

THE **Elks**

MAGAZINE



JANUARY 1941

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MY BROTHERS:

At the start of the New Year, it is well that we should consider our plans for the days ahead and at the same time reflect on the achievements of the past.

Five and a half months have elapsed since our Convention at Houston. There we laid the foundations for splendid accomplishments for the year, and during this time as your Grand Exalted Ruler I have had the opportunity of visiting many States, as well as Alaska, and I have been inspired by the zeal and earnestness shown by lodge officers and their desire to cooperate in every way. I have been impressed by the fact that no matter where an Elk travels in this great land of ours he will find extended the glad hand of fellowship. This is indeed a good sign and this bond of fellowship and brotherhood in service guarantees the future of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Since assuming office, I have been busy explaining my program. We have definite objectives and I have but a short time in which to accomplish the aims on which will be based the success or failure of my régime. Now is the time for all of us to show what we as Elks can do.

All Exalted Rulers have copies of my program. I admonish you to study them well for I deem these recommendations vital to the success of Elkdom. Our National Defense program has been enthusiastically received by all the lodges throughout the country. I want to congratulate the membership on the support given the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in the paying of our tribute to that great warrior of freedom, General John J. Pershing, through the induction of a large class of members. Now, I trust attention will be given to the matter of paid-up membership. Obtaining new members is a worthy achievement but the retaining of the old and experienced members is of vital importance.

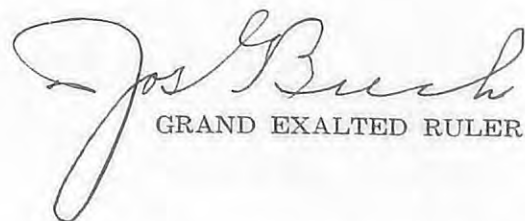
At this time I wish to thank the District Deputies who are rendering such efficient service in visiting lodges and in submitting their valuable, comprehensive reports. It has been no easy task, but I feel sure the results will be gratifying. Already many lodges have taken up the matter of adopting budgets and correcting conditions revealed through the five-year survey which all Exalted Rulers have received. Their cooperation is deeply appreciated.

One of our most important activities this year, one that I wish to stress, is Community Service. It is absolutely necessary that each and every Elks lodge take the lead in its community through the inauguration of some type of welfare program. There are many excellent ways in which you can demonstrate your worth. I will accept no excuse from any lodge, not now engaged in some job of community service, for its failure to undertake one. Many, I am happy to say, have adopted my crippled children's program; others are developing plans for Americanism Week. There is an opportunity to celebrate Mother's Day, Memorial Day, and Flag Day, and lodges in the vicinity of camps and forts have golden opportunities for service.

The groundwork is finished. I am now looking to the future with confidence. America needs Elkdom today more than ever before and, if we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we will prove that, as always, Elkdom is happy in its opportunity and privilege to serve. We are facing trying days and there is much work to be done. Our duty as Elks and Americans is clear. We must respond to our duties as citizens, for it is this will to meet every challenge of Democracy and Freedom, that defines, makes and preserves for us and our children, this America we love.

To all my Brothers I extend a sincere wish for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Fraternally,


GRAND EXALTED RULER

A MESSAGE
from the **GRAND**
EXALTED RULER

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

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THIS MONTH

We Present—

MITCHELL WILSON, a newcomer to our Magazine, whose story, "For Two Voices", is one of the most unique we've ever published, submits the following interesting data about himself: "In the few years since I have been out of college, I have sold several short stories and done two books for Simon and Schuster, which permits me to call myself a writer. However, most of my time is spent at Columbia University where I do research work in physics. This is all one needs to consider himself a physicist. On the whole, this makes for a little confusion when people ask me what I do, since for some reason both professions are a little suspect. Being sensitive by nature, I have not reached the point where I answer the accursed question so evasively that the inquisitor is sure that something is wrong."

We're sure that once you've read the story there will no longer be any question about Mr. Wilson's profession.

Harry Sylvester joins us again with "Wings in the Wind", a story of a boy who flew for fame, and what happened to him when he met a girl.

Don't miss the Elks National Defense message on Page 21. It is a report on what the various lodges have been doing to aid the Order's Defense Program. From this report each of us can get an idea of how to help this great work along.

Ray Trullinger has a complaint and a plea to make. He wants something done about the Conservation laws. To him the situation is pretty serious, so consider carefully what he says.

Stanley Frank is also complaining this month. It seems he's dead set against these seven-foot stringbeans that appear on the nation's basketball teams from time to time. He wants to give the game back to the little feller while, as a matter of fact, it seems to us that the little guy has had it all the time. The country's best players of recent years have mostly failed to top six feet.

Kiley Taylor does a round-robin of all the better known ski spots and has a lot of valuable information for you addicts.

Frederick W. Clemens you've all had the pleasure of reading before. This time he has a lot to say about one of the most interesting developments of modern naturalists—the oceanarium on the coast of Florida, where scientists are rapidly learning every little thing there is to know about fish, large and small.

Ed Faust has some more to say about the training of your dog that should be helpful to all dog owners.

J. B. S.

A CASE FOR EXPERTS



When you stop to think that Old Angus today is one of the largest-selling Scotch whiskeys in Scotland, you realize that here indeed is a whisky distilled to please the most critical experts—abroad as well as in this country.

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YOUR GUIDE TO  GOOD LIQUORS



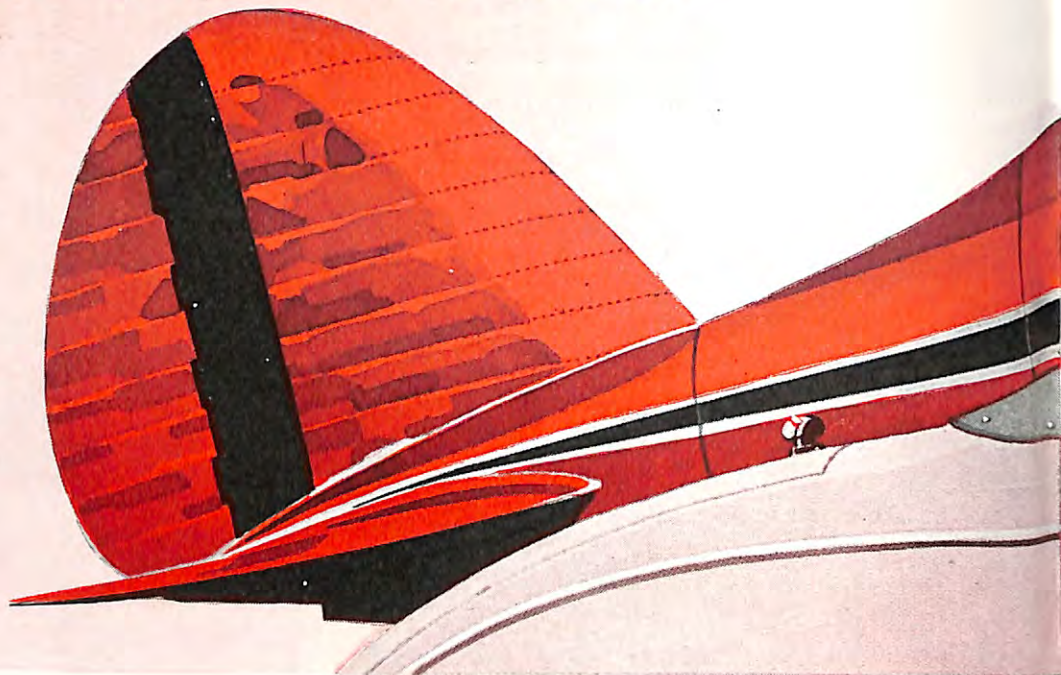
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Wings in Wind the Wind

By Harry Sylvester

Joe found that the softness of a woman's voice could almost drown out the roar of motors in his heart.



THAT evening, getting out of her car where the road to his father's house left the main road, Joe Hardaker was trembling. The girl in the car noticed it and when he turned to face her across the car door she bent swiftly and kissed him. She could feel it in his hands on her face that wouldn't let her go. Then he had dropped the hands in silence and was standing there, his head turned slightly, not knowing it was raining.

"Tomorrow," he said. "See you tomorrow."

Going up the road to the house that topped the hill, Joe felt at once excited and stupid. I could have said something better than that, he thought. The things he had wanted to say since meeting her and had not said, could still surprise him. Through the windows of the living-room he could see his father studying the blue-prints that were always with him. Some of the feeling went out of Joe, but there remained in his hands, like a remembered fragrance, the feel of her face and hair.

His father's narrow, lined face glanced up as Joe entered the room. "Have a good day?" the older man said.

"All right. Flew over the Adirondacks. Plenty of wind but no snow yet. How are the new de-icers coming?"

"Well, we have the alloy for them but we're still having trouble welding it." He looked back at the blue-prints spread out before him.

No one's told him yet, Joe thought. He felt a sense of relief, coupled with one of annoyance that the mere fact of his being seen with a girl could possibly become an issue with his father. Joe sat down before the fire and opened a book but did not see the print. His mind kept going back to his mother, dead now, in an attempt to know with whom justice had lain, her or his father. He could remember her, white and shaken, carrying his brother who had never been born, telling his father he had no consideration for anyone but himself.

The Sergeant entered the room in his neat, white coat and said that dinner was ready. Joe looked at his face to see if there was any sign in it as to how his father had been today, but The Sergeant's face, slightly scarred by burns, was as usual without expression. At the table The Sergeant served the dinner he had cooked.

Often their meals were without much conversation but rarely as silent as this one, so that Joe realized that his father knew. Presently the older man would be very direct. He was that way.

In the living-room, over coffee, Loomis Hardaker said, "In the spring you should be ready, eh?"

"I'll never be readier."

"You'll be the first to fly to Europe through the stratosphere . . . as I should have been the first to fly there. . . . I should have beaten Lindbergh across by a month."

He's going to begin that again, Joe thought.

His father had gotten up and begun to limp back and forth across the room near the big picture-window that looked down on the wide field where Joe had first learned to fly.

"This girl you've been seeing recently," his father finally said. "She doesn't mean anything to you, does she?"

"News travels fast," Joe said. "Resentment rose in him and died. "No. No one means anything to me." You ought to know that, he thought, almost with anger; you've taught it to me most of my life.

"Who is she?" his father said, without looking at him.

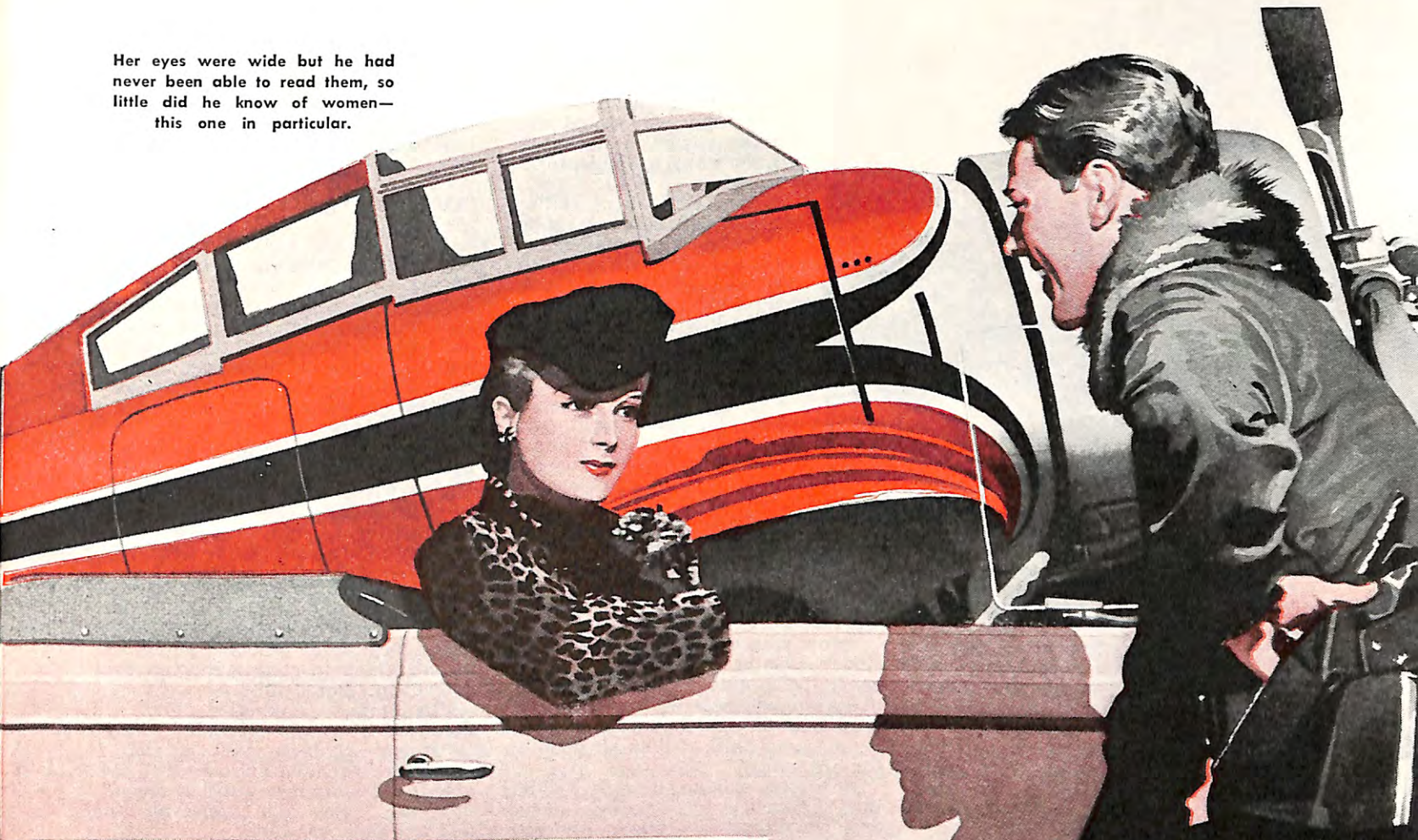
"Name is Helen Coburn. I don't know anything else about her except that she's been in Europe with her family for the last few years, and she or her family own an old house north of here, going into the Berkshires."

"No," his father said. "You don't know much about her."

Joe let the intended irony pass. His father continued to limp across the floor. "All my life I've worked to make you a great flyer," Loomis Hardaker said. "To give you the psychology as well as the skill of one. . . . And I'm not going to have you spoiled by any damn' girl."

"I don't know why you immediately assume that some girl is going to 'spoil' me. She was out sketching at the airport and some of your

Her eyes were wide but he had never been able to read them, so little did he know of women—this one in particular.



friends thought it would be a joke to introduce her to me."

When his father didn't answer, Joe said, "If you hadn't made it such a public point that I was to avoid girls, it probably never would have happened. You'd think flying was some kind of a religious order and that one had to take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in order to be a great flyer."

Loomis Hardaker's colorless skin flushed slightly. "I don't mind your seeing them," he said. "Go on, play around with them, do anything you want. Only don't let any of them get to mean too much to you, so much that you'll start worrying about whether you might ever see her again or how your face might get scarred in a crash."

There was no answer to that, Joe knew. You couldn't point out, even respectfully, that his father limped, that The Sergeant's face was scarred from the time he was shot down with Loomis Hardaker during the war, and that Loomis Hardaker had such things on his mind. Joe regretted the cracks about poverty and obedience, but it was the way things had been. He had given his father an unhesitating obedience in all things for a long while; nor had his father thought of ever giving him more than a few dollars at a time. At twenty-three Joe had begun to mind this.

"Your mother," Loomis Hardaker said, "was a good woman. But she ruined me as a flyer. If you want to

do the kind of flying that means anything, you can't let any woman mean too much to you."

It was coming now, Joe thought; it was coming and it would be good.

"There's nothing wrong with marriage," his father went on. "But not in this business of experimental flying. Your mother was carrying a baby when I had that crash that gave me this leg. And she had a miscarriage. So for years I did none of the real flights I wanted to do. But I was ready in '27 and I would have gotten over a month ahead of Lindbergh but I kept putting the flight off because all I could see around the house was her face, white like a ghost's."

He continued his limping, then suddenly turned again to face his son. "If you don't like the business, if you don't want to do the things





I've had planned, say so—and we can make adjustments accordingly. You can become a banker or something. . . . But don't kid me . . . and most of all, don't kid yourself."

"I'm not trying to kid anyone." Joe felt tired and wished his father would stop limping around and sit down.

"Maybe," Loomis Hardaker went on, his voice softer, but no less urgent, "maybe you don't like being alone in the sky, don't like seeing the mountains change color? Maybe you don't like the feel of doing things no one else has ever done?"

"I like to fly," Joe said. "I like it better than anything I know. And I'm not in love with anyone and I don't see why you're getting excited."

Loomis knew his son liked the aesthetics of flying better than any other phase of aviation. He had used its appeal now, he would use it and others again. He stopped pacing and looked out the window. The Sergeant came in and asked if anything was wanted. Joe heard The Sergeant start his car outside. The Sergeant had a girl in town. Loomis Hardaker continued to stare out the window. Joe went to his own room.

At the airport the next day when he took the small, fast plane up alone he told himself that he hoped Helen wouldn't be there when he returned. He went north fast over the Berkshires. To the east the Connecticut gleamed dully where it separated New Hampshire from Vermont, and to the west the Adirondacks had the first snow on them. He headed toward the mountains, watching the dark peaks unfold in rocky detail, the pockets in them changing in twenty nuances of brown and purple as the light and his position changed.

He was alone suddenly over the mountains, no town or house in sight, the sun red on their western slopes. He had the feeling of mastery again, the feel which a few men had for flight, his father had told him; that a man should so want to see from the air new parts of the

earth, made strange and mysterious by distance, that he should so want to fly in new ways and over strange countries, that he could want to dedicate his life to it.

Alcock, Brown, Guillaumet—his father had spoken of them. They sounded always lonely, as Joe supposed gods were lonely. He would be as they, Joe told himself. Something came out of the mountains and made him glad. Then, quite suddenly, he found himself wishing to share the place, the sight, with Helen. It was like a shock, and without quite knowing why, he had banked sharply and was heading south.

Getting out of the plane at the airport he saw her in the long roadster, parked near the wire fence. He was holding himself in well, he thought, and he thought his face was composed.

"How you doing?" he said.

Her eyes were wide but he had never been able to read them, so little did he know of women and of this one in particular. "I'm all right," she said. "Was it good in the air today?"

He had a sudden, illogical feeling that she knew he had thought of her over the mountains today. And now he wanted to tell her of it. But what he said was, "It was all right." He put one foot on the running board without knowing he had done so, and he kept looking at the line where her hair, dark and smooth, was pulled back from her forehead into a tight knot. He thought that he'd start breaking this up now by not going any place with her tonight or

even driving home with her. He should have brought his own car today instead of taking the bus, he thought. He would tell her that he had to stay around the airport, that he couldn't go with her today.

"You're back early," Helen said. "Couldn't we go some place and have tea?"

Joe's lips had gone dry. "I'd like to," he said. "Wait'll I get this stuff off me."

Inside, near his locker, he felt as though he had been in a fight or race. He had no guts, he thought; if he had any guts he wouldn't be this way, unable to say "no" to her. He was sullen getting into the car and it made the girl quiet. The inn they stopped at was on a rise in the ground and Joe kept looking out the leaded windows to where the light was going fast behind the western hills.

"What is it?" Helen said.

He shook his head.

"It's something."

"You wouldn't like it," he told her.

"Even so?" she said.

He hesitated before saying, "I wasn't going to come with you this afternoon. But I did."

She smiled, looking at him. "I don't see why I should dislike that."

"It isn't that so much as that I don't like to have anyone, well, be able to influence me even that much."

"I see." She didn't look at him and her face was quiet.

"I don't even know you or anything about you," he said, because he was confused and couldn't say what he wanted to say.

