

"We are opposed to sending our American boys to war in Europe; we are in favor of the fullest and most adequate preparedness to meet any war of aggression, to defend our shores and our national honor."

DECLARATION OF THE GRAND
LODGE, HOUSTON, TEXAS, JULY, 1940



THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1940

"PATHS OF PEACE" MURAL PANEL by EUGENE SAVAGE, ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Q



*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



Chesterfield
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*Do you smoke the
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Q



A MESSAGE *from the* **GRAND** **EXALTED RULER**

My Brothers:

Now that our country has decided to call into service the youth of the nation, a great duty is placed before the membership of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks by our National Defense Commission, and to its threefold program I am devoting my message to you this month.

Many of our members will be called for training but there are thousands of others who, having passed the selective age, yet have a definite place in our Order's program. On their shoulders falls the first task of upholding and teaching Americanism and its democratic form of government. We must not give lip service alone, we must live each day as true Americans and by our example cause others to place the true value on our sacred rights and to grasp the ideals of our institutions and the hopes and aspirations of our people so that we may perpetuate "Our America".

The second task is that of discovering and reporting treasonable, subversive and Fifth Column activities in America. This is no easy matter for it is the work done under cover that does the most harm, and often what appears to be a routine procedure turns out to be a pernicious piece of propaganda. So be always alert and watchful, be a true Elk and a valuable ally to our Government and its work to keep America for Americans.

The third task is the assisting in the physical development of the youth of our country and this is a part of the program that each subordinate lodge should make an effort to carry out. Also through the establishment of classes for moderate physical culture activities each member of the Order of Elks may be physically fit to meet his responsibilities now and in the days ahead when our Order and country may need the best that each of us has to give.

Our objectives have been set and now is the zero hour. Each of us has a duty to perform. We must make the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks the outstanding American fraternal organization and this can only be done if every member interests himself in our program and responds to his duty as a citizen and, though personal sacrifices may be necessary, also to inspire others to accept their obligations.

So be Loyal and True to our Nation and Order, remembering that as long as the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity remain with us in deed as well as in thought, Elkdom will live on and America will endure.

Joe G. Buech
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

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

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A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR

AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

Costly Work Formerly "Sent Out" by Business Men Now Done by Themselves at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile, and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

Not a "Gadget"—
Not a "Knick-Knack"—

but a valuable, proved device which has been sold successfully by business novices as well as seasoned veterans.

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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SOME LIKE IT Cold

by William Fay

Jimmy was darned if he'd die for Morrow's Department Store—but when it came to doing practically the same thing for the Outdoor Girl—well . . .

JIMMY thought business was fine but that lunch would be better, and with his ears packed into the high collar of his coat, moved through the traffic of Morrow's Department Store towards the bitter wind that walked the streets outside.

It is bright young men like Jimmy who have made this store so modern and progressive, and washed its face of a century's dust where it stands on Fifth Avenue, East. Reconditioned, air-conditioned, somewhat partitioned, plastered with murals and ebony slabs, Morrow's is the Store of Tomorrow, and those who hold its destiny in hand are really going somewhere.

Jimmy was going to lunch. The revolving door he aimed at spun busily and dizzily. The revolving

doors at Morrow's are of crystal and mirror effects, and when you go through you may see your face and profile, the back of your head and the crease in your pants. The effect is dazzling and undoubtedly brilliant, but there are times when it is confusing. A revolving door, when in full flight accepts and rejects its passengers swiftly. He might have done well to consider his leap, but he was smiling a smile for a sales girl when he took the crucial step. He collided with flesh and a woman screamed. The bulk of himself, the woman and her dog was enough to jam the progress of the door. The dog, no longer in the woman's arms, climbed up the velvet of his Chesterfield coat and clawed the fine felt of his derby hat. The dog was not aggressive; its maneuvers were prompted by fright. It was an ermine dog that looked like a muff, and of the kind that is standard with the women who love them. The dog and the woman were in a frantic state of self-defense.

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy, "I'm terribly, terribly sorry!" The woman could see he was not an assassin, and thus assured, redeemed her dog from his neck. "Well, you can just stop being sorry and get me out of here!" she said hysterically.

But the door would not move because of somebody's arm, and Jimmy, regarding the arm, long and slender, with wriggling fingers in a black suede glove, knew well it did not belong to the woman or her dog, but to another party not identified as yet, trapped in another segment of the door. The dog was the complaining kind, a wretch of a dog. Then everybody pushed, and they were released by the one revolution that tossed them back into the store.

Now he could see the girl who owned the extra arm, and it was not her arm but the rest of her that captured his fleeting fancy. He looked again and was compelled to forget all other characters involved. She rubbed the injured arm. "I'll bet it's broken," she said. "You didn't have to shove against it. I would gladly have withdrawn it."

"There must be something I can do," he said, and thought, as bright employees are trained to think, "She'll sue the store!" He turned his sunny smile upon the girl, but found, to his dismay, it could not melt her mounting indignation.

Her fragile hat was crumpled, victim of the crush. She held it in one hand and viewed the damage done. She was tall—a high cathedral of a girl, and he had not seen such quan-



tity and quality as this since last he had gone to the movies. Her eyes were almost level with his own, and he was as big as a rearing horse. Men who are excessively tall measure swiftly to their own dimensions, and here before him stood a girl, beautiful and tailored in the flesh to suit himself. A store like Morrow's has many hats. He said, "If you'll follow me, perhaps we can find you a new hat."

"I've been finding my own hats for a long time, thank you. You'll probably snatch one from somebody's head!" She went her way, tall and stately, through the crowd, and the woman who held the dog said, "Look at me, I'm a mess!"

This was quite true, for more reasons than one, but Jimmy cared not to offend the woman by sharing her point of view. Old gals who shop while making kennels of themselves must expect to be covered with little white hairs. He slipped away to lunch with a friend named Joe, swinging his arms to keep himself warm, and thinking about the girl.

He ate the olives from his friend's and his own Martinis. "Strictly a dream girl, Joe," he said. "She's probably still in the store. Now why do I sit here eating lunch?"

"Who said you were eating lunch? You're just tryna stare it down."

"You don't understand, pal. You didn't see the girl."

"Must be interesting," Joe confessed. "Sounds like a giraffe. How tall was she?"

"None of your business, see? I don't have to take that abuse. I don't have to sit here and listen to that. She was a wonderful girl."

"What was her name?"

"How'd I know what her name was?"

"Or her address? The number to call? What's the matter with you? What kind of a lover are you?"

"I'm a great lover. Come on. Lemme get outta here."

Joe said, "The pie. I haven't eaten the pie."

Back at Morrow's, he saw no head above the crowd belonging to the girl. He rode a crowded escalator, floating to the mezzanine where he performed his labors in the advertising of the things that Morrow's wished to sell. He gave his genius for a pretty price, and let his ideas run like wild and joyful beasts about the place. His office was a modern and attractive stall that he could enter by an outer door. Many phones were set about his desk, a dictaphone and

Mr. Morrow said, "Of course he's a scoundrel! A broken ankle, eh? It's a broken neck he should have!"

a little box that buzzed. A picture of his mother smiled atop his desk, in soft approval of her bounding boy's success. The little box began to buzz, so he pushed a button down. His secretary said, "Miss Barry is waiting."

"Miss Barry? Who is Miss Barry, dumpling?"

"The Outdoor Girl. From the agency. The one who skis. Mr. Morrow said you would see her."

"Send 'er in."

He lit a cigarette and thought, it's a wonderful world when you let it come knocking at your door. The girls from the agency were always nice to see. They would sometimes have a drink, a meal, a brief adventure with a likely lad.

The girl came through the door and Jimmy came out of his seat. This was Miss Barry, he supposed. But she was also tall and wore black suede gloves and carried a damaged hat in her hands. She wore a fur jacket, square at the shoulders, cut off at the waist. Her legs were long and remarkable. Her eyes were deep and very dark, alive against the soft cream of her skin. The color in her cheeks was strictly her own and

growing fast while she looked at him, scarce believing the sight she saw.

He exhaled a bit of the smoke he had swallowed. "Life is full of surprises," he said, and offered her a seat. "I'm Mr. Brannigan. Mr. James Brannigan."

"That's what it says on the door," she said, but made no attempt to be seated. There was ten cents' worth of humor in her mouth, plus a dollar's worth of suspicion. "I'll go quietly," she said.

"I'm harmless," he assured her. "I wouldn't step on a worm. I didn't

mean to wreck your hat or break your arm."

"You didn't break it." She flexed the arm.

"Then what's all the shouting about?"

"I'm not shouting."

"You were shouting. Downstairs you were shouting."

"Well, I had something to shout about."

"I offered to get you a hat."

"My hat's all right. I don't need a hat, thank you."

"All right. You don't need a hat.

But you could sit down. We're talking business. You are Miss Barry and I am Mr. Brannigan."

"I had no idea," she told him. "I thought I was Miss Brannigan and you were a tumbling act." But she did sit down.

"Now," said Jimmy and rubbed his hands. "This is very chummy." From a drawer of his desk he withdrew a paper form. He took the pen from its marble container and thought of friend Joe, and of comments lightly exchanged at lunch.

"Your name, please?"

"Miss Barry."

"You were not called that by your mother."

"I was called Raindrop by my mother. A minister named me Joan."

"That's nice," he said. "That's very nice. But we'll have to call you Snowdrop. You're the Outdoor Girl. We all have to make some concessions. Your address?"

She told him her address.

"Telephone?" She told him that. He showed her the sheet. "Required form," he said. "Indispensable to the files, and the cops may be looking for you. We never know. What ex-

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy. "terribly terribly sorry." The woman should be able to see that he wasn't an assassin.

Illustrated by
GILBERT ELDRIDGE

perience have you had, Miss Barry? And your age? I almost forgot your age."

"Twenty-three," she told him.

"On the level?"

"What do you think?"

"I think it's a lovely age. I'm twenty-nine myself."

"Twenty-nine and twenty-three are fifty-two," she said. "I hope this doesn't keep up all day. I hope you're not the Outdoor Boy. I couldn't stand it. Not even for fifty dollars a week."



"I wish I was the Outdoor Boy," he said. "Cooped up in here like a mad dog, foaming at the mouth. You'll like the Outdoor Boy. He's strictly an iceberg. From Stockholm. Just step this way, Miss Bee. We frequently use the initial around the store. Saves breath, of course. I'm known as Mr. Bee. Coincidence?"

"It's no coincidence. It's a plot."

She followed him through the door, out to the mezzanine from where they could see the wondrous Winterland that Morrow's had erected in the left wing of the downstairs store. They stood together by the balustrade, beheld the ski-slide, rearing thirty precipitous feet. The snowstorm, of course, had been a phoney, but it was everywhere and genuine to the eyes. A banked toboggan stood suspended in the air, packed with dummies, life-sized and wearing goggles. The effect was dynamic; it made you want to duck and get out of harm's way. "Classy, eh?" said Jimmy. "Mr. Morrow and I thought that little one up. Did you bring your skis?"

"I've got them in my handbag," said the girl. "But I didn't bring the huskies. I couldn't get them stuffed." She saw incredibly enough, the ski master go down the chute, the beautiful turn of his body, the cascade of artificial ice disturbed as he braked himself at the end of his effort.

"That's Mr. Jonson," said Jimmy.

"It was a beautiful maneuver. He's good. Do I have to do that?"

"Can you?"

"I can ski like a reindeer," she stated modestly. "But not at your prices. Not for fifty dollars, Mr. Bee. I'm not insured. I have a mother at home."

"So have I," he said happily. "Where is home?"

"Boston," she told him. "What's the difference?"

"Mine is Philadelphia," he said. "The difference is over three hundred miles."

They rode down the escalator and Mr. Jonson came over to meet them. Mr. Jonson was a sinewy Scandinavian, whose first name was made of consonants jammed heedlessly together. He was as silent as a snowman, and only spoke on paydays, and then, to be sure, like a seal on a rock, and never of more than the whiskey he wanted or the kind of turns he could execute on skis. Mr. Jonson was blonde as an omelette and straight as a rule, with his features well fashioned and rather heroic. Tall he was, too, but on the hard side of thirty, and with too many bags beneath his blue eyes to be known as the Outdoor Boy.

Jimmy saw them again, later in the day, from the mezzanine where he stood with Matthew Morrow. Joan was now dressed as the queen of the eskimos might wish to be dressed, and Mr. Morrow, admiring, said, "Where did you get a girl like that?" There was happiness afloat in the voice of the man, and the skis and costumes, displayed on the floor,

were positive hot cakes in this winter campaign. "Advertise, advertise, advertise," said Mr. Morrow. "If it's snow they want, build them an alp!"

Matthew Morrow was first vice-president in this flourishing firm, in charge of its advertising, in love with winter. "More money in sports than there is in diamonds," Mr. Morrow said. "It will improve the public health. I'm proud of the work we're doing." Always an ideal, jelled with the methods of profit; that was Matthew Morrow, angular, fifty, as sharp as a needle shoved in your leg. "A fine job, Jimmy," Mr. Morrow said. "Yes, indeed, a beautiful job."

There is little doubt, in the minds of those who know, that Morrow's is the place to go for the better sporting equipment. It's the way they have of doing things—an expert in every field: a champion marksman for the shooting of bear, and Mr. Jonson for the leaping of hills. It did not assist things, on the fifteenth of the month, when Mr. Jonson, no longer on skis, fell down the escalator and broke his leg. It was a point to ponder, and Matthew Morrow did not know where to turn.

"Think," he said to Jimmy, and Jimmy was thinking, "Bailey Brothers have Bjorgsen," said Mr. Morrow.

(Continued on page 32)



WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

by Harry Hansen



Photo by Barron Callen

NEW books are appearing in such huge numbers and covering so great a variety of topics that I wonder how even the bookseller and the librarian keep track of them. To the flood of books about Hitler and Nazi Germany published since the European war began there are now being added books that explain the defeat of France. These are filled with accusations against politicians and generals and out of them comes the general impression that there was no unified movement for defense in France; that industry lagged and generals who objected could get nothing done; that the army was full of theorists.

André Maurois understands how to write for Americans; they will read his book, "Tragedy in France", with profit. He reports, briefly and clearly, what he learned in France; he is a patriot, confident that France will survive. Some of his conclusions point the way to stronger leadership, for he condemns the vacillating politicians who consult the popular will at every turn, when the people themselves expect the leader to take thinking off their minds. He has faith in the common people of France and England, finding them often more determined and ready than their leaders. (Harper, \$2)

More intimate knowledge of military affairs is shown by René de Chambrun in "I Saw France Fall; Will She Rise Again?" Capt. de Chambrun is a direct descendant of Lafayette and the son of an American woman, of the Longworth family of Cincinnati. He was in the fighting

Above is Frances Davis, author of "My Shadow In the Sun". Miss Davis won her spurs as a newspaper correspondent under fire when the guns first started going off in Europe.

in Belgium and Flanders and with the British retreat at Dunkerque; there he caught a speedboat under fire and reached Dover. His account of the efficiency of German fighting has authority; unfortunately, it comes too late to be of service to France. He knew that General Weygand had published, four years before the war, a true picture of how the Germans would fight, but that the French government of that time had shelved him. Capt. de Chambrun also expresses the opinion that the power of the executive had been hampered in France by the houses of parliament and that President Lebrun agreed with him that "one of the essential principles which we had lost was that the man chosen by the people to lead them in times of emergency should be trusted to act, and not shackled by restraints that made effective leadership impossible". He also makes plain that the Popular Front was ready to take doles, jobs, pensions and everything it could grasp without understanding the responsibilities involved—the sacrifices that must be made as a price for liberty. This book gives an excellent account of the fighting and reflects a Frenchman's confidence that the German victory is temporary. (William Morrow & Co., \$2.50)

EDWARD TRELAWNY was the English adventurer who knew Shelley and Byron and who officiated at the burning of Shelley's body on the sands of (Continued on page 54)

College Czar

by Stanley Frank



Mr. Frank gives us an earful of the man who has one of the toughest jobs in the athletic world—Asa Bushnell.

OLD Overcoat Osteopathy is about to meet the Toonerville Trolley Teachers in the annual football classic and, before the athletes commence committing interesting atrocities on one another, the question of officials for the game arises. Osteopathy's graduate manager suggests for referee Mr. Oswald Schmierkaase, a gent who never has blown the whistle on his loyalty to good old O.O.

"He's blind, the bum!" the dip-

lomat from Toonerville yelps. "Nine years ago he ruined an undefeated team for us when he didn't call a flagrant off-side against the other club. It cost us a sure touchdown. We were only forty yards away at the time. What's the matter with Joe Jeepers? There's a good referee."

"Sure, that will be real nice," the Old Overcoat man says with elaborate sarcasm. "Your wife's uncle would love to see his old fraternity brother again. But he won't on our dough. The only thing Jesse James had on Jeepers was a horse."

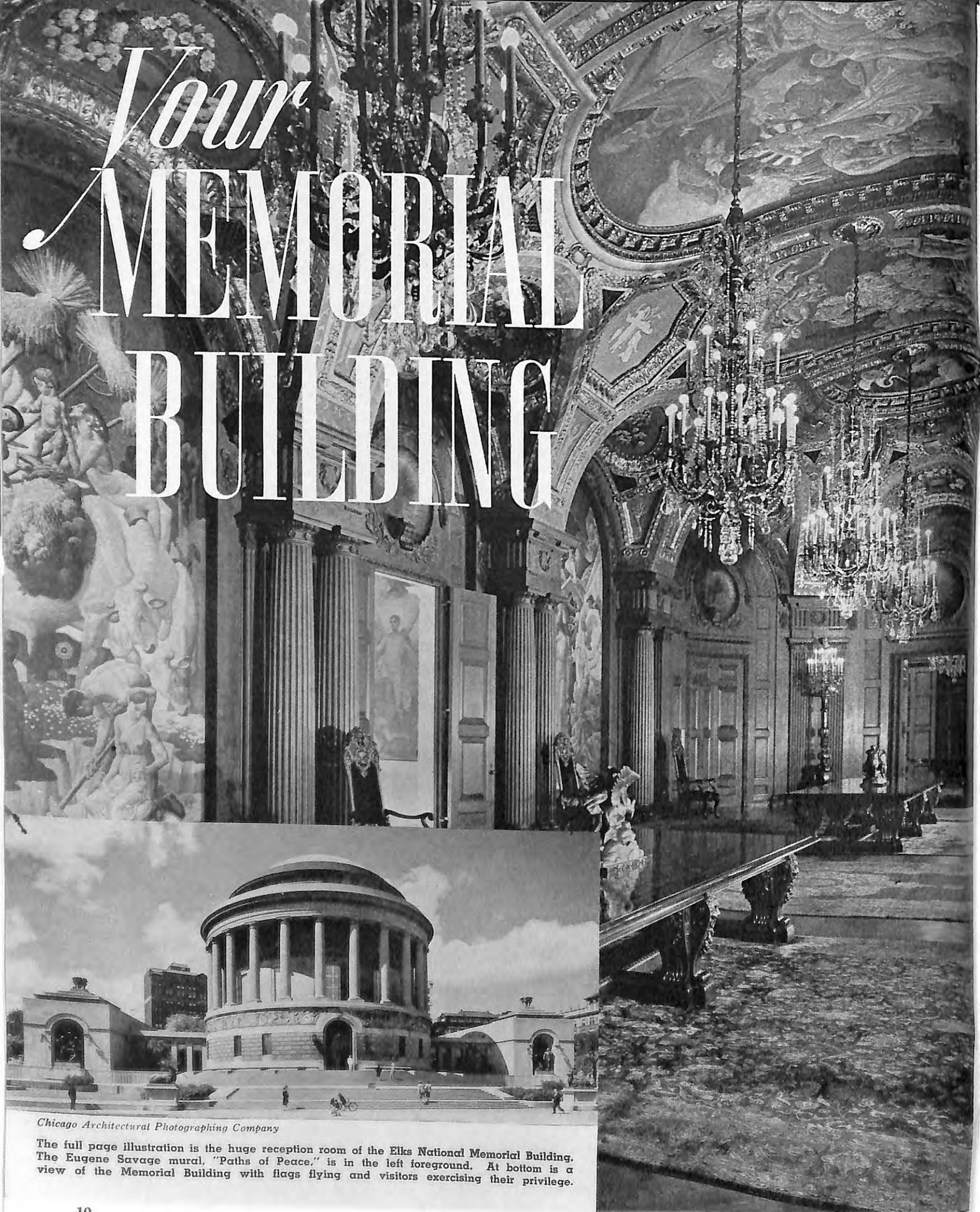
A lovely rumpus ensues and the upshot is that four officials are lugged across the continent to assure

a fair shake for both sides. The impartial importations proceed to mess up things gloriously and the exercises between the centers of culture wind up in an elegant free-for-all, with the customers participating. If enough skulls are cracked and the embattled diploma factories can afford the luxury of putting outraged honor ahead of cushy gate receipts, the traditional rivals break off athletic relations.

That sort of nonsense transpired regularly in the dear, dead days. It doesn't happen any more, though; not among the forty colleges in the East which employ Asa S. Bushnell,

(Continued on page 50)

Your MEMORIAL BUILDING



Chicago Architectural Photographing Company

The full page illustration is the huge reception room of the Elks National Memorial Building. The Eugene Savage mural, "Paths of Peace," is in the left foreground. At bottom is a view of the Memorial Building with flags flying and visitors exercising their privilege.



by Mildred Masters

"To stretch the octave 'twixt the dream and deed, Ah, that's the thrill!"

IF you keep those lines in mind when you visit your great Memorial Building in Chicago, you will soon realize that Richard Le Gallienne knew what he was talking about. Because you, as members of the Order of Elks, will experience the thrill of a dream come true, a dream of the spirit of patriotism and fraternity brought to life. That spirit is elusive. You can't reach out to touch it. But it is unmistakable. You feel it all about you. And then you understand the stretch "'twixt the dream and deed", the glorious vision which made it possible for chisel and brush to transform rough stone and blank canvas into a stately structure that interprets for its visitor the magic message of loyalty to ideals.

Most of you know the story of the dream. To you who are new members it is enough to say that, after the World War, every Elk felt that a memorial should be erected as a tribute to the sacrifices made by the more than 70,000 Brothers who had served in the war, over 1,000 of whom had given their lives for their country. The members of the Commission appointed to consider such a tribute determined upon a form that received the unanimous approval of the entire membership—a magnificent memorial building that should incorporate within its space for administrative offices and also adequate provision for the preservation of the Order's valuable records. They envisioned a building of matchless beauty, which would take its place among the far-famed memorials of the world.

After Chicago had been chosen as the most suitable city, because of its central location, a site was decided upon, and the renowned Egerton Swartwout was engaged as architect. The plans were drawn, and the contract was awarded to the Hege-man-Harris Company. The work was under way. Step by step the vision grew, until at last the proud building stood completed. And today the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is unique. There is nothing quite like it.

Well over a million people have visited it and have carried away with them a lasting image of loveliness. Known and honored not only throughout America but in well-nigh every country of the earth, the Memorial Building belongs rightfully among the world's architectural masterpieces.

Its majestic columns and noble dome rise above Lincoln Park, that great green woods in the heart of Chicago. When you reach the building on your first visit—or your twenty-first, for that matter—wait a few minutes before you enter. Go across the street into the park to get the effect of the exterior in all

its splendid symmetry. Revel in the wide sweep of the massive circular section, the strong round columns, the graceful glassed-in passageways leading to the wings, the broad curving steps. See how effectively the green lawns, sturdy shrubbery, tall trees, and towering flag poles from which flags fly every day, frame the mellowed stone of the structure itself.

The general design has best been described by Mr. Swartwout, the architect, in these words, "I might say it was classic and more Roman than Greek; I would prefer to say it was modern, and that it was American. It is certainly modern in conception, and while it is classic it is not archaeological. It follows along the lines of that adaptation of the classic which got such a noble start in this country just after the Revolution; the style used in the Capitol and other buildings in Washington. It is our national heritage."

Now that you've studied the design as a whole, walk back across the street for a closer view of the two life-sized reclining elk that guard the approach to the entrance. They were created in bronze by Laura Gardin Fraser, considered America's foremost artist in animal sculpture, and won for her the first prize at the 1928 Exhibition of the National Arts Club in New York as the best work of art by a woman, in either painting or sculpture, produced during the year 1927.

From the street level, too, you gain an excellent view of the incomparable bronze groups in the niches of the wings. "Patriotism" and "Fraternity", the virtues that inspired the memorial, are symbolized in these statuary groups by the eminent sculptor, Adolph A. Weinman, who also carved the striking frieze running around the central section of the building. Look closely at this frieze as you go up the steps, for it is the most extensive work of its kind in the world. "The Triumphs of Peace Endure—The Triumphs of War Perish". These words carved above the entrance aptly describe the subject of the frieze, with life-sized figures in high relief marching along in two processions: on the right depicting the incidents of war and its ultimate futility, on the left representing peaceful pursuits and resulting contentment.

Undoubtedly, as every visitor does, you will first glance up, up to the lofty dome towering above you, lustrous in soft golden light. From the very top, your eyes drop to the more brilliantly lighted and colored medallions that fill the rest of the ceiling. Such a quantity and variety of beautiful marble as you see here have never before been used in any one structure. The quarries of the world had to be searched for it.



Above is a general view of the Memorial Hall showing the beauty of its design. Below: Looking from the reception room through the Memorial Hall across to the great bronze entrance doors.



Richly gorgeous dark colors; delicately translucent pale tints; faultless columns, graceful balustrades. "Where did it all come from?" many people ask, and the guide is happy to tell you about the origin of every kind and color.

Non-members of the Order always seem to be particularly interested in the splendid statues of gilded bronze that symbolize the Fraternity's four cardinal virtues: Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. These are the work of James Earle Fraser, one of America's foremost sculptors, husband of Laura Gardin Fraser. You might like to know that he created, among many other outstanding pieces, the allegorical statues at the entrance to the new Supreme Court Building in Washington, and the colossal statue of George Washington so much admired at the New York World's Fair.

The superb murals alternating with the windows in the memorial rotunda are by Eugene Francis Savage, the eminent American artist, who spent years at this gigantic work. A former President of the National Society of Mural Painters,

Mr. Arthur Covey, referred to these murals as "the most significant event in mural painting"; and for them Mr. Savage received the Gold Medal of Honor of the Architectural League of New York in 1929. They represent allegorically the spirit of sacrifice of those who served their country during the World War. Mr. Savage explains that eight of the panels are based on certain promised rewards in the *Beatitudes*, and that four portray winged figures carrying forward the symbols of the four cardinal virtues represented on the altars below. Every visitor seems to pick out a favorite or two among these murals, with the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse apparently the choice of the majority.

