baked suggestions. They are the fire and the soul of a great people—they are us!

"A few years ago, we drove from Beyrouth, Syria, along the shores of the Mediterranean, to the mouth of the Dog River. En route we passed by the bald, solid rock mountain on the face of which many triumphant warriors had chiselled their names after the conquest of that part of the earth. High up, and at the beginning, was a Pharaoh, then a Caesar, a Constantine, a Napoleon, and so on down to General Allenby, one of the commanders of the World War whose victorious army had gone that way. Each of those men attempted a species of immortality. Each tried to place his name where it would withstand the wash and destruction of the ages.

"In our subordinate lodge there is a

tablet upon which is inscribed, or engraved, the name of a Brother as he moves on to the Great Room. Once a year, at eleven o'clock of a fixed day, the machinery of the Grand Lodge pauses, while the members in silence hear the bells that have stopped ringing, and the voices of the brethren who no longer sit beside them. It is the longing to live—the thirst for immortality.

"This question of immortality is one that has been asked during all the ages. In fact, faith in it is, itself, immortal. It is older than science, deeper than philosophy, and as lasting as infancy. It is as old as age, and as profound as love and death. No wind can blow it out. The deeper the love, the more kindly the friendship; the stronger the tie, the more pronounced is the longing for it. So, I repeat, faith in immortality is, itself, immortal.

"At these services, apology is never necessary. The word 'but' never concludes a panegyric. The rule is the law of the Order—the remembrance of the good. The services are not tongueless bells—nor soundless cymbals. They are moments of intense recollection. They are jewels of the dearest memories. They are moments of re-living. The call to the departed is not obligatory—it is the spontaneous act of loving hearts.

"There can be no diagramming—no comprehensive definition—of those whom we remember, because they ran the gamut of mental and spiritual reach. They differ as do the sunsets—as do the sunrises—as do the named stars—yet they are all included within the frontiers that our philosophy and beliefs mark.

"These Brothers had outstanding characteristics. I do not speak empty fulsome. I speak of men who had a large vision of what the world needs, and they tried to supply some of those needs. They did not kneel especially at any chancel, nor were they always learned in the sects of the world. They worshipped in church, in cathedral, in synagogue—sometimes in no house at all, but they had a fundamental goodness and consciousness that was commendable.

"They knew about little things and furnished them when needed, but they did not live in a small world. They knew about the little boy who furnished the loaves and fishes when a great multitude was hungry.

"They had a big world, as distinguished from a circumscribed world. If they ran races, they knew something besides horses. If they taught school, they knew something besides the school room; if they were attorneys, they knew something besides Blackstone; if they were doctors, they knew something besides pill bags. Their world was a big world.

"They had an abundance of love, as that word is used in St. Paul's admonition with reference to charity. For the greatest of these, said the apostle, is charity. This charity included not only the giving of the basket or of

funds, but it included charity of thought. They did not measure other men in their scales and, if other men had a fault, they wrote it in the sand, and not upon our imperishable tablets of love and memory. There was very little of the buzz, buzz, buzz, of the invisible people who constantly say, "They say," with them. They knew there is no brotherliness in that sort of gossip, and, knowing it, they condemned it. They may not all have been followers of the Great Philosopher who said, Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone—but each knew of the truth of that observation. They knew that life is giving and not taking. They knew that that is a difficult lesson to learn. It is only mastered by the richness of life. They found wealth in hearing the 'God bless you's' that sprang from the lips of those with whom they came in contact.

"We speak of them today even as they knew we would, and even as others shall speak of us tomorrow.

"It is strange that a door opens and we yield the things that we see and feel and hear, and then go out the door along an invisible path.

"These paths, we like to think, lead to the great Assembly Room where the Almighty is the presiding officer, and upon the Judgment Day in that infinite amphitheater, I think will be found men who found their way there by learning from the Book that rests on our altar.

"One dipped his brush in rainbow tints
And magic grew as swift as thought;
A fairyland of light and shade
And form and line was deftly wrought.

'Another used his pen to sketch
His scenes with firm and vivid stroke;
In words that burned with living fire,
And thought and inspiration woke.

'Another touched the quivering string
And music flowed at his command;
The harmonies of other worlds
Dropped pulsing, vibrant from his hand.

'Another had no brush or pen,
But only love and kindly deeds;
Yet he wrought beauty as he went
In service to his brothers' needs."

When Mr. Atwell had concluded this moving speech, the Omaha Lodge Glee Club sang "The Lord's Prayer" by Milotte, and Grand Chaplain Dobbins offered again a prayer in memory of those who have left our ranks.

With the impressive strains of "The Recessional", delivered by Mr. Wehrman on the magnificent organ in the Music Hall of the Sam Houston Coliseum, the Grand Lodge of Sorrow came to a close and those Elks and their ladies who had attended, left the Hall, strengthened and uplifted by this customary rite of our Order.



ILLINOIS

Floats



TENNESSEE

DALLAS



HOUSTON

NEW JERSEY

**THE GRAND LODGE
Convention**

on Parade

In Houston,
Tex., July, 1940



IOWA

WISCONSIN



TEXAS

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

TEXAS

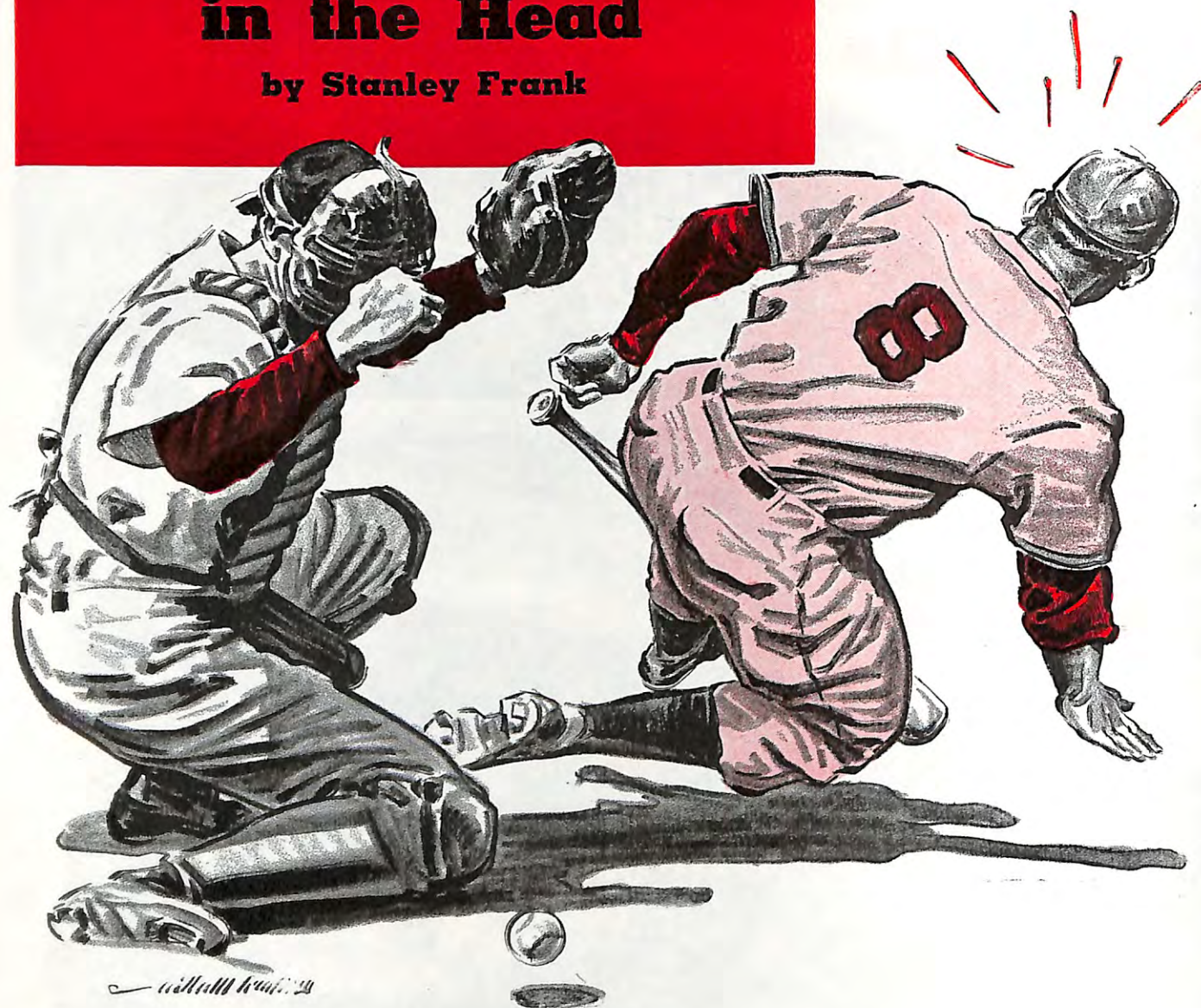
Photos by Jack Miller



LOUISIANA

Touched in the Head

by Stanley Frank



IT was a very touchy subject all around. First of all, Larry MacPhail put the touch on the Brooklyn Trust Company for \$125,000—actual cash, not newspaper money—to bring Joe Medwick from the Cardinals to the Dodgers. The epic deal, on the fire for two years, having been consummated on June 12th, one and all promptly touched upon the strong possibility of Brooklyn winning its first pennant in twenty years.

Five days later, MacPhail himself was touched right where he lives when Medwick played in a Dodger monkey-suit for the first time against his former Cardinal colleagues. Medwick, also known as the Horrible Hungarian and the Muscu-

lar Magyar, was not regarded with affection by his old associates. This may or may not have been responsible for the fact that Bob Bowman's first pitch touched Medwick upon the noggin with such impact that the newest Brooklyn hero was knocked down and out, but cold.

MacPhail, an impulsive gent under the most serene circumstances, acted in predictable fashion when he saw his meal ticket laid out like a rug. He went nuts. He barged out on the field and made gestures calculated to incite a riot. The man who once tried to kidnap the Kaiser challenged the entire Cardinal bench and settled by taking a pot-shot at Bowman while the pitcher was being escorted from the field.

Hearing loud and loose talk of premeditation and deliberate plans to "get" Medwick, District Attorney William O'Dwyer, who threw in the clink the assassins of Murder, Inc., launched an investigation of the case.

Ever since Judge Kenesaw M. Landis became the High Commissioner in 1921, baseball has succeeded in keeping its affairs out of the criminal and civil courts of the land. The organized wheels of the game turned swiftly and decisively in this emergency. Ford Frick, President of the National League, held his own investigation. Frick absolved Bowman of criminal intent; Medwick, with tongue in sore cheek,

(Continued on page 48)

Mr. Frank comes out flat-footed for the proposition that the bean-ball is here to stay—and a good thing, too, says he.

Van Wyck Brooks, famous for "The Flowering of New England," follows his theme with "New England: Indian Summer".

V. Semlet



Jan Struther, left, is causing considerable comment in the publishing world with her charming book, "Mrs. Miniver."



Globe Press Photo

C. S. Forester, author of the "Captain Hornblower" stories, has a new book out called "To the Indies."

WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading* By Harry Hanson

BOOK news is good news this month, for publishing is about to shake off its summer calm and add a few titles to the list of best sellers. The many readers who refreshed their knowledge of American beginnings by reading "The Flowering of New England", will welcome its sequel, "New England: Indian Summer", in which Van Wyck Brooks carries this history down to 1915. It is a remarkable parade of big and little minds, of wisdom coming out of secluded Concord, of issues of all kinds being threshed out in conservative, self-conscious Boston.

When William Dean Howells, aged 29, reached Boston in 1866, he considered it the center of American cultural life, "the hub of the universe", and so did most Americans. Mr. Brooks, tracing the development of Boston's influence through the later years of the 19th century, shows it at its peak and in the days of its decline. He writes about personalities, so that we fol-

low the fortunes of the Lowells, see Longfellow at Craigie House, observe Henry Adams as a young man, see Francis Parkman, a sensitive little fellow who is crazy about Indians, become the historian of Indian wars; watch Henry James trying to make up his mind whether he ought to live in America or in Europe; see Kipling flit in and out of Vermont; the cast of characters is tremendous. Through their fortunes we gain an idea of the political, literary, civic and patriotic issues that moved New England in the years after the Civil War. And gradually the excitement lessens; the old philosophers die, the young go to Washington and New York. Howells is always present; indeed, it may be said that we see this period as Howells must have seen it, for he was so thoroughly in touch with everybody and so open to new ideas, new books.

This book, like its predecessor, shows how rich the cultural life of New England really was. It never stood still. It developed new forms

as new men came with poems, plays, novels, histories. The nation's young men thronged to Harvard to hear Copeland and William James. Mr. Brooks brings the history down to our own pre-war years. His book is excellent for renewing our acquaintance with our literary past, a record that shows America has developed more than business facility and political shrewdness. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$4)

NOBODY wants to glorify gunmen, but there is plenty of evidence to show why we thrill to the gun fights of the Wild West, in books and on the screen. They put up terrific fights and the sheriffs were just as good shots as the outlaws. According to William MacLeod Raine, who has provided a catalogue of their misdeeds in "Guns of the Frontier", most of them came from decent homes; the opportunity to run amok was too strong for their wild, untamed spirits. They were

(Continued on page 50)

For us the Living

by David Lamson

Dr. Morse won great honor
in Nazi Germany—at the
price of forgetting for awhile
that he was a man



THE air in the great hall shook with the pounding chant of a thousand voices; Morse listened, his eyes intent and shining, half caught up by the mass emotion of the throng. In this land, he told himself, even the cheering was ordered, purposeful, bespeaking a flaming yet disciplined spirit. No mob, but an army—
“Sieg—Heil, sieg—Heil, sieg—Heil!”

The cheering became a sustained, rolling thunder. A man advanced toward the platform; he was tall, broad-shouldered, aglitter with medals. He held his right arm out-thrust stiffly, and turned his head from side to side to acknowledge the cheers. Everyone was standing. Morse, too, found himself on his feet, and as the man passed him he raised his arm in impulsive

salute, and cheered with the rest.

His eyes met those of Captain Schroeder in the box beside him, and he dropped his hand self-consciously; but Schroeder caught his wrist and lifted it again and clapped him on the shoulder. He tapped the medal swinging on Morse's coat front, where it had been placed an hour before by the man now mounting the platform. Schroeder was shouting something in his ear. Morse caught only the words. “One of us!” The rest was lost in the tumult.

But Morse did not raise his hand again.

The man on the platform gestured commandingly, and instantly the hall was still. He began to speak—slowly at first, but with mounting intensity, so that at climactic points of his address his voice blared shrilly like a trumpet, answered always by a

crashing, solid roar of applause.

“Our people,” he shouted, “are immune to the poison of democratic phrases! We face the future calm and secure in our own strength! We belong to the Leader! That is our greatness! That is what makes us in soul one block of tempered steel! One nation—one people—one Leader!”

“Heil Hitler! Sieg—Heil, sieg—Heil!”

Thousands of people in the great hall, thousands and millions more like them, Morse thought, all over the land, all standing, all with raised arms, all with the light of passionate devotion burning in their faces. One voice, one spirit, one people—
Sieg—Heil! Hail, victory!

To Captain Schroeder, friend, colleague, and his host here in Frankfurt, Morse said something of this



as they left the Roemerplatz after the meeting. "Marvelous experience," he said. "Extraordinary, to watch that crowd. Like—like looking into a blast furnace. Enormous, intense power—but controlled, directed toward a purpose—accomplishing something."

"Yes," said Schroeder, "that is the new spirit. You express it well, although . . . Never mind. It is as I told you in there—you are one of us."

"Oh, hardly that. After all, two years here—"

"But spiritually," Schroeder insisted, "and by temperament. And certainly by the value of your work—"

"My work I do for its own sake; I've no interest in politics. A scientist worth his salt has no nation."

"Truth knows no flag', eh? That's

where you're wrong, my friend. Scientists are also human beings, and their truth is human truth. Like everything created by the human mind, it is bound by race—by blood."

"You really believe that?"

Schroeder answered soberly, "My friend, it is necessary that it be believed . . . Here we are. Mind the step! No—you first."

As they entered the old-fashioned, high-ceilinged hallway, the dining room door opened and Frau Elsen, the Schroeders' elderly housekeeper, came quickly toward them.

"Please, Herr Captain!" Her voice was muffled, tense. "Karl is here!"

Morse saw his friend's face stiffen curiously. "Karl!" he breathed. "Herr Gott, it has happened, then! . . . But why here? What does he expect me—" He broke off, glancing nervously toward the stairway.

"Ach!" cried Karl, "They are beautiful! See how brightly they glitter in the sun, those guns!"

"Frau Schroeder?" he demanded sharply. "Does she know?"

The old woman shook her head. "No. She is sleeping. I told him—her illness . . . He is eating now; he was famished; nothing all day, the poor one. Shall I tell him you will come—later, perhaps?"

"No. I must see him at once." Schroeder turned to his guest; his smile was painful to see. "Excuse me, Herr Doctor—John. My nephew—one of those family affairs. I am so sorry, but—"

"Of course. I'll just trot off to bed then—unless there's something I can do—"

"No, no—nothing. Good night,

my friend. Your only night here—I hoped for an hour together. Next time, though. Good night."

Morse lay for what seemed a long time, drowsily conscious of a murmur of voices from the room beneath his, Schroeder's study. He slept badly and woke early, with a slight headache and a tightness in his throat and chest. He dressed quickly; he had an appointment with chemists of the Deutsches Waffen und Munitionsfabrik—the famed DWM—in Karlsruhe at three, and a stop at Darmstadt en route.

As he descended the stairs, Captain Schroeder emerged from his study; he smiled a greeting, but his face was grey and weary, and his eyes had a strained look.

"I hope," he said, "that our chatter last night did not disturb you?" He saw the bag Morse carried. "Oh, you are leaving at once?"

"I'm sorry, I must. I meet Brennermann in Darmstadt at ten—"

"Yes, of course. Well, your auto is in front of the house ready for you, and Frau Else has breakfast waiting. You will drive to Karlsruhe today, you said?"

"That's right."

"John—is it asking too much—would you take a passenger?"

"But certainly. Gladly. Who is it?"

"My nephew. My wife's nephew, properly speaking. Karl. You see, he—he is left an orphan, and he—it has been decided that he should live with his cousin in Karlsruhe. Of course, he could travel by train, but I thought—he is only a lad, twelve, and with you—knowing him safe, I—but of course if it will make trouble for you—"

Whatever was strange in this, whatever made Schroeder's voice husky and agitated to the point of incoherence, was none of Morse's concern. He said quietly, "I shall be glad to have company. Let him come, by all means."

When they left the dining room the boy was standing at the foot of the stairway. He paused uncertainly at sight of them; one hand still rested on the balustrade, the other held a small knapsack, tightly filled. He wore the Youth uniform, brown shirt, black shorts.

But it was his face that held Morse's attention—something familiar, some vague resemblance. . . . He realized suddenly that the resemblance was to himself. In looking at Karl he might have been gazing into a somewhat distorted mirror—the same high, white forehead, the same nose, faintly aquiline; the same long thrust of jaw—

Karl was staring at Morse quite as intently, with a like air of startled wonder. Schroeder was speaking. "Herr Doctor, may I present my nephew, Karl? Karl—our good friend Herr Morse."

The boy said confusedly, "Herr Morse, I—" Then abruptly he stiffened, clicked his heels loudly, flung up his arm in the "big" salute.

In the narrow hall his voice was loud and shrill.

"Heil Hitler!"

A thorough-going young Nazi, Morse reflected. The boy said stiffly, "It is an honor, Herr Doctor Morse."

"You are lucky, Karl," said Schroeder. "Herr Morse goes today to Karlsruhe, by auto. He has agreed to take you with him."

Karl's face set sullenly. His eyes glinted toward his uncle, and his lips parted. Schroeder stepped quickly toward him.

"To your cousin's house, as we decided. Herr Morse wishes to leave

at once . . . I say, at once, Karl!"

There was no affection in the leave-taking between uncle and nephew—a formal salute, no more. Schroeder, Morse said to himself as he pressed the starter, seemed uncommonly anxious to get his nephew out of the house.

"We go first to Darmstadt," Morse told the boy. "I must stop there for a little while. We'll be in Karlsruhe before three, though."

Karl's hands lay clasped in his lap; he stared straight before him, and said nothing. Morse tried again.

"You have been this way before?"

Illustrated by GEORGE HOWE

Then abruptly he stiffened, clicked his heels and flung up his arm. In the narrow hall his voice was loud and shrill. "Heil Hitler!"



Do you know this country, my boy?"

Karl surveyed him coolly. "Yes." Morse felt his skin grow hot with the embarrassed feeling that he was no better than a chatterer, a presumptuous servant. He drove in silence for a time. In a small square they passed a group of Hitler Youth, assembling in marching kit; and at this sight Karl roused to his first show of interest, leaning from the car and staring eagerly. Morse struck at the opening, pleased with his keenness in detecting it.

"I expect you'd very much like to be going along with them, eh?"

"That bunch? I should say not! They're a sloppy lot. Look at them; half of them wearing *bundschuhen*."

"Is that wrong?"

"Of course, it's wrong! Laced half-shoes are required."

"Why?"

"Because it's in orders. Regulations."

This, then, was the line to take. He had hit on the boy's true interest. "Such things are not tolerated in your own H. J. group, I'll warrant."

"It will be two years," Karl informed him coldly, "before I am privileged to join the Hitler Jugend."

I belong now to the Jungvolk."

"Well, is that—isn't that about the same thing?"

"Not at all. The Jugend play real war games, make long practice marches, help in the fields at harvest—all sorts of things. Our work is child's play compared to theirs. It is easy to see you have not been long in Germany, Herr Doctor."

Morse felt his cheeks flush again. Patronized by a baby! "It's not that, so much as my work," he explained defensively. "I have little time for anything else. You know, you are actually the first youngster I have talked to here. Really talked to."

"Is that so? You are a—scholar—perhaps?"

Arrogance, and a thin flavor of scorn in the words. "A scientist," Morse answered shortly. His ego demanded more. "Research chemist. Working with metals."

"Really?" Karl considered this briefly. "German scientists," he declared, "are the best and cleverest in the world."

This was so obvious a challenge that Morse deliberately passed it. "Perhaps that is why I came here," he said softly. He was rewarded; Karl staggered, caught off balance.

"But—but you're English, aren't you?"

"No. American."

"Really? A North American? Oh, well, then, that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Why you came here. To get away from gangsters, wasn't it? And, of course, you are clearly a Nordic type."

Talking with this incredible child, Morse thought, was like walking under a series of unexpected cold showers. "I don't understand you. What do you mean, a Nordic type?"

"Why, the length of your head—color of skin, eyes, hair—body structure—all that shows it."

"And so—?"

"So you are naturally a leader, excelling not only in warfare but also in technology and in scientific research. I, too, am Nordic."

Glib phrases, falling in a memorized pattern. Morse sought another path. "I see . . . So you know about America, Karl?"

"Oh, but certainly. Gangsters rule the cities with bombs and machine-guns. The people have no work, and starve. And outside the cities men ride on horses and shoot each other with pistols. The Indians they shoot, too. Tell me, have you seen many Indians?"

"No. Only in motion pictures, like yourself. What else do you know about America?"

"Well—" He frowned thoughtfully, trying to remember. "I used to know a lot of things. My father—" His voice caught a little. "My father liked to talk about America. He told me about—a man—Lincoln, is that right?"

"Abraham Lincoln, yes."

"Abraham! Humph! . . . He was your Leader?" (Cont'd on page 38)

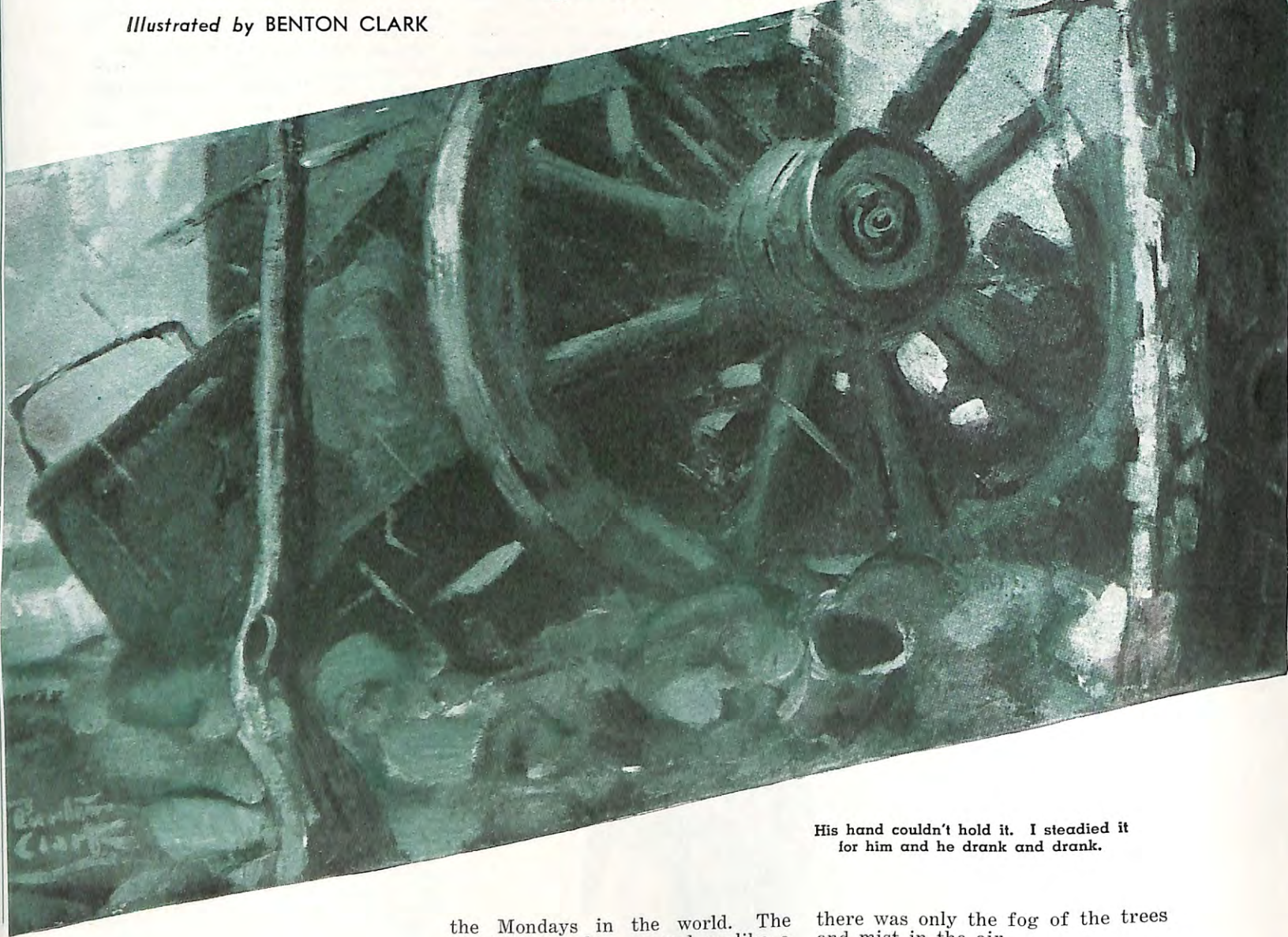


There's no real difference between a Yank and a Texas Reb. Each in his way can hear a song that's immune from death.

by Max Brand

Illustrated by BENTON CLARK

A Watch



His hand couldn't hold it. I steadied it for him and he drank and drank.