Her mouth, only, smiled a little. "What is there to know? I was in France a long time with my family. Father was a consul there. I studied some there. We came home. I wanted to see this part of New Eng-

Illustrated by RONALD McLEOD

All the way in he turned the control for the de-icers on and off, and each time the ice melted swiftly away. It was a good job, Joe thought.



land, where I was born. So I stayed here after they went to Mexico in September. And I came to the airport to try to sketch planes in flight."

Joe nodded. "I'm sorry. That isn't what I meant to say. I don't care what you are." He still couldn't find the words.

After a little while, the girl said, "I've heard something of your father."

Her saying this made him feel better. It was warmer here, he finally noticed, and he could smell the light, heady scent she wore. There were delicate hollows in her cheeks and the mouth was wide and generous. Color flowed richly under the smooth skin and suddenly Joe knew that there could never more be any argument about what had happened. You might avoid the thing, if you were very strong and very foolish, but you couldn't argue yourself out of it.

"Let's get out of here," he said. He spoke thickly and wouldn't look at her.

Outside it was dark and near the car he was holding her strongly and feeling the bony structure of her face, so hard was his own face pressed against hers.

"You're hurting my back," she said.

He couldn't speak, not even to say he was sorry. It would have been a gesture, for he was sorry for nothing. The wind coming off the hills was a good thing and he had turned to it without knowing he had done so. The wind seemed to blow through him, and he didn't want to leave her.

It was late when she let him off

near the house. There was a light in the house he saw, Loomis brooding over his blue-prints. There might be an argument, Joe knew. He turned back to Helen. "I love you very much," he said.

"And I, you," she said. It was the first time she had said so. In the dark light they looked at each other steadily and for some reason obscure to both of them, did not kiss. It was no longer necessary to kiss or touch, Joe knew. Not right now. He turned and went up to the house.

Loomis Hardaker had fallen asleep over his blue-prints. Looking at the table they were on, Joe saw that there also were weather maps on it, of the region around the Adirondacks and as far north as the Laurentians in Canada.

Joe knew what they meant, but it wasn't until three nights later that his father spoke to him about the thing they meant. He had been with Helen Coburn each night and he knew that his father knew it although there had been no mention of it.

That third night, Helen told him she would have to leave him early.

"Getting tired of me already?"

"No. Just tired. . . ." She wouldn't look at him. He thought he had noticed a reserve in her that day, and now her face did look tired.

"All right. I'll take you home."

He drove to the village west of the airport where her home was. It stood glimmering amidst the leafless trees, a big, white house.

She was standing outside the car, looking at him, and in that light her face was not clear. "Let me come

in for a few minutes, Helen," he said.

She hesitated briefly before saying, "Not tonight."

While he tried to think of something else to say, she had turned away and gone toward the house. As she turned, Joe thought he saw the faint gleam of tears on her cheeks. He started to go after her, but told himself he had just imagined it; that he was too imaginative anyhow; and that he would see her tomorrow.

At his own home, his father was waiting for him. "I've got some news for you," Loomis said.

"Yes?"

"I've had a big plane equipped with those new gas de-icers and I'd like you and The Sergeant to take a flight in it tomorrow. You ought to find suitable ice-forming conditions north of here tomorrow. If you can't find them over the Adirondacks, go north into Canada. Look for it over the Laurentians. . . . I've arranged for a permit to fly across the border if you have to."

He kept watching Joe, but Joe didn't speak. Joe kept thinking that if the de-icers didn't work or broke it would be harder to land in the Laurentians, now snow-covered, than here, farther south. If they broke any place under icing conditions there would be trouble.

He expects me to ask questions, Joe thought. He wants to see if Helen has me scared of his kind of flying. I won't even ask him if the welding job turned out all right.

Not a dislike of, but a subtle antagonism toward his father, had

(Continued on page 37)





Frank Case, author of "Tales of a Wayward Inn", whose new book, "Do Not Disturb", has been published by Stokes.

row from the Algonquin roof and hit a pedestrian, and once Ben Hecht shot with a popgun at a target hung in front of a mirror in his room and nearly smashed the mirror. It's all in a hotel-man's life, and Frank tells about it with much gusto in "Do Not Disturb". (Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$3)

KENNETH ROBERTS is a novelist of extraordinary power, judgment and performance. His novels grow in importance as his career expands. His latest book, "Oliver Wiswell", is a remarkable evocation of days of crisis in the American Revolution and depicts not only events but the feeling of the times and the attitudes of the people on both sides. That, indeed, is its great value as history, for it portrays not only the patriots but the Loyalists and gives us an idea of what went on in their houses when the ground was quaking under their feet. Oliver Wiswell, who tells the story, comes from a family that can have no traffic with mob violence. His father worked against the Stamp Tax, opposed the oppressive measures of the British government, but held that America could prosper under British law. The cause of liberty, as Wiswell sees it, is an ideal interpreted in many different ways by the people who live on American soil; the hoodlums commit terrible depredations and atrocities in its name. The Wiswells don't want to be Tories, but they can't help calling the patriots rebels, for they want the firm government of the British to continue. The reader will see at once what an opportunity has been grasped by Kenneth Roberts for a novel that goes contrary to all the patterns that have been laid down for Revolutionary tales. Describing the Loyalists with justice was not popular in America for 150 years after the Revolution. Walter Edmonds took up the newer, objective attitude a few
(Continued on page 53)

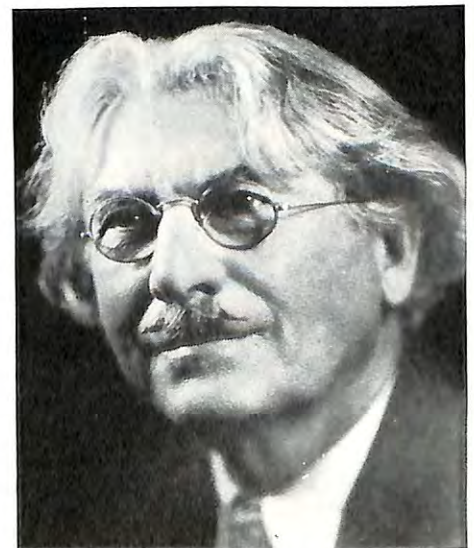
WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

By Harry Hansen

FRANK CASE is one of the few innkeepers in New York City who operates his hotel in person and keeps in touch with his customers. Since the cream of New York's writing and theatrical professions visits the Algonquin, Mr. Case's friends include many who write books and plays and act in the theatre and the movies. He has incorporated many good yarns about them in his new book, "Do Not Disturb", but he is really the most interesting character in the book. A sense of fun lurks beneath the quiet dignity with which he

stalks the public rooms of his hotel and crops out in his ironic stories. He believes that the ability to laugh at the same thing makes people companionable and sometimes becomes "a stronger tie than religion, politics and marriage". He has helped authors out of scrapes but he won't check manuscripts unless the author has a duplicate—for once an author said he had left his great opus in his golf bag that he checked with the porter and when he failed to find it he raised the roof. Once on a time Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., shot an ar-

Ernest Thompson Seton has told the story of his adventurous life in his newest book, "Trail of an Artist-Naturalist".



All by himself Mr. Frank has reached the remarkable conclusion that the bigger they come, the harder they're going to fall.

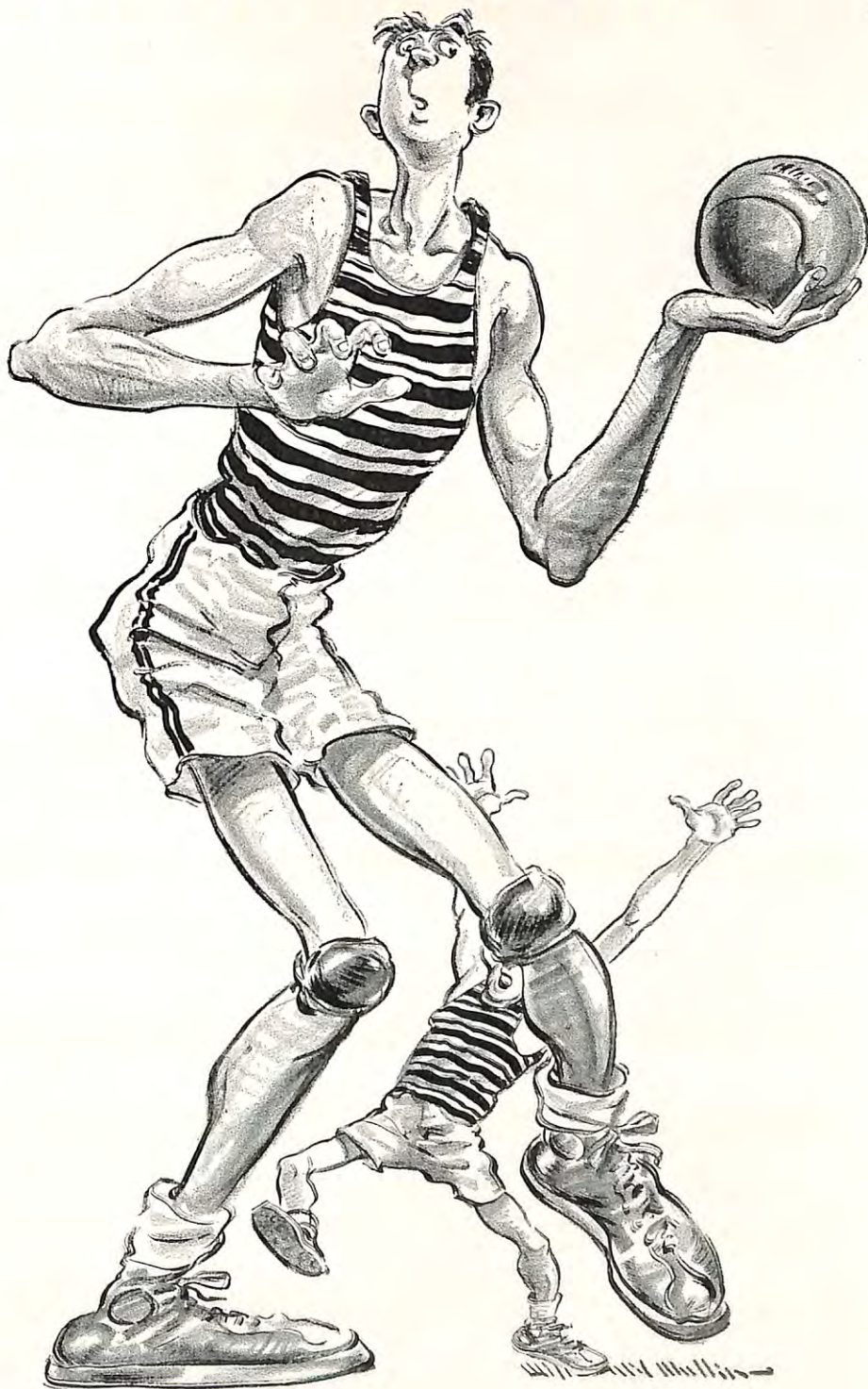
SINCE nobody has had the whimsical urge recently to ascertain the proportion of American youths of high school and college age less than six feet in height, let us assume it is 90 percent. The bureau of vital statistics probably can squeeze a few more decimal points from the actual figures, but that seems to be a conservative guess. All right, then, 90 percent of the eligible young gents who want to play basketball can go ahead and indulge in their hearts' desire without further protection from the rules or sympathy from the 100,000,000 spectators who will lavish unnecessary and unsolicited concern for the safety of smallish boys appearing on the same court with oversized oafs.

It is high time the silly myth that excessive height is a prerequisite for playing good basketball on a good team were knocked on the head and left for dead, once and for all. Parents of man-children who do not have to duck while passing through doorways need have no fear their offspring will suffer physical injury or a life-long inferiority complex from participation in basketball just because some of the neighbors' children, the louts, are a head taller. The little man in basketball is getting on famously. He always has, a fact which seems to have been ignored throughout four years of the most pointless controversy which ever has cluttered up any sport.

A few words of brief explanation are necessary. When you speak of a "little" man in basketball, you do not refer to a player rising 5 feet, 6 inches, or thereabouts, from the floor. You mean anyone under six feet. Conversely, a boy who is 6 feet, 2 inches tall and considered a pretty imposing specimen in other sports is strictly run-of-the-mill in basketball. Judged by the game's distorted standards, an animated skyscraper has to pierce the stratosphere at 6 feet 4 inches before folks begin to comment on his size.

These fantastic notions were first sponsored several years ago by the coaches and rules-makers, who permitted themselves to be carried away suddenly by a trend which was present in the game at its inception. Height, to be sure, is tremendously important in basketball, the only game in which the scoring zone is suspended above the playing surface. A team enjoys a crushing advantage if it has several large loogans who can control rebounds off the backboard of missed shots and pass the ball overhead far above the opposition.

But basketball is something much more than recapturing missed shots and high passes. It is, primarily, a game of coordination and agility, of speed and stamina, of successful shots and intricate maneuvers leading up to them. That is what the



Giant Folly

By Stanley Frank

coaches forgot in their frantic rush to climb aboard the bandwagon—a circus bandwagon loaded down with freakish athletes whose only excuse for appearing before the public in short pants was outlandish size.

As a consequence, some pretty weird stuff was foisted upon the

customers. West Texas Teachers assembled a team a few years ago which averaged 6 feet, 6 inches. The coach who could not dig at least one 6'6" man brooded in a corner and felt intensely sorry for himself. Good, natural players possessing every-

(Continued on page 49)



for two voices

by Mitchell Wilson

CARY DAYTON picked up the telephone and asked the girl at the switchboard to get him Alice's number. He did it after much hesitation and rationalization, but finally, with the air of a man who has decided that he is not a mouse, he was able to put the call through.

He looked very young and very unhappy as he waited. He seemed tired too, from the bad sleep of a lonely person whose dreams are crowded with people obscuring the one face he wants to see.

The telephone rang.

"Miss Winterton wants to know what you want," the girl at the switchboard said.

"Let me speak to her."

"I'm talking to her maid. Her maid says—"

"Oh, it's that way, is it?" Cary's voice was bitterly patient. "Just tell the maid, her name is Belle, that Miss Winterton's publisher would like to speak to Miss Winterton about Miss Winterton's new novel."

In a few minutes, he heard Alice's voice, the same voice he had fallen in love with five years ago. He hadn't even seen her, but had heard her joking in the next room, and so he went to look for her. He had found a small, dark girl with laughing eyes that withheld judgment, and a small mouth which delivered these judgments, once made, with razor-edged merriness. The same mouth, as he later discovered, was also kissable. But in these five years, Alice had become increasingly real and close to him, only to fade again into a voice.

"Hello, Cary," said the voice. "What do you think of it?"

"I think there must be some mistake," he said. His voice was aimed, purposely casual. "What in the world is this thing you sent me?"

"That was a novel, Cary. A story in seventy-five thousand words."

There was no retreat in her voice. Alice knew him, she could see around him and look in backwards.

"I was trying to make up my mind," he said, riffling the pages of the manuscript. On the front page, neatly typed was

"FLY AWAY HOME"

a novel by
Alice Winterton

Alice Winterton, just like that. That's the way it had looked on their wedding announcement, but it was Alice Winterton Dayton on the divorce papers.

"Look," Alice was saying. "Let's you stop being cute, Cary, and we'll talk about this thing, man to man. Now what's the score?"

He shrugged helplessly, and sought convenient avenues of approach. How was a man to say what he thought without revealing himself?

"I don't know, Alice," he said evasively. "I don't like it."

"That's a question of opinion," she said. She was laughing at him. "I, on the other hand, think it's good."

"But I can't publish this, Alice. You've published two novels so far, and you did a swell job both times. You can't go back on your readers now."

"Now, Cary." Her voice was gently chiding. "You know that's hokey."

"It's not," he protested. "I can't see it for beans. Now take your

hero. What's his name again—"

"Charles." Alice was being very helpful.

"Charles, then. What kind of a monkey is he, anyway? First he's in love with her, then he isn't. Then he is, and then he wants a divorce."

"You mean that he isn't a sympathetic character?"

"In a wishy-washy way, I suppose he is. But the girl—"

"Celia."

"Celia, that's it. Why does she stand for it?"

"There *are* Celias, you know."

"Oh, I suppose there are, but why don't you take a crack at something else?"

"No." Her voice was decided. He could see her small piquant face set. She would be wearing a dressing gown, a new one that he had never seen, but even her hair might be set differently. It was only because of him that she had kept the long bob. "We have a contract," Alice reminded him.

"Now, see here," he protested. "Just because it calls for three novels, it isn't fair to palm off a pot boiler just to get rid of me."

"Well, I won't change it," Alice said firmly. "I think it's good as it is. You haven't offered one decent, constructive criticism yet."

Mr. Cary Dayton could really dish it out—and, under most circumstances, he could take it, too.

"All right, the hero now—"
"Charles," Alice said. She might well have added, "Short for Cary."

He would have ignored it. He had known it the minute he finished the first paragraph. This was the way he had looked from the outside.

"It's unimportant from what source you draw inspiration," Cary said. He felt as stiff and unwieldy as though he were wearing evening clothes for the first time. "The characters just don't live."

"For example."
"That's not a fair question." He turned the pages at random. "Have you got a copy of it there?"

"Yes."
"Well, turn to page nine, second paragraph from the bottom. It begins with 'Celia waited—'"

"Well, what of it?"
His eyes scanned the opening sentence again, but he had no need to read it. He had lived it once from another point of view.

Celia waited until the young man was introduced to her. She had just finished speaking, when he burst in. He was tall, and slightly awkward, as though he made a fetish of informality. His tweeds were good and slightly baggy. The young graduate, a year out of college, but still on the campus. He went up to her directly, ignoring the others.

"Were you the one who was just talking?" he asked. He was smiling expectantly as though he had already received her reply, and was ready to go on talking.

"Why, yes," said Celia slowly. She was wondering what had caught his interest. "But now I'm afraid that I've forgotten what I said. Why?"

"Well, it was your voice," he explained. "It wasn't what you said." He stopped suddenly, as though he had discovered that he had nothing more to say. "I want to know you." He turned to the others, grinning in embarrassed impatience. "Well, introduce me." He looked back at her,

waiting for no one, rushing ahead blindly. "I'm Charles," he said. "I think I heard someone call you Celia."

It was Alice's voice again.
"About that second paragraph from the bottom beginning 'Celia waited—'"

"He's so callow," Cary complained. "At least, the way you've written it."

"He's young," said Alice quietly. "And he's about to fall in love."

Thinking back, Cary wondered if, after all, he had looked that way. Certainly, he hadn't felt callow. From his point of view, he had been a worldly young man introducing himself in the most casual way possible.

"He has no dignity," Cary said

over the telephone. "If I were you," his mind raced back to his own impression of himself. "I'd give him more poise, more dignity. Press his pants; give him *savoir faire*. Not so terribly boyish," he pleaded. He was sure that he had been dashing, never sophomoric.

"He gets plenty of poise later," Alice said. "At this point of the story, he's a charming kid. No, I won't change that part. It goes as it is."

"Now Ally," he said, dropping unconsciously into the old phrase used for pleading. It had been "Ally darling," or "Ally dearest," but he was able to check himself in time. It brought up volumes of memories, and yet they seemed incomplete without

In a few minutes he heard Alice's voice. She would be wearing a dressing gown—one that he had never seen.



the final, wheedling endearment. "Now, Ally," he said. "I wouldn't give you a bum steer. I'm on your side. After all, who was it who started you writing?"

"You, my pet."

The "my pet" flicked slightly. It was acidic, an airy wave of the hand.

"Who was it," he persisted, "who refused to let you get away with less than your best?"

"My good friend, Cary, that's who."

"Right," he grunted, smiling grudgingly. "Then why won't you take my word this time?"

"Because you're biased."

He was all defenses again. He'd never admit that. He'd never admit that he had ever heard of this prancing Charles person.

"Why should I be biased?"

"Oh." There was a pause, and he strained for her voice, alert for any innuendo. "Because I don't think you ever remember knowing such a boy as this."

He searched warily for the trap. It was there, all right. Alice could make him say anything she pleased, and he knew it.

"Now look, Alice," he said guardedly. "I'm not quarreling with your choice of characters. Young love is swell. I just say that your development isn't all it should be."