One of Savage's most difficult tasks in this work was to create colors subdued enough to blend with the marble pillars, as he ordinarily prefers the amazingly brilliant tones so characteristic of his well-known paintings. The predominant color in particular will catch your eye. "What is that color?" women often ask. "Is it bronze?" "No", the guide answers.

(Continued on page 45)

Elks Program of National Defense



Keystone View Co.

THE Elks Program of National Defense is everywhere meeting with enthusiastic response on the part of subordinate lodges. Approximately one thousand defense committees selected by Exalted Rulers are cooperating with the Elks National Defense Commission which was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch at the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston in July.

Splendid Americanization and preparedness meetings were held by most of our lodges during the third week in October.

The members of the Commission feel that the most important activities to which the Elks should devote themselves in contributing to the development of our country's defense are the following:

1. Uphold and teach Americanism and our democratic form of government.
2. Discover and report treasonable, subversive and fifth column activities in America.
3. Assist in the physical development of the youth of our country.

Definite plans for carrying out the Order's Three Point Program of patriotic service are being set up by the local lodge committees. This is work in which every Elk can do his part. By cooperating with the Defense Committee of his lodge each member of the Order has an exceptional opportunity to serve his lodge and Order and to contribute materially to the preservation and defense of "The American Way of Life".

Supplementary Program for Defense Activities of Subordinate Lodges

1. Campaign to expend vocational training in the public schools—having in mind the importance of mechanized units in modern warfare.
2. Exemption of dues of members called into the armed service of our country.
3. Offering the use of Elks lodge homes for patriotic purposes.

4. Promoting the more general and constant display of our country's flag.

5. Special affairs in honor of men being called into armed service.

6. Organizing the mothers, wives and daughters of the members for cooperation in the general defense program of the lodge and particularly to contribute to the comfort of the boys in army camps.

7. Organizing the members of the lodge for moderate physical culture activities to the end that the individual Elk may be physically fit to meet his responsibility now and in the days ahead when our Order and Country need the best that each of us has to give.

In the World War the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks established a record of patriotic service of which every member of this Order may well be proud.

The call has come again!

Once more the Elks are given an opportunity to show their patriotic loyalty and make an important contribution to the defense of our country and the preservation of the democratic form of government that has advanced this country to its place of leadership among the nations of the world, and made possible the liberty and opportunities that, as American citizens, we enjoy today.

We pledge ourselves to give our Order and our country *now* the best we have to give, and confidently we appeal to all Elks to give earnest, whole-hearted support to the Elks Program of National Defense.

James R. Nicholson, P.G.E.R., Chairman
 James T. Hallinan, P.G.E.R., Vice-Chairman
 Edward J. McCormick, P.G.E.R., Secretary
 John R. Coen, P.G.E.R.
 Michael T. Shannon, P.G.E.R.
 David Sholtz, P.G.E.R.
 Henry C. Warner, P.G.E.R.
 Joseph G. Buch, Grand Exalted Ruler, *ex officio*

Flowers for Judy

by Jerome Weidman

**Five people whose lives were bound together.
And one of the five could wreck them all—if she
wanted to.**

THE lobby of The Fashion Tower was almost deserted. As I walked toward the left bank of elevators I could hear the sharp click of my own heels on the marble floor. The starter in his trim blue and gold uniform was standing in front of the large bronze instrument panel. He was setting the switches that timed the express cars automatically. The day's rush would begin in an hour or less. He looked up in surprise and then, when he recognized me, he grinned cheerfully and touched the stiff black visor of his cap with his right forefinger.

"Morning, Mr. Porter. Bright and early, I see."

"Yes," I said.

"She definitely coming in today?" he asked. I nodded shortly and stepped into the car. He wanted to say more, but I looked across his head. I was in no mood for small talk. "Okay," he said to the elevator operator. "Take Mr. Porter up."

The doors closed noiselessly and we started to slide upward swiftly. Joe turned to face me, his hand on the control lever. "Miss Farrar really coming in this morning?" he asked with a smile. "I mean, is Mrs. —?"

"Yes," I said, and I wondered about the old adage that bad news travels faster than good. My experience had taught me that they move with equal speed. As I watched the grin on Joe's face I reflected that if anything, good news had the edge a little. "Their boat gets in at nine," I said. "They're expected here shortly after that."

"Bet there's plenty of excitement up at W. & W., eh, Mr. Porter?"

I thought of what the offices of Wilmerding & Waters had been like for the past few weeks, and what I

was afraid they would be like this morning, and I smiled wryly to myself.

"Sort of," I said. "Why do you ask, Joe? Anybody beat me in?"

"No, sir. Just the boy from the florist. Took him up the front way about fifteen minutes ago because the rush won't start for an hour yet."

"Did you tell him to—?"

"Yes, sir. I told him to leave them outside the door."

"Thanks, Joe."

"Anything else coming, Mr. Porter?"

Something in the nature of a tidal wave, I was afraid, but I couldn't tell him that.

"Some liquor and things from the caterer. If you start getting busy out front, send them up on the freight elevator. That'll be all right."

"Okay, Mr. Porter. If I miss her and she goes up in another car, give Miss Farrar my regards, will you? I mean give Mrs. —"

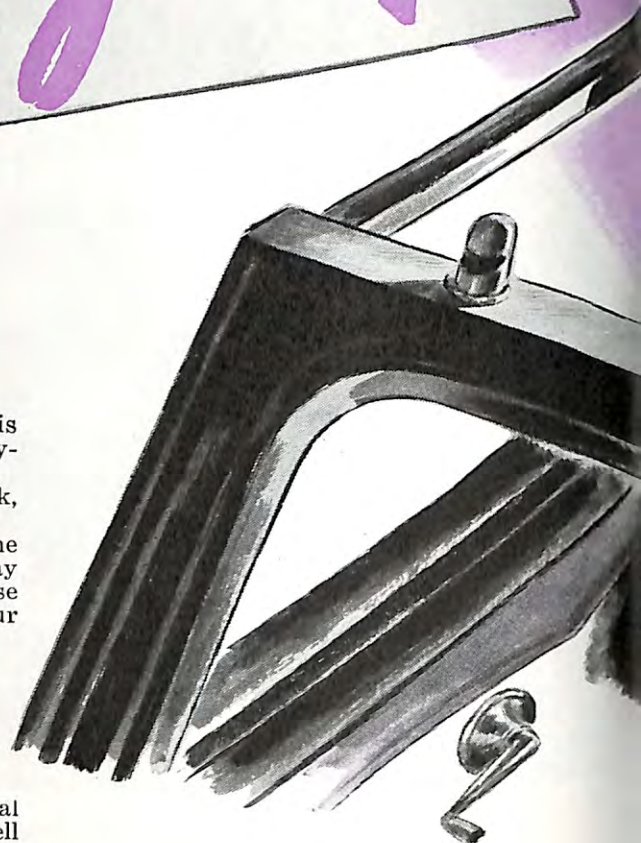
"I will, Joe. Thanks."

The car stopped on the forty-fourth floor and the doors slid open. I stepped out and walked across the small, red-carpeted hallway, full of modernistic furniture, until I reached the large double doors. On the ground-glass panels the dignified silver lettering said: Wilmerding & Waters, Feminine Fashions of Distinction, Street & Formal. On the floor outside was the large package from the florist. I picked it up, unlocked the door with my key and went in.

The huge showroom, with its reproduction on a larger scale of the modernistic furnishings outside in the hallway, had a musty, untenant, clean smell. I stood still while the door slammed shut behind me.

In the ten years that I had been with Wilmerding & Waters I had never smelled that odor in the showroom. The reason was obvious. In ten years I had never come in so early. But somehow, feeling the way I did, the realization seemed ominous.

I went through the showroom across the large general office, and into my own room. The same dull, early morning smell filled the air. I set the flowers down on my desk and walked across to the window. I pulled it up high and let the cool breeze blow in on me. Down below me I could make out Seventh Avenue. I could see the buses moving on Thirty-Fourth Street and the gray, sprawling bulk of Pennsylvania Station. The huge clock over the Station seemed as small as a coin, but I could read the hands. I checked my wrist watch against it: ten minutes after seven. The Garment Center was still





asleep. Behind me the sound of the front door opening and closing brought my attention back to where it should have been. I turned from the window and picked up the box of flowers. As I opened my door, I saw Herbert Craig crossing the general office toward his own room.

"Good morning, Herbert," I said.

He stopped short beside the switchboard and turned quickly. His long, thin face looked startled and confused.

"Oh," he said. "It's you. Hello, Johnny. In early, aren't you?"

"Yes. So are you."

"Me?" he said. "Oh, yeah. Well."

He grinned awkwardly and pushed his hat up on his forehead. "I've got a lot of work to do. On those, uh, well, on those layouts for the full pages we're taking in *Women's Wear* and *The Daily News Record* for the Spring line. Thought I'd get in early

"I'm all right," said Judy, "but on the way back he made a pass at me."

this morning and sort of catch up."

He was lying, but I didn't mind that. I knew too well what was bothering him, what was bothering all of them, to hold the lie against him. The thing that shocked me was my sudden realization that I disliked Herbert Craig very much and that I must have disliked him always without knowing it. This was a startling discovery to make about a man you had known for thirty years, ever since you were a child, a man you had grown up with, played ball with, gone to school and camp with, and, finally, worked with at Wilmerding & Waters for eight years. I looked hard at the young advertising manager. It seemed to me that I had

never really seen him before. I saw now that I disliked the studied sloppiness of his clothes, the careless artiness of his manners, the long thin nose with the slight bump at the end. I wondered whether the things that were going to happen that day had anything to do with the sudden clarity with which I was seeing him.

"I thought you finished those *Women's Wear* layouts yesterday," I said. "You told me last night you—"

"Did I?" Herbert took off his hat and ran his hand through his thick, handsome hair. "I guess I—" He stopped. "Listen, Johnny," he asked anxiously, "what do you think she'll do?"

"Judy?"

"Who else would I mean?"

I glanced at him quickly. I disliked the whole affair and I disliked Herbert Craig. But I liked the



sudden anxiety in his voice. There was something in it that soothed me. It was a small payment on a large debt that he and several other people at Wilmerding & Waters owed Judy Farrar.

"What do you expect her to do?" I answered. "Come in off the boat with a handful of medals and pin one on the breast of every W. & W. employee and swear an oath of fealty to all of you?"

"I don't see what makes you so cocky that you can kid about it," he snapped. "Being general manager of this outfit isn't going to save you. We're all in the same boat, you and

Rachel and Brock and I, all of us. She's got it in for the whole bunch and she'll have your scalp along with mine."

I shrugged and said dryly, "I never valued my hair as much as you did yours, Herbert."

"No?" he said with a sneer. "I notice you're in good and early, though, on the day she's expected back."

I held up the box of flowers in my hands.

"At least, I have a legitimate reason, Herbert. I don't have to cook up any stories about *Women's Wear* layouts. I wanted to arrange these

and some things I ordered up from the caterer so the place would look nice for her when she arrives."

"I see," he said sarcastically. "Currying favor with the boss' new wife already. Think it'll help you, John?"

I could feel my face grow warm and my anger rise. But I restrained myself. When you know a person for a long time you learn that certain emotions are worthless. There was nothing to be gained by barking back at Herbert Craig. He would have taken it as a compliment to the accuracy of his sarcasm.

"Did it ever occur to you to look

The models were clustered around Judy and she was standing quite still.

"No," I said slowly, "I suppose not." There was nothing in Herbert Craig's make-up to let him understand what I had meant. "But you've known Judy Farrar long enough to be sure that you don't have to worry. She's not the type to take advantage. Your job as advertising manager is safe."

"I'd like to be as sure of that as you are."

"You can be sure of it, Herbert." "Sorry, John," he said. "But I'm afraid even the general manager's voice doesn't count for very much around here any more. Know what I mean?"

I knew what he meant. As I unpacked the roses slowly, I remembered another room. It was smaller and less garish. But it was friendly and pleasant and it seemed to be full of flowers, even though there was never more than a handful of roses in a blue china vase on the old-fashioned mantelpiece. Judy Farrar's mother had had a way with roses. They seemed to bloom under her hands, as though they knew that she loved them, as though they appreciated what she did for them in spite of the arthritis in her arms.

It had been a Sunday night in March about a year before. I was sitting in my room at home, working on the final drafts of the income tax returns for the firm and for Theodore Wilmerding and William Waters. They were due at the tax office in a few days. The phone rang and I answered it.

"Hello. Is that you, Johnny?"

"Yes. Who—?" And then I recognized Mrs. Farrar's voice. It was nervous and worried—unusual for her. "What's the matter?"

"Could you come down here right away, Johnny, please?"

I glanced at my wrist watch.

"It's almost midnight," I said in surprise. "What—?"

"Please come right away, Johnny. I'm afraid something's happened. I can't explain over the phone. Please, Johnny."

Judy's mother was an elderly woman. But every one of us in the group that had grown up on Eighteenth Street, Judy and Herbert Craig and Rachel Adams and Brock McMahon and I, had always considered her one of us. For thirty years she had kept her finger on our affairs and been part of them. We were accustomed to obeying her.

"All right," I said into the phone. "Be down in twenty minutes, Mrs. Farrar."

I slipped out of my pajamas and dressed quickly and took a taxi down to Eighteenth Street. I climbed the worn steps of the old brownstone

house and rang the bell. Mrs. Farrar opened the door.

"Johnny, I'm glad you came." She held up her small face and I kissed her, the way I always did, the way all of us had done for thirty years. "Come into the living room, Johnny."

"What's up?" I asked as I followed her. She must have been close to sixty years old or more. But she was very slender and she walked with a firm, swinging stride. If it weren't for her white hair, and for her arthritic arms, looking at her from behind you would almost have thought it was Judy. "What's wrong?" I asked again.

She turned to face me as we came into the small, old-fashioned living room. Above the mantelpiece stood the blue china vase with its half-dozen red roses. As I sat down I kept my eyes on the flowers for a moment. The roses in that room always seemed to me to be the brightest and freshest I had ever seen.

"It's Judy and Herbert," she said. "I'm afraid something's happened."

SCOWLED across the small room at Mrs. Farrar. There were five names—Judy's, Brock McMahon's, Rachel Adams', Herbert Craig's and my own—that were as common in that room as the roses in the blue china vase over the mantelpiece. There was no reason in the world why I should scowl at Mrs. Farrar's mention of two of them.

"What about Judy and Herbert?" I asked sharply.

"They went to Jones Beach for the day," Mrs. Farrar said. "They promised me they'd be home at nine. It's after midnight now. Johnny, I'm afraid something's happened."

"Nonsense," I said reassuringly. "They're perfectly well able to take care of themselves. Probably had a flat tire or something. You know the jalopy Herbert drives. They're not kids any more. Herbert's thirty-three and Judy's twenty-sev—"

"That's not what I mean, Johnny."

The way she said it caused all my reassurance to collapse in a heap. I dropped my eyes from hers.

"Oh," I said, and I wondered whether the hurt feeling that shot through me was due to anger or jealousy. "Aren't you being a little unfair, Mrs. Farrar?" I asked finally. It was a silly question. That was the last thing in the world she could ever be. "Herbert and Judy and Brock and Rachel and I, we've known each other all our lives. We've grown up together. Surely you don't think—"

"I hate to say this, Johnny." She spoke with the small, puzzled twist of her lips that Judy had inherited from her. "But I don't trust Herbert Craig any more."

I looked at the delicate-featured, white-haired woman in astonishment. It was as though she had said she

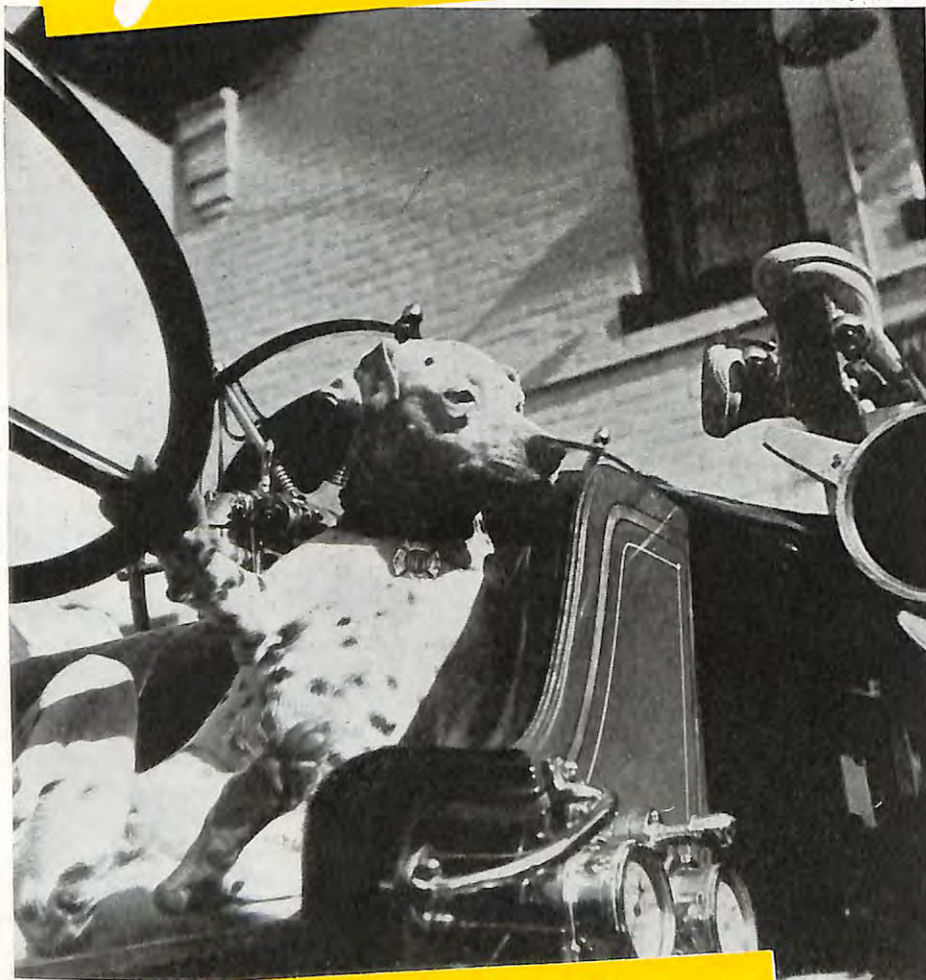
(Continued on page 37)

at this thing from Judy's angle?" I asked quietly. "You think she's having it any easier than the rest of you?"

"I'd say Judy's taken care of her angle pretty well by herself," he said grimly. "From switchboard operator to Mrs. William Waters. From eighteen dollars a week to honeymoons in Hawaii and an income of seventy-five to a hundred thousand a year. You're the general manager around here. You make out the firm's tax returns. You know how much Waters draws in salary. Do you see any good reason for me to be worrying about Judy's angle? I can't say that I do."

Your DOG

Victor De Palma—F. P. G.



Dogs You Don't See

by Edward Faust

THE Scottish Deerhound, which lack of space prevented us from describing last month, is as rare as a poker-deck at a revival meeting, weighs in the neighborhood of 75 to 110 pounds and stands 30" to 32" high—a stately, magnificent creature, ornamental to large estates, and speed personified when on the hunt. His is a long, hound head with dark eyes, and his standard says that he should resemble a rough-coated Greyhound of larger size and more rugged bone structure. His name reveals his place of origin as it does the purpose for which he was developed.

One of the oddest-looking among

the rarer breeds is the Otterhound, a rough-coated fellow generally resembling, aside from his coat, a bloodhound. He has the same long, drooping ears and his expression would lead you to believe that he's either eaten something that didn't agree with him or that he's a family man with a lot of cares. He's English, and across the water is used as his name suggests—to hunt the otter. In this he is a very proficient swimmer and, being dead game, is an outstanding success in this sport—or is it a sport? He's sandy or grizzle colored, and black and tan, fairly well defined.

Another ancient breed is the Sa-

luki or Gazelle hound. This chap, too, was a companion of the Pharaohs. This we know by records found also in the tombs of those rulers. He doesn't require much description because he pretty generally resembles the Afghan except—and this is about the most striking departure—in coat, which is considerably shorter. A somewhat more slender dog than our Afghan, nevertheless the Saluki is as fast as lightning in the field. You'll probably live a lifetime without ever seeing one; then again, you might chance to go to a dog show and maybe, *maybe* see your Saluki. They're almost any color you can think of for a dog except blue, and when full-grown they'll stand about 28" off the floor.

Next in our museum is the Irish Wolfhound, biggest of all dogs, as we've said. This breed is really a recreation of an older predecessor, having in the last century become almost extinct. The breed's past glories attracted the admiration of a British army officer who scoured Ireland in an attempt to bring it back. This he did. An odd anecdote in connection with this pooch (the word "pooch" hardly seems to fit this giant) is that when the producers of Conan Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles" were ready to begin filming, they looked around for an Irish Wolfhound. Doyle had been particular to specify when he was writing the story that he had this kind of canine giant in mind. Now, there are very few kennels in the United States where these dogs are bred. To keep even one is something like boarding a horse. The few kennels visited failed to produce a single dog that would allow itself to be trained for the camera. This dog is very much the individualist. And so, when the film was finally presented it revealed a Great Dane as the hound of that famous Sherlock Holmes classic. The reason for this, of course, is that the Dane is an amiable fellow, more easily trained and used to training.

Everybody knows what a Chow Chow looks like but not many who take their dogs casually know that he comes of a family that numbers some four other members, all pretty much resembling him. These are dogs of the Arctic group, densely coated and able to endure terrific cold. They're serious-minded chaps, developed for working purposes and, on the whole, not at all amiable with too many people, strangers particularly. In this clan are the Alaskan Malamute, the Eskimos, Samoyedes and the Siberian Huskies. We might even extend this to include the Norwegian Elkhound.

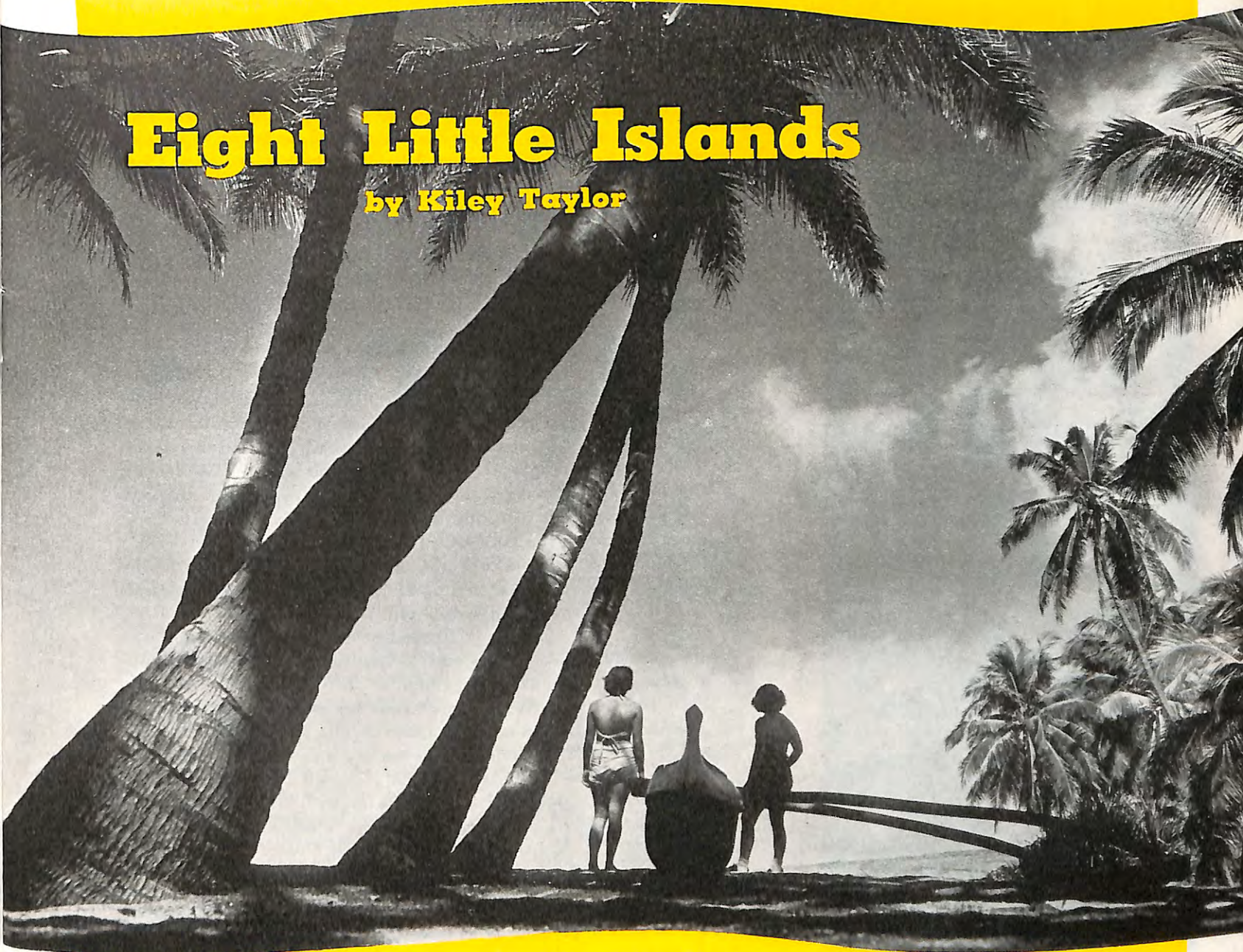
Getting back to the big fellows, there's a majestic dog that comes to us from the mountains of southern France, the great Pyrenees. He's not unlike the Newfoundland except that he's white or white marked with grey or tan; a huge dog, weighing up to 115 pounds and standing

(Continued on page 46)

This is the Island of Hawaii—and the afternoon sky over the magical Kona Coast

Eight Little Islands

by Kiley Taylor



Pan Pacific Press Photo

ALTHOUGH the Hawaiian Islands, the "cross-roads of the Pacific", may not sound so romantic as the much-sung South Sea Isles, they have plenty of glamour of their own and, in addition, superb facilities for ease and pleasure.

