

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE



JOHN-HYDE
PHILLIPS

OCTOBER, 1940

Portrait of a Happy Husband



By A Smart Wife

"I'd like to have you meet my husband. He's the hardest-working man I know—and the most understanding and devoted. I'm glad he finds so many things in our home that give him the kind of living he likes. Confidentially, I suspect he likes the icebox best of all. He loves to prowls there for cold cuts, pickles, sausage, cheeses and what-not...and top them off with his favorite beer. What's more, he's happiest when he has friends around him...and, by the way—we'd like to have you drop in this evening and talk about this and that and have some cold Budweiser... We'll be looking for you."

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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



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Dear Brother Elks:

With our course charted and our watchword "Service", the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks now stands ready to make this year an outstanding one in the history of Elkdom. The success of our program, however, will depend on the manner in which each and every association and subordinate lodge carries out the tasks assigned and the amount of "Service" that is given our communities and our nation.

In the days that have elapsed since I was elected Grand Exalted Ruler, I have had an opportunity of meeting the men whom I have selected as district deputies and on whom will fall the burden of representing the Grand Lodge in the field. To them and to the members I have greeted at various State Association meetings, I have given but the one message—the Order of Elks stands 100 percent behind the defense program of our Government. The Elks, therefore, must be an important factor in every community and foremost in every plan that calls for the creation of a better spirit of loyalty towards our country.

In many ways the various lodges of Elks may become valuable assets to the communities of our nation. Interest in welfare work is vital and one of the best

ways to accomplish the greatest good. I have met with our National Defense and Public Relations Commission. Its program is now ready and I urge all members, named to lodge committees, to take their work seriously and give unsparingly. I have also held conferences with the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and soon each Exalted Ruler will have a program of suggestions. Go over these carefully and pick out one or two objectives. Accomplish some worth-while task this year and your lodge will bask in the glory that will be ours. For combined achievements will create a treasure-trove that will prove that America needs Elkdom and that "Service" pays in golden dividends.

Fraternally and sincerely,

Jos Buch
GRAND EXALTED RULER

OCTOBER 1940

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

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

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THIS MONTH

We Present—

KENT RICHARDS does a dangerous thing this month. He tells us about photography—if you ever get the bug, it's worse than golf. You'll spend every cent you make, break up your home and ruin your health—and still you won't get the kind of pictures you want. Take our word for it, don't cultivate the habit. Mr. R. has been with us many times before, and he always has some good advice.

M. O'Moran has written another tale about the deep-sea diver Gar Langard. This is the fourth of these yarns which we have been fortunate enough to acquire from O'Moran and it's one of the best. O'Moran knows diving and the abalone fields of Southern California from first-hand experience, and does a very fine job of story-telling.

George F. Worts is a newcomer to *The Elks Magazine*, but we hope to see more of him. He was born in Toledo, Ohio, and went from there to Columbia University. Just before the war in 1914 he was a wireless operator on the Great Lakes. Later, he was Associate Editor of Motion Picture News which gave him some idea of the problems of an editor. (Let us tell you—they are legion!) Somewhere along the line, Mr. Worts acquired three children and a love for blooded horses. He raised both successfully. He is also a member of the Dutch Treat Club in New York. Mr. W. writes well and entertainingly about flying, although, as far as we know, he hasn't done any. He has been writing movies in Hollywood for some years. The list of his good ones is impressive.

In this issue, for the first time, we devote a page to the Elks National Defense Commission. This body was formed at the Houston Convention for the purpose of facilitating our country's preparedness program.

This platform is one of the most important things into which our Order has ever entered. It is a great work and each member should cooperate with the Commission to the utmost.

Preparedness is the question, not only of the hour, but of the age. Our very lives depend on our ability to conform with the requirements of this new, streamlined activity through which the world is passing. Let's do our best!

We are sure you'll find our regular features most interesting this month. Eddie Faust gives us the first of a two-part article on identifying the more unusual dogs; Ray Trullinger finds new excuses for missing those "easy" shots, and Stanley Frank tells us that pro football is about to find its place in the sun.

J. B. S.



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In which a talented young lady meets
the enemy, and as usual, after a few trivial com-
plications, they are hers. Emphatically!

PURSUIT *problem*

by George F. Worts

THE night on which Susan Ames was insulted by Captain J. H. Jackson, with such epic consequences, began like any other Saturday night. Susan Ames came into Boneville from her ranch and did her week end shopping, then, as usual, looked about for her ranch hand, an elderly reprobate who glamorously called himself Tarantula Pete. And her search led her, as it usually did, to the Gold Quartz Dance Hall, which, on any Saturday night, is something of a roaring hell-hole.

To give Captain Jackson the benefit of any doubts, the lighting was a dim amber, and cigarette smoke had reduced it to a saffron smudge. Yet, even in bad lighting, Susan Ames did not look like the kind of girl who belongs in a place like the Gold Quartz Dance Hall, for she carried gentility in her blue eyes and good breeding in the curve of her chin and in the planes of her slender, desert-browed young face. Her loveliness was definitely the kind that a man of discrimination should recognize in any lighting.

As she glanced brightly about in this fervid gloom, she became aware of the tall, straight young man with an officer's cap in the tan of the Army, who stood surveying the scene with an air of dreamy distaste. His eyelids, like window shades, were half-way down over drowsy, brown eyes, and his mouth had the expression a mouth acquires when it is firmly set in a slanting line. The trim dark mustache, set at still another angle, gave to his expression a touch of cynicism that Susan Ames found

amusing. He was attractive in his lean, dark way, and he was presumably a pleasant sort of fellow who for some reason or other was feeling out of sorts.

Susan Ames now noticed the four-inch disc on the left side of his chocolate-brown leather jacket, over his heart. On it the name J. H. Jackson was neatly lettered above the famous insignia of the Thirteenth Pursuit Group.

It was like meeting an old friend in a strange land. Susan's father, a designer and builder of racing planes, had been a flight commander in the Thirteenth during the World War.

She cried gayly above the uproar of music, voices and shuffling feet, "Hello, Captain!" And when he turned and glanced at her, Susan said, with her face alight with cordiality, "The Thirteenth happens to be my favorite outfit."

Captain Jackson's eyelids remained at half mast as he moved his eyes slowly and methodically down her face, down her slim figure in its crisp but slightly faded lavender linen dress, and on down her slim bare brown legs to her lavender sandals.

His eyes drifted back to her face as he said lazily, "Isn't the Thirteenth lucky tonight! I suppose I'm being invited to dance."

Susan Ames' smile became a thing limp with surprise and hurt. She was a girl slow to anger. She said, on that cordial note still, "I was going to say—"

"Yes, yes, yes," he rudely interrupted her. "You were going to

say it's high time for the new C. O. to buy you a drink."

Because Susan was a tolerant girl, she wanted to give him every chance to correct himself. She realized that Captain Jackson, who was evidently the new C. O. at the Murdock Dry Lake gunnery camp, was being given a tremendous rush by the Boneville girls, and that he had mistaken her for just another easy pickup.

But when he continued to look at her face, and he still failed to become aware of his mistake, she felt the first warning heat in her cheeks. He had had ample time to discover that she wasn't the kind of girl he had at first thought she was. And it was about then that the captain's





lean, dark face went slightly out of focus.

"I was only trying to say—" she began.

"Stop trying," he snapped at her. "Relax."

"All right," Susan said softly. "I'll just say that whoever told me that United States Army officers are gentlemen was a liar."

"Now, where," he drawled, "did a bright little girl like you ever pick up a rumor like that? I'll let you in on a military secret, honey. All United States Army officers are gentlemen by an act of Congress."

He was still looking at her face, and his eyesight, being that of an army pilot, should have been excel-

lent, and he looked sober, too. But he still couldn't distinguish any difference between her and these shrill-voiced hussies who wore their slacks too tight and their lips too red.

"To make a gentleman of you," Susan Ames announced with fury, "would require an act of God."

She turned away, and as she did, Captain J. H. Jackson's brown eyes stopped being long-lidded. The lids flew up and he said in the voice of a man who has either just made a shocking discovery, or arrived at a sickening conclusion, or both, "Sa-a-a-y! Wa-a-a-i-t a minute!"

When she didn't wait, even a split second, he caught her arm. Taramula Pete was suddenly beside her,

She waited until he was just far enough away. Then she opened the throttle—drew away from him.

his grey, walrus mustache twitching and looking damp and bedraggled as it usually did by this time on Saturday night.

"Shall I sock him, boss?"

"No!" Susan snapped. "Come along." She shook her elbow free of Captain Jackson's detaining hand.

"Just a moment—please," Captain Jackson said. "I'm terribly sorry about all this. I didn't—Honestly, I—" He was floundering. The fact that he had suddenly realized his error gave Susan Ames no satisfaction. It was too late to do any good.

In a voice now desperate, Captain Jackson said, "Please—won't you let me apologize?"

She sent him a withering glance over her shoulder. Even the discovery that his face was red with embarrassment or shame didn't placate her. Her glance must have made him realize the futility of pursuing the subject further just then, because he stopped and no longer looked like a bored and insolent young army officer, but like a terribly embarrassed and slightly ill boy.

Susan Ames drove the first ten of the thirty-five miles to her ranch in a state of bright-eyed, hot-cheeked anger. Then she began to cool, and her thoughts presently drifted from Captain Jackson and his insolence to the letter she had found in her post office box from her father.

The new plane, her father said, was practically finished, and he'd be flying up soon and she could try it out, provided it wasn't attached in the meantime. It would, he was confident, outfly any pursuit ship in the Army. The main thing was to hang on until it could be demonstrated to the Army. And he needed money to meet next Saturday's payroll and some overdue notes. The situation was really desperate. Had Mr. Bacon decided to buy the ranch?

ONE dim light was burning on the deep, low porch when Susan drove into the dooryard. The grass had a damp, fresh smell and the barns and corrals stood out whitely in the moonlight.

The voice of Susan's mother said, with its note of anxiety, "Was there any word from your father?" Her dress was a white glimmer in the dimness of the porch.

"No, mother. How is Mr. Bacon?"

"I think he's asleep now," her mother whispered, "but he had another nightmare a few minutes ago. He kept yelling, 'Go away! Go away!' He hasn't said anything definite about buying, but he did say at supper he's really crazy about the ranch."

"I'll work on him tomorrow," Susan said cheerfully.

She would, she assured herself, do her best, although her heart wasn't in it. She had virtually grown up on this ranch. Six months ago, her Aunt Deborrah had died and left it to her. With its acres of healthy alfalfa, its great cottonwoods, its orchard, its old adobe buildings, it was one of the most beautiful ranches in the Mojave. Susan hated to sell it, but its sale would enable her father to finish and demonstrate his new pursuit ship, so she had offered it for sale.

Her only prospect was a big, blond young man named Ernest Bacon who had recently returned from China with a nervous breakdown. Mr. Bacon believed that the solitude and tranquillity of Susan's ranch would heal his shattered nervous system, but he wanted to make sure. Three days ago, Susan had invited him out



for a week. If his nightmares, in which he re-lived the bombings of Shanghai, would stop, he would, she was sure, produce checkbook and fountain pen.

IN that parched and virile region, there are no hills to hinder the swift flood of the rising sun. Susan was up with the dawn. So was Mr. Bacon. They strolled to the cowbarn where Tarantula Pete was milking.

As the milk hissed into the bucket,

Susan talked about the calming influence of cows, horses and pigs, and the tonic fun of farming alfalfa in the strong, pure sunlight.

Susan didn't glance often at Mr. Bacon. She didn't like him. He was a big man of thirty with rosy cheeks and eyes of gentian-blue. She objected to the slyness with which he frequently touched her hand or her bare arm, and there was a roguish expression in his eyes that she found revolting. She was beginning to sus-

"Shall I sock him, boss?" asked Tarantula Pete. "No!" Susan snapped and shook her arm free.



pect that Mr. Bacon would not buy the ranch unless she was thrown in.

She heard the faraway purring of a plane. It suddenly grew louder. The sound swelled to a thundering roar. The barn shuddered to the reverberations of a powerful engine.

The cow plunged. The milk bucket was upset. Tarantula Pete fell from the milk stool.

Mr. Bacon bleated, "Air raid!" and threw himself on the ground.

Susan ran out and saw the plane, a P-36-A, just miss the ranchhouse chimney. With a blasting roar, it pulled out of the dive and flew away.

When she returned to the cowbarn, Mr. Bacon was still clutching the ground. His white face gleamed wetly. "Go away!" he moaned. "Go away!"

Susan helped him up. "Spirits of ammonia!" he whispered.

She helped him to the house and into his room, where he collapsed on his bed. Mrs. Ames gave him spirits of ammonia and pulled the shades down. Tarantula Pete came into the house with a sealed envelope with a long red streamer attached. The note read:

"I'm terribly sorry I was so stupid and so rude. Please meet me tonight at 7:30 at the Boneville Cafe and we'll dine and talk it all over. I want to demonstrate that it won't require an act of God.

"Jackson."

Susan tore up the note and her mother saved the streamer for use in a quilt. And when Mr. Bacon appeared, pale and shaky, Susan set to work reassuring him. It had never happened before, would never happen again. Doubtless some army

flyer, off his course, had flown low to get his bearings.

She decided to take Mr. Bacon on a long horseback ride tomorrow. He could ride Old Nell. Old Nell was so gentle she was insipid. They'd take a picnic lunch and she'd show him the gorgeous solitude of the old Indian campsite at Chimney Rock.

Early the next morning, Mr. Bacon mounted Old Nell. Susan was adjusting his stirrups when the five army planes came diving out of the pallid sky. As their insane thunder came closer and closer, Mr. Bacon fell off Old Nell. Susan seized the bridles of the two frightened horses and whimpered with rage as the five planes, with blasting motors, zoomed the ranchhouse.

Tarantula Pete brought in a red-streamered note just after Mr. Bacon had been put to bed and, at his own suggestion, dosed with whiskey instead of spirits of ammonia.

"I waited at the Boneville Cafe until midnight. Must talk to you. Will be over tonight at seven.

"Jackson."

When she had read it, Susan's blue eyes were dark with rage.

"Tell Mr. Bacon," she told her mother, "that I've gone to the gunnery camp to register a complaint. Tell him it won't happen again. Tell him he can depend on it. Give him more whiskey. Give him an ice-bag. Calm him. Soothe him. But convince him!"

She set out in her station wagon for the big dry lake, ten miles away, driving so fast that billows of yellow dust rose high in the air behind her. She crossed the lake to the gunnery camp.

The five pursuit ships which had zoomed her ranch were sitting in a neat row near the barracks. The nearest one, with chevrons on the side, was, of course, Captain Jackson's.

Susan parked in the visitors' section and walked into the mess hall.

Captain Jackson was breakfasting with a colonel and four majors.

The captain glanced up, stared, grinned, stopped grinning, blushed, pushed his chair back and got up.

The mess hall was so quiet that Susan could hear the crackling of the wood fire in the big black army range in the kitchen.

"Captain Jackson," she said softly, "I want to talk to you alone."

She walked out the door and started toward her station wagon. Halfway down the path, she stopped and turned. Captain Jackson was just behind her. Something about his mustache and his eyebrows made him look whimsical and amused.

"Captain Jackson," Susan said briskly, "I want you to stay away from my ranch. I want you to stop zooming it. I want you to leave me alone."

"All I wanted," he said, "was to see you again and apologize."

(Continued on page 35)



Mr. Frank decides that Pro sports have given the amateurs the final kick in the teeth that should put them on their backs for good.

The Pros Con Them

by Stanley Frank

IT WAS wonderful while it lasted, but the honeymoon is over for college football. Professional football is alienating the affections of the devoted, dependable meal-tickets who maintained the alleged amateur game in the height of notorious luxury for many years, and brass hats among the college crowd are having conniption fits.

Now, it's not quite necessary to go soft and sentimental for college football because some of its old and ardent admirers have succumbed to the brazen blandishments of the professionals. Colleges always will withdraw the pros, if not by the present 100-to-1, by 20-to-1, at least. The revenue will continue to be staggering enough to pay the freight for

certain aspects of ambitious academic programs. The colleges have too much tradition behind them, too much ivy and too many ready-made customers to be forced out of business (*sic*) by the out-and-out pros. But the pros are making deeper inroads all the time into the general sports public and that's what is giving graduate managers the horrors.

In one of the last columns he wrote, the late Heywood Broun held the mirror to a reflected trend with a steady hand. Last December Broun observed: "After watching the New York Giants and the Washington Redskins at the Polo Grounds yesterday it seems to me that the professionals have pretty much taken football away from the colleges.

"Not only do the pros play a faster and a better game, but they are eminently successful in giving every run and tackle the old university try. Not even the Army and the Navy put on a better roughhouse. When a man is slapped down, not only do his teeth rattle, but several players who weren't really in the operation jump on the prostrate body just for luck.

"The pro game has everything the college sport affords, with the exception of the ivy and the privilege of walking two and one-half miles from the parking space to portal 10-L in the Yale Bowl."

What worries the college crowd especially is the part which reads "giving every run and tackle the old

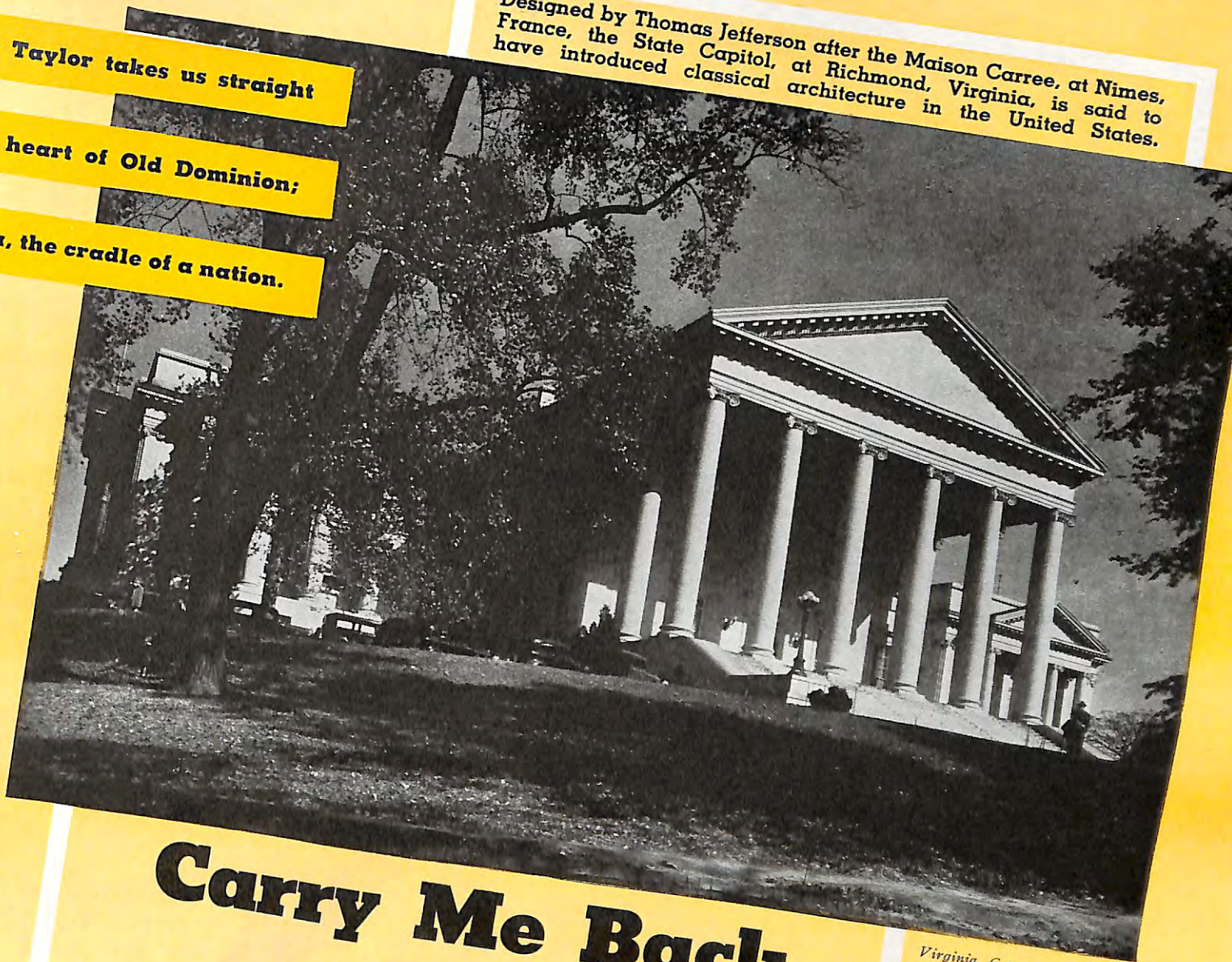
(Continued on page 44)

Kiley Taylor takes us straight

to the heart of Old Dominion;

Virginia, the cradle of a nation.

Designed by Thomas Jefferson after the Maison Carree, at Nimes, France, the State Capitol, at Richmond, Virginia, is said to have introduced classical architecture in the United States.



Carry Me Back

by Kiley Taylor

Virginia Conservation
Commission

THAT trip South this Fall will be enriched indescribably if the road leads to Colonial National Historical Park. This Park, in Tidewater Virginia, is a reservation authorized by an Act of Congress ten years ago this summer, and it includes parts of Williamsburg, Jamestown Island and the famous Yorktown battlefield.

To connect the three areas a landscaped, scenic parkway is being constructed, and that portion connecting Yorktown and Williamsburg is completed.

If, as well as a holiday, the trip is to be an historic pilgrimage, as it can scarcely fail to be, it might be said to begin at Fredericksburg, one of the most historic spots in the United States. That peaceful little Southern town was not a stranger to the Revolutionary soldiers, nor did the Civil War pass her by.

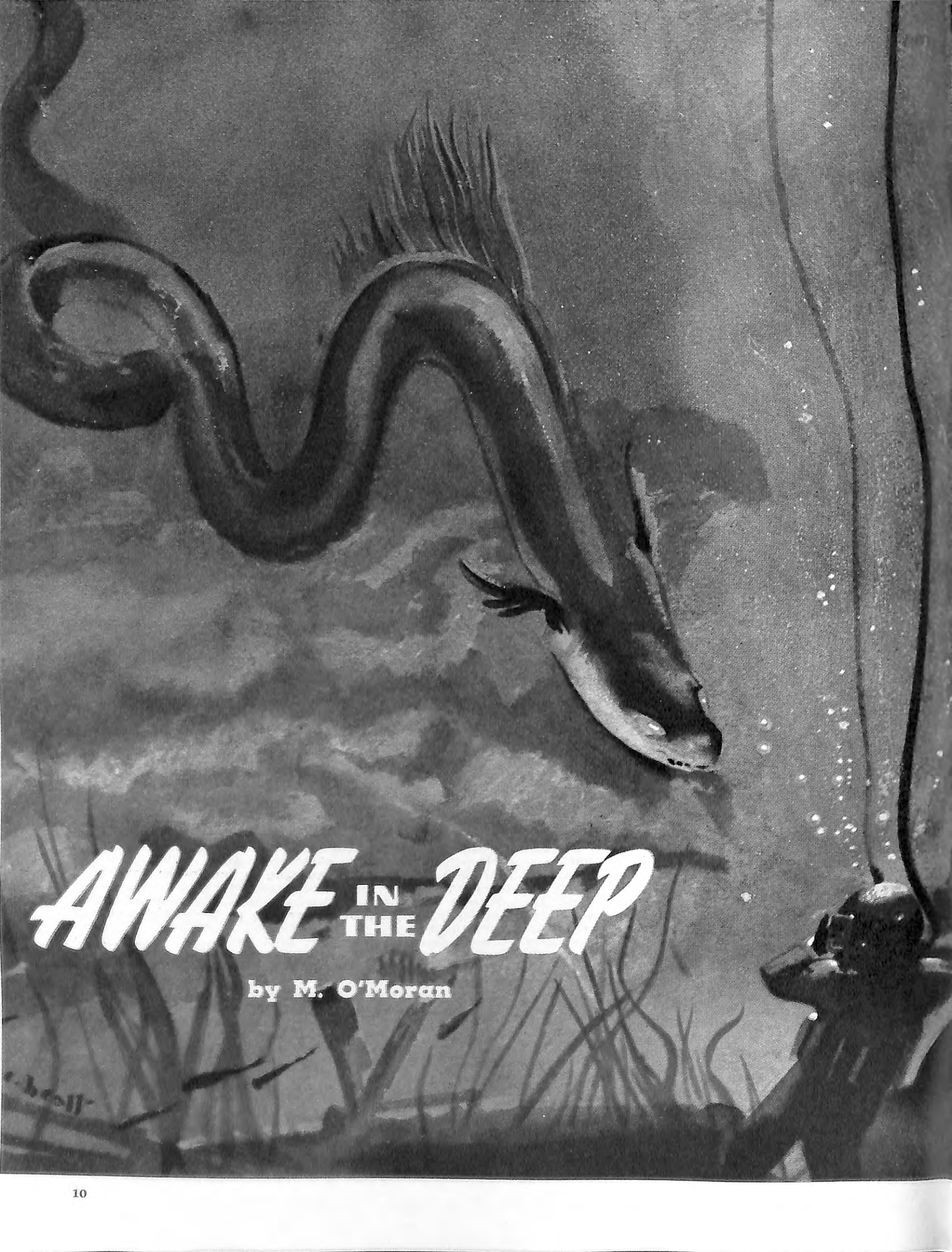
Although the traveler may be as Yankee as a blueberry, as western as a pinto pony, he cannot fail to respond to the grace that is Virginia. There is more than Virginia herself, however, lovely as she is, to give that tug to the heartstrings. Midway of the peninsula which edges out toward the sea between the York and the James Rivers lies the region where much of America was born and bred. It was at Jamestown Island that the first dauntless Englishmen, who crossed from England hazardedly enough in the *Sarah Content*, the *Discovery*, and the *Goodspeed*, came to rest; and across the peninsula, at Yorktown, independence for the colonies, so bitterly fought for, became a fact when Cornwallis surrendered his sword. Within less than a fifty-mile drive travelers may read the fascinating and charming story of Colonial Virginia.