This came out lamely because he didn't really believe it. Cary tried to pass it off lightly with that casual "young love is swell" but it almost gave him away. Young love *was* swell, only people grew older, and there were other things to do. A man loses that terrible energy necessary to be dizzily in love. He loses it, or thinks he loses it. He wants to go into business, have money in his pockets. He wants to put his feet up on a desk, his own desk and press a button for a secretary. If it looks good in the movies, it ought to feel even better in real life.

"Well, for goodness' sake," Alice had said. "If you want to go into business on your own, then go ahead. What business do you want to go into, anyhow?"

"Publishing books," a younger Cary answered with the explosive vitality that was so undignified. "What possibly could be a better way to spend your life than to publish the kind of books you like? Can you imagine being able to take a book and fix it so thousands of people can read it? Why, it's marvelous! It's better than being a writer because a writer may be able to write only bad books. A publisher can always publish good stuff. That's me, Ally, my Ally, a publisher."

"Well," Alice said, shrugging her shoulders. "If that's you, then it's me too."

That was the way young people spoke. With bounce and force and abandon. That was the way they made promises and spoke of ambitions. That was young love, and young love was swell.

And Alice's voice was no different today. It was still very young and

gay. And yet it had dignity too. On the telephone, it was still exciting.

"I'm very glad to hear that you endorse young love," Alice's voice said. He frowned guiltily, and yet he wasn't aware that he had done anything. "In my spare time I'm conducting a survey on what blasé young men of twenty-nine think about it. May I quote you?"

"You may," he said gravely. "You may say that I heartily endorse love, but that doesn't blind me to the fact that a novel is poorly done. It's not for nothing that I've been in the business close to five years."

"By no means," Alice agreed. "Certainly not. You're a pretty rich kid these days, and you ought to know whereof you speak, except that in this case you don't."

"Oh, come," he complained, with the air of a man whose infinite patience is being imposed upon. "Do I have to give you another example?"

"You still haven't given me one," Alice reminded him. "I exploded your last objection to smithereens. Remember?"

"That's debatable. However, please go on to page seventy-three, top of the page."

There was a short pause and the wire crackled. That was called line noise, he had read some place. It has to do with things in the line, which is probably where it gets its name. But no matter how complex it was to the engineers, it was a poor substitute for Alice's voice.

He cupped his forehead in the palm of his hand, and with his fingers, he played with his hair. If he closed his eyes, he could imagine that it was Alice.

"I've found it," she said. "That's the scene just before the wedding. What's the matter with it?"

He said nothing but stared at the opening sentence. It was that Charles again. How long ago, if ever, had he been Charles? What is it that goes out of a man and yet doesn't leave him empty? It's something that makes him act and think quickly, that never leaves him tired, that always keeps him gay.

Charles came prancing into the room again, a look of alarm on his face. For some reason he had been avoiding the barber, and his hair kept falling over his forehead, and he continued to push it back. Charles would never learn that Celia was the only person who could comb his hair.

"What's the matter?" Celia asked. "You look as though you've seen a Class B ghost."

"It's not that, darling. I've just seen the wedding invitations."

"Well?"

Celia always said "Well" until she knew down what alley Charles's mind was going to scamper. Once she was sure, she could keep pace with him. She could cope with speed, it was the agile twisting that threw her off.

"What do you mean, 'well'? They're frightening. I'm scared stiff. The license was o.k.—it was just what I expected, but these invitations! Ally, I'm scared. I can't go through with it."

He looked so distraught, so shocked, that she took the card from his fingers and read it again, although she knew it by heart.

"Well, it doesn't scare me," said Celia. "Look, I'm reading it, and I'm not even pale."

He shook his head.

"It's there in black and white, so damned formal! You were the one who wanted a church wedding, I voted for City Hall. As soon as I'm married, I want to begin to bite your nose, and you can't bite a bride's nose in church; and the way our



Illustrated by
JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

"Whether you know it or not, you're asking for a divorce, and you have been for some time."



names look here, so correct and all— Listen Celia, when I get married, I don't kid around. Maybe I'm a beast, darling, but that's the way it is; I'm not the guy on this card."

Celia watched him, and found herself smiling that same loving, almost maternal smile she had just for Charles. She had never seen it, but she knew how it felt.

"I'm not so anxious to wait myself," she said quietly. "I'll get my hat and bag and toothbrush."

"I'll have to buy a razor," he said, preoccupied, and then as it dawned on him, his eyes grew large and he was grinning from ear to ear. "Gee, Celia!"

He grabbed her roughly, pecked at her nose, and sighed.

"Celia, what a nifty spouse you'll make. You know?"

"I know. Better call your office and tell them you'll be gone for a few days. I'll leave a note for Moms."

He shrugged.

"Why should I call that crummy joint? Not one author or agent has been in to see me with anything decent all week. I'll have to write my own books, or get you to do it."

"And we'll do a better job at it than anybody else, won't we?"

"We sure will," he said stoutly, marching up and down. He looked like a small boy saying, "My pop can lick anybody else's pop."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" he demanded. "We're going to elope. Hurry up." He was prancing again.

Prancing! Cary winced. No. Definitely, no, he had never pranced. Never in a million years.

"This boy is just a little too oafish," he said to Alice. "His prancing makes a nervous wreck out of me."

"Charles pranced," Alice assured him. "I know."

"But he's not adult. He doesn't seem mature enough to get married. Imagine, ruining a beautiful wedding just on a whim. Every girl's ambition is to have a formal wedding. Do you expect your women readers to approve of all this? They'll be on your neck the day after publication."

"Don't worry about the women," Alice replied. "I'll guarantee them personally. It's you that I'm worried about. Don't tell me that I've offended your ambitions for a church wedding?"

For a moment he had nothing to say, and he said it with as much dignity as he could gather.

"I don't know why we should be having so much trouble with this story," he said lamely. "We never did before. The first one went together like a prefabricated house."

"Probably because the first was about my grandmother, and there's nothing you can tell me about my own grandmother."

He blew smoke at the mouthpiece. No, my darling ex-wife, he thought, I will not say that I know Charles better than you do. He's like your grandmother; I never met either of them.

(Continued on page 48)

Marineland—home for wayward fish, and incidentally place of observation and study for all who would learn of the Denizens of the Deep.

by Frederick W. Clemens

FISH are fish to most people. On a hook at the end of a line. Steaming hot on a platter. Or nosing around a small household aquarium. The average man has some knowledge of the life and habits of birds, insects and other animals in general, but when it comes to fish . . . well, as just noted—fish are fish.

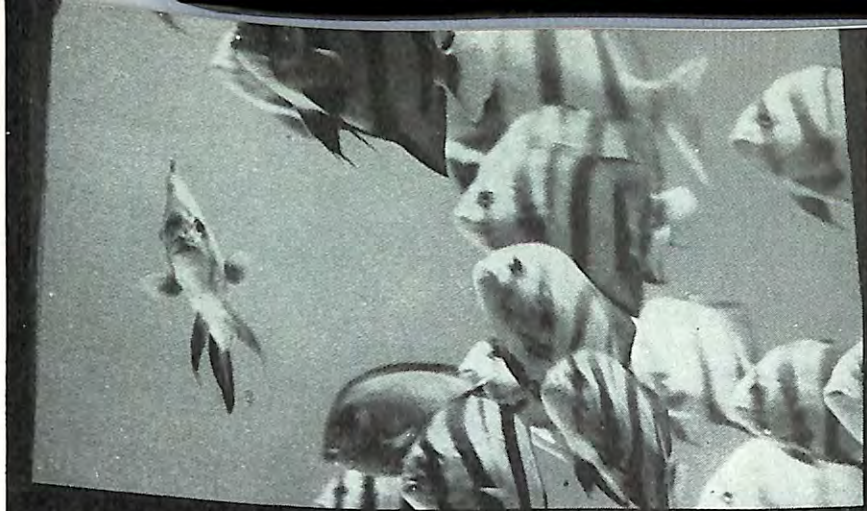
The reason for this lack of knowledge is obvious. In many of our cities we have zoological gardens and parks where birds and animals can be observed in their natural surroundings. A countryside hike reveals a wealth of animals roaming free and untouched. A pair of field-glasses brings the birds of the air within the study range of anyone interested. But fish live their lives under the water, and the chance of the average man ever being able to penetrate into the mysteries of fishdom first-hand looked pretty hopeless, short of adapting himself to a submarine life . . . until quite recently.

In the Spring of 1938, some 800,000 gallons of sea water were pumped into the two enormous tanks of the first and only oceanarium in the world, at Marine Studios, Marineland. This unique institution stands on the very shore of Florida, some eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Into the giant tanks were placed thousands of fish—fat ones, thin ones; long ones, short ones; gaily-colored fish, drab fish; a most startling and varied assortment of the denizens of the deep, from a great 1500-pound Manta Ray to tiny little Finney from the tropics, sporting every color of the rainbow.

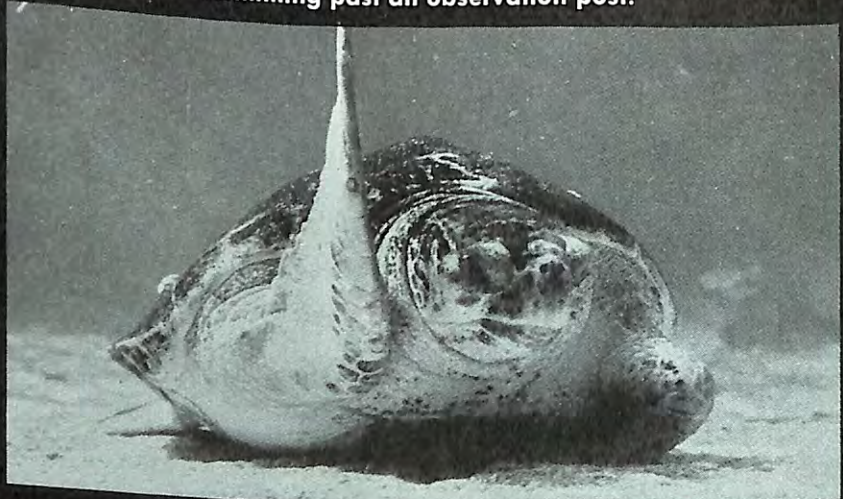
On that day, the No Man's Land of King Neptune became public domain. The private lives of Mr. and Mrs. Fish became an open book. Men could not go to the depths of the ocean, so the depths of the ocean had at last come to man.

The theatre where this magnificent drama of the deep is staged consists of two big tanks set in a frame of yellowish stucco that gleams like gold-plate in the bright Florida sunshine. The giant tanks themselves are built along the ocean front, with the broad blue expanse of the Atlantic to the east.

The rectangular tank, the largest oceanarium in the world, measures 100 feet in length, 40 feet in width and 18 in depth. The smaller circular tank is 75 feet in diameter and ten feet deep. Connecting the two tanks is a shallow flume, or receiv-



One of the countless schools of fish swimming past an observation post.



Grumpy, the ancient turtle, as he winks an eye and flips a friendly flipper.



Diver Ziegler giving a shark a "pushing around" to bring it back to consciousness.

ing ward for new arrivals from the briny deep.

A fish out of water is an unhappy fish, so, for the happiness of all concerned, fresh sea water is pumped into the tanks directly from the ocean at the rate of five million gallons a day.

The amazing thing about the Marine Studios is the big, happy family idea—30,000 to 50,000 fish all swimming about together. That's what makes it unique. In other aquaria,

marine life is separated by species and kept in different tanks. But not here. No, you find them all mingling together as they do in the open sea: sharks swimming side by side with a school of jack fish; coiled up under a rock that is the home of a tiny angel fish you'll spy an ugly six-foot green moray. Sometimes there's trouble—and even blitzkriegs aren't unknown—but such things happen even in the best of families, as we'll see later on.

\$1,000,000 Fish Story



Another of the divers feeding porpoises the mealtime handout of small fish.

Marine Studios and Natural History Magazine

All these thrilling wonders you see unfolded before your eyes as a soft blue light leads you down a long corridor from one observation port-hole to another. There are 200 of these observation windows in the sides of the tanks. They are arranged at different levels so that you can just skim the surface with your eyes, take a leisurely look to see what the middle waters offer, or penetrate into the depths, a favorite hangout for the sharks.

A new series of experiments started at Marineland, and which, eventually, may prove of tremendous value to the followers of Isaak Walton, is a method of transporting fresh-water game-fish from hatcheries to lakes, streams or rivers, in a state of slumber-sleep. It is believed that many fish are injured, and eventually die from these injuries while they are in transit. In their experiments with various sleep-inducing drugs, Count Ilia Tolstoy, Managing

Director of Marineland, and his associates discovered that it is possible to put individual fish to sleep by means of individual drug injections, administered with a hypodermic needle. On top of that, recent experiments have revealed that it is possible to induce mass-sleep in a small tankful of fish by pouring certain drugs into the water in which they are kept alive. This eliminates the frantic dashing against the walls by frightened fish who often hurt

An unconscious shark is being loaded in the tank aboard the Porpoise for the trip back to the oceanarium.

themselves in their vain efforts to escape.

Of all the jobs at Marineland, to the layman, at least, that of the diver is easily the most picturesque. To the diver, it is probably a monotonous task relieved now and then by the highlights of danger that are not on the schedule but always in prospect. There are eight divers on Marine Studios' staff. Bill Zieler and B. F. Ponce, Jr., the chief divers, are veteran underwater men who started when the project first came into being. Both under thirty, they are short, dark, with clear, steady eyes, soft-spoken and decidedly on the silent side when it comes to discussing their adventures in diving.

In an off-moment, Bill may mention some of the narrow shaves of "B. F.", and vice versa, but to get either to talk about himself is as easy as . . . well, as pulling the ten-ton coral reef up from the bottom of the rectangular oceanarium. I know. I tried to make those divers open up.

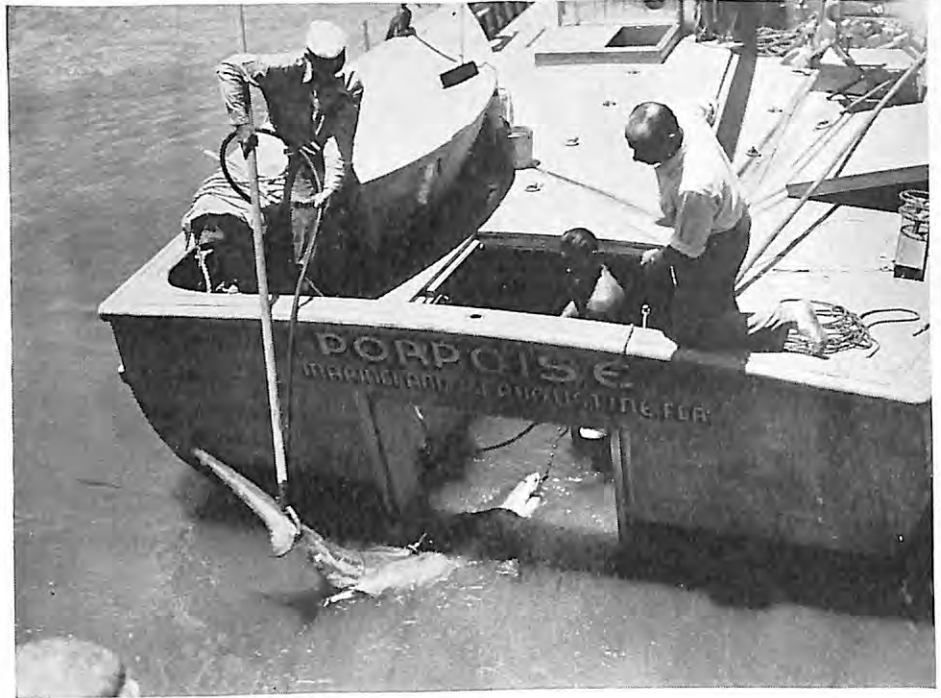
Watching Bill and "B. F." doing their daily chores in this famous man-made replica of Davy Jones' locker is a sure-fire thrill to the spectators who crowd in large numbers around the observation windows. That is especially the case in the big rectangular tank where thousands of large and small gaily colored fish give beauty to the scene, while swiftly cruising sharks lend overtones of menace.

It seems quite an easy and simple job for the diver to go down to the bottom of the tank to feed his charges. But that he is prepared for trouble is shown by the fact that he, in addition to his baskets of fish food, carries a short, pointed spear and a large shield made of heavy wire-netting.

If you watch closely, you will see that the diver has a very definite technique. To insure peace and harmony, he feeds the sharks first. He does not have to coax them to come. They are right at his side from the moment he arrives. The diver places a mullet on the end of his spear, thrusts it toward a shark, and the mullet is gone. With his shield, he fends off several other sharks that crowd too eagerly against the human lunch-counter. The diver also keeps a weather eye on his air-hose for there is an ever-present danger that a shark, turtle or Ray may get tangled up in the slim red rubber tube that is the under-water man's thread of life.

That this danger is very real was proven one day when, while "B. F." was feeding his charges, the giant

Old Rocky, the lion jewfish. He looks very peaceful, but he has a passion for sharks.

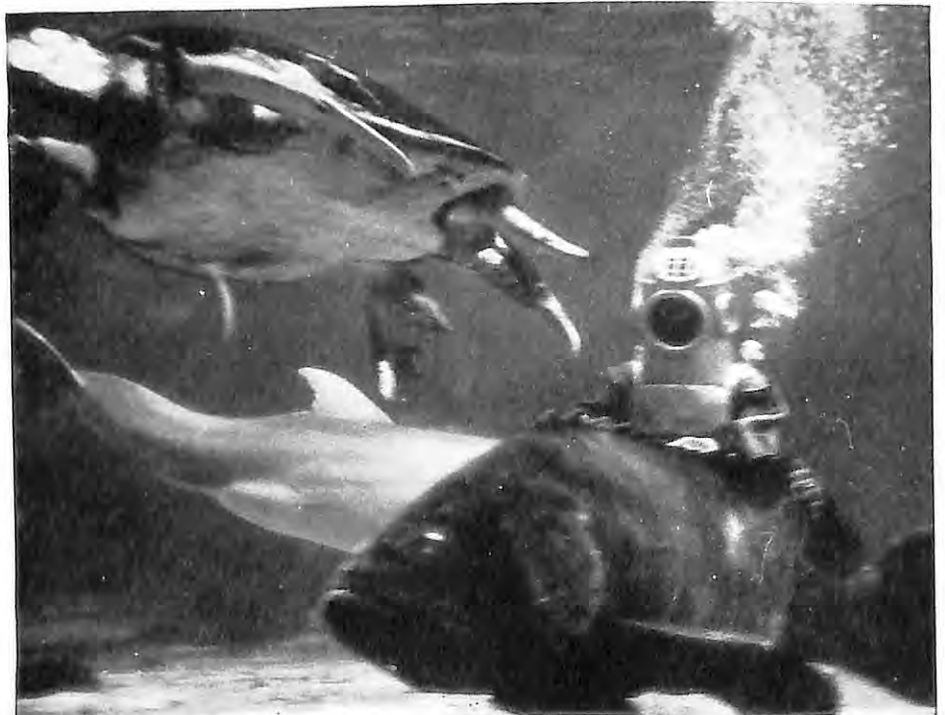


1,500-pound Manta Ray got one of its "wing-tips" twisted up in the airline. Frightened by the coils, the monster slashed around the tank in frenzied fury, dragging the diver along like a sinker on the end of a fishline. "B. F." tried to get free of his helmet and rise to the surface. But the helmet was jammed. He was truly between a devil-fish and the deep blue sea. The airhose might be torn out of the helmet any second. There was only one thing to do. And "B. F." did it. Hand over hand, he dragged himself up the airhose and swung himself on top of the Manta. While the huge beast circled and dove and rose at full speed, "B. F." crawled out on the "wing" and freed the airhose. And that was that.

After that piece of water-wing-walking, "B. F." should be entitled to a pilot's license.