The journey to this territory which was peacefully annexed by the United States is pleasant too, affording as it does, a short voyage on the sunny Pacific, and no U-boats in sight, in the most comfortable of liners. Some of the ships ply between Honolulu and the mainland, while others include Honolulu as a stop in the long voyage to Fiji, Australia or to China. Many travelers prefer the former, since, with all of the passengers heading for the same destination, the group

becomes closely knit practically the moment the gang-plank goes up at San Francisco or at Los Angeles.

Such a holiday trip is not marred, for Americans, by worry over exchange or passports, and it is almost as easy to take a car to the Islands as to park it in New York. Some of the roads are very good, and most of them are fair, so that a car of one's own is a decided convenience.

The famous Territory of Hawaii, situated near the northern limits of the tropics, consists of a chain of twenty islands. In the major group there are eight islands, the largest is the Island of Hawaii; the smallest, Niihau. Of these eight islands, most important are Hawaii, Oahu, Kauai and Maui. It is not difficult to arrange round trips from one island to another, by plane or by boat.

To those travelers who have forgotten their grade-school geography lessons, it comes as a gentle surprise to learn that Honolulu, instead of being on the Island of Hawaii, is some three or four islands away, on Oahu. Holding Honolulu as a trump card, Oahu has become the most cosmopolitan of the Islands, and is the transportation and commercial center of the group.

The arrival at Honolulu cannot fail to put even the gloomiest visitors into a holiday mood. "Everyone" is on hand to welcome the liner, and experienced travelers assert that there is no more thrilling arrival in any port of the world. Gay Hawaiian music floats over the waters, the dock swarms with a high-spirited, welcoming crowd, and leis of gorgeous, colorful (Continued on page 49)

Editorial

The General Pershing Class

THE Order is enthusiastically responding to the action of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in designating the first week in December this year for the initiation of candidates in a special class to be known as the General John J. Pershing Preparedness Class.

The importance of coordinated effort, frequently referred to as teamwork, is generally recognized. In putting forth special effort to obtain members for the Pershing Class, teamwork is assured. It has the enthusiastic support of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The National Defense Committee of the Grand Lodge is lending its active assistance. That subordinate lodges will continue and redouble their efforts for the success of this campaign goes without saying. With this teamwork practical results are assured.

All Elks will recall the tremendous acclaim which greeted Brother Pershing on his return from the World War and how out of many invitations he first accepted the one presented to him by our Order. Recalling those days and considering the world chaos existing today, it was indeed a happy thought to name this special class for the General. Those privileged to join our ranks as members of this class will have real pride in dating their membership in a patriotic Order from the first week in December, 1940.

This is not a "drive" for new members as that term is usually employed and understood. It is an effort to attract to our Order men of high character, impressed with the importance of recognizing and discharging the duties of citizenship in these times pregnant with the possibility of dangers to our Government, its traditions, its institutions and the American way of life. In this way our Order can assist our Government and demonstrate yet more forcefully the fact that the United States needs the Order of Elks even more than during the tragedy of the World War, when our assistance was substantial and generally so recognized. It was acclaimed by President Wilson and other high public officials, not to mention the laudatory statements by General Pershing, which were unsolicited. Let us add another bright chapter to the history of our Order.

Improved Football

IT WOULD be difficult to select any topic for discussion which would not produce conflicting opinions. Among our national sports football is highly popular, yet there are many persons who regard the game as comprising a minimum of skill and a maximum of brute force—a revival of the spirit of the Circus Maximus which attracted those who delighted in the sight of blood and who derived their supreme satisfaction in witnessing the "kill."

It would seem this appraisal of football is not sustained by the facts. It is a game of strategy, skill and manpower. It cannot be denied, however, that it involves danger of physical injury to the players which sometimes has resulted in life-long disability, or even in death. It is argued, and with logic to support it, that the game is not worth the life of even one young man.

Those who enjoy and support it, as well as those who think it is so hazardous that it should be discontinued, will join in approving steps recently taken by the football magnates to minimize and perhaps eliminate many of the dangers by providing the players with additional safeguards through modifying the rules.

Every sport is attended by some risk to those who engage in it,



Drawings by H. H. Gilmore

whether it be football, boxing, golfing, bowling, tennis, racing, yachting, swimming, skiing, fishing, hunting or what have you. Few, if any, would advocate abandoning all these sports and advise that we sit with folded hands, denying ourselves the manifold pleasures derived from participating in or witnessing sports and games of all kinds. Football is certainly no more hazardous than the most dangerous of these games and not as hazardous as hockey, for instance.

Nevertheless those who prescribe the rules which govern it will quiet opposition and increase its popularity by making it less dangerous.

Armistice Day In Retrospect

ON the 11th of this month we celebrate Armistice Day. It is outstanding in our National history, marking as it does the termination of the World War. Subsequent developments indicate, however, that perhaps the event marked a recess in armed conflicts rather than their termination as we then fondly hoped and believed. The Treaty of Versailles proved to be the real armistice, temporarily marking the suspension of hostilities, during which it now develops Germany was industriously preparing for the war which is now raging in Europe.

This treaty was executed in June, 1919. It was accepted, at least in the United States, as the end of the war-to-end-wars. In 1928 the Kellogg Pact was signed. This was designed to outlaw for all time to come wars between the civilized nations signatory thereto, which numbered sixty-three. But it did not outlaw war. Its only effect seems to have been to stop declared wars and substitute therefor undeclared wars. Not much was thus gained for the peace of the world.

Since the signing of the armistice twenty or more wars have been fought or are being fought. They have been so scrambled that it is difficult to differentiate them and hence accurately to count them. They follow each other so closely that each "galls the kibe" of its predecessor.

Such is the civilized world in which we live. Nations have turned from the Prince of Peace and are worshiping at the shrine of Mars. The war-to-end-wars is yet to be fought. Possibly it is now being fought. Let us hope so and so let us pray.

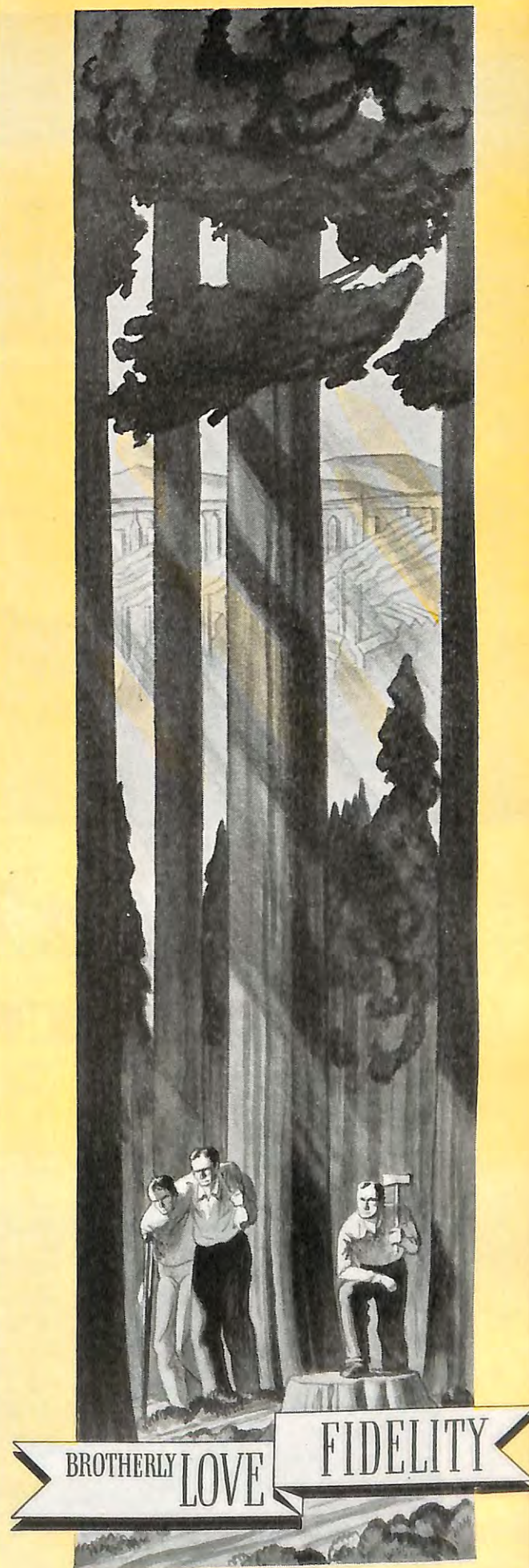
With misgivings we paraphrase: "War is a monster of so frightful mien, as to be hated needs but to be seen; yet seen too oft, familiar with his face, we first endure, then accept, then embrace."

From all wars, Good Lord, deliver us.

Christmas Just Around the Corner

IT is always pleasing to learn that one's efforts have been rewarded by success. We therefore are elated to receive a letter from the Superintendent of our National Home at Bedford, Virginia, requesting that we again call attention in these columns to the fact that many residents of the Home will not receive Christmas presents unless the subordinate lodges remember them by sending them some slight token. He adds that such notices in the past have met with generous response. This is gratifying and merely goes to show that nothing is needed beyond calling attention to our Brothers in the Home who will not experience a happy Christmas unless they are remembered by their more fortunate Brothers.

The Grand Exalted Ruler not only approves of sending Christmas remembrances to the Home, but he is sponsoring a plan which will serve to provide a little money throughout the year for residents who otherwise are denied the satisfaction which accompanies the jingle of small coins in the pocket. It is indeed cheering music and helps to tide over many a dreary day.





Above is the prize-winning float entered by Sterling, Colo., Lodge in the Overland Trail Roundup Parade.

Under the ANTLERS

Franklin, Pa., Lodge Honors New Citizens at a Dinner

Thirty of the 34 residents of Venango County, Pennsylvania, who were admitted to citizenship in the semi-annual naturalization court the previous

week, were guests of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, at a dinner on September 17. The new citizens also attended a public meeting held later in the lodge room in observance of the 153rd anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

E.R. Thomas H. Beaulac presided and P.E.R. Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Chaplain of the lodge, delivered both the Invocation and the Benediction. The Elks' Orchestra, under the direction of Thomas A. Eshelman, played several selections and the Elks' Quartette sang. Judge William M. Parker, of Oil City, was the speaker, making a stirring appeal to native-born as well as naturalized citizens to practice the fundamental principles on which the Government was founded.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Entertains Local Members of 157th Infantry

Acting on a suggestion made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Denver, a member of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, on Thursday evening, September 19, entertained the Denver members of the 157th Infantry of the National Guard who were inducted into service on the preceding Monday. Brigadier General William E. Gunther, Brigadier General Harold Richardson, Colonel Rudolph J.

Left: Present to witness the presentation of the Elks National Foundation \$300 Scholarship award to Thornton Savage, Atlanta, Ga., boy, were several distinguished Elks, among them Young H. Fraser, representing the Elks National Foundation, and Judge John S. McClelland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, representing the Grand Lodge.



Right are members of Mobile, Ala., Lodge who played host to 400 orphans at a recent picnic.

Seyfried and Major Irving were among those who marched into the lodge room, accompanied by the band and 150 members of their regiment. High-class entertainment provided by the Elks' Committee was followed by a Dutch Lunch served in the club rooms.

Mr. Coen's suggestion was presented to the lodge by P.E.R. Jacob L. Sherman, Grand Tiler. The vote to carry out the idea was unanimous. All of the radio stations announced the event and accounts were carried in the local newspapers. The officers and members of the regiment were deeply impressed with the thoughtfulness of the idea and gave every evidence of having enjoyed the evening to the utmost. Two of the groups left for Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on Friday, September 20. The remaining contingent followed on the 22nd.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Honors Veteran Member, James S. Roland

On his 75th birthday anniversary, P.E.R. James S. Roland, now in the 52nd year of his membership in Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, was feted at a testimonial dinner-dance recently at the lodge home. At eleven o'clock, climaxing an evening of feasting, music and speechmaking, E.R. Walter G. McAtee and his associate officers dedicated a belfry and chime set given the lodge by Mr. Roland in memory of his wife, who died in 1935. The bell and belfry were unveiled by Mrs. Walter A. Neihart, President of the Ladies Auxiliary. The 350-pound bell is electrically controlled and every night, at the significant hour of eleven, automatically tolls the eleven strokes. The belfry, located on the roof garden of the lodge home, is about fourteen feet in height and five feet in diameter.

Speakers at the banquet, which was attended by several hundred members and guests, were D.D. John V. Hoey, Norristown, the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Roth, Chaplain of the Pa. State Elks Assn., Judge Forrest R. Shaneman and Judge H. Robert Mays, members of No. 115, and Mr. McAtee. Mr. Roland is one of the best known Elks in Pennsylvania. He is a charter member of Reading Lodge and has served as an officer in every capacity except secretary and treasurer. He was born in Reading in 1865.

Inglewood Elk Golfers Are Southern California Champions

Twelve golf teams, representing 10 Southern California lodges of the Order, sharpened up their niblicks early last March, and set out to bring home the trophies, and 12 teams competed in the final match which was held on July 28. Enthusiasm was intense and competition keen. It did not seem to matter how far up or how far down the list the teams were; they were out to knock the top boys from their perches, and in many cases that is exactly what was done. Leadership in the two divisions changed frequently during team play, with Long Beach No. 888 finally winning the division one championship, and Inglewood No. 1492



division two. At a home and home match held in August between the division winners, Inglewood defeated Long Beach 11 to 7 at Lakewood and 10 to 8 at the Fox Hills Country Club, thus clinching the league championship. Public and private country clubs cooperated with the Elks during the current season, proffering their courses and even their busiest playing times. The Press gave prominent space to the announcing of the events twice monthly and reporting results of the matches.

Six teams were listed in each of the two divisions, and each team played the other in a home and home match series. The play was at two-thirds handicap, match play, man against man, as many of the lodges could not muster a team composed of low handicap golfers. The arrangement was most satisfactory and hundreds of Elk golfers are now well acquainted with each other as the result of their close association. Many new members have been taken into the various lodges. Conrad Lewis, of Whit-tier Lodge No. 1258, served as Tournament Chairman and Schedule Commit-

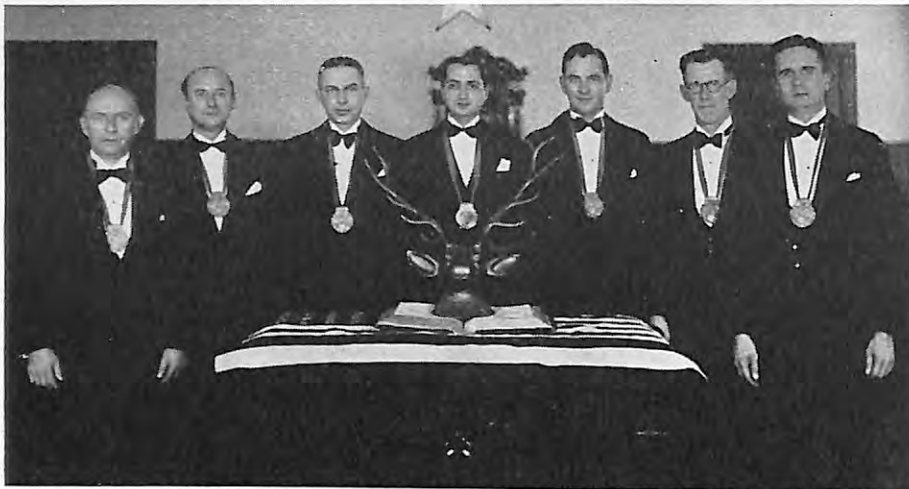
Above is the committee appointed by Iliou, N. Y., Lodge and a sample of the framed Pledge to the Flag which they presented to each of the 194 schoolrooms in the lodge district.

tee Chairman, while Art Rey, of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, kept the handicap system in working order. Exalted Ruler W. W. Moore, of Alhambra Lodge No. 1328, served as Chairman of the Rules Committee, assisted by Roy McDiarmid, Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge No. 906, and Charles Hartford, of Inglewood Lodge. Harry Lauder, Los Angeles, Past President and founder of the Golf League of Southern California, served as Captain of the Los Angeles team, defending champions.

Los Angeles Lodge finished a close second to Inglewood in division two, and went on record as being the only team in the league to whip Inglewood during the entire season. The 99's defeated Inglewood 13 to 5 at Rancho, but lost to Inglewood 10 to 8 at Fox



Right are those Elks who were elected recently to pilot the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. for the next 12 months.



Left is the Past Exalted Rulers' Ritualistic Team of New Berne, N. C., Lodge which recently initiated a class into Raleigh, N. C., Lodge.



Above are members of Boise, Ida., Lodge who attended a banquet given in honor of the softball team sponsored by the organization. The team has had a splendid season.

Below are members and guests of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge at a large dinner held in the lodge home in honor of Johnny Kinder for his fine record in professional golf.

Hills, giving that team a 21 to 15 advantage in the home and home series. Los Angeles Lodge, in finishing second, accumulated more points than did the winner of division one. The Joe Sempers perpetual trophy was presented to Inglewood Lodge by Harry Lauder. Inglewood and Long Beach Lodges received beautiful trophies as winners in their respective divisions. The following players received individual trophies as members of the winning teams: Long Beach, Team Captain Carl Redman, Bob Hamble, M. F. Wilson, Con Cady, Bill Cox, Oscar Olsson, Bud Commeau and Jack Kemmerling; Inglewood, Byron Livingston, Charles Hartford, Bill Hartford, C. E. Michael, Fred Ward, (Exalted Ruler of the lodge) Dan Wise, H. G. Holt, and Burt Brooks. The one remaining tournament on the league's schedule for 1940 is being played off monthly and is known as the president's trophy tournament. A beautiful trophy goes to the low net scorer in each of the monthly affairs and when the current season has ended, five names will appear on the cup. These five players then meet for a play-off to decide which one shall retain permanent possession. Dr. B. F. French, of Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378, won the trophy for August; Tom Cocking, of Los Angeles Lodge, won it in September. Sponsored by Lancaster Lodge No. 1625, the final tournament for 1940 was scheduled to be played over the Piute Country Club course in Lancaster. The officers of the League for 1940 are: Burt Brooks, Inglewood, Pres.; Leo Grant, Santa Monica, Vice-Pres.; Jim Cain, Santa Monica, Treas.; Bob Hamble, Long Beach, Secy.





Beatrice, Neb., Lodge Purchases Iron Lung In Critical Emergency

Some time ago, Beatrice, Neb., Lodge, No. 619, took under consideration the purchase of an Iron Lung for community use. However, an emergency arose prior to the meeting at which the project was to be presented for final discussion, a threatened infantile paralysis epidemic.

The trustees of the lodge and the officers, headed by E.R. Harold A. Morgan, decided to act at once. An order was placed immediately, resulting in the shipment of a Lung, of the finest type, from Denver, Colo., to Beatrice within a few days.

Evanston, Ill., Lodge Sponsors Trip of Local Boy to "Boys' State"

As a means of giving boys from 14 to 18 years of age an opportunity to operate working models of City, County and State governments in all their branches and phases, a "Boys' State" is held annually in the State Capitol at Springfield, Ill. Originated in Illinois by the American Legion, the movement met with rapid development because of the principles of good citizenship and Americanism inculcated in boys attending the sessions. Some 36 States have taken it up. Upon the recommendation of Est. Lead. Knight C. Frank Sleeper, Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, voted to send an Evanston boy to "Boys' State" this year. Donald L. Nilles, an Eagle Scout with Gold Palm, a Junior at Evanston Township High School, was selected because of his excellent record as a student and his aptitude for leadership. He is a son of P.E.R. Leroy M. Nilles.

When the 1,560 boys and counselors from all parts of Illinois arrived at Springfield, they were separated into two groups representing imaginary

Above are 52 candidates and three reinstatements who entered Ossining, N. Y., Lodge recently in the largest class ever initiated by that Lodge.

political parties, and then divided into eight "Counties", each having four "Cities". One adult counselor was assigned to each "City". Political, legal and Civil Service classes and special classes for "candidates" were held each day. "City" and "County" elections were held, and regulation Civil Service examinations were taken. The climax of the proceedings came with the holding of "State" primary and general elections and the installation of "State" officers. The patriotic attitude of American youth was plainly indicated when, at a General Assembly, a "foreign professor" was introduced and began to speak in a derogatory manner of America and Democracy. The more than 1,500 young Americans assembled,

embracing all races, religions, and ancestries, gave such a demonstration of disapproval that the speaker was forced to stop. Later, however, this same man was given generous applause when it was revealed that he was in fact Jeffry Whalen of the United States Army, and that the "speech" had been a hoax.

Members of Evanston Lodge were deeply impressed with the report presented by young Mr. Nilles on his return from Springfield. The lodge plans to select and sponsor an Evanston boy each year for participation in the activities of "Boys' State".

Winslow, Ariz., Lodge Holds An Outstanding Initiatory Meeting

The "Orbra Gray Class" of 19 candidates was initiated by Winslow, Ariz., Lodge, No. 536, recently at one of the most successful meetings in the history of the lodge. More than 150 Elks were



Above, right, is the softball team of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge which has enjoyed its second successful season. The entire proceeds of the team's outstanding charity game were turned over to the American Red Cross.

Right: Pictured in the home of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge are eight resuscitators presented to each of the eight hospitals in Toledo as a gift of the Board of Trustees of the Lucas County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The chapter has been manned by Toledo Elks. At the extreme right is Past Grand Exalted Ru'er Dr. Edward J. McCormick.





present, including visitors from Flagstaff, Holbrook, Prescott and other Arizona cities. Orbra Gray, in whose honor the Class was named, has been an active member of Winslow Lodge for more than 25 years.

The lodge room was beautifully decorated and the altar massed with flowers. E.R. James Day, Jr., presided over the initiation ceremonies which were followed by the serving of a Dutch Lunch. Music was furnished by a cowboy orchestra. The newly initiated members were given special badges as mementoes of their first lodge meeting, and P.E.R. E. P. Kiernan was presented with a commemorative ring.

Softball Team of Boise, Ida.,

Lodge, Closes Successful Season

With sixteen games won and three lost, the Softball Team of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, has finished a successful season against strong competition. The Team was district runner-up at the play-offs in Boise in which forty teams from various parts of the State took part. The teams from Caldwell Lodge No. 1448 and Pocatello Lodge No. 674 were strong contenders.

At the end of the season, the softball association gave a dance at the Boise Lodge home for the benefit of injured players. The affair was well attended, a splendid program was presented and trophies were awarded the winning teams.

D.D. R. M. McDuffie Receives His Jewel At East Point, Ga., Banquet

In a ceremony at a banquet on September 18, given in his honor by East Point, Ga., Lodge, No. 1617, P.E.R. Roderick M. McDuffie, newly appointed District Deputy for Georgia, West, was invested with the insignia of his office by Judge John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and present Pardon Commissioner of the Grand Lodge. The District Deputy's jewel was a gift of the Georgia State Elks Association. E.R. William Mount presided. Among the present and past officers of the Association who were present were Past Pres. J. Clayton Burke, Secy. of Atlanta Lodge; Vice-Pres. G. McNeill

Above are those who attended the Kalamazoo, Mich., Elks Bowling Assn. Dinner when officers were elected and plans for another big year were made.

Leach, East Point, and E.R. Young H. Fraser, Decatur, who served as Vice-President last year. P.E.R. H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Decatur Lodge, immediate Past District Deputy, also attended.

Mr. McDuffie was the first Exalted Ruler of East Point Lodge, which was instituted in 1939. He was instrumental in organizing a lodge at Newnan, Ga., and one at Gainesville.

Cumberland, Maryland, Elks Hold Annual Outdoor Picnic

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, held its Annual Outdoor Picnic on Sunday, September 8, for members, their wives and friends, on the spacious and beautiful grounds of the Cardinal Club, overlooking the waters of the Potomac River.

The picnic was an all day affair and

Below is the Band of Fort Scott, Kans., Lodge which plays for various lodge functions and civic projects.



Right is a picture of the New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge Band which took first prize at the Ohio State Elks Association Convention.



attracted a large number of Elks from the surrounding territory. The afternoon was occupied with various sports and athletic contests, and at sundown a delicious corn and weiner roast was served with other refreshments. The day was concluded with a delightful dance at the Club House.

Atlanta Elks Honor Local Winner of a National Foundation Award

R. Thornton Savage, of Atlanta, Ga.,

Above are distinguished New England Elks who were present at a pilgrimage to the Goshen Camp. Seated in the center foreground is Lt. Gov. William H. Wills with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley behind him.

this year's winner of the Elks National Foundation's third scholarship award of \$300, was entertained recently by Atlanta Lodge No. 78. His family and many of his friends were invited guests.

The feature of the evening's festivities was the formal presentation of the award to young Mr. Savage by E.R. Young H. Fraser of Decatur Lodge, former Vice-Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn. In the presentation ceremony, Mr. Fraser acted as the representative of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Foundation Trustees.

Charleston, W. Va., Acclaims Elks' National Championship Drill Team

Performing the difficult maneuvers with the same clockwork precision which won for them nationwide honors, members of the National Championship Drill Team of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, received the plaudits of a huge crowd at Kanawha



Left, is a picture of Laramie, Wyo., Lodge's Softball Team which has enjoyed a very successful season, winning the city championship.

Below are those who attended the first Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet held by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge. Five hundred fathers and daughters were in attendance.





Above are officers of Scottsbluff, Neb., Lodge and a class of 55 candidates initiated at the Open House party to celebrate the opening of the lodge's new home.

Right are some of the girls who were sent on a five-day camping trip by Chadron, Neb., Lodge.



Park, Charleston, on August 9. The Team, which not only won the National Drill Team Championship at the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston in July, but claimed second honors as the second best appearing team in the convention parade, received the greatest public reception ever tendered an Elks' unit in the State of West Virginia.

The Charleston *Daily Mail* observed "Daily Mail Night" to introduce members of the championship team to the public. Thousands of people filled the grandstand and bleachers on the home grounds of the Charleston Senators (Middle Atlantic League) to witness an impressive drill demonstration, a close ball game between the Charleston team and Youngstown, Ohio, and a brilliant fireworks display. Net receipts, amounting to several hundred dollars, were divided between the Elks' Shoe and Stocking Fund and the *Daily Mail's* Annual Clothing Fund for Poor Children.

Salt Lake City Elks' Outing Combines Business With Pleasure

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, held its "Purple Day Outing" on

the last day of August in the mountains at Hot Pots, 45 miles from Salt Lake. At a meeting in the afternoon of the Executive Committee of the Utah State Elks Association, it was decided to hold the State Convention at Eureka, the dates to be selected later by Eureka Lodge No. 711. State Pres. Wilbur Brooks, of Park City Lodge, presided, and P.E.R. J. Bracken Lee, Mayor of Price, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Entertainment for the day was under the direction of George W. Barben, Secy. of Park City Lodge.