Those early colonists, it is said, sailed the Atlantic with high hopes, expecting to find in the new world mountains of gold, unnumbered precious stones. Disappointed in this expectation, probably they remained only because they had to. Eventually, after the most extreme hardship, they prospered.

It was at Jamestown that the first cargo of African slaves was landed in America, as it was to Jamestown that those venturesome maidens came from England to wed the colonists, sight unseen.

Of those early days in the seventeenth century the only remaining relic is the ivy-mantled monument which was the tower of the first church.

The Western end of Jamestown is the property of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. (Continued on page 52)



AWAKE IN THE DEEP

by M. O'Moran

**There are strange sights 'neath the Southern Lights—
but this is a story that only Gar Langard could tell.**

THIS was the third day that Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver, had come down to the Monterey beach to stretch out on the sands and let the midday sun restore his chilled blood to its normal warmth. But more than that to watch the girl who was painting a picture there. For she was a bird-like, pretty little thing, and well worth watching.

Today was the kind of day that he liked—a clear, blue sky with a powdering of cloud over the far hills, and the water so still that it reflected all the white sardine boats keel-up. Gar wondered if the girl had put his diving boat, the *Spin-drift*, into her picture. But he could only wonder about it, for although each day he had taken a position a little closer to her, he was not yet near enough to see what she was painting. If only once during those three days there had been a chance to speak to her—but there wasn't. There was a lifeguard who saw to that. He was a muscular, sun-browned boy with black eyes and white teeth flashing in quick smiles, and every day he came with the girl and every day he left with her. For it was the end of the season and except for the girl and a group of fishermen mending their nets on the seaward slope of the sand dunes, the beach was given over to grey gulls and pelicans.

But while Gar could not see the girl's picture, today, at least, he was able to hear what she was saying to the lifeguard, and what the lifeguard was saying to her. Through his half-closed eyes he saw her raise her sleek, narrow brows and point a rapier-thin paint brush at him.

"Is that another lifeguard, Kurt?"

"No," said Kurt.

"He looks like one."

"He's a diver, Bunny."

"A what?"

"A deep-sea diver."

"What does he dive for?"

"He's laying a sewer pipe."

"A sewer pipe? In the nice, clean bay?"

"Where else would he lay a sewer pipe?"

"How would I know?" She flicked her pretty brown eyes at Gar, then turned away. "So that's what he does! And I thought he was a lifeguard! Because he's in bathing trunks and stays near the water. Anybody who goes near the water—do you know, Kurt, I am really horribly afraid of the water, and yet it fascinates me. That's why I like to paint it. And when I think of you—" she paused, and then asked suddenly,

"Did you ever save anybody's life?"

Gar waited to hear the lifeguard's answer. He saw that Kurt looked uncomfortable, and that his smiles had failed him.

"No," said Kurt. "I'm always here to do it, but nothing's happened yet. Only the cormorants and the pelicans seem to go under the water here, and they always come up again."

"But some day something will happen. I wonder—it'll be hard, won't it, the first time?"

"No, I don't think so. I know exactly what to do—and I'll just do it, that's all."

"I see. Simple, like that." She stood up, and stepped back to look at her picture through a cupped-up hand. Her white beret had fallen to one side of her brown curls, and her small, sandal-shod feet sank into the loose sand. "Well, I hope if you ever do that I'll be here to see it," she went on. "And so the deep-sea diver's laying sewer pipes, and the lifeguard's never saved anybody. I wonder if the fishermen ever caught a fish! For heaven's sake! I'm going home."

"Wait," said Kurt. "You mustn't go home feeling like that, Bunny." Gar stared to see if the girl were sick. But her eyes were snapping and her color was good. She wasn't sick.

"Like what?" said Bunny.

"You know—all disillusioned. It gets you down. Look, I'll show you now. I'll throw one of those fishermen into the bay. I'll put him in danger, and then I'll take him out again. Nine out of ten of them can't swim, and when he's about drowned I'll give him the life-saving. Will you wait while I do that?" he grinned. "Is that what you'd like me to do?"

"Throw the deep-sea diver in," said Bunny. "I'll wait for that."

"Oh, him," said Kurt shortly. "No, he takes no chances, that fellow. When he goes into the water he has several hundred pounds of apparatus on him to keep him dry, and a whole crew to stand by and see that nothing happens to him."

"Oh, well—" Bunny's words choked back into her throat, and her eyes glazed over in a suddenly white face. Gar turned his head swiftly to see what had frightened her. While they had been talking, and Gar had been listening, a mounted trooper had come onto the beach. He was obviously one of the young recruits from the Presidio, and his horse was running away with him, plunging wild-eyed toward Kurt and

the girl. Gar saw the girl's body go limp, and he was on his feet in a second. He snatched at Bunny, and grasped her in his arms. Then he ran for the water, and stood there, knee-deep in the creaming surf. Kurt followed him. The horse and its rider pounded past them and disappeared around a bend on the beach.

"I'll see that rookie gets his for this," Kurt shouted. He shook his fist at the horse's tracks. "If the brute would only break the fool's neck—" he turned savagely to Gar. "Here, you, come in with her now. I was taking care of her. This is my job. Give her to me."

"Yah," said Gar. He held Bunny closer as he splashed through the water. "But there was a squid vonce—a giant squid—" He put Bunny gently down on the beach. She smiled weakly, smoothed down her white dress and looked up at him. He was taller than Kurt, and heavier—all gold and brown with sea-grey eyes.

"A giant squid," breathed Bunny. "Under the water?"

"Yah," said Gar. "Ten fathoms down. It vas to be quick then, too."

"Oh-h, what did you do?" she shuddered.

"I blow myself up—spread-eagle."

"Oh," she said vaguely, "spread-eagle. And—and then a lifeguard saved you?"

Gar shook his head grimly. "No lifeguard could bring up a man ten fathoms down with three hundred pounds of gear holding him there. No, no lifeguard."

"But someone?"

"Yah. It vas Ivan, the best tender in the world. Ivan would get me—and he did. He smashes the face plate—and here I vas. But you see it vas to be quick always."

"Yes," said Bunny. "Just like a lifeguard."

Gar looked at the lifeguard, and the lifeguard looked at him. A deep-sea diver is not like a lifeguard, and both of them knew it. Each is necessarily young, for a diver over thirty-five gets no jobs, and who ever saw a grey-haired lifeguard?—and each may have a magnificent, sun-tanned body. Otherwise, the difference between the two is as wide as the blue ocean shimmering off to China, and as deep as the abyss that clefs the floor of Monterey bay. Kurt, the lifeguard, knew this, and so did Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver. But Bunny didn't.

When they looked away from each other and back to Bunny, she had stepped over to her easel. It was intact. The horse had not touched it. She sat down and opened her box of paints again. Gar stood beside her. He could at last see her picture. He saw she had everything in it—hills, clouds, boats and their reflections—even the black, crooked

Illustrated by C. C. BEALL

He stared at the thing and then, under the hypnosis of horror, he felt himself being drawn toward that great gaping mouth.

wharf, and that she still had a generous foreground of water left. He tried to distinguish the *Spindrifft*, but as the boats were all alike—identical blobs of white paint—it was impossible for him to know which blob it was.

Bunny selected a brush, and, poisoning it above the foreground, she asked, "What does a giant squid look like?"

"Don't get him started," warned Kurt before Gar could assemble his words. "It won't be only a squid—somewhere there'll be an octopus and a barracuda and a few man-eating sharks—once you get these divers going they can't stop—your picture would never hold it all, Bunny. You'd need an aquarium for that. Look here, cut out the work for today. I'll get dressed and take you for a drive—down the coast—"

"If—" Bunny hesitated and looked up at Gar.

"Gar—Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver." Gar threw out his chest as he spoke.

"If he'd come, too, he could tell us while we're driving."

Gar shook his head. "Come two o'clock, I go to work. It was soon that now."

"Oh, yes," said Bunny with a faint grimace. "The sewer pipe. You have to lay the sewer pipe. It is not deep enough there for giant squid, is it—out where you put the sewer pipe?"

"Anywhere from two fathoms on was always deep enough for what swims up from the abyss," said Gar.

"You know," laughed Kurt harshly. "Anything—blue-fin sharks, manta ray, maybe a sea serpent. The fishermen have been seeing one around here for the last two years—when the red wine flows free. They can even tell what it looks like—ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah," asserted Gar. "Head was like a turtle, teeth was in layers, fin six feet high out of the water—yah, a sea serpent."

"You've seen it, too?" asked Bunny.

"No," regretted Gar. "I would not see it. Not the sea serpent."

"It's waiting to catch you on the bottom," laughed Kurt again. "To get you when you're not looking."

"Always would I look," explained Gar. "Would I not look, I would not now be here." He nodded solemnly.

"A quarter to two," reminded Kurt abruptly. "And there is your skiff coming in to the wharf with your red-headed tender in it. If the

He stood there, knee-deep in the surf. The horse and its rider pounded past them and disappeared up the beach.



city of Monterey is going to get rid of its sewage—save us all from typhoid fever and plague—you'd better get going. Here, Bunny, let me fold that easel for you."

Gar looked at the girl who was still looking up at him. Neither of them was listening to Kurt. Bunny had made no move to fold her easel and the diver didn't care about the skiff.

"You would want to see the diving maybe? You would come out on the boat now and see the diving?" asked Gar.

"Why, I'd just love that," cried Bunny. "To see you go down under the water—Kurt, did you hear him? Oh, let's go!"

"All right," said Kurt stiffly. "If that's what you want to do—all right, Bunny. You'll be disappointed, though. There's nothing to see except a few bubbles on the water—but see it if you want to. Then we'll drive down the coast afterwards."

"That will be lovely, Kurt. And if there'd be a giant squid there today—"

"There's no giant squid down the coast—nor anywhere else around here, if you ask me."

"But if there were," insisted Bun-

ny gently, touching Kurt's wrist with her fingers—"well, he wouldn't be sorry to have a lifeguard with him, would he?"

"Would you?" Kurt scowled at Gar.

"I have had many things with me many times," said Gar carefully. "But never have I had a lifeguard. Ve vill see vould I be sorry."

The two men dressed, and then Kurt picked up the easel and they all walked down the railroad track to the wharf. The skiff was already waiting with Snort, the red-headed tender, resting forward on the oars. Snort's snub nose twitched as he looked at Kurt's crisp white flannels and pale blue pull-over.

"Them, too, on the boat?" he asked Gar.

"Okay, Snort. He's a lifeguard." Gar swept his arm around Bunny and lifted her into the skiff. It was the second time he had had her in his arms within an hour, and it took greater effort to release her now than it had the first time. Snort watched Gar closely until he saw Kurt getting into the boat, too. Then Snort carelessly tilted an oar that caught Kurt in the chest and sent him splashing into the water. Bunny gave a little scream, but the tender reassured her, "That won't hurt him, lady. He's a lifeguard. Good time to show his stuff. You know, start out by savin' hisself. Here he is now, comin' up on the other side. Nice dive, fella."

Kurt pulled himself into the boat, shaking the water out of his eyes and hair.

"Did you slip, Kurt?" asked Bunny, drawing away from the water dripping down from him.

But Kurt didn't answer her. His

eyes, hot and blazing, were on Snort. "That was no accident," he blurted out.

"You should know," said Snort easily. "Accidents is your business."

"If I were sure—" Kurt doubled up his hands.

"Better go home and get into dry clothes," advised Snort.

"No," said Kurt, unclenching his fists. "I'll dry here. But from now on, I'll watch you."

"Being a lifeguard, watchin' must come natural to you," grinned Snort.

"Stow the jaw tackle," said Gar.

"On the topside, Snort, I would need no tending. What I want on the topside, I get it without your help."

Snort's smile faded out. "Okay," he said. "We'll see."

He swept the oars back and with a few long strokes brought the skiff alongside the *Spindrift*.

Black-haired Mike rose from his place at the engine and held out a hand to help Bunny aboard. She settled herself comfortably on some leather cushions that Mike arranged for her in the stern of the boat. Kurt sat as close to her as was possible in his wet clothing.

"Look," said Bunny, "the water is so clear we could almost see anything down there."

"Yes," Kurt smiled sourly. "Perhaps we'll see the sewer pipe."

"Not here," said Gar. "The sewer pipe would be where vas that buoy. Ve go there now."

"Oh, out there." Bunny clasped her hands over her knees and smiled around generally. "This is going to be thrilling."

"An hour ago," reminded Kurt, "you didn't think so much of sewer pipes."

"But I didn't know then—I didn't know until Gar told me—"

"Yes," interrupted Kurt roughly, "believe all you hear. That's sensible."

"To think all those big fish are right here," continued Bunny, "right under us—" she shivered.

"It vas the abyss," nodded Gar. He took the wheel, and the *Spindrift* began to cut through the water. Bunny removed her beret, and the light wind blew through her massed-up brown curls.

"Those fish make it all so different," she said. "Oh, if I could only see a giant squid!"

"You won't," said Kurt bluntly. "You'll find it's the wrong day for it. But he'll see it—because nobody can prove that he didn't. You'll see if he doesn't."

"What do you mean by the wrong day?"

"Because the day one's on the spot is always the wrong day for these fish stories."

"Yes, it was like that on the beach," reflected Bunny. "All the time I was there waiting to see someone drown—I mean nearly drown. I wanted to see a lifeguard in action. And nothing ever happened. But maybe diving is different." (Continued on page 47)





This is called focusing; it is even more difficult than it looks.

**With his tongue in his cheek, Mr. Richards says
it's really all very simple if you know how.**

DURING the late (we hope) depression, there was at least one industry in this country that boomed along like a bass drum at a fireman's picnic, turning corners until it was dizzy and finding prosperity around every one of them. It was an industry that didn't produce anything essential that you could eat, like spinach, or listen to, like Charlie McCarthy, or wear, like shorts, or even drink, like . . . well, what will you have?

It didn't even produce a war, which for the nineteen-thirties was a new low in non-production. But it climbed from small potatoes into the \$100,000,000 class. And believe me, one hundred million is big anywhere, except maybe in a Federal budget.

This Hoover-dream industry is photography, and the photography bug has bitten enough people in the last decade to disrupt the normal activities of a major part of our adult population. It's turned everything upside-down. In the old days when the husband didn't come home for dinner, his wife might be mad, but at least she knew he was down at the speakeasy with the boys. Nowadays when he doesn't appear, there is no telling where to find him; he's out shooting up the town with a Brownie.

The current camera craze is already universal and it's spreading by the minute. Wall Street financiers tied up "in conference" can be found

flat on their backs on an East River pier getting an angle shot of the Brooklyn Bridge. Newlyweds no longer go to Niagara Falls for a honeymoon; they go there to get photographs. Today traveling salesmen don't eat beans with the farmer's daughter; they take pictures of her. And the proverbial immigrant parents who used to save up to buy their favorite son a violin, nowadays hoard their pennies to buy Hymie a Leica. It's no credit to us that we don't get involved in Europe's war—we're too busy figuring exposures.

The world of the photographer is a new and strange world to many of us—one in which shutters do not bang, just click. A slightly delirious world of panchromatic, infra-red and hyperfocaldistance; a world of chlorobromide, anastigmat and *f. 3.5*. It is bounded with stops and halation, fine-grain and spherical aberration. Its foundations are tanks and compounds, hypo and potassium ferricyanide. It has limitless gadgets, hundreds of disappointments, a few genuine satisfactions; but, like being in love, all the time it's fun. Once you get into it you can't get out even if you want to, which you don't. It isn't dangerous until you begin to trade off the family silver for lenses and tripods and exposure meters. And that stage can be controlled, sometimes postponed indefinitely by a few advance doses of the right kind of serum. That's

what this article is—serum. Richards giving of his fever-racked blood so that others might be spared a similar fate.

There is an insidious fact about the photography bug. You never know you're bitten until it's too late. It just sort of creeps up behind you and goes click! And there it is.

You can get to be a photographer without knowing it in a dozen different ways. Some friend and his wife will ask you to take their picture for no apparent reason other than that they want to have a permanent record of themselves with their arms around one another and smiling—perhaps as proof for future skeptics. Friend George will get the camera all set for exposure and distance and show you how to snap it, which you do obligingly enough but without being quite sure whether you saw them in the finder or if it was a rosemary bush. You promptly forget about it until three days later when your friend calls up to tell you he never saw such depth of focus and such highlights and he's going to blow it up to 11 by 17 and why didn't you tell him you were an expert photographer.

And you say why, you're not at all, but George says, the hell you're not, I know class when I see it. And by that time you go coy and confess maybe it does come natural because you used to fool around with the family box camera when you were

a kid, trying to forget that the only time you touched it you dropped the thing and cracked the lens. But George says this picture is a masterpiece and how about you two entering a contest. And you almost say yes, and then you think, what's George got to do with this picture? It's your picture. You took it, didn't you? If George can take good pictures let him enter his own.

And from then on, you're it. The eleven other ways of becoming a photographer are all based on the same principle: you've got what it takes—you think!

The first thing most people do when they come down with fotog fever is buy a camera. Well, you can't smoke opium without a pipe. But before you take on this particular vice it might be wise to consider whether you are going to indulge it mildly or whether you're going to bury yourself in it right up to the range-finder. If you're just going into the fringes along with about 20,000,000 other folks, then you're going to take snapshots, not pictures, and

Regardless of what anybody tells you, the just plain variety is the most important. But at least two of the specialties, pinhole and cameraless, have a particular interest. Taking pictures through a pinhole may seem ridiculous, but it's really simple and illustrates the little-known fact that you don't have to have a lens to take a picture. All the lens does is gather up a lot of light and throw it smack against the film in the back of the camera before you can say orthochromatic. Some lenses are so good they can throw a picture back on the film before you can get out even the "0" in 1/1000 of a second, to be exact.

With a pinhole camera it's different. Any old box camera or, for that matter, light-tight box, can be made into the pinhole variety merely by taking out the old lens and pasting a piece of black paper over the hole with a small pinhole in the middle of it. Then load up, point it at a beautiful but quiet scene, uncover the pinhole and a few minutes later you've got your picture. Min-

the picture gets on the paper by means of a strong light through the negative, so why can't you get effects by putting glass objects on the paper itself and flashing a flashlight on it? The man who first asked himself that question, and answered it by experiment, discovered cameraless photography because you can and do. You get some of the swellest stuff imaginable. Try it first with a bottle and a small glass, and then with this, that and the other thing. Place the glass objects near the bottom of the paper and then, in a darkened room, turn the flashlight on them so as to create shadows on the paper. Practice it first a time or two on plain white paper and when you get the angle for an interesting shadow effect, switch to enlarging paper. Hold the flashlight steady for a few seconds. The length of time will depend on the size of your flashlight and how far you can hold it from the paper. It won't take you long to get accurate timing. The fun of it is, you can do all of it right on the kitchen table.

Under two Tripods

by Kent Richards

what you'll need is a fairly simple, fairly reliable sort of camera, costing anywhere from five to twenty dollars. But if you want to go into it whole-hog, just step right into the next class, the so-called "amateur" group which today has an exclusive membership of 500,000.

You don't have to *know* any more to be an amateur than a snapshotter; but it will cost you more money. The difference between a snapshotter and an amateur is just this: the snapshotter takes few pictures and never knows why they don't turn out well, while the amateur takes a lot of pictures and knows exactly why they aren't very good. What he doesn't know is what to do about it.

There are as many varieties of photography as there are amateurs, almost, but some of the more standardized branches—having a guaranteed participation of at least two adherents—are micro, aerial, flash, submarine, telephoto, cameo, tabletop, silhouette, trick, color, portrait, pinhole, cameraless (believe it or not) and just plain.

utes, I said, not seconds or split seconds. Which means that you'd better set the camera down somewhere and not try to hold it, even if you do think you've got steady hands.

Some truly beautiful pictures have been taken through a pinhole but they are unusual because everything within the range of the camera is in focus. And the picture has a quality of softness which cannot be achieved without gadgets in a deeply focused picture from a lens camera. Don't try to speed up the process of taking the picture by enlarging the pinhole. It will spoil everything.

Cameraless photography is something else again. It is definitely not encouraged by the industry because you can do it without a camera, films, lenses, gadgets or almost without anything. It's practically communism. If you could do it without anything it would be communism.

All you need is a flashlight, some semi-matté enlarging paper and an imagination plus a couple of chemicals. It may sound funny, but remember, in printing and enlarging,



But remember, you can't leave the light burning while you arrange the stuff on the enlarging paper. If you must have light, and I guess you must, get an orange safety bulb and burn that. It won't affect the paper and you can see everything you need to.

When you have exposed the paper, place it in 70° developing solution for about a minute and a half and then douse it in fixative as per directions on the package. When thoroughly washed in water—and that means at least an hour in slow-running water—the print is ready for the salons.

An amateur interested in just plain photography may have a little trouble at the outset in deciding on a camera. About a year ago there were 200 cameras on the market for general use and they ranged in price from 39c to over \$350 without "extras". Six months later about thirty more had been designed and put on sale and since then they have been appearing at the rate of about four or five a month. Their performance varies about as widely as the price. Some of them qualify as cameras merely by the grace of a generous definition, others will practically walk out of the house, get the picture and come back and develop it. They will do almost everything except buy cocktails for your girlfriend models, and one day soon I expect they will be doing that. Unfortunately, some of these self-operating and completely fool-proof cameras are so complicated that they function successfully only for people whose middle name is Einstein.

It would be erroneous to assume that the only good cameras are those which cost a lot of money. Results depend on who is doing the operat-

ing. Certainly the beginning amateur is much better off with a camera that costs \$30 than he is with one which lists at \$300. A folding camera with *f.* 4.5 lens, speeds from 1/25 to 1/100 of a second with time and bulb exposures, picture size somewhere around 2 x 3 inches, is just about the trick. For the first six months practically every picture you take will or should be at about 1/50 of a second with a lens opening of *f.* 4.5 or 5.6. And you don't need an *f.* 1.5 job with a 1/1000 shutter speed for that. When you take pictures of Aunt Mabel with that kind of a camera and make your worst enemies say gee, what a swell picture, then you can step up into a faster job—something that's worthy of you.

Probably the most important question in choosing a camera is whether to buy one of the miniature or "candid" variety or to stick to the less glamorous, but perhaps more practical, regulation folding camera. With these admonitions his choice is pretty much up to the individual: with a minnie you can take a lot of pictures for very little money, but unless they are enlarged, nobody can see anything in them, except yourself, and enlarging costs something. On the other hand, you can experiment more with a minnie because you at



Believe it or not, this sort of thing is news.

least can have some idea of what you are getting without the expense of larger prints. You need enlarge only the best of them, which will be few enough at first.

With a regulation camera all your contact prints will be big enough to keep, if you want them, but most of them won't be worth it and your film

Your wife may notice the hypo dripping on the carpet more than she notices the picture, but don't let that bother you.





On the other hand,
this is the usual
thing.

and printing will both cost more. Probably the dilemma can best be solved by following this rule: if you have the time to take a lot of pictures, get a minnie; if not, get a regulation size.

Many of the expensive cameras are, of course, the minnies with very fast lenses. The speed of the lens, which is usually designated by the numbers *f. 1.5, f. 1.9, f. 2, f. 3.5, f. 4.5, f. 5.6, etc.*, determines the amount of light required to get a picture. The faster the lens (*f. 1.5*) the more light it can throw against the film in a given time. With a high-speed lens you can go around snapping your friends in unconventional poses at cocktail parties. But frankly, if they know anything about photography they won't be the least bit worried. Unless you are an expert, in which case you wouldn't do it unless they paid you—and they won't—your pictures will be almost as indistinguishably blurred as if they were taken with a Brownie. Except for patches of hair, corners of pianos, edges of mantels and sections of bookcases—which aren't very interesting—most of what you get at cocktail parties is apt, I regret to tell you, to be out of focus.

At that, a minnie need not be used exclusively in the usually abortive pursuit of indoor candid pictures. Its great convenience is that it is easy to carry and that it can take thirty-six pictures without reloading. It isn't worth a hoot for landscapes and "views", but for nearly anything else in non-professional

work, it fills the bill. But under no circumstances buy a cheap minnie. If you can't afford a fairly good one, go chase butterflies until you can.

There are just two essentials to good *technical* photography—just two. Master them and the world is yours. But the trash cans of the country will be filled tonight with pictures that failed to meet either one or both of them. They are simple enough—get the subject in focus and get the right exposure. Simple, but boy, they take a lot of doing. The photography stores are stacked to the ceilings with gadgets designed to help the amateur avoid his own erroneous inclinations in favor of mechanical perfection. But he is a wise man who places his confidence in solemn study and quiet prayer when it comes to focus and exposure. No amateur should rely on man-made hinkydooos until he knows he has the character and strength to master them, and that he will not, poor fellow, become their slave.

Getting the subject in focus is in itself a man-sized job, much more difficult than it was in the old days. . . . I well remember how it was in the Richards family. We owned a box camera. It was six inches square and had a lens which Mother always treated with the deference properly accorded a family heirloom. We used it on picture-taking occasions long after cameras of that vintage had been placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian. Mother always murmured with sweet condescension to our friends, yes, it is a funny old camera, isn't it, but it has such a wonderful lens. I echoed Mother. When I brought it out, embarrassed but belligerent, to take pictures of

boyhood pals, I met their startled silence with a defiant, they don't make 'em like *this* any more. And since that was then popularly believed to be true of all mechanical contrivances, I got by with it.