However, the toughest and, oddly enough, most popular inmate in the rectangular tank is "Grumpy", a 300-pound loggerhead turtle whose huge shield is covered with barnacles and moss, and whose small reptilian brain holds a fiendish sense of humor. There is nothing "Grumpy" loves more than to sneak up behind the diver, just about shoulder-high in a snide attempt to bowl him over; or to crawl stealthily along the bottom and take a snap at the diver's legs; or to try to bite a piece of thumb from the hand that feeds him mullets.

But the divers do not mind



"Grumpy". To them, he is the white-haired boy among all the inmates. As for his somewhat vicious antics—Oh, well! It's all in the spirit of good, salty, oceanic humor.

"'Grumpy' will eat anything," said Bill with pride. "Whenever anybody drops something into the tank—sunglasses, cameras, pocket-books, anything that doesn't belong there—'Grumpy' sort of tidies things up by eating them. Yes-sirree! I'll bet you real money that if you went down and put an ear to his shell right now, you'd hear a couple of wrist-watches ticking inside him."

I asked Bill about "Old Rocky", the shark-eating jewfish, as a potential threat to divers.

"Well," said Bill, "we treat him kind of respectfully. But you know, the funny thing is, when 'Old Rocky' first joined us, he had something wrong with his eyes.

"Why, 'B. F.' and I used to go down three times a week and wash his eyes with a silvol solution. He'd

from Marineland—the *Porpoise*—a specially-built, 48-foot cruiser and the only one of its kind in the world.

The feature that makes the *Porpoise* unique is a tank four feet wide by seventeen feet deep, set right into the stern, and operating something like a canal lock. When the tank is filled with water pumped directly from the ocean, a gate can be opened to admit any resident of the deep elected to become a guest of Marine Studios.

But signing up sharks for the Marineland guest registry is not quite as simple as just opening a gate and holding up a beckoning finger—far from it.

With Captain Samuel Dondanville in command, we set out in the *Porpoise* late one afternoon. Toward sunset we reached a likely spot for sharks about a quarter of a mile off Vilano Beach. The shark net was lowered and we anchored nearby and prepared to spend the night waiting for unsuspecting sharks to accept

Ronnie and Fred were having a hard struggle with the net as Captain Dondanville stuck his head out of the wheelhouse and shouted, "What is it, boys?"

"It's a Mako!" shouted back a voice from the dinghy. "I just caught a glimpse of it. A Mako—and I'll bet he weighs a thousand pounds! Better get the needle ready, Cap'n. It'll take a lot of dream juice to put this baby to sleep."

"Hold on to him!" answered Dondanville. "I'll fill the hypo and be with you in a jiffy."

All was action on board the *Porpoise*. Clayton Barnes, the engineer, scurried down the ladder with orders to "start the pumps and fill the stern tanks so we can pull the shark in the minute we put him to sleep". The skipper took a lance-like harpoon from a wooden box and proceeded to fill a hollow tube near the point with a sleep-inducing drug—a drug guaranteed to send even the most ferocious man-eating shark into slum-



An airplane view of Marineland, showing the two large tanks and the connecting flume.

never bat an eye or wag a fin, no-sirree! He was very peaceful and friendly. One day he even took my right leg in his mouth, way up to the knee, and sort of chewed on it gently, like a baby sucking his thumb."

"What about sharks?" I asked.

"Sharks," said Bill. "Most people got the wrong idea about sharks. Now, take those two fellows down there. They acted sort of tough when they were caught out at sea, didn't they?"

I agreed heartily. That morning I had been aboard the *Porpoise*, when those two sharks—a nine-foot Mako and an eleven-foot Ground Shark, had been captured off St. Augustine. It's an experience I'll never forget.

First let me describe the *Porpoise*, which is the flagship, so to speak, of the little fleet that goes out to sea collecting new specimens for the oceanarium. This fleet consists of two sea-skiffs such as used by commercial fishermen, four rowboats with outboard motors, and the pride and joy of those who go down to the sea

our invitation to hop aboard.

As already made clear, the capturing of sharks, as well as other fish for the oceanarium, is radically different from any other kind of fishing, in that every care and precaution is taken not to injure the fish or let it harm itself in any way during the process of capture.

The rising sun was spreading its vivid red glow of dawn fanlike over the horizon as I sat on the wheelhouse watching Ronnie and Fred, two members of the crew, in a "flat-tie", bobbing up and down at the stubby stern of the *Porpoise* on the swell of a gentle sea. They were pulling slowly on the net, when suddenly they took tight, two-fisted grips on the shark net and gave it a powerful heave that almost capsized the little boat.

Now the net began to jerk and strain. Their grins froze as they pulled the net tighter. The water under their boat churned white with foam as from some volcanic outburst at the bottom of the sea.

berland in the twinkling of an eye. "I'm giving him seventy-five c.c.'s of the six percent solution," he mumbled.

As he was filling the hypodermic, Ronnie and Fred struggled with the net, bringing the shark alongside and to the surface so the captain could give it a good "jab".

The water churned even more furiously. Suddenly the flailing tail-fins of a huge shark ripped through the surface, slashing right and left with demonic fury.

Dondanville, a short and wiry man, hurried out of the wheelhouse and ran to the stern with his hypodermic harpoon at the ready.

"Get that shark up a little higher," he yelled, as he leaned out over the low gunwale. "That's good. Now bring him in a little closer."

In response to these orders, Ron-
(Continued on page 39)

Your DOG



By Ed Faust

Mr. F. finishes up his hints on the training of your dog which he began last month.

IT'S amusing to see a dog walk on his hind legs, although there's hardly any other point to this. You'll have to kid him into this by holding a bit of meat just out of his reach. As soon as he rears up, back away a few steps and let him follow you. Repeat the command "Walk". Don't tire him by walking him more than just a few steps during the first few lessons. Each time he successfully walks give him a piece of the meat. In time (but go slow on this) gradually increase the distance to be

walked. Make the increase no more than a few steps each three or four lessons. Out of this grows the waltzing trick. But don't attempt this until the dog has learned to walk a reasonable number of steps without tiring. Give the command "Waltz". Using a number of pieces of meat both as bribe and reward, (holding them just out of his reach) take a few waltz steps. He'll try to follow your movements. Give the command "Waltz" and every so often reward him with a bit of the meat. Be careful not to tire him. One of the secrets of successful training is to make the lessons interesting and not distasteful. Tiring the dog makes him lose interest, and, incidentally, makes it much harder (at times im-

possible) to teach him this trick.

To teach your friend to shake hands, first make him sit down. Tap his paw with your finger and repeat the word "Shake". If he's slow or reluctant, rap his toes with a lead pencil. A smart rap but not a hard one. Reward him when he raises his paw toward your open hand.

It's amazing how some dogs will, without teaching, learn the names of all the members of their households. But if this has escaped your dog it can be taught. Have the person whose name you want the dog to learn remain in another room. Call the dog to you and repeat the name of that person, and at the same time have that individual call the dog. When it searches out the person who called, the dog should then be rewarded by that person. Any little fancied tid-bit will do. Don't try to teach the name of any other member of the family until the dog has thoroughly learned the name connected with this first lesson.

We're yet to see a pooch that didn't thoroughly enjoy fetching or retrieving, as it's known in doggy circles. But the trouble is, darn them, they won't do this when we want and they will retrieve the most worthless (to us) things. We have one that fancies decayed bones. To him they're probably roses. First, tie a long rope to the dog's collar or harness. Use one of his favorite toys and toss it from you. Hardly necessary to advise that you don't throw it beyond the length of the rope. He'll go after it and get it too, but the next thing is to teach him to return to you with it and drop the object at your feet. If he's inclined to go gallivanting, simply haul him in the way you would a cod-fish, hand over hand. When throwing the toy repeat the words "Fetch it" or "Get it". When he has returned to you, horsed in or of his own accord, repeat the words "Drop it". If he refuses to drop the article the first few times, take it from him. If, after a reasonable number of successful retrievals he still proves stubborn about the dropping business, a sharp smack on the whiskers will show him who's Boss. But look out that you don't hit his ears; they're mighty sensitive.

Maybe you'd like to teach Towser to get his leash when you want to take him for his airings or to that Certain Place around the corner. Well, then be sure to always hang the leash within his reach and always in one place. Repeat the words "Leash OUT". That magic word "OUT" will help no end. Or maybe he's already learned that the word "Leash" means a promenade.

To retrieve articles from distant parts of the house isn't too hard to teach. Show the dog the object. Repeat the name of it. Let him investigate it with his nose. If it's a toy of his he'll recognize it instantly. Then hide it in another room but don't hide it too well. Put his leash on him and take him in that room. Again

(Continued on page 55)

Fair Weather Fun

by Kiley Taylor



Kiley Taylor tells about skiing fun in every place you can imagine from one end of the country to the other.

LITTLE more than ten years ago the term "winter sport" was very vague. Today it's almost another word for "skiing", because this one great sport of the snow country has been growing at such a steadily increasing rate that thousands of special railroad trains are now necessary to carry the enthusiasts to their favorite ski slopes.

In recent years the American ski trail has spread from north of the Canadian boundary within the full breadth of the Dominion to almost every section along our northern tier of States—from New England and the Catskills it pushes its way Westward to the Rockies and beyond, and South to the Sierra Nevadas. Uncle Sam, awake to the trend to the great open spaces, has seen to it that room

was made in his National Parks for all of the vigorous addicts of skiing, as well as for those of other winter sports, and he takes care, also, that highways are kept open.

Most of the Parks, situated in the west of the United States, are ideal skiing grounds, with, for six months or more of the year, deep and constant snows. Yosemite is California's winter sport capital, and Badger Pass the center of skiing activities. Away up in the northwestern corner of the State of Washington, Mt. Rainier Park, with its twenty-eight white peaked glaciers, offers unexcelled ski routes through the year. Great speed may be obtained on the deep, powdery snows, with a snow base often twenty or more feet deep. Paradise Valley is the starting point

for most of Mt. Rainier's winter sports. From early winter through to the spring, superb skiing is found in Rocky Mountain National Park, near Estes Park, while Crater Lake National Park, in Southern Oregon, affords sport in winter settings of rare splendor. Yellowstone yearly plans a program of winter sports events, with most of the skiing located near Tower Falls. Rather less professional are the skiing arrangements at Acadia, the youthful national park in Maine, but here, too, may be found miles of carriage roads for cross-country skiing, and South Face Trail, on Western Mountain, can usually be counted upon for ten inches of snow. In nearly all of the Parks lean-tos or cabins furnish

(Continued on page 51)

Red AND Gun



By Ray Trullinger

Mr. Trullinger has some good ideas on conservation and such to pass on to you.

MAYBE the disquieting news hasn't sifted out your way as yet, but there appears to be another of those well established movements afoot to restrict sporting firearms possession in this country, with, perhaps, confiscation the real—and ultimate—objective.

This latest disarmament drive is of course nothing new to hunters, target shooters or gun collectors; attempts to curtail gun owners' constitutional rights have been sponsored from time to time by one political lame-brain after another over a long period of years. Previous efforts, however, usually were advanced by crime control enthusiasts—generally amateurs—who ascribed to the slightly cock-

eyed theory that a national firearms registration and control act would automatically put an end to crimes of violence. You know. No guns, no crime. As simple as that.

How bank robberies, holdups, murders and other mischievous didoes were to be eliminated by restricting or disarming a few million law-abiding pheasant fusileers, rabbit beaglers and deer hunters never was satisfactorily explained.

The most recent anti-gun campaign, however, no longer makes use of the slightly over-worked "Crime Must Go" slogan. This one, believe it or not, is wrapped up in the starry banner of "National Security" and "Public Defense". Tie that one for muddled reasoning, chum!

At a time when the British Empire is facing its greatest peril and making every effort to arm its citizens with anything that will spew lead

and cupro-nickel; at a time when every male American over the age of 16 should be trained in marksmanship, the Attorney General of the United States is seeking to tangle private firearms possession in bureaucratic red tape!

The question which naturally arises is: Why?

Well, the argument is that a national firearms registration act would turn up weapons which might be in the hands "of individuals who have subversive ideas and tendencies inimical to the public good and dangerous to this country".

In other words, the way to get rid of an annoying corn is to saw off a leg. Actually, a firearms registration act is an entering wedge for eventual confiscation. Some group in this nation doesn't want an armed citizenry and is attempting to trap the people under the European type of anti-firearms control, by using the plea of "national defense" as the decoy.

Consider what has happened in Pennsylvania this Fall. For the first time in the Keystone State's history hunting license applicants were asked to submit to a "voluntary" sporting firearms registration when applying for their annual gunning permit. You can have even money that, unless Pennsylvania's sportsmen smack the registration thing down in the next twelvemonth, next season it will be compulsory. Furthermore, you can have another even-money bet that any Keystone Stater who stands on his constitutional rights to own and bear firearms without submitting to bureaucratic control, not only will have his shootin' irons picked up by some picnic egg with a star, but in addition is likely to get his pants tossed into the nearest hoosegow.

Only a few weeks ago one of New York City's councilmen introduced a resolution which would have compelled the registration of all sporting firearms in that city, and which would, in addition, have placed in the hands of the police commissioner the right to issue or refuse permits to own a rifle or shotgun!

The amusing angle is that New York already has a drastic firearms control act on the books, namely, the Sullivan Law. This measure was designed to keep deadly weapons out of criminal hands, but there is no record it accomplished anything except disarm the law-abiding citizen. It never kept pistols out of the hands of such sterling characters as Jack (Legs) Diamond, Dutch Schultz, Frankie Yale and Arnold Rothstein, not to mention scores of other misunderstood souls of the same stripe. Matter of fact, most of 'em had no difficulty obtaining a legal permit to tote a gun, something few law-abiding citizens can manage, however good their reasons.

To argue that a nation-wide sporting firearms census would turn up weapons held by saboteurs and the "subversive elements" in this country is too childish for serious consideration. Would a safe-cracker volun-

(Continued on page 46)

ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE MARCHES ON



Above is one of the many floats which recently participated in the Elks National Defense parade at Troy, New York

At right is Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, accompanied by P.G.E.R.'s T. Hallinan and James R. Nicholson at a patriotic observance at the Little Army-Navy game in New York



Glowing reports continue to be received from all sections of the United States indicating the mounting enthusiasm for the Elks National Defense Program. This Program, like all subordinate lodge activities, is widely diverse in character. This is in keeping with the usual custom of the Order which consists of a general program laid down by the Grand Lodge and followed individually by subordinate lodges in a manner consistent with their own local situations. For example:

In Troy, N. Y., on October 25, seven thousand people participated in a parade sponsored by the National Defense Committee of the Lodge, while in the evening a monster gathering was held at which Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora was the principal speaker.

On Armistice Day, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge sponsored patriotic exercises between the halves of the "Little Army-Navy Game" (Admiral Farragut Naval Academy-La Salle Military Academy) at Randall's Island Stadium, New York City. Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch led a mass Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, with 20,000 spectators taking part. This is the first time that this has ever been done in the history of a prominent sports event. Commenting on this, the National Broadcasting Company, in a nation-wide hook-up, praised this ceremony by the Elks and hoped that other sports contests would "take a lesson from this patriotic observance".

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge has formed a home defense unit. Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge has already appropriated money for the purchase of uniforms for a Home Guard detachment.

Another example of the enthusiastic response to the appeal of the Elks National Defense Commission was the huge "America Day" demonstration held by Erie, Pa., Lodge at which the principal speaker was Dr. Theodore Smith, Professor of International Relations at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The eleven lodges of the Eastern District of New York, have combined to stage a mammoth mass meeting at the County Center Auditorium in White Plains on January 12, when it is anticipated that an audience of 7,000 will be addressed by Congressman Martin Dies, whose speech at the Elks National Convention in Houston was the high point of that reunion.

It is unfortunate that space does not permit the enumeration of the hundreds of activities undertaken by the subordinate lodges in support of this Program.

Other suggested programs are being sent to subordinate lodges for their adoption if consistent with local conditions.

Among the plans which the Commission has in mind is a national patriotic spot radio program for thirteen weeks; a national essay contest among high school students of America to be sponsored by the Elks lodges in their respective communities.

The Elks National Defense Commission desires at this time to express its great appreciation for the whole-hearted support which is being given to the Defense Program on the part of every lodge and the 500,000 members of the Order.

GRAND EXALTED RULER

Editorial

Observance of Laws

THE members of subordinate lodges have a right to rely on their officers for guidance in steering clear of infracting the Constitution and Statutes of the Grand Lodge. This means that the officers must be well-versed in the laws of the Order. The principal responsibility in this respect rests on the shoulders of the Exalted Ruler.

Lodges at times unwittingly transgress Grand Lodge laws and even their own by-laws and sometimes they apparently proceed in utter defiance of both. This invites necessary disciplinary action always to the embarrassment and frequently to the detriment of the lodge. All Grand Lodge laws are enacted for the guidance and betterment of the Order and not merely to place restrictions on subordinate lodges. If any are unwise, they should be repealed or amended and on a case made the Grand Lodge will be prompt with the remedy, but until such action shall have been taken, the laws must be observed or the penalty for their infraction incurred and suffered.

It can hardly be expected that the lay member will be well-versed in these laws but it is expected, in fact it is imperative that the officers devote the time necessary to a thorough knowledge of Grand Lodge laws and that they discharge their duty by enforcing them.

Not in a spirit of criticism but in a spirit of helpfulness we may from time to time refer to laws which are being violated by some lodges, but in the meantime we call attention of all officers of subordinate lodges to their duty in this respect.

Homesickness

THIS is the vacation season when the boys and girls are home from schools and colleges and have recovered, at least temporarily, from nostalgia. This affliction is more generally known as homesickness and frequently is dubbed a sissy ailment, but it is nothing of the sort. It is a real affliction and one the doctors can do nothing about except to advise a change of climate back to home environment and the association of dear friends. It is a disease of the heart, not, however, of the anatomical heart but of that other heart which cannot be X-rayed and whose pulsations the most sensitive stethoscope cannot detect. It is not corporal, rather it is ethereal. It is the throne of Cupid where he sways his scepter in ruling over affection, love and every tender passion.

Have you ever suffered from homesickness? If so, you

know that it cannot be described; if not, it would be useless to attempt to describe it to you because you could not understand. Don't scold the boy or the girl, nor make fun of the companion suffering from an attack. There is nothing funny about it and scolding is not an antidote or even a palliative.

While it is most prevalent among the young who are away from home, it is not uncommon among those of more mature years, hence there is very liable to be an epidemic of it in the months to come as more and more of our young men are called to camps for military training. Then, too, it is contagious and one member of a group having fallen a victim to its ravages is more than likely to communicate it to the others. An occasional letter from loved ones back home will serve to reduce the fever and give the sufferer a better opportunity to convalesce and perhaps ultimately to recover completely.

Flag Etiquette

RECENTLY in a southern city a member of our Order who was also a World War Veteran was laid to rest.

At his funeral the American Flag was draped about the coffin and lowered into the grave. A World War Veteran present at the funeral stated that this was in bad form and a member of the Order writes to ascertain whether or not this criticism is well founded.

Several years ago the United States Flag Association adopted what is known as the Flag Code. This Code has been adopted and is being observed by the Army, the Navy and other official as well as non-official organizations. Section 14 of this Code reads as follows:

"When used to cover a casket, the flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave or allowed to touch the ground. The casket should be carried foot first."

While it is not a part of the Flag Code, the Flag Association suggests that at the conclusion of the Chaplain's service, two pallbearers should remove the Flag from the casket, fold it with the blue on the outside and present it to the next of kin. This seems to be a very fitting disposition of a Flag which has been used to drape a coffin.

The United States Flag Association has published a book of two hundred and sixty pages entitled "THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES: Its History and Symbolism". It was written by Colonel James A. Moss, a well-known Flag authority. The incident above referred to was recently brought to the attention of the Board of Grand Trustees which recognized the importance of Elks lodges being posted regarding Flag etiquette. By resolution the Board authorized the Grand Secretary to purchase and carry as a part of his stock of supplies copies of Colonel Moss's book which contains factual and inspirational material about the Flag and answers practically any and every question that may arise with reference to its use. The cost of this book is merely nominal and we beg to suggest to subordinate lodges that they at once place an order for it with the Grand Secretary.