About 250 Elks from all parts of the State attended the Outing, many being accompanied by their wives. Outdoor amusements included softball and horseshoe pitching contests, horseback riding and swimming. The meeting was followed by a banquet and dance.

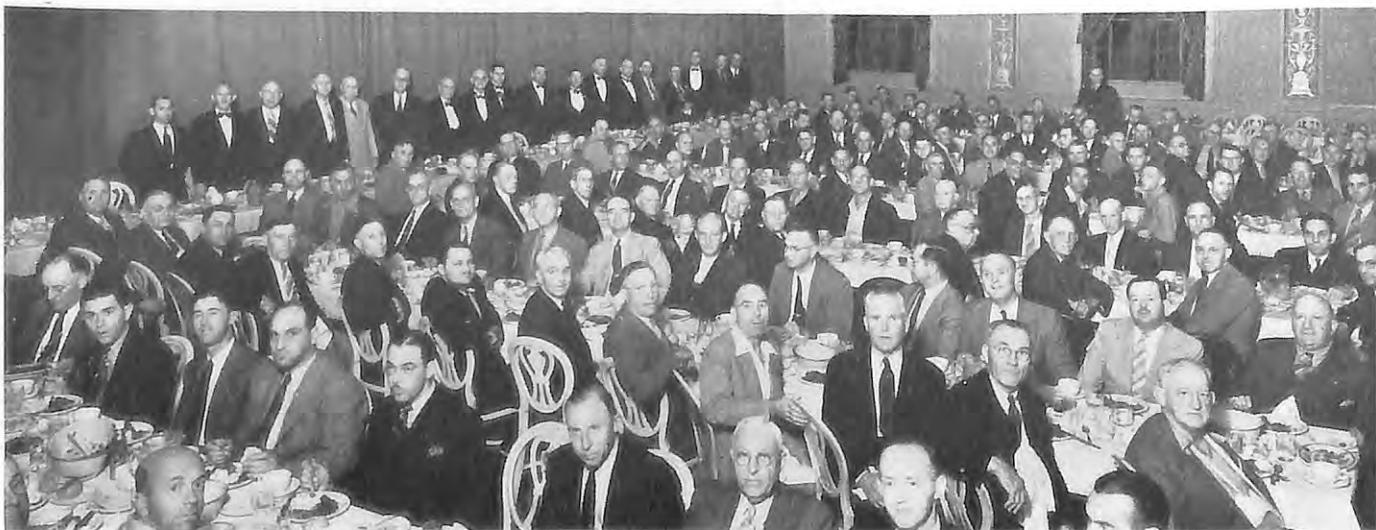
Below: Part of the large crowd attending a birthday party given by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, in honor of 80-year-old Bert Kidder.

Ilion, N. Y., Lodge Gives Framed Pledge to Flag to 194 School Rooms

Some time ago Ilion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1444, voted to present a framed Pledge to the Flag to each of the 194 school rooms in the lodge district as a symbol of Americanism for Flag Day as of June 14th last. The pledges were prepared and distributed by E.R. Harold E. Fear and the members of his committee, P.D.D. E. B. Manion, Chairman, Harry Brow and Ward Cushman. Letters have been received by the lodge from all of the schools, expressing their thanks and praising the Elks' fine patriotic spirit.

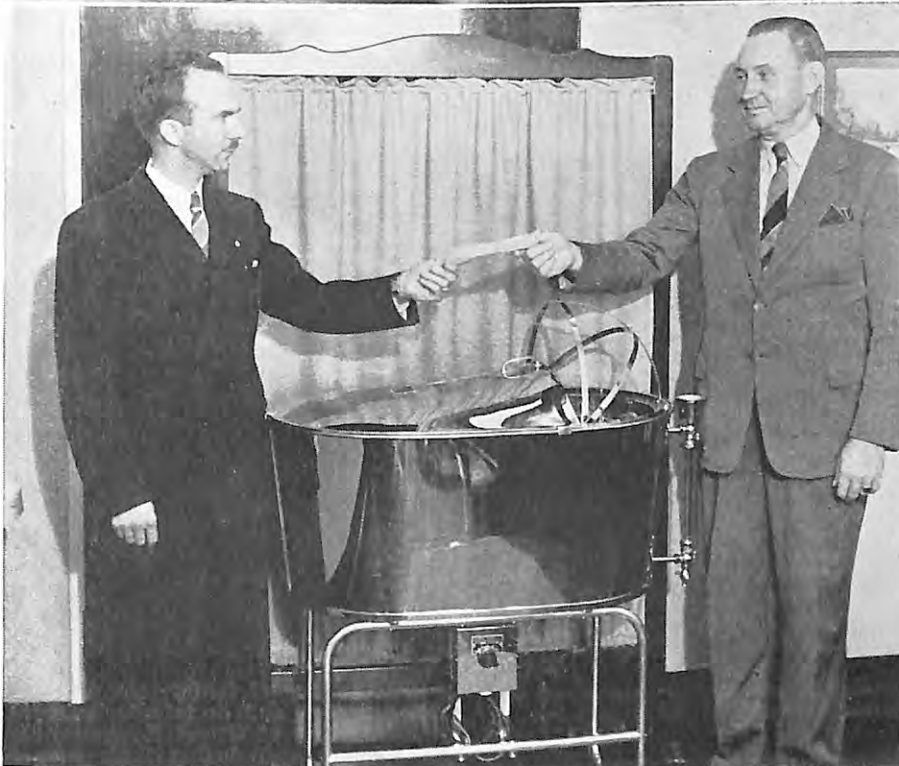
Representatives of Connecticut, West, Lodges Meet at Greenwich

A previously arranged meeting of Exalted Rulers of lodges in Western Connecticut, called by P.E.R. Joseph W. Delaney, D.D. for Conn., West, was held on Sunday afternoon, September 8, at Mr. Delaney's home lodge, Green-





Left is one of the groups of underprivileged boys who were sent to camp for two months this summer by Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge. Fifteen girl scouts were also given a holiday.



Above is E.R. Clyne C. Chambers, of Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, presenting on behalf of the lodge an infant incubator and life-saver to Dr. Heidgen of the Elmhurst Community Hospital.

Below: The Charleston, W. Va., National Champion Drill Team which performed at Kanawha Park recently when it was introduced to the public by the Charleston Daily Mail.

with No. 1150. The District Deputy presided and the Exalted Ruler of the local lodge, Leo L. Clark, extended a welcome to the visitors. P.D.D.'s John P. Gilbert, Danbury, John E. Lynch, Winsted, and M. Edward Haggerty, Greenwich, who spoke during the meeting, were escorted to seats on the rostrum by P.E.R. Frederick D. Barrett, Greenwich, acting as Grand Esquire.

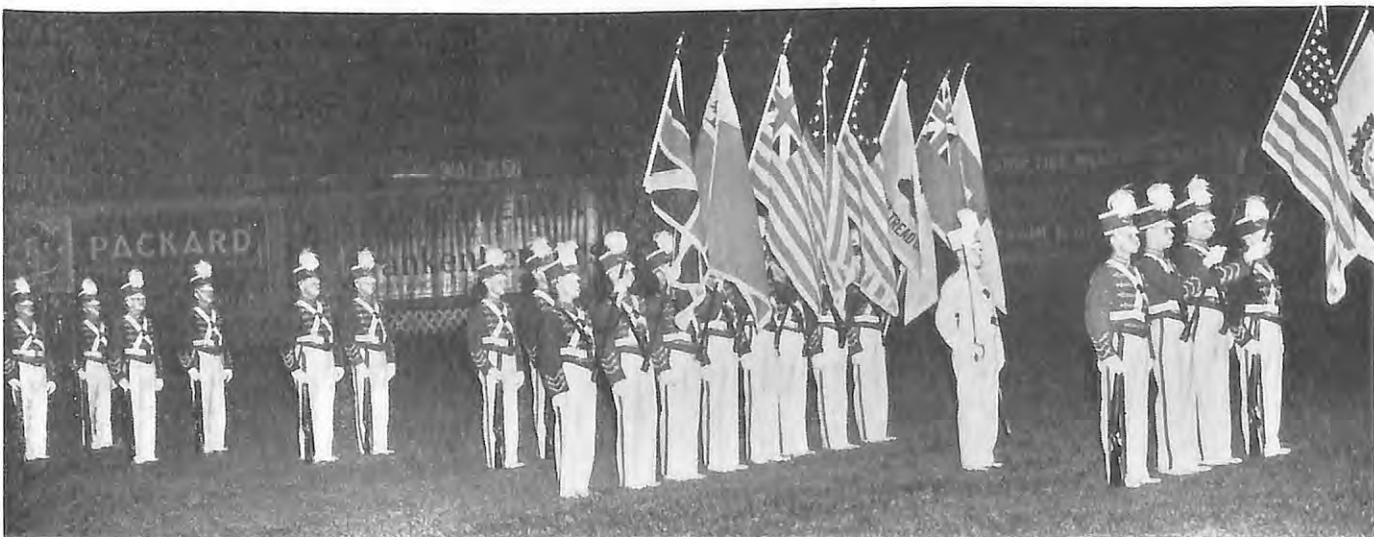
The main addresses were made by Mr. Delaney, who explained the Grand Exalted Ruler's program, and P.E.R. Frederick J. Whelan, of Greenwich Lodge, who gave a comprehensive talk on Americanism and National Defense. The Pledge to the Flag concluded the session which was followed by a delicious roast beef dinner arranged and served by Steward Charles Nelson.

Elks' Pilgrimage to Crippled Children's Camp, Goshen, Vt.

More than 500 Elks, their families and friends, attended the annual pilgrimage to the Goshen Fresh Air Camp for Crippled Children near Brandon, Vt., on August 4. All of the eleven lodges in the State were represented. A number of out-of-State visitors were present including parties from Mississippi, Tennessee, New York and New Hampshire. As usual, an informal picnic was held on the camp grounds, followed by a speaking and entertainment program. Music was furnished by Mt. St. Joseph's school band of Rutland.

Speeches were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Boston, Mass.; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt.; Lieut. Gov. William H. Wills, Director of the Camp Committee; John F. Burke, Boston, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; P.D.D. John R. Hurley, St. Albans; Mayor Henry Carpenter, Rutland; Basil Walsh, Camp Director, and Charles Beauregard, St. Albans. Harold J. Arthur, Burlington, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., was Toastmaster. Donations toward the upkeep of the Camp were reported, generous contributions hav-

(Continued on page 40)



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



Above are those who attended a banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch at the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Convention in Washington, Pa.

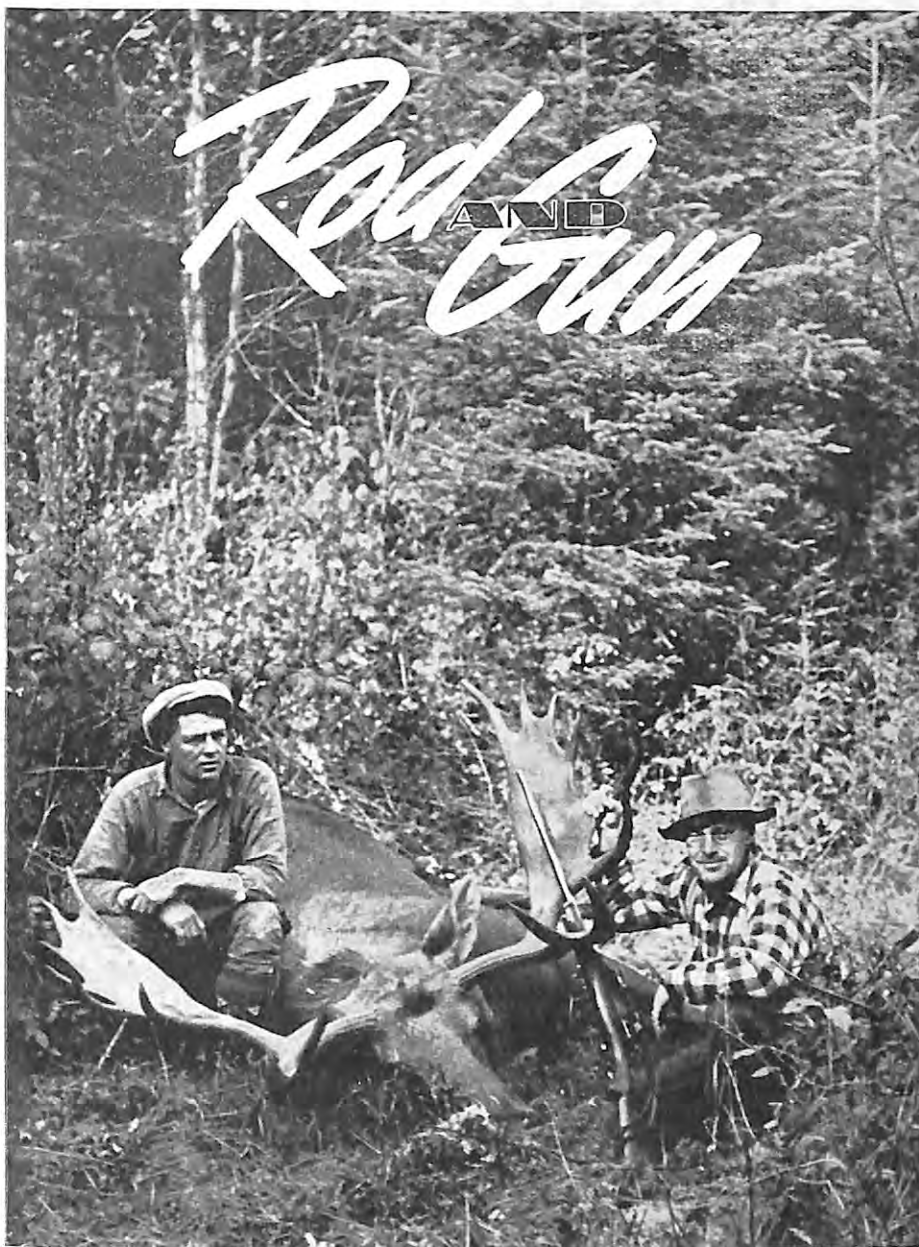


The holding of conferences with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries occupied the attention of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch during the month of September. On Sunday, the 15th, a luncheon conference for three Eastern districts of New York State was held at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City. All of the lodges except two were represented. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, presided. The Grand Exalted Ruler outlined his plans for the year and urged each and every member to support the program of the Defense Commission. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Commission, discussed the proposed program. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, of

(Continued on page 44)

Above, left: Mr. Buch is shown when he was awarded a degree of Doctor of Humanitarian Letters by Rider College. Left to right are Mr. Buch; Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey; Franklin Moore, President of Rider College, and Judge James T. Erwin, of Jersey City.

Left are New Jersey Elks with Mr. Buch as they attended the 2nd annual field day for physically handicapped children, held under the auspices of Somerville, N. J., Lodge.



by Ray Trullinger

Mr. Trullinger speaks of moose, or meese, and even further on Delirium Tremens

THE strip of birch bark blazed and momentarily cast a ruddy glow over the guide's saturnine features before he thrust it into the rusty camp stove's maw. Whispy curls of fragrant smoke billowed from its poorly fitted lids as the flames licked around the kindling, and then, suddenly, the cheerless cabin was transformed into a place of warmth and comfort; a haven where tired men could rest at the end of a tough day.

"What say we take one before starting supper, Robert?"

The guide fed the stove a couple of sticks and kicked the door shut before replying. "Well, you know I don't ordinarily go for the stuff," he answered, "but tonight it sounds like a swell idea. Let's have one."

We were both about all in. It was the tenth day of a fruitless moose hunt; ten days of weary slogging through boggy swamps and almost impenetrable brush in a drizzling rain; ten days of laborious climbing over fire-blasted ridges strewn with fallen snags, all overgrown with matted blueberry bushes. And every bush an icy shower on contact. All we'd turned up was one forlorn cow moose, a million porkies and enough grouse to supply camp needs.

"You know," Robert remarked, eyeing the amber liquid in his glass, "this big game hunting is a screwy sport."

"You're telling me."

"And lately its been getting a lot of undeserved black-eyes."

I merely grunted an agreement. Removing a pair of muck-smeared Bean boots was occupying my attention at the moment; besides, a badly galled heel needed immediate repairs.

"This game," resumed Bob, "has been took over by publicity hounds, phony scientists, country club cow-

boys and God only knows who else. Some with writin' ambitions."

"You getting personal?"

"Hell, no! I'm just telling you. Drunks and phonys! I sometimes wonder where all the screwballs come from. They ain't hunters, never were hunters and never will be hunters. They don't play the game because they love it like me and you, but because they think it's smart and the thing to do."

I suddenly lost interest in my galled heel, but refrained from betraying any interest in the guide's conversation. Here was a backwoodsman voicing thoughts I'd long entertained and I wanted to hear more. He emptied his glass before resuming.

"I've guided some of the poorest excuses for sportsmen as ever toted a good rifle. Some of 'em rich guys who headed 'expeditions'—guys who came up here to complete what they called museum groups under special shooting permits. The special permit thing was just a gag which assured 'em plenty of shooting at anything from calves to cows."

"Listen, Bob," I interrupted, "can you talk and work at the same time?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Well, look. I'm so hungry I could eat a litter of pups. If you must cry on my shoulder, how about husking a couple of grouse while I peel the spuds?"

Bob retrieved a pair of birds hanging from a convenient nail and began an expert job of quick dressing.

"Some of these country club Daniel Boones let their guides do everything, includin' the shootin' of game. This gives 'em more time for serious elbow bendin' around camp. Did I ever tell you about the geezer Doctor Sam sent up to me a few seasons ago?"

"Is this a funny story?"

"Yeah," he replied, "funny like a sprained back. Doc Sam is one of my best dudes. We've hunted together every season for something like fifteen years. About the time I was expectin' him, up comes a letter saying he's sending one of his patients, instead. Seems he's watchin' a couple of bad cases and can't make it on schedule. And would I make sure this Jasper didn't get any likker? That was the tipoff on what was comin'."

"The day before the guy arrives I get another letter from Doc with more details. Seems this pilgrim is in a bad way. The only exercise he's been gettin' is pushing open those swinging doors. I gather from Doc Sam's letter that the Little Men are following this guy around, some of 'em riding pink elephants. I'm to peddle this fellow the glories of the Great Outdoors, see to it that he gets a moose or at least a bear, and keep him on the wagon. The Doc says he'll leave that last part to my own something or other."

"Discretion?"

"Yeah, that was the word." Bob

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Some Like It Cold

(Continued from page 7)

row, "and Lord's have Fgustajn. It's too late to replace a man like Jonson. The thing is out of balance. I've built St. Moritz on the ground floor and I don't have a skier. I'd be willing to handle the job myself for a while," said Mr. Morrow. "Except for the family. They wouldn't think it dignified, of course. And my wife wouldn't like it. I used to be quite expert, really. Think, Jimmy."

Jimmy was thinking. He said, "If you're really in a spot. If you can't get a man—"

"How can I? How could I possibly, lad? There are only eight more days of the campaign left. It's not like selling shoes."

"I could take a crack at it myself," said Jimmy. "If we can spare the time up here. If some of the boys'll pitch in—"

"You? You, Jimmy? You can ski?"

"A bit," he said. "At Dartmouth—winter carnival and things—Sun Valley, Glass Valley, Sky Top. Around." He remembered, while he spoke, that at Dartmouth, during the zero months, he had passed the winter hidden like a bear, and always worn his rubbers on the perilous trips to the movies. He had no love for ice and wind.

"You must be pretty good," said Mr. Morrow. "Why so secret about it all? Personally, I think modesty is nonsense. Come on, boy—what kind of a hand are you at this thing?"

"Not bad at all," said Jimmy blandly. "I mean, if you really put it that way. Did some skiing when I was a kid. A lot, in fact. The year the folks lived in Oregon, I was junior state champion." The folks had never lived in Oregon; the folks had always lived in Philadelphia, and Jimmy, in the boldest of moods, would not be found skiing from the back of a turtle.

JIMMY, as the Outdoor Boy, was blessed by his proportions and made a splendid mate for the Outdoor Girl. Everyone seemed pleased, except the Outdoor Girl who said, "I liked Mr. Jonson. He didn't talk too much."

Jimmy smiled and said, "I'm gonna do something for you." He pointed to the chute, once mastered by the nimble Mr. Jonson. "I'm not going to be selfish," he said. "I'm not going to hog the thing for myself. You may jump off that whenever you want. This is only a sideline with me. I'm helping out. But the more opportunities you have, the more the customers will love you, and the better you'll stand with Mr. Morrow."

"You mean Mr. Em."

"Mr. Double Em," he said. "Great fellow, fine sport. A prince. A Viking king. Excuse me."

She excused him and went to wait on customers, to explain about skiing to the curious and uninformed. Jimmy slipped furtively through the crowd, unmindful of the eyes that followed. He looked like an Indian scout picking up tracks, while he made his way to the engineer's division, there to locate a man named Frank, recently of Carnegie Tech, who owed his job to Jimmy's fine gift for pleasing Matthew Morrow. He explained how it was to Frank, "It means my life. My neck, pal. You gotta say I'm too heavy for the chute. You gotta tell 'im it was built for Jonson, not a horse like me. You say it was even risky for Jonson, and that it can't be fixed in eight days, Frankie, pal. Tell 'im I can't get clearance. I'm too big. Matthew is no engineer, Frankie, and you are as fine a liar as I ever knew."

Just leave it to Frankie and all is well, and nobody killed in Morrow's Winterland. He returned to his task, which would be exclusively oral, confident that verbally he could ski off a high Himalaya.

Mr. Morrow, surprisingly, was little disturbed by the engineer's decision. His disappointment melted quickly on the grill of a new idea. "You've been to Glass Valley," he said to Jimmy. "You know your way around?"

"Like a Saint Bernard," said Jimmy, but began, with the thought, to chill beneath the woolen shirt he wore. Glass Valley is the high and frozen land where blue bloods go to get themselves embalmed. Not only flesh but blood will turn to blue beneath the arctic blasts that sweep the mountainside. New Hampshire owns this winter paradise, the temperature of which is always in the papers, along with the news of three-headed calves and two-year-olds who smoke cigars. This, to Jimmy, would not have been alarming, if the fashionable stores did not have branches there.

"I've got an idea," said Mr. Morrow. "I can fight them every inch of the way."

"Fight who?"

"Bailey Brothers, and the Fashion Show they're putting on. They thought they pulled a fast one. Bailey's are sending Bjorgsen, and Lord's are sending Fgustajn. They're good, Jimmy. That's competition hard to beat. With Jonson out, they're the best in the field. Except—"

"Whyn't you get a toboggan team? Or maybe a penguin—" He could anticipate the boss's dreadful dream.

"Be serious, boy. There is no finesse in bobbing. You need only to be large and reckless."

"That's me all over, chief. Large and reckless. But I don't know any-

thing about bobbing. I can get you four guys."

"Jack—Frost," Jimmy thought he heard the man say. "What an idea for a fashion show! Jack Frost," again, and this time Jimmy was sure. "That's you, boy—Jack Frost—and the girl, the girl—Jill Frost. Jack and Jill Frost. Do you get it, boy? Do you get it?"

"I get it," Jimmy said flatly, and could feel the wet and terrible snow against his flesh; he could hear the brittle sounds of cracking bone. I'm too young to die, he thought. "I don't want to be Jack Frost," he said aloud, and listened for a while, when the words had been spoken, to be sure that they were his own. Be a man, he told himself; by all means be a man. "I'll be the Outdoor Boy," he said. "But I won't be Jack Frost. Damned if I will. Jack Frost is out. Some guy will give me the berry an' I'll hit 'im with a ski. Then he'll sue the store."

"I don't understand," said Matthew Morrow. "You mean you don't like it?"

"I mean sink or swim, ski or skid, I'm the Outdoor Boy. I'm not Jack Frost. I'm funny that way. Once you get me into a role you can't get me out of it."

"I like your spirit," said Mr. Morrow, then went to tell the Outdoor Girl all about it.

ADMIRAL BYRD has never worn a coat so great and fine as Jimmy's, lined with the hair of aristocratic beasts whose tusks grow long in the lands of ice. As they got off the train at Glass Valley, Joan said, "If you go sideways, we may be able to get you through the door," and to the porter said, "Don't use any hooks. He's precious."

"This ain't fun," said Jimmy, "but it's pretty."

"Breathe deeply!" said the girl, in fine and young exuberance. He saw her glad smile and the color in her cheeks, her teeth as white as any of the snow. He said, "C'mon." He saw the main house up the hill. He saw the sleigh drawn by two horses, the blankets in the sleigh piled high; the oldish gent who took their luggage from the porter and helped Joan climb into the sleigh. The horses made their way along, their tails, revolving brushes, cast the snow into his face. He began to chill, and his chattering teeth telegraphed the signs of his distress. The Outdoor Boy could scarcely wait to stand before the fire.

In the hotel, so stoutly built of fieldstone, with its mammoth roof chained strong against the ravages of storm, they had the skins of long departed bears upon the floor, and great fires leaping up the several

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Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest



TWO thousand dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed by the Elks National Foundation Trustees as a feature of the Grand Lodge Convention of 1941. This "most valuable student" prize contest has become part of the annual program of the Elks National Foundation. It is a nation-wide challenge to the students of the country who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. For the past seven years similar contests have been held and have served to open the door of opportunity to many young students of high ability but low finances. This year the Elks National Foundation Trustees prize offer is as follows:

First Prize.....	\$600
Second Prize.....	500
Third Prize.....	400
Fourth Prize.....	300
Fifth Prize.....	200

Eligibility

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to enter this contest.

Merit Standards

Scholarship, character, citizenship, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism, civic service, exceptional courage and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Applications

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist on any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by neat, orderly, concise and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business letter size), bound in the form of a brief or prospectus. Neat heavy paper bindings can be procured at any stationery store.

We suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, giving name, address, age and place of birth, and presenting reasons which applicant thinks entitle him to one of the awards.

3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or guardian, stating size of family, financial condition and other facts showing applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. A concise statement of applicant's educational history from first year of high or preparatory school to the date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority showing the courses taken, the grades received and the standing of the applicant with relation to other students in the class.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of the applicant from at least one person in authority in each school attended.