SOMETIMES a thing gets stuck in your mind like a burr in a dog's hair and it won't come out without tearing. It might be the whine of a windmill that needs oiling, or the click-clunk of railroad wheels over the rail-ends, or mostly it will be a tune you can't shake out of your ears, but what stayed with me longest was something a Yank said back when I was one of Marse Robert's boys.

All those days the noise of the guns never ended, the cannon hurtling our ears and the musketry crackling like burning stubble. Sometimes the rain dropped like night falling; sometimes it blew away like dust before it touched the ground; sometimes it came sheeting straight down from tubs and buckets, you might say, wetter than all

the Mondays in the world. The woods stood close around us like a permanent fog, with the shells cutting lanes and avenues into it, but never punching all the way through to clean, open sky. It was all mud and mist; there was not hope or sense in anything except that we knew Marse Robert was not far away, thinking and thinking.

That day a damn' Yank climbed somewhere into the trees above our trenches and began to shoot us one by one, taking his time and spotting the best men as though he came from Texas himself and knew us by name. What with the uproar and the crowding of the trees and the rain and the powder-smoke blowing, we couldn't locate him. Sometimes we thought we heard the clang of his rifle, thin and high over the battle, like the sound of a silver spoon falling in a room filled with people and noise, but wherever we looked

there was only the fog of the trees and mist in the air.

He shot John Tucker between the neck and the shoulder, so that his head fell over on one side. My friend Tad Crothers and Loomis carried him back from the line; and I was best pleased to see Tad out of there. He shot Phil Lawrence through the back. Phil had been singing a song to keep us warm and his mouth went on making the words and smiling for a moment. Bernard and Kendricks carried him back. And then, by God, he shot Tommy Dean spang through the forehead, so there was no need to carry Tom back at all.

We tried to heap up the embankment of our trench to save us from the rifle but there wasn't a single trenching tool. We had to knife out the mud with our bayonets and ladle it up, but it turned to yellow soup and went sluicing away.



and the Wilderness

We had marched all the way from Manassas to Gaines' Mill to Frayzer's Farm and the second Manassas, where Marse Robert fooled them so bad, and on to Antietam's trouble, and Fredericksburg that was so easy, and Chancellorsville where we stretched our legs so long, and Gettysburg, full of mighty bad luck, and now we were whopping Butcher Grant in the Wilderness. But it seemed as though we had done these things for Marse Robert only to have one Yank let the blood out of all of us and turn our trench into a damned red latrine. We were so scared that we wouldn't look at one another. All our dead came crowding up so close in my thoughts that I wouldn't turn my head right and I wouldn't turn it left, I felt them so near. Then Billy Wendell gave the yell. There wasn't an officer in sight so we had only the yell to lead us as we slopped out of our hole in the ground and went screeching through the woods. We followed the little paths and blind lanes that the cannon had cut open for us, but we couldn't find anything in the trees so after a while we turned and went back.

When we returned, I was behind the others because the mud was bogging me down. I saw Red Stuart

shot through the back as he got to the edge of the trench. By the way of him falling and throwing out his arms I knew that he'd dropped out of my sight and out of my life and all that was left of that partner was no more than a rag doll that lay face down in the slime. I didn't try to get back to the trench then. I got down behind a bush and huddled there like when I was a boy in the attic bed, listening to the winter outside the house. Times like that I used to want to be near Pa, and now I wanted Marse Robert—as though he didn't have more things than just Texans to think about. Pretty soon I heard the trenches howl like a hound dog that's had a ramrod cut into his back; then all the rifles went off crash, so I knew the Yank had taken another man. I was glad that I couldn't tell whose dying it was that had hurt all the boys so much, but a lump came up in my throat that I swallowed and swallowed and swallowed, while I looked around me into the trees, high up where the Yank somewhere sat like God in a cloud making thunder, making lightning, except that this lightning couldn't be seen.

There was a bird on the tip of a branch, singing. It was the month of

May and in spite of the rain and in spite of the battle, the spring of the year that was locked up in him so long was bursting out. I couldn't hear him whistle but by the beating of his wings and the ruffing of his throat feathers I could see his song. Not ten feet from him, a cannonball clipped a branch out of the side of a big tree but the crashing down of that bough was no more to him than the fall of a feather from his nest. He was no more afraid of battle than Marse Robert. I kept looking at him until I saw something queer about the forking of that tree where the branch had been shot away. The queerness was in the stub of a broken branch. The shape of it seemed wrong. I couldn't tell why until it came home to me quick and hard, like a slap on the mouth. It wasn't any branch at all. It was the boot on a man's foot and part of his shank. That was all I had for a target but one of Marse Robert's boys didn't ask for more than a fingerhold to pull a damn' Yank out of a tree. I got the old musket up and steadied her until she laid her hold right on the thin of the shank. It didn't seem to amount to enough. I guessed where the rest of him

(Continued on page 46)

Your DOG



Monkemeyer Press Photo Service

by Edward Faust

'Tain't So

ONE of the oddities of human nature is the readiness to accept a misconception and the persistence with which we cling to it. But then, you will admit, a colorful untruth is usually more interesting than a sober fact. What's more, most of us haven't the time to thoroughly appraise everything that comes to our attention. Thus misconceptions form easily. Given a sufficiently striking departure from the normal, and, before we know it, a mental image is created to be forever after identified as being typical

of a person, a thing or a situation.

We were reminded of this not long ago, after reading a pretty good story about the newspaper business. The hero—you've guessed it—was a reporter. It occurred to us that a lot of people who read that story are not going to rate it as Grade A writing, the reason being that the lad who led the yarn was described simply as a hard-working fellow trying to get along. This, of course, runs contrary to the popular idea of the typical reporter which holds him to be a lively wise-cracker who spends half his time in the midst of thrilling situations and the other half

talking about them in his favorite gin mill. In stories and plays, if he winds up by marrying the beautiful daughter of the wealthy malefactor whose dirty doings he has uncovered but which he refuses (for sentimental reasons) to write up for his paper, so much more the reporter is he. Now, very likely there have been such gents among the news-chasers. There must have been, or the popular idea of the typical reporter would never have become fixed in the public mind. But after spending close to twenty-five years in and around newspapers and publishing generally, the writer assures you that they are the exception and not the rule.

But the false glamour attaching to the reporter isn't the only distorted idea to which many of us like to cling. You who read this can very likely think of a dozen more.

Off-hand, we don't know of a single subject that has become invested with more cock-eyed misbeliefs than our friend the dog. Suppose we examine a few of these? They're interesting fantasies and, besides, we may get a truer understanding of the pooch. Without doubt, the Number One of all misconceptions and the most unfair—not to dogs but to people—is that which holds that the person who doesn't like dogs, or vice versa, is one who'll bear watching. Nonsense. Many fine people there are who don't care a naughty word about dogs, with or without reason.

Another fairy tale concerns the dog that howls at night for no apparent reason. In certain quarters this is regarded as a sure sign of death, although, oddly enough, never that of the dog. The reason for this vocal demonstration of Fido's may be nothing more than a desire on his part to declare himself, or even plain loneliness. If we accept a more scientific explanation it's to the effect that such solos are merely an outcropping of instinct. Our four-legged friend obeys a primitive impulse which comes down to him from that distant time when all dogs hunted in packs—the howl being the rallying call to assemble for the hunt.

Still another fable devoutly believed by some is that barking dogs seldom bite. Don't trust this one. Our milkman did—and then, as a concession to modesty, went home to change his pants.

Then there's the wheeze about the hair of the dog that bit you. Admittedly this is a detour from the subject at hand, but now that we've mentioned it, we'll add that this isn't to be trusted either. The testimony of experts advises against it.

Three of the most commonly believed-in fallacies about dogs have to do with that dreadful sickness, rabies. Here you'll find people willing to bet you money, marbles or mustard that mad dogs foam at the mouth. They don't. Instead they drool a stringy kind of saliva. Another school of heresay experts

(Continued on page 44)

The Gold Coast

by Kiley Taylor

PROBABLY all Americans have wished they might go to California before they die, and the nice thing about that wish is that it is very likely to come true. A million or more visitors each year can testify to that.

California is an obligingly convenient State to visit. Long and narrow, it gives travelers on the road which runs from the Oregon line right down to Mexico the greatest possible variety of climate and scenery. There are glimpses of the blue vastness of the Pacific, lush vineyards, forests and towering, purple mountain peaks; and strung along the road are towns whose very names spell romance. Less modern but still enchanting is the old "King's Highway", which wanders through coast towns old and new from San Diego to San Francisco.

California has luckily never learned to act her age. In spite of the traces of the years, in spite of certain fateful experiences of her early days, she still has the sprightliness of youth. Youth is felt in the air, in the warmly smiling sunshine, and seen in California's slim, rangy contours. And her beauty and vitality are extraordinary. It is hard to believe that those fertile valleys, Sacramento, Imperial, San Joaquin, are due to the resourcefulness of man instead of being gifts of the gods. The climate, famous to the ends of the earth, varies with sharp suddenness from invigorating highland air to the heavy heat of the Imperial Valley, which is below sea level.

California might be said to have begun life at San Diego, with its beautiful, land-locked, natural harbor, as that city was the oldest Spanish settlement in the State. That harbor today is a base for marines and coast guards, for Army and Navy. Across the bay is fashionable Coronado, its streets lined with palms.

To the north is San Bernardino, set against a spectacular backdrop of mountains wearing snow upon their peaks, and between San Bernardino and San Diego is Riverside, the core of the orange country. Not to be missed is the famous Mission Inn, beautiful in its Spanish architecture, and containing relics and art treasures known the world over.

At San Diego was founded the first of the missions which have played a prominent part in the history of the State. After the first mission, one after another was founded until there were twenty-six of them, each a day's journey from the previous one, stretching along the coast up to the Upper San Francisco Bay.

The motor road, slipping through lovely towns with singing Spanish names as pretty as their pink and white Spanish houses, pulls into Los Angeles. This city, the fifth largest in the United States, came into being when California was claimed by the States. A turbulent, rip-roaring frontier town, it was known for its violence, and every man was a law to himself. The turbulence and the lawlessness have long since departed, and Los Angeles has settled down to the picture business, but it is still lively. With its various foreign populations, it is many cities in one.

Days can be spent in and near Los Angeles with no dull moments crop-

(Continued on page 41)

The monument dedicated to James Marshall, who discovered gold in California in January, 1848.

Courtesy of Californians, Inc.



Editorial

A History Making Session

EVERY member of our Order should carefully read the report of the Houston Grand Lodge Session which will be found in part in the August issue and in part in this issue.

In many respects this Session was outstanding and marked progress along the highway of accomplishments of which every member must take pride.

One of the highlights was the inspiring patriotic address of Brother Martin Dies, a member of Beaumont, Texas, Lodge, No. 311, who as Congressman from that Texas district is known throughout the nation and also abroad by reason of his activities as Chairman of the House Committee investigating un-American activities. It was a forceful and brilliant address delivered to a responsive and sympathetic audience which from time to time interrupted with applause and at its conclusion staged a demonstration which has seldom been witnessed in the Grand Lodge. It was a spontaneous outburst such as might be expected from a patriotic assembly whose hearts had been deeply touched by an appeal to red-blooded Americans for support of our country.

There is no doubt that the great heart of Elksdom beats in devotion to our country, its form of government, its institutions and its Flag which typifies all that America means to us.

Brother Dies' thrilling address was the occasion for the second wave of patriotic enthusiasm to sweep the Grand Lodge. The first was occasioned by the introduction and adoption of a resolution authorizing the Grand Exalted Ruler to appoint a special committee to be known as the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission. Its function is to create and supervise plans for the fullest cooperation by the Grand Lodge, the State Associations and the subordinate lodges with our national, state and local governments in any contingency.

The preamble to this resolution refers to the Order's outstanding achievements during the World War, to reaffirmation of loyalty to our government, to the defense of our Constitution, to adequate preparedness to meet any war of aggression, to awake public consciousness to the presence of subversive and fifth column activities and proclaim against the sending of our American boys to war in Europe. This preamble clearly points in general terms to the real object and purpose for which the Commission is created. To meet the expense of this Commission, to provide funds for complying with the desire of Grand Exalted Ruler Buch to extend our rehabilitation work, and to provide additional funds for the Grand Lodge expenses at Convention cities, an increase of ten cents was made in the per capita tax. Looking to the purposes to which this additional tax is to be applied, the membership of the Order will gladly acquiesce in this action, in fact the membership unquestionably would have approved of a much larger increase if it had been deemed necessary or advisable by the Grand Lodge.

The Dignity of Labor

HAVING its origin in custom, at first not generally noticed, the first Monday in September gradually came to be recognized as Labor Day. In 1894 the Congress established it as a legal public holiday. The States have enacted similar legislation until



now the day is universally recognized as set aside to honor those who comprise what is sometimes referred to as the laboring class of our citizenry. "Group" is a much better and more accurate word to distinguish laborers from other groups. In this country we recognize no class distinctions. We are one common people and all laborers, if we are living worth-while lives.

Voluntary idleness is not consistent with the American way or with the traditions handed down to us by those who founded and builded this Republic. Enforced idleness is very different and perhaps the most galling of all labor.

Labor Day is generally accepted as being specially dedicated to those who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow, but it is a holiday for all and affords an opportunity to pay special tribute to the man in bluejeans and the woman in gingham without whom this nation could not long survive. So it is that the white-collar brigade stands on the sidelines and applauds the marching throngs of those who on this holiday merit and receive a sincere tribute of respect and appreciation. President Cleveland once said, "A truly American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor."

The Cost of War

UNTIL the war hysteria which now involves the world, affecting every nation either directly or indirectly, surrenders to peace and good will, as it eventually must, the dollar cost will not be known nor can it be forecast with any degree of accuracy. Eliminating the greatest of all costs—the sacrifice of human lives—the financial burden laid on the backs of those surviving will doubtless reach and probably exceed one hundred billion dollars.

The human mind cannot grasp such astronomical figures, neither can it grasp the full import of the many billions our government is to invest in equipping adequately to protect our lives, liberty and property from threatened dangers which, let us all devoutly hope and pray, may never materialize. We must realize, however, that we are living in a world gone mad, and prepare to meet and overpower any and every threat to our democratic institutions if they are to be preserved.

A Patriotic Duty

IN this issue we give you a full list of the District Deputies appointed for the ensuing Grand Lodge year. We have many times stressed the importance of these field generals in conducting the affairs of the Order by supervising the activities of subordinate lodges. Their responsibilities are greater this year than ever before. This year our lodges have the opportunity to demonstrate the truth of the statement that America needs the Order of Elks. Real, red-blooded Americans must be on guard in every State in the Union to assist in ferreting out those seeking to undermine our form of government. We want no Fifth Columns in this country. Every Elks lodge should be a patriotic center. The eyes of every Elk should be wide open and their ears alert to locate every subversive movement, and promptly report it to constituted authority. We have seen what traitors have accomplished in other countries. The danger here may not be great, but it exists. We must not fold our hands in idleness and say to ourselves "it cannot happen here", for it can happen here and will happen here unless we get busy, and "we" means "you" and not some other fellow. Patriotism must embrace more this year than mere lip service and saluting the Flag. It means militant action not to prepare for war but to keep us out of war. Everything you hold dear in life as an American citizen depends on united action. Let no Elk fail in his duty to himself, his family and his country.



Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Rose Day Is Observed at Laage Floral Park, Bedford, Va.

Rose Day was observed at the Bedford Floral Park on Sunday, May 26. Family groups and visitors, singly or in pairs, came from the home town of Bedford, Va., and the nearby cities of Roanoke and Lynchburg to enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowering shrubs and roses of every shade and variety—tree roses, climbers and bushes. A high compliment was paid the park and its founder, George F. Laage, a resident of the Elks National Home, by the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Henry C. Warner, Mrs. Warner, and Joseph G. Buch, who has since become Grand Exalted Ruler, on the Saturday before Rose Day. The first coins were dropped by the distinguished visitors into the new Wishing Well, set against a background of flowering syringa and surrounded by roses and iris. The coins will be preserved as souvenirs and reminders of their personal interest. As people never tire of wishing, coins accumulate from day to day and are being saved for the purchase of a drinking fountain for the park.

Among the many friends who responded to the beautiful invitations sent out for Rose Day by Mr. Laage, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Rush L. Holland of Washington, D. C., several other prominent Elks and members of the Roanoke Rose Society who attended in a body. Music was furnished throughout the afternoon by the

Above is a scene snapped during the presentation of a Flag and flag staff which were donated by Lima, Ohio. Lodge to Schoonover Park on July 4th.

Firemen's Band and a new banner was unfurled with appropriate ceremonies. At a given signal, the weatherbeaten Old Glory, which had given faithful service during the past year, was reverently lowered. Then the new Flag was raised aloft as the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played by the Junior Band and all present stood at salute.

The Park was dedicated in 1938. At the ceremonies, honors were paid Mr. Laage who had conceived and successfully carried out the idea of converting an old slave cemetery, overgrown with weeds, into a miniature floral park because of his love of flowers. Now, with another rosarian, his friend and co-worker, Dr. T. Allen Kirk, a former president of the Rose Society of America, Mr. Laage is beginning to see another dream come true—a Roseway

eastward to Williamsburg and Norfolk and on to the coast. Their co-workers are legion. The associated Women's Clubs of Virginia have made roadside development their chief aim for 1940. The State, through its landscape engineer, is supporting the plan which will beautify the roadside and at the same time battle erosion. Mr. Laage is a former treasurer of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9. He has lived at the Elks National Home for 12 years, happy in congenial surroundings and busy with a hobby that has brought beauty to the countryside.

New Castle, Pa., Elks Vote \$500 For Local Playground Equipment

At its regular meeting on June 26, New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No 69, voted \$500 for the immediate purchase of five modern six-swing racks for placement at several of the 12 city-sponsored playgrounds. The new racks provide swing seats for 30 children, six swings being attached to each of the five large standards.



Right: Mayor G. W. Krogman of Wildwood, N. J., presents a key to the city to Eugene Gallaher, of Millville, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of the 18th annual seashore event for crippled children.

Right: A class initiated by Crisfield, Md., Lodge, known as the State Association Class.

The money was voted at the recommendation of the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee. P.E.R. Edward J. Ryan, Chairman, announced that the Committee hoped "to follow a five-year plan for playground equipment donations", purchasing new equipment every summer.

Shreveport, La., Lodge Endorses National Defense Program

With reference to that important portion of the Elks' program for the coming year based on National Defense, Secy. A. L. Snider calls attention to the fact that at a meeting of his lodge, Shreveport, La., No. 122, on June 13, 1940, two resolutions were adopted which present clearly the patriotic spirit which characterizes the membership. One of the resolutions was presented to the Senate, for Congressional records, by Senator John H. Overton of Alexandria, La., the other to the House of Representatives by Congressman Overton Brooks of Shreveport.

Both resolutions are included in the Congressional Record, Vol. 86, No. 123, printed as of June 20, 1940. The former, presented by Senator Overton, appears on page 13,224; the latter, presented by Congressman Brooks, appears under "Petitions," etc., on Page 13,201.

A Year of Progress Is Reported By Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge

Early in 1939, plans were formulated under the guidance of Golda H. Douglas, who has served three terms as Exalted Ruler, to make Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, one of the leading lodges in the State. One of the outstanding accomplishments has been a satisfactory gain in membership, placing the lodge in the lead among others in the Northeast District. A great deal of care was exercised by the Membership Committee in the selection of applicants with a view of obtaining material for the future building of the lodge. A gratifying condition was ob-

Idaho Boys' State leaders are shown, right, enjoying a banquet held by Boise, Ida., Lodge in their honor.

Below are those present at a banquet held by Newport News, Va., Lodge in honor of P.E.R. Otto E. Schade.



served by the officers from the beginning in that a great many of the newly-made Elks displayed a marked interest in the activities of the lodge and attended meetings regularly. Indications are that future officers of ability are numbered among the new members. Credit for much of the lodge's success goes to Mr. Douglas, who not only brought honor to the lodge by his appointment a year ago as District Deputy, but worked untiringly to bring about such satisfactory results. That his efforts were not entirely confined to his own lodge is shown by the progress made by the other 14 lodges in the District.

Having conducted 17 initiations during the year, the Ritualistic Team of No. 621 was sent to the Convention of the New York State Elks Association, held at Rochester in June. The team competed in the contest and returned to Plattsburg with the State Championship.

Enjoyable "Old Timers Night" Held by Reading, Pa., Lodge

Seventeen veteran members of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, who have been active in the lodge for twenty-five years or more, were guests of honor recently at a banquet. E.R. Walter G. McAtee and several of the officers and "Old Timers" spoke, and memories of the "good old days" were recalled. P.E.R. James S. Roland, who was present, is the dean of the "Old Timers", having held continuous membership for 51 years.

Glendive, Mont., Lodge Observes Its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

Glendive, Mont., Lodge, No. 1324, celebrated its Silver Anniversary on Saturday, June 22, with an all-day celebration, starting at 9 a.m. with the registration at the lodge home of some 300 visiting Elks from Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Minnesota and the





Above is a picture taken at the presentation by Du Bois, Pa., Lodge of a respirator to the Du Bois Hospital.



Left: The handsome float of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge which won first prize in the city's Independence Day parade.

North and South Dakotas. A parade was then held in which fully 1,500 people participated and 30 floats were entered. Music was furnished by the Miles City Elks Band, the Glendive City Band, the Terry Cowboy Band and the Glendive Elks Drum and Bugle Corps. A bicycle section followed the main procession. During the afternoon, 41 candidates were initiated into the Order by the officers of Glendive Lodge. Addresses were delivered by Dr. J. C. Cherry of Goldfield, Past Pres. of the Nevada State Elks Assn., E.R. Martin Walsh of Miles City, Mont., Lodge, and P.E.R. D. J. O'Neil, Glendive.

Entertainment for the ladies included a tour of the Badlands Park, near Glendive, followed by golf and cards and a banquet at the Glendive Golf Club. A banquet for the men in the evening, followed by a dance in the Elks' Hall, completed the program.

Red Bank, N. J., Elks' Float Wins Prize in Local Parade

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, was awarded the prize for the best float in the parade held as part of the city's Independence Day celebration.

The Elks' exhibit represented the history of the American Flag. The flags of each period were displayed on a stage decorated in lavender and white, and a clock, with its hands pointing symbolically to the hour of eleven, stood in the center of the float.

The flags, in the order of their adoption, were the John Cabot flag (1497), British Colonial flag (1607), Taunton flag (1774), Gadsen flag (1775), First Navy Ensign or Grand Union flag (1776), Continental flag (1776), Betsy Ross flag (1776), Fort McHenry flag (1812), and the Stars and Stripes. The float was entered under the sponsorship of the House Committee.

Past Grand Tiler C. P. Brown Dies at Fargo, North Dakota

In the death of Past Grand Tiler Curtis P. Brown, of Fargo Lodge No. 260, North Dakota has lost one of its most prominent and faithful Elks. Mr. Brown served Fargo Lodge as Exalted Ruler in 1914-15, and after the expiration of his term was presented with an Honorary Life Membership. He served as District Deputy in 1922-23 and as Grand Tiler in 1927-28. For many years he was closely associated

with the N.D. State Elks Association of which he was a Past President. State Pres. L. B. Hanna, of Fargo Lodge, former Governor of North Dakota, and P.E.R. Sam Stern, Fargo, State Vice-Pres., were among those who acted as honorary pallbearers.

Mr. Brown was a leader in local civic circles. He served as President of the Moorhead Chamber of Commerce, was instrumental in securing the new armory, and was also a member of the Fargo Chamber of Commerce. As President of the Moorhead Rod and Gun Club in 1934, he was largely responsible for the development of the Buffalo River State Park near Muskoda.