Blood Donor Squads

IT IS encouraging to note the increasing number of subordinate lodges which are organizing blood donation squads from their membership. It has been many months since

we first directed attention in these columns to this field of added opportunity for community service. That the suggestion has met and continues to meet with approval is heartening and most encouraging. We trust that those lodges which as yet have not fallen in line will do so at an early date, for they are overlooking an opportunity to save the lives of many in need of blood transfusions but who are financially unable to meet the cost, which has become more or less standardized in most hospitals and communities at from fifteen dollars to a much higher price in many places.

Our attention is attracted to a lodge bulletin recently issued by one of the older and best lodges in our Order. After referring to the fact that blood must be typed and a proper record made, including the name, address and telephone number of the donor, the article continues:

"In the past few years we have had several requests for blood and have had great difficulty in responding because of lack of information as to members willing to give transfusions, and the establishment of this record will obviate such difficulties in the future. Please cooperate in this fine brotherly gesture."

Such record preferably should be made and kept in the office of the lodge Secretary; if this is not practical, then at one or more local hospitals. Often the need is not only great but of immediate necessity to save a life.

A Breath of Patriotism

A FRIEND of many years, Dr. James Ball Naylor of Malta, Ohio, grants us permission to print the following from his gifted pen which we believe will be acclaimed by every Elk as embodying the spirit of our National Defense program:

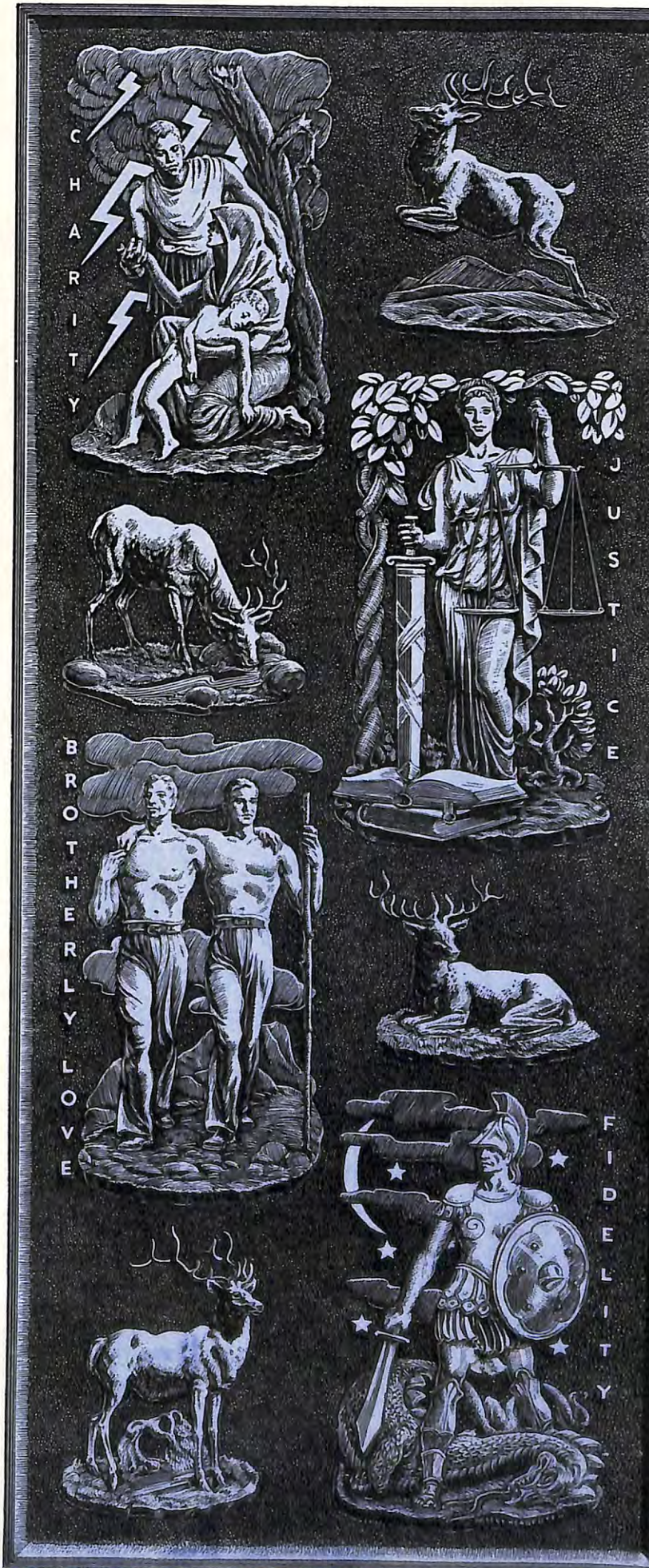
Real Americanism

One country—the best on the face of the earth;
 One people—and true, by adoption or birth;
 One language—unspoken by tyrant or slave;
 One banner—the Flag of the free and the brave.
 From ocean to ocean, from valley to crag;
 One country—one people—one language—one Flag.

Attractive Elk Homes

ELKS CLUBS generally, and we think, preferably, are referred to as Elk Homes. The word home is peculiar to the English language. No other has a word which is synonymous. It is a place of affection, peace and rest, hence a congenial meeting place. In comparison the word club is harsh and meaningless. Homes must be made attractive. Every housewife understands this and within available limits constantly strives to this accomplishment.

This is no more desirable in private than in Elk Homes. Where you find a lodge which has failed to maintain its quarters in a clean and attractive condition, you will also find poor attendance. The need may be a new carpet or an old one cleaned and relaid. It may be a few new chairs and sofas or old ones refinished and reupholstered. It may be only a little paint and varnish. It may be a general overhauling and refurnishing, but whatever it is, the cost will be more than justified by increased attendance, added revenue and over and above all a renewed spirit of fraternity among the members which is a sure forerunner of increased membership.



Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge Honors Two Popular Past Exalted Rulers

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, gave a testimonial dinner for P.E.R.'s James J. Flannery and Steve Forrest at the Mayfair Hotel on Wednesday night, October 16. About 200 Elks and ladies attended. The speakers included Judge Thomas M. Marshall and Judge Benjamin Lencher; Thomas N. McDonough, a Past Commander, American Legion; E.R. John Carter, Leon Ward, and the two guests of honor who were presented with appropriate gifts by Attorney Joseph I. Winslow. Dr. Fenton Russell was Toastmaster. Wires from many well known persons who could not attend were read. Dancing and a floor show followed the dinner.

On Friday evening, No. 11's Sunshine Club staged an entertaining two-hour vaudeville show for the boys and girls confined in the Industrial Home for Crippled Children. This was the first of a series of entertainments arranged for Fall and Winter.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Honors Secretary Ernst Von Bargaen

A testimonial dinner was given in the lodge home on November 12 by Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, in honor of its secretary, P.E.R. Ernst Von Bargaen, a Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association. Approximately 200 leading Elks and other residents of the city attended. Mayor James Garfield Stewart and Vice-Mayor Edward N. Waldvogel were the principal speakers. Attorney Edward N. Brink, acting as spokesman for the lodge, made a second presentation to Mr. Von Bargaen of a small American flag, the same one given him, as to all new members, when he was initiated more than 30 years ago. William Dowdell, City Editor of *The Cincinnati Post*, and Chairman of the Elks' Social Program Committee which sponsored the dinner, was Toastmaster. George Mulhauser, a member of No. 5, sang "Old Pal". Others on the speaking program, besides those named above, were Past Exalted Rulers Jack Auer, Dr. Joseph S. Podesta, George F. Conver, Milton Lowenstein, Walter H. Momberg and Past State President A. Bart Horton; Esteemed Leading Knight Charles Ginocchio; Trustees J. R.



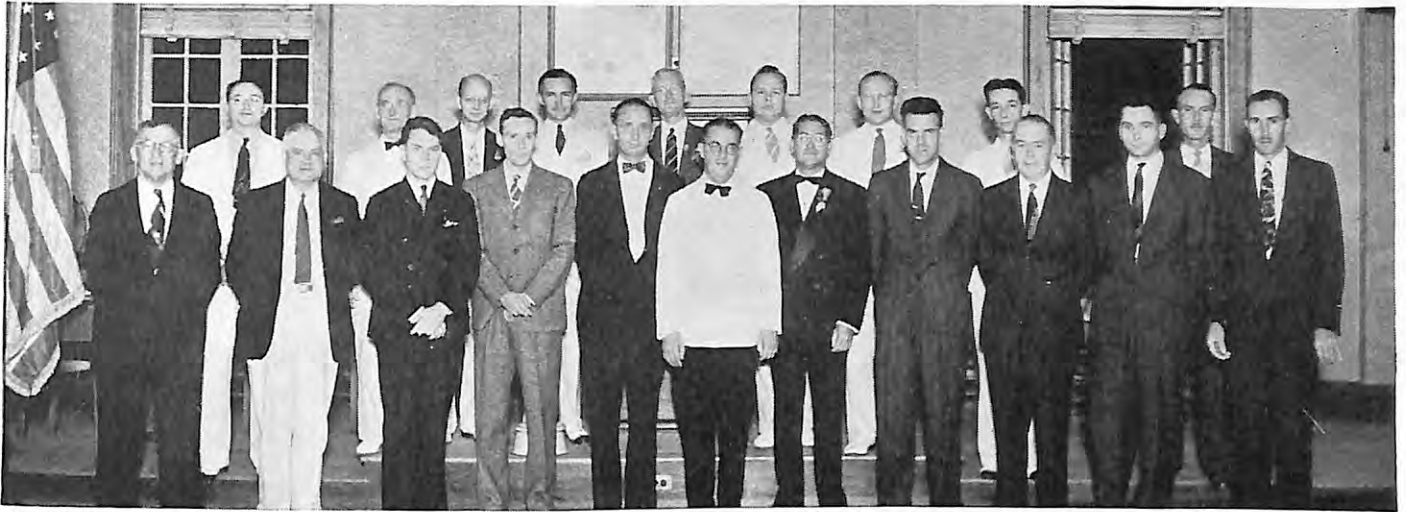
At top is a photograph of a school safety patrol which is sponsored by the Elks of Portage, Wis., Lodge.



Above: The Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge uniformed Degree Team, winner of the State Elks Ritualistic Contest.

Below: A group of 25- and 35-year members who were honored by members of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge at an Old Timers' Night celebration not long ago.





Above are officers of De Land, Fla., Lodge and a class of candidates initiated when D.D. Harry Haimowitz made his official visit to that Lodge.

Lear and Bob Rice; the Rev. Michael H. Hinssen, founder of the Elks' post, American Legion, and former Judge Frank N. Gusweiler and Bush Parker, lifelong friends of Mr. Von Bargen.

The guest of honor was lauded as a real American, a true Elk, a citizen of whom Cincinnati is proud, one who has served his city well, and as the beloved and efficient secretary of Cincinnati Lodge. In his response, Mr. Von Bargen thanked his friends and pledged himself to future work for the lodge's best interests. He has been secretary for

four years. In all of the talks made, mention was made of Mr. Von Bargen's services as former city auditor, city purchasing agent and public library trustee.

Augusta, Ga., Lodge Dedicates New Home and Honors Judge McClelland

On Thursday, November 7, Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205, dedicated its new \$30,000 home, located four blocks from

the heart of the city. Dr. W. C. McGeary, of Athens Lodge, D.D. for Georgia, East, making his official visit to the lodge, presided at the dedication exercises, at the conclusion of which a class of 75 candidates, named in honor of Judge John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and an outstanding Elk of the South, was initiated. Immediately following the initiation, E. R. Louis J. O'Connell turned the gavel over to C. Wesley Killebrew, P.E.R. of Augusta Lodge and Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn. Mr. McGeary addressed the lodge. Approximately 250 of the members were present. Among other distinguished guests who were introduced were Past State Pres. J. Clayton Burke, Atlanta; D.D. Roderick M. McDuffie, East Point; P.D.D.'s H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur, and J. Bush, Athens; E.R.'s George B. Yancey, Atlanta Lodge, Young H. Fraser, Decatur Lodge, and Dr. M. T. Summerline, Athens Lodge, and P.E.R. Dr. Will S. Haile and Secy. T. M. Chalker, Fitzgerald Lodge. Judge McClelland addressed the lodge on "Elkdom", bringing to the membership a message of inspiration that will long be remembered.

On Friday afternoon, from three to six, the lodge home was opened to the members and their families for general inspection. Mrs. Louis J. O'Connell, wife of the Exalted Ruler of Augusta Lodge, acted as hostess. The festivities were brought to a close on Friday evening with a dance enjoyed by more than 200 Elks and ladies.

Prescott, Ariz., Members Receive Service Pins On "Old Timers' Night"

Fifty-four veteran members of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, were honored guests on "Old Timers' Night" at a banquet held in the Hassayampa Hotel. Twenty-eight members were presented with special 35-year service pins; 26 members received 25-year pins. Lester Ruffner, Esquire of the lodge, also a 25-year member, was the principal speaker.

Telegrams and letters received from those veteran members now residing in distant sections of the country, expressing their appreciation of the honor bestowed upon them, proved to be one of the highlights of the lodge session. One hundred and fifty members at-

(Continued on page 28)

Below: The Allied Relief Night Committee of Fresno, Calif., Lodge.



Left is a photograph taken at the presentation of the Lodge's charter by P.D.D. Raymond C. Crowell to E.R. John F. McNeil at the first anniversary meeting of Lancaster, Calif., Lodge.

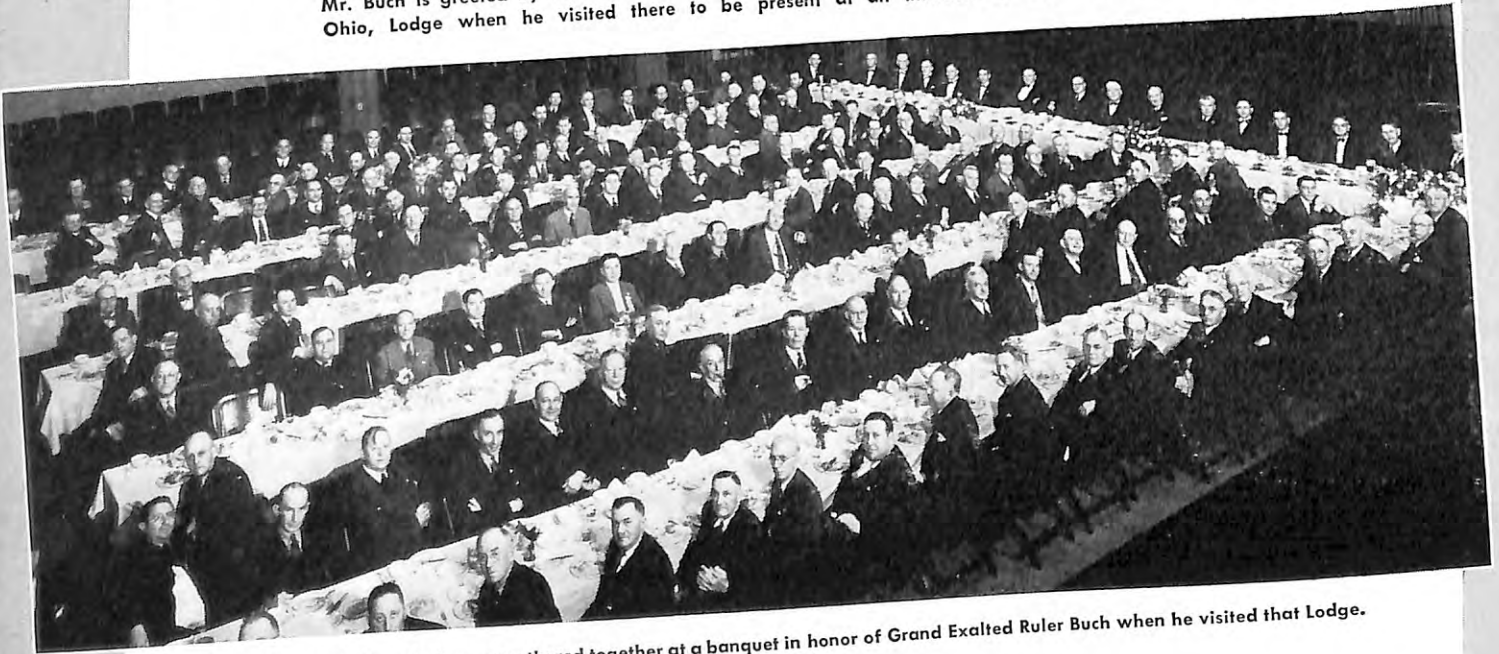
GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



Left: Mr. Buch is greeted by E.R. Paul Schiffner of Spokane, Wash., Lodge when he arrived there.



Mr. Buch is greeted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and members of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge when he visited there to be present at an initiation of the "Bill Wallace Class".



Elks of Portland, Ore., Lodge are gathered together at a banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Buch when he visited that Lodge.

Below: Mr. Buch and a staff of New Jersey Past State Presidents present to officiate at the dedication of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge's new home.

Pancoast-Photo

Mr. Buch and Colonel Kelly are greeted by Secy. Stanley P. Andersch when they arrived in Minneapolis, Minn.





Right are members of Rochester, Minn., Lodge who arrived to greet Mr. Buch when he landed in that city.

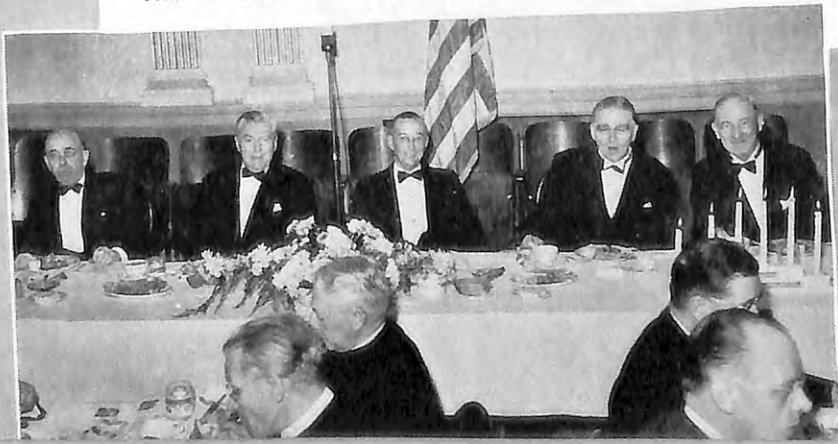


Above is a large group of Elks who attended a dinner in honor of Mr. Buch's visit to Lafayette, Ind., Lodge.



The greatest enthusiasm was evinced by the Elks of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge when Mr. Buch paid an official visit to their Lodge.

Below: Among those present at Fargo, N. D., Lodge to greet Mr. Buch and Colonel William H. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, when they visited there were Sam Stern, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; E.R. K. A. Fitch, and Governor John Moses of N. Dak.



Mr. Buch and Colonel Kelly were photographed with several Minnesota officials when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Mankato Lodge.





Above are those who were present at the annual "Hobo Night" held by Salem, Ore., Lodge.



Above: Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, a victim of infantile paralysis, photographed in the "Iron Lung" which was presented to Erie, Pa., by Erie Lodge.

tended. P.E.R. Richard E. Butler, initiated in 1899, gave an entertaining account of the history of Prescott Lodge, and related some of the difficulties encountered in its earlier days. The meeting was one of the most successful held during the past year.

Several Interesting Features Mark Meeting of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge

D.D. Thomas J. Connelly paid his official visit in November to his home lodge, Lincoln, Neb., No. 80. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, was the principal speaker. P.E.R. George W. Farr, of Miles City, Mont., Lodge, was among the distinguished guests in attendance. Mr. Farr served as District Deputy for Montana, East, during Mr. Rain's administration as Grand Exalted Ruler.