6. Two or three comprehensive letters of endorsement from responsible persons not related to applicant who have had an opportunity personally to observe applicant and who can give worth-while opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is a resident.

8. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, leadership, athletics or other activities may be attached, but applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

Only students of outstanding merit who show a high appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of B plus or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

The application must be filed on or before February 1st with the Secretary of the State Elks Association in the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be passed upon and, if approved, come in with the quota of applications from that State and be received by Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than March 1, 1941.

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to March 1, 1941, should be addressed to Chairman Malley.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman
Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary
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CONTEST ENDS MARCH 1, 1941

Some Like It Cold

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chimneys there. It was warm, and there was food to fill his spaciousness for lunch. Drinks to be had at a rustic bar and hours to be spent in talk with Joan. He loved her very much. No Mr. Morrow on the scene; no skis to wear until another day; no leaps to wrack and ruin; no fashion show till Saturday. A man must live while the chance remains.

That evening they sat together by a fire, in the shadows, removed from the dancing in the ballroom, but still hearing the music, while he took her hand and her soft hair rested on his shoulder, touching his face.

"Jimmy," she said.

"Yeah?"

"Why are you such a liar?"

"Liar, dear? A funny word to choose. Lie, indeed!"

"Suppose you break your neck?"

"My what? My neck? That simply wouldn't do. You'd have to hold my head up all the time. You couldn't kiss me unless you held my head. What a vicious thought for you."

"Jimmy, be serious! You know you can't ski!"

"Can't, huh? Can't ski? You ever see a landslide? You ever see a seagull soaring? That's me, baby. I'm both of them."

"You're crazy, that's what you are. I suspected all along you couldn't ski. I don't want you to be hurt, darling."

"That's a pretty word." He brought her closer to himself.

"We're not alone," she said. "Be sensible, Jimmy. Listen to me. I'm worried."

"Go ahead and be worried. We're comfortable, aren't we? We love each other, don't we?"

"You'll kill yourself," she said. "Morrow thinks you're a champion. He thinks you can jump off the moon."

"You think I can't?"

"I know you can't. I'm even worried myself, the things we'll have to do. But I can get by. I skied in college. Just enough. Once I went off a golf tee. But I can at least go through with it."

"Then you lied, too."

"I didn't lie. I didn't mean to, really. I just needed the job rather badly. But now that I have it, I'll have to make the most of it. Haven't you any sense of responsibility?"

Jimmy did not like games that went like this. He did not like reality to sit so plump in the middle of romance. He said, "Look, I'm a smart guy. I get along pretty well. It's all very simple. I don't

jump off any mountains. In fact, I don't even jump off a snowball. While we sit here, Joan, you're growing older. As you grow older you grow more beautiful. If you'll turn your head three inches east, I'll kiss you smartly under the nose."

Her lips were directly under her nose. He kissed her once. She clung to him for the briefest of moments, then rose from the shadows and said, "We'll dance. You dance pretty."

They danced, and after that they had a drink, and then a guest blew in from the whistling out-of-doors. Mr. Matthew Morrow was ready to take charge.

JIMMY went to greet the boss, to shake his hand and marvel at the ice in his mustache. He said, "It's great to see you, chief!" though such a thought did not live in his head, and ice and snow reminded him he was up to his haircut in a problem. They found a place to thaw the old gent's hat and coat, though Mr. Morrow worried none because his feet were wet. He had kind words for Joan and for the Morrow personnel. He said, "We'll give Bailey's and Lord's a show they won't forget!"

Ah, me, thought Jimmy, this is not so good. In panic now, his wits went for a sprint. No time for gracious exits well conceived as, with Mr. Morrow, he was walking up the stairs. He borrowed from precedent, from vivid memory, from the rise and fall of Ski Master Jonson. He tripped nimbly at the top of the flight, then bounced without

pause until he hit the bottom. The music and the crowd dispersed. A square yard of skin had been scraped from his back. His white tie was revolved, presenting its bow at the back of his neck. He grasped one ankle with his hands and groaned. He felt no pain but knew it was wise to groan. He felt no more than a comforting glow of peace. He thanked the fates that he was born a genius, and would never reach a grave of ice and snow.

"A doctor!" yowled Mr. Morrow. "Get this boy a doctor! Jimmy, are you going to be all right?"

"It's the breaks you get," said Jimmy. "Just when everything goes right, something has to come along and spoil it all. It wasn't your fault. You didn't mean to trip me. It could have happened to anyone."

"Trip you? Good Lord, boy, did I?"

"FORGET it" said Jimmy. "It was probably my fault, too. We were so excited talking about the show." He gritted his teeth, gasped gamely between them, "It's okay; I'll be okay. I'll be back in there swingin'."

Big, beautiful Joan knelt down beside him, gave scientific scrutiny to his eyes. She said, whisperingly and icily, "You dog! Only a whelp would do this to Mr. Morrow! Your ankle is as thick and strong as your head!" Contempt, as cold as out-of-doors, was resident in her face, and tears, so big they looked like lemon drops, cascaded down her cheeks. She ran away. He shouted, "Joan!" and Mr. Morrow, innocent of many things, said, "She must love you, boy. Can't stand to see you hurt."

Alone, in his room, he walked around and brooded some, remembering just how Joan had looked when she went away. The bandage on his foot did not impede his walking. He raised the phone from its cradle and asked to be connected with her room. "Yes?" The voice was barren, and strictly from Lapland.

"Joan? This is Jimmy, Joan. Now, don't hang up. You'll listen to me. Yes, you will. You'll—"

"I've listened quite a lot," he heard her say. "I thought you were a man, although I knew you were a fraud. It takes nerve to do the things you do. You wait until the trouble starts, then run with your tail between your legs! . . . No, no, I don't want to see you."

"I'll come over . . . bandage an' all, I'll come over," he told her, but the phone thumped down on



"You civilians, of course, will find these military matters confusing."

her end of the line, and he could hear the final sound for a long time in his ears.

Jimmy saw the skiers go out in the morning. He watched them through the window of his room and saw his Joan go busily along, somewhat faster than the rest, more gracefully than most. She wore ski pants the color of the snow, with a jacket brilliantly scarlet that marked her for his eyes. He watched till they were gone, then found himself displeased. He was warm, but all out of fun. No, Joan, no anything; he had no appetite for food. He phoned down for some scotch, discontentedly tried to read.

The longest day he'd ever lived, it seemed, and then at dusk, the skiers coming back. He saw them coming down the hill, in little groups quite scattered, a few of them with flares, bright burning in the shadows. He watched for Joan, but it grew darker all the time, and only in the red light of the flares could he discern just who was who.

He waited several minutes before he phoned her room. "Miss Barry has not returned as yet," they told him at the desk.

High snows conceal a thousand human traps, he thought. He tried the phone and called again. It was the same. He walked about the room and dirtied up the bandage on his foot. A knock came at the door. He made swift tracks returning to his bed, then said, "Come in."

Mr. Morrow brought his worries with him and Jimmy asked, "Where's Joan? Why hasn't she got back?"

"I'm worried," Mr. Morrow said. "She didn't join us when we stopped for lunch, and I imagined then she'd gone another way—with some girls from the agency." He looked at his watch. "The other girls are back," he said.

"They're what? They're back? Without Joan? Why, dammit, you just can't stand there, chief! Get people looking for her. Get 'em out there. I love that girl!"

"I know you do," said Mr. Morrow. "But searchers have already started out. I wanted to break it to you slowly. I'd be searching myself, looking for the girl, except that I—"

A bellhop came for Mr. Morrow and the energetic merchant stepped outside, did not come back, left Jimmy squatting in the numb pain of his loss. Then Jimmy arose and said to himself, "The hell with the job! Let 'im fire me if he wants. It's what I deserve!" He took the bandage from his leg, then filled a

sock with the naked foot. He climbed without pause into Morrow's Sports Equipment, until he weighed another twenty pounds. Wisely enough, he scorned the skis, choosing instead large snow shoes that he carried in his hands. He marched straight down the stairs and through the lobby to the cold outdoors. He saw a rescue group with flares and said, "I'm going with you."

He put the snow shoes on his feet, resolved to try his strength against

making clear the way to safety and to home. Ahead, there was the storm, the mystery of the girl who'd not come back. He chose the hard way; he pushed himself against the whirling snow.

He trudged along and twice he saw the moving glow of flares. He traveled miles. Just once he heard the barking of the dogs. The wind had knives that tried to cut him down, as though his size offended and he needed to be humbled. Somewhere, sometime, he saw a light, but not a flare, a flickering light, of orange steeples reaching into black, a small fire burning somewhere, if he could only clear his eyes, retain the sight to see. He moved against the light, and then it was a house he saw; a shack it was, with a window sending light through all the snow.

He shoved against the door. It opened wide and let him in. The snow no longer beat him with its fists. He wanted to sag and fall where he was, wherever he was. He looked at the girl, who stood unable to speak.

She thawed his face by kissing it, and then he was able to hear. He heard her say, "It's a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, world! You're a wonderful, wonderful man!"

"I'm an eskimo pie," he told her. "But I'm all right now. I'm all right when you're holding me, Joan. Ah, this is good." He saw the fire and felt the fire and thought he'd step right into the fire. The shack was vastly like a place where the Northwest Mounties, might trap a man with gold in his belt and blood on his hands. "I just found it," she said. "I was lost and cold. I was scared," she said. "There's coffee and beans in the pantry."

"I love you," he said, before and after he'd eaten the beans. "We'll get married and all our kids'll be snowmen."

"You were so brave," Joan said. "I could never love a man who wasn't brave."

BUT sad reflections gave him pause. "I'm a bum," he told her. "I can't support a wife. I can support myself. I threw my job away when I took off that bandage."

"You did it for me." "I'd do more than that for you. But it's nice to have a job. It's nice to eat. Gimme more beans, baby."

He couldn't stay awake. He fell asleep, on the floor beside the fire. She slept upon the sofa, in a Morrow's skiing suit, and when they awoke the daylight was with them, the snow was on the ground, no



"Darling, where's the Firth of Forth? A man just sold me some shares in a mine near there."

the storm. He heard the voice of Matthew Morrow, calling, or perhaps the voice of Matthew Morrow cursing. He did not care. He paid no heed. He thought, a job is just a job; perhaps I'll perish anyhow. They said the storm had drawn a curtain through the afternoon and Joan undoubtedly had lost her way. A snowy hill is just a snowy hill, and when you're deep in them they're all the same. He asked them, "What are you waiting for?"

THE searchers chose a number of directions then, two men on skis, two others drawn by dogs, moved through the night. A man named Kelly, with a flare, had been beside him for a while. The snow in Jimmy's eyes made it tough for him to see. He tried to wipe them clean, and then no flare was closer than a hundred feet away. Nor was Kelly there, and Jimmy's shout was muffled in the wind. A touch of fright, a hopeless sense of loneliness. The men on skis had glided fast away; the flares grew dimmer as they burned against the winter night. The cold had made its way into his flesh, and turning, he could see the clubhouse lights behind him,

longer in the air. They had breakfast from another can of beans, and while the coffee brewed, considered where they'd slept.

"People will talk," said Jimmy.

"Undoubtedly," said Joan. "The hills abound with peeping penguins."

They were rescued late in the morning by three men wearing beaver hats. The men bore restoratives and brandy, everything but a kerosene stove. One of the men looked very familiar, but Jimmy could not tell why. He thought his rescue was second-rate; they were much too alive to be rescued. However, the men who had braved the snows seemed more than content with the work they had done. Jingle bells, on the horses' flanks, played a jolly winter's tune. "A clown like me should have bells on his head," Jimmy said, morosely, and thought, while they were riding along, how sad it was that he should be a wise guy and no longer employed by Morrow's fine store. He wished to make a wide detour about the person of Mr. Morrow.

THE trip to the clubhouse was brief but triumphant, and a phone call from a wayside post, had prepared Glass Valley for a hero's return. Naturally, the show was not without music, and the brassy notes of the band combined in, "Hail The Conquering Hero!" The music was loud and might have been better were the musicians not wearing their gloves.

Joan turned to him and said, "Darling, they're playing for you! Limp a bit, Jimmy."

"For me? For a tramp like me? For a guy who never completes the job he sets out to do? I used to play the saxophone. Ask those guys can they use another saxophone. Tell 'em I'm unemployed."

He turned his eyes to the ski slide, the big one built on the top of the world, where as high as an eagle dare perch on a cliff, stood Bjorgsen, of Bailey's, preparing to leap. Down came Bjorgsen, a thing of beauty, riding the atmosphere. He lit on his feet but the task was too great, so over he went with his head in the snow, and nobody seemed to mind. Then Fgustajn, of Lord's, soared as slick as a bird, but the fate of Bjorgsen was his fate, too. "They don't get paid enough for that," said Jimmy. "There's not that much money in all the wide world."

Another soul now took the theater of the sky, a slender man whose name did not adorn the program. The angular form was familiar. "Good God," said Jimmy. "It's Mr.

Morrow! He'll kill himself! Somebody stop 'im!"

"Can't stop him now," said Joan. "There he goes!" and clung to his arm while the figure began to slide. Her fingers bit deeply into him. "He used to be a champ," she said. "If this doesn't kill him his wife will."

The old gent charged the empty space, off and away, like a wild goose flying, leaning into the blanket of wind. They wished to take their eyes away, but the aerial drama of Mr. Morrow would not permit them to. They saw him touch his skis to earth, burn a white trail with the boards on his feet. A cascade of snow, the flailing of arms, but Mr. Morrow was ever erect, braking at last his remarkable leap.

JIMMY said, "I don't believe it. I've still got snow in my eyes. If I saw what I saw, it was Mr. Morrow. If that was Mr. Morrow, I'll eat an iceberg."

But it was Mr. Morrow. They saw him coming now, a giant in the eyes of all who watched, zooming up before them on the momentum of his leap.

His costume gave him muscles that he never possessed in the flesh. He'd left the years behind him in the snow where he'd found his youth. Mr. Morrow was not surprised to see them, and Jimmy, scarce understanding, pointed to Joan. "Just snatched from an icy grave," he said.

The merchant was aware of that. He said to Jimmy, "Where's your crutch, you scoundrel?"

"He's not a scoundrel," Joan protested.

"Who's not? He's not? Of course, he's a scoundrel. He was born a scoundrel. A broken ankle, eh? It's a broken neck he should have!" Mr. Morrow paused to nibble the ice

from his mustache. To Joan, he said, "A beautiful girl like you should not be out all night. Not with the likes of him." He thought it was very funny, as did the rescue party that wore the beaver hats. Jimmy looked at one of them and thought, "I know that gorilla from some place."

He did not agree with Mr. Morrow, and said, therefore, "I'm sorry, chief, but fun is fun. Let's not make it any worse. You don't have to fire me. This is your big day. You have my resignation, and my admiration, too." He turned to walk away, but Mr. Morrow was a rapid man on skis.

"I didn't say I was going to fire you, lad. I heard of your valiant work before I jumped. You gave me strength to defend the honor of the store. I've wanted to make a jump like that for twenty years. Fire you?"

"You can't fire a hero, Jimmy. Not while the photographers are taking his picture. I just said you were a scoundrel. I've known that for years."

Jimmy wondered why the cameramen were so conveniently about, as though informed a hero would return, and the repeated use of "hero" sounded phony to his ears. It returned him to a practical state of mind. "Now, how in hell did I find that cabin?" he asked aloud. "All those snow-eating natives on skis and I'm the guy who finds it. It ain't kosher."

"QUIET, Jimmy," spoke Mr. Morrow, and this time the man's voice was soft.

The guy in the beaver hat who looked familiar, Jimmy placed him now—a carpenter—from Morrow's basement. "It's a conspiracy," he said. "Those guys and their flares—they were leadin' me on—" Joan kicked him sharply in the shins.

Mr. Morrow did not care. "Do you think Bailey's or Lord's could rescue a pretty girl?" he asked. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Do you think I'm in the advertising business for nothing? Did you see me coming down the mountain? Could Martin Bailey or Alexander Lord do that?"

Jimmy limped off towards the clubhouse, with Joan's hand clasped in his own. The music and cameras pursued them, while Mr. Morrow spoke freely of heroes and love. Bjorgsen of Bailey's and Fgustajn, of Lord's stood lonesomely poised to leap anew. But the crowd gave its eyes to Jimmy, instead, and Morrow's bright banner waved stiffly in the breeze.



"It's all very technical. All I know is Social Security numbers is different."

Flowers For Judy

(Continued from page 17)

didn't trust the North Pole or the Atlantic Ocean.

"After thirty years?" I asked.

"That's what makes it so hard," she said slowly. "I've watched him grow up since he was a baby in rompers, just as I watched you and Judy and Brock and Rachel. I've loved him as much as I've loved all of you. But suddenly, for some reason that I can't quite explain, it all changed. Several weeks ago I looked at Herbert Craig one day and I realized something strange. I realized that not only did I dislike him, but that I must have disliked him all these years. I know it's a horrible thing to say, Johnny, but I can't help myself. I don't trust him. I'm worried about Judy."

"Why don't you tell me all the facts?" I said stupidly. I wanted a few moments to collect my thoughts. I knew all the facts. "Tell me just what you're—?"

"Maybe it's because I've known him so long," Mrs. Farrar said. "I've mothered him and scolded him and praised him for so many years, just as I've mothered and praised and scolded all of you, that I've never paid any attention to his faults. When you went to work for W. & W. ten years ago, Johnny, and then, one by one, as you got Herbert and Rachel and Brock in, I thought it was wonderful, because I liked to see all of you in the old group together. Then you got the job for Judy, too. That made me very happy. Not only because we needed the money pretty badly by that time, Johnny, but because I wanted her to be with all of you, the way she had always been since childhood. I was afraid that she was slipping away from the four of you. Or that you four were slipping away from her. It worried me. You know how I feel about the five of you, Johnny, and how I want you to—"

"Yes," I said quietly. "I know."

SHE smiled through her worried scowl. Then the smile disappeared as a twinge of pain shot through the arthritis in her elbows. She folded her arms tightly, the way she always did to stop the pain, and went on.

"Shortly after Judy went to work at W. & W., I began to notice something. Herbert was paying more attention to her. I don't know why I should have noticed it. All five of you have been in and out of this house for years. But there it was. Suddenly I began to notice that Herbert was up to something. He was watching all of you when you were here. And particularly Judy. He was watching her with, well, with—please don't laugh at me, Johnny—with narrowed eyes. Do you know what I mean? It may seem silly, but I couldn't help noticing it. It didn't look right to me, Johnny. It made

me feel uncomfortable. For the first time in thirty years I began to look on Herbert Craig as an outsider. I fought against it, Johnny, but I couldn't help myself. And little by little I realized that Judy must have seen it, too. Because she would say she was busy when he called her up. Several times she even asked me to answer the phone and tell him she was out. That's—that's—I don't know, Johnny, but that's not like Judy. And that's not like the five of you. To lie to each other, I mean. It's been worrying me, Johnny. It shouldn't be like that with you five."

"No," I said, "it shouldn't."

"It's been awful these last two weeks," Mrs. Farrar said, twisting her lips again in that puzzled way that was hers alone. "Judy's been upset and she's been trying to avoid him. But you know Herbert. Finally, today, she said she'd go to Jones Beach with him. But I knew she didn't want to go, so I made Herbert promise that they'd be home by nine." She looked at the old bronze clock on the wall, the clock with the four fat cupids that had been lolling around its face for years, ever since I had come into that house for the first time as a boy of four. "It's well after midnight now and they—"

I shook myself erect in my chair.

"I don't think you ought to worry," I said. "I don't think anybody need worry about Judy."

"It's not Judy I'm worried about," Mrs. Farrar said. "I can trust Judy. It's Herbert I'm—"

"Herbert is—" I began, but she stopped me.

"Johnny," she said suddenly, and she leaned forward in the old-fashioned armchair. "Johnny, why don't you marry her?"

I could feel my face grow warm and then cold and then warm again. It was a question I had been asking myself for years. But I had never found the answer. I did not know then what I was to know so well a year later: that the man who tries too hard to decide whether he really loves a girl, or only likes her very much, will arrive at his answer too late for it to do him any good. A quicker thinker will get there ahead of him.

BEFORE I could say a word, the noise of the front door banging open and shut brought us both to our feet. As we moved toward the heavy rope portieres that screened the doorway to the living room, they were thrust aside. Judy Farrar came in. She came in quickly, almost running. Behind her was Herbert Craig. They stopped short when they saw us, and during the long pause that followed, I had time to notice that Judy was flushed and upset, that her blonde, wavy hair was mussed, and that her lips were trembling. Herbert Craig's

long, sharp face was a mixture of frustration and anger. It was plain that he had followed her in against her wishes. Now, when he saw us in the small living room, he changed color and looked frightened. Judy ran to her mother and threw herself into her arms. For a moment I was stunned. Then, when the implication of what had happened struck me, I felt the skin on my face grow tight with anger. I moved toward him swiftly. But Mrs. Farrar stopped me. She put her hand on my arm.

"It's all right, Johnny," she said quietly, patting Judy's shoulder with her other hand. "Never mind, Johnny. Don't bother."

"Listen," Herbert said. "Listen, I didn't—"

"You'd better go now," Mrs. Farrar said to him in her low, steady voice. "You'd just better go, Herbert."

"For crying out loud," he said desperately. "I didn't mean to—"

"And I'd suggest, Herbert, that you go for good." She spoke very slowly and very distinctly, while she stroked Judy's shoulder. The atmosphere in the room was stifling. I could hardly breathe. "We would rather never see you here again, Herbert."

The full meaning of the simple statement seemed to reach Herbert Craig suddenly. He winced as though he had been struck. He looked shocked and his mouth hung open. Then he pulled himself together and moved forward as though to make some further plea or explanation. But the expression on Mrs. Farrar's face did not change. He shivered slightly and turned and walked out of the room slowly. For a long moment after the front door slammed shut nobody moved. The three of us, Mrs. Farrar and Judy and I, watched the slight swaying of the rope portieres.

NOW, a year later, as I opened the box of roses in the general office of Wilmerding & Waters and watched the thin, sardonic face of Herbert Craig, I couldn't help knowing exactly what was going through his mind.

"It's perfectly all right, Herbert," I said evenly. "Judy won't tell Waters, if that's what you mean."

"You bet she won't," he said bitterly. "She's probably told him already. He's not the boss to her any more, you know. Now he's her husband. I can hear her dictating the order, 'Get rid of the advertising manager. He once made a pass at me when we were coming home from Jones Beach about a year ago.'"

"That's my idea of a pretty damn nasty thing to say, Herbert. Judy isn't the type to squeal or—"

"No?" he said insolently. "Then why is she coming in here this morn-

ing? She marries a rich guy like Waters. They go to Hawaii on their honeymoon. The same morning that they're due in New York, ten minutes after the boat docks, she comes rushing back to the office where she used to be an eighteen-dollar-a-week switchboard operator. Ever hear of a thing like that before?"

I hadn't. It was the one point that had worried me in her cablegram.

"Well," I said slowly, "maybe she—"

"Maybe nothing," Herbert Craig said. "She's got her plan of campaign all worked out and she isn't losing any time. The heads are going to roll, boy. You wait and see."

The front door opened and slammed closed. We both jumped. The door into the general office was pushed open and Rachel Adams came in. She stopped when she saw us, but her right hand continued to tug slowly at the glove on her left.

"Well," she said, and she smiled with one corner of her mouth. "Hello, Johnny, Herbert. I thought I'd be the first one in. What is this: Early-Bird-Gets-The-Worm Day?"

"JOHNNY and I have already decided to skip the gay banter and the light railery and the airy persiflage, Rachel," Herbert Craig said grimly. "We know why you're in early today, so you can let the stiff upper lip ride."

"Really?" she said. "Why am I in early today, Herbert?"

"For the same reason that Johnny and I are in early. Because our several throats are about to be cut by a sweet young thing now known as Mrs. William Waters."

Rachel Adams pursed her lips and looked at him calmly while she finished pulling off her gloves. I always liked Rachel. She wasn't much to look at. She was too thin and too angular and her features looked as though they had been tossed together and fastened into place with chewing gum. Also, she was two years older than Brock McMahon, which made her the oldest in our group. But she had a way with her. She had poise. She had dignity. She knew how to make you forget that she was very homely. In her own way, she had charm.

"It's been my contention for almost thirty years, Herbert," she drawled, "that your greatest weakness is the haste with which you jump at conclusions. It so happens that I have a very excellent reason for coming in early today. I happen to be Mr. William Waters' secretary. And I have been for seven years. Remember, Her-

bert? He's been away for a month on his honeymoon, and the fact that his wife happens to be our former switchboard operator and erstwhile lifelong friend, Judy Farrar, doesn't change the fact that a lot of things have accumulated on his desk during his absence. Being a very good secretary, Herbert, darling, I made it a point to come down early today."

"Well, here's another point you can make," Herbert said as he stalked past us. "You're not kidding me for a second. I can hear your knees knocking together all the way over here."

We watched him as he disappeared into his room and slammed the door behind him. Then Rachel turned and looked at me. I continued to lift roses out of the florist's box and put them into the four vases I had asked one of the shipping clerks to leave in the general office for me the night before.

"YOU know, Johnny," she said, "you're wasting your time. Roses never stopped an execution yet."

I dropped the flowers onto the desk.

"You too?" I said. "Holy smoke, Rachel, don't tell me you're afraid Judy will—"

"I wouldn't admit a thing like that in front of dear little Herbert because I'd never hear the end of it," Rachel Adams said. "But frankly, Johnny, the only part of the paper I read on my way down to the office this morning was the want ad section."

"This is ridiculous," I snapped. "I can understand Herbert's being scared. He's been rotten enough to Judy since the blow-up last year to earn himself a horsewhipping. But you? Hell, Rachel, Judy won't—"

"Judy will," she said with a grim nod. "Little Miss Farrar, now Mrs.

William Waters, is going to have her innings at last. And frankly, Johnny, I can't say that I blame her."

"Why the hell should you say a thing like that?" I said angrily. "When you know damn well, Rachel, that she isn't the type to—"

"The only thing I know damn well, Johnny, is that all women are the type. You're going to tell me that Judy's been a member of our little group all her life. True. You're going to tell me we've all been friends for years. True. But doesn't it occur to you, Johnny, that she's always been at the bottom of our little heap?"