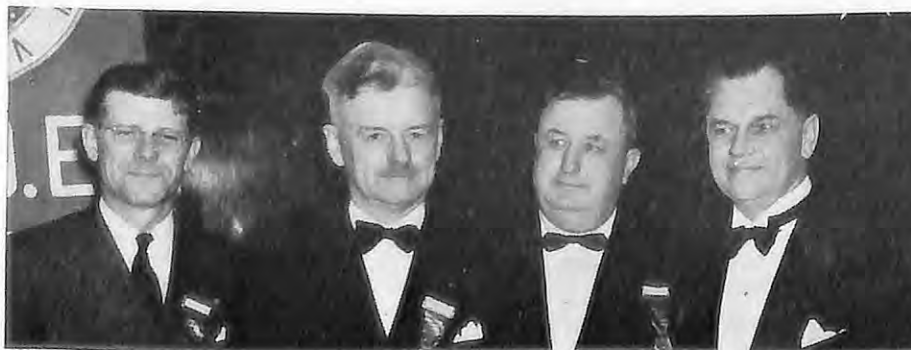
P.E.R. Robert L. Forbes of New Rochelle, N.Y., Lodge

Robert L. Forbes, founder and organizer 38 years ago of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, died on June 21 at his home, after a lingering illness. He was 61 years of age. Mr. Forbes was a former publisher of *The New Rochelle Paragraph*, a weekly, and *The Daily Star*. Retiring from the newspaper business, he became a realtor of prominence. He was the senior Past Exalted Ruler of New Rochelle Lodge.

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge Holds Annual Outing For Orphans

As is its annual custom, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, entertained the children from the orphanages of the city at an outing, held this year at Wheeling Park. At the same time, a large group of colored children from the local orphanage and day nursery enjoyed the same privileges and amusements at Oglebay Park as guests of the lodge. The Wheeling Chapter of the American Red Cross, the local recreation department staff, and the staffs of both parks cooperated with the Elks in taking care of the children.

Left: At the Indiana State Assn. Convention held in Anderson are shown State Pres. Glen Miller, Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, retiring State Pres. Claude E. Thompson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson.





At top is a picture of the Old Timers of Reading, Pa., Lodge who were honored recently by the Lodge.

That there was plenty to eat was evidenced by the report which showed that edibles of all kinds were furnished in enormous quantities including 132 pounds of wieners, 50 pounds of ham, 35 gallons of ice cream and 300 pounds of candy. From his model Jersey farm nearby, Charles H. Neubard sent 30 gallons of milk packed in ice. The W.P.A. orchestra furnished music at Wheeling Park and a number of vaudeville acts were presented. The children in the group at Oglebay Park were entertained by McDowell's Rhythm Band. Gifts were presented before the start was made for home, each child receiving a doll, a tricycle or some present equally desirable. Secy. Adam Martin, Past Pres. of the W. Va., State Elks Assn., who is in active charge of the Outing each year, officiated as usual.

A. V. Schubert, Secretary Of San Jose, Calif., Lodge

Funeral services for A. V. Schubert, Secretary of San Jose, Calif., Lodge, No. 522, for more than 25 years, were

Right: A group of officers of Marion, Ohio, Lodge and committee members who met Congressman Thomas A. Jenkins in Columbus to take him to Marion for the Pilgrimage to the Harding Memorial.

Below are those who attended a banquet given by the bowling league of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge.

held in the lodge room. A large number of his fellow-members and other friends were present.

Mr. Schubert died suddenly while attending to his duties. He was known to every member of the lodge as "Schubie". Courteous and affable under all circumstances, he was always doing a little more than his work called for, and dipping constantly into his own purse to help some one in distress.

Pensacola, Fla., Elks Sponsor a Successful Charity Carnival

A successful Charity Carnival, staged by Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497, on July 4, was patronized by many visitors from Alabama and a large home crowd. Hundreds of participants in Pensacola's

annual Independence Day celebration visited the municipally owned Sanders Beach where the Elks' Carnival was held. A floor show, featuring popular entertainers, concluded the all-day fiesta. The program included a parade, a track meet, water sports, a fireworks display and dancing.

An exhibition drill was given by soldiers and Marines from the air stations and Fort Barrancas. The private, corporal and sergeant, selected by the judges as the best drilled, were presented with medals. Winners in the track events were awarded prizes.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge Receives Its Founder's Certificate

Acting as personal representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler, in Southwestern Pennsylvania, D.D. John J. McGrath of Sheraden, Pa., Lodge, made the official presentation of an Honorary Founder's Certificate to Brad-





Above is Babe Ruth with E.R. Carl Walter and Ray Doan, national sports promoter, on the occasion of the Babe's visit to Muscatine, Ia., Lodge.

dock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, at a July meeting. Among those who participated in the ceremonies were E.R. Albert R. Bodnar; P.E.R.'s John F. Nugent, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., P.D.D. John F. Lowers, Trustees George J. Morrison and Henry J. Gelm, George L. Black and Ray Y. Swaney; James O. Weaver, Hugh L. Mooney and Joseph P. Zorn, Est. Lead., Loy., and Lect. Knights respectively, and Philip Roderus, Tiler.

Crookston, Minn., Lodge Is Visited by Henry C. Warner

A few weeks before the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Crookston, Minn., Lodge, No. 342, held Open House for its own members and visiting Elks from many northwestern lodges so that they might meet Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, attend the banquet given in his honor and listen to his address. This was the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order to Crookston Lodge since 1924 when James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, was Grand Exalted Ruler and visited the lodge in his official capacity. Mr. Warner spoke at the banquet which opened an evening of festivities.

A class of candidates was initiated and inspection of the newly decorated and refurnished lodge rooms was made. E.R. Lowell J. Grady presided at the banquet. Among the many prominent Elks seated at the speakers' table with Mr. Warner were Dr. H. W. Schmitt, of Hibbing Lodge, D.D. for Minnesota, North; Patrick J. McHugh, Grand Forks, D.D. for North Dakota; Frank V. Kent, Grand Forks, N. D., Trustee of the N. D. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. Clarence A. Erickson, Fergus Falls, Minn.; P.D.D.'s M. D. Anderson, Fargo, N. D., and the Rev. Father P. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, and S. A. Wallace, a charter member of Crookston Lodge.

San Mateo, Calif., Elks Raise Bowling to Rank of Major Sport

The promotion of bowling to the extent that it has gained a prominent place in the ranks of major sports on the Peninsula, has for several months been the chief objective of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, in the field of recreational activity. Veteran bowlers from the Elks' alleys have joined civic teams frequently participating in inter-city tournaments. The resulting increase in popularity of the indoor sport has been most encouraging to promoters and devotees of the game. Local bowlers recently journeyed to Los Angeles where the invitational spade work was

Left is Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner with several prominent Wisconsin Elks on the occasion of his visit to La Crosse, Wis., Lodge.

done for the proposed holding in San Mateo of the 1943 West Coast Bowling Conference, affiliated with the American Bowling Conference.

Including the San Mateo Elks' alleys, 30 alleys are available in the new sports centers of Burlingame and San Mateo. All are equipped with the latest facilities known to the game and designed to serve every comfort of patrons. The close of the Elks Bowling League season was celebrated with a banquet attended by more than 100 bowling enthusiasts.

Youths From All Parts of Idaho Are Entertained by Boise Lodge

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, entertained 55 boys from all parts of the State at a dinner on July 25. The occasion was the first annual Boys State gathering sponsored by the Idaho Department of the American Legion. Robert S. Overstreet, E.R. of Boise Lodge, presided. P.E.R. Homer Hudelson, P.D.D., introduced the distinguished guests including the speaker of the evening, P.E.R. Harry J. Benoit, of Twin Falls Lodge, and P.E.R. A. H. Christiansen, Boise, 1st Vice-President of the Ida. State Elks Assn. Many prominent Elks and members of the Legion were present.

Tommy Uberauga, Boys State Governor, occupied a seat of honor at the banquet. The Band of Boise Lodge played several numbers and the Boise Elks Quartette sang. Sound pictures of the United States Navy were shown through the courtesy of the United States Navy Recruiting service. After the banquet, the boys were taken to the large municipal air station for an inspection tour.

Du Bois, Pa., Lodge Presents a Resuscitator to Local Hospital

An important ceremony of general interest took place recently at the Du Bois Hospital when a special committee, representing Du Bois, Pa., Lodge, No. 349, presented the institution with a resuscitator of modern type. E.R. Charles W. Allen was in charge of the program. Formal presentation was made by D.D. Thomas B. Bradley of Du Bois Lodge.

In accepting the gift, Sister M. Carmelita, Superintendent of the Hospital, thanked the Elks for their fine gesture. Dr. E. F. Getto voiced the thanks of the medical staff and also explained the various details of the operation of the machine. The resuscitator forms an important adjunct to the hospital's equipment, filling a long-felt want with particular reference to its use in emergency cases.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge Donates Playground Equipment At Beach

The children of Ogdensburg, N. Y., began a season of fun, with chances of accident reduced to a minimum, when the municipal bathing beach on the St. Lawrence River was opened in June by city officials, through the cooperation of Ogdensburg Lodge No. 772. City



Left is the Ritualistic Team of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge. They are New York State Champions of 1939-40.



Above is a class of 41 candidates, the officers of Glendive, Mont., Lodge and distinguished visitors, photographed during the celebration of the Lodge's Silver Jubilee.

employees cleared and cleaned the beach which had not been used for several years, and the lodge supplied the playground equipment. Funds were voted by members of the lodge for the purchase of slides, trapeze bars, flying rings, flexible ladders, swings, horizontal bars and seesaws.

Prominent Elks Attend Meeting At La Crosse, Wis., Lodge

La Crosse, Wis., Lodge, No. 300, held an enthusiastic meeting on June 28, with the Grand Exalted Ruler, Henry C. Warner, as a special guest and the principal speaker. His talk received much favorable comment.

The Wisconsin State Elks Association was well represented by past and present officers including Past State Pres.'s William F. Schad, Milwaukee, Joseph Selbach, Eau Claire, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, Thomas F. McDonald, Marshfield, and Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers; Vice-Pres. Frank W. Fisher, Janesville, and Secy. Lou Uecker, Two Rivers. D.D. William J. Eulberg, Portage, E.R.'s Harold L. Londo, Green Bay, and Joseph G. Konop, Milwaukee, P.E.R.'s William Uthmeier, Marshfield, and Dr. R. T. Case, La Crosse, B. B. Anundsen, Decorah, Vice-Pres. of the Iowa State Elks Assn., and Ernie Getts, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, were present.

Lima, O., Lodge Presents Flag And Staff to Schoonover Park

The presentation by Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, of an American Flag, a staff and a base, to Schoonover Park, was the opening event of the formal dedication and presentation of the park and swimming pool to the city of Lima. A parade was formed at the lodge home, headed by police on motorcycles in charge of James C. Schofield, a member of Lima Lodge, the combined bands of the South and Central High Schools of more than 200 pieces, about 150 Lima Elks in automobiles, the local units of the U. S. Field Artillery and ammunition train, and members of the Ohio National Guard.

The Flag was presented officially by E.R. Robert M. Lane, and accepted on behalf of the people of Lima by Mr. Schoonover, donor of the park. Headed by his brother, Fred G. Schoonover, a member of No. 54, a squadron of airplanes circled the field during the presentation ceremonies. The exercises, attended by approximately 40,000

people from Lima and surrounding cities, were broadcast by the local radio station, WLOK. The Flag was raised by members of the Ohio National Guard and the American Legion, all of whom were members of Lima Lodge.

Salt Lake City Elks Succeed With Special Charity Program

Shortly after Edward L. Vetter had been installed as Exalted Ruler of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, he appointed a special charity committee to act during the next 12 months in the distribution of shoes and clothing to the needy. The committee went to work immediately, first enlarging the charity quarters in the lodge home and adding shelving, dressing rooms, hangers and stationery necessary for use in the examination of applicants for relief. Over the door of the spacious room is a card reading "Elks Benevolent Good Will Room", and at all times a member is in attendance ready to interview applicants who, if found worthy, are supplied with what is needed.

The Elks Benevolent Good Will

Committee began to function on May 15 and within two months had taken care of more than 50 deserving cases. A call sent out to the membership for wearing apparel for men, women and children, met with prompt response. Shoes are repaired and clothes are cleaned and pressed as soon as they are received. The undertaking is now an assured success and the work will be continued throughout the winter.

Millville, N. J., Elks Give 18th Outing For Crippled Children

More than 700 children from Millville, N. J., and nearby localities, with their mothers and sisters, guardians and nurses, were the guests of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Millville Lodge No. 580 at the 18th annual seashore outing given by the Elks on July 17. Twenty-one private automobiles and four large public service buses were used for transportation. A police escort, composed of local officers and State troopers, accompanied the caravan to Wildwood where they were met by local police.

A brief stop was made, en route, at the Baptist Cemetery in Cape May Court

Below: Henry C. Warner is greeted by a reception committee of Dickinson, N.D., Elks when he visited that Lodge.



Right: The Ritualistic Team of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge which will compete in the contests at the California State Elks Association Convention this month.



Above are officers and candidates of Crookston, Minn., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.

House. The children left the cars and marched to the tomb of the late Edward S. Culver, former Millville resident and Elk and Mayor of Wildwood, who for many years was a benefactor of crippled children. Flowers were placed at the base of the tomb and a memorial service was held. A four-year-old child, dressed in purple and white, led the procession. Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Millville Elks Committee, spoke briefly. At Wildwood the children had the run of the beach and boardwalk and free use of rides and amusement features. Later, at the Hotel Blackstone, T. M. Dauginas, the proprietor, entertained the party at a bountiful feast, followed by a vaudeville program.

Grand Exalted Ruler Buch Comes Home to Trenton

With the Houston Convention over, the newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler, Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, returned to his home city, where he opened headquarters, and with his secretary, Frank M. Travaline, Jr., of Camden, turned with his usual energy to the task of answering hundreds of congratulatory telegrams and letters and setting up the office force that will function through his administration. En route, Mr. Buch and his secretary stopped off in Chicago where they familiarized themselves with the routine of the Grand Secretary's office and were given data on the work to be undertaken by the Grand Exalted Ruler during the year.

On Wednesday, July 24, Mr. Buch was welcomed at the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Trenton. Never was a more impressive demonstration given an individual in the history of the city. On the station platform were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R.

Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, and Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842; Leo J. Rogers, Mayor of Trenton, with City Commissioners and members of the Board of Freeholders and the N. J. Crippled Children's Commission; former Gov. Harold G. Hoffman, of Perth Amboy Lodge; seven bands; delegations from nearby lodges of the Order; representatives from all the 65 lodges in New Jersey and many from New York State. A welcoming committee of 200 citizens, named by Mayor Rogers, was also on hand, together with many employees of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission of which the Grand Exalted Ruler is Chairman. Members of Mr. Buch's family were also present.

The Trenton police, headed by Police Chief William Dooling, who handled the crowds at the station so splendidly, performed the same fine service during the parade. The police car, in which rode Chief Dooling and Chief Phelan of the Fire Department, was followed by the cars conveying the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party and by the American Legion color guard. Then came P.E.R. William M. N. Gilbert, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee and marshal of the parade, and his aides; E.R. Leroy Ufert, of Trenton Lodge, and Richard F. Flood, Jr., of Bayonne, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; State and past State officers, and the Trenton Lodge band with the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, the present officers and members. The second division was led by the Jewish War Veterans Junior band. In line were members of Freehold, Nut-

ley, Phillipsburg and Madison, N. J., Lodges, followed by the Burlington County delegation led by the McFarland American Legion Post of Burlington, and a girls' Bugle and Drum Corps from Florence, in white and gold uniforms. The boys of the Post in green and white gave the parade a colorful touch and both outfits were loudly applauded all along the way. Members of the lodges in Burlington County followed Lakewood Lodge which, with its band, led the fourth division, followed by the Camden color guard and the delegation from Freehold, N. J., Lodge. Members of the Unemployment Compensation Commission marched with this group. Boy Scouts of the Trenton area, bearing 27 flags portraying the history of the American standard, also participated, accompanied by their Sea Scout band. The Grand Exalted Ruler is Vice-Chairman for the area. The last division was composed of the Trenton Post 93 Junior Band, members of the Post, and also general committee members. Traversing the principal business streets of Trenton, which were lined by enthusiastic spectators, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the lodge home, where he reviewed the parade.

Elaborate arrangements for the parade and for a reception in Mr. Buch's honor were made by Trenton Lodge immediately after word had been received of his election. Both events were highly successful, due to the hard work of the committees and the cooperation of the officers and members. Speakers at the reception included former Governor Harold G. Hoffman, who made the speech at Houston nominating Mr. Buch. On behalf of the Unemployment Compensation employees, he presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a fine crayon sketch made by Samuel Stewart, an employee, and gave as part of his talk the poem that made such a hit at Houston, entitled "Mister Joe". Others who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Hart and Nicholson; former Governor Edward C. Stokes, of Trenton; Mayor Rogers; Past State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon, of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, who made the seconding speech at Houston; the new Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Col. William H. Kelly, of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, and State Pres. Richard F. Flood, Jr. The program was in charge



Left: Members of Braddock, Pa., Lodge receive from D.D. John J. McGrath an Honorary Founder's Certificate of the Elks National Foundation.



Left: Photographed at the Elks Golf Tournament held in Toledo, Ohio, are, right to left, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, P.D.D., John C. Cochran, Peter F. Whalen, of Toledo Lodge, and Dr. C. J. Czarnecki.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, photographed with former Governor Harold Hoffman of New Jersey, Mayor Leo Rogers of Trenton, N. J., and Mr. Buch's secretary, Frank M. Travaline, Jr., at the home-coming celebration for Mr. Buch after the Houston Convention.



Left is the Elks Quartet of Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge, which sang at the memorial ceremonies for late President Warren G. Harding at Marion, Ohio, recently.

Below is Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and prominent California Elks on Santa Barbara Old Mission steps, when Mr. Warner visited Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge.



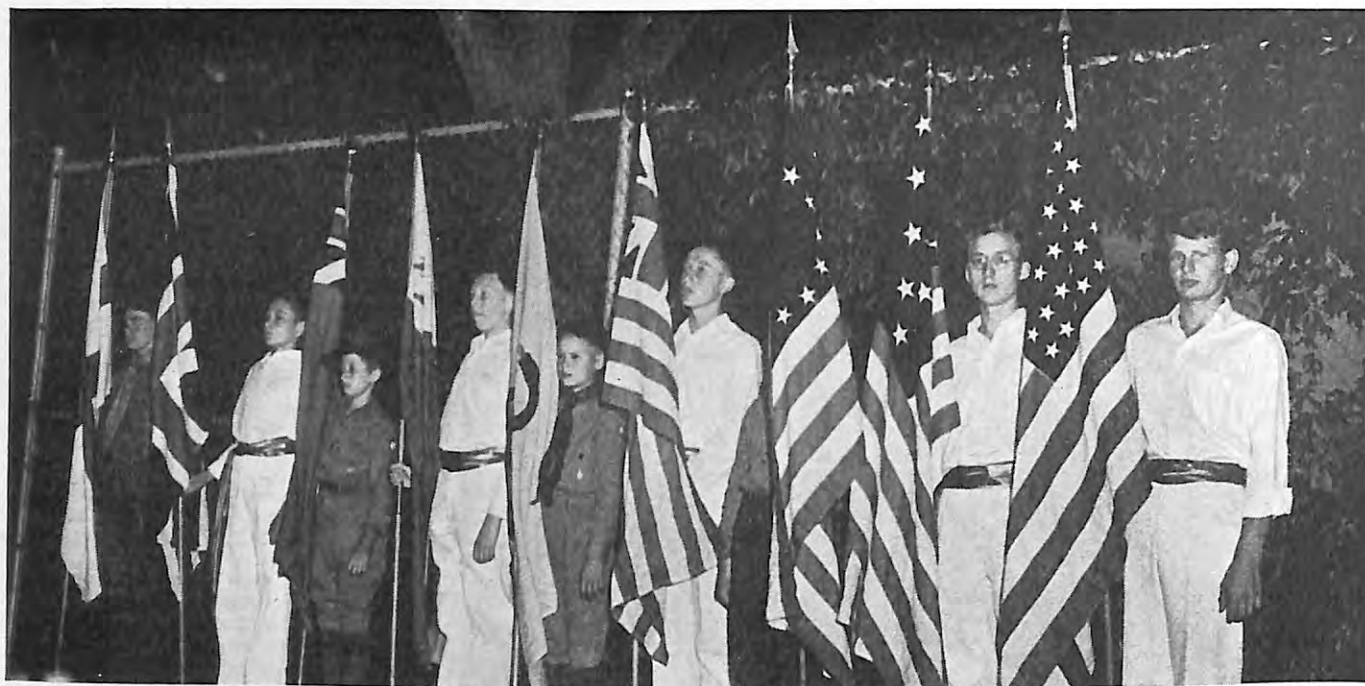
of the Exalted Ruler of Trenton Lodge, Mr. Ufert, who, in thanking the city officials for their cooperation, called on all the Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge and the members of the Arrangements Committee to rise in order that they might receive the credit due them.

Mr. Buch received many beautiful baskets of flowers. He was greatly affected by the welcoming and declared that it was a fine thing to come home and find that his own lodge and the city in which he had always lived regarded him so highly. He thanked the Mayor, the City Commissioners and all of his friends, and called upon all the members of the Order who were present for the earnest support of his program during the coming year. After the reception, refreshments were served under the direction of the Trenton Lodge committees.

Death Comes to J. B. Sleeman, Prominent Pennsylvania Elk

James Brain Sleeman, P.E.R. of Huntingdon, Pa., Lodge, No. 976, and Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., died at his home on July 26, after an illness of more than two months. Mr. Sleeman served two terms as District Deputy. He was one of the best liked and most respected Elks in the State. Since the organization of the South Central Elks District Association, Mr. Sleeman had served as Treasurer. Ill health forced him to resign the office in June.

Mr. Sleeman was born in England in 1868. He became a citizen of the United States in 1895. For a number of years he was a member of the National Guard. He entered the employ of the J. C. Blair Company in 1897, was master mechanic, and continued with the firm until the beginning of his illness. Burial took place in Riverside Cemetery.



Above are some of those who participated in exercises honoring the Flag, during the Oregon State Elks Convention held at Pendleton.

NEWS of the State Associations

MAINE

Houlton Lodge No. 835 entertained the Maine State Elks Association during its annual convention on June 1-2. Rumford Lodge No. 862 was announced as the winner of the State Ritualistic Contest. Scholarship awards were presented to Stanley Percy, of Bath, Me., Stanley Vigette, of Rumford, and Margaret Smith, of Lewiston, Me. Untiring interest and good results have attended the work for crippled children carried on by the Association which voted to make this its only objective during the coming year.

Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Ernest C. Simpson, Waterville; First Vice-Pres., Dr. Joseph L. Brown, Sanford; 2nd Vice-Pres., Gordon W. Drew, Augusta; 3rd Vice-Pres., Arthur

J. Henry, Rumford; Secy., Edward R. Twomey, Portland; Treas., Everett A. McGlauffin, Portland. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, of Portland Lodge, was elected Trustee for three years. Bath, Me., was chosen as next year's convention city.

NEW YORK

Opening ceremonies of the 28th Annual Convention of the New York State Elks Association were held at the home of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, on Sunday, June 2, at 8 p.m., with Past State Pres. D. Curtis Gano of Rochester

Below is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, speaking during the Convention of the Michigan State Elks Assn. held at Jackson.

Lodge presiding. After an organ prelude by Prof. A. G. Tucker and a prayer by the Rev. William A. Hallock, State Chaplain, addresses were delivered by P.E.R. Frank M. Miller, General Chairman of the Convention Committee, E.R. Albert W. Yogg of Rochester Lodge, and Mayor Samuel B. Dicker who welcomed the delegates on behalf of the city. Musical numbers were rendered by the Rochester Gas & Electric Company's Male Chorus. Speeches were also made by State Pres. Dr. Francis H. Marx, of Oneonta Lodge No. 1312; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough No. 878, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon No. 842. P.D.D. Frank R. Wassung, of Norwich Lodge No. 1222, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, introduced the following young people to whom scholarships were awarded on behalf of the State Association: Louis Biagi, sponsored by Schenectady Lodge, a student at Union Medical College; Mary Alice Boehlert, Oneida, Oneonta Normal School; Albert DaSilva, Freeport, New York University; Richard Fang, Roch-



Right: The Degree Team of Marquette, Mich., Lodge, which was the Class A champion at the Michigan State Elks Association Convention.

Below, right: P.E.R. Peter J. Genovese presents prizes to the winners of the Essay Contest at the Massachusetts State Elks Convention. The winners are, left to right, Helen Hayes, Gertrude Kroceski and Pamela Walker.

ester, University of Rochester; Joan Swartz, Albion, Denison College. The recipients expressed their thanks for the assistance of the Association in enabling them to continue their college educations. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, Past Grand Chaplain and Honorary President of the State Association.

The first business session was held on Monday morning, with Dr. Marx presiding. In addition to routine business, addresses were made by Judge Hallinan and Major Hart. P.E.R. Arden E. Page, of Hornell, N.Y., Lodge, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, announced that the State Contest had been won by Plattsburg Lodge No. 621. Great Neck, Cortland, Albion and Little Falls Lodges also participated. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda; Vice-Pres.'s: S.E., William P. Dunne, Bronx; East, John J. Hayden, Beacon; E. Cent., Eli T. Conner, Port Jervis; S. Cent., Glenn R. Weigand, Elmira; N.E., Dr. William R. Eger, Schenectady; W. Cent., A. Floyd Tharp, Seneca Falls; West, Richard J. Gavagan, Lancaster; N. Cent., Hyman S. Weiner, Saranac Lake; Secy., William T. Phillips, New York Lodge No. 1; Treas., John T. Osowski, Elmira. Albany, N. Y., was chosen as the next year's Convention City. The Tuesday session was devoted chiefly to reports made by the Vice-Presidents and various committees. The Order was shown to be in healthy condition throughout the State. The Lapsation and Membership Committees reported a fifty percent decrease in lapsations. The report of the Inter-Lodge Visitation Committee was not presented, due to the death of Chairman John T. Huguenin of Rome Lodge No. 96. A brief Memorial Service for Mr. Huguenin and other members who died during the year was held at this session. At the principal business session on Wednesday, the State officers were installed by Dr. Sykes. The



twenty-fourth anniversary of his election as Honorary President and his twenty-fourth year as installing officer of the Association were celebrated that day by Dr. Sykes. After a brief address by State Pres. Moses, and the final report of the Credentials Committee, submitted by Chairman Frank C. O'Brien of Watertown Lodge, showing a registration of 683 delegates, the session was brought to a close by State Chaplain Hallock.