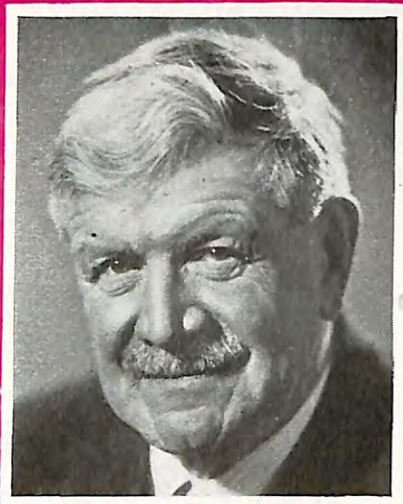
When it came to focusing, that camera was tops. All you had to do was point it at what you wanted, click the shutter and, by God, you had it. There was nothing to set for distance, nothing to set for speed, nothing to set for focus, in fact, nothing to set at all. As I remember, it only missed once, and I still have the picture. From a railroad observation car, I snapped a band of cattle standing in the snow beside the tracks, as we whizzed by at fifty miles an hour. Even though I pasted the picture in my album and titled it, with a certain casual grace, "Band of cattle snapped in Utah", I have always known it was a poor example of even my earliest work. As a matter of fact, it is, and always has been, just a grey blur.

Getting a subject in focus with a high-spirited, up-to-date camera seems with each simplifying device to become more complicated. To appreciate the delicacy of precise focusing, one must know that under some conditions it is possible to have an exact focus on your best girl's big brown eyes and at the same time to have both the end of her nose and her ears noticeably blurred. The measure of the distance that is in focus, in this case from the middle of the nose to the ear, is called the *depth of focus*, or depth of field, and amateur photogs think more of depth of focus than they do of their mothers. It varies under different conditions and with different lenses from two inches up to infinity. Generally speaking, the closer a subject is to the camera the less of it you can get into focus; the farther away it is, the more of it will be sharp. It is (Continued on page 41)

Illustrated by GEORGE DALY

It makes a whale of a lot of difference whether Aunt Mabel is running, walking or just sitting down.





Stephen Leacock, popular Canadian humorist, has completed "The British Empire", describing the Empire's relations with the United States.

WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

by Harry Hansen



Above: Monica Dickens, great granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is now serving as a British war nurse, while her novel, "The Moon Was Low", is being released.

Left is R. C. Hutchinson, whose latest novel, "The Fire and the Wood", has just been published.

EVERY time a great catastrophe occurs somebody recalls that it was foretold ages ago by soothsayers. Now that the war is laying cities waste in Europe readers once more cite Nostradamus and his prophecy that the might of England would last only 300 years after 1555. Michael Nostradamus was a physician of the 16th century who lived in the town of Salon de Craux in the Provence of France and attracted the attention of Catherine de Medici. In 1555 he published hundreds of quatrains foretelling events. Catherine and her sons made much of him and Charles IX made him his physician in 1564. Nostradamus died in 1566. Although his quatrains are often ambiguous, and have been called incoherent and rhapsodical by his critics, Nostradamus hit on a number of events that entitle him to be considered as a rare phenomenon. A careful study of Nostradamus and his soothsaying was made a number of years ago by Charles A. Ward, an English author. Because of the interest in Nostradamus' prophecies at the present time, Scribner's has republished the book as "Oracles of Nostradamus", adding in a supplement, quatrains that apply to events that have occurred since Ward wrote in 1891. Whether or not the reader believes that Nostradamus had this remarkable gift, he will find this book thrilling reading. Even if Nostradamus was a good guesser, he made some remarkable guesses, of which the most famous is his foretelling the withering of the Fleur de Lys—the Bourbon house of France, by 1793. Ward writes as an investigator and is not ready to argue that he had prophetic gifts, but says we have to admit that he was "endowed with a rare and curious foresight". The curious thing about soothsaying of this kind is that it cannot come out into the open but must veil itself in ambiguous words. For, says Ward, if an event is precisely foretold, steps can be taken to forestall it and thus the prophecy remains unfulfilled. I shall let my readers cogitate on that one. Moreover, a prophet also foretells evil and this is especially true of Nostradamus. Frankly, the quatrains here published do not impress me. Many of the events foretold seem logical, things bound to happen in case of war; and with war always in the offing, Nostradamus couldn't be far wrong. Interpreters place their own construction on the curious names Nostradamus used. Common sense might have foretold some of the prophecies. The Church is supposed to have acted against Nostradamus' book because he foretold the fall of the Papacy. If he meant the temporal power, that might have been guessed at by any good observer, but if he meant the spiritual power of the Church his prophecy was in vain. But without being converted to Nostradamus, I feel that the Ward book makes excellent reading, has a speculative interest and gives us all

(Continued on page 51)

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 15, 1940

Dear Brother Nicholson:

I am indeed grateful for your letter of August thirteenth and am reassured to learn of the creation at the recent annual Grand Lodge Session of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission.

Your declared purpose to formulate and supervise plans for the fullest cooperation by the Grand Lodge, the State Associations and the subordinate lodges, and the members, with our national, state and local governments, in any eventuality or contingency that may arise, is most welcome news. This action on the part of the Elks is in keeping with their best traditions of service and patriotism.

The opportunity for service at the present time is very great. The superb organization which has made it possible for the Order to take a leading part in charitable and philanthropic enterprises, as well as in social service, will be equally useful when directed to national defense.

Patriotic impulses of the far-flung membership will inspire Elks everywhere to rise to the opportunity which is theirs.

Fraternally yours,



James R. Nicholson, Esq.,
Chairman,
Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission,
Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks,
Room 706, 292 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

A Letter from the President

and excerpts from letters to the Chairman
of the Elks National
Defense Commission

War Department Washington

"The patriotic motive of the Elks is appreciated and your letter has been made a matter of official record for such reference as circumstances may warrant. I am particularly impressed with the sincerity of your offer of assistance and of your desire for suggestions as to how your organization may best be of service.

"Concretely, through the lodges of the Elks a phase of military training might be encouraged which can be accomplished successfully with

means locally at hand. I refer to physical training and there is nothing more important than just that. It would make our young men better soldiers, if called into service, and also better citizens. A program of this nature sponsored by the Elks would prove of incalculable value.

"I extend my sincerest wishes for the success of your Commission. I trust that you will never relax your efforts to encourage and maintain a high degree of interest of all concerned in your organization."

HENRY L. STIMSON,
Secretary of War.

Department of the Navy

"I greatly appreciate the spirit and strength which is behind the offer of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission to cooperate with governmental agencies in any eventuality or contingency that may arise.

"Your organization can render us valuable

assistance by stressing in every possible way the outstanding benefits of this country as compared with those under the totalitarian regimes. We need a stiffening of morale in the face of the many 'isms' that are attacking our fundamental freedom and are attempting to sap our moral fiber as a great nation."

FRANK KNOX

Federal Bureau of Investigation

"I appreciate very much the desire of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to be of service to our Country during the present emergency situation.

"In this connection, I wish to advise that your

fellow members and you can be of very real assistance by promptly reporting to the nearest office of the FBI any and all information coming to your attention indicating a violation of our espionage, sabotage, or related laws."

J. E. HOOVER

Editorial

Respect for the Flag

RECENTLY in an eastern city a W.P.A. employee was arrested on the charge of having desecrated the American Flag. Neighbors reported to the police that he had been tearing the flag into strips, tying them about trash and discarding the bundles in a rubbish receptacle. He readily admitted what he had done, but stoutly maintained that he had intended no disrespect to the flag, but that it was all due to ignorance on his part as to how an old flag should be disposed of when no longer fit for use.

The sad thing about it is that he doubtless told the truth and a still sadder thing is that any American citizen, especially one employed by the government, could thus dispose of the American Flag with no thought that he was treating the emblem with disrespect. It would seem that there is something fundamentally lacking in our educational system, otherwise one with only a common school education or a mere part of such an education would be taught proper respect for the flag and thus brought to realize that it would be improper to wrap it about garbage and dispose of it as such. The proper disposition of a flag no longer fit to be displayed is to burn it.

It is admitted that many Communists are on the W.P.A. rolls and they have respect neither for the government which is supporting them nor for the American Flag. It is heartening to read in the public prints that all such are to be ferreted out, labeled for what they are and discharged. The taxpayers are overburdened in supporting unemployed but loyal Americans able and willing to work and resent being taxed to support those who are not only antagonistic to our form of government, but seek its overthrow. The proper remedy is to see to it that none such are in government employ whether in the W.P.A. or elsewhere.

The Right of Franchise

THE time draws near as it does every fourth year when we elect a President of the United States. As Elks we subscribe to no political party or creed. We owe allegiance to no party. However, as American citizens we bear allegiance to our country and this entails the responsibility of exercising the right of franchise guaranteed to us by the Constitution. The exercise of this right is not a mere privilege but a patriotic duty in the discharge of which is to be found the safety and security of our cherished form of government. Every citizen having the right of franchise and failing intelligently to exercise it, unless prevented by illness or some insurmountable obstacle, is false to himself and to his country. This is the only way in a democracy that the individual can directly participate in shaping the destiny of the nation, hence its importance cannot be exaggerated or over-impressed.

The voter who says "I am a Republican and always vote that ticket" or "I am a Democrat and always vote that ticket" is so bound by party prejudice that he fails utterly to grasp the importance of what he really does when he casts his ballot. Every voter should inform himself as to the issues in the campaign, and throwing prejudice to the wind should decide what in his calm, deliberate judgment is best for the nation as a whole and hence best for all of the people, and having so decided he should vote accordingly. If that means the breaking of party ties, let it be so, regardless of what those ties may be. What we are trying to put across without the slightest tinge of political partisanship is that the right of franchise should be



cherished and preserved. This means its exercise, for otherwise it may be lost. And what then? Some form of government alien to that which we now have and cherish as the best in this war-ridden world.

Advanced Ideas Penalized

HISTORY records the sad fate of many who have been penalized for expressing opinions contrary to those held by the so-called learned of that particular day and generation. The recantation exacted of the great Italian physicist and astronomer Galileo is a notable example but it is not necessary to go that far back to find other outstanding examples.

It has been only a few years since General William E. Mitchell, returning from France where he commanded the A.E.F. air force, gave expression to his conviction that the airplane would be a decisive factor in future wars. He was even so rash as to advise that the United States build a large air force and advocated combat planes armed with heavy guns, aerial torpedoes, troop transport planes, parachute troops and strategically located air bases, all as a part of our national defense.

He was dubbed a half-wit and visionary. His advice was discarded as ridiculous by admirals and generals. When he went so far as to criticize the loss of one of our few navy bombers and the dirigible *Shenandoah*, he was court-martialed and suspended from his rank. He went to his grave with this disgrace on his record as a soldier placed there by some of the very men who now are advocating the expenditure of billions of dollars for the very means of national defense which Billy Mitchell advocated and which they then pooh-poohed as visionary and ridiculous.

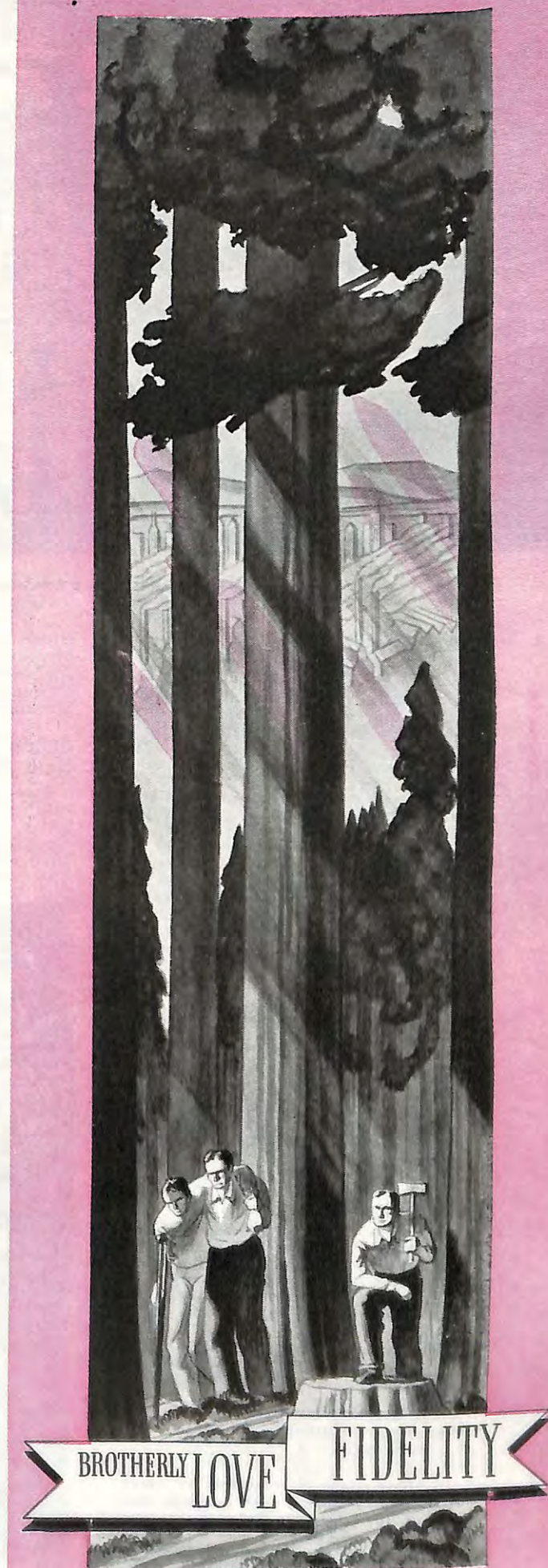
Had he lived until now, not only would he have seen his dream come true and his judgment vindicated, but his rank restored with added laurels. It has been suggested that the Congress reinstate him as a General but this posthumous recognition of his contribution to the defense of our country will not compensate for his heart-aches caused by the court-martial proceedings and the resultant punishment.

Clinging to Old Versions

HERETOFORE on several occasions we have hurled mild invectives at those who seek to discredit some of the stories learned and cherished in childhood by all of us. Even as we have grown older we have clung to them with fervor and devotion akin to affection.

The most recent offense comes from the halls of Congress where not long since it was asserted that history was wrong in recording that the beautiful Indian maiden, Pocahontas, at the risk of her own life saved Captain John Smith from the threatening tomahawks of her infuriated tribesmen. This Congressman proclaimed that it was "a couple of other fellows" named Ulele, the daughter of an Indian Chief, and a Spaniard named Juan Ortiz. We never heard of either of them. They don't mean a thing to us but Pocahontas and Captain John Smith mean a lot to us. We do not propose to let any Congressman, no matter who he is or where he comes from, rob us and the children of today of the touching love story enacted in the forest primeval of Virginia. In the rotunda of the Capitol where the Congressman now sits there is depicted in the artistic embellishments the daring rescue by Pocahontas of the English adventurer with whom she had fallen in love.

Have we reached the stage in factual development where all the romance is to be taken out of life? We hope not, for then indeed will life become "flat, stale and unprofitable". Like the old colored man, we would absolutely refuse to believe the Congressman's version, even if we knew it to be true.



Under the ANTLERS



Above is the Elks Junior Band, a handsomely comparisoned outfit which is sponsored by Chester, Pa., Lodge.

Macon, Ga., Lodge Mourns Death of P.E.R. W. F. Crute

W. Frank Crute, twice Exalted Ruler of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, died of a heart attack on August 23. He was in charge of the *Macon Telegraph* press room until his retirement several weeks before his death. Mr. Crute was a familiar figure at all of the Georgia State Elks Conventions, and a faithful attendant at the annual meetings of the Grand Lodge.

Macon Elks formed an honorary escort for the funeral and fellow pressmen acted as pallbearers. Burial took place at West View Cemetery in Atlanta where Mr. Crute resided before taking up his residence in Macon in 1911. He was born in Dalton, Ga., sixty-four years ago.

Prof. Grambs, 52 Years Organist of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, Dies

Prof. Fred L. Grambs, P.E.R. of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, Life Member, 15th initiate into the lodge and for 52 years organist, died on August 22, at the age of 82. On August 8, Prof. Grambs accompanied a delegation of Elks from Birmingham to Tuscaloosa Lodge No. 393, and officiated as organist in the initiation of a large class of candidates. The last time he played at his own lodge was just two days before his death.

Prof. Grambs was beloved by every member of Birmingham Lodge, and was noted for his gentleness, tolerant understanding and goodness of heart. He came from Scranton, Pa., in 1883 to conduct the orchestra at the O'Brien Opera House and stayed to organize the city's first band. He was a leader in local musical activities down through the years. During his tenure at the

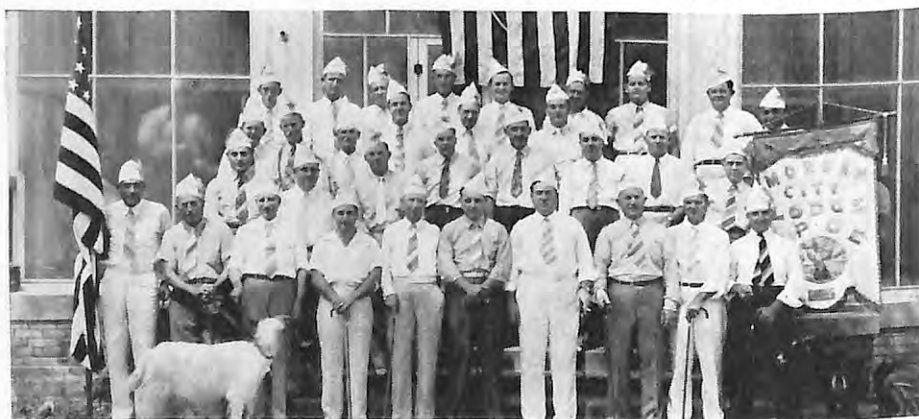
Opera House, Prof. Grambs directed overtures for such famous players as Joe Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Madame Helena Mojeska, Otis Skinner, Richard Mansfield and E. H. Sothorn.

Staten Island, N. Y., Elks Hold 37th Annual Clambake

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, held its 37th Annual Clambake on Saturday, August 24, on the grounds of the lodge home. The outing was a banner event, attended by more than 350 local Elks and visiting members

from Perth Amboy, N. J., Bronx, Queens Borough and Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodges, and New York Lodge No. 1. Festivities began with a substantial breakfast served from ten till one-thirty. A band played throughout the day.

Nearly 50 useful and expensive prizes, donated by merchants and individuals, were awarded during the afternoon in numerous games and contests. A special prize for Past Exalted Rulers was drawn after the athletic events had been concluded. Clams on the half shell, chowder and refreshments were



Above, right: A representative group of young Morgan City, La., men who recently joined the Order in that city.

Right is the float sponsored by Bozeman, Mont., Lodge, which was enthusiastically acclaimed when it appeared in a patriotic parade.



served all day. The Bake itself was ready at 5 p.m. E.R. Joseph H. York was the guest of honor and Edmund Drobinski was Chairman of the Arrangements Committee in charge of the affair which each year is held in honor of the Exalted Ruler of the lodge.

Sterling, Colo., Elks' Float Wins Round-Up Parade Award

In the parade which was a feature of the recent Logan County and Overland Trail Roundup, Sterling, Colorado, Lodge, No. 1336, won first place among the entries made by local organizations with its beautiful float symbolizing Americanism. The float was given continuous applause as the long procession moved through the streets of the city.

Built by Trustee A. H. Jacobs and Secretary Charles A. Glick, assisted by other members of Sterling Lodge, the float, decorated in purple and white, was a credit to their artistry and workmanship. The Statue of Liberty was symbolized by Miss Madeline Goddard, standing high with uplifted torch. Miss Bernice Morris represented Charity. A chorus within the float, sang "God Bless America".

Elks of Greeley, Colorado, Enjoy Their Family Picnic

The family picnic held in August at Island Grove Park by Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, attracted an attendance of nearly 900 people. A barbecued dinner was followed by a program of games, picnic sports and contests for which prizes were donated by individuals and business concerns. E.R. Russell A. Hayden acted as program announcer. A large delegation of Greeley Elks and ladies attended the recent Convention of the Colorado State Elks Association at Walsenburg. Heading the party were Mr. Hayden; the newly appointed District Deputy for Colo., North, P.E.R. R. Bruce Miller, and P.E.R. William R. Patterson, Treasurer of the State Association.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Presents Tract of Land to City

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, purchased recently a seven and a half acre tract of land within the corporation limits of the city. The lodge presented the land to the city for a swimming pool and recreation center,

something Sistersville has needed for a long time.

The purchase price exceeds \$5,000. Work on the swimming pool and the community building was expected to start within a few weeks. A picnic site and baseball field will be included.

The Sun Shines Again at Elks' Outing For Mobile, Ala., Orphans

The 22nd Annual Orphans Outing, held at Grand View Park on August 29 by Mobile, Alabama, Lodge, No. 108, was a complete success. As had been the case for the past 21 years, the day was perfect. Several hundred children are residents of the Mobile orphanages and all were welcome.

Largely responsible for the success of the undertaking were General Chairman W. W. Sizemore; Exalted Ruler Harry H. Myers and Secretary John M. Lynch; J. Hutch Adams, Chairman of the Purchasing Committee, and Tiler Joseph A. Marques, Jr., acting for the seventh time as secretary for the Outing. Members of the Ladies Auxiliary were in charge of serving the chicken, ice cream and other refreshments.

East Stroudsburg Elks Entertain Pennsylvania Northeast District Association

The home of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 319, was crowded on Sunday, August 11, with Elks assembled for the summer session of the Pennsylvania Northeast District Association. A fine dinner was served by the host lodge before the meeting. About 50 ladies accompanied the delegates, and they were pleasantly entertained while the Elks were in session.

E.R. Frank S. LaBar extended a hearty welcome to the visitors. P.E.R. Joseph Neary, of Shamokin Lodge, the newly appointed District Deputy for Pa., N.E., was present and warmly welcomed. District President Robert W. Davies of Bangor, P.D.D., presided over the meeting. The announcement was made that the State Association was responsible for the distribution of 33 college scholarships to young men in the State. One of the beneficiaries, John Ruhl of Wilkes-Barre, a medical student, was introduced and expressed his thanks for the assistance given him. P.E.R. John L. Evans, of Tamaqua Lodge, suggested the holding of a ladies' night to be known as Northeast District Night, the proceeds to be donated to the district scholarship

fund. Mr. Davies told of plans for bowling tournaments during the winter season, the district to be divided into two sections and the champions of each to meet for district honors.

A round table discussion of plans used by various lodges to increase attendance at meetings was both interesting and profitable. P.D.D. J. G. Thumm, of Shenandoah Lodge, was commended for his excellent work as Chairman of the Publicity Committee. P.E.R. Charles S. Gerlach, of Hazleton Lodge, Chairman of the Antlers Committee, stated that he intended to visit every lodge in the District in the interest of the Antlers organizations, and P.E.R. Lowell H. Cross, East Stroudsburg, announced that his committee had worked out an attractive program of inter-lodge visitations, with one meeting every month from October to March. P.D.D. Alfred A. McCabe, of Easton Lodge, proposed the formation of a speakers' bureau in the District. Past State Pres. George J. Post, Mahanoy City, outlined plans for installing new officers by Past District Deputies, named to take charge of certain lodges in a given section of the District. Mount Carmel Lodge No. 356 was selected to entertain the Association at its November meeting.

Albany, N. Y., Elks Enjoy Their Annual Clambake

More than 700 Elks and their friends attended the annual clambake given on August 4 at Picards Grove by Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49. The single men trounced the married men in a softball game held in the afternoon. At 5 p.m. the bake was served, and later a show was put on for the enjoyment of the members who returned to the lodge home.

Leo Quinn, Chairman, was assisted by an efficient committee and the affair was a big success. Judge Charles Duncan, P.E.R., Fred Magin, Deputy Internal Revenue Collector, Frank J. O'Brien, City Treasurer, and Joseph Koreman of the State Motor Vehicle Bureau, all of whom are members of No. 49, were among those present.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Lodge, No. 393, instituted just three years ago, celebrated the dedication of its handsome new home on August 8 with an all-day festival. The program, featured by a parade, the initiation of the Clarence M. Tardy Class of 32 candidates, with the Degree Team of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, officiating, a barbecue served at six p.m. to the local members and 105 visiting Elks, and a dance, was handled successfully from start to finish. The parade, with Tom Allen of Birmingham Lodge acting as Marshal, was headed by Tuscaloosa mounted police. The Birmingham Elks Patrol, led by Capt. Harry K. Reid, the newly appointed District Deputy for Alabama, lent dignity to the gayety of the occasion, and spirited music was furnished



Left is the float with which Trenton, N. J., Lodge greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch upon his return to Trenton after being elected Grand Exalted Ruler at Houston.



Left are Secy. Thomas Robinson of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, William N. Smith, Mrs. Will Rogers and E.R. Roy W. McDiarmid. Mr. Smith was the winner of an essay contest sponsored by Santa Monica Lodge, honoring the late great Will Rogers.

and charitable organizations. The members can be counted on always to do their share, and more, in all matters of community interest.

Lockport, N. Y., Elks Entertain Over 200 Children at Outing

The Eighteenth Annual "Sunshine Day" sponsored by Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, was held at Ellicott Creek Island Park on Wednesday afternoon, August 7. More than 200 underprivileged children from the Niagara County Preventorium, Sanitorium and Wyndham Lawn Home for Children were guests of the lodge. Just before starting to the picnic grounds, each child was given an American flag, popcorn, candy, a comic hat and a noisemaker. Over 50 automobiles were furnished by members of the lodge for transportation.