"I DON'T know what you mean," I said, but I was lying. Because suddenly I knew what she meant. Judy Farrar had been in our group, but I saw now that she had never been in it the way Rachel and Brock and Herbert and I had been in it. She had always been very poor. She had never won any honors at school the way the rest of us had. She had never been able to keep up with us at tennis or golf. The things she did well, such as dancing, had never interested the rest of us. We had only allowed her into our bridge foursome when one of us, Rachel or Brock or Herbert or I, was sick or out of town. And finally, here at Wilmerding & Waters, while I was general manager, and Herbert was advertising manager, and Brock was sales manager, and Rachel was William Waters' private secretary, Judy had been the switchboard operator. All in a rush I remembered a thousand times when we had patronized her, lorded it over her or dismissed her without a thought. We may have done it unconsciously, but we had done it. And I was as guilty as the rest. "I don't know what you mean," I said again.

"I wouldn't take up lying as a profession if I were you, Johnny. You're not very good at it," Rachel Adams said. "I can tell from your face that you know damn well what I mean."

"Well, all right," I said. "Suppose I do know. I still don't think Judy will—"

"There's no reason for you to think about it," she said. "Judy's undoubtedly done all the thinking necessary. She's been on the bottom all her life and we've been on top. Now she's on top and we're on bottom. Simple matter of arithmetic, Johnny. It adds up to 'off with their heads.' I can hear my own private little tumbrel rolling closer now."

"It doesn't mean anything of the sort. It—"

"No?" Rachel Adams said, and her long, odd-



"Take this out and get it shaved!"

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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

ing been received from Rutland and Burlington, Vt., Lodges, the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and the President's Ball Fund of Franklin County, of which Mr. Beauregard is Chairman.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Holds Meeting in Town of Emmett

A group of members of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, journeyed to Emmett, Ida., recently, taking with them their Elks' Pep Band. The purpose of the visit was to interest former members of the Order residing there in reinstating, and to hold a meeting with Emmett Elks who belong to Boise Lodge. The Band gave an open air concert after which the Emmett Elks were hosts at a Dutch Lunch in honor of the visitors at which former members of the Order were also guests.

A splendid meeting was held later, attended by many prominent Idaho Elks among whom were immediate Past State Pres. Jay O. Malvin, E.R. Robert S. Overstreet and P.E.R. E. M. Rogers, manager of the Band, all of Boise Lodge, and P.E.R. Nicholas Ney of Caldwell Lodge, D.D. for Ida., South. Feeling that a great deal of good was accomplished at the meeting, Boise Lodge will continue its policy of making visitations of this kind from time to time, thus keeping up the interest of members living in towns in which there is no lodge.

Golf Pro Johnny Kinder Is Honored By His Lodge, Plainfield, N. J.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, paid tribute recently to one of its members for his fine record in professional golf by giving a dinner in honor of Johnny Kinder, Plainfield Country Club golf professional. Elks from all sections of New Jersey, many of the State's leading golf professionals, and local city officials, about 200 in all, were among those in attendance.

The dinner was given shortly after Kinder's third victory in the New Jersey State Open Golf Championship match. He has figured in a total of nine State golf championships since 1931. Among the links stars who were on hand and spoke briefly were Johnny Farrell, former Metropolitan Open champion; Jim Barnes, former National and British Open and U. S. Professional Golfers Association champion; Jack Fox, President of the New Jersey P.G.A. chapter, and Charles Whitehead, New Jersey State amateur champion.

Congressman Martin Dies Speaks Before Georgia Elks at Atlanta

In support of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch's patriotic program and the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, E.R. George B. Yancey of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, with the cooperation of Decatur Lodge No. 1602, East Point Lodge No. 1617, civic and labor organizations, fraternal groups and other patriotic organizations, arranged for an Americanism Day in the State of Georgia. Governor E. D. Rivers, who is a member of Atlanta Lodge, the Mayors and City Councils of Atlanta, East Point, College Park, Hapeville and Decatur, and the County Com-

missioners, proclaimed August 30th "Georgia Americanism Day". Flags were displayed in all of the cities and a large garrison flag was given a prominent place on the lawn of the Atlanta Lodge home. The main feature was an address given by Congressman Martin Dies, Chairman of the House Committee Investigating Un-American Activities.

Mr. Dies, a member of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, spoke to a large crowd at the Atlanta City Auditorium. He was introduced by the Hon. Ellis Arnold. His speech on "Un-American Activities in America" was followed by the presentation of Resolutions and Proclamations, bound in a leather volume, by Judge John S. McClelland of Atlanta, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Mr. Dies' speech was broadcast over WSB, the *Atlanta Journal's* 50,000-watt station. From all parts of the country, requests for copies of the address have been made by many who listened in.

A feature of the program was the singing of patriotic songs by the audience, led by Atlanta's well known song leader, John D. Hoffman. Patriotic selections were rendered by the famous Georgia Girls' Military Band under the direction of Col. Jack Taylor, and the Drum and Bugle Corp of Atlanta Post No. 1, American Legion, led by Commander Garner and Drum Major Howard Glenn. The program also included the Invocation by Dr. Ellis A. Fuller; the address of welcome by E.R. George Yancey; the Advance of the Colors, American Legion Unit, and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, led by P.E.R. Frank R. Fling, of Atlanta Lodge, Commander of Atlanta Post. General Chairman Wellborn Ellis presided.

Chadron, Nebraska, Elks Send Underprivileged Girls to Camp

Chadron, Neb., Lodge, No. 1399, sponsored a five-day camp vacation at Chadron State Park for underprivileged girls, under fifteen years of age, the last week in August. Free use of the cabins occupied by the girls was provided by P.E.R. D. O. Cleghorn and his wife. Many pleasant hours during the sojourn were spent in hiking through the pines of the region and swimming.

Constitution Day Is Observed By St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge

With an appropriate program, St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, observed Constitution Day on September 17 by holding an open-air evening meeting in the historic Plaza, which attracted fully 1,000 citizens. A patriotic parade preceded the meeting. Members of the lodge, several Boy Scout troops, and members of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, led by a drum corps, participated.

On the speakers' stand were seated civic and fraternal leaders including Mayor Walter B. Fraser and other city officials. The principal speaker, the Hon. J. Tom Watson of Tampa, nominee for the post of Attorney General of Florida, gave a stirring patriotic address. He was introduced by

Est. Lect. Knight Allen J. MacGill, who acted as Master of Ceremonies. The program was opened with the singing of the National Anthem, and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag was recited in unison. Soloists rendered several appropriate vocal selections.

Waycross, Ga., Lodge Honors Past Grand Trustee John S. McClelland

Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, initiated recently a John S. McClelland Class, numbering 26 candidates, at a meeting marked by an exceptionally large attendance and a fine speaking program. Entertainment and a fried chicken supper followed the meeting.

Highlights of the evening were the speech made by Judge McClelland, P.E.R. of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, and former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, expressing his appreciation of the honor shown him; talks by Past Pres.'s Walter E. Lee, Waycross, and J. Clayton Burke, Atlanta; P.E.R. J. M. Thrash, Douglas Lodge, Pres. of South Georgia College, and P.E.R. Will S. Haile, of Fitzgerald, Ga., Lodge, and the introductions of P.D.D. J. Bush, Athens, Ga., Lodge, sponsor of the ritualistic cup competed for at each annual meeting of the Ga. State Elks Association, and Robert McKnight of Columbus, Ga., Lodge, who, on behalf of Waycross members residing in Columbus, presented Waycross Lodge with a beautiful jeweled ring bearing the Elks emblem. The gift was made in recognition of the efforts of Waycross members in forming the large class, only one section of which was inducted into the Order that evening. D.D. W. C. McGeary, of Athens Lodge, was slated to initiate the second group. The ring was presented by E.R. W. Wayne Hinson, who presided at the meeting, to Thomas D. Mitchell as No. 369's reward for bringing in the most members of the John S. McClelland Class.

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Holds Its Annual Coon Hunt

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 85, held its annual Coon Hunt on September 19, with an attendance that broke all records. Approximately 4,000 Elks and their guests enjoyed the hunt and numerous other events provided for their entertainment. Old friends and acquaintances from various parts of the Middle West held reunions, exchanging reminiscences and talking over coon hunts of former years.

The skeet and trap range was busy all day and the cash prizes given out were greatly appreciated by all who won them. An outstanding golf match between Ralph Guldahl and "Slammin' Sammy" Sneed, nationally famous golfers, and Terre Haute Lodge's own Pro, Don Swisher, and Wayne Timberman, Pro at the local Country Club, a member of No. 86, drew a large and enthusiastic gallery. For the fight fans, the contestants threw a lot of leather at a boxing match held in the evening.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge Honors Players on "Baseball Night"

Many visiting Elks were guests of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, recently when the lodge held "Baseball Night"

in honor of the Albany and Springfield, Mass., teams, members of the Eastern League. Both lodges in the capitals of their respective States were well represented.

Among the prominent Elks present were Johnny Evers of the famous Tinker to Evers to Chance fame. John Feeley acted as Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

The 1941 Elks National Bowling Tournament at Des Moines, Ia.

Moving west of the Mississippi River for the first time in its history, the 1941 Elks National Bowling Tournament will be held in Des Moines, Ia., beginning March 22 and continuing through April 28. Nile Oldham, of Des Moines Lodge No. 98, a veteran among kegelers, has been appointed General Chairman of the local tournament. His first pronouncement was to caution all lodges to file their entries before March 1, 1941—the deadline.

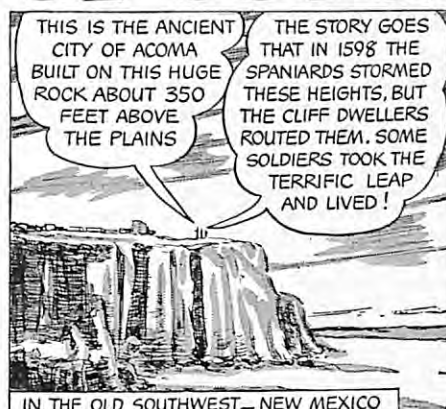
A delegation of Des Moines Elks, headed by E.R. Tom Pettit and Mayor M. L. Conkling, visited Fort Wayne, Ind., last year where the 23rd annual tournament was in progress, determined to bring the 24th to their city. They did what they set out to do, unanimously winning the award. During the past three years the Des Moines Lodge officers and members of the local tournament committee have visited practically every lodge home in their territory for the purpose of inviting bowlers of the lodges to enter the 1941 competition. Without exception the lodges have promised to have large delegations on hand, ready and willing to demonstrate their prowess.

Des Moines Elks will have some records to shoot at if they wish to excel the Fort Wayne tournament which had the largest enrollment to date. The five-man event drew 663 teams, the doubles 906 teams, and the singles 1,792 entries. The prize list yielded awards totaling \$14,045. Representatives of 120 lodges participated. Again at Des Moines, nine valuable and beautiful diamond medals will be awarded. Winners in the five-man team class will receive a trophy for their lodge. All who have rolled in previous tournaments are acquainted with the fact that the national contest is not for experts exclusively. The tournament is designed primarily to promote goodfellowship. Low scores should not prevent any Elk from participating, as 40 percent of the total prize will be set aside for the men who derive more pleasure from bowling than their scores would indicate. The top notchers will share in the remaining 60 percent. It will be noted also that the Elks Tournament at Des Moines coincides with the A.B.C. International Tournament which will be held at St. Paul, Minn. Thus Elk bowlers who wish to compete in both tournaments in one trip may kill two birds with one stone.

The present Elk champions are as follows: Five-man Event: Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231, 3,029 pins; Two-man Event: F. Zion-H. Novak, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, 1,349 pins; Individual Event: J. Arla, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, and Roy Rice, Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, 704 pins each, a tie score, with each receiving a medal; All-Events: Harry O'Brien, Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666, 1,956 pins.

Any further information will be furnished through Secy.-Treas. John J. Gray, whose address is 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Joseph F. Krizek of Cicero-Berwyn, Ill., Lodge, is President of the Association.

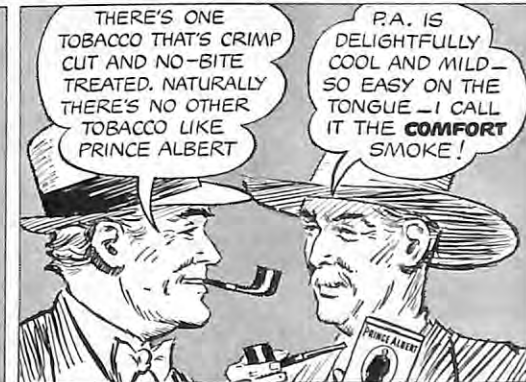
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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

Flowers For Judy

(Continued from page 38)

shaped face twisted sardonically. "Then why did she cable that she'd come rushing right to the office the moment the boat docks?" I didn't answer. Rachel laughed harshly. "I'm afraid you're very innocent when it comes to women, Johnny," she said. "Otherwise you would have married Judy years ago."

"Now, listen," I said angrily. "That's not a—"

"You ought to keep your eyes open today," she continued calmly. "You're going to see a demonstration of feminine spite that will serve you as an eye-opener. And probably keep you a bachelor for life. My only regret is that I put the headsmen's axe into her hands, so to speak."

"What the hell do you mean?"

"Stop acting coy, Johnny. I've been Waters' secretary for seven years. Judy's been switchboard operator here for two years. Until two months ago Waters didn't even know she was alive."

"If you're trying to say that Judy—"

"Do you mind if I finish, Johnny? Two months ago I had that bad cold. Judy told me to go home and take care of it. I didn't know then that she—"

"Rachel," I said through my teeth, "that's one of the lousiest things I've ever heard anyone say about—"

"Don't be so damned upright, Johnny. Facts are facts. Judy told me to go home. Said she'd take Waters' dictation for the rest of the afternoon. Sap that I am, I went home. Judy moved into Waters' room for the day. Two days later, when I got back, little Judy and Mr. Waters were visiting night clubs together. Three weeks later they were shopping for wedding rings. I almost feel like a marriage broker."

"You ought to feel like a—"

"I do, Johnny, I do. Well, I might as well go in and clean out my desk. Always leave a job the way you found it, is my motto." She tucked her purse under her arm and grinned sarcastically. "Good, old, simple-minded, untouchable little Judy. Too bad we didn't get something on her in all these years, Johnny. It would come in handy now as a sort of anchor to windward. Backhanded blackmail, you know. Something to keep the boss's new wife from kicking us out on our—"

"I think you've said about enough, Rachel."

"That's a matter of opinion, Johnny. I could say a lot more that would—"

She turned quickly. Behind us, out in the showroom, there was a sudden commotion. The door into the general office opened and Brock McMahon came in. He stared at us in surprise, then smiled stiffly.

"Oh," he said in his lumbering voice. "Hello. I thought I'd be the first one in this morning. But I see—"

Rachel Adams laughed harshly and nodded toward me.

"The wailing wall is over there, Brock," she said dryly. "You can do your crying on Johnny's left shoulder. The right one is a little wet because Herbert and I got there first. We'll join you later for the mass exit. Maybe," she said as she sauntered out into William Waters' room, "if we all stick together we'll be able to get a cut rate from an employment agency."

The door closed behind her. Brock McMahon looked down at me. In spite of the slight stoop he had acquired in recent years, he was still well over six feet tall. Behind his thick glasses his small, black eyes blinked slowly. He opened his mouth several times, but the words didn't seem to come.

"What's all that excitement out in the showroom?" I asked.

"There's a man from the caterer outside," he said at last. His heavy, throaty voice seemed to come through his large frame with difficulty. "He came in just as I—"

"Then you'd better excuse me, Brock."

I walked past him and went out into the showroom. Several of the models and a half-dozen girls from the bookkeeping department had come in. They were standing in small groups, whispering excitedly. Out in the back I could hear the shipping clerks banging boxes around. The business day was starting. A thin young man in a white jacket was standing in the middle of the showroom. He was holding a large box and staring about helplessly. The models and the bookkeepers paid no attention to him.

"ALL right," I called sharply from the doorway. The girls looked up quickly. "Miss Collins, please take that box and pay for it out of petty cash. Miss Ellis, will you help Miss Collins set out the cakes and the sandwiches and the drinks. Use two or three of the showroom tables. Miss Hunt, there's a box of roses in the general office. I've put a few of them into some vases I have in there. Take the others and distribute them around the showroom. Please hurry." I glanced at my wrist watch. It was a quarter after nine. "Mr. and Mrs. Waters will be here very soon. I'd like everything to be ready by the time they arrive."

There was a quick spurt of activity in the showroom. I stepped back into the general office and looked around. The new telephone operator had taken her place behind the switchboard and was putting fresh make-up on her face. Girls were

coming in and sitting down at their desks. The large office was almost full. But Brock McMahon still stood there a few feet from the switchboard, wearing his coat and hat and scowling at the door through which I had gone out and returned. He reminded me of the time he had lost the inter-scholastic pole vaulting event in high school. All season it had been taken for granted that he would win. Mrs. Farrar had arranged a small party for him down on Eighteenth Street and Judy had bought fresh roses for the blue china bowl on the mantelpiece. We were to meet there after the match to celebrate. But Brock had lost. And he had stood just like that, tall and loose-jointed, like a tremendous door on sagging hinges, staring at the pole vault apparatus as though he couldn't quite believe his eyes. I walked up to him and led him into his own room. He sat down behind his desk without removing his hat or coat.

"COME on, Brock," I said sharply. "Pull yourself together. The girls out in the office were looking at you as though you were—"

"Listen, Johnny," he said with a worried scowl, "you think Judy'll do anything?"

I had the feeling that if the question were asked once more I would hit someone.

"Of course she won't," I said angrily. "You know Judy. Now come on, Brock, look alive. There's no need to mope like that. This is a homecoming for her. We're supposed to welcome her. We want to look cheerful and happy." I pulled open the door. "I'll see you later."

"She'll do it," he said without moving from his chair. "I know she will. She'll have me thrown out like an old sock."

I stepped back into the room and yanked the door shut behind me. Brock McMahon looked up under his heavy eyebrows.

"She won't do anything of the kind," I said. "And for God's sake, stop looking like a—"

"She's just the type to hold a thing like that against me," he said dully. "I'm a married man. I've got two children to support. I couldn't have lent her that hundred dollars six months ago even if I'd had it. I've got expenses. I've got obligations. I can't lend money like a—"

For a moment I forgot myself.

"You had enough to buy your wife a mink coat last winter," I snapped. "And to take a ten-room house in Connecticut for the summer. I know what you earn, Brock. That hundred dollars wouldn't have meant very much to you. But it meant an awful lot to Judy just then. Those arthritis injections might have—" I stopped and bit my

lip. It was stupid to say such things, even if they were true. I wasn't getting anywhere by losing my temper. "Sorry, Brock. I didn't mean—"

"It's not true," he said quickly. "Nobody dies from arthritis. The doctor said it was a heart attack. Mrs. Farrar didn't die of arthritis, Johnny. She couldn't have. You know that. You know it was a heart attack. And anyway, Judy got the money from you. So it couldn't have been the—"

"No, of course not," I said in a low voice. "Forget it. We've got to—"

He shook his large head from side to side.

"But she'll hold it against me. Now she isn't little Judy any more. She's the boss's wife. And I'm the guy that wouldn't lend her a hundred dollars so her mother could get a series of injections for her arthritis. She'll have Waters throw me out like a—"

Suddenly I felt that if I had to listen to any more I would explode.

"Damn it," I barked, "I've had enough of this. I've had enough from the whole lot of you. You've known Judy Farrar all your life. You know she isn't the type to—"

"She'll do it," he said gruffly. "I can feel it in my bones. That's why she cabled she's coming in to the office this morning direct from the boat. She'll kick us all—"

The front door slammed loudly and cut him short. I turned and pulled open the door of his room. The girls in the general office had stopped work. They were staring at the showroom door. Through it came the sound of many voices, rising and falling and rising again. I recognized one instantly and for a moment my heart skipped a beat. Then I was off down the general office on the run. I burst into the showroom and stopped. Judy and her new husband had just come in. Waters was shaking hands enthusiastically with his partner, Theodore Wilmerding. The models were clustered around Judy. She was standing quite still, looking this way and that, nodding quickly to the babbling girls, smiling shortly and nervously, her hands fluttering, looking for someone. Then she saw me. For an instant she remained motionless. Then she let out a small, glad cry.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Johnny!"

She ran forward swiftly. The models cleared the way. I held my hand out toward her, but I didn't speak. All I could do was smile. She stopped in front of me and opened her mouth, but she couldn't speak either. She dipped down and grabbed my hand and tugged me through the door and across the general office toward my own room. As we walked along hurriedly, almost running, I could see the staring girls at their desks. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Herbert Craig and Brock McMahon and Rachel Adams in the doorways of their own rooms, watching us closely. Judy pulled open my door, drew me in and slammed it



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WITH BEER OR ALE IN CANS, YOU DON'T BOTHER WITH RETURNS

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When you buy beer or ale in cans, you don't pay deposits on the containers. Already more than two billion cans trademarked "KEGLINED" have brought this new convenience to beer drinkers everywhere.

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shut behind her. Then she turned and we faced each other. I had never seen her look so beautiful. She wore a silver fox cape with a cluster of orchids on one shoulder. A tiny black hat was perched over on one side of her head, so that all the smooth, rolling waves of her golden blonde hair were visible. Her small, delicate features were trembling and there were tears in her eyes.

"Johnny," she said in a broken voice, "I—I—"

I took her hand and kissed it.

"Waters?" I asked quietly. "Do you love him?"

She nodded quickly, surely, with a little gasp. A feeling of relief swept through me. Suddenly I knew something I had never known before. I knew now that more than anything else in the world, I had always wanted her to be happy. I knew that that was all that had mattered.

"He's wonderful, Johnny. He's—he's—he's wonderful. I'm so happy, Johnny, I could—"

She looked so much like her mother just then that it was hard for me to realize that Mrs. Farrar was dead.

"I'm glad," I said in a low voice, and I patted her shoulder. "It's been worrying me a little, but I knew he was all right. I'm glad, Judy."

I was telling the truth. I knew that, at last.

"I told him on the boat that I wanted to come to the office right away, as soon as we docked. When I told him I was going to send a cablegram I was afraid for a minute he wouldn't understand. But he did, Johnny. It made me so happy. He understood right away, Johnny."

I looked at her quickly.

"The cablegram," I said. "We were wondering—"

"Oh, Johnny," she cried, and she squeezed my hand hard. "I had to come here right away. I didn't want them to think this had changed me. It hasn't, Johnny. I want everything to be the same. The way it was on

Eighteenth Street. The way it's always been, all these years. You and Brock and Herbert and Rachel and I. The way it was when mother was alive. The way she wanted it to be. You four are all I have left now. Please, Johnny," she pleaded, "please help me make them understand. I don't want them to think I'm—I'm different. I'm not. I love them all so much, all of you. I want everything to be the same. I want them to know that—"

I put my fingers gently to her lips and stopped her. She had said enough. The people she had said it for didn't deserve even that much.

"It's all right," I said quietly. "We knew it all along." The words stuck in my throat, but I had to get them out. Because I wasn't saying it for them. I was saying it for her. "Brock and Rachel and Herbert and I, we didn't think anything else," I said. "Not for a minute. We knew you too well, Judy. We knew it all along," I said.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 30)

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath, Oneida, N. Y., Lodge; Col. William H. Kelly, East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., also spoke. Richard F. Flood, Jr., of Bayonne, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. William M. Frasor, of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Trenton office, attended.

On September 22, Grand Exalted Ruler Buch visited Utica where a luncheon conference was held in the home of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, attended by 275 persons. Judge Hallinan presided, and Mr. McGrath, Col. Kelly and State Pres. Moses were included among the speakers. Secy. William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Mr. Frasor were among those present.

In a patriotic demonstration, the greatest in the history of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, 500 delegates from all of the counties in the State marched in a parade on Sunday, September 29. Swelling the ranks of the marchers were 2,000 others including members of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars and their auxiliaries, Boy Scouts, the Junior Coast Patrol and nine bands. The parade was preceded by a quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association at the lodge home, at which State Pres. Richard Flood presided. The Grand Exalted Ruler, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson; Gov. A. Harry Moore, P.E.R. of No. 211; Col. Kelly; Mr. Flood; Col. Hugh Kelly, of Gov. Moore's staff; P.E.R. Charles Coyle, Newark, N. J., Lodge, and P.E.R. Martin F. Gettings of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, led the parade. Mr. Buch, Mr. Nicholson and Gov. Moore then reviewed the procession as it passed

the lodge home. A "Sheriff's Posse", a group of cowboy riders, was a feature of the parade. George A. Thornton, State Department patriotic instructor and a past county Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, acted as Grand Marshal, assisted by John Helfrich, Esq. James Dolan, of Jersey City Lodge, was Chief of Staff.

Presentation of an ambulance, fully equipped for war service, was made to the American Red Cross, in front of the lodge home immediately after the parade, as a feature of the patriotic demonstration. It was presented by

Col. William H. Kelly, Chairman of the State-wide committee which raised the funds for the gift, and was accepted by Robert H. Beatus, Pres. of the Jersey City Chapter. State Pres. Richard Flood was Master of Ceremonies of the speaking program which was preceded by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Mrs. Constance Beatus. E.R. Joseph S. McLaughlin, of Jersey City Lodge, was Chairman of the Reception Committee. P.E.R.'s Francis P. Boland, Past State Pres., and Joseph F. Hurley, Jersey City, headed the Arrangements Committee.

Former Judge Frank Eggers represented Mayor Frank Hague. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Gov. Moore, spoke on the work of the Elks among crippled children and outlined the national preparedness program. Mr. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, explained that such a program was necessary to "uphold Americanism and our democratic form of government; discover and report treasonable, subversive and Fifth Column activities in America, and assist in the physical development of the youth of our country." Gov. Moore, one of the principal speakers, paid a special tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler as a great humanitarian because of his work among crippled children of the State.

During the month the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the annual outing given for crippled children by Somerville, N. J., Lodge, and the clambakes held by Perth Amboy and Rahway, N. J., Lodges. Mr. Buch also visited Perth Amboy for the softball game held there for the benefit of the crippled children of the Amboys, and the players had the advantage of his wise rulings for a part of the game. The Grand Exalted Ruler left Trenton on September 30 for an extended visit to California and Alaska, speaking at many conferences en route.



"Honest, Lefty, I didn't talk. They used a ventriloquist on me!"

Your Memorial Building

(Continued from page 12)

"Is it rust?" Again the guide says, "No, it isn't." Then, most likely, he smiles and says that no one knows exactly what shade it is, and that no one seems to be able to find a satisfactory name for it.