Rochester Lodge provided a delightful social program for the three-day

Below are 56 candidates who were known as the State President's Class, initiated in honor of Elmer B. Maze by Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge.

meeting. The final event of the Convention, one of the most successful in recent years, was the parade on Wednesday afternoon in which handsome floats, fine bands and colorful marching units took part.

SOUTH DAKOTA

The South Dakota State Elks Association convened at Yankton, S. D., on June 2-3. A splendid business program was carried out and delegates and visitors were royally entertained by the local lodge, Yankton No. 994. On Sunday morning, June 2, Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner arrived from Sioux City, Ia., where he was met by State Pres. Leo A. Tem-

(Continued on page 42)



The Social Side of the Grand Lodge' Convention



Jack Miller

THE true worth of any great fraternal organization lies in its ability to form a solid front against any threat to the nation's freedom."

With this keynote, representatives of 500,000 Elks heard Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., officially open the 76th Grand Lodge Convention of the B. P. O. Elks in Houston on Monday evening, July 15th.

All day Monday, prior to the official Opening Session, the city filled with Elks and their families. Bands and drill teams paraded the streets and

Above: The Columbus, Ohio, Band which won the Band Contest at the Houston Convention, shown as they marched in the Parade.

performed in the lobby of the Rice Hotel, Convention Headquarters. There was Open House all day long at Houston Lodge's Elks Gulch and also on the cool, spacious grounds of the Gulf Brewing Company, where free beer was served from morning till night.

On Monday morning many important events took place. The traps were open

for practice at the Houston Gun Club. And at lovely Brae-Burn Country Club, the qualifying round of the Elks National Golf Tournament got under way. The scores during the day were exceptionally high. Those who weren't watching the contests were registering at Houston Lodge No. 151 and at Convention Headquarters.

At 10:00 A. M. the Ritualistic Contest started at the spacious Arabia Shrine Temple. Later, at the conclusion of the Contest, the winner proved to be Inglewood, Calif., Lodge,



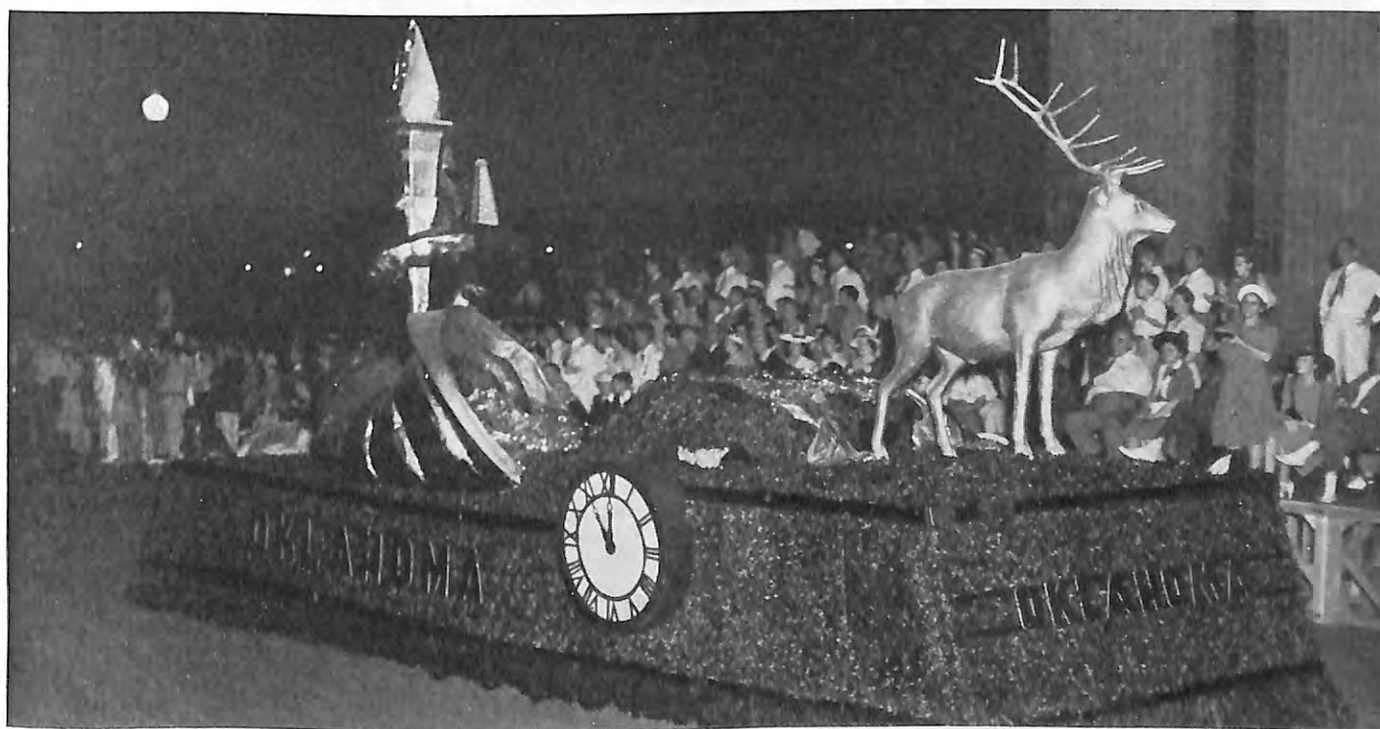
First Prize—

Above: The float entered by Massachusetts, which won first prize at the Elks National Convention.



Second Prize—

Above: The float entered by the Kansas State Elks Assn. which took second prize in the Convention Parade.



Photos by Jack Miller

Third Prize—

The third prize was awarded to the Oklahoma float, shown above.

No. 1492, with a score of 97.512%. The first prize was \$500.00. Second came Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, with 97.465% and a prize of \$250.00. South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, won third prize of \$125.00 with a score of 97.328%. Fourth and fifth prizes of \$75.00 and \$50.00, went to Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, No. 1505, and LaSalle-Peru, Ill., Lodge, No. 584, with respective scores of 97.175% and 97.144%. It is easy to see how close the competition was, with only a fraction of a point separating first place from fifth.

Judge William Hawley Atwell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, presided at the Opening Session, and Joseph E. Meyer,

Jr., Exalted Ruler of Houston Lodge, and Mayor Oscar F. Holcombe made brief welcoming addresses. Rev. Joseph B. Dobbins, Grand Chaplain, delivered the Invocation. Several musical numbers were given by a mixed quartet composed of Nancy Swinford, Mrs. Louis Kier, Miller Sparks and Walter Jenkins.

Before a packed house at the Music Hall of the Sam Houston Coliseum, Mr. Warner, in the principal address of the Opening Session, warned that the imminence of American participation in war cannot be laughed off, and asked his audience the question, "Will we, as American citizens, behave with dignity

and decision, or will we hysterically flounder in the mire of propaganda and war mania?"

"Heretofore," Mr. Warner said, "Americans have treated existing conditions too lightly. The time for national buck-passing has passed, and this nation must wake up to its duties and responsibilities as a great and free republic."

Elks from every State and Territory, more serious than at any Convention since World War days, wildly applauded the Grand Exalted Ruler when he said he wished it was in the Order's power to deport every fascist, nazi and communist, as well as all aliens who



Photos by Jess Gibson



AN ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING THE GRAND LODGE ADDRESS OF CONGRESSMAN MARTIN DIES

Inasmuch as it was announced before the Grand Lodge that the address of Congressman Martin Dies, delivered before that body and received with great acclaim, would be published in the September issue of *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*, and the notice to that effect was likewise published in our August issue, it is with regret that the Editors of your Magazine are unable to present the speech in this issue. Congressman Dies did not make his address from manuscript, and since he has been overwhelmed with work, it has been impossible for him to check and revise his speech for publication.

The address will, however, be published in a forthcoming issue of our Magazine.

Left is J. E. Reminger of Du Quoin, Ill., Lodge, who was the winner of the \$2,000 John J. Doyle Perpetual Golf Trophy.

At bottom: Part of the 135 vehicles of the 69th Coast Artillery of the U. S. Army which took part in the Parade.



Photo by Jack Miller

Above: A distinguished group of Elks arrives at Houston. They are, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Henry C. Warner, Frank L. Rain, Floyd E. Thompson, John K. Tener and James T. Hallinan, and Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch.

have been in the country for five years and have not yet applied for American citizenship.

Strongly condemning paid and unpaid agents of foreign ideologies, Mr. Warner said the only way to protect America's future was to deport each and every one of the alien propagandists.

"Americans have accepted without thought the heritage of their forefathers who founded the nation, and now have found themselves involved in the question of whether their children will enjoy the privileges they took as a matter of course.

"If we are to permanently succeed in this nation, we must kindle the spirit of sacrifice and patriotism which thrilled the men and women of 1776 to die for an ideal.

"We must be willing to sacrifice our luxuries. We must be willing to endure hardships and suffering. We must be willing to strive constantly on behalf of our nation, rather than on behalf of personal comfort.

"We, as Elks, should lead this spirit, no matter what the cost, to guarantee our liberties. Every Elk, and every other person, should be willing to say that no cost is too great to guarantee the preservation of the United States."

Among the distinguished Elks on the platform were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener; David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida; Raymond Benjamin; James R. Nicholson; Edward Rightor; Bruce A. Campbell; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Charles H. Grakelow; William H. Atwell; John F. Malley; John R. Coen; James T. Hallinan; Charles S. Hart, and Frank L. Rain.

TUESDAY

On the following day, July 16th, the principal event was the first official business session of the Grand Lodge, which was held at the Music Hall and

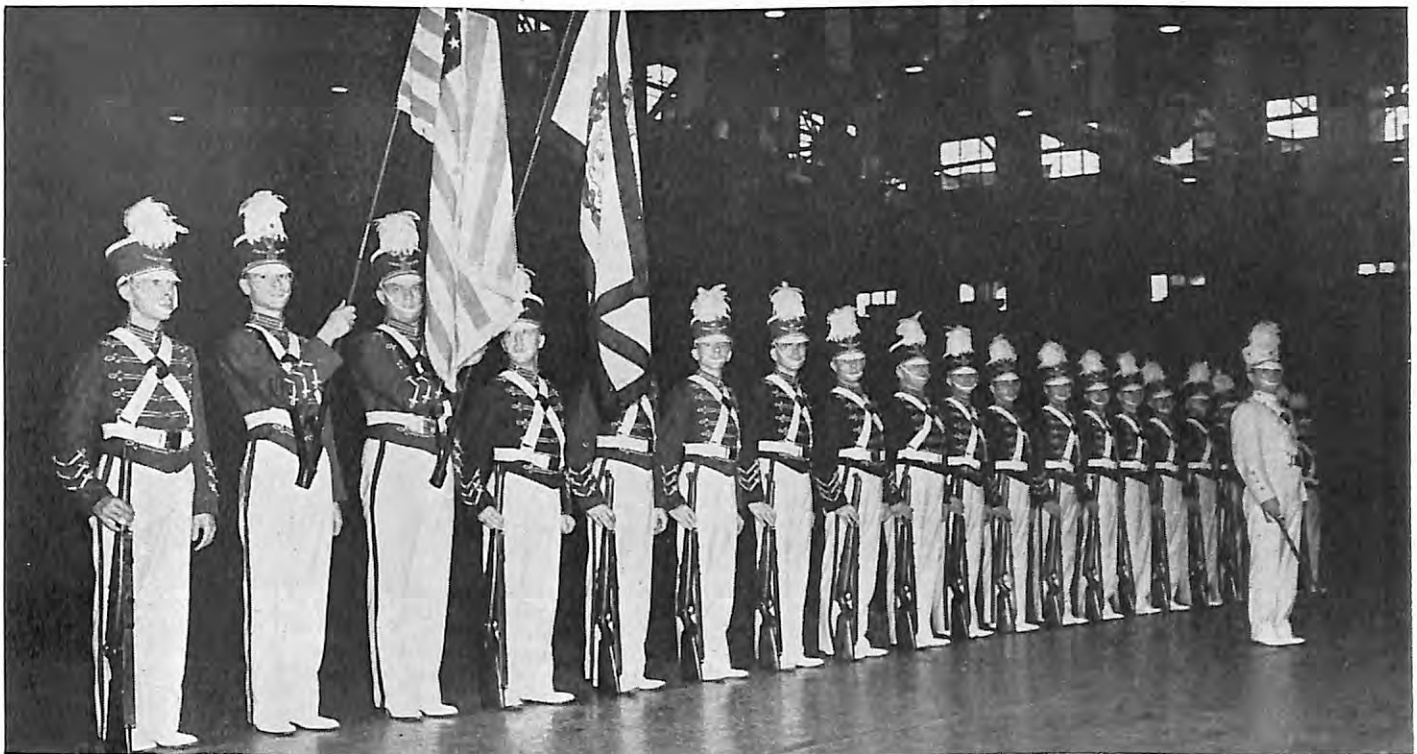


Photo by Jack Miller

an account of which was published in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

At 8:30 in the morning the finals of the Skeet and Trapshoot Tournaments took place. Houston Lodge swept all events, taking first and second places. The scores were exceptionally high, with Frank Mann, of Houston Lodge, showing amazing proficiency in breaking almost every target that came his way. The winners are as follows: Skeet—Small Bore Championship—1st, Frank Mann, of Houston, and 2nd, Bill Hutt, of the same Lodge; 20-Gauge Championship—1st, A. D. Cobb and Bill Hutt, both of Houston Lodge. In the National All Bore Championship Kenneth Bradshaw of Houston won the first prize, and Frank Mann, second. High Gunner on 200 targets and all-around Champion was Frank Mann. In the Trapshooting contest, shooting for the Calvert Perpetual Trophy, the Houston Lodge team, made up of Frank Mann, Otto Sens, Norman Pillot, A. D. Cobb and Dr. C. S. Vincent, was the winner.

While these contests were going on, the Golf Tournament was coming to an exciting close, with J. E. Reminger, of Du Quoin, Ill., Lodge, No. 884, winning the \$2,000 John J. Doyle Trophy in 54 holes of medal play. The other winners are as follows: Low Gross, W. J. Hurley, Port Arthur, Tex., Lodge, No. 1069; 2nd Low Gross, Sandy Boiles Duncan, Okla., Lodge, No. 1446; 3rd Low Gross, Frank Henshaw, Houston,

Above: The Drill Team of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge which won the Drill Team Contest held at Houston.

Tex., Lodge, No. 151; 4th Low Gross, B. J. Bell of Houston Lodge, and 5th Low Gross, George H. Lewis, Jr., also of Houston Lodge. First Low Net, Forde Johnson, Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge, No. 1087; 2nd Low Net, J. K. Clason, Galveston, Tex., Lodge, No. 126; 3rd Low Net, Meddie Roger, Houston Lodge; 4th Low Net, Dick March, of Duncan,

Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, and 5th Low Net, F. M. Stones, of Houston Lodge.

At 2:30 the Band and Drill Team Contests started at Buffalo Stadium. The Ohio Elks swept the Band Contest. In the Class "A" group, of 35 men and over, they took first prize of \$150. They followed this with \$100 for Best Appearance, and another \$100 for the largest band from the greatest distance. Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, was first in the Drill Team Con-

(Continued on page 47)



Above, right: The winner of the Calvert Perpetual Trap and Skeet Shoot Trophy was the Houston Team: Frank E. Mann, Otto Sens, Norman V. Pillot, Dr. C. S. Vincent and A. D. Cobb.

Right are the winners of the first and second scholarship awards of the Elks National Foundation, Helen Tripp and Edwin C. Smith, photographed with Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and Raymond Benjamin, Foundation Trustees.



Photos by Jess Gibson

The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees

TO the Grand Exalted Ruler and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

Each year that we have offered scholarships to the most valuable student graduates of high or preparatory schools in the United States, we have had an increasing number of applications, and the quality and attainments of these students have been so exceptionally fine and the students of such a high type that the task of selecting the four winning students has been extremely difficult—and this year has been no exception to this situation.

In fact, we might truthfully say that if we had blindfolded all of the members of the board and put the first twelve names in a hat and drawn them out one by one, no real great mistake would have been made in any case. This speaks well for the youth of the country and under the circumstances we feel deeply gratified.

As you all know, the Elks Foundation is a charitable foundation, and, in its search for the most outstanding students in the United States for the purpose of awarding scholarships, seeks not only to find boys and girls of brilliant attainments but those whose efforts to acquire an education have been made under extreme difficulties, financial and otherwise, and yet whose perseverance and determination to attain an education indicate a high quality of spirit to overcome all difficulties obstructing their pursuit of knowledge that has carried them through successfully, and in the past we have found many of this type.

One of the great principles to which the membership of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is pledged is support of the Constitution of the United States and our democratic form of government. And as an incident to that pledge, in these days when the responsibility for defending our Constitution, maintaining our form of government and preserving the liberties of our citizens will rest largely in the hands of the youth of our country, our Order awards scholarships to worthy students in the belief that by fostering their education we will stimulate their patriotism and create the intelligence, courage and determination needed to insure the preservation of our nation.

Practically the last nation of free men on the eastern continent has disappeared, and one by one the lights of liberty have been extinguished except for the faint glimmer emanating from Sweden and Switzerland, trapped nations both. The pall of darkness, brutality and death extends over the whole of that land from the Atlantic to Asia and from the Arctic to the Mediterranean. To the scroll of history have been added the names of many nations that have fought for the freedom of man and lost.

The youth of our country must mark these events and from them learn that courage, sacrifice, eternal vigilance and preparedness is the price of the liberty that our forefathers won for them at the cost of blood and suffering. Blindness to these facts is tantamount to

treason, and failure to resolutely face these conditions is the forerunner to national suicide. And so here, in awarding scholarships to four of the outstanding students of our nation, we of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks hope to kindle a spiritual fire in these and other youths of our nation in the fervent hope that its brilliant glow may penetrate the darkness that clouds human intelligence in our land, and that through that stimulation of the spirit they may aid in restoring the world to sanity and subdue and eliminate the forces of hatred and destruction.

The winner of our fourth scholarship prize is Miss Jane Murphy of Birmingham, Alabama, 16 years of age and a graduate this year of the Woodlawn High School of that city. She has participated in dramatics by taking a leading part in the plays, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", "You Can't Take It With You", and "The Taming of the Shrew", efforts worthy of the most prominent members of the actor's profession; she has been president of the Glee Club and has held the office of vice-president, secretary and treasurer of her session room as well as secretary to the girls' council. She is a member of the National and Euclidian honor societies, is a Sunday school teacher and pianist of the Lakewood Baptist Church; she is a Girl Scout, has been a coach of students in both Latin and mathematics, and her scholastic record shows straight "A's" in every subject.

Jane is the daughter of a shell-shocked veteran of the World War who has been unable to hold a job and has had to struggle along on a small pension. The financial situation of the family has been very difficult and yet this girl has been able by her own efforts to aid in caring for herself while accomplishing all of these activities. She graduated this last June at the top of her class of 200, and the principal of the high school states that she is one of the finest girls he has ever known from the thousands who have attended his high school.

The third scholarship award goes to R. Thornton Savage of Atlanta, Georgia, who, at Tech High School of Atlanta, was president of the Thi Delta Literary Society, president of the Student Government body, president of Tech High Beta Club, president of the State Beta Clubs of Georgia and editor-in-chief of the annual school book. In addition to these responsible offices he has won many honors in public speaking, among them the medal for the best orator at the annual literary exercises last spring.

He has been a member of the National Athletic Scholarship Society, of the Pan American Club, of the swimming team, the cross country track team and was valedictorian of his graduating class. His scholastic ratings shows him with a credit of 95 to 99 in each and every subject in every semester. He has been especially brilliant in mathematics and chemistry. His instructors stated that they had never taught a boy with greater possibilities

as a mathematician and a chemical engineer.

The second prize scholarship has been awarded to Miss Helen L. Tripp of Watertown, Massachusetts, who was graduated from Watertown Senior High School this year. Her grading in each study upon graduation has been above 95 in each department and this grading she has consistently maintained in all four years of her high school course. She has been on the honor roll each term and received the *cum laude* award in 1938 and was chosen as one of the twelve persons in the senior class of 1940 to receive the *cum laude* award from Watertown High School. She has been elected to the Watertown branch of the National Honor Society which selects its members on the basis of character, leadership, scholarship and service.

She has been in the Girl Scout movement for nearly eight years and last year received the golden eaglet award. She has been a member of the Winchester Girl Drum and Bugle Corps and has acted as swimming instructor at Perkins Institute for the Blind and at Cedar Hill Girl Scout Camp. She has been very active in sports and was on the varsity teams in both field hockey and basketball; has excelled in tennis and won first prize in a ski race, fifty-yard dash and broad jump, and is the proud possessor of a senior Red Cross life-saver badge.

She has won prizes for poetry, and this last year was on the staff of the school paper; also sports editor of the year book; secretary-treasurer of the chemistry club; a member of the outing club, astronomy club and dramatic club. Can you imagine a girl doing all that?

The financial necessities and stresses under which this girl fought for her education will be demonstrated when I tell you that she held a position as assistant to a nursery school teacher during one summer and worked after school and on Saturdays caring for children; that she has earned her own spending, clothing and dental money by caring for children afternoons and evenings and at the present time is working in the position of a waitress at a summer resort for the purpose of earning sufficient money for use toward her tuition at Simons College. It is with great pleasure that our Elks National Foundation awards the second prize of \$400.00 to this girl with the hope that it will aid her in accomplishing her heart's desire in completing her education.

Our first prize of \$600.00 is awarded to Edwin C. Smith of Iliion, New York, whose average scholastic rating for the four years in the high school at Iliion was the highest attained by any student in that school in more than twenty years. For this boy to get a 95 in his scholastic rating was most unusual; 97, 99, and 100 are more frequently found in his scholastic record. He has been a Boy Scout for five years and during this period has achieved the rank of Eagle Scout with gold palm which requires thirty-one merit badges. He was sent as repre-

(Continued on page 48)

Elks National Foundation

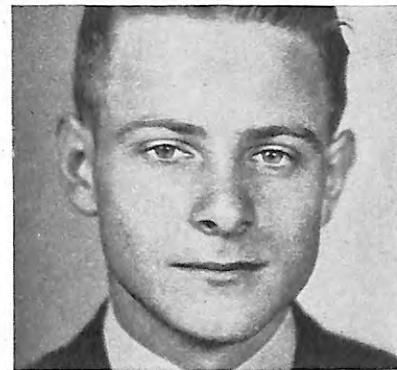
Scholarship Winners



Edwin C. Smith, Ilion, N. Y.,
First Prize.



Miss Helen L. Tripp, Watertown,
Mass., Second Prize.



R. Thornton Savage, Atlanta, Ga.,
Third Prize.



Miss Jane Murphy, Birmingham,
Ala., Fourth Prize.



Miss Elizabeth A. Casey, Alameda,
Calif., Honorable Mention.



James E. Donohue, Westerly,
R. I., Honorable Mention.



T. Rogness Johnson, Jr., Sioux
Falls, S. D., Honorable Mention.



Miss Ruth Kolthoff, Miami, Fla.,
Honorable Mention.



William Langbauer, Chicago, Ill.,
Honorable Mention.



W. Barry Mallon, Malone, N. Y.,
Honorable Mention.



Bill Morgan, Cookeville, Tenn.,
Honorable Mention.



Miss Emma Verdurman, Portland,
Ore., Honorable Mention.