Escorted by Sheriff Bigelow of Niagara County and two members of the Lockport Police Department, the entourage left the lodge home and proceeded on its way to the park where the kiddies took advantage of the recreational facilities and joined in games and various competitions, supervised by officials of the institution. When the races were over, refreshments were served and the "gang" easily disposed of 36 gallons of chocolate milk, 800 hot dogs, 800 ice cream "skippies" and great quantities of peanuts and candy. All agreed that the outing was one of the

by the American Legion and Ensley bands.

Speaking from a platform which had been erected in the heart of the city, the Hon. William Thurlow of Tuscaloosa, Master of Ceremonies, introduced the Mayor and bade the visiting Elks a cordial welcome. A special tribute was paid Mr. Tardy who but recently was elected President Emeritus of the Alabama State Elks Association. Mr. Tardy, who belongs to Birmingham Lodge, has served four terms as State President. P.D.D.'s Charles L. DeBardeleben, Selma, Judge J. E. Livingston, Tuscaloosa, and George Ross, Bessemer, made brief but effective speeches. Mr. Tardy was then introduced. Included in his earnest and appreciated talk was special praise for the Exalted Ruler of Tuscaloosa Lodge, George A. Swim. The acquisition of the new lodge home was expedited greatly by Mr. Swim's enthusiastic efforts.

tary organization, and associated prominently with other outstanding local organizations. Mr. Owen was only 45 years of age.

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge Observes Its 40th Anniversary

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, celebrated its 40th Anniversary on August 17. One of the original members, A. E. Straub, of Denver, and 18 Past Exalted Rulers are still enrolled as members.

The meeting and festivities were held in the lodge home, which was dedicated in 1908 soon after its completion at an estimated cost of \$35,000. At the time of building, bonds were issued which were entirely paid off within 15 years. The edifice is kept in excellent condition, both inside and out, and the use of the fine lodge and club rooms is donated freely to numerous church, civic

C. H. Owen, P.D.D., Victim of Crash Near Lynchburg, Va.

Charles Harold Owen, P.E.R. of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, was instantly killed on August 7 when his automobile failed to take a curve, plunged 150 feet and crashed into the main line of the Norfolk and Western Railway. It is believed that he suffered one of the fainting spells to which he was subject, as his automobile was moving at a nominal rate of speed and he was known to be a careful driver.

Mr. Owen was District Deputy for Virginia, West, in 1935-36. He served as a member of the Fred Harper Memorial Committee of the Grand Lodge. Prominent in the civic life of Lynchburg, he was also a leading business man. He was Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of the Lynchburg Foundry Company, a director of the First Federal Savings and Loan Bank, Secretary of the Musketeers, a Lynchburg mili-



Above, right, are members burning the mortgage on the Atlanta, Ga., Lodge home, during the barbecue given by W. E. Spivey and Victor Stinchcomb.

Right are W. C. Ermon, Attorney General Eugene Stanley and E.R. Paul B. Habans of New Orleans, La., Lodge, who were present at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Stanley.



Left are some of those who gathered at the first annual barbecue held recently by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge.



Above is the basketball team sponsored by Hudson, N. Y., Lodge. It has established a very fine record and won the championship of the Hudson River Valley. E.R. Charles Harms, left, managed the team.

most successful ever held, and commended the efficiency of the committee which included Chairman Adolph C. Kudel, P.E.R.; E.R. Ernest A. Paul, Jr.; Est. Lead. Knight Matthew Burke; Steward Edward J. Murphy and Secy. A. C. O'Brien.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Presents Guide Dog to Blind Youth

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, and the Tailwaggers Guide Dog Institute held a joint tag day sale on the streets of the city some time ago and raised sufficient funds for the sponsoring of an applicant for a guide dog. Roy Ewing of Pasadena, 20 years old, was chosen and sent to the Tailwaggers

Training School for the necessary period of training and getting acquainted with his future protector. The dog was presented officially to the young man, at a meeting of the lodge, by E.R. Lee B. Forrester who was assisted in the ceremony by P.E.R. J. Robert Paine, Chairman of the Committee.

A net increase of 132 members during the first five months of the new fiscal year was shown by Pasadena Lodge as the result of an intensive campaign devised at the beginning of Mr. Forrester's term as Exalted Ruler. More than thirty candidates were initiated in August and scores of members are bringing in applications for the Fall classes.

Uniontown, Pa., Lodge Donates Valuable Equipment to Hospital

At a total cost of \$1,500, Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, has purchased and donated to the Uniontown Hospital an obstetrical table, a baby incubator and permanent screens for beds in all of the wards. The equipment was selected by Superintendent John Farrell and members of the hospital staff, acting on the request of E.R. Darrell W. Smiley and the members of the Elks' Committee that only the most modern and scientific models be chosen.

The beds have been provided with cloth screens on special hangers attached to the ceiling. They eliminate the necessity of pushing roller-bearing screens about, adding to the convenience and well-being of the patients, and saving a great deal of time on the part of the hospital staff. The incubator is entirely automatic and was bought after consultation with outstanding pediatricians of the Philadelphia district.

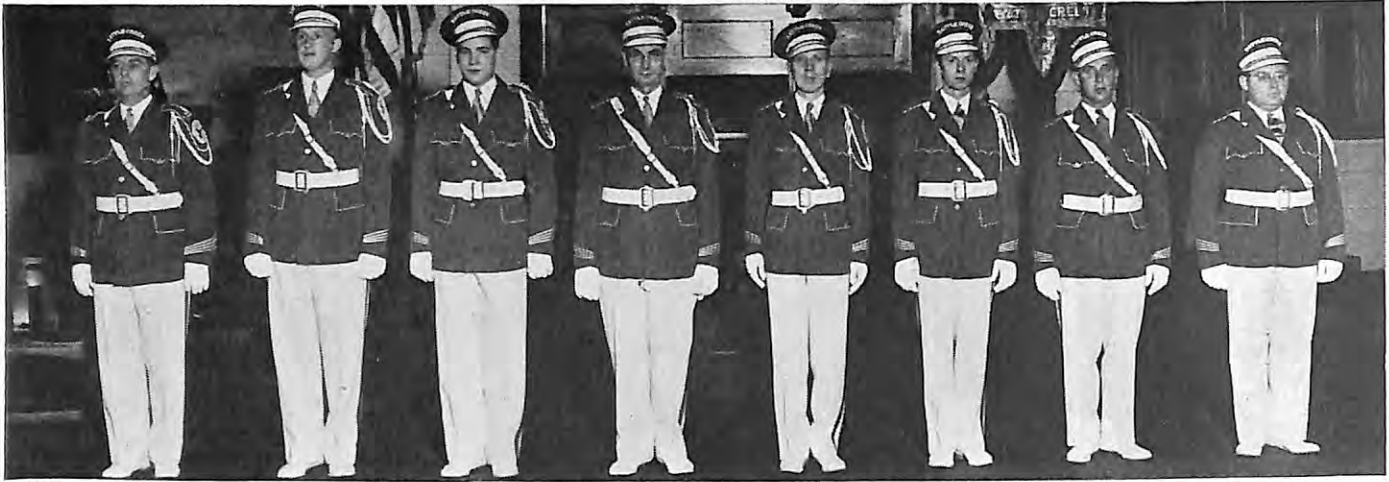
Cumberland, Md., Lodge Wins District Ritualistic Contest

After a spirited contest at the Annual Convention of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Association held at Annapolis, Md., August 4-7, Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, was declared the winner of the District Ritualistic Contest. In the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, a magnificent trophy, donated by P.D.D. E. Leister Mobley, of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, was presented at the final session of the Convention to John H. Mosner, E.R. of Cumberland Lodge, and 1st Vice-Pres. of the Tri-State Association, by Past Pres. A. Guy Miller of Annapolis.

The trophy was placed on display at the lodge home in Cumberland, and a crab feast, attended by several hundred members and visitors, was held in celebration of the victory. The Team plans to compete in the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Contest to be held at the National

Below: John F. Twombly, a victim of blindness, thanks Santa Monica, Calif., Elks for "Bo Do", a trained guide dog, which was presented to him at a combined meeting of the Santa Monica Elks and Lions.





Above is the handsomely uniformed Degree Team of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge.

Reunion in Philadelphia next year. The team personnel is as follows: John H. Mosner, Exalted Ruler; Alfred E. Howe, Est. Lead. Knight; Lester Deneen, Est. Loy. Knight; George Ly-ming, Est. Lect. Knight; Dr. A. C. Cook, Esquire; J. D. Heron, Chaplain; Elmer B. Gower, Inner Guard, and Harry I. Stegmaier, Candidate.

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, Winner Of National Ritualistic Contest

On their return from the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Tex., where they won the national championship, the members of the Ritualistic Team of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, were given a tremendous ovation. The lodge meeting was in the nature of a reception at which more than 250 local members and many visiting Elks welcomed the champions, who were

escorted into the lodge room by the Drill Team from Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378. P.E.R. Fred Nollan, Exalted Ruler on the Inglewood team, made the presentation of the first prize, a check for \$500, to E.R. Fred H. Ward. Trustee John Coburn presented each officer of the team with a beautiful medal. At midnight a show was brought on, after which refreshments were served.

P.E.R. R. Leonard Bush, who acted as Coach, told of the happy frame of mind the officers were in when the time came to take the floor in the final contest and also described the preliminary drilling and continuous work which had resulted in the team's gratifying victory. The honor of winning a national championship is great because of the stiff competition furnished by representative teams of the Order. Inglewood Lodge is to be congratulated all the

more, situated as it is in one of the smaller cities in which Elk lodges are located.

E.R. Jere J. Sullivan, of Los Angeles Lodge, gave a short talk, thanking the Inglewood team for bringing the championship to California and P.D.D.'s George D. Hastings, of Glendale Lodge, and C. P. Wright, San Pedro, added their praise to the general accolade. Headed by Mr. Nollan, the Team's personnel was as follows: Fred Ward, Est. Lead. Knight; Tom Hayden, Est. Loy. Knight; C. W. Howland, Est. Lect. Knight; Ralph Stockwell, Inner Guard; Frank Rath, Esquire, and Jesse L. Klein, Chaplain. Pat Bowman, who acted as Candidate, was initiated 25 times.

Santa Monica Lodge Conducts Will Rogers Essay Contest

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, joined wholeheartedly with the city of Santa Monica in honoring the memory of Will Rogers when the 1940 Will Rogers Memorial Celebration was held there on July 26-27-28 in connection with the Will Rogers Memorial Highway Association Convention. The great humorist was truly an exemplar of the principles of the Order. During his twenty years' residence in Santa Monica, he performed countless kindly acts in behalf of the local lodge. He supported gladly and participated generously in the annual Christmas Cheer Show and the distribution of baskets among needy families in all of the communities within the lodge's jurisdiction, made possible by the show.

One of the many activities in which Santa Monica Lodge engaged in working for the success of the celebration was the launching of an essay contest on "Why Will Rogers Was a Great American". School children and high school students in all cities on or along the Will Rogers Highway (U. S. Highway 66) were eligible. The Highway originates in Chicago and terminates at the ocean in Santa Monica. All Elk lodges in cities of the seven States it traverses, Illinois, Missouri,



Above, left, is the elaborate float entered by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge in the Venice, California, Mardi Gras celebration.

Left is a picture of the Tulare, Calif., Lodge bowling team, champions in the City Bowling League.



The General John J. Pershing Preparedness Class

Not for many years has there been such enthusiasm manifested on the part of subordinate lodges in a national class as there is being shown for the General John J. Pershing Preparedness Class to be initiated by every lodge during the week of December 1st.

General Pershing has been an Honorary Life Member of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, since 1915. He had previously been a member of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, when stationed on military duty there.

His serious illness two years ago caused universal anxiety and millions breathed a prayer of thankfulness when it was announced that he was on the road to complete recovery.

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee, which is promoting the Class under the direction of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, has been receiving enthusiastic letters from lodges in all sections of the country, indicating a splendid increase in membership made up of substantial citizens who have become interested in the patriotic and civic activities of our Order.

It is expected that every lodge in America will initiate a General John J. Pershing Preparedness Class sometime during the first week in December.

Oklahoma, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and California, were invited by Santa Monica Lodge to cooperate in conducting local contests. Many responded. Thirteen major radio stations broadcast announcements concerning the contest for seven weeks during its progress and of the results at its close, and much newspaper publicity was given.

To Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, went the honor of submitting the winning essay, selected by a committee of Santa Monica educators as the best of all the "bests" forwarded to the lodge after eliminations had been held in the various communities. The prize was an all-expense round trip to the celebration, posted by Santa Monica Lodge. The winner, William N. Smith, a Tulsa high school student, whose essay was selected from more than a hundred sent in to Tulsa Lodge, received the news of his success on his 18th birthday. Arriving in Santa Monica a few days later, he was given a royal welcome. During his four-day stay, the young man was feted in a continuous round of entertainment which included visits to motion picture studios and radio sta-

tions, attendance at the Will Rogers Pageant, a stage spectacle, a visit to the Will Rogers ranch nearby where he presented Mrs. Rogers with a copy of his prize-winning essay, and participation in the "Round-up of the Stars", a huge street parade in which stage and screen celebrities took part. Santa Monica Lodge was represented by its band, three times winner of the national championship and nine times holder of the California State title, and a float dedicated to "Will Rogers—Our Absent Brother". The "906" uniformed drill team appeared with the float as honor escort, and young Mr. Smith rode with the Santa Monica officers in a decorated car.

George L. Geiger acted as Contest

Manager, heading the lodge's Will Rogers Essay Committee. The contest was acclaimed by public and press as a commendable American activity, and the winner proved to be an exceptionally fine young man with an excellent school record. He was introduced at a regular meeting of Santa Monica Lodge and made a clever little talk, expressing his appreciation. He was also entertained by Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. The Sheriff's Boys Band of 140 pieces and a number of talented entertainers appeared on the program presented in his honor.

Georgia Loses a Devoted Elk in Death of Walter Mobley at Macon
Walter E. Mobley, P.E.R. and former

Right: The float entered by Ashland, Ohio, Lodge in the 125th Anniversary of the city.

Below are blood donors and hospital nurses who joined in the charity project sponsored by Huntington, W. Va., Lodge to donate blood in the case of emergency.





Above: A few of the 350 children who were guests of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge at a picnic.

Secretary of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, died on August 2 at a local hospital after a long illness. For the greater part of his life he was connected with the Georgia Railroad. After fifteen years of service as Superintendent of the Atlanta joint railroad terminal, he went to Augusta, and later was transferred to Macon. He died at the age of seventy-three.

Throughout his long membership, Mr. Mobley was devoted to the Order of Elks. He was initiated into Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205, served as Exalted Ruler, and was made an Honorary Life Member. After his removal to Macon about twenty-five years ago, he became a member of Macon Lodge by transfer, rendered splendid service in the Secre-

tary's office, served as Exalted Ruler, and for a second time was honored with the presentation of an Honorary Life Membership.

Added to List of Honorary Founders: Los Angeles, Goldfield and Rockville Lodges

Credit for paid subscriptions of \$1,000 each for Honorary Foundation Certificates, made by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, Goldfield, Nev., Lodge, No. 1072, and Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359, was omitted, much to our regret, in the story of the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, published in our August issue. These generous contributions were received after the

annual report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees had been printed, but were brought to the attention of the Grand Lodge at the second business session by Chairman John F. Malley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, when he had finished commenting upon the report after its presentation.

Our error was made inadvertently. In rectifying it, we are happy to report that by virtue of having paid subscriptions of \$1,000 each, Los Angeles, Goldfield and Rockville Lodges have been added to the list of Honorary Founders and are in possession of their Honorary Foundation Certificates.

Annapolis, Md., Lodge Dedicates Chimes Installed In Home

Two sets of chimes were installed recently in the home of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, and dedicated to "Our Absent Brothers". A large delegation of visiting Elks, headed by Philip U. Gayaut of Washington, Past Pres. of

Left are the officers of North Adams, Mass., Lodge when P.E.R. Philip J. Bianco, installing officer, presented the gavel to his brother, E.R. Ernest E. Bianco.

Below are those who were present at the Southeastern Dinner held during the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston. Those represented were Elks of Georgia, Alabama, Florida and North and South Carolina.



the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn., P.D.D. E. Leister Mobley, Hagerstown, and P.E.R. Charles G. Hawthorne, Baltimore, attended the ceremonies.

The Chimes Committee, headed by P.E.R.'s Frank Hladky and William N. French, sponsored various entertainments from which, in a short time, it derived seven hundred dollars, the cost of both sets. Acting on behalf of the committee in presenting the chimes to the lodge, P.E.R. Benjamin Michaelson praised the fine work of the committee members in raising the necessary amount for their purchase. James A. Young, P.E.R., conducted the dedication ceremony which was witnessed by more than 150 Elks, 75 of whom were from Towson, Baltimore and Hagerstown, Md., and Washington, D. C. One set of chimes was installed in the lodge room.

Birthdays Party Honors Treasurer Of Waycross, Georgia, Lodge

A large birthday party given a few weeks ago by Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, honored the lodge's highly esteemed Treasurer, J. K. Hilton. In addition to a practically one hundred per cent attendance of the members, delegations of visitors were present from Valdosta, Athens and Douglas, Ga., Lodges and nearby communities. Mr. Hilton was presented with many handsome gifts and was paid a fine tribute in the congratulatory speech made by the Exalted Ruler of the local lodge, W. Wayne Hinson. Supper was served and entertainment provided by the committee in charge.

An extensive program for the Autumn months included the initiation of a class in honor of P.E.R. John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 79, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and a Past President of the Georgia State Elks Association. A big "Ladies Night" party was scheduled for October, with many attractive entertainment features provided by the committee, headed by Chairman Douglas Hereford.

Right is the float entered by Salem, Ore., Lodge in the centennial celebration. It won first prize.

Below are Elks and ladies who were present at the Northeast District Elks Assn. meeting held at the home of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge.



Above are some of those who participated in Pasadena, Calif., Lodge's Tag Day sale to raise funds to sponsor a guide dog for a blind young man.





Above is Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, shown with members of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge when he visited there recently.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

DISTRICT Deputies, named by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., have all received personal instructions as to the conduct of their office during the year, having attended one of three conferences just concluded. The new leader of the Order is pleased indeed with the men in the field, to whom has been delegated the task of carrying out the comprehensive program arranged for this year. The first of the meetings was held at Salt Lake City, Utah, on August 11, the second at Chicago on August 17, and the third and last at Bedford, Va., on August 24. At all of these conferences the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined his proposed activities and urged the District Deputies to see that all State Associations and subordinate lodges in their jurisdictions name committees to work with the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission and with the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. At each place the meeting started at ten o'clock in the morning and continued until after four in the afternoon, with all the District Deputies vitally interested and all remaining until the close of the session.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, consisting of his secretary, Frank M. Travaline, Jr., William H. Kelly, of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and P.D.D. William M. Frason, of the Trenton

office, were met in Salt Lake City on their arrival by plane on August 10 by a large number of local Elks headed by E.R. Edward L. Vetter, Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85, and P.D.D. Dean R. Daynes. An auto caravan, led by police, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the lodge home where an informal reception took place and where the conference was held the next day. In attendance were three Past Grand Exalted Rulers, John R. Coen, of Denver, Colo., John F. Malley, Boston, Mass., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Ill. All but two District Deputies from 11 States were present and in addition were also representatives from a number of State Elks Associations. Mr. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, explained in detail the achievements of the Foundation. Mr. Coen, a member of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, pointed out that much can be accomplished if all State Associations and lodges will co-operate with the Commission in fighting un-American activities. Mr. Masters explained the proper use of the forms on which reports must be submitted and other details connected with the activities of his office. The Grand Exalted Ruler then outlined his program for the year. Luncheon was served at the lodge home, with entertainment provided by P.E.R. Harry S. Joseph, Secy. of the Utah

State Elks Association. During the day Mr. Buch participated in the distribution of clothing to the needy. This is an activity carried on by Salt Lake Elks that has won hearty approval. The committee in charge has made it an outstanding feature of the lodge's community program. On Monday morning, August 12, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home and later had a lengthy conference with President Heber J. Grant of the Latter Day Saints Church. In the late afternoon Mr. Buch and his party were taken on a tour of Salt Lake City by Mayor David A. Jenkins, and in the evening a trip was made to the open copper mine at Bingham and also to the Salt Lake. Mr. Vetter acted as escort.

The conference at Chicago was held on August 17 with 19 States being represented by District Deputies. All but three were present. In addition to representatives of various State Associations, there were in attendance Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Floyd E. Thompson, Chicago, Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., and Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Treasurer Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., and Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., members of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, St. (Continued on page 53)



Above is a photograph of the Wausau, Wis., section of the parade held during the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. Convention at Green Bay.

NEWS of the State Associations

WASHINGTON

One of the most successful annual conventions in the history of the Washington State Elks Association was held in the city of Ellensburg on June 20-21-22. More than 1,300 delegates, representing the 25 lodges in the State, were in attendance. A highlight of the Convention, which was characterized throughout by the spirit of Americanism, was the holding of the finals of a

stirring State-wide patriotic oratorical contest for high school students, in which more than 300 participated during the year. Bob Ryan, of Hoquiam, and Tom Hallaisey, of Walla Walla, divided first place money of \$200. The Convention adopted "Our Ism Is Americanism" as a slogan for 1940-41.

Edwin J. Alexander, of Aberdeen Lodge, who has headed the State Association's Americanism Committee for several years, was elected President.

The other officers chosen include Barney S. Antic, Ballard, 1st Vice-Pres.; Joe F. Chamberlain, Walla Walla, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Lee J. Campbell, Chehalis, 3rd Vice-Pres.; G. Ed. Rothweiler, Bellingham, Treas., and Louis Flieder, Bremerton, Secy. Next year's annual meeting will be held at Aberdeen. Twenty teams were entered in the Bowling Tournament won by the team from Longview Lodge No. 1514. The sum of \$107.60 was realized from the Golf Tournament for the orthopedic hospital at Seattle. The team championship was won by the four-man team from Aberdeen Lodge No. 593. Lester Carlson, of Aberdeen, won the men's championship and Mrs. Lee Scott, of Ellensburg, the women's.

The patriotic parade, a gigantic and colorful spectacle, held on the last day of the Convention, was witnessed by approximately 20,000 people. Ellensburg Lodge No. 1102 entertained with numerous social affairs during the three-day meeting.

WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston Lodge No. 202 acted as host to the 32nd Annual Convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association on May 30-31 and June 1. The first business session was held in the lodge room, with Pres. Adam Martin of Wheeling presiding. Two business sessions were held the next day, featured by the committee reports, and detailed reports submitted by retiring Secy. L. C. Purdy, of Wheeling, and Treas. Roy C. Heinlein, Sistersville.

The Ritualistic and Drill Team Contests were outstanding. Parkersburg Lodge No. 198 took the ritualistic honors, and Charleston Lodge won first place in the drill team competition.

M. K. Hearne of Charleston was elected President. The other officers

Above, left, are the officers of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge who won the Ritualistic Contest at the Montana State Elks Convention.

Left is the Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge bowling team which won the Bowling Tournament at the Wisconsin State Elks Convention.



for 1940-41 include Don P. Fleming, Parkersburg, 1st Vice-Pres., North; Dr. O. L. Cook, Grafton, 2nd Vice-Pres., North; Cecil Bond, Bluefield, 1st Vice-Pres., South; George Osgood, Huntington, 2nd Vice-Pres., South; Roy C. Heinlein, Sistersville, Treas., and Adam Martin, Wheeling, Trustee. The new officers were installed by Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. The new President made a short talk after the installation, and announced that his administration would continue to aid crippled children as the basis of the Association's 1940-41 program.

P.D.D. W. T. Lovins, of Huntington, conducted Memorial Day exercises at which the members paid tribute to the memory of Past State Pres.'s John T. Pancake of Huntington Lodge, and James McDowell, Bluefield, who died during the year, and other deceased members. The Convention closed with a well attended ball held in the lodge home. Parkersburg was selected as the site for the 1941 Convention.

CONNECTICUT

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Connecticut State Elks Association was held on June 28-29 at the home of Meriden Lodge No. 35. About 350 delegates and their ladies were in attendance at the Convention which was the first two-day session held since the founding of the Association. The officers of Meriden Lodge appointed a committee of its members, as well as a ladies' committee, to arrange a program of entertainment for the delegates when not in executive session. The ladies were entertained with tours of the city and theatre and bridge parties.

Included in the important business transacted during the Convention was the adoption of a Resolution endorsing President Roosevelt's Preparedness Program. The Ritualistic Cup was presented to the officers of Bridgeport Lodge No. 36 as champions in the State of Connecticut by John F. Burke, of Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the National Foundation Trustees, awarded the Scholarship check for 1940 to Thomas Francis O'Loughlin, Jr., a student attending

Right is the bowling team of Oregon City, Ore., Lodge, which emerged victorious after a strenuous play-off of the regular season games.



Above are officials at LaFayette, Ind., Lodge who recently sponsored an old-fashioned picnic which was widely attended by members of the Lodge and their many friends.

Below: E.R. John Hohman and Est. Loyal Knight William B. Young of Barberton, Ohio, Lodge, shown examining room furnishings donated by the Lodge to the Citizens' Hospital.





Above are members of Berwick, Pa., Lodge, shown during the ground breaking for a \$35,000 addition to the Lodge home.



Left: E.R. E. G. Lawler, of Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, initiates into the Order his father, Leslie Lawler.

McDonough, Bridgeport; Trustees: William P. Hession, Derby, Frank P. Donnelly, Norwich, Charles Poole, Winsted, Renard L. Palatine, Waterbury, and Dr. Joseph A. Bray, Hartford.

After the business session, the annual banquet and the convention ball were held. Seated at the guest table were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, both of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; Past State Pres. John P. Hartigan of Providence, R. I., Grand Esteemed Leading Knight for 1940-41; Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; John F. Burke, Boston, Mass., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; U. S. Senator Francis T. Maloney of Meriden; Mayor C. J. Danaher, Meriden, and the newly elected State officers. Retiring President William M. Scully was presented with a beautiful onyx desk set in recognition of his services on behalf of the Association. The presentation was made by Past Pres. George W. Hickey of Willimantic.