In the corridor leading from the rotunda to the reception room, you marvel at three beautiful paintings by the late Edwin H. Blashfield, a dean of American mural painters. In the two side panels his themes are "Charity" and "Fraternity", and in the lunette over the doorway appears "Fraternal Justice". This lunette pictures Justice with wide-open eyes, instead of blind, according to the usual conception.

One thing that your wives and daughters are sure to have noticed by this time is the immaculateness of the building. "How in the world do you keep everything so clean?" is a question asked every day.

You wouldn't think that this aspect of the building meant much to men, would you? And yet the postman, a daily visitor, has said over and over again, "You're always working around here." And the traffic officer on the corner often says, "Don't you ever get through?" as he watches the workers seeding and watering grass, pruning trees, cleaning windows.

The chief reason why the able custodian, Mr. Hubert Allen, takes such pains to keep the building and grounds immaculate and in good repair is that it is his desire, as well as that of the members of the Commission having charge of the maintenance, to make sure that the building will stand just as it is through future ages.

With this thought in mind as you wander from the rotunda into the reception room, you can appreciate more than ever the efforts to achieve lastingness. The priceless English oak paneling, rubbed and polished until it glows with dark richness, will live forever. It is the same oak that stood up so well when in centuries gone by it was used for England's sturdy ships. Look on it well, for there is little of it left in the world today. The high-backed chairs, the two long tables exquisitely grained and inlaid, the specially woven, soft-colored rugs, the tall graceful torchères—all are luxurious, all fitting for such a stately room. The inimitably wrought bronze groups on the tables are the work of Laura Gardin Fraser, sculptress of the reclining elk. The subtly tinted windows permit the entrance of soft light by day; the gleaming crystal chandeliers provide resplendent illumination by night.

In the deep panels of the ceiling, Eugene Savage has used the gorgeously rich colors which are so natural to him, and which contrast so perfectly with the dark oak. The

triptych, which fills the three large panels in the center of the ceiling, depicts a feast on Mount Olympus and will appeal to you because, the writer is advised, it derives special significance from certain passages in the ceremonial ritual of the Order.

Again Savage surpassed himself in painting the two large murals on the east wall of this room. The Paths of Peace mural is reproduced on the cover of this issue, so you can get a splendid idea of its theme and its superb coloring. More than ever, since the beginning of the present war in Europe, visitors are interested in the Armistice mural. "It didn't mean much, did it?" or "What's the use?" they remark discouragingly. Of course, the answer is that the entire building, as well as the mural, is not only a memorial to those who served in the war, but also a symbol of the hope for peace which led to that sacrifice. In the words of O. L. Hall, whose beautiful poem appeared in the *Chicago Daily Journal* on July 15, 1926, the date of the dedication of the Memorial Building:

*"This is a jewel of peace,
Bought with the blood of heroes;
The calm magnificence of its shining front
Betokens the fraternity
That has everlasting hatred of war."*

Today every member of the Order of Elks echoes that sentiment. Each one of you stands ready to devote your energies—and your lives if necessary—to the welfare of your country. Yet deep in your hearts you pray for eternal peace. It is true that this great building shines forth as a memorial to heroes who died in battle; but through the ages it will live also as a proud emblem of faith in everlasting peace.

That desire for peace is appropriately symbolized in Savage's second large mural in the reception room, entitled "Paths of Peace" and representing the contentment and plenty accompanying an abundant harvest.

From the reception room you look north and south into twin conference rooms with beautifully carved ceilings, shining chandeliers, and superbly inlaid round walnut tables.

One final thing for you to note—the wings housing the offices. The original plan to provide administrative quarters and safe storage for valuable records was, of course, subordinated to the memorial aspect of the building. But, as Elks, you will want to keep in mind the fact that the building also has utilitarian features of interest to you. Thousands of people ask, "What is the building used for?" They are told that the main section is intended only as a memorial, but that the

"But when I left him here, he was just a lap dog!"



AND speaking of spectacular growth—have you heard about Paul Jones?

Connoisseurs had always praised its non-sweet dryness. But many men couldn't afford Paul Jones at its former price.

So we cut the price—but we didn't change any of Paul Jones' expensive qualities! Result: one of the most popular whiskies in America! One taste will tell you why! Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 proof



PAUL JONES —IT'S DRY
5 TIMES AS POPULAR AS IT WAS BEFORE

wings contain offices for the trans-action of the business of the Order. You are more than welcome to in-spect those offices, and to call upon the Grand Secretary to ask any questions you may have in mind, or just to visit with him.

When you walk back into the memorial rotunda, think for a few minutes about what the Memorial Building has accomplished for the Order. Former members who have visited the building have said repeatedly, "Well, I used to belong, but I dropped out. Now I'm going straight home and get lined up again. I never dreamed—why, this makes me realize just what being an Elk means."

To the general public, also, the building serves as a reminder of the good deeds of the Order. "I always thought the Elks just liked to have a good time," visitors say. "If they stand for things like this, I'm going to tell everybody that I've found out fine things about the Elks."

Maybe you will protest. "People ought to know better than that," you may say. "Don't we heal crippled children, distribute Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets, look out for our less fortunate neighbors? Don't

we carry out thousands of civic projects? Yes, and help boys and girls get an education—and devote ourselves wholeheartedly to Americanization work?"

Hundreds of thousands of people throughout America and foreign nations—by the way, you would be surprised to learn how many travelers from other lands are eager to know what the Order stands for—have gradually become awakened to our ideals through our Memorial Building. Those who best know the building understand that this interest and enthusiasm goes deep below the surface, and will continue through the years to create good will toward the Order of Elks.

REMEMBER, when you make your visit, that this majestic memorial was built not only for the present, but was conceived as a monument that should endure through generations to come. Ruskin once wrote, "When we build, let us think that we build forever." And that is what the Order of Elks intended. "Let it not be alone for present delight, nor for present use alone," Ruskin added; "let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for. . . ."

Explain, then, to your friends and especially to your children that this building is a shrine to be revered because it represents for all time those ideals of patriotism and fraternity which we hold so dear. Let it be rich in our remembrance and in that of our children's children, so that they will want to preserve it not only as a legacy from us of incomparable beauty but as a living symbol of principles worth dying for, as a transcendent monument to the glory and the great heart of Elkindom.

It has been difficult to try to describe the Memorial Building. It is impossible to give you an idea of it without using too many superlatives. The thing to do is see it for yourselves. Then you will come a second time, a third time, and so on. "It grows on me," a prominent lawyer of Chicago said to the guide one day not long ago. "Every time I come I find another priceless bit of beauty to carry away in my heart."

It will grow on you, too. You will pick out a favorite piece of sculpture, a favorite mural. And you will want to come back again and again to see it. Make the building a habit—an Elk habit. John Q. Public has the habit. Have you?

Your Dog

(Continued from page 18)

as high as 42". He's an exceptionally hardy animal and on his home grounds is a herder and guardian that is very much valued.

Here's a Hungarian, the Kuvaz, the name roughly meaning guardian of nobility. He's colored either ivory or solid white and is a pretty old breed. He, too, is a cattle and sheep-herder—a regal looking dog and one that is both gentle and intelligent. He has a relative, the Komondorock, that has recently been recognized by the American Kennel Club and who somewhat resembles him, with a slight difference in coat. The clothing of the Kuvaz is thick, slick and wavy, while that of the Komondorock is rough, although also long.

Still another cousin of this Austrian is the Puli, a much smaller, but rough-coated dog, so rare as scarcely to be seen in this country. As a matter of fact, its advent at the Madison Square Garden dog show a year or two ago caused considerable dither in dog circles with several news stories resulting therefrom.

Very likely the erstwhile Belgian army included a number of dogs

that are strictly Belgian. One of these, the Bouvier des Flandres, or dog of Flanders, is a big, rough-coated dog, something like the Schnauzer. He's bearded, has prick ears, a short tail and is plenty tough. Not only does he make an excellent soldier but he's a darned good policeman, being used very successfully for that work. (As we've said time and again in this Department, the so-called police dog, the German Shepherd, is no more exclusively a copper than are all Irishmen politicians, and there are many other breeds also used for this work.)

A dog that enjoys high favor among the Nazis is the Rottweiler, named for the town of Rottweil, Swabia. He, too, is used for police

work and is a pretty hard citizen, a rugged, fast-on-his-feet chap, developed largely for herding cattle. The color is black marked with tan. You won't see many of his kind, although there was a time when it seemed that the dog might win favor over here. He has a short muzzle and is bob-tailed.

GETTING 'way down to the very little fellows, we find one of the strangest looking pooches, the Affenpinscher, or monkey terrier. The name really isn't a jest because the dog's face very much resembles that of a monkey, having a bristling top-knot and the same wizened, monkey-like expression. He's another Nazi—a dog weighing from eight to eight and one-half pounds. A black dog is preferred in this breed, although other colors are black and yellow, red-yellow, red or grey. To see one, you'll probably have to go to a dog show as they are by no means common and you have a fifty-fifty chance of seeing one where the pooch is on parade . . . at a show.

Two other interesting dogs of the low countries,



"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.

Holland and Belgium, are the Kees-hond and the Schipperke. The Kees, as he is known, stands about 18" high and is colored silver-grey with black-tipped hair. He faintly resembles the Chow, has upstanding ears, a bushy coat and a well-coated curled tail. His principal use is as a guardian for the barges that traverse the many canals of that part of Europe. The name is said to be derived from one Jans Kees, a Dutch patriot who flourished during the 16th Century. The Schipperke, too, is an inland sailor, a barge dog. His name is literally Little Skipper. For some unknown reason his tail is entirely removed or, at most, only one joint permitted to remain. He has upstanding ears, an intelligent eye and a very alert expression. He wears a ruff around his neck. His coat is rather harsh, profuse fore and aft but shorter on the body. The standard color and the only one permitted is solid black.

Now, here's a little fellow that we wouldn't term exactly rare, although you won't see many of him, but you've seen his picture over and over again. He's the little white terrier that companions the black Scottish terrier in the advertisements for Black and White Whisky. Most people regard him as a white Scottish, but he isn't, there's no such breed. His name is West Highland White Terrier.

Among other terriers we have one of the most deceitful of dogs, deceitful in appearance we mean. He has the tightly curled coat and the hammer-head of a sheep. But there the resemblance stops. There's nothing sheep-like about his disposition when it comes to other dogs. Not that he'll go out of his way for a scrimmage, but when he does go to war he is one of the greatest fighting dogs there are. He's the Bedlington Terrier, an Englishman who was developed for nothing else but fighting. And how that dog lives up to his ancestry! His is a whip-like tail, drooping ears, a mild, wouldn't-hurt-a-fly expression and he's colored either liver, blue-tan, sandy, liver-tan or blue.

One of the strangest terriers, and a rare one outside the British Isles, is a dog named for a man who never lived. It's the Dandie Dinmont, a little Scotsman who got his monicker from a fictitious character in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. From the neck up he looks like an offended drum-major. He has an upstanding top-knot, a rough coat and the short legs of the Scotty. He's underslung, with a long body close to the ground. His colors are either a reddish brown or a bluish mixture with a white head. The heaviest weight is about 23 pounds.

And so, with thanks to our friend who has suggested this and to you who may have read thus far, we'll sign off now—with no more idea of what we'll write about next month than the man in the moon. Maybe you would like to have some phase of the dog discussed. Tell us.



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TEETH
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often worst breath offenders**

A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it but others will! Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film—leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!



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Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to 1/2 glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

WHERE WILL YOU GO THIS WINTER?

Of the half-million Elks in these United States, 22.1% of you take Winter Vacations. Nearly TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND ELKS take TWO or MORE vacations during the winter time.

In normal times, before the present European conflict upset most of the steamship sailings, many Elks went cruising to warm water lands. While sailings are not as frequent now, as they were two years ago, you can still go cruising if you want to.

Each month Kiley Taylor gives you current travel news which suggests places for pleasure travel. Let us help you with your travel plans—write us for information and literature about the places you'd like to go this winter. Just address your request to Travel Department, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York City.

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News of the State Associations

CALIFORNIA

Meeting in the beautiful Coconut Grove of the Casa Del Rey at Santa Cruz, the California State Elks Association held the opening session of its 26th Annual Reunion on Thursday, September 12. The meeting was called to order by Pres. Elmer B. Maze of Merced. The State officers having been introduced, welcome was extended the delegates in brief but cordial speeches made by E.R. Carlyle Blodgett of Santa Cruz Lodge No. 824, Mayor C. D. Hinkle and General Convention Chairman Roy N. Dreiman, P.E.R., Santa Cruz. Reports of the State officers constituted the order of the first day's business, with a regular adjournment at noon. Friday's session was devoted to the presentation of reports made by the standing committees. Two reports of great importance were those presented by Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott, of San Francisco, and Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles. In presenting the Grand Lodge Committee report, Mr. Abbott, a member of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, covered in detail the general condition and program of the Grand Lodge and commented on the highlights of the National Convention at Houston. The National Defense Commission report was made by Mr. Shannon, who outlined a few of the aims and objectives of the recently appointed Grand Lodge National Defense and Public Relations Commission, of which he is a member.

A feature of Saturday's closing session was the presentation of a \$300 scholarship from the Elks National Foundation to Jack C. McKee, of Hollister, Calif. Santa Maria Lodge No. 1538 was awarded the President's Banner for the highest percentage in membership gain. The award was made by Past Pres. L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who originated the idea several years ago. Pres. Maze's annual report showed the lodges of California to be in a splendid condition and the State Association still furthering the program of the Grand Lodge as its major project.

The annual election was held at the final session, resulting in the unanimous choice of the following officers: Pres., Robert S. Redington, Los Angeles; Vice-Pres.'s: South, Leslie F. Rogers, El Centro; North, Forrest Laugenour, Woodland; S. Cent., Dr. Lawrence W. Cowan, Compton; E. Cent., Victor H. Hansen, Coalinga; W. Cent., Harris E. Rowe, Salinas; Bay, Dr. L. A. Remy, San Rafael; Trustees: North, J. F. Misphey, Sacramento; South, W. O. Rife, San Bernardino; E. Cent., B. F. Lewis, Fresno; Treas., George Doherty, San Francisco; Secy., Edgar W. Dale, Richmond. The speech nominating Mr. Redington was made by P.E.R. Marshall F. McComb, Los Angeles, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum for 1939-40. Following the acceptance speech of Pres. Redington and the fine reception and greeting tendered the new president by the Band, Glee Club and Drill Team of his own lodge, Los Angeles No. 99, the following appointive officers were named: Chaplain, the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose;

Tiler, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles, and Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Robert Paine, Pasadena. J. F. Misphey, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, announced that the Board had accepted the invitation extended by Long Beach Lodge No. 888 to hold the 1941 Convention in Long Beach. He also stated that the invitations of San Jose, Santa Rosa and Fresno Lodges for the 1942 reunion were in the hands of the Board. The presentation of a gift to the retiring president, Mr. Maze, and also the presentation of a gold card to be forwarded to Secretary Emeritus Richard C. Benbough, of San Diego, marked the closing of this very fine reunion.

The Annual Memorial Services, arranged by Past Pres. F. E. Dayton, of Salinas Lodge, were attended by more than 3,000 people. Winners in the various competitive events held during the three-day meeting were as follows: Bowling: 875 class, Whittier Lodge No. 1258; 825 class, Richmond Lodge No. 1251; Drill Team: 1st, Pasadena Lodge No. 672; 2nd, Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415; Golf: 1st, Richmond Lodge; 2nd, Watsonville Lodge No. 1300; Glee Club: 1st, Los Angeles Lodge No. 99; 2nd, Richmond Lodge; Pistol Shoot: Team, Huntington Park Lodge; Individual, R. J. Mottino, Richmond Lodge; Softball: San Diego Lodge No. 168. The Ritualistic Contest was won by San Pedro Lodge No. 966, with Petaluma Lodge No. 901 second, and Porterville No. 1342 third.

The social side of the meeting had been well planned, with special care and consideration being given the ladies. Thursday they were entertained at a brunch and fashion show in the dining room of the Casa Del Rey; Friday they played bridge at the beautiful Rio Del Mar Country Club, overlooking the Pacific. The Hi Jinks, under the direction of State Chairman E. L. Culin of Berkeley, was attended by well over three thousand persons. The beautiful Eleven O'clock Toast given by Past Pres. Fred B. Mellmann of Oakland, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, added the proper touch of seriousness to the Hi Jinks program. The hour-long parade on Saturday afternoon and the colorful dinner dance at the headquarters hotel that evening, in honor of retiring Pres. Maze and incoming Pres. Redington, were fitting events for the closing of another year of advancement for Elkdom in California. The more than 2,000 Elks who attended the Convention, left Santa Cruz pledged to the furtherance of the program of the Grand Lodge and its officers and to full support of the new president of their State Association.

WISCONSIN

Nearly 2,000 Wisconsin Elks, many accompanied by their wives, met in Green Bay on August 15-16-17 for the 38th annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. Sheboygan Lodge No. 299 was awarded the 1941 convention. Ashland Lodge No. 137 requested that the 40th anniversary meeting be held at Ashland where the State Association was founded in 1902. Including the newly elected and installed officers, the com-

plete slate for the ensuing year is as follows: Pres., Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Dr. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette; Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., Andrew W. Parnell, Appleton; N.W., John O. Berg, Superior; South, L. A. Peters, Waukesha; Secy., Lou Uecker, Two Rivers; Treas., Fred A. Schroeder, Wausau; Trustees: William F. Schad, Milwaukee, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers, Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse, and Thomas F. McDonald, Marshfield.

Shortly before his election as State President, Mr. Thompson, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, reported that the Order's Flag Day exercises in 1940 had attracted 1,200,000 spectators compared with 400,000 the year before, and that Pennsylvania, Illinois and Wisconsin led in attendance. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight C. E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, reported nearly \$2,000 as having been raised for the Crippled Children's Commission of the Wisconsin State Elks Association in a "jar campaign". Large glass jars, prominently displayed in every lodge home, invited contributions. The annual Memorial Address was delivered by Frank L. Fawcett of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Floyd E. Thompson, of Chicago, was the speaker at the convention banquet. He stressed the duty of members of the Order in preserving and furthering Americanism and in combating its enemies. A highlight of the banquet was the presentation of scholarships, totaling \$600, to three high school seniors who had won them in a State-wide competition on knowledge of the Constitution of the United States. Dr. C. C. Finney, Tiler of Oshkosh Lodge No. 292 since it was organized 45 years ago, was an honor guest.

P.E.R. John F. Kettenhofen, D.D. for Wis., N.E., acted as General Convention Chairman, assisted by a staff of officers and members of Green Bay Lodge No. 259. Lighter phases of the convention activities included cabaret dancing every night at the Columbus Community Club, which had been taken over outright for the entire three days of the meeting, golf, skeet shooting, a barbecue at Bay Beach Park, and a two-mile parade on Saturday afternoon, with more than a score of bands and twice that many floats.

Fall Conference of the Ill. State Elks Assn. Is Held at Marion

Registration at the Fall Conference of the Illinois State Elks Association at Marion, held on September 27-28-29 under the auspices of Marion, Ill., Lodge, No. 800, exceeded 700. The long list of distinguished Elks in attendance was headed by two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order who had served the Association as President, Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis Lodge No. 664, and Henry C. Warner, of Dixon Lodge No. 779, and included Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; State Pres. Daniel T. Cloud, Jacksonville; Past Pres.'s Dr. Bryan Caffery, Jer-

seyville, A. W. Jeffreys, Herrin, and Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey; Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Frank P. White, Oak Park, Chairman of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission; State Treas. Fred P. Hill, Danville; State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln; four Illinois District Deputies, namely, George A. Shields, La Salle-Peru, E. Cent., William Duffield, Canton, W. Cent., Zean G. Gassmann, Olney, S.E., and Percy L. Garrison, Marion, South; P.E.R. O. D. Buckles, Evanston, Ill., and G. W. Chadsey, Director of Public Safety.

The spacious lodge home presented an inviting appearance, having been completely redecorated throughout. Business sessions were held daily. The first event on the three-day program was the southern district crippled children's clinic at which 40 children were examined by specialists brought to Marion by the local lodge. The rest of the day was taken up with registration, an afternoon business session, a buffet luncheon from five p.m. to eight, the South District Interlodge Relations meeting, a ladies' bridge and a stag show presented in two parts in the evening with a two-hour intermission for social fraternizing. A luncheon for State officers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, and the President's Ball and floor show were held on Saturday.

A mid-day banquet on Sunday, in honor of State Association and Grand Lodge officers, attended by several hundred Elks and many ladies, was the concluding event of the three-day meet-

ing. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner responded to the addresses of welcome made by E.R. Carl Sorgen and Mayor Harry L. Crisp. D.D. P. L. Garrison was Toastmaster, and L. E. Foley, Chaplain of Carbondale Lodge, gave the Invocation. State Pres. Cloud delivered the principal address, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell spoke on the subject of the Elks National Defense program. The National Defense Committee appointed by Marion Lodge is headed by Judge H. L. Garrison, Chairman. The State Association voted to return to Marion in the Fall of 1941. Next year's Conference will be the third in succession at which Marion Lodge has acted as host. Using the experience they gained in handling last year's meeting, the local Elks advertised the 1940 meeting throughout the State. The success of their campaign was reflected in a registration almost double that of 1939.

A new attraction at the Fall Meeting this year was the golf tournament staged on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Sky Vaughn of Mount Vernon, who won the Southern Illinois golf championship last summer, shot 35-39 in two rounds over the Marion course on Sunday to capture the Elks amateur tournament with a score of 74, defeating Hallie Brewer of Carbondale, the first round medalist, by two strokes. Marion Elks figured in the winnings of the other two groups, Howard Dupree winning Class A with 80, and Ralph Smothers taking Class B with 86. The groupings were made after the first round scores had been posted.



Eight Little Islands

(Continued from page 19)

tropical flowers are popped around every neck before anyone can say, "Jack Robinson".

In Honolulu, a thriving American city sweetly garlanded with bougainvillea, oleander and hibiscus, there may be found the same pleasures and recreations that prevail in any fine resort city, but they are all very much more so, and the happy constancy of a climate which, it is said, has never permitted the mercury to fall below 52 degrees or to soar above 88 adds to the enjoyment. A dance is more than a dance in a court where palm trees catch the moonlight; and imagine a round of golf on a course each hole of which is a replica of a hole of such notable links as St. Andrews, North Berwick and Piping Rock. There are yachting and polo, hunting, deep-sea fishing, tennis. And there is the Harbor Road, which leads to the world-famous Beach of Waikiki.

The surf-riding and out-riggering for which Waikiki is renowned are among the most picturesque of sports. It is exciting to watch those long, swift rollers hurling the canoes toward the shore on their crests. Performing on a surf-board, that pastime of kings and of warriors, is exciting, too, for anyone with a

good sense of balance. It is possible, however, for an ordinary swimmer to enjoy a quiet dip in those lovely, deep-blue waters or, if you prefer it, to rest on the sandy beach, or to drop into a sidewalk cafe.

For those content with less activity, the hours need be no less crowded. Shopping is always a pleasant recreation when it is not a grim necessity, and to strangers to the Islands the featherwork—for which Hawaiians have ever been famous—the tapa cloth, and the various articles in carved wood are always fascinating. In the Oriental shops there are objects large and small in hard, brittle, teakwood, and the ladies can buy themselves luxurious silk lounging pyjamas with just enough of the Oriental touch, or find for their husbands pongee dressing gowns, with dragon rampant in red embroidery on the back.

Sight-seeing on Oahu is raised to the dimensions of a major sport, so varied and interesting are the sights. To be seen is a church, Kawaiahao, fashioned entirely from coral, and the Aquarium where odd, unusual, brightly colored fish flash and leap. There is the Bishop Museum, in memory of the Mrs. Bishop who was a Hawaiian princess. Here

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there are superb examples of the native featherwork, as well as other mementos of the early life of the Islands. One enormous wooden platter is said to have been used by an early king when he deftly carved an enemy. Another museum, small and very intimate, is a monument to Queen Emma. Both of these museums are shown by surviving friends of the women whom they honor. The only royal palace in America, the Iolani Palace, now houses the Territorial Legislature. Japanese tea-houses offer sukiyaki, and the Chinese cafés serve food far removed from the American chop suey. In addition, there can always be found the native Hawaiian foods.

It is for the sight-seeing trips outside of the city that the car, shipped to the Islands along with the steamer trunk, proves a blessing. Not far from Waikiki is Diamond Head, a fabulous crater. The same splendid boulevard which points the way to Diamond Head circles Koko Head, with its cliffs and smooth beach, and presents unbelievably magnificent views as it winds its way to the Pali. The great, grotesque cliff of the Pali, rearing 1200 feet into the air, permits a panorama of land and sea that is sobering in its splendor. From the summit, legend has it that a Hawaiian king pushed an invading army to destruction.

ANOTHER fine road leads to Schofield Barracks, where huge reviews are held. At Pearl Harbor, just west of Honolulu, is the greatest naval base in America. It is large enough to accommodate the entire American fleet.

Kauai, north and a little to the west of Oahu, is the smallest as well as the oldest of the four main islands, and although the exact age of this island group is not known, it may be

over one million years. This is an island of great beauty, and the hills and fertile lowlands are lush with the thick green of tropical trees. Strange to mainland eyes are the rice-paddies and the water buffalo. A motor highway girdles most of the island, and another road leads to the high rim of the famous gorge, 3000 feet deep, called Waimea. There are perfect sand beaches, and Lawai, in its palm setting, is all that a tropical beach should be.

If Kauai is the smallest and the oldest of the four main islands of the group, Hawaii is the youngest and the largest. Hilo, the capital and the harbor, is a modern city. Outside of Hilo modernity slips away. In the rich back country, green with its forests and ferns, flourish vast cattle ranches, coffee plantations completely modern in methods; but instead of bustle, there are peace and quiet.

The Hawaii National Park embraces the volcanic area of the Island, so of course it must contain Kilauea. Kilauea is the largest active volcano in the world, and the most active in the United States. This volcano can be counted upon to perform about once a year. Even when Pele, its goddess, is sleeping, there is its "pit of eternal fire", a truly dreadful sight. A fine highway leads to the volcano, passing on the way the lovely Rainbow Falls, and a tour of the Island should by all means include Kalapaua, that strange beach carpeted with black "sand", which turns out to be lava.

The Kona Coast, on the western rim of the Island, is sleepy and quiet, almost untouched by modernity. It is called, however, a paradise for big-game fishermen, who may there break a world record for tuna or for swordfish—who knows?