The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch for 1940-1941



ALABAMA
ALASKA, EAST
ALASKA, WEST
ARIZONA, NORTH
ARIZONA, SOUTH
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA, BAY
CALIFORNIA, EAST CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, WEST CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, NORTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH CENTRAL
CANAL ZONE
COLORADO, CENTRAL
COLORADO, NORTH
COLORADO, SOUTH
COLORADO, WEST
CONNECTICUT, EAST
CONNECTICUT, WEST
DELAWARE, MARYLAND AND D. C., EAST
DELAWARE, MARYLAND AND D. C., WEST
FLORIDA, EAST
FLORIDA, WEST
FLORIDA, NORTH
GEORGIA, EAST
GEORGIA, WEST
GUAM
HAWAII
IDAHO, NORTH
IDAHO, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST
ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST
ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST
ILLINOIS, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST
INDIANA, NORTH
INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH
IOWA, SOUTHEAST
IOWA, NORTHEAST
IOWA, WEST
KANSAS, EAST
KANSAS, WEST
KENTUCKY, EAST
KENTUCKY, WEST
LOUISIANA, NORTH
LOUISIANA, SOUTH
MAINE, EAST
MAINE, WEST
MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND D. C.
(See Delaware, Maryland and D. C.)
MASSACHUSETTS, NORTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, SOUTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, WEST
MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL
MICHIGAN, WEST
MICHIGAN, EAST
MICHIGAN, CENTRAL
MICHIGAN, NORTH

Harry K. Reid
J. E. Johnson
E. B. Collins
Carl G. Krook
R. N. Campbell
W. H. Laubach
Clifford C. Anglim
L. O. Basteen
M. N. Watters
Dr. Charles C. De Marais
Carl J. Hase
Lloyd C. Leedom
Maurice F. Hammond
Don H. Conway
R. Bruce Miller
David W. Griffith
Leonard Glaser
William E. Beers
Joseph W. Delaney
Martin G. Hannigan
A. Guy Miller
Harry Haimowitz
Charles R. Walpole
C. G. Campbell
W. C. McGeary
Roderick M. McDuffie
William G. Johnston
Dayton A. Turner
William S. Hawkins
Nicholas Ney
Walter E. Miller
O. J. Ellingen
George A. Shields
William Duffield
Zean G. Gassmann
Percy L. Garrison
E. T. Gallagher
Merritt Diggins
C. James Burke
William J. McAvoy
P. H. Caldwell
Jere O. Goodman
J. W. Winger, Jr.
Arthur P. Lee
A. D. Bailey
Edgar M. Darby
George Wallerius
Arthur W. Rhorer
J. E. Hannephin
J. O. Modisette
Elward Wright
Harold R. Keniston
Joseph L. Brown

Horace J. H. Sears
Francis W. Dorgan
John E. Keefe
John A. Driscoll
Owen J. Gavigan
Patrick H. Kane
J. Murray Reed
Edwin Hedlund

Birmingham No. 79
Ketchikan No. 1429
Fairbanks No. 1551
Kingman No. 468
Yuma No. 476
Little Rock No. 29
Richmond No. 1251
Tulare No. 1424
Watsonville No. 1300
Chico No. 423
Ontario No. 1419
Long Beach No. 888
Cristobal No. 1542
Cripple Creek No. 316
Greeley No. 809
Trinidad No. 181
Durango No. 507
New Britain No. 957
Greenwich No. 1150
Wilmington, Del., No. 307
Annapolis, Md., No. 622
Lake Worth No. 1530
Sarasota No. 1519
Lake City No. 893
Athens No. 790
East Point No. 1617
Agana No. 1281
Honolulu, No. 616
Coeur D'Alene No. 1254
Caldwell No. 1448
Elgin No. 737
Mendota No. 1212
LaSalle-Peru No. 584
Canton No. 626
Olney No. 926
Marion No. 800
Alton No. 746
Kendallville No. 1194
Peru No. 365
Tipton No. 1012
New Castle No. 484
Linton No. 866
Keokuk No. 106
Marshalltown No. 312
Fort Dodge No. 306
Junction City No. 1037
Salina No. 718
Middlesboro No. 119
Fulton No. 1142
Jennings No. 1085
Houma No. 1193
Waterville No. 905
Sanford No. 1470

Beverly No. 1309
Taunton No. 150
Springfield No. 61
Maynard No. 1568
Ludington No. 736
Port Huron No. 343
Three Rivers No. 1248
Ironwood No. 1278

MINNESOTA, NORTH
 MINNESOTA, SOUTH
 MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH
 MISSISSIPPI, NORTH
 MISSOURI, EAST
 MISSOURI, SOUTHWEST
 MISSOURI, NORTHWEST
 MONTANA, EAST
 MONTANA, WEST
 NEBRASKA, EAST
 NEBRASKA, WEST
 NEVADA
 NEW HAMPSHIRE
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST
 NEW JERSEY, SOUTH
 NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL
 NEW MEXICO, NORTH
 NEW MEXICO, SOUTH
 NEW YORK, EAST
 NEW YORK, EAST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, NORTHEAST
 NEW YORK, NORTH CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTH CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, WEST
 NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, EAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, WEST
 NORTH DAKOTA
 OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, NORTHEAST
 OHIO, NORTHWEST
 OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, SOUTHEAST
 OHIO, SOUTHWEST
 OKLAHOMA, EAST
 OKLAHOMA, WEST
 OREGON, SOUTH
 OREGON, NORTHEAST
 OREGON, NORTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHEAST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, N. CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, S. CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHEAST
 PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
 PUERTO RICO
 RHODE ISLAND
 SOUTH CAROLINA
 SOUTH DAKOTA
 TENNESSEE, EAST
 TENNESSEE, WEST
 TEXAS, NORTH
 TEXAS, WEST
 TEXAS, SOUTHEAST
 TEXAS, SOUTHWEST
 TEXAS, EAST
 UTAH
 VERMONT
 VIRGINIA, EAST
 VIRGINIA, WEST
 WASHINGTON, EAST
 WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST
 WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST
 WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH
 WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH
 WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST
 WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST
 WISCONSIN, SOUTH
 WYOMING

Frank H. O'Brien
 Walter J. Barron
 A. W. Lang
 Griffin B. White, Jr.
 Oliver F. Ash, Jr.
 William T. Walsh
 Fred S. Miller
 Joel J. Steiner
 Joseph Sullivan
 Thomas J. Connelly
 C. E. McCaffrey
 John E. Cavanaugh
 Dr. Ernest A. Wheeler
 Charles P. McGovern
 William J. McCormack
 S. E. D'Ippolito
 Frederick I. Pelovitz
 Alfred E. Rogers
 R. S. Sensenbaurgher
 Michael J. Gilday
 Harold J. Rehrey
 Alfred J. Burns
 William H. Kuehnle
 P. C. Sainberg
 Harry R. Darling
 Clarence S. Hunt
 Charles J. Conklin
 R. D. Parrott
 P. C. Smith
 Arthur J. Rulon
 Walter Mougey
 Charles F. Eberhart, Jr.
 Harry Kahn
 John W. Cloran
 Charles B. Clements
 Charles J. Waggoner
 R. K. Robertson
 Dr. J. E. Kalb
 J. W. Flanagan
 Harold Cohn
 S. J. Halsan
 George H. Wilson
 Joseph Neary
 Ward M. Knoblow
 James E. Bates
 Wilson E. McDade
 Alex W. Port
 John V. Hoey
 Hubert MacGowan
 Chester Siegmund
 M. Walter Flynn
 Sidney F. Hilton
 E. B. Peterson
 John J. Brady
 W. K. Foster
 Willis O. Moore
 F. O. Henderson
 Bryan Blalock
 Alton C. Linne
 J. H. Street
 Erin H. Leonard
 Hiram P. Oliver
 W. Marshall King
 R. Watson Sadler
 Don R. Fitzgerald
 Smith Troy
 Jack C. Cassidy
 Stewart McReynolds
 E. E. Winters, Jr.
 John F. Kettenhofen
 William A. Uthmeier
 Frank W. Fisher
 Joseph M. O'Melia

St. Cloud No. 516
 Mankato No. 225
 Gulfport No. 978
 Canton No. 458
 St. Louis No. 9
 Springfield No. 409
 Macon No. 999
 Lewistown No. 456
 Anaconda No. 239
 Lincoln No. 80
 Hastings No. 159
 Tonopah No. 1062
 Concord No. 1210
 Jersey City No. 211
 Orange No. 135
 Vineland No. 1422
 Somerville No. 1068
 Las Vegas No. 408
 Silver City No. 413
 New Rochelle No. 756
 Newburgh No. 247
 Saratoga No. 161
 Little Falls No. 42
 Ithaca No. 636
 Rochester No. 24
 Auburn No. 474
 New York No. 1
 Goldsboro No. 139
 High Point No. 1155
 Jamestown No. 995
 Wooster No. 1346
 Youngstown No. 55
 Wapakoneta No. 1170
 Ironton No. 177
 Cambridge No. 448
 Lebanon No. 422
 Sapulpa No. 1118
 Altus No. 1226
 Marshfield No. 1160
 Heppner No. 358
 Astoria No. 180
 Homestead No. 650
 Shamokin No. 355
 Meadville No. 219
 Scottdale No. 777
 Kane No. 329
 Huntingdon No. 976
 Norristown No. 714
 Manila No. 761
 San Juan No. 972
 Westerly No. 678
 Florence No. 1020
 Sioux Falls No. 262
 Nashville No. 72
 Jackson No. 192
 Fort Worth No. 124
 Sweetwater No. 1257
 Austin No. 201
 Seguin No. 1229
 Cleburne No. 811
 Price No. 1550
 St. Johnsbury No. 1343
 Fredericksburg No. 875
 Charlottesville No. 389
 Spokane No. 228
 Olympia No. 186
 Everett No. 479
 Clarksburg No. 482
 Huntington No. 313
 Green Bay No. 259
 Marshfield No. 665
 Janesville No. 254
 Rawlins No. 609



The Grand Exalted Ruler has appointed these men as his aides during his term in office

For Us The Living

(Continued from page 13)

"Our president, yes. He was a very great man."

"The same as our Leader. My father told me he fought to free the people from bondage. So also does our Leader fight."

"M-m. I understand your father admired Lincoln?"

"Oh, very much. He used to tell me many stories—but I have forgotten. That was a long time ago, when I was young, and before our Leader came to us. So it was all right, then."

"What do you mean, all right?" Morse asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing." The boy's voice was stifled, remote. "Oh, well, you know—democracy, and all that." He gave Morse a side-long look, as if uncertain how this would be taken. But Morse was ready to own himself beaten. He pointed down the road.

"Look there—a new factory. Fine, isn't it?"

THE plant was gigantic. Black plumes floated from tall chimneys, and a great red-and-black flag above the central building whipped stiffly in the wind of autumn. One wing, apparently all of glass, was still under construction; facing the road was the familiar sign: "We thank our Leader that we are working here today. Heil Hitler."

Karl said coolly, "Not fine. In fact, no good at all."

"Eh? Why not?"

"Too big, too open, and too near the frontier. A perfect target." His hand floated, banked, dove sharply. "Z-z-z-z-umeo-ow! Boom! Boom! Right down the chimney!" He flung himself back in the seat, aiming an imaginary machine-gun. "Ra-ta-ta-ta! Brum! Br-rum! No—too late. Got clean away."

At the look on the man's face the boy laughed openly, a light, mocking laugh. Morse felt himself old, shaken, a little sick; but the laughter stung him. He tried to speak casually.

"I was in Luebeck last month," he said. "You should see what they're building there. Factories half under ground—hidden by trees. Why, at one place, near Trave-muende, just below a hill—"

"Pardon me, sir! I must remind you—you have no right to discuss with anyone what you have seen in the secret areas!"

Karl's eyes blazed at him; the tone was high, strident—the voice of command. Morse forced himself to smile.

"Oh, certainly—lieutenant. But I have no doubt of your discretion and loyalty. I am sure you are no informer."

Through a swelling moment the storm gathered. Then Karl screamed, "What do you mean? What do you mean by that?"

Morse stared at the boy. "Mean?"

"Answer me! What has Schroeder told you about me?" Morse braked the car, swung it out of the traffic lane. The boy plunged on, his voice shrill and shaking with hysteria. "He has no right to accuse me, to lie about me! Schroeder is a coward, a weakling—he'll be in trouble himself one of these days! That's why he was so anxious to get rid of me—he's afraid! He knows well I am loyal! He—"

Morse caught his wrist, jerked him forward almost savagely. "Silence!" he ordered. "Listen to me, Karl! I haven't any idea what you're talking about, and I don't care. But I warn you, be careful how you speak of your uncle! He is a loyal, devoted, very skilful worker, and my friend. He is twice decorated by the State—"

Karl's voice, like his eyes, was

heavy with contempt. Morse's ears barely caught the whispered word, "American!"

"Certainly, I am an American!" he said quickly. "But a scientist first." He hesitated, fingering the new medal in his vest pocket. A childish business, but he was dealing with a child. He brought out the decoration. "See, here. Like your uncle, I also have been honored. I have been told these are not given lightly."

After a wide-eyed glance, Karl looked away sullenly. "That is true," he muttered. "I am sorry. It would be better if I went on by train."

He had triumphed, but Morse took no pride in the victory. He slipped gears; the car moved forward. "You'll do nothing of the sort," he said harshly. "I told your uncle I'd take you to Karlsruhe. I mean to do it. You will stay with me. Understand?"

"Zu befehl . . ."

Morse's head throbbed dully, and the tightness in his throat and chest had become a small pain. He thought: I shall be down with a cold tomorrow. No, I shan't. A touch of liver, that's all. Must take more exercise. Over a bridge the car crept in low gear, behind a great wain loaded with grain sacks. Was that a wagon wheel squeaking, he wondered, or a ringing in his ears. Aspirin—Darmstadt—

Karl said in a voice painfully humble, "Herr Morse, I—I want to tell you—I'm awfully sorry. It shames me."

"That's all right. We all fly off the handle now and then."

"You are very good. I did not mean—but I—you see, I—" His voice broke. Morse, glimpsing the lad's white-knuckled fist, seeing how rigidly he held himself in the seat, knew he was fighting to keep back tears, and was carefully silent.

By and by the boy said huskily, "You—must think me a regular mother's boy, a cry-baby, sniveling like this."

"No."

"Well, I'm not. I can be as hard as the next one."

"I believe you."

"It's only that—that—"

"Karl, I don't think you are a mother's boy at all. I think you are a brave young fellow



"You're healthy enough, Mr. Fay, for me to wish I were in your skin—from the neck down, of course."

who has had more trouble put upon him than he can well carry. That is no cause for shame. You don't have to pretend with me."

Karl bent his arm against the seat and put his head down, weeping openly.

After a time Morse said, "You don't have to tell me about it. But if you want to, I shall be glad to listen. That's what strangers are for—to listen. Then they go away and we never see them again, and so our secrets are safe."

The boy did not look up. Morse said no more, and marveled at his own wisdom in so doing. They reached Darmstadt and passed it without pausing; not for worlds would Morse have broken the slender thread trembling between himself and his companion. Brennermann could wait; the boy was more important. Morse did not ask himself why this was true, nor did it seem to him strange that the habit of years of indifference to all personal and subjective factors in the lives of others—and even in his own life—should have melted suddenly in this chance encounter. Karl's troubles had become important to him, that was all—not out of mere curiosity, and not for Karl's sake alone.

Here, concealed, lay a matter vital to himself as well as to the boy—or perhaps he and the boy were identical, one being? Now, where had that idea come from? Karl had reminded him of someone, at first sight—who was it? A boy he had known once—somewhere . . . At any rate, they would—must—find a solution for this matter, whatever it was. If only his ears would stop ringing, and the dry burning go out of his veins.

"Herr Morse."

"Yes?"

"Do you think one should be loyal to one's country?"

"Why, yes, of course!"

"And if you—know someone who is not loyal, who refuses to support the State and the Leader, is it not your duty to correct him?"

"Perhaps—yes."

"Yes, certainly. Well then, if he persists in his disloyalty, it might even be your duty to—report him, *nicht wahr?*"

Reluctantly, "Well, yes, I suppose so—if the matter were serious."

"Serious or not, isn't that something for the authorities to decide? Even a little treason is still a treason!"

"I see what you mean." Nothing for it but agreement; only let him come to the point!

"And, Herr Morse, it is not less true—is it—if the traitor is—one dear to you—is even your own father?"

Incredible, how loud the roar of the motor had become. The road swung dizzily under Morse's eyes for an instant; he wrenched at the wheel and shook his head. Silence was worst of all; this must be answered. O God, let me say the right thing!

His voice, surprisingly, was perfectly steady when he spoke. "I see. That is how it was with you, Karl?"



"Yes. And do you, too, think me a betrayer, a Judas?"

"I think only this: that you are both brave and honest, and whatever you have done was done bravely and honestly according to your—according to the code you've been taught to accept."

Karl said in a quick monotone, "I never dreamed they would—take him away. I meant no harm to come to him. Believe me, I only thought to save him. He was in danger because he laughed at the Leader, he poked fun at everything, he talked to those who are our enemies, and the Jews who were his patients he treated and cared for. And I thought—if he were warned—made to realize this was a serious business . . . But they took him and—there must have been other things come out—I don't know—no one knows what goes on in those—places—and so—and then—two days ago—the package—"

"Karl!"

"Yes, yes, the package—with his ashes—and—and—Ach, lieber Gott, er war mein Vater, und ich kan ihn nicht vergessen!"

A dirt road, newly graded, led away from the highway toward the dark line of the Odenwald. Morse swung the car into it, almost under the wheels of a huge camion whose driver leaned out to curse at him. Morse did not hear him. Karl's story

had plunged him into a whirling chaos, out of which had risen first a pressing need for solitude. He was in a fever of impatience to be away from the swift rush of the highway, away from the sight and sound and smell of men and machines, to sit down quietly with Karl and plunge into this matter, identify the issues hidden in it, and set out again upon whatever course they might discover in the process. Unless this were done, he knew, he would be haunted all the days of his life.

Karl moved in the seat. He became conscious of the boy's puzzled, half-frightened gaze. He answered the unspoken question.

"I just thought," he said, "we'd have a picnic. Have you ever been on a picnic? Frau Elsen made a lunch for us. Or did she? Never mind; there are chocolate bars. When I was a child we used often to take our lunch and go off—there was a place—Fiddler's Grove they called it—near town. And other places, too—"

"But Herr Morse! We cannot go in here."

"Why not?"

"We're on an artillery practice range. There was a sign back there . . . We'll get ourselves in trouble if they catch us."

"Nonsense; we're doing no harm."

Beyond the first low hill, the road dipped into a shallow valley where oaks and beech trees bent above a narrow stream. Morse let the car roll to a stop and sat for a moment, leaning on the wheel. To him the pale autumn sunlight had suddenly become a white glare in which every detail of the scene—the brushy hillside, the trees, the brook—was brilliantly clear and yet remote, unreal, like a stage setting painted on flimsy canvases.

I could take Karl's hand, he thought, and we could walk right through that hill into the white dusty highway by Fiddler's Grove—and there would be the red-wheeled buggy and the white mare, and—

"Let us go over and sit on those logs, in the sun," he said. "This is a fine place, beside the stream."

Karl said, "Hush! The guns are firing! Over there!"

"Be damned to the guns." Morse had thought the dull, intermittent throbbing was in his own ears. He was impatient of the guns and the headache, of the rawness in his throat and the fever. He had no time for these things; they were annoying distractions standing between himself and his purpose. He said deliberately, "You know, Karl, my father was also a doctor, like yours."

"So?" His mind was on theartil-

lery range, beyond the hills.

"A country doctor, with a horse and buggy. He was a fine man. I never realized before how fine, how good . . . He loved to play the fiddle," he added, for no reason except that the image was before him.

"And mine, the flute!" Karl's voice was suddenly eager. They stared at each other, impressed. Karl offered a new confidence, "Herr Morse, do you know something else? You yourself—look very much like my father."

"In that case," the man said slowly, "we should be very good friends. Shake hands."

Morse warned himself—be easy. Go gently now. The new mood, fragile as moonlight, could shatter so easily. He looked away.

"There ought to be fish in that brook," he said. "When I was a boy, we used to ride out with my father to the mill dam, when he went on his rounds among his country patients. And we would fish there, for sunfish and perch. And he would pick us up on his way home—in his buggy . . . Here, Karl, have some chocolate. I wish—there should be more for you to eat."

"This is very good, thank you."

"On Saturday," Morse said dreamily, "my mother used to bake bread—great golden loaves, white as snow inside. Fresh white bread with heaps of yellow butter, and vegetable soup—that was our Saturday night supper always."

"THAT must have been good."

"Oh, yes . . . Karl, how would you like to go to America?"

"I?" The boy's glance was puzzled and uncomfortable; he smiled uncertainly and turned away his head. "You're joking."

"No, I mean it, truly. I am going back there soon—at once—why should you not come with me? After all you didn't seem awfully anxious to go to live with your cousin."

"Oh, that! I shan't be there long, I can tell you."

"No? What, then?"

"I—You won't give me away?"

"No, I promise."

"Well, I mean to get admitted to an Adolph Hitler School, and prepare, later, for a National-Socialist

Order Castle . . . I'll show them! They shan't keep me from it! I'm as good as they are—and a better Nazi!"

Oh, for words—for the magic words to call up the bright face of truth! His father would have known—his father, just beyond the hill . . . If only the red-wheeled buggy would

of his grandfather, John Morse, Captain, C Company, 12th Ohio Regiment . . .

" . . . It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remain-

ing before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause—"

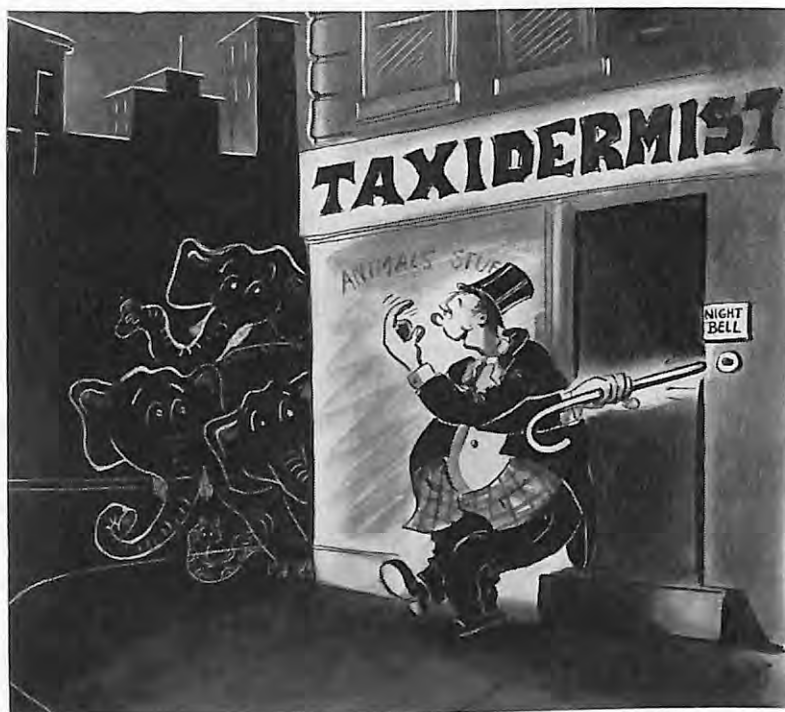
"Herr Morse, Herr Morse, look quick! Guns! A whole battery!"

Amid a roar of exhausts and the clash and rumble of great wheels the battery rolled smoothly over the crest and down across the little valley. Karl danced and chattered with delight. "Ach, wunderschön, wunderschön! Are they not beautiful, Herr Morse! That's what I'm going to be when I am older—an officer of artillery! Oh, but they are beautiful! See how brightly they glitter in the sunlight, the guns!"

The column blurred and wavered before Morse's eyes; he caught desperately at Karl's arm. "No!" he cried hoarsely. "Karl, listen to me! You must come with me, to America! You are brave and true, a good fighter, and there they have need of fighters—men with courage and—Karl, you must listen! For you father's sake, Karl! Karl!"

BUT Karl was gone, racing to the roadside, right arm up in salute, his childish, piping voice crying the salute to the soldiers who rode with the guns. A great, aching weariness fell over Morse; the guns and the small figure at the roadside seemed to dance and flicker in a gray mist come out of nowhere—a mist torn by bright flashes of blinding light. "How they glitter in the sunlight, the guns!"

He was conscious of a sharp pain in his hand; he looked down dazedly, and found that he was holding the bright new medal in his clenched fist. The clasp had pierced his palm. He summoned up his strength and threw the medal from him, as hard as he could. The medal, too, glittered gaily in the sunlight as it soared in a long arc, to fall among the litter of the hillside.



stop, and the keen-eyed, kindly man lean toward them, "Want a lift back home, boys? Better than riding shank's mare . . . Now, Karl, I want to tell you about America. Four score and seven years ago . . ."

Morse straightened suddenly. "Karl," he said quietly, "you say your father admired Lincoln. Tell me, did you ever hear him read a speech Lincoln once made, on a battlefield where soldiers were buried?"

"I—don't know. I think—"

"It begins this way: 'Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty—'"

"Oh, yes, I remember! Often he used to say that; he knew it by heart, my father!"

"—and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal— . . ."

Amazing with what smooth certainty the noble, sonorous phrases unfolded in his memory. On each Memorial Day the G.A.R. veterans had marched to the cemetery at the edge of town, and stood at attention beside the Civil War Memorial while Judge Mielnik read aloud the Gettysburg Address. And then the volley, and the sad bugle, and the wreath of flowers upon the grave

The Gold Coast

(Continued from page 17)

ping up. A trip to Hollywood is on the list, for nearly all of California's visitors like a close-up of screen stars, glimpses of their striking homes, and a studio or two.

A quite different atmosphere is felt at nearby Pasadena. Pasadena, at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, is famous for the Tournament of Roses, and it happens also to be the richest city per capita in America. The Huntington Library at San Marino with its priceless old books and 17th Century paintings, is only a few miles away. Within easy reach are Malibu, a favorite resort of the actors of Hollywood, and Santa Monica and Long Beach, with their miles of sandy beach along the ocean front. In San Pedro, the Los Angeles harbor, may arrive a visitor from South America, or a homing liner, weary after her six-thousand-mile journey from the Orient, come to rest. To welcome them there may even now be a part of the United States Pacific fleet.

Twenty-five miles out in the ocean lies Catalina Island. Only two hours away by steamer, it offers such diversions as the Casino, golf, deep-sea fishing. There are the submarine gardens to be visited in glass-bottomed boats. At the right time of year there may also be the Chicago Cubs in training, and perhaps a movie company or two.

Up the coast from Los Angeles dreams Santa Barbara. The quiet the beauty and the early Spanish mission style of architecture wrap this charming town in an aura of other days. There are miles of waterfront at Santa Barbara, too, and the curving beach meets the Santa Ynez Mountains. One of the best preserved of the missions, and one of the finest architecturally, is a spot to be visited here.

On Monterey Bay is another old town, Monterey, endearingly reminiscent of olden times in spite of the Presidio, the United States Army Post. The Royal Presidio Chapel was the second of the missions to be built. Monterey has been called the center of California history because it was founded by the Spaniards.

Delightful and treasured by Californians as are all of these historic settlements, it is San Francisco which is dearest to their hearts. It is San Francisco

which is associated in their minds with that startling and long-reaching event in California's history, the discovery of gold near Sacramento. Until 1849 San Francisco, nearing the century mark then, had been a dull and quiescent little group of buildings and a fort, famed only, if at all, for its magnificent harbor and for the Golden Gate. Now, less than one hundred years later, it is one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the United States, with one of the important harbors of the world. The change occurred almost between sunrise and dark on that momentous day. Ships and people of all nations crowded the harbor, and the Barbary Coast came to life. Fires and earthquakes and civilization have changed that San Francisco, but just walking through the streets of the city today, up the hills and down, listening to a clatter of foreign tongues and gazing speechless upon the flowers banked high at the edge of the sidewalk is an adventure. It is amusing to ride up the hill on the cable car which San Franciscans take so casually.

An experience which most visitors take care not to miss is the Thirty Mile Drive. The Drive includes Skyline Drive, a gorgeous boulevard which overlooks the Pacific, and a

trip to Twin Peaks, from which can be seen San Francisco and the Bay which lies beyond. Across the San Francisco Bridge flares Treasure Island, magnificent with the Golden Gate Exposition.