A class of 13 candidates was initiated at the meeting. P.D.D. Frank M. Rain, Fairbury, spoke on "Preparedness". The most interesting feature of the evening was the presentation to Lincoln Lodge by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain of an original menu used at the official banquet given for Gen. John J. Pershing at the Waldorf-Astoria in

New York City on his return from Europe after the World War. It had been personally autographed by the General for Mr. Rain, who deemed it proper that the souvenir be given to Lincoln Lodge which initiated Gen. Pershing into the Order. P. E. R. Judge P. G. Cosgrove acted for the lodge in accepting the menu. Mr. Rain, Mr. Farr and Judge Cosgrove received military training under Gen. Pershing at the University of Nebraska many years ago.

Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge Holds Its Annual Football Night

Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1471, held its "Football Night" on Thursday, November 14, with an attendance of over two hundred. Alameda Lodge No. 1015 was the guest lodge of the evening. "Football Night" is an annual event, being held alternately at Palo Alto and Alameda prior to the "big game" between Stanford and California.

The entire Stanford Coaching Staff consisting of Head Coach Clark Shaughnessy and Assistant Coaches James Lawson, Archie Schwartz, Phil Bengston and Harry Shipkey, were present, together with other Stanford officials and representatives of San Francisco newspapers. On behalf of Palo Alto Lodge, E.R. Arthur G. James presented to Coach-Clark Shaughnessy a gold wrist watch to be presented at the end of the season to the most valuable player on the Stanford football team. The Stanford team will represent the Pacific Coast in the Rose Bowl Game at Pasadena on January 1.

Class Initiated at Raleigh, N.C., Includes Governor-Elect Broughton

The newly elected Governor of North Carolina, the Hon. J. M. Broughton, was a member of the class initiated into Raleigh, N.C., Lodge, No. 735, on November 8. The ritualistic work was performed by the Past Exalted Rulers Degree Team of New Berne Lodge No. 764, led by Raymond Fuson. More than 40 Elks from New Berne attended the meeting.

Inspiring addresses were made by the Governor-Elect and by P.E.R. J. C.



At left are samples of presents to be given to needy children, as prepared by the Welfare Committee of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge.



Above are those who were present at a joint meeting of the Orange County Veterans and Elks of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge. In the photograph are Monte Blue, the officers of Anaheim Lodge and the Huntington Beach American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps.

B. Ehringhouse, of Elizabeth City, N.C., Lodge, a former Governor of the State. A splendid talk was also made by Special District Deputy William M. Frasier of the Grand Exalted Ruler's office, a Past Exalted Ruler of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge. Approximately 100 new members were inducted into Raleigh Lodge last year.

several important projects sponsored by the Board. One known as Proposition No. 1 involved the purchase of an old fairground property to be used for the expansion of the Hancock School

of Aviation, with 200 cadets in training, classes to change every three months. The second related to the purchase of acreage for permanent fairgrounds and improvements on a large scale.

McCook, Neb., Lodge Presents Equipment to Local Hospital

McCook, Neb., Lodge, No. 1434, has presented an obstetrical table to the maternity department of St. Catherine's Hospital. D.D. C. E. McCaffrey, of Hastings, paid his official visit to the lodge on the evening of the formal presentation which was in charge of P.E.R. Dr. W. R. Caine, Chairman of the House Committee, assisted by P.E.R. E. F. Petersen, Chairman of the Elks Crippled Children's Committee.

Frank Real, of McCook Lodge, former Treasurer of the Nebraska State Elks Association, one of the originators of the Elks' State-wide movement for the aid of crippled children, was a speaker. Mr. McCaffrey addressed the lodge and delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message. Before the meeting was adjourned, the lodge voted to contribute \$100 to the Iron Lung Fund for which a drive was being conducted at the time by the city of McCook.



Santa Maria, Calif., Elks Are Active in Civic Organization

Under the auspices of the Civic Committee of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, with the endorsement of E.R. John F. Adam, a new civic body, the Santa Maria Board of Trade, was organized last Fall. In the months following, progress has been made in



Above, right, are Elk officials who were present at an inter-city meeting when plans for the 1941 Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Assn. were outlined under the auspices of Brainerd, Minn., Lodge.

Right is Edward Leisure, a high school student, when he was given a new collapsible wheel chair by members of Dayton, Ohio, Lodge, to help him move around school.

Right: The gymnasium at Camp Greenville, donated by Greenville, S. C., Lodge.

Commercial, civic and fraternal organizations hold membership, with two delegates each. Several Santa Maria Elks are serving as officers on the Board. Est. Lead. Knight Dr. A. S. Missal was elected President.

Jacksonville, Ill., Elks Burn Bonds at Testimonial Dinner

Two hundred local and visiting Elks assembled recently in the home of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682, to celebrate the burning of \$42,000 worth of bonds representing the last indebtedness on the lodge home, and to enjoy a testimonial banquet honoring one of No. 682's most popular Past Exalted Rulers, Dan T. Cloud, P.D.D. for Ill., W. Cent., and President of the Illinois State Elks Association. The guests were welcomed by E.R. G. T. Lukeman, Jr. After the dinner, Mr. Lukeman introduced Mr. Cloud, who in turn introduced Past State Pres. Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville, D.D. William Duffield, Canton, Frank P. White, Oak Park, Exec. Secy. of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, Treas. Harry K. Chenoweth and Judge Walter Wright, Jacksonville Lodge, and the principal speaker, V. Y. Dallman of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, Editor of the Illinois State Register and Collector of Internal Revenue.

Mr. Cloud made an interesting talk and also announced the appointment of P.D.D. Denham Harney, Secretary of the local lodge, as Chairman of the Defense Committee of the Ill. State Elks Assn. Judge Wright graphically traced the progress made by the lodge during the past few years and paid tribute to Treas. Harry K. Chenoweth whose efforts have been largely responsible for its present splendid financial condition. Six years ago the lodge was in serious danger of losing its home and the building itself was in a state of great disrepair. It was then that the period of recovery began. All obligations have been met, the home has been completely remodeled, and the lodge has, to quote from a recent report, an "almost incredible reserve in sound investments and general funds."

During the meeting the Elks' ladies, about 150 including several from out of town, were entertained with a complimentary dinner and bridge party at the Jacksonville Country Club. Entertainment at the lodge home followed the meeting.

Burley, Ida., Lodge Sponsors Program With Unique Sidelight

Burley, Ida., Lodge, No. 1384, has a large membership, owns its own home, well appointed and comfortable, and takes a prominent part in civic and social activities. A large crowd assembled in the home a few weeks ago for an evening program which provided good music and interesting speeches. Major Elmer Adler of the Army Air Corps, Fort Douglas, Utah, was the guest speaker. Accompanied by sev-

Right is E.R. Dr. Oliver G. Larson with officers of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge as they burned the mortgage on the Lodge home.



Above is the football team of Brazil, Ind., Lodge which was uniformed by Brazil Lodge.

Below is the softball team of New Berne, N. C., Lodge, city, county and district champions.





Above: Some of the 200 Elks present at Estherville, Ia., Lodge when the Lodge's mortgage was burned, and a class of candidates initiated by the Degree Team from Fort Dodge Lodge.



Left: Some of those present when State Pres. J. Theodore Moses paid his official visit to Freeport, N. Y., Lodge.

eral officers, the Major flew from Salt Lake City in an army bombing plane. The plane was on exhibition at the airport during the afternoon and evening and until ten o'clock the next morning, and was viewed by hundreds of people.

Fall Meeting at Mount Carmel of Penna. N.E. District Elks Assn.

E.R. D. Webster Trefsgar, of Mount Carmel, Pa., Lodge, No. 356, delivered the address of welcome and D.D. Joseph Neary, of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, was the principal speaker at the Fall meeting of the Pennsylvania Northeast District Elks Association held at Mount Carmel. One hundred and twenty-two delegates and 54 ladies attended. The local Elks' Committee handled the meeting most capably, and a fine dinner was served. The next quarterly conference will take place in the home of Lansford Lodge No. 1337 on the second Sunday in February.

Reports on preparations for the 1941 Convention of the Pennsylvania State

Elks Association, to be held in Pottsville the last week in August, were encouraging. Local business firms and fraternities are cooperating with Pottsville Lodge No. 207 in its endeavor to make the convention one of the most successful of recent years. All of the lodges in the lower anthracite coal belt expect to parade as a solid unit "under the banner of the Northeast District".

Minnesota Elks Confer During Inter-City Meeting at Brainerd

Plans for the 1941 Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association were outlined at the Fall inter-city meeting held under the auspices of Brainerd, Minn., Lodge, No. 615. The 400 Elks in attendance represented 13 Minnesota cities. State Pres. Joseph L. Becker, Stillwater, D.D. F. H. O'Brien, St. Cloud, State Secy. M. R. Nelson, Stillwater, and State Vice-Pres.'s Edwin H. Jones, St. Cloud, and W. P. Faley, St. Paul, were among those who figured prominently in the proceedings. The Conven-

tion will be held at Brainerd on June 19-20-21. The aims and objectives of the State Association were discussed, and the several phases of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch's program for the year were presented.

The Degree Team of Fergus Falls Lodge No. 1093 exemplified the Ritual in the initiation of a class of candidates. The program for the evening also included sound movies, five acts of professional vaudeville, a drill by the Brainerd Ladies' Drum and Bugle Corps, a concert by the Elks' Band from St. Paul, Minn., and the serving of a roast beef dinner and a smorgasbord luncheon.

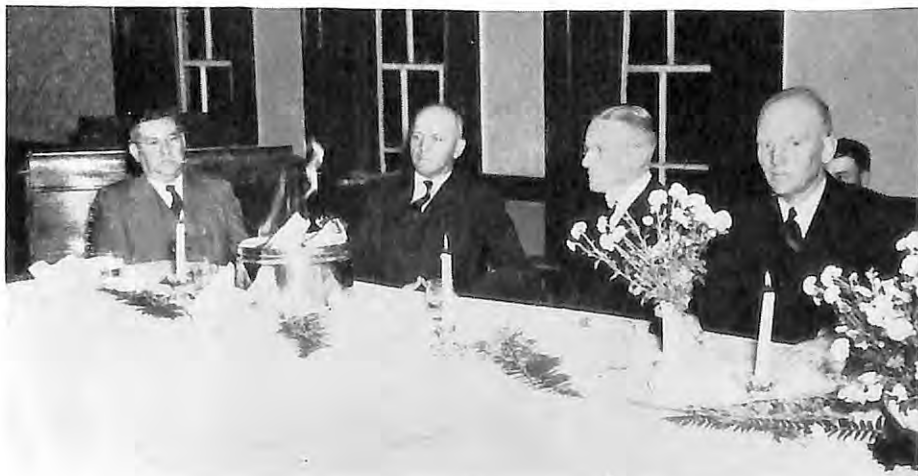
A New Lodge, No. 1635, Is Instituted at Buckhead, Ga.

A new lodge of the Order, Buckhead, Ga., No. 1635, was instituted on November 6 with a large charter membership. A class of 93 candidates was initiated. The officers of Decatur Lodge No. 1602, headed by E.R. Young H. Fraser, put on the ritualistic work. The Degree Team of Atlanta Lodge No. 78 assisted in handling the large class and D.D. Roderick M. McDuffie, East Point, installed the first officers. Hoke Barron is the Exalted Ruler; Boyce Graham is Secretary. Thirty-eight members joined by affiliation.

Judge John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and present Pardon Commissioner of the Grand Lodge, conducted the institution. The ceremonies were held in the large colonial residence, close to the business section of Buckhead, which had been leased for two years and remodeled, under the supervision of the House Committee, to suit the needs of the new lodge.

Richmond, Va., Lodge Presents Prominent Speaker At Meeting

At a recent meeting of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, a score or more of young men who had registered under the Selective Service Act were guests



Some of those present at a dinner for State Pres. Dan Cloud, when Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge's mortgage was burned.



At top are 35 new members of Towson, Md., Lodge with Towson Lodge officers and visiting Elks. Over 300 members attended the meeting.



Above are 75 candidates, initiated into Augusta, Ga., Lodge in honor of John S. McClelland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

of the lodge. All joined heartily in applauding the speaker of the evening, Representative Colgate W. Darden, Jr., of Norfolk, Va.

As a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, Mr. Darden had but recently made an inspection tour of the country's naval bases in the Pacific. His address was timely and full of interesting information. Walker C. Cottrell acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Sad Passing of Lester C. Ayer, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Boston, E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Chief Justice of the Grand

Forum, and John F. Burke, Boston, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, headed the long list of distinguished Elks who attended funeral services at Cornish, Me., for Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, P.E.R. of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188. Mr. Ayer died on November 10 after a brief illness. Officers of Portland Lodge performed the ritualistic service. Eulogies were given by Mr. Malley and Past State President C. Dwight Stevens of Portland, a lifelong friend and associate of Mr. Ayer. More than 100 members of the Order representing all of the lodges in the State, attended, including officers of the Maine State Elks Association and Past State Presidents.

Mr. Ayer was an active member of Portland Lodge for nearly 30 years and acted as installing officer annually in many of the lodges of the State. He

served on the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, as President of the State Association, and as District Deputy for the Maine, West, District, and for about 20 years he was closely associated with Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley in Grand Lodge affairs. At the State Convention last June he was elected Trustee for a three-year term.

Mr. Ayer had been connected with the telephone companies of Maine since 1907. For the past 21 years he held an important position as manager of the Portland district. He had been Secretary of the Portland Kiwanis Club, was a Past Master of the Masonic Lodge in his home town of Cornish, was a member of the Cumberland County Jury Commissioners and a member of one of the Maine Appeal Boards for selective service conscripts.

Crippled Children's Clinic Held In Atchison, Kans., Lodge Home

Crippled children from many sections of northeast Kansas, and several from Missouri, were given examination and diagnosis in Atchison recently by Dr. Frank Dickson, crippled children's specialist from Kansas City, in charge of the free clinic held in the home of Atchison, Kans., Lodge, No. 647. Also in charge was R. A. Raymond, Secretary of the Kansas Crippled Children's Commission, and Bill Edmiston of Atchison, County Chairman of the Kansas Crippled Children's Society,

Left are some of the members of Richmond, Calif., Lodge who recently staged their annual bass-fishing party on the waters of San Francisco Bay.





Above is a group of "Old Timers" of Washington, D. C., Lodge at a dinner recently given in their honor.

efforts exceeded even his own optimistic expectations. Mr. Klein is still working for new members.

Terre Haute, Indiana, Lodge Gives An "Old Timers' Party"

At a regular meeting a few weeks ago, members of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, who joined the lodge twenty-five or more years ago, were honored first at a banquet and later at the meeting. The history of the lodge was outlined in an interesting talk given by A. C. Duddleston who was the first Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. John M. Fitzgerald told of the advancement made by No. 86 since its institution. The lodge plans to make the "Old Timers' Party" an annual event.

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which operates with the Commission. In each individual case, methods of treatment were recommended, such as corrective exercises, the wearing of specially built shoes, braces, etc. Several nurses from surrounding counties, as well as the nurses from Atchison County's own public health association, assisted. The Clinic was concluded at 5 p.m., after which Dr. Dickson was the guest speaker at a dinner given at the Hotel Atchison.

Present for examination at the lodge home were not only children who were being examined for the first time but also others who had been receiving treatment previously. While the clinic was primarily intended for handicapped cases under 21 years of age, its facilities were placed at the disposal of rich and poor alike, including adults.

D. D. C. G. Campbell Visits Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge

On the occasion of the first official visitation made by C. G. Campbell, of Lake City Lodge, D.D. for Florida, North, to Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, a class of 12 candidates was initiated in his honor. Following the ritualistic ceremonies, Mr. Campbell delivered a stirring patriotic address, and also outlined the history of the Order for the newly initiated Elks. The program was concluded with the serving of a cold buffet supper.

Prior to the lodge meeting the District Deputy held a round table conference with the lodge officers for the discussion of a comprehensive program of Elk activities for the lodges in the Florida North District. At the conclusion of the conference Mr. Campbell was the guest of the officers at dinner.

Successful Membership Campaign of One Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Elk

Mack Klein, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, has set an enviable record for a large number of new members brought in by an individual within a few months. Last August, Mr. Klein stated that it was his intention to bring fifty new members into the lodge by March 1, 1941. At the regular meeting

Above, right, are officials, officers and a skeleton crew of the Sea Scout ship Enterprise, sponsored by Eugene, Ore., Lodge, after participating in a traffic safety campaign parade.

Right is the bowling team of Whittier, Calif., Lodge which is the California State Elks championship team.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits



On Saturday, October 19, the attention of every Elk in LaFayette, Ind., was centered on the visit to LaFayette Lodge No. 143 of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, Col. William H. Kelly, East Orange, N. J. Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and other dignitaries of the Order, and the celebration that evening of the 50th anniversary of the lodge's institution and the 25th anniversary of the dedication of the lodge home. The members prepared for their Golden Jubilee observance with pleasure and satisfaction. Through the years the lodge has continued to grow and prosper. It has provided fraternal and social fellowship for an ever-increasing number of members, and has been a generous contributor to charities and welfare projects. The rolls have included the names of citizens who have taken

Above is the speakers' table at a meeting of the New Jersey State Elks, called by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, at Newark, N. J., Lodge.

prominent and active parts in government and in every constructive community enterprise. George Ade, famous humorist and author, was a charter member. The handsome and commodious lodge home, which is completely paid for, was built at a cost of \$125,000, and was dedicated in 1915 by James R. Nicholson of Boston, who was Grand Exalted Ruler that year and is now Chairman of the Elks National Defense

Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, surrounded by members of Dover, N. J., Lodge, when a class of 50 candidates was initiated in his honor.

and Public Relations Commission.

The opening event on the jubilee program was a banquet in the roof garden of the Fowler Hotel attended by 300. Flowers were used in profusion, featuring a creation of yellow chrysanthemums in the form of a clock with the hands pointed at the Elks' traditional hour of eleven. After greetings had been extended by E.R. William T. Slinker and a brief speech had been made by P.E.R. Charles Buffert, Chairman of the Celebration Committee, Toastmaster Fred L. Pauli, P.E.R., conducted the anniversary program. P.E.R. T. E. Burke was Secretary of the Anniversary Committee. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor and principal speaker. On behalf of the lodge, Mr. Pauli presented Mr. Buch with a beautiful set of crystal candelabra. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Grand Secretary; Col. Kelly,





Above are many distinguished members of the Order who were present when Grand Exalted Ruler Buch attended a meeting in his honor at St. Louis, Mo., Lodge.

who accompanied Mr. Buch to LaFayette; Glenn L. Miller, Logansport, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn.; Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., P.E.R. of Linton, Ind., Lodge; D.D. C. James Burke, Peru, Ind., Lodge; State Secy. C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute; Floyd A. Shaffer, secretary of the local lodge for 21 years; Henry W. Marshall, a life member, and P.E.R. Richard B. Sample were among others who spoke. A bouquet of 50 roses was presented to Mr. Sample who is one of two charter members of LaFayette Lodge still living and in good standing. The lodge home was filled to overflowing for the ball which followed. The rooms were decorated in gold and silver, appropriate to the celebration of the two anniversaries.

Leaving LaFayette, Mr. Buch next visited Indianapolis where he arrived on October 20 and held one of the most interesting conferences of his trip. Afterward he outlined a program of crippled children work which, in all probability, will be followed by the Elks of Indiana. Immediately after the conference the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly returned to their homes in New Jersey.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814, held a gala celebration on October 26, the occasion being the visit of Mr. Buch, the first Grand Exalted Ruler ever to visit Pottstown Lodge. The event was one long to be remembered as it also marked the first reunion of the Pottstown delegation that made the trip to Houston, Texas, for the annual Grand Lodge Session. At the call of the Grand Exalted Ruler, all the Exalted Rulers of the Southeastern District of Pennsylvania and other officers met at the Pottstown Lodge home to discuss the problems of the lodges and the Elks' program for the year. D.D. John V. Hoey, of Norristown, Pa., and P.E.R. Nicholas Albano, Newark, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., were present. A dinner, attended by about 300, including nearly all who made the trip to Houston, followed the conference. Spencer B. Lessig is the Exalted

Ruler of Pottstown Lodge. P.E.R. George A. Lessig, who acted as Chairman of the Houston Reunion Committee, presided at the dinner, and Past State Pres. Frederick A. Pope, of Somerville, N. J., on behalf of the Pottstown Elks, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a check to be used for any charity he desired. Then came a big street parade in which the local Elks were joined by a delegation of Trenton, N. J., Elks with their Band. The march was through the center of town and the Grand Exalted Ruler was given an ovation. A dance, entertainment and a buffet supper followed in the lodge rooms, concluding a successful and thoroughly enjoyable program.