Maui, north and west of Hawaii, is called the Valley Island. Between

the tall, hovering peaks which rise at either end of this island stretch fruitful lowlands, and here are found the great sugar and pineapple plantations for which the Islands are famous. There is a Coast Drive on Maui, too, which leads through a bamboo forest, and borders the shore. Maui boasts the largest dormant crater in the world, Haleakala. From the western lip, which seems almost above the clouds, it is possible to go on horseback straight to the bottom of the pit. Haleakala is also part of the Hawaii National Park.

These four islands are usually designated as the "main" islands of the group, since they are of interest to travelers. In addition, there are Molokai, little Niihau, Kahoolawe and Lanai. Contrary to general belief, only one comparatively small section of Molokai is given over to the leper colony, while the remainder is taken up with pineapple plantations, ranches and homesteads. Lanai also is important commercially, bending all of its efforts to pineapple production.

Accommodations in Honolulu run all the way from the simplest cottages to the most sumptuous hotels, and living costs are not out of line with those on the mainland. Even on the other islands completely satisfactory and comfortable accommodations can be found; none more interesting, perhaps, than the Volcano House on the Island of Hawaii, right on the brink of Kilauea.

As travel booklets, as well as lovers of the Islands, are fond of pointing out, so swift is transportation to the Islands now, by ship or by clipper, that the traveler with a three-week holiday has at least twelve glamorous days between the time he sees the first lei and the final moment when the strains of Aloha Oe follow him to sea on his return journey.

College Czar

(Continued from page 9)

the chief and one-man show of the largest bureau ever set up to govern intercollegiate sport in America. Regarded as a trial balloon at first, Bushnell's bright idea has shown the clear direction of a trend throughout the country in imitations of his brain-child.

Bushnell really is the Judge Landis of college athletics in the wide scope of the administrative authority he controls. In addition to football, his jurisdiction extends to baseball, basketball, track, rowing, golf, gymnastics, swimming, fencing and hockey, or virtually the varsity works. His title, executive director of the Central Office for Eastern Intercollegiate Athletics, is pretty much of a long-winded misnomer. In track and field, for example, the "Eastern" office

embraces the Big Four of the Pacific Coast—California, Stanford, U.S.C. and U.C.L.A.

Technically, Bushnell is the secretary-treasurer of the fourteen college leagues federated in the Central Office. Actually, he assigns all officials, draws up schedules, handles finances and is the clearing house for the silly squabbles which preoccupy the brass hats representing the members in the organization. In brief, the man is a super-super, four-star special athletic director whose heart belongs to sixty-one alma mummies.

This will impose a severe strain on the customers' credulity, but the college czar, who exerts control over more than 8,000 athletes, is the most completely non-athletic citizen imaginable. Bushnell confesses that he

indulged in nothing more strenuous at Princeton than required exercise. In a burst of rah-rah spirit he went out for his freshman soccer team and by dint of tremendous zeal rose to the giddy eminence of the third team.

"It was no major accomplishment," he says gravely. "There were just enough of us to fill out three teams. It wouldn't have been a great trick to have made the first squad. I was lousy."

Grandson of a former Republican governor of Ohio and the scion of a socialite baking family, Bushnell often wonders how he got into the sports business in the first place. He attributes the whole thing to sublimation and a series of lucky breaks. A bare-faced falsehood; don't believe it for an instant.

Bushnell became the Number 1 boy in his field by proving to be, in spite of his patrician background, a rabid revolutionary and a shrewd businessman, a paradoxical parlay if ever there was one. He junked Princeton's outmoded, snooty attitude toward the public when he was graduate manager there, then conceived of the Central Office, the most significant college sport innovation in years and years.

He has made the assignment of football officials, a task calling for the talents of an exalted Machiavelli, as fool-proof as possible. He rescued Princeton's sport set-up from financial ruin, transformed the worst major football team in the country into the best in the short span of two years and promoted the most successful track meet ever held in the United States. Merging all the activities of the fourteen previously uncoordinated leagues under one roof has effected a reduction of twenty percent in overhead and a 100 percent increase in efficiency. And yet Bushnell insists his unusual career can be explained by luck and sublimation!

The idea for a central office to serve schools along the Atlantic seaboard began to sprout in Bushnell's head in 1935. The inspiration came when Walter Okeson, who had brought order out of chaos in football by acting as the commissioner of the Eastern Association of officials, talked of retiring in 1937. Bushnell knew the football situation would be a shambles if Okeson, whose profound influence upon football never will be appreciated, stepped out and left no successor to carry on.

Before Okeson was granted blanket authority to assign officials to games in which the teams of his group participated, there had been cut-throat competition and plain and fancy conniving for the services of the top-flight men. A good referee such as Bill Crowell or Red Friesel was in constant demand while other men, equally competent, were barred by certain schools because they were guilty of the crime of calling the plays as they saw them. Thirteen colleges in the East finally asked Okeson in 1928 to clean up the Augean stables that was the football mess, offering to pay the expenses of his office and a flat fee of \$100 a game to each of four officials. The scheme worked so well that at one time more than one hundred colleges subscribed to the service.

Okeson, also vice-president and treasurer of Lehigh University, simply could not devote the necessary time to his enormous football work, and Bushnell found similar complications throughout the structure of college athletics. Elwood Kemp, a New York lawyer who served as secretary-treasurer of the Eastern inter-collegiate baseball and basketball leagues, could not do justice to all his jobs. Henry W. Clark, athletic director at Lafayette, did the best he could for the 150-pounders

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

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

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

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in football. Hugh V. Allesandroni, a coach, handled fencing affairs. Bushnell himself took care of golf, swimming and hockey, the latter with the assistance of Ag Smith, a professional referee. The expenses for separate offices added up and nobody was free to step in and take charge when an emergency arose.

Bushnell popped the plan for his Central Office, designed to coordinate all activities in the hands of one man, to Cornell's Jim Lynah, who was so enthusiastic about the idea that he promised the support of the Ivy League, provided a man willing to assume all the headaches that went with the job could be shanghaied. Bushnell himself recommended Jim Swarts, Penn's athletic director, but he finally wound up nursing his own baby. That was his intention.

The bureau went into operation on January 1, 1938, with Bushnell and two secretaries handling the work which previously had been done, after a haphazard fashion, in a half-dozen scattered offices. Routine difficulties which once bedeviled the graduate managers of sixty-one colleges are broken down, then reassembled to look brand new and ultra-smart, with the speed and ease found in industrial plants. Schedule snarls and bush-league bickering, which used to drag on for six months, are cleared up now in five minutes.

The affairs of ten sports are handled by Bushnell, but one commands half the time throughout the year. It is football, of course, and of course all the squawks relate to the assignment of officials. There are only a handful of first-rate whistle-blowers in circulation and their services are in more demand than encores for the fan dancer at a stag party. Bushnell keeps the clients contented by a clever system of classification.

There are thirteen colleges rated in Class A, determined by the fees they are assessed and by the caliber of their football teams. In this group are the seven Ivy League teams—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Penn and Dartmouth—Army, Navy, Brown, Penn State, Pitt and Syracuse. They draw Class A officials, who are paid \$75 a game and expenses. The Class B schools are Boston College, Carnegie Tech, Colgate, Duquesne, Fordham, Georgetown, Holy Cross, N.Y.U., Rutgers, Temple and West Virginia. They pay a flat fee of \$50 for Class B officials. Included in Class C, which pays \$25, are Boston University, Bucknell, C.C.N.Y., Lafayette, Lehigh, Manhattan, New Hampshire, Villanova.

Team classifications remain constant, but the officials' list is subject to yearly change, which is "Ace" Bushnell's ace in the hole. Running a football game in which fifty emotional boys may participate before a mob of 50,000 hysterical spectators is a job carrying with it tremendous responsibilities. One false move by a harassed official can provoke a riot endangering thousands of lives. Incompetent, superannuated officials

can put into motion the wheels of ugly rumors which condemn unjustly a boy or a college.

It is a wonder that football history is not studded with many more incidents calculated to undermine the confidence of the public. A few weeks ago, shortly before the opening of this season, football officials employed by a certain and celebrated conference were asked to take a written examination in the rules. Only five percent turned in papers which received rating of 80 or better.

The Bushnell system cannot be found guilty of such shocking laxity. There is a four-way check on each of the 125 staff officials and they must maintain a rating of above average to be reappointed. First of all, Bushnell gets a report from the competing colleges on each of the four officials in every game. That means eight confidential documents are submitted after every game. Each official is required to comment in writing on his associates. At the end of the season all colleges are asked to grade the officials who worked for them. Most important are the private papers turned in by observers—usually retired officials—on the performances of the active men.

"These observers are not to be regarded as spies," Bushnell would like to have it understood. "Coaches and fans are prejudiced and incapable of judging an official. The only person who can do it is a former official who knows all the difficulties encountered on the field. Feelings are bound to be hurt when I ask an old-timer to retire because he no longer is competent or he is unable physically to run up and down the field all afternoon, but it must be done if we are to maintain a high level of efficiency."

Bushnell issues a 44-page manual which outlines his concept of the model official, but the meat is in one concise paragraph:

"The model official is the one who notices everything but seldom is noticed himself; who is considerate and courteous without sacrificing firmness; who cooperates fully; who is physically able to be—and is—in the right place at the right time; who knows what the rules say and what the rules mean."

The Central Office knows most of the answers but occasionally it is chased up a tree by calls from people who stumble upon its number in the phone book under the heading of "Athletics." There was a romantic gent speaking in well broken English who was pretty disgruntled when Bushnell was unable to give him the address of a young lady who had studied acrobatics in Europe.

The all-time stumper, though, was the call last year from the correspondent of an English paper who never had seen a football game and was assigned to cover a major one.

"What is this football all about, anyway?" he asked briskly.

Bushnell made feeble, fluttering passes at the air and hung up gently. That's where he came in.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 31)

whacked up the skinned grouse with a few deft cuts, broke out a skillet and transferred his activities to the now red-hot stove.

"Well, this guy arrives the next day and he's outfitted from A to Iz-zard. Two brand new custom-made 'scope-sighted Winchester bolt guns, both in fancy leather boots, a trick sleeping bag and other high-class duffle. I'll bet that porter unloaded \$3,000 worth of gear on the station platform."

"How about the guy?" I queried.

"Oh, the porter got him off the train, too. Sorta poured him off."

"That bad, eh?"

"Bad! Listen, this guy has the fantods, the heebie jeebies and a breath! I could lean against it, almost. But he ain't a bad sort. Harvard guy, only he doesn't pronounce it that way. It's Hahvid."

"I know."

"First thing he wants to know is where is the likker store. I tried to stall him off but he insists, so we go over and he orders a case delivered to the hotel. Next morning we hit for the base camp, pick up a canoe and shove off into the bush. My dude's up in the bow, of course, but instead of a paddle he's got a camera in one hand and a bottle of Scotch in the other. Three hours later we're one portage from camp and I suddenly get a inspiration. By this time my dude's working on his second bottle."

"Those things sometimes get you in a jam," I reminded him.

"You mean likker or inspirations?" he queried.

"Both," I replied.

"Anyway, I remember what the Doc writes me and I remember a slippery place in that portage where a guy could skid—accidental like—while carrying a case of whisky, and toss the case about 40 feet into a rocky creek."

"Full of cute little tricks, aren't you?" I observed.

"You ever put in two solid weeks in the woods with a full-blown rummy?" he countered.

I glanced over at the sizzling grouse and potatoes before replying. "Listen, Bob, are we going to chew the fat all night or are we going to eat?"

"Things'll be ready in a few minutes now," he replied, giving one of the frying pans a quick flip. "Anyway, we finally get to this last carry and right before this rummy's eyes I do one of the most natural sit-falls ever. That case of booze landed on the rocks in the creek below and is smashed to smithereens."

"How did he take it?"

"For a moment he's too shocked to say much, and then, mister, he let go. You ain't never heard a plain and fancy cusser until you've heard a

Harvard man give tongue. Right away he wanted me to go back to town and bring out a fresh supply, but I talked him out of that. Anyway, the next day was Sunday, I pointed out, and the grog shop would be closed."

We pulled our chairs up to the rough camp table and pitched in.

"Next morning about eleven o'clock," resumed Bob, through a mouthful of partridge, "I managed to work this wreck about three miles from camp up to a little swale just beyond Gull Lake. And damned if I didn't spot one of the biggest bulls I'd ever seen. That moose was feeding on the edge of a pond about a hundred yards away; the wind was right, and, says I to myself, 'Here's where you get a moose and get rid of a headache in record time.' Delirium tremens was a few paces behind and hadn't seen the animal so I motioned him up."

"Bob," I interrupted, "for gosh sakes get to the end of this dizzy yarn. You're the longest winded illegitimate in Canada. Did the guy get his moose or didn't he?" The guide ignored this outburst, and then resumed.

"He stepped up beside me and I pointed through the bushes toward that unsuspecting moose without saying a word. Suddenly, he saw the animal and right there I realized I made a mistake when I smashed his booze. He needed a drink right there if he ever needed one in his life. Shaking like a leaf, he was."

"Take it easy," I cautioned him, "and you can't miss. You got thirty-six inches of chest to shoot at."

"I was watching the moose as he raised his rifle and didn't notice what he was doing. Suddenly he whispers 'I can't see a damned thing!' I glanced over to see what was wrong and, so help me, the guy had forgotten to take the hoods off his 'scope sight!"

"By this time he was shaking like one of them Salome puddings and had lowered his gun. I grabbed off those hoods and asked him did he have a shell in the chamber?"

"I don't recall," says he, working the bolt on the rifle. And before I could stop him he jacked every blinkin' cartridge out of that gun into the mud! The moose of course heard this clickery-clacking, looked up, spotted us, and went right away from there in a hurry."

I fixed him with a stern eye. "You making this story up or did it really happen?"

"Certainly it happened!" he replied with some heat. "The fellow got took with buck fever on top of the willies! Jacked every shell out of that rifle before I could stop him. And only a hundred yards from a sixty-inch spread!"



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"If he didn't get that moose," I countered without looking up, "how in hell do you know it measured sixty inches?"

"Because I measured it," he replied.

"Oh, then your rummy finally got the animal?"

"Hell, no. I got it for him," replied Bob. "What are you drinkin' tonight, tea or coffee?"

"I'll have some tea, and if you don't wind up this story pretty soon I'm gonna clip you with the camp ax."

Bob spilled the scalding brew into our tin cups before replying, doused his drink with a splash of canned milk and then resumed.

"Next day I couldn't get the guy out of his flea bag. It had turned cold overnight and there was a crust of frozen snow on the ground. He wanted no part of that. 'But I gotta get you a moose,' I told him, 'I promised Doc Sam you'd shoot a moose, or at least a bear. You can't get one laying around camp like this.'"

"What's the matter with your getting that bull for me?" he comes back. "You get that moose for me in a hurry so I can get back to town and get a drink; say nothing about it and there's an extra \$100 in it for you."

"Mister," I answered him, "hand me one of those rifles and a handful of shells. We'll be headin' out about this time tomorrow, and you'll have your moose and the drink a few hours later." I figured I could catch up with that bull without any trouble unless he'd hightailed clear out of the country, which didn't seem likely. As it turned out he didn't go any distance at all. I downed him just before noon about five miles from camp and was lucky enough to do it in a place where it was a cinch to get the head

and meat out with the canoe. I was back in camp that night with everything in time for supper."

"Did you get the extra \$100?"

"Yeah," replied Bob, "the guy wrote the check that evening and we were back in town the next afternoon. He wasn't a bad guy, at that. But I certainly caught hell from Doc Sam in a letter a few days later."

"How was that?"

"Well," Bob continued, "you see this guy got to celebrating on the way home and by the time he arrived he'd worked up a heavy head of steam. It was one of the biggest and prettiest heads on record and this called for considerable drink buying all around. As the celebration progressed, the guy kept changin' his story of the kill. At first he'd smacked over the moose on the dead run at four-hundred-yard range, but later he changed the script. Just before they sent him away to a quiet place in the country, surrounded by a high brick wall, he'd killed the critter with a knife in a desperate hand to hoof battle over my battered body. Seems I'd been charged and injured, or something."

He paused for a moment and fumbled through a worn billfold, finally extracting a frayed newspaper clipping. "Here," he said, handing me the clip, "this will give you a rough idea."

The smudged headline read: "Local Sportsman Saves Guide's Life. Moose Killed With Lucky Knife Thrust."

I looked up at Bob. "You see what I mean?" he said. "Well, let's get this mess cleared away and roll in. We're going to be eating red meat this time tomorrow night unless you get a case of buck fever."

I didn't and we did.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

Italy after Shelley had been drowned on the Ariel in the Gulf of Spezia. A highly romantic character who wore Turkish togs, became a privateer in Oriental waters, married an Arabian girl, he became highly popular as the author of "The Adventures of a Younger Son", written in 1831 and read throughout the Victorian era; it is still in print. In the United States he once tried to swim the Niagara River above the Falls and nearly lost his life in the swift current. When Margaret Armstrong was writing the life of Fanny Kemble she came across Trelawny, who paid attentions to Fanny, and decided to write his biography. As "Trelawny" it is being distributed this month to the members of the Book of the Month Club, and thus gets a wide hearing at once. Miss Armstrong is not an exciting writer, but since Trelawny was so constantly active and had so many preposterous adventures, there is no need for

dramatizing his life. He outlived his busy days and became a quiet gentleman in an English garden, dying in 1881, when nearly 90. (Macmillan, \$3)

VERY different from this type of romantic reader is "Hugh Young: A Surgeon's Autobiography", by the head of the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute in Baltimore. This differs from those chatty autobiographies of doctors that have been getting attention in the last few years by being the story both of a man's career and of the methods used in urological surgery, which has to do with genito-urinary diseases. The methods used in cases involving prostate, kidney, bladder and related organs are discussed and fully illustrated, so that this book will prove especially valuable to physicians. Dr. Young does not devote the whole book to technical details. He was active in organizing

the medical service of the A. E. F., and gives the history of the methods used to preserve the health of the troops. An interesting part of his story has to do with his association with James Buchanan Brady, known as Diamond Jim Brady. Dr. Young knew that Brady squandered huge sums on plays, actresses and gay parties and suggested that he endow a urological hospital for the benefit of mankind, which Brady did in 1915. Dr. Young found Brady a tremendous eater. At breakfast he would consume six cantaloupes and many eggs; at other meals large steaks and many chops would disappear. "His principal libation was orange juice, of which I have seen him consume two quarts," writes Dr. Young. But he didn't drink liquor or smoke. Dr. Young was called in to attend Woodrow Wilson and describes details of his illness. This book should be especially valuable to men and should have a place in every public library. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$5)

AFTER medicine we come to science and engineering. Just as the autobiography of Hugh Young will interest doctors and all who have a flair for medical research, so "Fessenden: Builder of Tomorrows", by Helen M. Fessenden, has a special meaning for all interested in radio engineering and wireless telephony. For this deals with the career and accomplishments of Reginald A. Fessenden, who effected the first two-way, trans-Atlantic wireless service, invented the wireless telephone, numerous radio devices, the turbo-

electric drive for battleships and other specialties. He died in 1932. This book, too, has its technical side, and this helps make it valuable to all associated with this field. (Coward-McCann, \$3)

BUT don't get too glum; there's fun in the new books, too. Take "Letter of Credit", by Jerome Weidman. He began his literary career by writing bright, snappy yarns about life in the wholesale dress goods business in New York City—a picturesque place full of strange dialects and gestures. More recently he took a trip around the world—to England, France, the Orient and home by way of the Pacific. Naturally he met people no one else meets, and heard them say things in a way nobody else hears them, or he wouldn't be Weidman. He was having an adventure, scraping acquaintances everywhere, finding out how people lived, getting by on his letter of credit as long as he could draw something on it. His is the newest version of an American in foreign parts, already made famous by Mark Twain and Irvin Cobb. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.75)

THEN it seems to me that "Horses I Have Known", by Will James, who draws as well as writes, has some good spirited stories in it—always having to do with riding 'em in the cattle country. Horses that buck and run and do night guard and give the rider plenty of trouble on round-up, such as Boarhound. "Boarhound was built to split the wind, like a butcher knife, and fac-



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ing him he looked near like one, long-eared and as though both front legs came out of the same hole." Horses that fight and that play jokes and range horses with the old mustang blood in them—a satisfying monologue for anyone who has scraped acquaintance with horses on western farms. (Scribners, \$2.50)

THE fall season is rich in novels, too, although there are fewer titles that everybody wants to read all at once. As \$10,000 prizes always create interest in novels it is not amiss to say that this was the amount paid by the Atlantic Monthly for "The Family", by Nina Fedorovna. A rambling story, it deals with the interesting characters who found shelter in a boarding house in the British concession in Tientsin, China, conducted by a family of White Russian emigres. The author passed through this experience; she is now living happily in Eugene, Ore., the university city, and the harsh and amusing experiences of her years as a refugee are part of the past. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50)

If you have become used to lifting 700-page tomes, the candidate of the hour is "Foundation Stone", by Lella Warren, which describes the family life that centers around Gerdavan Ifort, a girl of Dutch descent, who marries Yarborough Whetstone, owner of a plantation in South Carolina, goes with him to Alabama and there presides over his household. The time is from 1823 to 1865, with Indian uprisings and the Civil War entering the picture, and there is much to interest women, for the novel centers on the fortunes of Gerda and her daughter, Lucinda, the latter something of a madcap. The life of the household is ably done, and though the men are not always well-behaved, they never get as noisy and difficult as that well-known hero of book and screen, Rhett Butler. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$3)

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S novel, "The West Wind of Love", is one of those solid, well-written novels in the English tradition. This one deals with the love that grows up between a British captain in the intelligence service of the Royal Navy and an American woman in Italy whose husband is with the A. E. F. There is maturity in their views and both are sophisticated characters. Since Mr. Mack-

enzie made his reputation years ago, he is not one of the bright young men who are either flippant or clinical about love, and his writing will be a welcome change to those who prefer substantial writing, such as we find in Galsworthy's novels. (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75)

WHEN the Governor-General of Canada died in February, his name appeared as Lord Tweedsmuir of Elmsfield. He had borne that title only a short time, and it meant little to the many American admirers of an English author named John Buchan. But it was John Buchan who became Governor General of Canada in his sixth decade, after a busy career as publisher, author and member of parliament. Americans knew him best as the creator of that remarkable intelligence officer, Col. Hannay, who appears in "The Thirty-nine Steps", "Greenmantle", "Mr. Standfast" and other mysteries; also as the author of "A History of the Great War" and biographer of Cromwell, Sir Walter Scott and other worthies. An unassuming man, John Buchan did not get the acclaim of Hugh Walpole, J. B. Priestley and H. G. Wells, but he did not want it. In his autobiography, "Pilgrim's Way", he shows how he went quietly about his tasks, going to South Africa with Lord Milner to study conditions, serving his country in various capacities, publishing and writing books.

He never wanted to be in literary coterie, but he knew Hardy, Kipling, Henry James and others personally. He was busy, but he wrote 38 books. He had time to study the United States, to understand democratic methods and to say that "Today we value freedom as we have not valued it before. We have been shaken out of our smugness and warned of a great peril and in that warning lies our salvation. The dictators have done us a marvelous service in reminding us of the true values of life". One of the highly dependable Englishmen who worked without making a fuss, John Buchan becomes well-known to us personally in this charming book. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$3)

NEW steel barges carry freight up the Mississippi, and north of St. Louis a great system of locks and dams guarantees a 9-foot channel. But south of Memphis the roustabouts haven't changed their lazy ways and the shanty-boat men still angle for sunfish among the cottonwoods and willows, and fight the mosquitoes. Ben Lucien Burman has their confidence; he described their ways and told their homely anecdotes in "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" and "Blow for a Landing", and now, in "Big River to Cross", which is not a novel but a book of information and travel experience, he continues his inimitable stories about steamboat captains, pilots, tow-boat men, stevedores, fishermen and habitués of the waterfront. Ben Lucien Burman grew up in Kentucky and used to watch the Ohio from the bluffs of Covington. He gets on board of the *Tennessee Belle* in the hottest summer weather, takes five grains of quinine a day to ward off malaria, joins the pilots in the pilot house or chins with the big-muscled boys who tote freight. He's had a government light named for him on the lower river, which is as good as getting a medal for distinguished service.

HE believes the river mellows people, harnesses their energy and makes them philosophical; no doubt it takes the patience of Job to run a steamboat and figure out any kind of a profit.

The new book has an introduction by Capt. Donald T. Wright of St. Louis, editor of the *Waterways Journal*, who says it's the best thing of its kind afloat. Captain Wright should know. (John Day Co., \$3)



"Mr. Cushman, I'd like to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

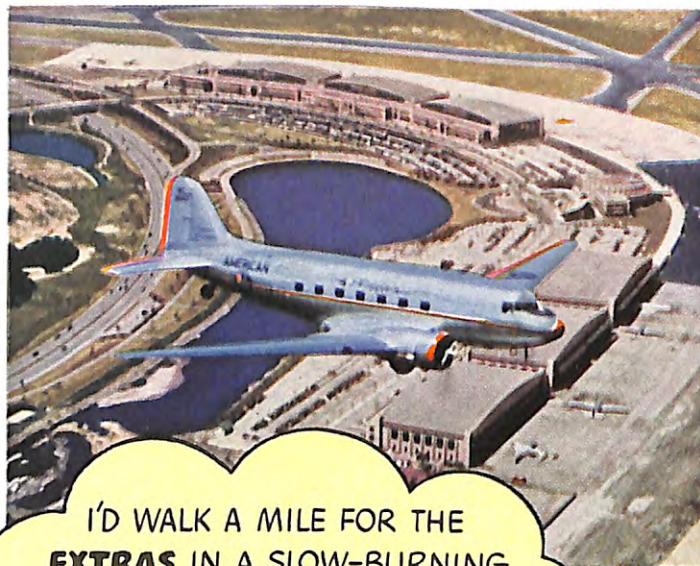


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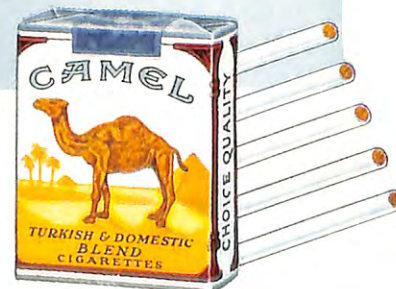
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