Equally associated with the Gold Rush is Sacramento, where the first gold nugget was found. At Sutter's Fort, the Swiss John Sutter gave asylum to the worn-out travelers who came over the Overland Trail. The fort was a forerunner of the great ranches, and in that part of the country many ranches still flourish. Not too far away are those storied ghost towns, quiet now that the world has passed them by. To the westward is Santa Rosa, near which was the Jack London Ranch.

As the road climbs north, the scenery changes. In place of the palms of the south there are forests, the great Redwoods, and up near the border Mt. Shasta. There is at the Lassen Volcanic National Park the one and only active volcano in the U.S.

Away back to the south, cater-corner from San Francisco and San Diego, towers Mt. Whitney, the highest point in the United States, and almost within sight is another of those famous strange deviations of nature which abound in the western portion of this country. Death Valley, a part of the Great

Mojave Desert, lurks sinister and terrifying. This is the lowest spot on the continent. Now a national monument, Death Valley will always be a reminder of the travail and the dreadful end of the pioneers and forty-niners who sought to cross it.

Yet the Valley is not all horror. Its temperature, deadly in the summer months, moderates in the winter, and from December to May is almost ideal. The days, warm and sunny, and the cool nights have made it a popular winter resort. There is beauty there, too, in the bright, shifting colors.

For every minute of a vacation in California there is something to do, and something to see. There is a gigantic spectacle of nature to gaze upon, a sport to watch or to take part in. And for those who are tired of doing and of seeing, and want only to sit and rest in one of California's sweet and lovely towns there is a place in California's sunshine.



"How do I like the new house? It's a first class fire trap, if you ask me!"

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 29)

meys of Huron Lodge, and P.D.D. J. M. Lloyd, P.E.R. Fred H. Leach and Charles Gurney of Yankton Lodge. The Sioux Falls Motorcycle Patrol escorted the party to the Convention City which was decorated with American flags and the Elks purple and white. A breakfast in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler was given that morning and an officers' and past officers' dinner was held in the evening. Mr. Warner was presented with a beautiful wrist watch by the State Association.

Huron, Mitchell and Sioux Falls Lodges took first honors in various contests staged as part of the convention entertainment. The Elks Purple Color Guard and Drum Corps from Aberdeen, S. D., made an impressive appearance at the Garden Terrace Theatre, where an evening entertainment was staged, as well as in the splendid mile-long parade held on Monday afternoon. Prominent in the procession were the Sioux Falls Elks Band and Motor Patrol, the Mitchell Band in royal purple capes and magenta Anzac hats, the Aberdeen Elks Drill Team presenting drills and formations en route, the Yankton Elks Band and float, and many other units. Trained horses and ponies brought from Scotland, S. D., drew hearty applause. Demonstrations in trick riding by the Sioux Falls Motorcycle Patrol and drills by teams from Aberdeen were staged after the parade.

At the Monday business session a class of candidates was initiated by teams from Huron and Brookings Lodges, and officers chosen for the ensuing year were installed as follows: Pres., C. L. Doherty, Rapid City; Vice-Pres.: Hjalmer Nelson, Lead, and Judge William R. Danforth, Mitchell; Secy., Don Douthit, Sioux Falls; Assistant Secy., Max W. Richmond, Sioux Falls; Trustee for five years, Walter Farmer, Madison; Treas., M. M. Korte, Aberdeen. The Association will meet at Rapid City, S. D., in 1941. A convention committee was appointed to act on a proposal to hold a tri-State meeting of South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska Elks in 1942. Many members of Sioux City, Ia., and Columbus and Norfolk, Neb., Lodges were present at the Convention, acclaimed as one of the best ever held by the South Dakota Association. Yankton Lodge handled the meeting in a praiseworthy manner.

IDAHO

The 19th Annual Convention of the Idaho State Elks Association, at Twin Falls, was called to order on June 3. State Pres. Jay O. Malvin of Boise presided. Mayor J. K. Koehler made the welcoming address and also invited the ladies to be guests of Mrs. Koehler at a theatre party in the afternoon. E.R. Lawrence V. Groves, of Twin Falls Lodge No. 1183, announced that a dinner would be held at 12:30 at the Park Hotel for State officers, Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of the lodges represented at the Convention. During the session the finals in the Ritualistic Contest between Lewiston Lodge No. 896 and Idaho Falls Lodge No. 1087 took place. The meeting was turned over to the Chairman of the Committee, P.D.D. O. P. Duvall of

Twin Falls. Idaho Falls Lodge was the winner of the State Ritualistic Championship. The lodge room was then prepared for the Annual Memorial Services. Appropriate music was rendered by the Boise Elks Chorus and the Lewiston Quartette. Past State Pres. Ed. D. Baird of Boise, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, delivered the Memorial Address. Finals in the Oratorical Contest, sponsored by the State Elks Americanization Committee of which P.E.R. E. M. Grant, Lewiston, was Chairman, were held at the High School in the evening. Dick Maquire, of Lewiston, was the winner.

Important State Association business was taken care of at the next day's session, and on the closing day, June 5, officers for 1940-41 were elected unanimously as follows: Pres., Beecher Hitchcock, Sandpoint; 1st Vice-Pres., A. H. Christiansen, Boise; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. M. Grant, Lewiston; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. H. McFarland, Salmon; 4th Vice-Pres., E. B. Tobias, Saint Maries; 5th Vice-Pres., Carl Gilb, Twin Falls; Trustees for two years: Jay O. Malvin, Boise, W. C. Rullman, Wallace, Ed. D. Baird, Boise. The invitation of Lewiston Lodge No. 896 to hold next year's convention in Lewiston was accepted.

The presentation of the permanent ritualistic trophy to Pocatello Lodge No. 674, winner of the State contest for three years, was made by Past Pres. Arthur L. Barnes of Lewiston. The telegraphic trapshoot trophy was presented to Lewiston Lodge by the retiring President, Mr. Malvin, who also presented Idaho Falls Lodge with the trophy for winning the Ritualistic Contest this year. P.E.R. Howard W. Gerrish presented the trophies to winners in the athletic events. At the close of the installation ceremonies, conducted by Mr. Baird, Pres. Hitchcock appointed H. R. McCann, of Sandpoint Lodge, to the office of Secretary-Treasurer, and also appointed Jack Henderson, of Burley, and Harry Baisch, Twin Falls, Sergeant-at-Arms and Tiler respectively. Many social events enlivened the three-day meeting and Idaho Falls Lodge was given a vote of thanks by the Association for its cordial hospitality.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Hundreds of Elks from lodges in all parts of the State registered in the home of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, on June 5, ready for participation in the two-day annual convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association. Outstanding on the first day's program were a reception and a garden party in the late afternoon at the Governor's mansion given by Governor and Mrs. Burnet R. Maybank. Among those present were Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett of Alexandria, Va., the principal speaker at the Convention; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight William H. Harth, E.R. of Columbia Lodge, and Mrs. Harth; State Pres. William Elliott, Jr., Columbia, and Past Pres. E. M. Wharton, Greenville, a former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee. The State Ritualistic Contest, held at 3 p. m., was won by the team

from Florence Lodge No. 1020, led by E.R. Joe W. Phillips. Greenville was second, Charleston third and Columbia fourth. The Exalted Ruler's Ball, held in the evening at the lodge home, climaxed the first day's entertainment.

A bridge party for the wives of attending delegates was held the next morning at the Wade Hampton Hotel while the Association was in session at the lodge home. At 1 p. m. the Memorial Address was delivered by Mr. Barrett in which he paid a beautiful tribute to those Elks who had died during the past year. A barbecue for Elks and their guests followed the Service. The Grand Ball in the evening was the closing event of the Convention.

James A. McAlister, of Charleston Lodge, was elected President at the business session presided over by Mr. Elliott. The other State officers are: 1st Vice-Pres., W. F. Tolley, Anderson; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. B. Roddey, Columbia; Secy.-Treas., Cliff Langford, Orangeburg; Tiler, John C. Schweers, Charleston; Inner Guard, Joseph J. Keenan, Florence; Esquire, L. W. Meyers, Sumter; Chaplain, the Rev. J. Franklin Burkhart, Charleston. The Convention attracted a record attendance and was regarded as one of the most successful in the history of the Association.

MISSOURI

The 30th Annual Convention of the Missouri State Elks Association, held at Excelsior Springs on June 7-8-9, was officially opened by Pres. C. Lew Gallant of St. Louis Lodge. Visiting Elks were welcomed by Mayor C. S. McKinney. Albert W. Jeffreys, of Herrin Lodge, Past Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., acting as the Grand Exalted Ruler's special representative, was the featured speaker at the Saturday noon banquet held at the Hotel Snapp the next day. Joseph H. Glauber, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past State Pres.'s Dwight Roberts, Kansas City, Harry Garrison, Warrensburg, and J. H. Dickbrader, Washington; the two District Deputies of the State, Ernest W. Baker, Washington, and A. O. Nilles, Kansas City, and A. N. Yancey of Lawrence Lodge, D.D. for Kansas East, were among the prominent Elks attending the Convention.

Americanism was stressed throughout the duration of the meeting and was the subject of the many fine talks made at the various sessions. The Convention took part in the local flag parade on Saturday afternoon which disbanded in front of the home of Excelsior Springs Lodge No. 1001, where the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung by the State Association's official quartette from Springfield Lodge No. 409. The full program provided for the delegates and their guests was included on the registration ticket, which provided admission to the Beyer Theatre, the mineral water swimming pool at the Hall of Waters, the Convention Banquet and Grand Ball and an extensive auto sightseeing tour.

Memorial Services for the late B. L. Ellis, Trenton, State Treasurer, and Adam J. Kidd, Excelsior Springs, State Tiler, were conducted, with the memorial addresses being delivered re-

spectively by Col. Harry J. Dickbrader, and Dr. Paul V. Woolley, E.R. of the local lodge. The Ritualistic Contest was won by Warrensburg Lodge No. 673. Washington Lodge No. 1559 was awarded the 1941 Convention. The retiring President, Mr. Gallant, and retiring Secretary, E. W. Baker, were presented with appropriate gifts. Mr. Baker served as State Secretary for three years. New officers were chosen as follows: Pres., Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City; District Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., M. F. Thurston, Columbia; S.W., George D. Klingman, Joplin; S.E., Ernest W. Baker, Washington; N.W., V. K. Ballard, St. Joseph; Treas., A. H. Drummond, Trenton; Secy., Andrew A. Brown, Kansas City; Trustees: Henry C. Salveter, Sedalia, Charles C. Williford, Springfield, and Dr. Paul V. Woolley, Excelsior Springs; Tiler, Milton N. Baer, Kansas City.

RHODE ISLAND

A resolution indorsing national defense measures and the work of the Dies Committee was adopted at the annual convention of the Rhode Island State Elks Association at the home of Providence Lodge No. 14 on Saturday, June 8. John H. Greene, Jr., of Newport, was elected President of the Association. The following officers were also elected: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Dr. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence; 2nd Vice-Pres., Alfred H. Chapman, Westerly; 3rd Vice-Pres., James A. Taylor, Woonsocket; 4th Vice-Pres., William W. Woodcock, Pawtucket; Secy., Charles W. Noonan, Providence; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Trustee for five years, Edwin G. Spooner, Newport. Newport was selected as the city in which the Association will hold its 1941 Convention.

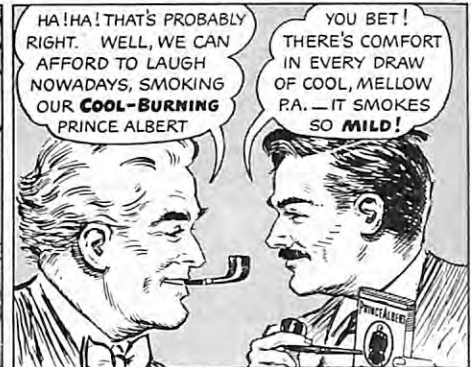
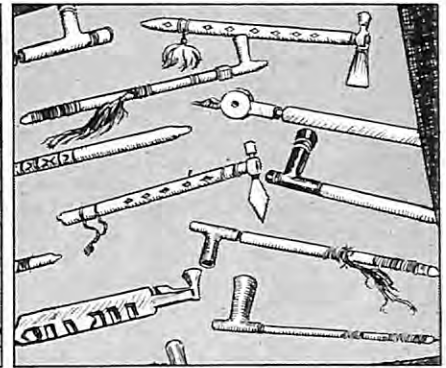
A \$300 scholarship provided by funds from the Elks National Foundation was awarded Joseph Crane O'Neill of Pawtucket. Because of the closeness of the competition, the Association voted a second scholarship from its own treasury for Miss Alice Curran of Newport. The scholarships were presented by P.E.R. Col. Thomas J. Flynn, of Providence Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Association. The delegates voted to send to President Roosevelt and Representative Martin Dies copies of the resolution "heartily indorsing all the efforts being made by the President and by Congress to make this nation impregnable from outside assault" and "the activities of the Dies Committee to expose and prevent all assaults from within". Other copies will go to Rhode Island's Senators and Representatives in Congress. The Convention was addressed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Judge John P. Hartigan of Providence Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, a member of the Grand Forum, and D.D. John E. Mullen, Providence. Dinner was served in the evening, followed by dancing and entertainment.

NORTH DAKOTA

Winding up its three-day annual convention at Dickinson on Tuesday, June 11, the North Dakota State Elks Association chose Grand Forks as the meeting place for 1941, and reelected all incumbent officers. Renamed with former Governor L. B. Hanna of Fargo Lodge, now serving his 12th consecutive term as President, were Vice-

(Continued on page 54)

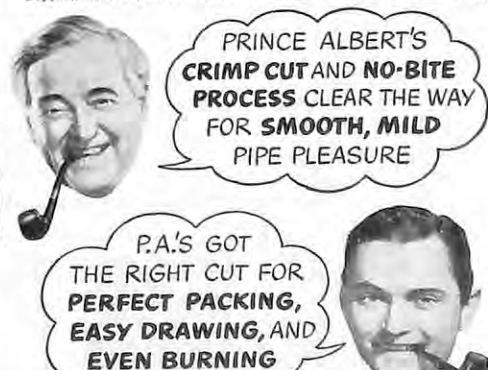
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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Your Dog

(Continued from page 16)

firmly believes that all mad dogs rush around wildly. This is only half true. There are two forms of hydrophobia: one wherein the dog does go on a rampage; the other, far more dangerous, causes him to seek dark corners in a certain sulky way. Third of these illusions is that the mad dog shuns water. Not so; he'll drink, if thirsty, as long as his jaws are not locked. The dog with a foaming mouth suffers from no more than a harmless fit, and his bite at that time is no more dangerous than any other wound that requires dressing and sterilization. When Fido is moved to fling a fit, this may be caused either by nervous shock, digestive disorder, worms, yes, even water starvation, or any of a number of simple reasons having nothing to do with rabies. Now we're not trying to suggest that if you at any time are so unfortunate as to be bitten, you should take it as a laughing matter. You won't anyway. And with darned good reason. But don't go into a panic. If the bite is severe enough, go to your doctor at once, particularly if the dog is one that is a stranger to you. In the latter case, best go to the M.D., even if it's only a superficial scratch. An ounce of prevention, you know. Not to fortify you with a false confidence but merely as a statement of fact, we'll add that many people who handle dogs in kennels or otherwise, get bitten occasionally and don't think too much about it beyond giving the wound the medical attention it warrants. With them it's part of the day's work, not hoped for but not too surprising when it happens.

ANOTHER rankiboo notion (we hope that youngster down in Baltimore who writes to ask about this annually, is reading this) is that gun-powder fed to a dog will make it vicious. Why on earth anyone would want to make a dog sour on the world, we don't know. But the answer to this absurdity is that instead of making the dog savage it is more likely to make him sick. No, Irvin, gun-powder won't make your dog a demon. But it may do things to his digestion.

Then we come to that classic hocus-pocus about the roof of the dog's mouth revealing whether he's a thoroughbred or just one of the common herd. The popular belief being that if it's black he be-

longs to the upper classes of dogdom. It becomes our painful duty to point out that with the exception of the Chow Chow, whose mouth in the pure-bred *must* be black, the color of the mouth for other breeds reveals nothing about their social status.

While we're at it, we might as well knock this one over, too; it concerns the belief by some people, not too many, thank goodness, that dogs possess some peculiar sixth sense unknown to humans. Such a specious conclusion we suspect as wishful thinking on the part of certain sentimentalists, the kind who do more harm to the cause of dogs than do some forthright enemies of that animal. It is notable that those who subscribe to this opinion when asked to say what the sixth sense is, to describe how it works, become a bit vague. Now, the writer doesn't pretend to have an inside track leading to Fido's mental processes. Eminent psychologists who have closely studied him admit that the dog's intellect is a scarcely explored territory. But it's our conclusion, and this after a long period of association with dogs, that this sixth sense business arises from the remarkable powers of scent and hearing possessed by them. When you see your dog's ears rise and fall, particularly when to you there isn't a sound that you can hear, he isn't engaged in a spiritual seance but is himself hearing things that are entirely inaudible to you. The bark of a distant dog, someone walking on the next road or street, the faint chirp of a sleepy bird, all these carry a message to your dog. Then, too, his ears are so sharply attuned that many a sound so high pitched as to be unheard by people is distinctly detected by him. As a matter of fact, and we mentioned this in our December article, there is a dog whistle on the market that can be tuned to a pitch almost inaudible to the human ear

and yet is clearly heard by the dog. In the matter of scent perception the dog has this faculty developed to a remarkable degree. Perhaps you've noticed, even when he is resting, a dog's nose continually twitches. He is cataloguing and classifying odors, all of which have some significance to him, for the dog world is a place of sounds and odors of which we are entirely unaware and the dog's seemingly mysterious recognition of them has very likely promoted the idea that he is endowed with a sixth sense which is denied to us.

ONE of the most unfortunate misconceptions, because it has cast a cloud over many a fine breed, is the idea that certain varieties are dullards or, worse yet, notoriously undependable and vicious. These two should have gone the way of red flannel underwear, mustache cups and other things pertaining to the horse-and-buggy days, but in certain quarters they still linger to cast doubts in the minds of many. To both these notions we have but one answer—it ain't so, there being no such thing as a blockhead breed nor a breed marked for its unreliability. Here again, we get back to our premise that a departure from the normal so often creates the image that we hold as typical of a thing. There are, admittedly, some dogs that are canine fatheads and there are those individuals among all breeds that are villains at heart. In qualities of character, dogs are very much like people. There are good dogs and there are bad dogs, just as the human race has its saints and its sinners. To condemn an entire breed for the misdeeds or failings of a few is as obviously unfair as to indict a nation for the idiocies or transgressions of a few of its people. As to the canine addlepatte, we have no explanation for him any more than we can account for the human ignoramus. For the dog that may be quick to

resent over-familiar handling, there is some allowance to be made. To begin with, most of the breeds that have been thus maligned are found among the dogs of the working group, such as the Collie, the Doberman Pinscher, the German Shepherd, the Arctic breeds, Samoyede, Malamute and kindred dogs, including the Chow Chow. The last named, incidentally, isn't officially cata-



"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.

logged as a working dog by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, but he really is that. Dogs of these breeds were primarily developed for only one thing and that was work—to herd, to pull small carts or sleds and protect lives and property. Being the dogs of a frugal people they originally were not intended to be pets.

The ancestors of these dogs spent their lives in isolated rural areas, relegated to the barns and stables of their masters. They saw few strangers and were very likely taught that such were persons to be regarded with suspicion. Hence it is not hard to understand why an occasional descendant of these breeds will today revert to its ancestry and be a bit more reserved than most dogs and quicker to resent the stranger and undue handling. Some few breeds other than working dogs are likewise occasionally regarded with suspicion, certain of the terriers among them. Again we'll say that the breeds as a whole should not be condemned. Here it is a case of reckless breeders in their haste to perfect a type—to stream-line their dogs—bred from those which more closely approached the standard of perfection, regardless of disposition or intelligence of the parent stock. Result—certain *strains* or families of such breeds may be thus tainted so that today we find occasionally a

specimen that may be dull-witted or bad-tempered.

NOW, there's one dog that's perhaps more libeled and slandered than any other—and with no reason at all. He's the Bloodhound. In the popular mind he's regarded as a four-legged terror particularly fond of escaping criminals, with or without salt. Actually, he's one of the most gentle of all dogs. But possessing as he does remarkable scenting power, he is astonishingly successful on the trail. Hence, he has become the choice of law enforcement officers in tracking criminals—and lost persons, too. His name being associated usually with violence or wrong-doing or other unhappy circumstances, has resulted in his being branded a dog demon. He's a long way from being that. He's not a bit savage—on the trail or off. His only duties are to track his quarry, locate it and hold it at bay until John Law arrives to make the capture. "But," you'll say, "look at the name. Doesn't that suggest bloodshed?" Well, it has to do with blood, but not the way that's commonly believed. This dog was one of the first whose breeding was carefully supervised to retain certain qualities. For this reason it became known as the blooded hound, just as today we refer to blooded horses or blooded stock of any kind to indicate the pure-bred. After centuries, these two names merged, no doubt

for convenience sake, into one and it became Bloodhound.

Another dog that lives in the shadows is the Poodle, so-called French Poodle. To begin with, he's not at all French but is instead a German dog. His name is derived from the word *pudel*, meaning water, and it fits him to a T as he is one of the finest of all water retrievers. Because the French were quick to appreciate the merits of this good dog and popularize him in that country he wrongly became known as the French Poodle and for some reason or other lost caste on this side of the big drink. He's not at all a boudoir hound, but a fine, upstanding, keenly intelligent dog. Occasionally he is used in this country as a gun dog, but, suffering from an inferiority complex in the minds of so many, he's not used this way nearly as much as his abilities warrant.

Our old friend the English Bulldog, the pooch with the pushed in face, is another whose real worth isn't truly appreciated and about whom there is much misconception. He's admittedly the most ferocious looking brute that lives, but, believe it or not, he's one of the most gentle, patient creatures among all dogs. He's an Englishman and gets his name from the fact that long ago he was developed for the alleged sport of bullbaiting. Because of his tolerant disposition he's ideal for children. He's a real gentleman.



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A Watch and the Wilderness

(Continued from page 15)

might be and aimed at the heart of my guess. Then I squeezed the trigger.

The foot jumped out of sight almost like I had shot it off. I laid back small behind my bush and sang "Little Brown Jug", though I couldn't hear myself. I sang, because I knew I had him. A Texas boy you can punch full of bullets, but a Texas life won't run out through little holes like that. Only the life of a Yank is like a bubble and if you prick it anywhere it busts and it's gone away. I kept looking for him to loosen his hold and come down, bumping his way from branch to branch. But he didn't come. There was a runnel of water that came from the foot of that tree toward the bush where I lay and after a while the water in it began to turn red, so that I knew his blood was soaking along the bark of the tree to the ground. You couldn't have told, by the red of it, who was dying—Confederate or Yank. I kept watching the place in the tree and seeing the bird that sang beside it until finally a musket dropped. It whammed against the lower branches, bouncing from one to the other until it landed in the pine needles. Still the Yank didn't follow his gun.

After a while I got up.

"Hey, Yank," I said, "come on down and let's have a little talk."

I laughed when I said it and hurt my belly, because I hadn't eaten for so long. I pressed my hand over the pain until it was easier, and kept looking up through the leaves, but he didn't come down. I glanced over to the trench and there were all the boys waving me in. A Yank shell came along and took the upper half of Tim Maynard away with it but nobody ducked back into the trench. It seemed that other kinds of death didn't matter except what came out of the rifle of the Yank in the tree.

THEN he came down. His legs were crazy. They seemed already dead below the hips but he helped himself slowly from place to place. I enjoyed seeing the Yank come down to surrender and I enjoyed seeing how the one side of the tree was red with his blood, but I could feel an ache in my own side when I saw where the blood was running from his body. When he got to the lowest branch, I held up my hands and helped him the rest of the way, though that hurt my stomach again. Finally he was lying on the ground. The boys in the trench had seen and they gave me a yell.

I stood and looked at my Yank. He wasn't much older than my nineteen and there wasn't much to him. He didn't have the look of strength in his neck. There was no Texas rawhide in him. On the ground he

wouldn't have been worth a hang, though he had done pretty good up a tree.

I sat down on a stump and looked at him and then down the corduroy road that ran off among the trees through the mud. So much artillery had traveled across it that the logs were splintered and warped in the center and their ends stuck up. Some of them were pounded as soft as cloth where the wheels had bumped them. The ends of them dripped mud. It was queer, sitting there in the rain and knowing that we didn't need Marse Robert any more just then.

I got a twist of grass and mopped the sweat away from the Yank's face. When a man begins to leak blood he is always thirsty, so I offered him my canteen but his hand couldn't hold it. I steadied it for him and he drank. Afterward his head lay back and he looked at me. Then he closed his eyes and seemed dead.

He had on good looking boots as soft as glove-leather, so I pulled off one of them and threw away my own shoe. His boot fitted me fine. It came onto my foot as smooth as silk. I felt sort of grateful. If his boots were so good maybe the rest of him was just as fine, so I opened up his coat and had to let out a holler, for the whole inside of that coat was lined with chamois as soft as the breast of a duck. Why should he care if Marse Robert's boys were stuck in the rain and the mud when he could keep himself as dry and warm as a muffin?

BESIDES the coat there was a flannel shirt as soft as down and beneath that was an undershirt as sure enough linen as one of General Hood's handkerchiefs. I rubbed it between my fingers and laughed to myself, thinking how fine I'd be from the skin out. Before I pulled off his clothes there were the pockets to go through, so I sat down cross-legged with the whole grab-bag all to myself. I found three handkerchiefs, two as clean as a cat's whiskers; a pocket-knife with blades of razor steel; a sewing kit in a flat pigskin case with a scissors in it so neat it made me laugh; a pocket-sized book in a language I couldn't read; a chunk of good hog-sausage wrapped in paper—I started eating the sausage; a purse with three dollars fifteen cents in real gold pieces—one for me, one for my friend Tad, and one to send home to Judy Anne. It was like picking things off a Christmas tree—there was always something more to find. Shoved down into a special trouser pocket there were two razors of good Sheffield steel, and when I saw all that heap of loot I knew there was enough to make camp talk for a month. That was before I got at the watch in its own leather-

lined pocket inside the coat. When that was in my hand, I stopped thinking of everything else and just damned the whole world, specially the Yankee part of it.