MONTANA

The 38th Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Association was called to order by E.R. Ben H. Daggett

Below and on opposite page are those who were present at the 37th annual Clambake, Outing and Games held by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge.

of the host lodge, Havre, Mont., No. 1201. The three-day meeting opened on Thursday, July 25, with State Chaplain Charles E. Johnson, Missoula, giving the Invocation, John C. Koerner, a charter member of Havre Lodge, welcoming the visitors, and P.E.R. James Walsh, Glendive, responding. Sixty delegates were registered. J. J. Steiner, of Lewistown, the newly appointed District Deputy of Montana, East, State Pres. Otto Powell, Great Falls, and P.D.D. James T. Finlen, Jr., Butte, were the principal speakers. "Thanatopsis" was delivered by Past State Pres. Leon E. Choquette of Havre.

A large class of new members was initiated by the All-State Ritualistic Team. The Board of Trustees of the Elks Camp Association, headed by Jess Angstman, reported that the camp property was in good condition and that some improvements had been made.

The newly elected officers, who were installed by Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow, Kalispell, are as follows: Pres., Jess Angstman, Havre; 1st Vice-Pres., Frank Venable, Butte; 2nd Vice-Pres., James Walsh, Glendive; Secy.-Treas., Art Trenerry, Billings; Trustee, Art J. Baker, Lewistown; Trustee, Elks Camp Assn., Ben H. Daggett, Havre. A resolution was passed electing the first President of the Association, Harry A. Gallwey, of Butte, President Emeritus. Mr. Gallwey served in 1902 and has given active and helpful service continuously since his retirement from the Presidency. Helena Lodge No. 193 was chosen to entertain the Association at its 1941 meeting.

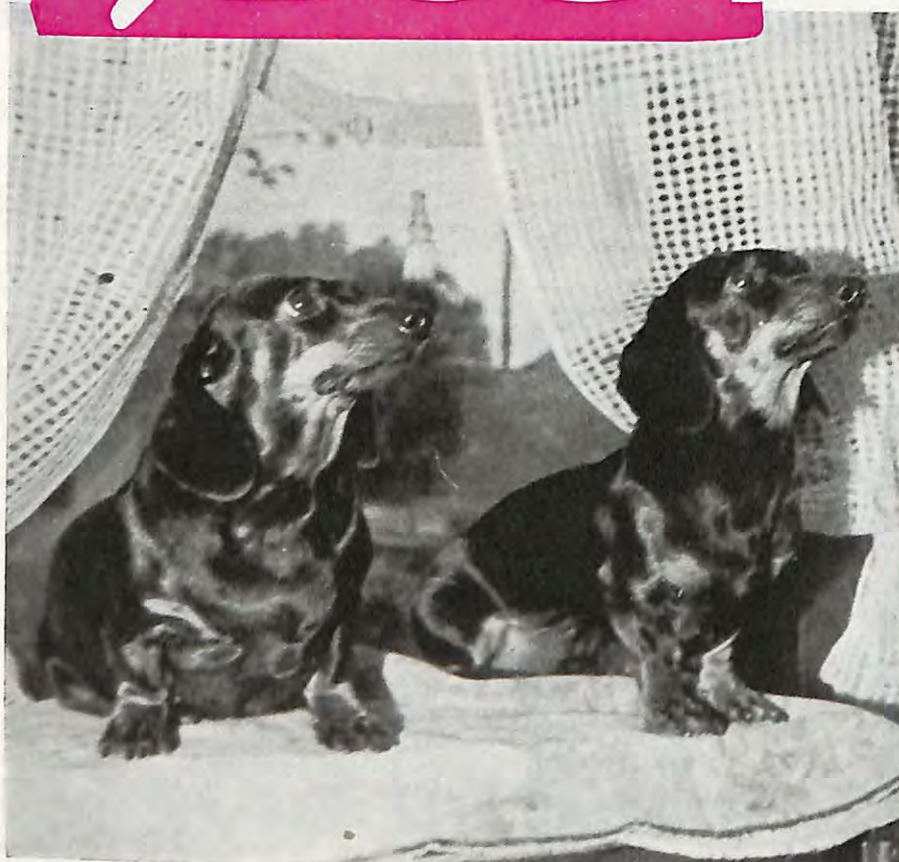
VIRGINIA

Virginia State Elks met at Norfolk on August 18-19-20. On the first (Continued on page 39)

Harvard University. This award is given by the Elks National Foundation through the Connecticut State Elks Association. The second award, donated by the State Association, was made by Harry Schwartz, Chairman of the Scholarship Commission, and was presented to John Joseph Mangan, a student attending Washington and Lee University. The business session was concluded with the election of officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: Pres., Andrew F. McCarthy, New London; 1st Vice-Pres., Frank M. Lynch, New Haven; 2nd Vice-Pres., Howard G. Mitchell, New Britain; Secy., reelected, Archie J. McCullough, Jr., Derby; Treas., reelected, John F.



Your DOG



Clell Thorpe

Dogs You Don't See

by Ed. Faust

OUR friend's coca-cola wasn't to his taste, being neither very cold nor very dry, besides containing an onion, something that he loathed. He'd emphasized his preference for an olive. Having for the time-being run short of ideas for an article, we were soliciting a suggestion or so from him. He's usually gifted and helpful this way, but being crossed up by that barten . . . soda clerk, slowed him down. He scowled at his glass and then, after voicing certain heated hopes for the future of the man behind the ba . . . soda fountain, he said, "Why not tell the customers something about the rarer breeds of dogs? I saw one today that looked like an animated featherbed. It was grey and white and I'll be hanged if you could tell whether it was coming or going."

We were grateful for the suggestion and the fruits of it we'll pass on to you with a hope that what follows

may prove interesting, even if later it be relegated to the file and forget department.

Perhaps from his description you'll recognize the breed of dog seen by our ill-used companion. Right! an Old English Sheepdog. While this breed isn't exactly rare, it is by no means commonly seen. As the name indicates, the dog is an Englishman and one that is widely used in that country to chaperon sheep and such-like critters. He's a fine, upstanding animal with the most profuse coat of all dogs. He's big, ranging from 22" to 26" at the shoulder, which is where dogs are measured for size. Puppies of the breed are sometimes born tailless but when not, the tail is cut off close to the body, a senseless and cruel practice. This, together with a cascade of hair over his eyes and forehead, at first glance would lead you to say that it was a toss-up as to which was his tail-end. His color is grey, grizzle or blue, with or without white. Another thing that marks him from other dogs is his bark. Technically, it's called *pot casse*, a

Dachshunds, the merriest of all dogs, have come up by leaps and bounds in American Kennel Club registrations in recent years. The two shown here in a typical pose are Ilsa v. Stromberg and Val Kurz v. Ash, owned by Clell Thorpe, Houston, Texas, fancier.

hollow, broken tone. Then, too, he walks like no other dog. He employs a shuffling, rolling gait which, when seen from the rear, strangely resembles that of a bear.

Hold on to your hat for this one! Did you ever see a Cheese Hound? Well, we didn't either until recently at a dog show we heard a charming lady exhibitor facetiously refer to one of her exhibits in the ring just that way. The breed? It's the Chien de Berger de Brie, a French dog hailing from the District of Brie, whence comes that gourmet's delight, Brie Cheese. He's of a very old family going well back into medieval days and is as shaggy as an Angora goat. He looks very much like an unkempt Newfoundland dog and his social arbiters sanction any solid color for him except white. He's a fine swimmer and sheds water like a duck. As a guard dog he rates tops and as a worker to herd cattle or sheep he can give lessons to many a breed. He can and does double as soldier and policeman and in his native country has rolled up a fine record in both services. You'll seldom see him outside of some of the larger dog shows, which is unfortunate because he's an ideal guardian for farms and large estates or for anyone having room for a dog that measures from 22" to 27". He, too, suffers from a curtain of hair falling over his eyes something like that of our friend the O. E. Sheepdog. The standard for him specifies black, grey or tawny in coat and an oddity is that he's required to have two dew claws on each hind leg.

Some years ago, *The Elks Magazine* featured a dog on one of its front covers, following which came a number of letters, the general tone of which was "What on earth kind of ki-yi was that?" Well, it wasn't, as believed by some, a cartoon, but it did picture one of the oddest-looking dogs on earth and, incidentally, one of the oldest of all breeds. The dog? An Afghan Hound. Dispensing with the elaborate specifications in the breed's standard which, if you haven't seen such a dog, might confuse rather than furnish an understandable description, we'll try to tell you what this pooch looks like. He's plenty big—25" to 27" high. Underneath a very long and silky coat he has something of the Greyhound's lines. His head, too, is Greyhoundish but he wears a more amiable, benign expression. His ears are long and silky, giving him the appearance of wearing a Jacobin wig, the kind worn in the days of the Stuarts. A slender body connects legs that have hair resembling nothing so much as a cowboy's chaps, and his whip-like rudder curls over his back in strange

(Continued on page 54)

Pursuit Problem

(Continued from page 7)

Susan looked for devilry in his eyes, but all she saw was contrition and hopefulness. He might be cocky by nature, but he wasn't being cocky now.

Softening a little, she said, "I'm trying to sell my ranch to a man who's just back from Shanghai. Planes give him the jitters. Every time you zoom us, he goes to bed with smelling salts. I'm trying to convince him that my ranch is quiet and peaceful."

Captain Jackson was nodding. He said gravely, "I understand, Miss Ames. It won't happen again. That's a promise."

She examined his clear brown eyes, then his mouth, and was convinced he meant it.

"Thank you, Captain," she said, and walked to her station wagon. He opened the door and closed it when she was in.

"I'd like very much to see you again," he said gravely. "How about that angle?"

Susan saw the dancing light in his eyes and the slight tremor of his mustache and said coolly, "I'm not interested in that angle."

He looked wistful. "Can't I just drop in some evening?"

Susan deliberated it. When he wanted to be, Captain Jackson was a very attractive young man, well-mannered and considerate.

"When I've sold the ranch," she said. And started the engine.

Captain Jackson watched her drive away. He returned to the mess hall, whistling. The candid sunlight of the Mojave had cleared up his slightest doubts. Susan Ames was not only beautiful, she was charming, intelligent and spunky. She was marvelous!

But he must proceed with caution. She didn't like him. She distrusted him.

Colonel Mac Farland was smoking his after breakfast cigar when Captain Jackson entered the mess hall. He said, "Captain, we've just had a telephone call from General Rankin. Your proposed war problem has been considered and approved. It will be tested tomorrow morning."

The colonel was smiling paternally. Captain Jackson grinned.

"There's only one slight change in the problem as you worked it out," Colonel Mac Farland went on. "It's to be tried here—not at Indian Dry Lake as you proposed."

The grin slowly froze

on young Captain Jackson's lips.

"The pursuit ships you will use for interception purposes will begin to arrive here in a few hours."

Captain Jackson said mechanically, "Thank you, sir." He should have been delighted. If he handled the problem properly, if he intercepted the enemy before it reached the bomb release line, he might receive his majority. Suddenly, it no longer mattered. With hundreds of planes maneuvering over Murdock Dry Lake, it was inevitable that some of them would fly low over Miss Ames' ranch. She could, of course, blame him for anything that happened. And he could not warn her. Regulations prohibited it.

AS she drove carefully among the eroded craters on the bombing range, half-way across the dry lake, Susan's thoughts of Captain Jackson became even kindlier. He had been very decent. He was genuinely sorry about his blunder of the other night. And he was attractive. She liked his tall leanness, and his brown eyes, and the boyish way he became embarrassed and blushed. It went nicely with his directness and his manliness.

When Susan reached the ranch, her prospect was still in bed. When he appeared, pale and big-eyed but bravely smiling, she took him out under the big cottonwood by the pond and made him sit in the hammock. She told him, embroidering it a little, how contrite a colonel,

four majors and a captain had been; how they had sworn on their word as officers and gentlemen that the ranch would never, never be zoomed again.

His high color returned. He gazed at her roguishly. Susan let him hold her hand.

A little before noon, her trained ears detected a murmur in the sky. She presently saw a red plane circling above the little dry lake beyond the dunes. It must be, she thought excitedly, her father. She had Tarantula Pete saddle Red and Pinto. She tied a bandanna about her head, and started off, riding Pinto and leading Red.

Susan ran the horses to the dunes, then slowed them to a walk. The ship was on the lake, and her father was pacing up and down beside it, limping. He had walked away from his last stack-up in France, but he had limped ever since. Susan let out her coyote call. Captain Robert Ames waved. She galloped across the hard crust of the lake.

She dismounted into his arms and kissed him. Then she looked the plane over. She had seen it only in the early stages.

She said breathlessly, "Dad, she's a beauty! How does she fly?"

"Like a student trainer."

Susan giggled. "With those wings? How fast is she?"

"Let's find out. I brought your helmet and goggles."

The girl said dubiously, "Do you think I'm up to flying anything so hot? She's all the Ames family has!"

Captain Ames said brusquely, "Get in, get in! You've flown ships that were harder to fly than this one."

Susan got in and studied the dazzling new instrument panel. "Check me," she said. "Here's the crank for the wing flaps. This controls the landing gear. Here's the control for the tap. Gas valves, wobble pump, propeller pitch, supercharger adjustment. How'm I doing?"

"Take her away," her father said. "The radio isn't connected, but you won't need it. Play around a while. After you have the feel, wind her across our measured course and we'll clock her."

Susan pressed the starter button. The big prop spun as the motor took hold, settled into a rhythmic beat.

Her father shouted, "You can take off and land with the hatch open,



but be sure you're throttled back when you open or close it."

Susan eased open the throttle. She felt out the controls, tested the brakes, and taxied the big red ship around the lake until she was sure of herself, then put it into the wind. When she believed she knew the ground angle of the ship, she took off. The pride of the Ames got off at half-throttle.

Susan circled, climbing rapidly. What a thrill it was to fly this ship! It was so smooth, so responsive that it seemed to answer her mood before she was aware she had directed it with her hand. It was a living thing, like Pinto—powerful and gentle and anxious to please!

She gave it more throttle. The ship sprang forward. Susan caught her breath as she sensed the immense reserve power waiting to be called on. There had never been a ship like this one! The sky parted ahead of her.

Far beneath her she saw Murdock Dry Lake, a liver-colored oval of unbelievably smooth baked mud. There was the army's old map of Los Angeles, the harbor, the docks, the battleships, painted in sharp white outline on the lakebed. Beyond was the gunnery camp. Beyond that, the Hi-X dump and the targets. Susan saw a ship taking off from the camp. From its position she knew it was Jackson's.

He was, of course, curious. He was coming up to look her over. She throttled back and circled lazily, giving him a chance to overtake her. He was flying a P-36-A, the fastest ship in the U. S. Army.

He climbed straight toward her. She waited until he was just far enough away so that he could not quite distinguish her markings. Then she opened the throttle. The P-36-A was flying wide open. And she drew rapidly away from him!

Susan checked speed. This time she gave him a chance to catch her in a dive. As he plunged after her, she pulled away and up to a thousand feet above him. As a last test, she circled, giving him the chance to catch her by cutting in on the bias. Still he couldn't overtake her.

Susan thought, "Well, that's that. She can outfly, outdive and outclimb the fastest thing in the army. Dad's done it again!"

Captain Jackson, evidently tired of it, or furious, peeled off in a roll and dived for camp. He all but rolled his wheels across the Hi-X shed. She saw him leave his ship and stride up the hill. He was going to report to the colonel. He was going to say he'd met up

with a ship that made a tow-barge of a P-36-A.

Susan sent the big red ship over the measured range on the small dry lake, clocking the mile with the stopwatch she wore on her wrist. Landing as smoothly as she had taken off, she taxied to where her father was waiting with Pinto and Red.

Climbing out, Susan said, "I don't believe it. According to my figuring, I was doing better than four hundred."

Captain Ames was nodding. "That's what she does for me."

Susan kissed him. "Dad," she said solemnly, "you've done it. Are you staying overnight?"

"I'd planned to. Can you spare Pete to sleep with her?"

"I'll sleep with her myself," Susan said.

TRUCKLOADS of soldiers were arriving at the gunnery camp. By evening, a city of tents had mushroomed. Out across the dry lake telephone wires were stretched for miles from observation posts.

By four o'clock, the planes had begun to arrive. Squadron after squadron circled and landed on the edge of the lake and taxied into the parking area.

Twenty miles away, the faint drone was heard by the alert ears of Susan and her father, but Mr. Bacon heard nothing. He was serene again.

In the mess hall of the gunnery camp, the colonel commanding the Second Pursuit Group was address-

ing the majors in command of the squadrons and the captains and lieutenants under them. The mess hall was Temporary Operations Office.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Captain Jackson has proposed a simplified tactical maneuver for the defense of Los Angeles against an attack by hostile aircraft. Captain Jackson will tell you all about it. Take over, Captain."

Captain Jackson, looking a little pale, took over.

"Gentlemen, you are familiar with the present strained relations existing between us and the Blue forces. We have been assigned the mission of defending Los Angeles against the Blue forces, which are operating from carriers off our coast. For our purposes, Murdock Dry Lake will represent Los Angeles.

"Our fleet, as you know, remains in the Atlantic due to the blocking of the Panama Canal. No help can be expected from Naval Aviation or the First and Second Wing G. H. Q. Air Force for at least a week. Blue tactics will be to attempt to destroy all air force on the ground and to retard mobilization by destruction of industrial centers. They will operate as a group and will employ incendiary and demolition bombs."

Captain Jackson smiled wanly. "We will not know, until we are notified, from what direction the enemy will come. This group will be continually on ground alert, effective four o'clock tomorrow morning. The Thirteenth Squadron will attack

and destroy all enemy aircraft reported by the air alert net in Zone D. The Twelfth is assigned to Zone C. The Eleventh to Zone B. The Tenth, to Zone A. I will be in command of the Thirteenth, flying the lead airplane of the First Flight."

Captain Jackson glanced at the chart on the table before him. If those bombers did not approach on a course anywhere near 120 degrees, he might eventually make his peace with Susan Ames.

"Are there any questions, gentlemen?"

SUSAN lay in her sleeping bag and looked straight up at the stars. When one fell, she made a wish. There were so many things to wish for—first, of course, that Mr. Bacon would buy the ranch, then that her father would be given the chance to demonstrate this plane to the army. It was hard to interest the army. It often meant trips to Washington and tangles of red tape.

The desert breeze was cool and the fresh smell of the sage was delicious.



On the other side of the sand dunes the coyotes were yipping and laughing. A big jack-rabbit thumped his legs on the hard surface of the lake. Was he telegraphing to a friend, she wondered dreamily? Perhaps it was a love message.

CAPTAIN Jackson was awakened by someone shaking his shoulder.

A soldier saluted and said, "Beg pardon, sir. The enemy formation has been sighted. It is approaching on a course of one hundred and twenty degrees, and is approximately eighty miles from our base at this time."

Susan was awakened by the swelling thunder of many motors. She pushed herself up on one elbow and saw them in the half light of dawn. Dark, ugly-snouted pursuit ships, short and stubby and mean as bumblebees, strung out in formation, skimming low over the big dry lake, rapidly nearing her ranch. There were dozens of them. There seemed to be hundreds of them, a cavalcade of thundering ghosts. The sustained blasting roar of their exhausts shook the air, the ground, the world.

And this unholy host, this fire-breathing crusade, doubtless led by Captain J. H. Jackson, was about to zoom her ranch! After his promises!

She rolled out of her sleeping bag and stood up. She pictured Mr. Bacon, awakened by this unearthly thunder, diving under his bed and clawing at the carpet.

The warmth of sleep left her body. She was shivering with cold. Then the warmth came back and she turned hot all over. She wasn't thinking when she climbed into the cockpit. She put on helmet and goggles. She wriggled into her chute harness. She was too furious to think. Sheer emotion guided her and goaded her.

The entire formation had zoomed the ranch and was out of sight. The speed with which Susan overtook it was gratifying. It was roaring along at about three thousand feet, and still climbing.

Flying below it, she did not see, at a higher altitude, the great bombers approaching, pure white and

ghostly against the sky, like streamlined clouds. Nor did she see, below them and to their rear, the camouflaged attack ships, skimming close to the ground.

High above the approximate place where Captain Jackson, flying the leading ship of the intersection echelon, would meet the enemy bombers

eral saw Captain Jackson's formation swiftly spread out.

On his radio phone he heard, "Jackson to Riley, Craig and Smith: What's going on back there?"

"Riley to Jackson: I don't know, but look what's headed for you. It's your guess."

The big red monoplane did a wing-over and started back for the formation. General Rankin saw a dazzling flash of blunt red wings in the first rays of the sun. The plane went diving down like a cormorant. It passed close to the nose of Jackson's ship.

The general heard on his radio phone, "Jackson to all element leaders of Squadron Thirteen: Loose formation!"

THE wild red monoplane had pulled out of its dive. It flew into the formation from the side. It did another wingover and again flew into the scattering formation.

General Rankin was about to concede that Captain Jackson's squadron had won the problem, having met the hostile bombers and prevented them from reaching their objective intact. But now he decided to wait and see what the red plane was going to do to the rest of his army.

Having scattered the Thirteenth, the red plane now shot into the midst of the bombers. The flying fortresses stayed in formation, but spread out, and the leader started a slow, graceful turn. As the monoplane flew wildly among them, several of the bombers broke formation. One started to climb. The two in the rear made majestic turns outward. One went into a dive. They reminded General Rankin of a herd of dignified trained elephants having their act broken up by a disrespectful terrier.

There was nothing they could do but seek sky room. The intruder could not be ignored, and it could not be shot down.

The general heard Bombardment Commander Colonel Blaine say, "Blaine to commanders of all planes in this group: Disband! In other words, boys, you're on your own!"

General Rankin had at first been annoyed by this antic red interloper, then amused. Having disorganized his bombers, it was now diving down



"Taint a fit night out for Loring, man or beast."

and attack ships, was General Henry Rankin, the umpire. Flying his own ship, the general circled comfortably, watching from an altitude of about 20,000 feet.

He saw Captain Jackson's echelon approaching. The support echelon was to the right rear, about two thousand feet higher. The reserve echelon was to the left rear, four thousand feet above Captain Jackson's.

He saw the big bombers coming up in spearhead formation—their objective, the Los Angeles Harbor diagram on Murdock Dry Lake. And far below them but not far behind, he saw the attack group streaking over the ground like a pack of coyotes.

The interception group was flying in a straight line toward the enemy. Suddenly General Rankin saw a fast red ship climbing up through the center of Jackson's formation. It shot up through to a height of about three hundred feet above it, then dived down at it again. The gen-

at the attack group, which was still skimming coyote-like along the ground.

With the interception group flying at about 350 miles an hour, the bombers at better than 300, and the red plane flying faster than any of them, it had all taken place in eye-winks.

THE general now heard the attack squadron commander, "Colman to element leaders: It's coming after us now. And it's every man for himself! Spread out for landing on Murdock Dry Lake."

General Rankin comfortably circled and watched the attack ships spread out and begin to race into landings on the lake. He cut in on all frequencies, "General Rankin to Colonel Blaine, Captain Jackson, Captain Colman: The problem is over. All ships go in to land at Murdock Dry Lake. Does anybody know who is flying that ship?"

"Jackson to General Rankin: It was flying yesterday. I chased it. It's faster than anything in this army."

"General Rankin to Captain Jackson: You might investigate it a trifle more closely. You might try to ground it. It can certainly outperform you, but perhaps you can outmaneuver it. I'd like to fly that ship, Captain."

"Jackson to General Rankin: I'll ground it, sir."

The general laughed to himself, "You mean, you'll try."

Captain Jackson started after it. At first the pilot of the red ship outmaneuvered him, because Captain Jackson was too furious to fly well. Then he cooled off. With the red ship chasing him, he pulled up into a vertical roll, which is spectacular but not of much tactical value, but it checked his speed and the red plane shot past. Then it turned over and came down trying to get into position on his tail. Captain Jackson almost completely stalled. Again, the red plane could not slow down, and shot past him.

And at that moment, Susan, in the fast red ship, found their positions reversed, because Jackson had rolled over and was now above and behind her—the most advantageous position in a dogfight.

After several such greyhound-fox maneuvers, she realized she was gradually, surely, losing altitude. Captain Jackson, in spite of anything she did, maintained his position, and she knew she would be

forced to land. She was frantic. There are few sensations in the air more nerve-racking than that of being forced to the ground by a better flyer.

She headed for the small dry lake, but she was so rattled she almost forgot to lower her landing gear. She had wanted to outmaneuver Captain Jackson only because she wanted to escape. She hadn't wanted to dogfight. He had forced it on her. She hadn't intended to disrupt the attack group. And she hadn't intended to scatter the bombers. She hadn't seen the bombers until she was in the midst of them. Her whole intention had been to demoralize Captain Jackson's formation, to teach him a lesson.

She had, instead, broken up a war problem. She did not know what the penalty might be. Certainly she would be grounded, and her license would be suspended, perhaps revoked. Worst of all, the brass hats would be furious at her father. Being still a reserve officer, he might even be court-martialed. She was sure she had ruined his chances of interesting the army in his new ship.

Tears were steaming her goggles. She pushed them up and wiped her eyes with the backs of her hands.

Captain Jackson was landing. He pancaked in, climbed out and started to walk over. Then he recognized her. She heard him say, "Good God, it can't be!" Then he came running.

He stared at her a moment and said, "Well, this is a surprise, Miss Ames. There isn't time for explanations now. That ship coming in is General Rankin's."

It was coming down in a tight spiral.

He said sternly, "Whose ship is this?"