On Sunday, October 27, Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, dedicated its new home. Approximately 500 Elks and guests from lodges in New Jersey and nearby communities participated in the ceremonies. Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman, a member of Perth Amboy Lodge, was the speaker. Grand Exalted Ruler Buch presided over the elaborate ceremony in which the lodge building was dedicated to "public service". Officers participating in the dedication program were State Pres. Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, Martin F. Gettings, Rahway, Vice-Pres., Central District,

Frederick I. Pelovitz, Somerville, D.D. for the Central District, and Past Pres. Charles Wibiralski, Perth Amboy. Others taking part were Past Pres.'s Nicholas Albano, Col. Kelly, Richard P. Hughes, Burlington, Murray B. Sheldon, Elizabeth, Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover, John H. Cose, Plainfield, and William J. Jernick, Nutley, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The ceremonies were opened with a prayer led by the Rev. Francis H. Smith, of Trenton Lodge, State Chaplain Emeritus. Following the address of former Governor Hoffman, Miss Shirley Adair, of Ocean Grove, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a bouquet from the "Crippled Kiddie Friends of Joe Buch". The Freehold Elks' Band gave a concert during the ceremonies. The program was in charge of a committee headed by State Assemblyman Stanley Herbert, Chairman.

MORE than 1,200 delegates from 52 Ohio lodges registered at the home of Columbus Lodge No. 37 on October 30. Mr. Buch arrived by plane to be honored by the Elks of Columbus and to join with them in honoring Col. C. W. Wallace, P.E.R., former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Secretary of Columbus Lodge since 1926 and still serving, and present Treasurer of the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers Association. For 30 years Col. Wallace has been active in the Ohio State Elks Association. He is at present Chairman of the Distribution Committee, is serving on the Scholarship

Right: E. R. A. G. James, on behalf of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, hands to Coach Clark Shaughnessy of Stanford University, a gold watch to be presented to the most valuable player on the football team at the end of the season.





Left is the float entered by Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge in the Armistice Day Parade. It is a replica of the new barracks being built throughout the country to house conscripts.



Above is the Ritualistic Team of Cumberland, Md., Lodge which is the championship team of the Maryland, Delaware and D.C. Elks Assn.

Foundation, and is Chairman of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Committee of the State Association. Mr. Buch was met at the Airport by P.E.R. Judge Edward C. Turner of the Ohio Supreme Court and a delegation of officers and members of the Order and taken to his hotel where he held a number of conferences during the afternoon. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., Lodge, and J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Grand Secretary, were among the distinguished Elks who attended the meeting and the elaborate banquet. State Pres. E. B. LeSueur, Toledo, was Toastmaster. Thanatopsis was given by Past State Pres. James R. Cooper of Newark Lodge. Following the banquet, a huge parade was held in which hundreds of members of the Order marched through downtown Columbus. More than 100 boys carried the huge American Flag, 60 by 90 feet, owned by Lancaster, O., Lodge, and brought to Columbus by the Lancaster delegation headed by E.R. W. A. Miller. Prominently featured were the two championship organizations of Columbus Lodge—its Elks' Band and its Elks' Patrol. The famous chorus of No. 37, appropriately vested, also participated. The parade was climaxed at the lodge

home, where it broke ranks, by a fireworks display. E.R. Erlin J. Simms presided at the meeting during which a special "Bill Wallace Class" was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a splendid address. State Vice-Pres. Leslie G. Scrimger served as Chairman of the Wallace Class Committee. Mr. Buch was presented with a fine set of table glasses, a gift of the lodge, and Col. Wallace was presented with a matched set of luggage.

WHILE in Columbus, the Grand Exalted Ruler was impressed and delighted with a display arranged especially for him by the Welfare Committee of the lodge. It consisted of samples of the 5,000 toys that are made up from waste material during the course of each year by unemployed or needy people. They are paid for their work in food supplied by the Elks' Food Conservation Department. The toys are distributed among mothers of underprivileged children on Christmas Eve to be presented to the children on Christmas Day. Each year 2,500 bird houses are made up in the same way and presented to anyone interested in preserving the bird life of the community.

Grand Exalted Ruler Buch traveled by plane from Columbus to St. Louis, Mo., where he was met at the airport on October 31 by a large delegation and escorted to the home of St. Louis Lodge No. 9. There he held a successful dis-

trict meeting attended by D.D.'s Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis, and Fred S. Miller, Macon, and State Vice-Pres. George D. Klingman, Joplin. The conference was followed by a banquet and a meeting. Mr. Buch spoke to the members and complimented them on their activities. He was much impressed with their program of giving shoes to all needy children.

Following the meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at Bedford, Va., Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, accompanied by Col. Kelly, visited Lynchburg where a banquet in his honor was given at the Virginian Hotel. In attendance were all the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Grand Secretary Masters and D.D. R. Watson Sadler, Charlottesville. At the dinner, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a tray and cocktail glasses, the gift of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321. A dance, attended by about 600, followed the dinner. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Grand Trustee Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland, Calif., Lodge.

IN RESPONSE to a call sent out by Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, 60 of the 61 New Jersey lodges were represented at a conference held November 3 in the home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. Seated at the Grand Exalted Ruler's table were State Chaplain Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City, who gave the Invocation; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge; D.D.'s Fred I. Pelovitz, Charles P. McGovern, Jersey City, N.E. Dist., S. E. D'Ippolito, Vineland, South Dist., and William J. McCormack, Orange, N.W. Dist.; State Pres. Richard F. Flood, Jr.; Mr. Jernick and Col. Kelly; State Vice-Pres. Charles E. Coyle, Newark, and the Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, Leon W. Kapp, who made the address of welcome. President Flood opened the meeting with the roll call. Grand Exalted Ruler Buch outlined the purposes of the meeting which was attended by Exalted Rulers, Esteemed Leading Knights, Secretaries and the Chairmen of the Boards of Trustees of the various lodges. The program of the Grand Lodge was outlined and the lodges were urged to make this year outstanding, with all working together. Judge Hallinan spoke on Americanism and the program of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission. Mr. Flood discussed the condition of the various lodges and plans for increasing the membership during the year. Col. Kelly requested all of the lodges to get behind the "General John J. Pershing Preparedness Class" so that the State would be at the top when results were announced. He stated that the Grand Lodge Committee was stressing this activity at the present time and expressed the hope that all would put forth their best efforts. It was announced that Hoboken Lodge No. 74 had initiated 101 members so far. At the close of the session, an oil painting, a personal gift, was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Col. Kelly. It is the work of a noted New York portrait painter.

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Wings in the Wind

(Continued from page 7)

grown in him. He realized it now for the first time. What it implied, he was not sure, and he didn't let his mind dwell on it. He said, only, "Okay. . . I'll be ready," and turned and went to try to sleep.

In the small crowd of mechanics, designers and flyers at the airport next day, Joe looked for Helen Coburn. She wasn't there. His father was there, in belted trench-coat, leaning on the cane he sometimes used. There was something almost bird-like about the face with its hawk-nose and narrow, harassed eyes.

Something like anger came up in Joe that Helen was not there. Then it had quickly become concern and an intense wish just to look at her before flight. He wondered again what it would be like if the de-icers broke or didn't work. He tried to distinguish in himself between prudence and fear, and thought that he did. The legend of the bird-man, of himself and his father as part of that legend, came strongly to him. Men with wings flying into strange places, by difficult ways.

The Sergeant climbed into the front seat. In his heavy suit and tight-fitting cap, his scars were accentuated and there was about him something impersonal, almost unhuman—a hawk taking off for the flight before the kill.

Mechanics came to pull the blocks away from the wheels and one of them yelled through the roar of the motor to Joe, "Did you get that letter inside for you?"

"Get it when I come back. Thanks," Joe yelled back. He had a vague sense of foreboding, but became suddenly glad when he saw how pleased his father's face had become.

The weather over the Adirondacks was threatening but the air was dry and the temperature in the 40's. The heavy plane droned toward Canada. The Sergeant sat forward like a figurehead, immobile and unafraid, on his knee a pad for observations on the de-icers.

It was late afternoon and they were over Vermont when the plane ran into sleet. The temperature had been about 34° and ice had begun to form just before the sleet fell. Joe turned the valve-control that would allow gas from the exhaust pipes to flow into hollow, metal chambers built into the edge of the wings. It was Loomis Hardaker's theory that this method might prove more durable and effective for certain types of planes than the rubber de-icers in general use.

Joe and The Sergeant watched the edges of the metal wings. Before their

eyes the new sheet of ice disappeared, blown into water and away by the heat and wind. The Sergeant turned back to Joe and nodded. On the scarred face was something like a smile.

Joe turned the plane and headed south again. All the way in, as the dark came on, he turned the control for the de-icers on and off. Each time the gas flowed into the chambers the ice melted swiftly away. It was a good job, Joe thought, and could remember again that his father was a great man. It had not been a simple thing. There had been the problem of an alloy that could stand up under the intense heat of the exhaust gases; and when they had such an alloy they had found that it didn't lend itself to welding.

But his father had worked it out and today he and The Sergeant had proved that the thing functioned in flight. It made him feel good. He turned to the wing-edge again. Ice was forming fast on it. Joe opened the valve again. The ice darkened, cracked, flew off into the dusk. The Sergeant turned again and nodded. They'd be in, in about an hour. Joe was glad they weren't to be gone overnight. He wanted to see Helen as soon as he could. It was a good thing the de-icers did work, Joe thought. Ice-forming conditions were pretty general with the temperature just over freezing.

Something in the plane began to vibrate and Joe listened hard, but even his expert ear couldn't tell what the trouble was. The plane answered perfectly to its controls and the motor thundered smoothly and evenly. He looked at the wings again. Ice had begun to form on them. Joe looked back at the valve control for the exhaust gases. It was open.

He felt himself begin to tense. The Sergeant had turned and was pointing to the ice. Joe nodded. The Sergeant said, "Open it again," into the phone. It was the first time he had spoken.

"It is open."

The Sergeant didn't speak. Joe said, "That welding job must have gone bad and the pipe broken loose from the chambers."

"Must be," The Sergeant said.

Neither of them spoke for a little while but they could see the ice whitening on the wing-edges even in the dusk which already filled the whole great bowl of the sky.

"How much longer before we're in, you think?" Joe said.

"Best part of an hour."

"That's what I figured. And we'll be iced up in thirty minutes."

The Sergeant grunted. "Drop down a ways," he said.

Joe went down two thousand feet. It made no difference. He shot up to five and it was worse. Neither he nor The Sergeant spoke. Joe leveled off at his original height.

"Want me to take the controls?" The Sergeant said.

"No."

THEY were silent again. Already the plane was harder to handle. Joe began to think what he would do. He had never landed an iced-up plane before. He knew he would have to come in at high speed because he would have to keep the plane's nose up. If he could land now, he thought—but it was dark and the only lighted field in the vicinity was at the airport where his father was waiting. His father and Helen Coburn. He made himself stop thinking of her.

Of course, he and The Sergeant could bail out, Joe thought. But then

they might never know what had gone wrong in the plane and the work would be delayed a long time. Or one of them could bail out. He waited for The Sergeant to suggest this so that he himself could say no. But The Sergeant didn't speak and Joe knew that in some obscure way The Sergeant was satisfied with him.

Joe began to think that if they hit a little hard his head would slap up against the instrument panel and his forehead and nose be split . . . and he began to think that it was just possible he would see Helen no more. He remembered that his father had said he would think of her in time of danger.

Well, he had thought of her, and the thought had made him glad and not afraid. It would be good to see her. The thought of seeing her soon made him al-



"This one can reach its objective, drop its bombs, and return to its base before the first bomb hits the ground—but the pilot complains of migraine."

most forget the danger they were in.

Then there was nothing else to think of but that danger and the things that composed it. He had seen the lights of the airport and started to come in. Instinctively he throttled the motor down and then remembered that this would be no ordinary landing. The plane felt and nose-heavy. He had no radio in the plane, but Joe felt that those on the ground would know what was the matter when he started to come in at high speed. He thought once more of Helen, wondering if she would be there, having again the feeling of uncertainty. Then there wasn't time to think of anything else.

They were coming in fast. Black figures ran in the light, and the light was a long sheen on the sleet-covered ground. Now, Joe thought, and eased back on the stick. The nose came up, the tail-skid scraping the ground, the wheels still in the air. Then, at 140 miles an hour, the wheels were bumping the ground, and a wooden fence at one end of the field that Joe thought was a half-mile away, was rushing at them. Going through the fence the plane didn't even quiver. He slackened speed and put the plane between two big trees just before he stopped in a long skid on the rough ground that buckled one wing as the plane tilted slightly to the right.

JOE and The Sergeant climbed out of the plane. Emergency trucks roared toward them across the snow but they walked slowly from the plane.

Everyone seemed excited but Loomis Hardaker. He was excited, too, his son realized, but was holding it in. "But the de-icers worked until the welding job went bad?"

"Yes," Joe said. "Until the welding job went bad. It might be something else, though. That's why we brought it in instead of bailing out."

He looked steadily at his father and saw in the older man's face a satisfaction that seemed to go beyond that resulting from the flight, from the mechanics of the flight.

"You see," Loomis said. "It was the best thing, wasn't it?"

The words sounded obscure to Joe, created in him a curious uneasiness.

"He landed nice," The Sergeant said. He dabbed at his face where a long cut had broken wide some of the older scar tissue. Unconsciously, Joe felt his own face. He wanted to see her very badly. He turned from the others and stopped a mechanic.

"Have you seen that girl in the roadster?"

"She wasn't here today," the mechanic said.

The sense of foreboding in him had taken an almost tangible form, was like a metal ball in the pit of his belly. He remembered the letter and hurried to the mail-rack. It was from Helen, and read:

"My dearest—
"It's better for us not to see each



"When I asked the chief if he had some dope on this case he just said, 'I'm afraid so.'"

other again. Yesterday I spoke with your father before seeing you. He made me able to see his point of view. You can be a very great flyer. I would have liked to tell you yesterday but hadn't the courage. I know you will be very great. I will have gone when you get this. Perhaps, as your father said, your kind of flying would bother me eventually.

With love,
Helen."

JOE stood there, quite still. Now, he finally thought; it had to be now, when I wanted so badly to see her.

Voices were coming near him and his father's was saying, "Let's polish off a few steaks, Joe. We can talk this thing over. It was the welding job, all right."

"About the plane, there's not much to say," Joe said. "I can tell you right now. . . . It's a question of another alloy or a better welding job."

"Well, let's go eat anyhow."

"No, thanks. I'm leaving here pretty quick."

"Leaving for where?"

"Mexico, probably."

Loomis took his son's arm and they walked out of earshot of the others. "I talked to her yesterday. She's a very nice girl. She saw the way things were and she decided it was best to go away. This kind of flying would bother her, she said."

Joe looked at his father and

didn't speak. He saw the man's narrow lips almost disappear. "Well?" Loomis said.

"I'm listening."

"You'd be crazy to go after her."

"Why?"

For the first time in his life, Joe saw uncertainty on his father's face. "I thought you knew," Loomis said.

"I thought you knew before you went up today—and that was why you did such a good job."

"No. I didn't know."

"Listen," his father said. "You need rest and some sleep. We can talk this over tomorrow."

"I'm going now." So clearly did Joe think of her face, so sharply imagine the feel of her body on his hands, that he could think there was something wrong with himself or anyone who could so fashion reality out of his mind.

"You have no money," Loomis said, and Joe knew that his father knew he had lost.

"I have a little and my own car."

"What of that stratosphere flight in the spring. You should be here while we work on the plane."

"I might be back for the flight."

"You might!"

Joe nodded once. "The whole thing depends on her," he said. "Whether she's really afraid of my doing that kind of flying. . . ." Then he added, "That's the way it is." It was best to go now, before Loomis got too angry in front of the other men. Joe turned and walked away.

Loomis stood watching him go. The others sauntered away, sensing the tension, embarrassed for Loomis. The Sergeant came closer. "Is there anything I can do, sir?"

"He's quitting us," Loomis said. "Going to Mexico without money or anything. Just for the love of a girl. He could have had a hundred women. They're pushovers for a top flyer. But he has to bust everything up for us just on account of his falling in love with one."

"They burned a city once because of it," The Sergeant said.

Outside, they heard the car start. "And he may come back sometime," the Sergeant said.

He might, at that, Loomis thought. He felt suddenly very tired. He tried to think what chance there was of Joe's coming back, of Joe's going on with the work. He had to admit he didn't know. He didn't know a single thing.

"Get my car," Loomis finally said. "And go after him. And give him this money if you can catch him. He's probably on No. 7 route going south. And tell him I know he's a good flyer. . . . and that I know how it must be."

\$1,000,000 Fish Story

(Continued from page 17)

nie and Fred hauled the shark within a foot or two of the gleaming needle of the harpoon. Now the harpoon lunged downward. The needle buried itself in the back of the shark, just behind the dorsal fin. Captain Dondanville pushed the plunger that sent the drug into the shark.

"That oughtta fix 'im," said Bill.

"Time will tell," said Dondanville, as he pulled out a stop-watch and set it going. As the thin second-hand on the watch swept second after second into eternity, the thrashings of the shark became feebler and feebler, and, forty-three seconds to the dot after the drug had been injected, the shark was completely unconscious.

"Open up the stern gates and pull 'im in," ordered the skipper, "as soon as you cut him free from the net. Look lively now! We've gotta get this Mako in before he comes to."

However much fuss a shark puts up when caught, a quick jab of the needle and the meanest of them becomes as peaceful as a sleeping baby. But the waking-up process is both drastic and dangerous, and if it should take place while the *Porpoise* is still at sea, the result might easily mean the loss of the day's valuable catch. To avoid any such unpleasantness, the return journey is made at full speed.

With two sharks sound asleep in the stern tank—a large Ground Shark caught right after the Mako was brought in—Captain Dondanville headed for port and in double-quick time. Soon we passed under the Bridge of Lions at St. Augustine, leaving the open sea behind, then 18 miles through the Intercoastal Waterway to the dock at Marineland.

Once tied alongside the wharf, not a second was wasted in swinging the stubby arm of the *Porpoise's* powerful derrick into position to lift the sharks from the cruiser's storage tanks onto the carriage of an old Army munitions truck which was rushed the short distance to the flume, or receiving tank between the Marine Studio's two huge main tanks, the whole transfer from storage tank of the *Porpoise* to receiving ward of the oceanarium taking only ten minutes.

And now we were ready for the most thrilling episode of this drama of the deep—the awakening of the sharks. I mounted the deck above the big rectangular tank as the two sharks were placed in the flume, awaiting the final act of introducing the huge animals to their new home.

As I watched, the two divers, Bill and "B. F.," set to work to snap the sharks out of the effects of the drug. The divers jumped into the waist-high waters of the flume and began the precarious job of bringing the two monsters back to consciousness. And it's a job they're welcome to. When it comes to sharks—I'll take them unconscious, or not at all.

How Bill and "B. F." worked over those two monsters! Like masseurs in a Turkish bath. They pounded their sides, rubbed their heads, stroked their backs and pulled their tails. Presently the sharks began to show feeble, very feeble, signs of life. The heavy iron gates that separate the flume from the large oceanarium were swung open, and, grabbing the tails of the sharks, the divers pushed their charges carefully through the gates. As the sharks, still too groggy to swim, settled toward the bottom eighteen feet below, Bill and "B. F." got into their diving gear and went down to nurse them out of their drug-imposed hangovers.

It was a long, slow and dangerous job.

Long and slow, because it took the better part of an hour before the Mako came to and thirty minutes more before the Ground Shark climbed out of the fog.