There isn't much that a man can need and love and always keep with him. Even a wife stays at home. Only a man's horse and dog go with him and a straight-shooting gun, and a watch that keeps time.

This was a regular Jim Dandy, the kind you put under your pillow and press in the dark of night and it chimes back the hour as true as the church bells of a Sunday morning. They don't make a watch like that; they build it. And the builders are all Swiss with eyes finer than needle points that could unravel a spiderweb into strands like it was a rope. When they get through you have a watch that will keep time whether you're shooting wild geese, or riding herd, or just sitting on the front porch watching the world turn itself over on its back. If you feel weary of waiting for things to happen you open up the watch, the big outside cover and the thin inside cover that never stops shining, and you see the wheels going jog-jog, back and forth, all at a balance, all together, under and over, side by side, married together, never to part, and in the noise of every tick there is a little golden, chiming sound that says, "Good news . . . good news!"

WELL, just to one side of the middle of that watch my bullet had gone through and spread the insides clean through the Yank. I shook it in my hand, and I hated the damned Yanks, and I hated the damned war, and I knew what death was. Anyway I opened up the case and inside the big front cover there was something that stirred the hair of my head like murder right under my eyes. For somebody working small had painted the picture of a girl on the gold, and my bullet had taken off the bigger half of her head. There was only left some of her hair and a part of her smile, and, by the jumping, it might have been Judy Anne! I mean she was so young that like Judy Anne she was a little bit scrawny in the throat and in the arms, but what was left of her smile showed me the whole of her just as I could see Judy Anne whirling at a dance, or riding a horse, or just sitting still.

Just about that time I thought I heard a bird singing and it seemed to me that I must be crazy; but I wasn't, for a quiet time had come in the battle the way it always does, as though even war had to have a catnap for a minute or two, and in the pause I was hearing that bird just busting himself on the tip of the branch. Right then the Yank, that

I had thought was dead, began to speak. I snapped shut the watch, quick, and moved to cover up the pile of loot. I was scared as though he had a gun pointed. But he wasn't even looking at me. He was staring up at the bird and saying words that I didn't understand. The sound of them was, "*Carmina morte carent.*" He stopped talking but he seemed to keep on smiling, so it was a minute after the battle had started roaring again before I realized that he was dead for sure. I put the watch back in its pocket and went home through the rain to our trench.

What the Yank had said kept ding-donging in my mind and the look of him smiling, like my brother Pete lazing in bed on a Sunday morning. I wondered what the words meant, but even if the Yank had talked English I wouldn't have understood. We could have met twenty times and even drank together and still I would have hated his Connecticut and he would have despised my Texas. He'd been raised mighty careful and cultivated by hand like a truck garden, while I'd been turned loose on a horse; so the only way I could introduce myself was with a bullet, and so he was lost the minute he was found. I got to thinking of Judy Anne so hard that I was homesick. All I wanted was to see her or know the meaning of what the Yank had said.

The boys crowded around me and started making a fuss. They seemed gladder to have me back, almost, than I was to be there.

Social Side of the Convention

(Continued from page 33)

test, with Tulsa, Okla., Lodge No. 946; Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814, and Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, placing in that order. For the Best Uniformed Drill Team, Columbus, Ohio, Lodge won \$75, and Charleston, W. Va., Lodge received \$25.

At 6 o'clock, the Old-Time Southern Barbecue started. There were thousands of Elks present, but there was plenty for all. Great tubs of choice pieces of barbecued steer, hogs, chickens, etc., were placed around the infield and garnished with baked potatoes and corn. Judging from the quantity consumed, everyone must have enjoyed himself. At 9:00 there was an exciting double-header ball game between two local teams.

WEDNESDAY

Early Wednesday morning, the Grand Lodge business session was held in the Music Hall and just after it, the Glee Club Contest, took place. It was won by Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794, along with a prize of \$100. Second place and \$50 went to Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. Next came a luncheon and style show for the ladies in the main ballroom of the Rice Hotel, under the direction of the ladies of Houston Lodge.

After the afternoon business session came the huge "Patriotic Elkdome on Parade," when the colorful and gay Convention reached a spectacular climax. One of the longest and most

Tad Crothers said, "Hey, didn't he have two boots?"

I reached down and pulled off the Yankee's boot. It was kind of familiar, feeling the mud go squash around my bare toes; it was kind of a comfort. Behind me, I could feel the rain soaking into the blades of the pocket-knife, and into the pig-skin sewing kit to get at the needles and the scissors that would just have fitted the fingers of Judy Anne and I could feel the fine teeth of rust beginning to eat the edges off the steel. Then along came Lieutenant Carrington, chewing something.

I said, "Give me a chew of that tobacco, Lieutenant."

He spat out a chunk of slippery bark and said, "I wish it were!"

"Lieutenant," I said, "what's the meaning of this: '*Carmina morte carent*'?"

He said, "Where did you go to school?"

I said, "That's the trouble. I didn't."

A big shell went by with a sound like sailcloth tearing. We both ducked a little. He said, looking after the shell, "It means: 'Songs are immune to death.' Where did you hear that?"

"I don't know," I answered him. "But somehow it just got stuck in my head."

I looked over to where the bird had been singing in the tree but it was too far away to be seen, or perhaps it was tired of singing all by itself and had gone off looking for company.

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Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation

(Continued from page 35)

representative of Troup Seven of the Boy Scouts to the National Jamboree in 1937 in Washington and also is the possessor of a life guard certificate.

He has played tackle on the varsity football team and has held the track position as 100-yard and 220-yard dash man and during the last two years the Iliion High School track squad has been both county and sectional champion. He played intra-section football and this year was a member of the ski team. He has taken part in canoeing, swimming, ice-skating and tennis, being one of the school's speed skaters. For two years he has been a member of the student governing body as well as class president during his junior year and class treasurer during his senior year and, as a member of the school senate, was chairman of the athletic committee; for two years he has been secretary-treasurer of the Boys' Rifle Club, took a leading role in the senior play and is a member of the senior annual staff and monitor in the school's traffic system. He is a member of the Junior and Senior National Honor Societies and president of the Iliion Chapter of the Senior Honor Society. He is one of the two boys of the graduating class of 1940 this year of Iliion High School who has won an honor "I" given for points covered by extra curricular activities.

And how has this boy been able to accomplish all of these things and make this marvelous scholastic record? For many years his family lived on a low economic strata, both father and mother being factory workers. Much of their earnings went to pay hospital and doctors' bills accruing from the

illness and injury of a younger brother who was an invalid for many years.

However, the boy persisted, and earned money to take care of himself and pursue his schooling by delivering newspapers on a paper route for five years, by peddling handbills, selling magazines and working at various jobs during summer vacations—as a caddy, as a grocery clerk. Through that medium he has been able to buy his own clothes, his own spectacles, and any and all so-called luxuries which young men both need and require.

In awarding our first prize to this boy, we believe we are starting on the road to eminence and leadership in our nation in the years to come one of the most outstanding young men in our country.

I want to say frankly to the members of the Grand Lodge that if we had sufficient funds from the income of our Foundation, it would make every member of our Board of Grand Trustees supremely happy to be able to award a scholarship to every one of the worthy applicants who filed their petition for help with us. It is a heart-breaking task to deny many of them. The struggles of youths to elevate themselves in the world, to acquire sufficient knowledge to enable them to battle with the problems of life are displayed in many, many applications that we examined, and many an appealing story is concealed by the cold type of the petitions of boys and girls who come to us for help.

As stated to you earlier in this report, we could have taken the highest twenty of the student applications, and drawn four names out of a hat, and

the first four picked that way would have been no mistake. But it was necessary for us to pick four from the group for the award of these scholarships as that had been our proposal. However, after that had been done it was the unanimous decision of our Board of Trustees that there were several of these student applicants who ought to be encouraged and helped, and we decided therefore to give additional honorable mention scholarships of \$150.00 each to the following worthy students:

T. Rogness Johnson, Jr., of Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Bill Morgan of Cookeville, Tennessee; Elizabeth Casey of Alameda, California; W. Barry Mallon of Malone, New York; Ruth Kolt-hoff of Miami, Florida; Emma Verdurman of Portland, Oregon; James E. Donohue of Westerly, Rhode Island, and William Langbauer of Chicago.

The award of these honorable mention scholarships, my Brothers, exhausted our funds and for that reason and that reason alone several other boys and girls worthy of help had to be denied.

I believe that you will feel as regretful about this as we do, but until our Foundation income is increased, our ability to help will be necessarily restricted. No greater and worthier or nobler work could be done by our Order than the encouragement and education of the youth of our country, particularly in these days when it is to them that we must look for the preservation of our nation, and we are happy to be able to render even the slight aid that we can in that patriotic effort by granting these particular scholarships.

Touched in the Head

(Continued from page 8)

said he didn't believe Bowman had hit him purposely, upon being released from the hospital two days later; the entire affair was promptly forgotten.

It always is. They'll do it every time. Deliberate attempts by pitchers to intimidate batters with throws known in the trade as "bean-balls" are an integral part of the game and, after all these years, the practice cannot be eradicated by order. Bean-balls are deplored in the abstract, but, like wife-beating, another persistent evil, the practitioners insist it is their inalienable right to maintain discipline.

It is violating no confidence to report that a swift, hard ball is thrown pretty close to someone at least once during every ball game played in America every day. The burden of ducking these dangerous throws is an occupational hazard of baseball. Only on very rare occasions—less than one in a thousand—does the pitcher intend to hit the batter. Pitchers know a baseball, thrown at the average speed of 110 miles an hour over a distance of 60 feet, 6

inches, is a murderous missile. Modern ball players are content to pursue a policy of live and let live; there probably isn't a pitcher in the business today who wants to send a rival to the hospital with a broken head. Batters are dusted off with bean-balls to scare them, to prevent them from taking too many liberties with a pitcher or to loosen them up for the next pitch, usually a ball over the outside corner.

The argument used by pitchers in defense of this nasty trick goes like this, "Batters are taking the bread and butter out of our mouths every time they get a hit. If we let 'em dig in for toe-holds, we'll never get anybody out. We gotta loosen up batters now and then to stop 'em from crowding the plate. It's our living."

Sounds brutal and callous. It's not cricket, but it's baseball. Good baseball, unfortunately.

Accidents resulting from players' getting skulled by pitched balls seem to run in cycles. The Medwick case, marked as it was by fishy circumstances, was one of three in June of this year, but Medwick was the

least seriously injured—and the most publicized—victim. Two weeks earlier, Pee-wee Reese, the brilliant young shortstop for whom Brooklyn gave \$40,000 in cash and players arbitrarily valued at \$35,000 more, was felled by Jake Mooty of the Cubs and was out for three weeks. Medwick was playing again within the week. Then the Giants' Billy Jurgens was hit by the Reds' Bucky Walters. Jurgens really was in bad shape. Five weeks after the accident, he had to return to the hospital to have the balancing mechanism in his inner ear checked, and the Giants, who had been within striking distance of first place before their shortstop was hit, nose-dived precipitously and threatened to fall into the second division.

This traumatic triple launched much plain and fancy screaming, of course, yet one significant point was overlooked. To rave about the lethal bean-ball is to stamp yourself as a not-too-knowing outsider. The ball players have a realistic attitude toward the dusters which stems from the traditional toughness

most of them like to affect. Besides, if they are frightened by a ball thundering down upon their heads—as you, and certainly I, would be—they wouldn't be in the big league, in the first place. Their fear would have been exposed in the minor leagues and they would have been forced out of the business.

For several years the New York *News*, the newspaper with the largest circulation in this country, has been crusading for protective helmets to be worn by batters. At the last All-Star game, a designer of a helmet submitted his creation for experimental purposes. The great majority of the players even refused to be photographed wearing one. Thought they'd look like sissies. Medwick, whose cranium still was sore, would not try one on, just for a fit, and threatened to punch in the nose the guy who tried to make him do it. Physicians warned Jurgens it might be fatal for him to play again without a helmet. Jurgens said he wouldn't wear one of the damn' things if nobody else did.

The strangest aspect of the baseball practice is that it doesn't serve its intended purpose. A little thing like a baseball hurled at his head doesn't intimidate the good hitter. If it did, he wouldn't be a good hitter. In 1934, Lou Gehrig was knocked unconscious by Ray White in an exhibition game at Norfolk, Va. The following day, in Washington, Gehrig got three successive

triples—and had the hits washed off the records by a terrific rainstorm!

As a matter of fact, a duster-offer merely makes a tough hitter so much tougher.

"I used to be knocked down a lot when I was hitting after Ruth," Gehrig recalls. "Babe would hit one and the pitcher would get sore and try to take it out on me. When that happened, the game became a personal issue between the pitcher and me. I'd bear down harder to get even with the guy who had thrown at me. I usually did all right."

When a player is beamed, the victim and his team are satisfied, in the absence of contrary evidence, to regard the accident as a horrible mistake. The unfortunate part is that the maimed hero seldom has all the faculties needed to hear this pious assurance. After all, the best pitchers do lose control occasionally. Carl Hubbell never threw at a man's head in his life—the screwball, over the heart of the plate, was enough to cool off hitters—and his control always has been nearly perfect, yet even Hub broke Buddy Hassett's arm several years ago when Hassett was trying to escape a pitch traveling in the general direction of his head.

Only three pitchers in the last twenty years have been accused of consistent throwing at batters' noggins. One was Burleigh Grimes, a highly combative, competitive citizen whose zeal to win verged on insanity. Another was Dizzy Dean during the

first three years in the National League. The players who were the clay pigeons for Grimes and Dean were sore, but not terribly hurt, since both men usually warned the hitter, by gestures and caustic cracks, and gave him ample time to protect himself. Curiously, a ball thrown straight at a man's head is not dangerous. It is the pitch aimed behind the batter's head which inflicts the damage, probably because the batter loses sight of the ball momentarily just before it reaches him.

The only pitcher in the sixty-four years of organized professional baseball ever charged generally with malicious intent to skull a batter was Carl Mays of the Yankees. On August 16, 1920, a Mays pitch struck poor Ray Chapman, of Cleveland, on the temple and Chapman died the next morning. That was the first and last fatality in the history of major-league baseball and the reaction was terrific, particularly in view of the ugly, and uninvestigated, rumors of the Black Sox, who had sold out to gamblers in the 1919 World Series.

For three seasons it had been common talk in the dugouts that Mays was "a mean player", that he had "ice water in his veins". Several Cleveland players threatened to "get" Mays and end his pitching career, and on the day Chapman died, the Tigers and Red Sox announced they would refuse to bat against Mays. In an unprecedented gesture of sympathy, the Tigers offered to lend

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Donie Bush, a first-rate shortstop, to the Cleveland team, which was fighting for the pennant, as a replacement for Chapman. Ban Johnson, then president of the American League, conducted an investigation and had to absolve Mays of intent to hit Chapman, but Mays was thoroughly disliked during the remainder of his tenure in baseball. Feeling was so high against the pitcher that the Yankees found it advisable to trade him to Cincinnati in the National League a year after the tragedy.

The fans will be wanting to know, perhaps, why the bean-ball has not been legislated out of existence. The answer should be obvious. It is manifestly impossible for an umpire, the impartial observer closest to the scene, to determine a pitcher's intent, particularly since there have been so many pure accidents. The National League does not ask its umpires to

be mind readers. In the American League, an umpire is empowered to suspend for ten days a pitcher whom he suspects of a deliberate bean-ball and a second offense may mean banishment for life from organized baseball. This rule has never been enforced.

IN the last ten years I have seen more than a thousand ball games, and only once was it patent that a pitcher was trying to hit a batter. This happened in an exhibition game at Miami Beach in 1935 between the Giants and the Cardinals. Dizzy Dean, working for the Cardinals that day, got sore when the Giants scored seven runs in one inning. He made the Giants hit the dirt repeatedly to escape having their heads blown off. The situation became so bad that the late Cy Pfirman, the umpire behind the plate, walked out and threatened

to put Dizzy out of the game. The nonsense stopped immediately.

Baseball would be a safer and saner profession if pitchers lent an attentive ear to Dazzy Vance, in his day the possessor of the most awesome fast ball in the business.

"It's silly to throw at batters' heads," Vance used to say. "Throw at their feet if you want to drive 'em back from the plate. They can't get set to swing when they're worrying about their dogs."

Sounds logical, but the batters would holler bloody murder if that procedure were adopted, because a broken leg and resultant loss of speed is regarded as a more serious injury than a cracked skull, which is used for thinking purposes only occasionally.

Ball players are a funny race. Touched in the head—even before they're hit.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

tempted to steal cattle because it was easy before the days of fences, and they held up trains in order to get large sums of money. But in the end they were wiped out. A few sheriffs were rubbed out at the same time, but when it was over, about 1900, the sheriffs were the victors.

NO matter how unmelodramatic Mr. Raine makes his chronicle, he can't keep all the high drama out. There is something thrilling in the mere recital of the story of Lieut. Lee Hall of the Texas Rangers, who surrounded a hall with twenty-five men in order to get seven men who were attending a wedding dance. There were more than fifty inside, but by sheer bravado Hall faced them down and took the prisoners. Judge Pleasants was a man of similar fortitude. Threatened with death if he did not release the men, he denounced them before a courtroom filled with their sympathizers. The outlaws went to jail and the judge was never harmed.

Hollywood can't improve on a story like that. There were plenty of other encounters in which the bandits shot first and both sides lost men, but Mr. Raine refuses to glorify the gunmen. They were not as good as the legends declare, says he, and he ought to know. He thinks that Bat Masterson, the famous Dodge City sheriff who was said to have planted thirty-five outlaws in Boot Hill cemetery,

killed no more than five, "not counting Indians", although he must have wounded a large number. Mr. Raine knew Bat when he came to Denver in 1905, and he also met other characters of the West, outlaws in prison and officers in various occupations to which they retired after the West settled down.

This book is pretty well packed with tales about gunmen. It gives a clear idea of the lawlessness in the West after the Civil War to the 20th century. It shows that crime doesn't pay, but there are always

criminals who haven't heard that and who wouldn't believe it if they did. Mr. Raine doesn't believe in heroics about outlaws. "The plain truth is that they were cold-blooded killers who had to be exterminated for the benefit of society," says he. He wants credit to go to the law enforcement officials who solved the problem. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$3)

IF you are interested in swing bands you may be interested in the life of bandsmen, although that does not follow. A few seasons ago Dorothy Baker made the subject exciting by writing a novel about a trumpet player in "Young Man With a Horn". It was supposed to be based on the career of Bix Beiderbecke, whose records are treasured by their owners. Now comes Dale Curran with "Piano in the Band" and makes use of similar backgrounds. His story follows the fortunes of the piano player, who wants to break away from the jazz routine followed by the leader, Jeff Walters. Walters won't stand for swing and eventually this proves his undoing. But before that happens we see the boys on the road, playing small-time cafés and getting bossed around by cheap gorillas as if they were slaves. Band music may be mellow and lovely, but behind it is a world of hectic emotions, of jealousy, back-biting, frustration, long hours and mistreatment. Mr. Curran knows his stuff and he's a romantic. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2)



"He says that some of the truths he's telling are as much of a surprise to him as to us!"

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is only 66, but he is signing off as a writer of short stories. He has written between 80 and 90 of them—shrewd, sharp, wise studies of human nature in a tight place. He is going to quit writing because he feels that he no longer expresses or understands a great slice of his public. Of a writer he says, "A generation has arisen which is strange to him, and it is only by an effort of the will that he can understand the interests of a world of which he can now be only an observer. But to understand is not enough; the novelist must feel, and he must not only feel with, he must feel in."

That's a brave thing to say, and it shows that while Mr. Maugham may not understand the new world, he surely understands his function and capacity as a writer. He makes these statements in the preface to his last book of short stories, "The Mixture As Before". (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Ten good short stories to add to your Maugham collection—stories about people who have something on their minds. One is about Lord Montdrago, minister for foreign affairs, who invariably dreams of altercations with a member of parliament named Griffiths, and discovers, a day or so later, that Griffiths seems to know about the dream. One is about the Englishman who established himself at 35 on the island of Capri, buying an annuity that would keep him independent until 25 years were over, and who now faces the end of the term and is not ready to die. One is about a convict on a penal island who has a killing to answer for; another deals with an Englishman's adventure with his perfect parlor maid, who remains perfect; another has to do with acrobats who are in a rut. Mr. Maugham's characters are not exactly people we'd like to have around the house, but his writing is always enlightening, and good entertainment.

AVIATION stories are keeping pace with aviation news—and it's the sensation of this war. Leland Jamieson's snappy story, "Attack!" which first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is out as a book. It brings fighting by airplane right up to our doorstep. The interesting thing about the author is that he flew in the Army Air Corps for three years, trained other aviators and is now a pilot for the Eastern Air Lines. His technical knowledge ought to be perfect. (William Morrow & Co., \$1.50) . . . "Flight Surgeon" is a novel by Cameron Rogers and Herman E. Halland. Lieut. Commander Halland was associated with the flying corps of the Navy until last year. He was commander of the first squadron flight from Norfolk to Panama. This story opens an entirely new field for writers. It's about two men and a girl.

(Continued on page 56)

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of her
FALSE
TEETH
SMILE**





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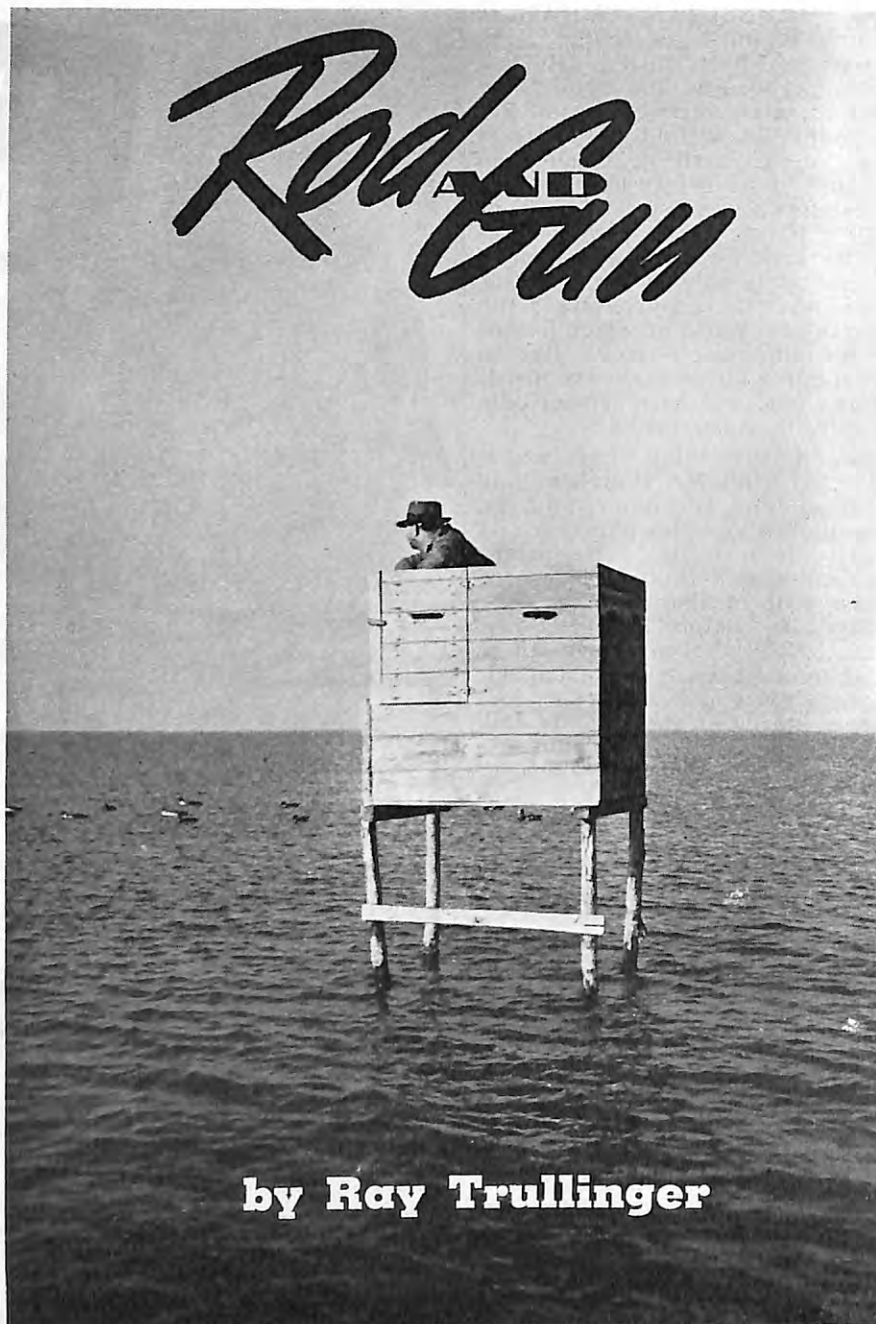
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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

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 October issue should reach us by September 1st.



by Ray Trullinger

There's nothing like an early season Canadian duck hunt to sharpen your wing-shooting form.

Mr. Trullinger speaks with high praise of two new shotguns just put on the market.

WELL, here it is September and how's your shootin' eye? Hunting season is only a few days or weeks away, depending on your stamping grounds, and by the time this immortal prose assails astigmatic optics, the writer hopes to be making life precarious for sundry black ducks, teal and other feathered fauna up in zat belle Quebec.