"My father's," Susan said wearily.

"Who's your father?"

"Robert Ames."

Captain Jackson lifted his eyebrows. He said softly, "Not by any chance Captain Robert Ames, of the Thirteenth?"

"Yes."

"Did he build this ship for the army?"

"That," Susan answered, "was his idea." She was beginning to resent his crispness. He had her just where he wanted her, and he was probably enjoying himself immensely.

THE spiraling ship straightened out and landed. A short, heavily-built man eased himself out of the cockpit and started over.

"Look, Miss Ames," Captain Jackson said tensely, "you may be in a tight spot. You busted up his war problem. You'd better let me handle this."

Susan hesitated and said, "All right."

General Rankin approached. He looked grim. Captain Jackson saluted and said briskly, "General Rankin—Miss Susan Ames."

General Rankin smiled grimly and said, "How do you do, Miss Ames? You put on quite an exhibition up there."

"I'm sorry, General."

"As a matter of fact, sir," Captain Jackson said rapidly, "she merely wanted to demonstrate that this ship would outfly anything we have."

"It seems to me," General Rankin said dryly, "her demonstration came off very nicely. Whose ship is it?"

"One of your old pals built it, General," Captain Jackson said quickly. "Captain Robert Ames, of the Thirteenth. Didn't you and he fly in France together, sir?"

"We did. How does she fly, Miss Ames?"

"Like a student trainer," Susan answered.

"The general," Captain Jackson murmured, "would like to fly it."

When Susan hesitated, he reached into the cockpit, picked her up by the waist lifted



"Me and some of the boys chipped in to give you a little token of our esteem."

her out and set her on her feet on the hard lakebed.

General Rankin climbed in and started the engine. He taxied away. He taxied up and down the lake and presently took off.

When the blasting roar of the takeoff had dwindled to the sweet, deep song of an amply-powered plane in its climb, Captain Jackson said, "Why didn't your father come to us in the first place?"

"If you knew him," Susan said, "you'd know the answer to that. What's going to happen to me?"

"Why," he answered, "didn't you tell me in the dance hall that your father's Captain Ames of the Thirteenth?"

"Any man," Susan said with

warmth, "who would think I was trying to talk to him because I admired his male beauty didn't rate an explanation."

Captain Jackson looked uncomfortable. He was blushing. He glanced up quickly. The red monoplane was tumbling about in the sky. He slowly shook his head. "You aren't on a spot, Miss Ames. There's a man falling in love with a plane so fast that when he brings her in he'll be crying like a baby. In other words, you've sold a plane to the army."

THERE were tears in Susan's eyes when she withdrew them from the cavorting plane and looked at him. She was thinking, "I won't have to

sell the ranch to that Bacon creature, after all!"

Doubtless stirred by her tears of relief and happiness, Captain Jackson impulsively took a short step toward her and lifted his hands. It was unmistakably the initial action of a direct and impetuous young man who intends to take a girl into his arms. But it wasn't completed. He dropped his hands and blushed.

He said, "Would it be all right for me to drop in at the ranch tonight?" Then, at something he saw, and perhaps misconstrued, in her eyes—a definite gleam—he added cautiously, "I'm very anxious, Miss Ames, to meet your father. He's the great immortal of the Thirteenth, you know."



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

evening a dinner was given at the Monticello Hotel in honor of the State Association officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Norfolk Lodge No. 38. The business session was opened on Monday morning, August 19. The registration of Elks and guests exceeded fourteen hundred. The meeting was presided over by State Pres. Michael B. Wagenheim of Norfolk Lodge and the Convention was welcomed to Norfolk by E.R. O. W. Story and Colonel Charles B. Borland, City Manager of Norfolk, a member of No. 38. Mr. Wagenheim, made the response to the speeches and then presented Grand Treasurer Dr. Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., who in turn introduced Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch. Both Dr. Barrett and Mr. Buch delivered inspiring addresses, which were received with tremendous enthusiasm. A crab feast followed the business session and a luncheon and bridge party for the ladies featured the first day's program. A dance at the Terrace Beach Club at Virginia Beach on Monday night was largely attended.

On Tuesday, the second business session was held. The annual Memorial Address was delivered by Dr. Barrett following a musical program, and a patriotic address was made by Congressman Colgate W. Darden, Jr., of Norfolk Lodge, a member of the Naval Affairs Committee in Congress. On Tuesday night the Convention Ball was held at the Cavalier Beach Club at Virginia Beach.

Harrisonburg, Va., was selected as next year's meeting place. New officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., C. B. Packer, Portsmouth; 1st Vice-Pres., John L. Walker, Roanoke; 2nd Vice-Pres., Russell M. Ward, Newport News; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. S. Chisholm, Charlottesville; Secy., H. E. Dyer, Roanoke; Treas., W. Edgar Sipe, Harrisonburg; Trustee for five years, M. B. Wagenheim, Norfolk.

COLORADO

Five hundred Elks from all parts of

the State, fully one third being accompanied by their wives, were present in Walsenburg, Colo., during the three-day convention of the Colorado State Elks Association which took place on August 22-23-24. Streets, buildings and store windows were lavishly decorated. Entertainment for the delegates and ladies included trips to scenic places, dances, parties, concerts, exhibition greyhound races and other sports, and dances by the "Koshare Indians" of LaJunta. The "Indians" are troops of first class Boy Scouts whose exposition of Indian dances in costume ranked high among the many interesting features of the convention program. In the parade on Saturday morning, bands and floats from nearly every city within a radius of one hundred miles participated.

Pres. Arthur L. Allen, of Pueblo, presided over the business meetings. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, and P.E.R. R. Bruce Miller of Greeley, the newly appointed District Deputy for Colo., North, attended the Convention. The work of the Commission on Child Welfare was reported upon by Chairman Milton L. Anfenger of Denver, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and will be continued as one of the major projects of the Association for the ensuing year. A \$200 contribution was made toward the Elks National Park project in the San Juan Mountains near Ouray, reported by P.D.D. Judge George W. Bruce of Montrose Lodge, and a \$250 payment to the Elks National Foundation was voted. At the Saturday session Mr. Coen, one of the seven Past Grand Exalted Rulers who are members of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, created at the 1940 Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, gave an instructive and interesting address on the subjects with which the Commission is concerned. The Rev. George L. Nuckolls, of Gunnison Lodge, spoke on Americanism, and P.D.D. C. C. Bellinger, of Pueblo, explained the objects and work-

ings of the Elks National Foundation.

Cripple Creek Lodge No. 316, scoring 97.24, was the winner of the John R. Coen Plaque in ritualistic work, with Greeley Lodge No. 809, a close second, scoring 96.82. Salida Lodge No. 808 won first prize for floats, Canon City Lodge No. 610 first prize in the band competition, and Pueblo Lodge No. 90 first prize for Drum and Bugle Corps. Boulder Lodge No. 566 was selected as convention host for 1941. Mayor A. C. Schafer, Jr., of Walsenburg, was elected President and the Mayor of Boulder, F. W. Thurman, Vice-President for the North District. The other officers include William R. Patterson of Greeley, Treas., and W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins, Secy., both reelected; Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., W. T. Little, Jr., Canon City; South, J. E. Harron, Alamosa; West, Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Trustees: F. J. Busch, Cripple Creek, and Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo; Chaplain, George L. Nuckolls, Gunnison.

MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

To the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Association went the honor of entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch on his first official visit. The Association opened its Annual Convention at Annapolis, Md., on Sunday, Aug. 4, with a diversified program made complete by the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler on Tuesday.

P.E.R. Ben Michaelson, of Annapolis Lodge No. 622, General Chairman of the Convention Committee, presided over the opening session held in the House Chamber of the State House. The various speakers, all of whom included important phases of Americanism in their talks, held the undivided attention of the large audience. Many ladies were present. Mayor George W. Haley, E.R. of the host lodge, was joined by Frank Hladky of Annapolis, President of the Tri-State Association, Congressman Lansdale G. Sasser and

State Senator Louis N. Phipps in welcoming the Association. Inspiring addresses were delivered by two prominent members of Baltimore Lodge No. 7, the Hon. Herbert R. O'Connor, Governor of Maryland, and Howard W. Jackson, Mayor of Baltimore. At the close of the meeting adjournment was made to the home of Annapolis lodge for a "get acquainted" session and the renewal of old friendships.

The first business meeting, on Monday, August 5, with Pres. Hladky presiding found a large number of members present and ready to get down to earnest transaction of the business of the Convention. Past Pres.'s Philip U. Gayaut, of Washington, D. C., A. Guy Miller, Annapolis, and Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Md., were introduced. The report of the Board of Trustees, read by Chairman Charles G. Hawthorne, of Baltimore, showed, among other items, contributions to the Red Cross, The Seeing Eye, the Tuberculosis Control and a Crippled Children's Camp, and the purchase of nine subscriptions to the Braille edition of the *Reader's Digest*.

On Tuesday morning the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by Mr. Hladky, Mr. Hartle and P.D.D. E. Leister Mobley of Hagerstown, and escorted to the State House for the second business session of the Convention. He was presented to a large and enthusiastic audience which listened with interest and approval to his address. That he was thoroughly conversant with the Association's aims and accomplishments was shown in his numerous references to its past activities. A large portion of Mr. Buch's speech was devoted to the timely subjects of national defense and patriotism and the Order's program in relation to both. The next order of business was the report of Past Pres. A. Guy Miller, Chairman of the Ritualistic Contest Committee, who announced that Cumberland Lodge No. 63 had been declared winner of the Ritualistic Contest with a score of 99.51 points. Washington Lodge was second, scoring 99.22, and Salisbury Lodge third with 99.14. At the conclusion of his report, Mr. Miller presented the E. Leister Mobley Trophy to John H. Mosner, Exalted Ruler of the winning lodge. Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272, was awarded first prize for performing the most outstanding service during the past year. The award was based on the action of the lodge in forming within the membership a blood donor squad, which figured directly in saving several lives in the area. Cumberland Lodge was awarded second place for successful efforts in the aid of crippled children within its district. Other routine business was followed by the election of P.E.R. C. Ray Hare of Salisbury Lodge as President of the Association. Grand Exalted Ruler Buch was then escorted to a picnic where all

formality was dispensed with and an old-fashioned good time was enjoyed.

On Wednesday the following officers were elected: 1st Vice-Pres., John H. Mosner, Cumberland, Md.; 2d Vice-Pres., John W. S. Justice, Crisfield, Md.; 3rd Vice-Pres., N. Bosley Hoffman, Towson, Md.; 4th Vice-Pres., Robert F. Austin, Easton, Md.; Secy., re-elected, Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Md.; Treas., R. Edward Dove, Annapolis; Trustee, John L. Durst, Frostburg, Md.; Chaplain, Ambrose A. Durkin, Washington, D. C. Following the announcement that Easton, Md., Lodge, No. 1622, had lost its home and all equipment by fire, the Association voted to present the lodge with the Altar Emblem. Annapolis Lodge offered to present a Bible, Washington Lodge a Flag, and Hagerstown Lodge the Star. Among several resolutions, passed

lows: Best decorated float, Baltimore Lodge, first, Hagerstown, second; lodge with twenty or more members, presenting the best appearance in line with band, Washington, with the Washington Elks Boys Band; lodge with greatest number of members in line without band, Hagerstown; concert prize for band, Washington Elks Boys Band; best appearing bugle and drum corps with sponsoring lodge, Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, with the Francis Scott Key Drum Corps, American Legion Unit. Continuous entertainment throughout the Convention included a softball game, a Chesapeake Bay Cruise aboard a three-masted schooner, Open House and dancing at the lodge home, a reception and entertainment for the visiting ladies, sightseeing trips through Annapolis and the United States Naval Academy, a picnic and shore party, and a cabaret dance and floor show at Bay Ridge. The concluding event of the Convention, which was successful from every standpoint, was the Grand Ball, held in the Bower House and attended by a record crowd of Elks and their guests.

OHIO

Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch's visit to the Ohio State Elks Association Convention held at Cedar Point near Sandusky on August 25-29, was the highlight of the meeting. He outlined his program calling for the cooperation of all subordinate lodges in the National Defense Program as provided at the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston. Mr. Buch spoke at the afternoon business session on Wednesday, Aug. 28, but was obliged to leave for Chicago immediately afterward. He was accompanied to Cedar Point by Grand Trustees Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., and J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D. Both were introduced to the Convention. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Buch also urged that the State Association and subordinate lodges organize committees to further aid the crippled children movement which he heads. He approved the scholarship foundation, father and son initiations, inter-lodge visitations and the civic betterment work as carried out by the Ohio Association, and complimented the State on its gain in membership.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Pres., E. B. LeSueur, Toledo; 1st Vice-Pres., Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin; 2nd Vice-Pres., Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus; 3rd Vice-Pres., Roy E. Bowersock, Lima; Secy., re-elected, Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., re-elected, William Petri, Cincinnati; Trustee for a three-year term, Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton. The new President sponsored a Resolution recommending that the Convention carry out the desire of the Grand Exalted Ruler in naming a State



"No, Miss Halsey, I don't seem to have forgotten anything."

unanimously, was one pledging the cooperation of the Association to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge in stamping out isms in this country. Memorial Services, presided over by P.E.R. Ben Michaelson, included musical selections and the Memorial Address delivered by Past Pres. Gayaut. The selection of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, as host lodge for the 1941 Convention, was then made. The final report of the Credentials Committee showed an official attendance of 12 Past Exalted Rulers, 44 delegates, and nine alternate delegates, with several thousand Elks and ladies registered as visitors. The installation ceremonies, conducted by Mr. Mobley, P.D.D., were followed by the speech made by the new President, C. Ray Hare.

The Convention Parade started promptly at 6 p.m. and marched through the streets of Annapolis. Parade prizes were awarded as fol-

Defense Committee, and it was stated that such Committee would be formed within a short time. The new officers of the P.E.R.'s Assn. are: Pres., James M. Lynch, Ashtabula; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. L. H. Whisler, Willard; 2nd Vice-Pres., Charles B. Weaver, Coshocton; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. D. Cole, Lakewood; Secy., Russell Batteiger, Chillicothe; Treas., C. W. Wallace, Columbus. Memorial Services were held with Past State Pres. Charles W. Casselman, of Alliance Lodge, presiding. P.E.R. Harry Van Wagnen, of Lorain, paid tribute to Past State Pres. W. G. Campbell, whose death had occurred a short time before. Harold V. Tom, of Zanesville, gave a beautiful eulogy for departed Elks.

Social events, besides the dinner given by the Past Exalted Rulers Association, included the annual banquet and the Purple Ball and floor show. Past State Pres. John F. Fussinger, Cincinnati, and P.D.D. James Armitage, of Elyria, were in charge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, was the speaker. The parade was held at Cedar Point on Thursday afternoon, closing the Convention. First prize awards of \$25 were presented to Lakewood Lodge No. 1350 for the best appearance, the Drum and Bugle Corp of Tiffin Lodge No. 94, Columbus Lodge No. 37 for the largest number in line, and the Columbus Ladies Patrol as the best drill team. The national prize band of Columbus Lodge did not compete in the band contest. New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510 was awarded first prize of \$50 for the largest band. Warren Lodge No. 295 and Newark Lodge No. 391 were second and third respectively, receiving \$25 each.

Under Two Tripods

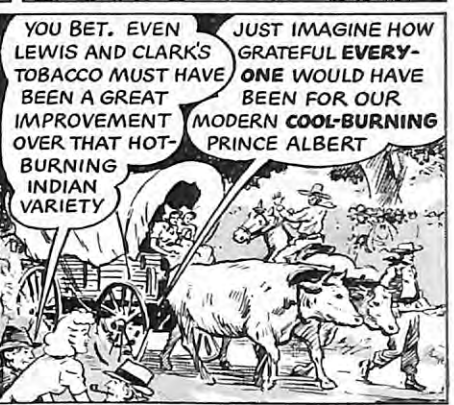
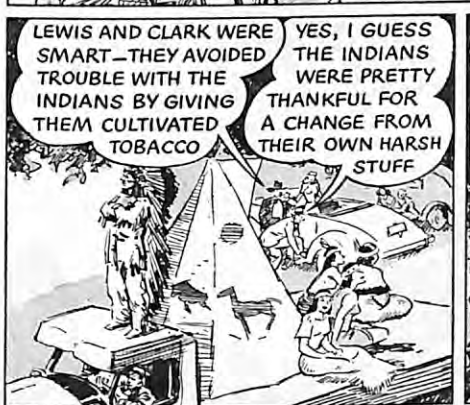
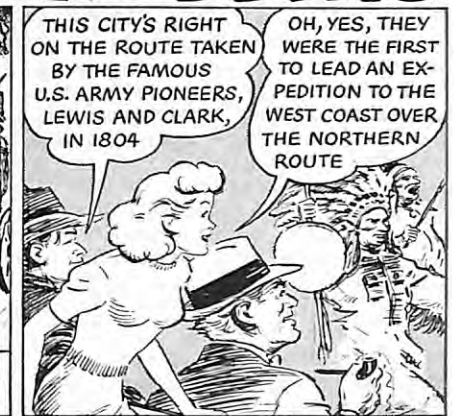
(Continued from page 17)

highly important to set your camera accurately for distance. As in shooting a rifle, always aim at the bull's eye. With a great many cameras, when a subject is seven feet away, a distance set at either six or eight feet means an out-of-focus picture. Use a measuring tape if there is any doubt, and even if there isn't. It may look funny, but who cares, if you get clear pictures.

It is just about as dangerous to neglect exposure, the second essential, as it is to neglect an active case of gangrene. Correct exposure depends on a lot of things you've never heard of before. The gadget manufacturers have brought out over fifty neat little contrivances to help the bewildered amateur tell how strong the light is. One of them actually looks as if it could be manipulated without a college degree in math and a slide rule, but I doubt if that one's any good. But in case you decide just to depend on your weather eye, there are certain things you must know.

The first thing to consider is the speed of the film. Just any film won't do because some film is particularly sensitive and is therefore faster and needs less exposure to light to get a picture. The fact that there are more than 250 plates and films on the market won't make your job any easier. But even more helpful are the de-

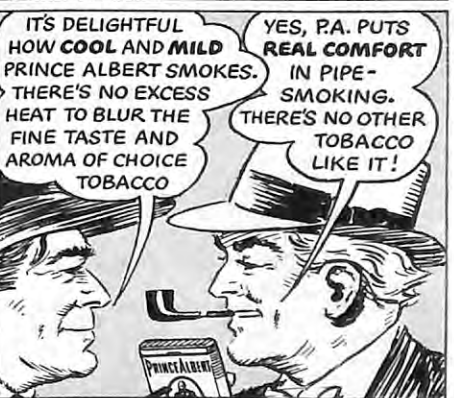
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lightful complications that have arisen throughout the years in the matter of speed rating. This rating is important because several popular manufacturers put out films in a wide range of speeds—some of which are easily twenty times faster than others. If you have a slow one when you think you have the fast one, you can see there is trouble ahead. How are you going to tell which is which?

If you want to be a sissy you can ask the clerk who sold it to you, realizing, of course, that he may be only guessing. But it's more fun to try to get the rating by one of the so-called standard measurements. Some manufacturers use them for their films and some don't, which is helpful. But of even greater value is the fact that there are at least six of these standards—all calculated on different bases and all expressed in different terms. Thus the speed of an otherwise perfectly harmless roll of film might be classed on one system as 1/12, on another at 32 and another at 24, on another at 360 and another at F 128 and another at Eastman knows what.

Actually, all these conflicting numerals don't make much difference unless you've got a gadget. But if you have, oh boy! You figure the speed of your film by every system known to Euclid and when you come out do you know what you've got—if you're smart? Medium. Yessir, medium. The film isn't fast or super-fast or slow, it's good, old, dependable medium and it's just what you ought to be using.

The next consideration in figuring exposure is how bright a day it is. (If you're trying to take pictures indoors at this stage of the game, I wash my hands of you.) Well, if the sun's out and there are no clouds, it's bright, and that's that. But remember at nine in the morning, June is five times as bright as January. Anyhow, today it's bright and so you figure you ought to get a clear picture. Of what? Well, Aunt Mabel squinting out in the bright sun will take five times less exposure than she would if she were in the shade where she ought to be with a neutral or dark background. And you'll need ten times the exposure for the shade than you would if you had Aunt Mabel in a bathing suit at the seashore some bright mid-summer day. It boils down to this: how much light there is depends on what you are taking, when you are taking it and where. Why you are taking it is between you and your Maker.

The next important factor in exposure is pretty complicated. If I didn't have good news on this subject coming up soon, I wouldn't bother going into it at all. It

takes us back to depth of focus.

Now, for about one minute listen carefully. The light gets into your camera through a hole that grows bigger or littler, depending on the "stop" at which you set it. For some reason which the manufacturers guard with their lives, the number designating the biggest stop is smallest and the number designating the smallest stop is biggest. And, as if that isn't enough, there are two sets of figures used for these openings, depending on who the manufacturer is. Now if you're sufficiently confused I'll tell you what they are: the *f* system and the U. S. system. On some cameras a fairly open stop would be *f*. 3.5 or U. S. 1, a medium stop might be *f*. 11 or U. S. 8 and a very small stop could be *f*. 22 or U. S. 32. See? Now, get set for this one because the whole point is being un-

the last word on exposure. Obviously there has to be some good news somewhere in all this because if there weren't, the photographic industry would languish like an orchid in Death Valley. It is this: the manufacturers—God bless 'em—have developed so much latitude in their medium-speed films in recent years that you need only pay attention to about half of what I have said on exposure and everything will come out nearly right. You can be fifty percent wrong on anything, that is, and still get by; but you can't be fifty percent wrong on everything, or, at least, I can't. But even if the manufacturers have done wonders in their films with latitude of exposure, their films with latitude haven't made remember, they still haven't made one that will bring itself into focus.

If exposure and focus seem like a pretty complicated set of keys to good technical pictures, you should hope good artistic pictures would come as easily. They don't. With the technical side, at least you can sit down and figure things out if you have the patience, but all the slide rules in the world won't get you an artistic triumph unless you've got it in you or are luckier than you deserve. It takes thought and planning and a sense of art to get even a good picture. And when I say good, I don't mean excellent; I mean just good enough to make your snapshooting friends sit up and say, Oh!

There are a lot of theories about composing a photograph but most of them are apt to be over your head. You'll find them in the photography magazines in droves. But in the beginning it might be well to try and apply just this one single method of composition; frame your pictures.

This doesn't mean a wooden frame outside the picture; it means a frame that is part of the picture. If you're taking a landscape, try and find a tree in the near foreground which has a protruding branch that will fit into the very top of the picture. If you like, use part or all of the trunk of the tree for a frame on one side. But don't make the tree the picture—remember it is only the frame. A doorway, an arch, two trees, the corner of a building, even a person can be effectively used. And if it doesn't appeal to you to frame your pictures, look at the excellent prints that are reproduced every month in the major photography magazines. Study them and then develop ideas of your own. After all, the pictures you take should be your pictures, and whatever you like is what is good.

As you may have gathered by now, gadgets are both the bane and joy of the amateur's existence. And there are slues of them. The indus-



nutshelled: the smaller the stop the greater the depth of focus, also the less light it lets in and, therefore, the longer the exposure needed.

It was a long way around, but we made it!

THERE'S one more thing about exposure you ought to know and that is this: it makes a whale of a lot of difference whether Aunt Mabel is running, walking or sitting down. Because if she is running you'd better use the fastest speed possible, at least 1/100 of a second, and open the stop fairly wide, even if it is at the beach. But if she is sitting down, or at least is reasonably still, for Aunt Mabel, then you can shoot at 1/25 of a second (never slower without a tripod), and you can stop it down the limit if you want to, which you shouldn't because great depth of focus is no virtue in a picture of a person, even if it is Aunt Mabel.

And now for the good news and

try counts the day lost that doesn't see the birth of some thingamabob or other that is going to make everything just dandy. A dojigger that keeps the sun out of the lens, a rubber cover that keeps the light out even if you click the shutter (and which keeps the pictures out, too, if you forget to take it off), a press that keeps prints from curling, a thingummy that tells you the exact exposure—a dozen thingummies that tell you the exact exposure, a thisamagig for the tripod so you can take upside-down pictures while riding on a tricycle, a negative holder that opens from the side instead of from the top, a negative holder that closes instead of opens, etc., etc.

THERE are so many extras, as a matter of fact, that it is beginning to become difficult to tell where the standard equipment leaves off and the gadgets begin. For example, one could hardly call an enlarger a gadget, yet there are nearly a hundred varieties on the market and some of them have more earmarks of the gadget than they do of the enlarger. Another item usually considered standard, if not actually stuffy, is the lens. Doubtless, a lot of different kinds of lenses are necessary. But I can't see any reason why there should be 750 of them on the market, do you? Unless they're gadgets, of course. And in photography a gadget doesn't need an excuse for being. It

just is. That's all there is to it.

To deal with the gadget business adequately and yet not unfairly, let us take for study and discussion a little instrument known in the trade as a filter. A filter is made with a piece of colored gelatin cemented between two pieces of glass. It fits over the lens and its purpose is to filter into the camera only certain colored rays from the spectrum. Or, putting it conversely, which, as you may now suspect, is what the manufacturer does, a filter keeps out or absorbs certain unwanted light of a particular color or colors. There are over a score of companies more or less busily engaged in turning out filters for eager amateurs, and in reading over the specifications one gets the impression that some filter or another will let in or keep out, as you prefer, just about every color except beige.

A YELLOW filter is practically essential if you want to get clouds in a picture which includes the sky. While it won't put them in the picture unless they are there at the time it is taken, a yellow filter will hold back the blue and let the clouds register on the film just about the way the eye sees them. In other words, the filter makes a correction for the difference between the way the eye sees something and the way the film sees it. You can't use filters indiscriminately though, because the

filters of one company will not give true correction if they are used with the film manufactured by another company. This complicates everything very nicely and the amateur is saved from despair only by the fact that he will get enough correction from the proper filter, no matter who made it, so that he can't tell the difference.