For the benefit of you fellows inhabiting northern tier States, it might be remarked that there's nothing like an early season Canadian duck hunt to sharpen wing-shooting form, and

revive memories of happier days on this side of the line, when you didn't hunt ducks with a clock in one hand and a game law syllabus in the other. Up in the Dominion you start shooting when it's light enough to see and quit when you can't see 'em no mo'. Which is as it should be, swivel chair conservationists to the contrary.

This season a comparatively new fowling piece will be added to the collection which your agent annually hauls across the line for the Canadian inaugural, namely, a Model 12 Winchester heavy 12-gauge magnum. It isn't often this skeptic becomes all undone at the seams over a shotgun, but chums, that nine-pound cornsheller, chambered for the three-inch Winchester or Western shell, is the answer to a wildfowler's prayer. If you're an

honest-to-gosh duck or goose shooting nut and are possessed of real shooting skill, bend an ear to the following:

In the first place, the Winchester magnum is no trinket for the once-in-a-while duck hunter of average shooting ability. It's a 75-yard meat getter in the expert duck shot's hands, but it's definitely not the tyro's baby. Remember that. If you don't know your leads beyond 50 yards there is little use fooling around with other than a standard 12.

This new addition to the arsenal got its first acid test last November on Mattamuskeet Lake, North Carolina, greatest wintering ground for Canada geese on the Atlantic Coast and the happy feeding ground for countless pintails, black ducks, mallards and other shallow water quackers.

A lusty wind was whistling down out of the northeast that morning as I stepped into the blind with a graduated bean farmer, who was doubling in brass as a "guide". One first look around disclosed that it was going to be a red letter day. A steady stream of high-flying pintails was drilling past overhead; stray blacks and mallards were skimming the marsh and no matter in what direction you looked there were geese and more geese.

"Today," said your hero to himself, surveying the entrancing scene, "is the day you're going to find out exactly what this new back tooth rattler will do."

THE first opportunity came about two minutes later when seven Canadas winged diagonally over the box at about 30-yard range. If ever there was a setup shot at unsuspecting geese, that was it. Under other circumstances those honkers would have taken a shellacking, but a 30-yard shot at geese with a magnum would have proved nothing, so I passed 'em up. The guide was too dumfounded to say anything for a moment, then he turned to me with outrage written all over his disappointed puss.

"Why didn't you cut down a pair?" he questioned, not without some heat, "Man alive, you want to take them things when you can get 'em!"

"Too close," I replied, "I want to try out a new long range gun."

"I've seen a lot of funny things happen in this here blind," he countered, "but I never saw anyone pass up a shot like that before. You ain't been drinkin' have you?"

It was evident he considered his customer completely nuts.

A moment later a single, sky-high sprig headed our way. The bird wasn't traveling fast, neither was it loafing along. But it was up there a full 65 yards and a beautiful target. The first shot was a clean miss but the second blast of chilled 4's caught it squarely, and down it plummeted directly into the blind, smacking the guide a resounding thump in the slats as it landed.

"That gun sho' do reach up some," he said, as he rubbed his bruised side, "but ah wish you'd be mo'

careful when you kill them things."

For the next two hours I concentrated on long shots, passing up dozens of easy chances. The magnum's performance was amazing. Two honkers were dropped out of one small flock, the first landing 72 paces from the box and the second about 10 yards beyond. Both were cleanly killed with 2's. Two single geese later were shot well beyond 70 yards and one of these was dead when it hit the marsh.

At a little after nine o'clock the bag limit was complete with four geese, five big black ducks, a mallard, a sprig and three spoonbills, and not one of the birds had been killed inside of 50 yards. In comparison with a standard 12-gauge, shooting the 1¼-ounce load, the magnum's performance was a revelation.

Two shot loads are available for this weapon, 1⅜- and 1⅝-ounces, both loaded in three-inch cases. The latter is recommended as there seems little reason to shoot anything but a magnum load in a magnum gun. The 1⅜-ounce load throws but ⅓ of an ounce more shot than the standard shell.

Obviously, there is no advantage shooting other than heavy pellets in a magnum, hence No. 4's are recommended for ducks and 2's for geese. Shot lighter than 4's lose their effective punch beyond 55 yards, whereas 4's will kill cleanly at 60. No. 2's retain enough energy to wreck a goose at 75 yards and perhaps a bit beyond.

THE writer's gun weighs an ounce or two over nine pounds and swings as smoothly as a bank vault door. It's a Trap Grade, with over-size forearm and the solid ribbed, 30-inch barrel is choked tighter than a dowager's midsection. These guns also are obtainable in 32-inch barrel lengths, and in this book are the finest long range duck guns ever made, particularly for the chap who prefers a slide-action repeater.

The stock is a full pistol grip and equipped with rubber recoil pad. Recoil, even when heaviest loads are fired, isn't at all severe; in fact I can't detect much difference between the magnum and the standard 12-gauge load, fired from a lighter weapon. This shotgun also handles the 2¾-inch shell nicely and makes a dandy trap gun.

A new Winchester product which all prospective shotgun purchasers should examine before buying a gun this fall is the Model 40 stream-lined self-loader. Unless this gun nut is sadly mistaken, you're going to see a lot of 'em around in the next few seasons, and also at big league skeet shoots. It's unquestionably one of the finest—if not the finest—automatic shotgun ever produced; beautifully balanced and finished as only the New Haven outfit finishes popular priced sporting firearms.

The new self-loader combines the sleek frame and modern pistol-grip stock of a fine hammerless pumpgun with the barrel, magazine and forearm of an improved autoloader. Instead of the usual unsightly receiver,

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To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

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Winchester's Model 40 has a gracefully rounded hind end which delights the eye and which certainly contributes to more accurate gun pointing. This shotgun is obtainable in 30- and 28-inch barrel lengths, modified or full choke for field shooting, or in 24-inch overall barrel length with Cutts Compensator attached. Nothing but 12-gauges now are available. While we're on the subject of shotguns and duck shooting it might not be amiss to bring up the subject of decoys. Most duck hunters aren't too fussy about those all-important counterfeits, but they should be. In these days of hard-to-fool quackers it pays to have the best rig obtainable.

Most commercially made decoys now on the market resemble the unfortunate result of an avian misalliance. They're likely to frighten hell out of more decoying ducks than they lure within range. However, superbly made blocks are available and two gents named Ed Mulliken and Jim Moore, of Saybrook, Conn., turn 'em out under the trade name of Wildfowler Decoys. Decoys made by this small Nutmeg State factory are unquestionably the finest blocks manufactured in the United States today;

in fact, they're the best decoys this writer ever has gunned over in more years than he cares to remember. And that includes the land-made variety.

Wildfowler Decoys are available in cedar, balsa wood and cork, and in any species. With or without keel. The paint job is perfect. Naturally, they're not to be purchased at bargain basement prices. Cost runs from \$18 to \$36 per dozen, depending on desired material, but they're worth it to the chap who takes his duck gunning seriously and wants the best. The balsa wood decoys are so light a dozen weigh about as much as two of the pine or cedar variety. This a decided advantage when rigs must be toted into swamps or other hard-to-reach hot spots. For all-around service and light weight, the cork stools are tops, particularly for eastern black duck gunners. Give 'em a little singe every fall with a blowtorch and they're all set for the autumn wars. No painting job is required.

FOR all-around heavy duty, especially along the coast where decoys get slammed around, the solid cedar blocks are, of course, the best bet. The

writer personally prefers the latter, keeled and ballasted with a short strip of sheet lead. "Doughnut" type anchors, which easily slip over the decoy's head, expedite rigging out and picking up and also save a lot of annoying tangles.

Something else which should interest duck hunters is the new combination "Turn-about" seat and shell box, manufactured by the Gross-Given Mfg. Co., of St. Paul. This gadget is a strong, water- and weather-proof metal box holding eight boxes of shells, equipped with an adjustable revolving seat. This permits the shooter to survey the surrounding landscape without continually twisting his neck around like a prairie owl.

The top of the shell box—which serves as the seat—is covered with a thick, sealed, rubber sponge cover which is considerably more comfortable than the usual up-ended shell case in a duck blind.

If you'd like to have more information regarding any of the articles mentioned in this department, just drop a note, or postal card, to the Rod and Gun Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We'll gladly send it along to you.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 43)

MICHIGAN

Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, entertained the Michigan State Elks Association on June 13-14-15-16, meeting for its 35th annual convention. Included in the large attendance were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, O., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Ill.; Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind.; John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, and Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, Past Pres.'s of the Ohio and Indiana State Elks Associations respectively. The Convention was characterized by a pleasing spirit of comradeship, and a well-rounded program was carried out by Jackson Lodge for the entertainment of Elks and the large number of visiting ladies.

Marquette Lodge No. 405 won the first prize of \$75 and possession of the Michigan Elks Cup for one year in the Class "A" division of the Ritualistic Contest, closely followed by the other participating teams from Niles, Lansing, Kalamazoo, Ludington, Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Owosso and Benton Harbor. The seven individual cups offered for officers judged best in the contest were all won by the Marquette officers. Alma Lodge No. 1400 was the Class "B" winner over Detroit No. 34, gaining permanent possession of the John K. Burch Trophy and receiving the \$75 cash prize. A \$75 cash prize was also presented to Kalamazoo Lodge No. 50 as winner of the Ritualistic Drill Team Contest, with second prize going to Muskegon Lodge No. 274. St. Joseph Lodge No. 541 was selected as the host lodge for the 1941 Convention which will be held in June, and officers were elected and appointed to serve during the ensuing year as follows:

Pres., Irvine J. Unger, Detroit; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Albert J. Ott, Traverse City; District Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., John Van Peenen, Lansing; N. Cent., B. J. Tally, Bay City; East, Leon D. Barlow, Detroit; West, William T. Evans, Muskegon; S. W., Bohn W. Grim, Sturgis; N. W., Dr. E. A. McDonald, Petoskey; Secy., Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek; Trustee for four years, Herbert A. Kurrasch, Alpena. Benjamin F. Girdler, Grand Rapids, was appointed Chaplain for his fifth consecutive term. A resolution on Americanism was one of several important resolutions passed by the Association. P.E.R. Alfred P. Chambe, of Detroit Lodge No. 34, presided over the Lodge of Sorrow. The impressive services were held in the Jackson Lodge home.

Dr. McCormick was the guest speaker at the Public Flag Day Service held in connection with an evening pageant at the beautifully illuminated Cascades on the 465-acre William and Matilda Sparks Foundation. An exhibition drill by the famous Zouaves of Jackson Lodge, with Capt. William Sparks, P.E.R., commanding, followed the service. Other outstanding features of the four-day meeting were the mile-long parade and the annual banquet at which Mr. Burch acted as Toastmaster and Grand Trustee Kyle gave a splendid address on the principles of the Order.

NEBRASKA

At the Annual Convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association, held in McCook on June 9-10-11, officers were elected for 1940-41 as follows: Pres., Fred R. Dickson, Kearney; 1st Vice-Pres., Hugh Schooley, Alliance; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dr. C. D. Evans, Columbus; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. C. Bintz, Lincoln; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas.,

Pres. Sam Stern, Fargo, Secy. E. A. Reed, Jamestown, and Treas. Alec Rawitscher, Williston. This was the Association's 20th Annual Convention. E.R. E. W. Tobin of Dickinson Lodge was General Chairman of the Committee in Charge of Arrangements, assisted by W. A. Brown.

Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner arrived on Monday. The Convention Parade was held that afternoon, featuring a hundred saddle horses, floats, Elks' bands from Fargo, Jamestown and Bismarck, drum and bugle corps from Glendive, Williston and Minot, the Dickinson High School Band and the Williston Clown Band. At the banquet that evening, held in the Knights of Columbus Hall, Mr. Warner, who delivered the principal address, was presented with a sterling silver pitcher, a gift from the State Association. Theodore Kellogg of Dickinson Lodge acted as Toastmaster. D.D. P. J. McHugh of Grand Forks, State Pres. Hanna and Vice-Pres. Stern also spoke. The banquet was followed by a dance. With the exception of outdoor features and the annual banquet, all of the convention activities were staged in the Elks' auditorium and club rooms, recently remodeled and redecorated. Dickinson Lodge has one of the finest homes in North Dakota, and every comfort was provided.

The registration office reported a greater attendance than at any previous annual meeting the State Association has held. The splendid Ritualistic Contest was won by Minot Lodge No. 1089. Included in the major events on the three-day program was a mammoth concert under brilliant floodlights at the high school athletic field on Sunday night, in which the bands and drum corps from Fargo, Jamestown, Bismarck, Minot, Williston and Glendive Lodges took part.

F. C. Laird, Fremont; Trustees: J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, P. N. Kirk, Grand Island, J. P. Glasgow, Chadron; Chaplain, the Rev. John B. Mayland, Norfolk; Tiler, George S. Farran, Norfolk; Sergeant-at-Arms, William J. Sheehan, Grand Island. Norfolk Lodge No. 653 will entertain the Association when it convenes in 1941 during the week of June 14.

Memorial Services were held for Past Pres. Guy T. Tou Velle, late Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, whose death in an automobile collision was reported in the July issue of *The Elks Magazine*. The Memorial Address was delivered by Judge James M. Fitzgerald, a member of the Grand Forum.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Grand Island Lodge No. 604, competing with Fremont Lodge No. 514. The annual banquet was largely attended by Elks and their ladies. D.D. E. L. Meyer, of Alliance Lodge, gave a splendid address. The report made by the Benevolence Commission showed that six clinics were conducted during the year by the Crippled Children's Committee. The examination of 520 children brought the total to 2,543 cases handled since the inception of the program. The Association levies assessments for the support of its activities and the maintenance of the Benevolence Commission.

OREGON

Six hundred and ninety-seven registered delegates and visitors, and many others who did not register, attended the Annual Convention of the Oregon State Elks Association at Pendleton, June 13-14-15. The meeting was the most productive since the Association was reorganized four years ago, and a substantial increase in membership was shown. The first official event was the Ritualistic Contest won by the team from Portland Lodge No. 142, scoring 96.2 points. Lakeview, Grants Pass, Klamath Falls, Medford and Baker Lodges finished in the order named. In its opening business session, the Association accepted the invitation of Astoria Lodge No. 180 to hold the 1941 convention in Astoria. Mayor C. L. Lieuallen welcomed the delegates and State Trustee Charles J. O'Neill, Grants Pass, responded. Among the speakers were State Pres. Oscar Effenberger of Tillamook, Ore., Past Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke, of Yakima, Wash., Lodge, and Past Presidents of the Ore. State Elks Assn. Bruce Ellis of Pendleton and E. W. Winkle, Medford.

It was reported that Tillamook and Bend Lodges had burned their mortgages and that Heppner Lodge was preparing to do likewise. An initiatory meeting and entertainment at the home of Pendleton Lodge No. 228, preliminary to the convention proper, attracted a large crowd, and the Elks assembled in Pendleton participated in the Flag Day exercises at Roosevelt Bowl with Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 287, in charge, and Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Ore., Lodge, a former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, as the principal speaker. The smart-stepping, uniformed Astoria Elks Band, the Pendleton Drum Corps, the Heppner Orchestra and the splendid Elks bands from Walla Walla, Wash., and Baker, Ore., figured prominently in the various convention activities. The recommendation of Mr. Lonergan, supported by P.E.R. Jack E. Allen of Pendleton Lodge, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, and Roy A.

McCourry of McMinnville, Chairman of the Oratorical Contest, to make the two contests part of the regular convention program, was favored by the Association. First, second, third and fourth cash prizes in the 1940 Oratorical Contest, held at the Vert Auditorium on the evening of June 14, were presented respectively to Aleene Barton of the LaPine High School, sponsored by Bend Lodge; Harry Thurman, Medford High, sponsored by Medford Lodge; Richard Owen, Lebanon High, Albany Lodge, and Helen Woodman, Carleton High, McMinnville Lodge. The contest was followed by a "Frolic" for the ladies at the Country Club while the Elks attended a stag at the lodge home.

Saturday's program began with an officials' breakfast at the Pendleton Hotel followed by the final business session at which State officers were elected as follows: Pres., J. E. Luckey of Eugene Lodge; 1st Vice-Pres., Robert A. Thompson, Klamath Falls; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. H. Miller, Heppner; 3rd Vice-Pres., H. E. Nicholson, Astoria; Trustees: J. Edward Thornton, Ashland, John S. Jenkins, Baker, and Cliff Mudd, Salem. Ernest L. Scott of Medford and H. L. Toney, McMinnville, were re-elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively. At the end of the installation ceremonies, conducted by retiring Pres. Effenberger, Pres. Luckey appointed Seymore Friendly, of Portland, Sergeant-at-Arms, N. H. Gunderson, Marshfield, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, John N. Mohr, Hood River, Chaplain, and George W. Johnson, Lakeview, Tiler. The Association went emphatically on record in favor of national defense. Presentation of the Ritualistic Trophy was made to the Portland team by Chairman Allen. A gain in membership was achieved during the year, with good showings being made by Albany, Pendleton and Corvallis Lodges.

On Saturday afternoon, the Convention Parade, headed by the Colors and the local American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, and witnessed by large crowds, marched through the business section to the Round-Up grounds where a concert was given and a softball tournament was held in which the Baker Elks defeated the Elks from Hood River. The Convention was concluded with the Purple Bubble Ball at the home of Pendleton Lodge.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Massachusetts State Elks Association, meeting for its 26th annual convention, was entertained by Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, on June 15-16-17. Between four and five hundred delegates participated. In addition, more than 800 visiting Elks attended and many ladies were present. The business session, held on the second day at the Union Square Theatre, was featured by a fine speaking program and the election of officers. Pres. William F. Hogan, of Everett, presided. P.E.R. James Fallon, Mayor of Pittsfield, made the welcoming address. The Convention went on record as endorsing the national defense program and passed with enthusiastic approval a timely and patriotic resolution introduced by E. Mark Sullivan, of Boston, a member of the Grand Forum. During the business session, visiting members of the Ladies' Emblem Club were taken on a motor tour of scenic spots in Central and Northern Berkshire. The motorcade of 40 automobiles was provided with a police escort. Thomas J. Donovan, Chairman of the Emblem Club



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Tour, was in charge of all the arrangements.

The following officers for 1940-41 were elected: Pres., Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop; Vice-Pres.'s: Arthur J. Harty, of Winchester Lodge, Francis J. O'Neil, Attleboro, and James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg; Secy.-Treas., reelected, Thomas F. Coppinger, Newton; Trustees for three years: Dr. William F. Maguire, Wakefield, T. Francis Roark, Gardner, Dr. John H. Walsh, Waltham, Mason S. McEwan, Brookline, and Dr. Henry I. Yale, Peabody. After the election of officers, prizes were awarded to three high school girls for writing the best essays on "Berkshire's Contribution to the American Revolution and the Establishment of These United States". Winners of the contest, sponsored in the Pittsfield and Southern Berkshire schools, were: First, Miss Helen Hayes, 16, a junior at Pittsfield High School; second, Miss Gertrude Kroceski, 17, a senior at Searles High School in Great Barrington; third, Miss Pamela Walker, 17, a senior at Pittsfield High School. The presentations were made by Attorney Peter J. Genovese, P.E.R. of the local lodge and Chairman of the Essay Contest.

The amount spent for charity by Massachusetts lodges during the past year amounted to \$88,108.35, according to the annual report submitted by Secy.-Treas. Coppinger. Lowell Lodge No. 87 topped the list with an expenditure of \$11,650.35.

The Convention Parade was held on Saturday night, June 15. Adams Lodge No. 1335 was awarded a prize for having the largest delegation in the line of march. First, second and third honors for the best drum corps went to the Polish Drum Corps of Adams, the Dalton American Legion Drum Corps and the North Adams Sons of the Legion Drum Corps respectively. Present in the lodge home for the Convention Ball held after the parade were more than 2,500 Elks and their ladies. After the invocation had been given by State Chaplain Harry A. McGrath of Winchester, the assemblage of Elks pledged allegiance to the flag and then sang the national anthem. Many members of lodges in Vermont and Connecticut and more than 150 Elks from Troy and Albany, N. Y., watched the parade and attended several of the social functions. Also on the program were a dinner at Wild Acres Sanctuary and an entertainment and a floor show at the home of Pittsfield Lodge.

KENTUCKY

Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314, acting as host to the Kentucky State Elks Association meeting at Covington on June 16-17-18-19 for its 32nd annual convention, handled the important undertaking with marked success. Special praise was given R. H. Jobert, E.R. of Covington Lodge, and Paul J. Smith, General Chairman, for the success of the convention. Over 700 delegates were registered, more than at any previous State meeting. Middlesboro Lodge No. 119 was the winner of the beautiful silver loving cup, donated annually by Past State Pres. Col. James A. Diskin of Newport Lodge, D.D. and a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and his brother, Lawrence J. Diskin, Commonwealth Attorney of Campbell County, to the lodge having the largest number of delegates and visitors in attendance.

The Convention opened with an address of welcome by Mayor William Beutzel. Response was made by P.E.R. Arthur W. Rhorer of Middlesboro. The invocation was given by the Rev. Father Michael H. Hinssen, Cincinnati, and the Benediction by the Rev. Philip Wiggerman, Covington. Among the speakers at the business session was Dr. Paul A. Turner, Superintendent of the Hazelwood Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Louisville, who described the work of treating and caring for the patients at the institution, the facilities of which have been increased by large sums of money donated by Kentucky lodges of the Order. A resolution was adopted in which praise was given the activities of the late Judge Roger L. Neff of the Campbell County Circuit Court, who died in June after having been elected last November. Judge Neff, P.E.R. of Newport Lodge, was a Past President of the State Association. At ceremonies in Evergreen Cemetery, a wreath was laid on his grave by a committee headed by Postmaster Richard T. Von Hoene, P.E.R. of Covington Lodge. A resolution of sympathy was also adopted on the death of P.E.R. Arthur W. Ellis of Bowling Green Lodge, 3rd Vice-Pres. of the Association, who died during the year. The Association also passed a strong resolution relative to the subject and practice of Americanism and pledged itself to fully support the United States and its institutions. Lieut.-Gov. Rhodes K. Myers, of Bowling Green, was the principal speaker at the annual banquet given by the Asso-

ciation on the concluding night of the Convention. Judge Joseph P. Goodenough, of Covington Lodge, acted as Toastmaster. Included in the many entertainment features were a burgoon and barbecue at the Twin Oaks Country Club, dances, the banquet and floor show, luncheon and cards for ladies at the Lookout House, and buffet lunches, suppers and minstrels at the lodge home.

Phillip Stevens, of Princeton Lodge, was elected President. Other officers chosen were: 1st Vice-Pres., William H. White, Ashland; 2nd Vice-Pres., F. A. Homra, Fulton; 3rd Vice-Pres., H. Bennett Farris, Richmond; Secy.-Treas., Richard H. Slack, Owensboro, reelected for the thirteenth consecutive time; Trustees: William M. Sellmeyer, Covington, Kelly D. Harper, Catlettsburg, and Sylvester H. Grove, Louisville. Paducah was chosen as the 1941 convention city. Retiring President Dr. John B. Floyd, Richmond, was given a vote of thanks for services rendered during his term of office. Secretary Slack's report showed that a membership gain had been made in Kentucky, and that during 1939-40, contributions made by the State Association to the Elks Tuberculosis Fund amounted to approximately \$2,500.

MISSISSIPPI

Ben Wilkes, of Greenville Lodge, was elected President of the Mississippi State Elks Association at the Annual State Convention at Jackson on June 23. Sam Miller, Hattiesburg, was re-elected to serve his third term as Secretary-Treasurer. The other officers for 1940-41 are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., A. W. Lang, Gulfport; 2nd Vice-Pres., Fulton J. Welsh, Hattiesburg; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. W. Cunningham, Vicksburg. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor was the principal speaker, and Past Grand Tiler Sidney A. Freudenstein, who accompanied him from New Orleans, also addressed the Convention.

The fourteen lodges of the State were represented and delegations attended from New Orleans and Baton Rouge, La., Lodges. All of the speakers stressed Americanism. The host lodge, Jackson No. 416, received the delegates and other visiting Elks with hospitality and entertained them delightfully after the business session. Retiring Pres. L. A. Nichols, of Vicksburg, presided.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 51)

but that's the only concession to tradition. The rest of the talk and action by men of the naval air corps is specialized. An aviator who is a lieutenant of the medical corps is the chief trouble-maker of this sprightly tale. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2) . . . "How to Get Into Aviation", by John B. Walker, is a book of information, covering every preliminary phase of the subject. Of course, it can't guarantee a job, but the government is going to have plenty in this field in a short time. (Random House, \$1)

SHOULD mystery stories be long or short? That depends on the author. If he knows his business we'll listen, no matter how short or how long his tale. "Line-Up" is a collection of short tales. In 1928 Anthony Berkeley organized the Detection Club among writers of detective fiction. G. K. Chesterton was the first president. A. A. Milne presides today, because he once wrote a detective story. This book offers a collection of short tales. Some are good, some are fair, none is very

puzzling. E. C. Bentley tells two stories, one about a man who was killed mysteriously on the golf course with nobody near. Agatha Christie goes into the details of how a nephew tried to get even with his aunt, and how she finally fooled him. Sir Peter Wimsey, who is Dorothy Sayers' entertaining detector, is here in two sketches. Arthur Morrison, the Baroness Orczy, Hugh Walpole, R. Austin Freeman appear on the list. Quick Watson, the needle. (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50)

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MILES PER HOUR
THAT COUNT WITH ME"**

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EXTRAS OF SLOWER
BURNING I LIKE
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CIGARETTES"**

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SLOWER AND GIVE ME
THE EXTRA MILDNESS
AND EXTRA FLAVOR I WANT
FOR STEADY SMOKING.
CAMELS EVEN GIVE ME
EXTRA SMOKING

WITH WILBUR SHAW—with millions of others—the "extras" in slower-burning Camels are the difference between just smoking and smoking pleasure at its best. Cigarettes that burn fast, burn *hot*. And that excess heat destroys flavor. Light up a *slow-burning* Camel...and get the "extras"—*even extra smoking* (see right).

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