FILTERS are about as inexpensive a gadget as any the amateur can indulge in. The yellow filter, which he really should have, costs around \$2.50. A full kit of filters would run around \$50. Much cheaper than dabbling in lenses which can run anywhere from \$25 to \$1,000 or what have you, *each!*

While there is plenty to occupy the inquisitive mind in photography, the amateur doesn't really know what he has let himself in for until he tries enlarging. There is a big thrill in taking a roll of film and then opening the package at the camera store and finding one or two that turned out well. But it is as nothing to the kick you can get out of putting a negative into the enlarger and blowing it up to eight by ten inches or so with your own jittery hands. There are a lot of tricks to enlarging—in the trade they call it printing—and some of them call for the skill and patience of the cutter of fine diamonds, coupled with the artistic sense of a master. But when it's



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your own baby right from start to finish, it would take a lot more than a few imperfections to stop you from pulling a print out of the hypo and running to the wife with it yelling, look! Your wife may notice the hypo dripping onto the carpet more than she notices your picture, but if she's a good wife she will tell you how nice it is and won't say anything about the acid burns until later.

If you're going to print your own stuff you need an enlarger and that should cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$40 if it's neither too expensive nor too cheap. You will also need some developer, and hypo or fixative, three trays, a thermometer, a glass graduate, a stirring rod, an orange bulb or safelight, some enlarging paper and a free evening. Before you try printing you may think it best to read some authority other than Richards. But Richards can tell you a thing or two out of his own experience that may save you a few heartaches.

In the first place, buy ready-mixed chemicals to start with. They come in concentrated solutions and can be mixed with water and are just as effective for you as the most complicated formulae described with ad-

jectives of fulsome praise in the photography magazines. In the second place, control your temperature. You leave a print in a 70-degree solution a certain length of time; you leave it in a 75-degree solution a shorter time. You do, that is, if you care about getting good prints. Thirdly, don't underdevelop. Even with proper exposure in the enlarger you can't get a fully developed print unless it stays the full time in the solution. If your prints are overdeveloped after being in the developer the minimum time, then cut down on the exposure. Fourth, and last, be sure to wash all the hypo off the print before you set it out to dry.

[OR some this is the most difficult of all. Because it comes last, print washing often arrives about the time you're ready to close up for the night and hit the hay. A quick run through on the washing seems like a swell idea. But it won't work. After a print has been developed it is put in a hypo solution for some twenty minutes in order to fix the picture so it won't fade. After the print is fully fixed, the hypo must be washed off completely. If it isn't, you'll wake up some fine morning weeks or

months later and find the most beautiful set of grey or brownish streaked prints you ever saw in your life. You won't believe it, but it will be true. And at that moment you will be ready to toss the enlarger and the camera and the filter out the window and call it a career. But it won't happen if you wash the prints in running water for at least an hour. It will happen if you don't. It's as simple as that.

In fact, in that one word "simple" lies the whole maddening attraction of photography. You look at some magnificent photos that some crack amateur has taken and you can feel their beauty, it's so potent. Yet when you analyze them, all they are are some trees and a lake, or some people walking up some stone steps, or a girl sitting on a hill, or a country road, or some birds, or a few tall buildings, or two horses and a fence, or anything—all perfectly simple things we are apt to encounter every day. Prosaic stuff, the stuff that life is made of. It doesn't seem as if you could fail to get a prize picture your first week out.

Well, maybe you can. Anyhow, let the bug bite you just a little and give it a try. One thing I can guarantee—you won't be bored!



The Pros Con Them

(Continued from page 8)

university try". For fifty years old grads were secure in the delusion that men who played football for mere money would not and could not whip up the spirit which would impel them to break their heads for dear old Box Office as zealously as they did for dear old Siwash. And it is agreed pretty unanimously that spirit is ninety percent of football.

There have been so many convincing demonstrations, however, that players will work themselves into a frenzy when they are paid off in cash instead of box-tops, or varsity letters, that nobody with half an eye in his head believes in the old, romantic delusion. Once, perhaps, professionals did make a pretense of going through the motions and got by on carry-over reputations from college. But in the last decade glamour boys have been a dime a dozen in the pro branch of the game and unheralded gladiators have exposed All-America rankings for the harmless frauds they are. Better pay—ranging from \$150 to \$500 a game—has impressed the pros with the importance of being earnest about the whole thing and the public, having seen the interesting atrocities the boys commit on one another, is beginning to realize that the heroes really are in there giving out in the

violence, vim and vehemence departments.

Greater abundance of fire and fury was the only superiority ever claimed by the college crowd in interminable debates with the pro protagonists. That chief selling point having been punched full of holes, the athletes who play for pay concede nothing to the college kids who ostensibly play for the hell of it. Football professionals, as in every other sport, have a higher veneer of technical ability. They are more experienced, and in no other game is experience more necessary. The pros are bigger, stronger and sturdier. And they play a type of football designed deliberately to pull the mob through the turnstiles.

AN isolated, yet important, example of the trend of the times was to be found in the attendance figures for games played last year at the Polo Grounds by Fordham University and the New York Giants. Fordham, playing there on Saturdays, drew a total of 153,000 cash and cuff customers for five games, or an average of 30,600 a game. The Giants, performing there on Sundays, drew 233,300 for six games, an average of 38,833 per contest. Fordham's largest crowd was 41,000. The Giants went over 58,000 twice. The

attendance figures for 1938 and '37 also revealed that the Giants were a better draw at the gate than Fordham, perennially one of the top teams in the East.

Defenders of the college faith may rise wrathfully to scream sabotage. They can claim that comparing the Giants and Fordham smacks of a dirty trick on the grounds that New York City is not a representative example. New York is the largest college town in the world; Columbia, N. Y. U. and City College have combined registrations exceeding 100,000 students. There are six other college football teams in New York, all working the same side of the street with Fordham.

Time out, please, while we bash mortarboards around the ears of the academic gents. First of all, Fordham schedules only sure-fire box-office teams at the Polo Grounds. Last year Alabama, Pitt, Rice, Indiana and St. Mary's were played at the ball park. The Giants have no choice in the teams they play at home; league commitments oblige them to meet weak teams such as Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and the Chicago Cardinals, which leave the customers cold.

Professionals are at the mercy of the weather more than the college boys. The honest-to-George college

customer buys his tickets weeks in advance. The majority of pro fans wait until the day of the game and if it comes up cold, snow or rain—as it does very often in November and early December, when the better games are played—the customers simply stay home. It is true that Fordham bucks the opposition of six other college teams in New York, but three—L. I. U., City College and Brooklyn College—are distinctly second-rate, while Columbia, N. Y. U. and Manhattan cannot offer teams or schedules of Fordham's caliber to intrigue the general public. Every college has a substantial backlog of alumni and undergraduates which will support the varsity regardless of past performances; a defeat at home may cost a pro team 15,000 clients for the next game.

All things considered, it should be surprising when pros approach the attendance mark of a big-league college team. That even one pro team can outdraw a varsity competitor is startling.

Still unconvinced? All right. The Army-Navy game is an absolute, sure-pop sellout every year. Silly citizens move heaven and earth to buy tickets which entitle them to the privilege of freezing to death slowly on a stone slab a quarter of a mile removed from the arena. Well, sir, last year there were many reported offers to swap \$4.40 Army-Navy tickets for seats, originally selling at \$2.20 a copy, to the Giant-Washington Redskin brawl for the Eastern professional championship. There were no takers.

THERE will be a tendency, of course, to shrug off the incident as another isolated example which proves nothing. One swallow does not make a drunk, to be sure, and the preferences of a few individuals do not signify a trend. A couple of guys had a sudden yen to see a professional game instead of the Army-Navy affair. So what?

So this. College football has one foot on a banana peel when the customers commence shopping for a game rather than the sideshow the college people feature and which, until now, has been the prize exhibit in their show window.

For years the colleges have been pulling a considerable proportion of their patrons through the gates with hoopla and hysteria before and during the ball game. Everyone loves a parade and loud music. Big-league football schools devote almost as much effort and publicity to their bands as to their teams. It indeed is an inspiring sight to watch a 100-piece band execute intricate convolutions while the musicians are blowing holes in their heads and every red-blooded American will thrill to the spectacle, even when the second trumpet hits a sour note. But when you've seen it once, you've seen it for all time. Similarly, the antics of mascots and cheer-leaders are pretty cute, but the act hasn't been changed for ten years. The full-throated



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roar of an organized cheering section contributes nothing to the artistic excellence of the game, but it does revive outsiders' faith in higher education. It demonstrates, at least, that alumni and undergraduates can spell the name of their alma mater, much to the surprise of the outsiders.

THE pros con the customers with nothing but straight, unadulterated football—and football, it should be mentioned, which has been streamlined to open the eye and the purse. Great college classics degenerate too often into dreary shoving and mauling matches after one team has scored an early touchdown, then attempts to sit down on its lead with three-yards-off-tackle strategy. Pros will pass from their own end zone and they will attempt field goals from any distance or angle beyond mid-field. Football fans, like other sport customers, want to see sudden-death thrusts. The home-run in baseball and the knockout punch in boxing are first cousins to long-gainer plays in football, and the professionals constantly are shooting for the moon. Winning the game is the big idea, of course, but winning it in spectacular fashion is a consideration of equal importance. You know, the box office is where you feel it.

The average game involving fairly well-matched college opponents usually winds up in something like a 7-0 or 13-6 score. Last season, the ten teams in the National Professional League averaged thirty points a game. Nothing is more inconclusive or annoying than a tie score; on any given Saturday you will find the college results studded with deadlocks. The professionals last year played fifty-five League games and only one of them was a tie.

AS a game, pro football is swell; its administration is something else again. Although all the club owners are grown men, a few are guilty of silly, adolescent mistakes which are stunting the growth of the business. It seems that the pros are experiencing the same growing pains organized baseball had to contend with in the early stages of its development. Club owners, who

are fans at heart, refuse to suborn their prejudices for the greater good, with the result that the National League is dominated by willful characters.

THERE was, for example, that rather idiotic interlude last December after the Giant-Redskin game for the eastern championship. In the dying moments of the game, Ed Justice of the Redskins attempted a field goal which could have given his team a 10-9 decision. Referee Bill Halloran judged the kick to be wide; the Redskins thought it was good.

The players rushed Halloran and in the confusion someone, suspected to be Justice, took a punch at Halloran. The mob scene touched off a hundred fist fights in the jammed stands. Acting-President Carl Storck promised an investigation and threatened to ban Justice for life if it could be established that he struck Halloran. Storck went on to say there would be no Justice for a few games this season if the player even attempted to hit the referee. He held his investigation and presently merely admonished Justice against laying violent hands upon an official. Mr. George Marshall, who owns the Redskins as well as a chain of laundries in Washington, carried

on something awful and tried to have Halloran dismissed as an official. Judge Landis would have told Marshall to take a jump in a similar situation in baseball. Halloran, an experienced and able official, had twelve league assignments last season.

This year he is working only five league games. That should prove something.

The executives of pro football make myopic blunders calculated to destroy good-will. The championship game last year was scheduled for Green Bay, Wisconsin, a community quite daft over its home-grown Packers. The game was transferred 116 miles to Milwaukee, where the climactic struggle was played in an old horse track which wasn't suited at all for football, but which could accommodate an additional \$40,000 worth of customers. A few weeks before, the Cleveland Rams shifted a home game with the Philadelphia Eagles to Colorado Springs. In 1938 the weak Pittsburgh team, distressed by an indifferent home clientele, hit upon a quaint solution to cure box-office anemia. Instead of strengthening the team, the better minds played a League game in the deep South.

Pro football will grow up in time, and when it does, the colleges will be finding a larger ladle lapping up the gravy of the \$100,000,000 which is spent annually on football admissions. All other things equal, the American sport public will favor professionals over amateurs every time.

WE are a nation of perfectionists; we want the best there is to be had and the pros do a better selling job after, if not before, the customers have been lured into their stores. Once the customers have plucked the ivy, tradition and phony glamor of college football out of their hair, we are sure professional football will be up there in the headlines and the blue chips. And it won't be long either.

Note of irony: Wouldn't it be grimly humorous if college football, riddled by finger-pointing and shrill insinuations of professionalism, were made an honest woman by the honest professionals?



"All right, wise guy, just clang it. Never mind tolling it!"

Awake in the Deep

(Continued from page 13)

Kurt flushed. "Don't you believe I could save anybody?"

"Yes, I do, Kurt. Of course I do. But if I could only see it!"

Gar brought the *Spindrift* up to the buoy. Snort made the boat fast, and when that was done he and Mike laid out the diver's gear on the deck. Gar folded his arms across his great chest. The sun glistened warmly over his gold hair and his gold skin, and his grey eyes followed the tenders. When Mike had placed the last of the weights down before him, Gar flung out his arms impressively.

"Look," said Gar. "The gear!"

GAR bent over each piece, and named it for Bunny. He was particularly explicit over the life line. It was the best Plymouth cordage, and nothing else would do for a life line, but even Plymouth cordage could fail—there was that time a sword fish had cut right through—but there was an extra rope always. "Kept ready," said Gar, "with a hook on it. So it would hook into my belt quick. It was to be quick sometimes under-seas." He straightened up. "My gear and my tenders—and von must be good with the other." His heavy hand dropped on Snort's shoulder. "But almost as good as Ivan is Snort," he declared. "Only with me there would never be no von like Ivan."

"Some day," said Snort, "I got to show you something, Gar. I got to show you I could tender as good or better than Ivan—once I get you to see it."

"Yah," said Gar. "Vonce you do."

Snort's smile faded, and he scowled out at the long black wharf, the deserted beach and the mosaic of red roofs behind it. When his sharp blue eyes came back to the boat they rested on Kurt's flannels steaming in the sun.

"They're shrinkin'," he observed tartly. "Your pants is shrinkin'. There's nothin' extra aboard in clothin' except some bathin' trunks. Better get into them trunks, fella. And better be quick about it. They're shrinkin' fast."

Kurt glared at him and asked him where the trunks were. Snort took him to a locker in the cabin. Then he closed the door on him.

When Kurt came out again in the bathing trunks, Gar was still talking about the gear. Bunny looked up and smiled at Kurt brightly.

"Now, you're all ready for business, too," she said. "If anything goes wrong—why, I guess even I could fall into the water now and be safe—what with a diver below and a lifeguard on top."

"Yah. So now we get going," said Gar. "I would not have you—" he narrowed his eyes while he paused to remember the word that Kurt had

used on the beach, and then he brought it out uncertainly. "I would not have you dip-hellooshuned."

"You won't," laughed Bunny.

Mike and Snort helped the diver into the rubber-covered canvas suit and drew on the heavily weighted boots. They adjusted the breast-plate and belt, and then helped Gar over onto the ladder before they put his helmet on.

"How odd!" cried Bunny. "The lifeguard takes everything off, but the diver puts everything on. Kurt, you couldn't do a thing for him if he got into trouble down there."

"How do you know I couldn't?" said Kurt.

"Nobody could, could they?" she appealed to Snort.

"HE could, but he wouldn't," said Snort. "If the lines was cut, and there's lots of things cuts lines—propellers and rocks and sometimes fish—if his lines was cut the lifeguard could go down with the extra rope and hook it into his belt. It was done once before, but the kid what done it never come up again. So I say now he could but he wouldn't, for I don't advise nobody to try it what don't want to stay down there hisself, nor would I never want to watch that again."

Snort gave a smart tap on the helmet, the signal to the diver that he was all ready for submersion, and Gar stepped off into the water. Bunny hung over the rail and watched him going down. Mike had returned to the engine, and Snort took up his stand with the lines.

"How deep is he going?" asked Kurt.

"Depends on the kind of bottom. Maybe twenty feet."

"Twenty feet? Only twenty feet? Why, I've gone that deep myself—more than once I've gone twenty feet," Kurt looked at Bunny as he spoke.

"Have you, Kurt?"

"Yes, I have. And I could do it again. Any time I could do that." He fingered the lower coils of the life line. "This is a pretty thin piece of rope to pull up three hundred pounds of gear besides the man himself," he said. "It's too thin according to what I know about stresses and strains."

"The line's okay," said Snort dryly.

"It wouldn't hurt for him to have that extra rope, too. Why take chances with him? I'll take it down to him."

"I never drowned nobody yet," snarled Snort. "Do your lifesavin' on the beach, fella, not here."

Kurt's answer was to step over to the extra rope and pick up one end of it. "Look out—I'm going,"

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he cried. He pushed Snort out of his way, and kicked off over the side.

"Gar brings fools aboard, and this is what they does," gasped Snort. He turned to Bunny. "Take these lines while I pull that crazy lifesaver back. Keep 'em easy, and not too tight—nor yet too loose. It's Gar's life you're holdin' now—remember that."

BUNNY took the lines from him, her horrified eyes followed Kurt's brown body through the blue water. She saw Kurt turn as Snort jerked the rope away from him, and then saw him swimming up again to the surface.

"Watch them lines careful," cautioned Snort, holding himself ready to plunge in after the lifeguard. "I got to see this crazy lifesaver in—not too slack, not too tight—hold 'em steady—God A'mighty, he talks about Ivan—Ivan this and Ivan that—but what would Ivan of done with this fella, I'd like to know?"

But Kurt needed no assistance. He broke the surface of the water and was on the deck almost instantly. He took one, two great breathfuls of air, and then, just as Snort was reaching to take Gar's lines from Bunny, his right hand shot out and caught Snort on the chin. The attack was so unexpected, so sudden, that Snort went over backward, his eye hitting one of the deck bits. For a second he was dazed. He groped slowly to his feet.

"You crazy—" he stuttered. "Why did you stop me?" shouted Kurt. Snort, swaying to balance himself, now took the full impact of Kurt's left fist on the other side of his chin. He sprawled again to the deck, and lay there, struggling for breath.

Bunny dropped the diver's lines and stepped up proudly beside Kurt.

"He wouldn't let you save the diver," she flamed. "Don't you care, Kurt. It wasn't because you didn't do it. I saw it all. You tried—you risked your life—it was terrible to watch—but how grand it was! Oh, Kurt, Kurt, I think you're wonderful!"

The diver's lines lay on the deck, slipping slackly down into the water. Snort, opening his puffed-up eye, saw them. His face twisted up in horror. Although there was no breath left in his body, he squirmed forward and grabbed frantically at the lines.

Gar was on the bottom. He had found footing on a patch of white sand. He adjusted his intake of air to the pressure of the water, and as his eyes slowly dilated to the changed quality of the light, the beauty of the Monterey sea floor encompassed him. He saw the rocks, crusted with ivory barnacles and polished steel-blue mussels, waving with bronze seaweeds and pink and purple anemones, extending out one beyond the other until they were lost in the luminous blue distance. Across

blackness come slowly out of the glassy blue wall of water. He removed his hand from the pipe and waited for the shadow to pass by. But it became denser, darker. About fifteen feet away from him it clarified into the outline of a long body swaying and curving through the murky undulating water back of it.

Gar straightened up and stood still. It was nothing he had ever seen before, but as he stared at it, all his exaltation drained out of him and his blood chilled to ice. For

there was no mistaking what it was. If he had never seen it, he had heard of it. Its long, round body and turtle-like head predated man. It had roamed the vast spaces of the underseas world long before there was any land at all. And though Gar had never seen it, others had. Nearly two hundred Scotsmen had reported it in Loch Ness. During the great war, Baron von Forstner of the *Submarine U 28*, torpedoing a boat in the North Sea, had watched it or its brother shoot up fifty feet into the air until it splashed back into the sea again; and high officers of the old *Mauretania* had recorded its appearance in the Atlantic in their log book. But its favorite prowl was in the North Pacific. Time and again fishermen had brought in shuddering accounts of sight of it as it broke the surface of the waters from Vancouver down to Monterey bay.



the white sand a corrugated crimson king crab thrust out a massive claw at the metal toe of his boot; a pearly jelly fish with transparent, feathery fringes throbbed past him. Ghostly white shrimps hung like shreds of mist against the fluted seaweeds and the brittle corals. For a moment he warmed with the ecstasy of possession in a world distinctly his own—his grotesque diver's dress a splendid armor, his bubbles streaming upward like shots of silver.

THE only affront was the sewer pipe. Through the lovely blend of color and form it was a rude reminder of the job to be done. The several lengths lay almost at his feet. A colony of lavender and amber starfish had settled on them, and a sparkle of small fishes flashed in and out of the open ends. Gar reached the pipes and straddled them. He squatted down and placed his basket of tools on a conveniently low rock. As he studied out the joining up he was to finish, he saw a great

THIS was the sea serpent just as Gar had been told about it—head two feet across, great dorsal fin curved to a height of six feet, scaleless body, and wide mouth showing teeth in layers; this was one of the prehistoric reptiles thrust sometime by some terrible upheaval from the submarine depths to the upper waters. Those who had read of it had not believed it, and those who saw it had trembled at it. And although Gar had both heard of it and had known those who had seen it, the shock of coming so directly on it paralyzed him. He could not be sure that he was not dreaming it. The sense of his own helplessness began to overwhelm him. He stared at the reptile and saw it stare back at him, and then, under the hypnosis of horror, he felt himself being drawn irresistibly toward that great, gaping mouth.

A sweep of tide brushed a frond of seaweed across his eyes and broke the force of the fear that was cramping him. He snapped out of his torpor, and the passion for life again

flamed through him. Instinctively, he unscrewed the big diver's knife in his belt. But looking at the size of the creature that threatened him, and from it to the size of his knife, he saw the futility of defense against it.

And again it started toward him. He backed slowly away. For all that he had stressed the importance of being quick when he had talked to Bunny, to be quick underseas is an impossibility. Not only are the muscles slowed up by both the pressure and the cold, but the processes of the brain are equally slowed. One thing at a time was the most Gar could do. With his knife he stirred up the sand. It clouded up into the monster's eyes and checked its forward movement. Then he gave four jerks on the life line, followed by four more jerks, a signal to the tender of extreme danger and to get him up in a hurry.

BUT nothing happened. There was neither the pull of an ascent nor any response at all. At the same time, his air was coming to him cool and sweet. Whatever was wrong on the topside, his lines were taut and clear, the air compressor running smoothly. And yet his signals were ignored. It was no time to figure out what Snort was doing, nor to feel the frantic need for Ivan. He must act.

Gar waited a fraction of a second

—time for the tender to light a cigarette or answer someone's question—while he stirred up more sand. Then he jerked again. This time the rope came slackly away in his hand. A black panic flooded over him. Nobody was tending him—something had happened on the topside. The only thing he could do for himself was to snap closed his outlet valve, throw the inlet valve wide open and let his suit fill up with air. The resultant buoyancy would shoot him upward. He knew that in doing this he invited death from more than the sea serpent. His suit might burst before he reached the top, and drown him; concussion against the boat could result in the same thing, or the excess of nitrogen held in his blood might bring on a fatal attack of the bends. But anything rather than those great, staring eyes, that vast, open saw-toothed mouth.

Gar closed the valve none too soon. He saw the serpent coil, as his suit expanded with the intake of air. Then both his arms shot out sidewise and his control of his valves was gone. What happened to him now would be a matter of luck.

Had it been a shark it would have got him. An octopus's long tentacles would have stopped him half way. A barracuda, a swordfish would never have missed him. There was the possibility that the thing had coiled not

for an attack but to turn and get away from him. He did not know. His head began to spin violently with the load of oxygen rushing into his helmet. He saw the sheet of bright water above him cut by the black keel of the *Spindrift*. His head whirled faster and faster, the surface became a dazzling, blinding disc, and the top of his head seemed to shoot off into space. Then a comforting, deep, dark wrapped around him.

The next thing that Gar was conscious of was Snort's pouring whiskey down his throat. Snort, not dead, but alive and active. Gar swallowed its warmth gratefully, and presently his sea-grey eyes slowly unclosed. The sun was shining overhead, and a light, pine-scented breeze was blowing down from the hills. He looked up into Snort's discolored, battered face and studied it attentively.

DID I punch you already?" he choked. "Or was it yet to do?" Snort's one good eye lighted up with joy.

"He's all right," he chortled. "Gar's all right. God A'mighty, Gar, what happened to you?"

Gar looked around him. The life-guard and the pretty girl were directly behind Snort. The girl had been crying, and the boy's face was lined with anxiety. Gar drew in his breath with considerable pain. He

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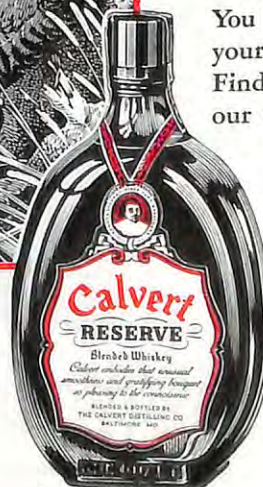
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was pushing the weight of the seas off his chest.

"It vas a sea serpent," he shuddered.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Gar closed his eyes, and then opened them suddenly. He saw that Kurt's face had cleared, and that he was smiling at Bunny. The girl was smiling back at him. But there was something in the quality of her smile that jarred unpleasantly on Gar. It held the same mild tolerance and derision that he had seen on the faces down at the Knotty Palm that time he had first told them of finding the sea otters, and other times afterwards of other things. The same smile—perhaps not quite so much of it, nor quite so mocking, but enough to turn him faintly sick because he had never seen it on a girl's face before.

"SO I vas phony?" Gar looked at the girl. His eyes darkened over like stormy seas, and his voice strengthened into deep, ominous tones. "I vas phony, vas I?" He turned to Snort. "Put them ashore," he said.

"After I get your gear off'n you." Snort corked up the whiskey bottle and placed it carefully down in the scupper.

"Mike vill do that. Put them ashore quick."

"He's not conscious, is he?" Bunny backed away from the diver into Kurt's possessive arm. "He's—he's muddled still. But wait till he hears what Kurt did!"

"Yes," grinned Snort. "Wait till he does!"

Gar was dressed again in his dungarees and sweater when Snort returned from taking Bunny and Kurt to the wharf. Snort took one look at his face, and then reached for the whiskey bottle. But he saw it was already empty.

"Vell," boomed Gar, throwing his great chest out and tensing his arms, "vhy wouldn't I fire you now? And first maybe beat you to a jelly?"

Snort sat down dejectedly on a coiled up rope. Whatever else was wrong, the boat was peacefully clear of all intruders. Only two seagulls blinking solemnly at them from the railing, and Mike bending over the engine, absorbed in the eternal struggle to keep its worn parts together.

"Look, Gar, it was you brought them aboard, not me," he pointed out.

"That would not have to do with the tending. My God, that I should send up signals and nothing happen!"

"Everything happened," declared Snort. "Look at my face!" And then he explained why he had given the lines over to Bunny. "That crazy lifesaver! The fool show-off! I could of told him, standin' there tellin' me about stresses and strains, how the weight under water ain't the same as out of water—but it wasn't up to me to tell him nothin'. Until he done what he did. And then it was too late."

"You vas a tender, not a lifeguard, too. You should of let him be."

"Oh, yeah? Say, it would look good to have him get drowned off your boat when you was tryin' to make his girl, wouldn't it? And how was I to know that the minute I handed them lines over to the girl was just the minute you was going to see that thing on the bottom? How was I to know that?"

"AS it Ivan tending me—"

"Ivan," interrupted Snort bitterly. "Ivan would of held on to the lines and let that crazy lifesaver

drownd, and you would of come up from the sea serpent to be pushed into jail. That's where you'd of been with Ivan. But with me—look, now you can go mash the lifesaver to a jelly—the lifesaver, see, not me—and when you finish, I'll start on what's left of him for what he done to me. Yes, you can go knock hell outta him, and then go take his girl afterward."

Gar considered this suggestion before he spoke again. "I do not know that I would vant a girl after she would hold my lifeline and not know she vas holding it," he said at last. "That I should send up signals, and it would make no matter to her! No, I think I would not vant such a girl who would smile funny when I tell her truly what happens to me under-seas."

"That's up to you," said Snort.

"Yah." Gar looked out and away from Snort. His senses quickened to the charm of the topside world that he had so miraculously returned to—the warmth of the pine-covered hills, the descending sun sheeting the water with dazzling silver, the Mission bells ringing out the Angelus as they had rung it ever since the old Spanish days of early Monterey. Sound and warmth, he drank them all in gratefully.

"So what?" demanded Snort. "Shall we go find the lifesaver now and give him the works?"

"I could do all that," said Gar, looking down at Snort's swollen, bruised face. "But she vas a pretty girl—yah, a pretty girl. So maybe I give her something instead."

"Give her something?"

"Yah."

"Give her what?"

"I give her back her lifeguard with his face not smashed in. For me, she has made me von with the sewer pipe. But because I am not that, I do this for her. And you, Snort, you would pull your punches on the lifeguard, too—and forget it."

Gar's eyes rested on the wide, lonely beach. The fishermen were gone now, and a group of pelicans, their heads turned seaward, had taken their place. His arms felt vaguely empty, and his great chest heaved.

"Because she vas so pretty I give her that," he muttered. "Yah, I give her that."



"Naturally. Hartwell, when we get back to the city we won't say anything about that farmer selling us an oilwell."

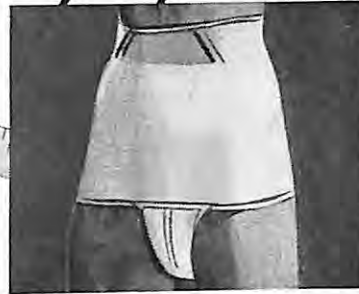
What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

a chance to wonder how much he really knew. (Scribner's, \$2)

CAMPAIGN year always brings out books about political and economic issues, and it is with the object of being useful to our readers that we mention a few of them. Republicans eager to study the opinions of their candidate will find his speeches and articles collected in "This Is Wendell Willkie". (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50). This includes an article on Mr. Willkie's personality by Stanley Walker. The book contains the Elwood speech of acceptance. . . . On this side of the debate, likewise, is John T. Flynn's "Country Squire in the White House", (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) in which Mr. Flynn explains his opposition to Mr. Roosevelt with considerable heat. . . . A Democratic spokesman is the assistant attorney general, Thurman W. Arnold, who explains his ideas of the economic forces that act in restraint of fair competition and the place of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in public policy in "The Bottlenecks of Business". (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50). "It is the fact that the Sherman Act bars the way to private seizure of industrial power that gives it its continuing force and its constant public acceptance." Mr. Arnold thinks that the capitalistic system will exist as long as goods are paid for in money, and that while money remains the medium of exchange "we can't keep some people from making more of it than others". He thinks that "the real hazard that confronts us is the disappearance of free commercial enterprise". . . . An independent economist who believes that New Deal measures have not gone far enough is Stuart Chase, who was associated with Leon Henderson's Temporary National Economic Committee. His "Idle Men, Idle Money" (Harcourt, Brace, \$2) says that our economy is now so matured that corporations no longer go to the investment bankers for money for expansion but draw on their depreciation allowance. He wants capital expenses separated from running expenses in the national budget, wants the social security law extended to everybody with the burden placed partly on corporation income taxes instead of old-age benefits and asks the establishment of a bank for long-term capital loans, at selective rates of interest, to abolish the high interest burden on public works and to deal with self-liquidating projects. He sees the doom of new construction in the high interest rates, which are brought about partly by the need of paying middlemen.

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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 November issue should reach us by October 1st.

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Novels of the Hour

A DELIGHTFUL novel about Ireland is Sean O'Faolain's "Come Back to Erin". Sean's name would be John Whelan if he conformed to English and not Irish usage. He tells the story of the Hogan-Hannafey family in Cork and the curious cross-purposes that complicate their lives. Frankie, who is a confirmed revolutionist and has a bad record with the police, is in hiding. His half-brother, St. John, comes from the United States, where he has prospered, with a deep, abiding nostalgia for all things Irish. Later, in New York, Frankie meets exiles who have given up the fight for the Republic, but though America influences his ways, his determination remains. St. John's wife is also affected, in her own way, by the nostalgia for Erin and for a romantic past. The writing has a wistful beauty about it and the pictures of Irish life have a freshness not found in novels of recent years. (Viking Press, \$2.50)

Thomas Mann's new novel, "The Beloved Returns", is based on an episode in the life of Goethe and explores the relation of a man's experiences to his artistic life. In his young manhood Goethe fell in love with Charlotte Buff, who was engaged to a colleague, and put the temptation aside by leaving town hurriedly. Forty-four years later Charlotte, a widow and the mother of eleven children, comes to Weimar to visit Goethe because she is plagued by his action. In the meantime he has made her the character of Lotte in his novel, "The Sorrows of Werther", and this, too, influences her. The novel investigates many strands of Goethe's intellectual life and thus proves especially pertinent to admirers of Goethe. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$2.50)

Those who enjoyed the novels by R. C. Hutchinson, "Shining Scabbard" and "Testament", know that he is one of the few modern English writers who have a beautiful style. In "The Fire and the Wood" this balanced story-telling is once more on

view, and here again he investigates a psychological situation based on events of the hour. This story deals with a young German doctor who is eager to discover an antitoxin for tuberculosis. He cures a young woman, a servant, and the two fall desperately in love; then, diseased himself, he becomes an object of persecution by the Nazis. The story of his devotion to Minna and to research is told with Hutchinson's fine understanding of emotional values. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

Does "Wodehouse on Golf" need a recommendation in this column? Either you are a confirmed Wodehouse fan and read everything he writes, and have a good time doing it, or you don't. For those who follow P. G. Wodehouse around there's a new omnibus, which means a book comprising half a dozen earlier works by the master. It includes "Divots", "Golf Without Tears", "The Medicine Girl", "There's Always Golf!", "The Letter of the Law" and "Archibald's Benefit". Archibald, you will recall, was "one of those golfers in whom desire outruns performance. He tried and tried hard". You've known men like Archibald. His golf was a blend of hockey, Swedish drill and buck & wing. "His progress from hole to hole was generally a majestic zigzag." Well, Archibald won over the demon golf, but how and why is part of the fun. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$2.50)

I HAVE also enjoyed reading "The Moon Was Low", by Monica Dickens, great grand-daughter of Charles Dickens. This might almost be called the biography of a normal, healthy English girl, from her earliest years in school to the time when she awaits word from her husband, who is serving on board one of the ships of the Royal Navy, a destroyer reported lost. The story of this girl's life is told with a great deal of sympathetic understanding and reminds us that such girls do exist, even if the novelists so often introduces us to heroines who are less appealing. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

Carry Me Back

(Continued from page 9)

ties, which has rendered invaluable service in restoring and preserving grounds and relics of the State, while the remainder of the Island is in the possession of the United States Government under the supervision of the National Park Service. Through its extensive archaeological investigations the Service has uncovered many old foundations and has discovered relics of great interest for the light they throw on the life of the very earliest settlers.

In the western portion may be seen colonial and Confederate fortifications, and the foundations of the several States Houses which, one

after another, were destroyed by fire. At Jamestown, Pocahontas was baptized and married. A statue of that Indian princess, and one of Captain John Smith depicting him as a ruler of young Virginia, are today listed as "shrines" to be visited by American pilgrims. Just across the river stands an old brick house on land which once belonged to Thomas Rolfe, the son of Pocahontas.

Not far distant on the James is Berkeley, with its beautiful grounds, which was the home of the Harri- sons. The southwest wing of the mansion dates back to 1712. Nearer Richmond, but still on the James, is

Weston, the home of William Byrd, founder of Richmond. The exceedingly decorative gates were brought from England over two centuries ago. Shirley, too, one of the oldest estates in the United States, is near Richmond. Shirley was an early 17th century estate, and one of the daughters born there became the wife of Lighthouse Harry Lee, and the mother of the immortal Robert E. Lee.

Only six miles away from Jamestown over a fine road the traveler will find a restored and reconstructed colonial city, for during the past twelve years old Williamsburg has come to a more abundant life. Known before simply as Middle Plantation, with a few little houses, a college building and a church, on the edge of what was very nearly wilderness, it was transformed, when the capital was moved there from Jamestown, into a miniature European Court. In great state lived the governor in his "palace", and only in less state the members of the Colonial Assembly during the time they must remain in town. Soon Williamsburg became the social center of the Virginia Colony. Nearby, young George Washington courted the wealthy widow, Martha Custis. Prosperous planters and their wives came in from their plantations for the "public times", as the seasons for political, social and economic activities were termed, seasons which, for those days, were lavish to the utmost.

Palace, Capitol, and Courthouse, impressive eighteenth century buildings, as well as many others, have been, as everyone knows, restored or rebuilt through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that Americans may gaze upon that last colonial capital of Virginia, and people it in their imaginations with the courtly gentlemen and lovely ladies of long ago.

INTERESTING and striking as is the restored governor's mansion architecturally, beautiful as are its formal gardens, for true elegance it may be that one must search along the Duke of Gloucester Street. The Apollo room in the Raleigh Tavern, in the grace of its proportions, in the rightness of its decoration, would be hard to surpass in America today. In this room in the original tavern it is known that Jefferson paced a

stately dance. The lovely, delicate chandeliers, so tradition has it, saw the birth of Phi Beta Kappa.

In spite of the pomp and circumstance of the "public times", and the dignified frivolity of the town people, life showed that it could be real and earnest even in Williamsburg. In that era, as in the present, an unfair tax brought immediate and vehement protest, and it was the Stamp Act which called forth young Patrick Henry's famous "If this be treason, make the most of it."

The new parkway between Williamsburg and Yorktown winds gently along York River's shore; but it was the old road which shook to the tramp of Washington's and Rochambeau's armies. Yorktown at one time was an important tobacco port, and along the main street of the town there are some fine examples, rebuilt or restored, of 18th century architecture. Here is the oldest Customs House in the country.

Drowsy now, Yorktown, or York as it used to be known, was once gay and fashionable, and the halls of its beautiful homes echoed to the laughter of southern belles and pantalooned young blades. One of these homes is York Hall, a famous and most gracious example of English architecture transplanted to a new land. Escaping destruction during the Revolution, it was for a time used as headquarters by Lord Cornwallis. By loving care, the house and the formal gardens have been restored and are now open to visitors. Much of the furniture merits the description "museum pieces".

Near the shores of the river still stands Moore House, where the terms of Cornwallis' capitulation were signed.

These three old towns make up the Colonial National Historical Park, in that part of Tidewater Virginia known to Virginians as The Peninsula. A week is none too long a time to spend browsing through them. It would be a pity, now, to turn back toward New York or to continue southward, without exploring the rest of Virginia. Nationally recognized fox hunts take place in the Fall in the Piedmont, to the west, and quail whistle in the brown fields. Along the "Northern Neck", so nearby, Stratford, Wakefield, Mount Vernon, redolent of a glorious past, are signposts on the journey.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 30)

Joseph, Mich. Mr. Warner, representing the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, told of the activities of the new Commission and the methods to be taken in combating subversive movements, and Mr. Masters also addressed the District Deputies. Judge Thompson told of the work of the Elks National Foundation Trustees and Mr. Rain spoke for the National Memorial Headquarters Commission. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, which also included Judge

Nicholas Albano of Newark, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., remained overnight and the next day met Father Flanagan, famous head of Boys Town. The Grand Exalted Ruler then left by plane for Washington, proceeding from there to Norfolk, Va., where he addressed the Virginia State Elks Association at its Convention on August 20.

Cool and pleasant weather was in order for the meeting of 50 District Deputies from 17 States east of the Mississippi River from Maine to

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Florida, held at the Elks National Home. Wisconsin was also represented. The Grand Exalted Ruler and many other distinguished Elks, including Grand Lodge officers and District Deputies, 85 in all, arrived the day before. On Friday night a short patriotic meeting preceded the showing of a feature film, "The Night of Nights", in the Harper Memorial Auditorium. Every resident of the home able to attend was present at the meeting. E.R. Daniel F. Edgington, of the Home Lodge, acting as Chairman, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler and also Judge John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Grand Treasurer Dr. Barrett, all of whom spoke. During the course of the meeting, Dr. Barrett presented to Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, a substantial check from Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, representing the collective effort of all the subordinate lodges to finance the showing of two films a week at the Home Auditorium. The speakers of the evening were given warm and enthusiastic applause. Following the Saturday morning meeting of the District Deputies, a delicious fried chicken picnic luncheon was served on the lawns of the Home. Another session was held in the afternoon.

All of the District Deputies made a special effort to meet and get acquainted with the residents from their respective States. This was greatly appreciated by every Elk living at the Home. Among those who attended the meeting,

in addition to the District Deputies and others mentioned above, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Judge Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge No. 1, Judge James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, David Sholtz of Daytona Beach Lodge, former Governor of Florida, Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge and Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Trustees Joseph B. Kyle, J. Ford Zietlow, and Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, W. Va.; Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; Col. Kelly; D. Curtis Gano of Rochester, Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and Judge Albano. Major Hart gave a talk on Public Relations activities, and Mr. Kyle spoke on the Elks National Home. Judge Hulbert and Mr. Sholtz discussed the Grand Exalted Ruler's program, Judge Hallinan and Mr. Nicholson, the National Defense program, and Mr. Malley, the Elks National Foundation. Mr. Masters also addressed the District Deputies.

Grand Exalted Ruler Buch left Bedford for Washington, Pa., where he attended the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Convention on August 26-27. He then went on to Cedar Point, where he addressed the Ohio State Elks Association Convention on August 28, and next visited Chicago, where he held conferences with the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Committee, and the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 34)



"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.

contrast to the heaviness of his coat. His tail suggests that whoever perfected this breed put all they had into the dog's body and when they came to his rear-end decided to call it a day. His colors are pleasing, being either black marked with white or tan, or light cream (solid) or fawn. He's one of the fastest dogs on earth and his powerful hindquarters enable him to cover great distances at remarkable speed, which makes him a splendid dog for coursing game. To the question which everyone who writes about dogs is asked time and again—"what is the oldest breed?"—this dog is perhaps the answer. In the tombs of Egyptian royalty found in the valley of the Nile are seen carvings of this type of dog dat-

ing back more than 4,000 years.

If we may be permitted to romance, it's not at all unlikely that dogs of this breed accompanied Cleopatra at times when that gal was in a mood to commit high-jinks, which we gather was often.

Here's a giant that relatively few, even dog show habitués, have seen and when seen isn't always recognized for what he is. That's the Scottish Deerhound, perhaps the second tallest of all dogs. (The Irish Wolfhound, the very tallest, is only a scant inch higher from the ground.) Mind you, we haven't said the heaviest.

This article will be continued in our next issue.

Red AND Gun



by Ray Trullinger

All of us have to miss once in a while, says our wing-shot expert, Mr. Trullinger

DURING the next three months a large number of surprised gents will lower still smoking shotguns and rifles, address a few searing words to the surrounding landscape and climax their profane outbursts with that inevitable question: "Now how in hell did I manage to miss THAT shot?"

This little comedy is enacted several million times every hunting season and in many instances the reason or reasons for these unexpected misses remain a deep mystery, like the ingredients in boarding house hash.

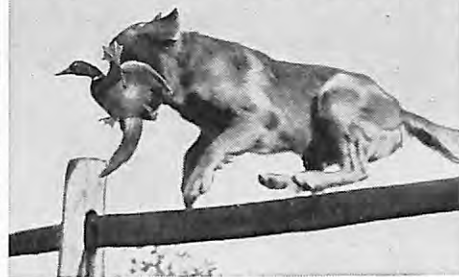
Even experienced hands occasionally find it difficult to account for their gunning fozzles—shots that, by all rules of the game, should have been smacked down with consummate ease. I recall one notable example:—

Three seasons ago, in company with a taciturn French-Canadian guide, I was shooting from a brush

blind spotted on the Richelieu River, in Quebec, a much-traveled duck flyway which connects Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence River. Only a few birds were a-wing that morning, and, to make things even more difficult, the ducks weren't decoying. It was tough but sporty shooting. An occasional small flock would whirl in over the outer edge of our rig for a quick look-see, and receive a chilled shot salute, and blaze on with an added burst of speed. Goldeneyes, bluebills and bluewing teal were furnishing the entertainment.

FORTUNATELY, we both were "hot" and making the most of infrequent opportunities. Along toward mid-morning a dozen birds reposed in the blind and it looked as though we eventually might attain our limits. This conviction grew right after the guide combed a pair of high-flying bluebills from a whizzing flock, and after I had registered two neat doubles on goldeneyes. The six dead birds were floating outside the de- (Continued on page 56)

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"Rip," 1939 National Retriever Trial Champion, owned by Paul Bakewell, III, St. Louis, Mo.

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coys and we were in the midst of a mutual admiration gabfest, and about to push out to retrieve the birds, when a down-river glance disclosed three approaching black ducks. The birds were winging along slowly, obviously looking for company. A second later they spotted our decoys and veered toward the rig.

"Hah," exclaimed the guide under his breath, "blacks! We keel heem easy."

"Yeah," I replied, easing off the safety, "this looks like the day's soft touch. I'll smack 'em down; you just see that no cripples get away."

The oncoming blacks sifted in, made that characteristic black duck dip over the decoys, and at that precise instant we stood 'em up.

Now, if ever a setup shot was presented two wildfowlers, that was it. We had those three birds cold. They were hanging over the decoys as big as balloons at about 30-yard range; it didn't seem possible to miss them, even with a carelessly thrown rock. My repeater barked once, twice and again. Not a feather dropped. I recall the guide gave me one astonished sidelong glance as he whipped his double 10-gauge up and cut loose with both barrels. The birds still were within easy killing range as his venerable fowling piece bellowed. He didn't touch a feather, either.

For the next few minutes the immediate vicinity of that blind was sulfurous with mingled Yankee and Canuck cussing. The unaccountable miss had us both baffled. Each of us blamed the other for lousy shooting. It wasn't until later that we doped out the answer. It boiled down to a simple matter of sudden change of pace. We'd been shooting at 60-mile-an-hour birds all morning. For the first time that day we'd had an opportunity of shooting almost directly at our targets, instead of swinging eight to twelve feet ahead. Neither of us remembered to reduce gear. You can witness a parallel at any ball game when a batter is set for a high, hard pitch, but instead gets a lazy floater.

It's an axiom that most missed shots with a scattergun are the result of insufficient lead, or "shooting behind", and that it's almost impossible to over-lead a fast-traveling target. Not many hunters realize the same rule applies when the rifle is substituted for the shorter-ranged weapon. Here's an example of this last:—

A few seasons ago the writer was prowling an Adirondack ridge with a deer-hunting companion when the latter spooked a small buck which ran directly past me at, perhaps, 60-yard range. The critter was scared silly, moving at top speed, and as the carbine's front bead caught up and passed the fleeing animal a small voice whispered, "Brother, that buck's moving; you better get 'way out in front."

The sight was a good three feet ahead of that deer's brisket—and still moving—when the rifle barked.

The buck went down in a heap and from where I stood it looked like a dead center heart shot. A minute or two later my ego was considerably deflated. You know where that deer was hit? Right through both hind legs, just below the hocks. The animal was dispatched just as my companion walked up. He took one look, noted where the first bullet had struck, and uttered one word, "Horseshoes!"

ANOTHER reason for unaccountable gunning miscues on the part of many shooters is an inability to keep the cheek firmly pressed against the gunstock. This sin is known as "raising the head", and not only is difficult to detect, but even more difficult to correct. It crops up most frequently when a right-handed shooter is presented a sharply-rising, left quartering shot. What happens is that the shooter unconsciously pulls his cheek away from the comb to better keep the sharply zooming target or bird in view. This also explains why most shooters are less effective with their second shot. The recoil from the first kicks the shooter's face away from the comb.

Then we have the flinchers, occasional and chronic. This gunning malady is harder to control than ringworm. Many shooters don't realize they flinch until they forget to load their guns, shove off the safety or are victims of a misfire. At such times the unnoticed flinch becomes obvious to one and all.

Causes include nervousness, a poorly fitting weapon—which subjects the shoulder or face to unnecessary punishment—or heavy loads fired in lightweight weapons. Cures are a combination of common sense and Coue, namely, a heavier or better fitting gun and constant repetition of the phrase, "I ain't gonna flinch no mo', no mo'," just before the shot is fired. If this self treatment doesn't work there's still golf, bridge or the horses.

A poorly fitting gun can and does account for some misdirected shots, but in most instances these often puzzling misses can be charged to the shooter and not to the poorly fitting gun. The average modern weapon is pretty well standardized as to specifications; there isn't much variation as to drop or stock length. Hence any fair to middling shot can pick any one of a dozen shotguns from a rack, and, assuming the gun hasn't an offset stock or other unusual feature, shoot it almost as well as he can his own. The strange weapon might not "feel" just right, but the shooter can kill game or break targets with it just the same.

NOT all wildfowlers are familiar with the fact that various species of ducks react differently when alarmed, something that contributes not only to missed shots, but also to missed opportunities. Diving ducks, including bluebills, canvasbacks and the like, do not react the same in the

presence of danger as, for instance, pintails, mallards and blacks.

Diving ducks are swift flyers, decoy without ceremony, and almost invariably will wing right past a blind even in the face of shotgun blasts, veering only to right or left. Frequently they'll come straight through. For which reason it's smart strategy to start shooting while they're still at extreme effective range.

To pull this little trick on a flock of decoying puddle ducks merely would be bidding for a missed shot or crippled birds. The reason is that all shallow water feeders flare up and "back-pedal" away from danger in split seconds. All are wizards at changing flight direction and other aerial acrobatics, and all, with the possible exception of teal, are decidedly on the wary side. Hence the shooter who fires his first shot at a 45 or 50-yard pintail and misses likely will find himself shooting his second at 60-yard range or more. Which is a bit too far unless he's swinging a magnum and knows his leads beyond 50 yards.

Most wingshots have a pet gunning weakness—a disposition to miss certain shots or some type of bird. Old John was one such. He was about the last of the really great market gunners of bygone days, and it was my great good fortune to hunt with him in his declining years.

John was a master strategist on a duck marsh and perhaps one of the deadliest operators ever to step in a blind. He could shoot a pumpgun like no other man I've ever seen, before or since; to watch him handle a cornsheller was sheer delight. I once saw him cut 14 sprigs from a passing flock with five shots; time and again he'd "clean" small bands of four, five and six ducks with almost machine-like efficiency. But he couldn't hit jacksnipe for sour apples. Neither of us ever found out why.

In a duck blind he expected to get a bird with every shell, taking them high, wide and handsome, and he frequently did just that. But jacksnipe were something else again. He just couldn't hit 'em with any regularity—one bird in about ten shots was his usual average.

But he kept trying to the bitter end. When the morning flight was over it always was "What say, Bub? Shall we prowl around the tideland awhile and bust ourselves a mess of snipe?"

Then we'd start out, a few yards apart. I can still see him in my mind's eye, etched against a wind-blown tideland background, a missed snipe disappearing in the distance.

"There goes another of them corkscrew-flyin', rubber-billed illegitimates," he'd mutter, ejecting the fired shell, "I wonder why the hell I missed him?"

I've often hoped that John found the answer when he arrived at that Valhalla where all good duck hunters go.



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Just before the maiden flights of America's first Stratoliners — stratosphere ace "Tommy" Tomlinson (center) takes time to enjoy a slow-burning Camel with pilots Otis F. Bryan (left) and John E. Harlin (right).



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