Dangerous, because no one can predict what a "green" shark in the oceanarium will do. It may take a bite out of the nearest object, including a diver. Perhaps snap the air-hose in half or get tangled up in it,

which, the boys know, is just as bad.

Now and then, as I watched the divers struggle with the drug-sluggish creatures, I stole a glance at Henry, the diving attendant, who stood nearby. If I needed any hint that playing wet-nurse to a couple of newly caught sharks is a hard way to earn your beer and skittles, I found it printed in bold-face letters of sweating anxiety on Henry's face.

By this time, the Mako was thoroughly conscious. Furiously active. Nine feet and 300 pounds of muscular T.N.T. Hell-bent on getting out. Its half-open mouth had a silly, befuddled expression. It always has. But there was nothing silly about the rows of needle-sharp teeth in its jaw. From end to end of the tank that Mako flashed like a speeding shadow. It slammed head-on against the walls. Down to the bottom in a power-dive. Up to the surface like a rocket. Circling like a whirling dervish. Crash into the wall. Next, tired out, to the bottom for a breathing spell. Then up and at it again.

Meanwhile, Bill and "B. F." worked calmly on the bottom, nursing the Ground Shark into consciousness.

"What would those fellows do if the sharks should attack them?" I asked Henry.

"They'd come up," he said. "And damned quick, too."

"How? In those diving suits they'd be shark meat before they were half way up the ladder."

"They wouldn't use the ladder," explained Henry. "Their diving suits are not like regular diving suits with heavy weights in the shoes to hold them down. All the weight is in the helmet, see? All they have to do is throw their helmets off and they'd pop to the surface quicker than a hog can squeal."

A moment later, when the Ground Shark was navigating under its own power, slowly and without any definite aim of direction, Bill and "B. F." came up. Bill came first. He hung his heavily ballasted helmet on the hook of its davit.

"Well," I laughed somewhat nervously, "the sharks didn't get you that time!"

Bill lit the cigarette I handed him. His hands and lips were blue with cold, but there was a warm and merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Sharks! Oh, shucks, Mister," he said between deep puffs of smoke. "Sharks are a lot of sissies."

He gave "B. F." a lift with his helmet and gave



"I thought you'd never get in this morning!"

him a light from his cigarette. "Yep, by jeebers," he continued in his easy, southern drawl, "all this talk about sharks being Public Enemies Number One of the Ocean . . ."

". . . is just a lot of eyewash," cut in "B. F." "Yes-sirree! It sure gives me a pain when people talk about sharks as killers—gangsters of the sea." He spat disdainfully.

"Yeah," supplemented Bill. "They don't dish it out. . ."

". . . and they can't take it," added "B. F." with conclusive emphasis. "You've got to handle them with kid gloves from the moment you catch them or they up and die on you. Naw—they can't take it."

"And dumb!" drawled Bill. "Say, Mister, some sharks haven't brains enough to stay alive in here. Look at that Mako! He's at it again. Heading toward the wall at top speed."

"Watch now!" yelled "B. F." "Watch him hit! Socko!"

There was a dull thud and a swirl of boiling, white water as the shark hit head-on once more. For a moment the great animal hung suspended near the surface, then it waggled drunkenly toward the bottom.

"There he goes, punch-drunk and slap-happy," muttered Bill. "He won't learn. Those Makos never learn. They keep on leading with their noses until they take the last kayo."

"That Ground Shark looks like he's coming around okay," said "B. F.", pointing a stubby finger, "though it seems to me his tail is a little low."

"Yep," conceded Bill. "He ain't holding his tail right. But I think he'll make the grade. But that Mako! He'll soon be a gonner."

Just then the Mako headed blindly toward the wooden diving ladder and, just as blindly, took a huge bite out of the two-by-four rung.

It might have been Bill or "B. F." But, as either of them would say, "What the heck, it wasn't."

To my question as to whether he knew the reason why the Mako continued to hurl itself head-on against the wall of the tank to the point of self-destruction, Henry replied, "Every Mako we ever caught and got into the tank alive has done that. The way I figure it out is this—the Mako is a deep-water fish. Unlike Ground Sharks, which live close to shore where they have to dodge rocks and reefs, the Mako isn't used to any obstacles. That's why he rushes headlong into a wall that even a half-witted Ground Shark would avoid. Perhaps some day we'll catch a Mako that knows a stop-light when he sees it, but

up to now, this tank has been a dead-end street to every one of them."

Feeding the inmates of the oceanarium, or making "green" sharks feel at home, or treating eye diseases of jewfish are not the only duties of the divers. Just before Christmas, when one of the porpoises gave birth to the second baby porpoise ever born in captivity, "B. F." was on hand to take care of the tiny calf. Unfortunately, it came to this world still-born. It never drew breath, although "B. F." took it to the surface and used the old midwife trick of making a newborn baby take air by spanking it.

Bill and "B. F." look after the welfare of their charges in other ways. On one occasion—when a baby porpoise, which had been netted at sea with its mother, seemed rather sluggish—Tolstoy thought that the baby needed a good dose of castor oil. The divers went down into the tank with a pint-bottle full of the time-honored, but unpalatable remedy. While one held the baby in a good, tight grip, the other administered the dose. The baby squirmed and struggled to get free. It disliked castor oil as much as any other youngster. But down went the medicine and Bill held the calf's mouth tightly closed long enough to be sure that the castor oil stayed where it should.

These highlights of thrilling moments and amusing experiences in the lives of the Marineland divers, frequently enacted before hundreds of spectators, represent only one phase of the daily grind of the underwater men. One of their most important jobs is to keep the vast oceanarium in apple-pie order.

Even as housewives scrub their floors, clean their windows and wash their walls to keep their homes immaculate, so Bill and "B. F." spend many long, cold and dreary hours keeping the oceanarium shipshape.

Housewives fight dust. Bill and "B. F." wage war on the ever-present and persistent *algae*—a tiny marine plant that grows wherever it finds room to sprout, on the sand, stones and shells on the bottom, on the walls and windows of the tanks. As it grows, the *algae* breaks off into tiny brown particles that float about in the water. If this dust of the sea were permitted to gain headway, visibility in the tanks would soon be as zero as a Kansas landscape in a duststorm.

Now, one of the standing "must" orders at Marine Studios is: "Keep the water in the tanks crystal clear." And it is up to Bill and "B. F." to carry out that order to the letter. So every morning before the oceanarium is open to the public, and every afternoon after the last visitor has gone, or between feedings or—yes, often far, far into the night—Bill and "B. F." and Howard Dondanville, their new assistant, go down into the tanks to fight the *algae*.

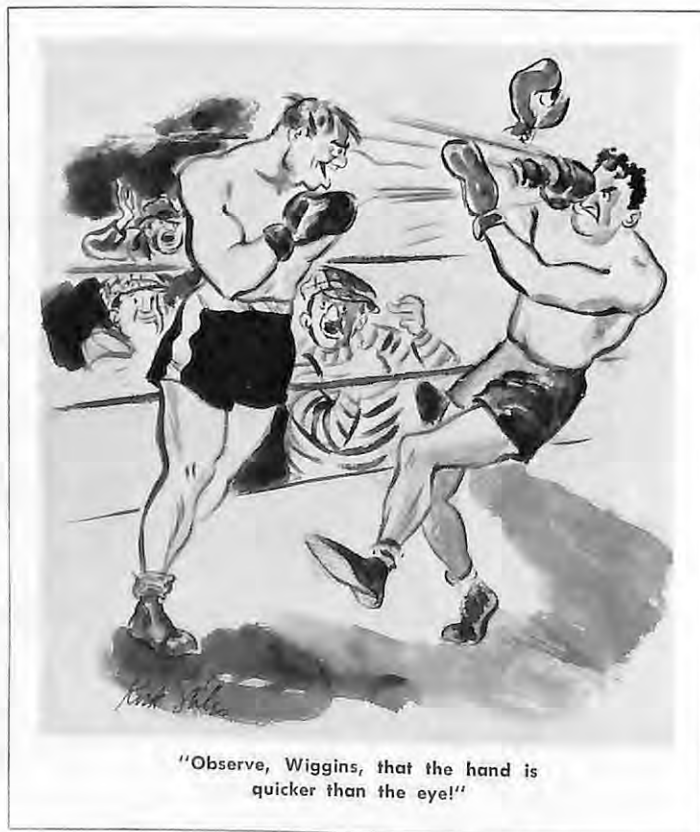
It is a battle in which there is neither let-down nor armistice for, despite the fact that the water in the tanks is filtered and circulated at the rate of 5000 gallons per minute—half of it taken freshly from the sea—the *algae* hangs on with grim determination.

Every day the walls are scrubbed from top to bottom; every day the 200 observation windows are washed with rubber sponges; and every two weeks the carpets of stone, sand and shells are swept up by the only deep-sea vacuum cleaner in the world. For several days, this "carpet", which fills three two-ton trucks—is sterilized in a huge boiler to kill off all plant and bacterial life; then it is spread again through a pressure hose over the floors of the tanks.

Another responsibility at Marineland is regulating the steam-heating system of the big rectangular tank which contains the many delicate tropical fish, as well as a live coral reef and living sea fans and sea plumes.

When, in the early months of Marine Studios, a great many tropical fish and delicate undersea plants died, experiments quickly determined the cause to be the changing temperature of the water, and it was established that 68° is the coldest in which these specimens would live and thrive. Hence a new and complicated steam-heating sys-

(Continued on page 44)

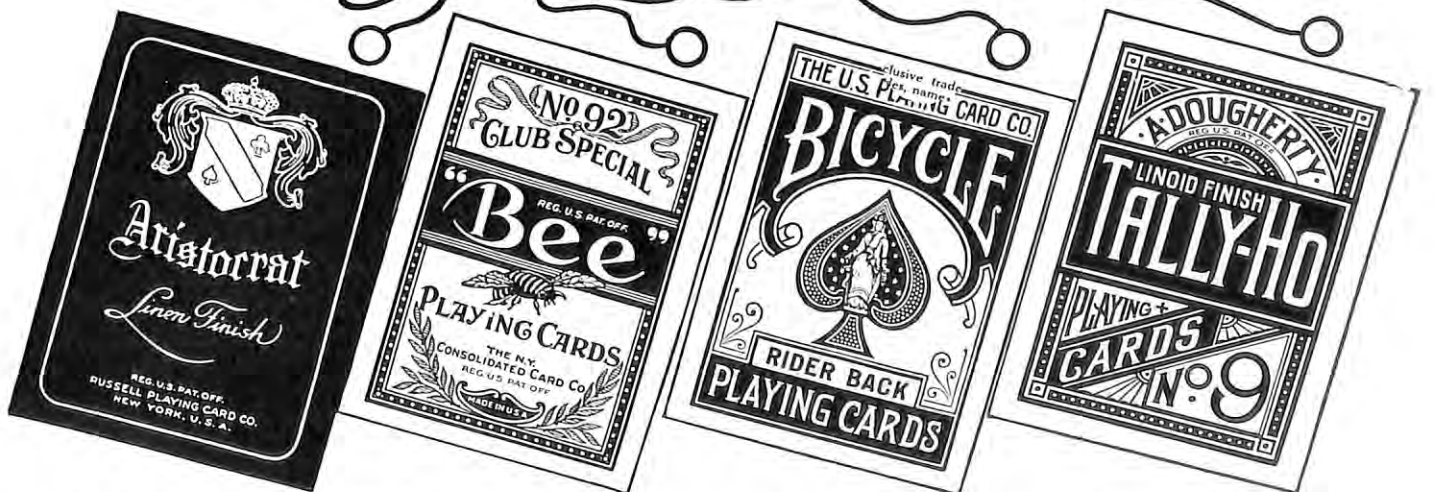
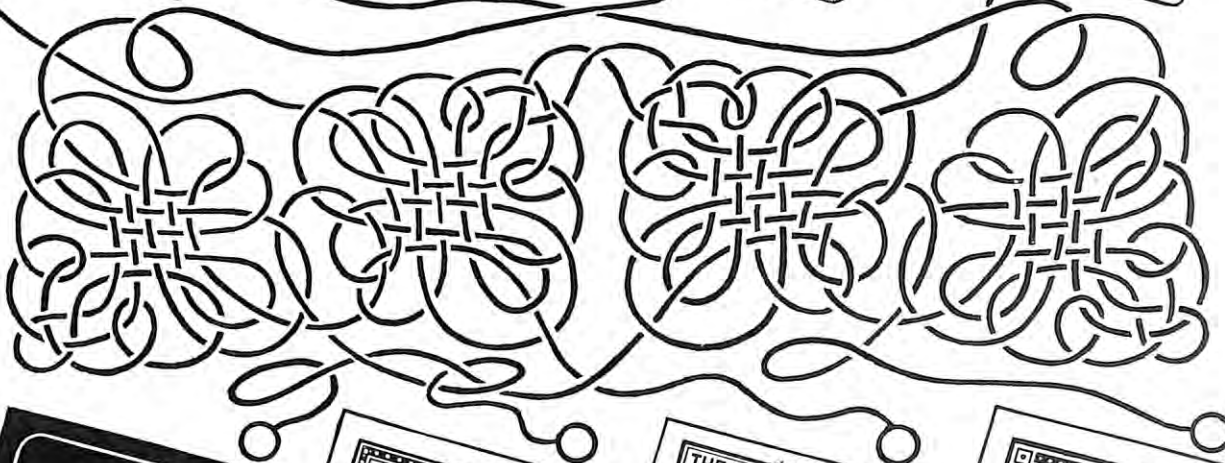
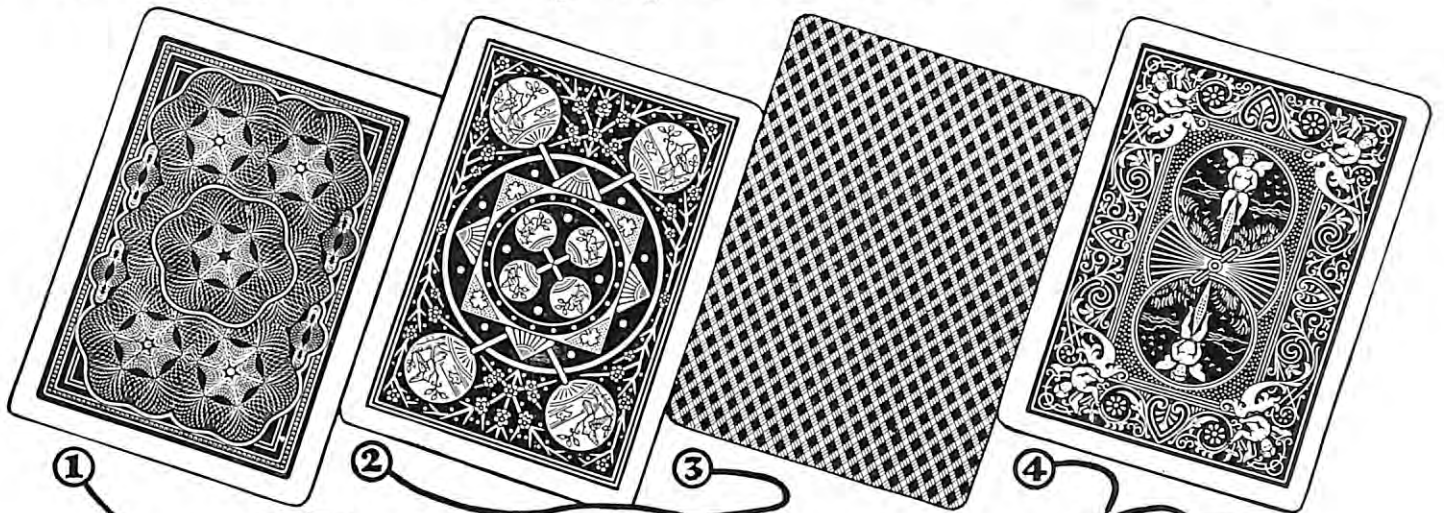


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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Lancaster, Calif., Elks Celebrate Their Lodge's First Anniversary

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, was to have been the guest of honor at the celebration of the first anniversary of Lancaster, Calif., Lodge, No. 1625. Being unable to attend on account of illness in his immediate family, Mr. Shannon sent felicitations through P.E.R. Robert S. Redington, Los Angeles, who visited Lancaster Lodge that evening in his official capacity as President of the California State Elks Association. At the meeting Mr. Redington spoke at length on the Elks' National Defense Program. The Government's National Defense Program was the subject of a talk made by Congressman Carl Hinshaw, a member of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge.

Mr. Shannon was scheduled to present the lodge with its charter at the anniversary meeting. Acting in his stead, P.D.D. Raymond C. Crowell, of Pasadena Lodge, made the presentation of the charter to E.R. John F. McNeil. Mr. Crowell officiated at the institution of Lancaster Lodge more than a year ago. He is regarded with great affection in the young lodge which feels that it owes him a debt of appreciation for his untiring efforts in its behalf. Among other distinguished guests present were P.E.R. J. Robert Paine, Pasadena, Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Association, and E.R.'s Jere Sullivan, Los Angeles, Branham De Laney, San Fernando, and Arthur L. Barlow, Bishop. The Los Angeles delegation was accompanied by No. 99's fine orchestra. With excellent music, an outstanding lodge meeting, a vaudeville show and a "feed", the occasion was one to be remembered with pleasure by all who attended.

Georgia State Elks Executive Committee Meets at Atlanta

Nineteen of the twenty-two lodges of the Order in the State of Georgia were represented at the October meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ga. State Elks Assn. held in the home of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. State Pres. C. Wesley Killebrew, of Augusta, who presided, extended an invitation to all Georgia Elks to attend the formal opening of the new home of Augusta Lodge No. 205 to be celebrated with an appropriate program and the initiation of a large class of new members. Addresses were made by District Deputies W. C. McGeary, Athens, and Roderick M. McDuffie, East Point, and by Past Presidents John S. McClelland, Atlanta, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Walter E. Lee, Waycross, J. Clayton Burke, J. Gordon Hardy and Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta, and F. F. Preston, Douglas. Announcement was made of the granting of a charter for Buckhead Lodge, No. 1635, the tenth new lodge in the State within the past four years.

Among the resolutions adopted were those authorizing the continuation of the program of the State-wide Charities Committee; the establishment of permanent clinics for the examination of crippled children by the lodges where X-Ray facilities may be made available for periodic examination of physically handicapped children, and demonstration of the slogan "Elkdom is on

the March in Georgia" by providing headquarters at the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia next summer, entering a Georgia float and a Georgia band in the convention parade, and entering the team, winning the State ritualistic championship, in the national contest. P.D.D. H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Decatur Lodge, and Past Pres. Charles G. Bruce were named chairmen of committees to carry out the resolutions.

Skagway, Alaska, Lodge Honors P.E.R. George G. Miller

The membership of Skagway, Alaska, Lodge, No. 431, and a large part of the population of the town, took time off on the evening of October 3 to honor Treasurer George G. Miller who joined the lodge in 1904, has served as an officer for 34 consecutive years and is the lodge's senior Past Exalted Ruler. Mr. Miller has been in the United States Customs service in Alaska since 1901. He has been Deputy Collector at Skagway for the past 20 years.

On the evening of Mr. Miller's departure for the States, having retired from government service under the age limit law, members of Skagway lodge and several hundred citizens gathered about him as he was boarding the Steamship *Empress Louise*. There they witnessed a ceremony in which he was presented with an Honorary Life Membership card by E.R. C. J. Roehr. Mr. Miller has since visited boyhood friends in New York City and Baltimore, Md. He will make his permanent home with relatives in Seattle, Wash.

Decatur, Ala., Lodge Fosters Program Benefiting Sanitarium

For the past two years, Decatur, Ala., Lodge, No. 655, has fostered a program for the benefit of the tuberculosis sanitarium at Flint, Ala. Two rooms have been equipped at a cost of \$250, food has been donated from time to time, and the lodge has assisted in furnishing transportation for a number of patients to and from the hospital at Flint besides arranging various out-of-State trips for their convenience.

The present program calls for the purchase of bronchoscopes at an approximate cost of several hundred dollars. A member of the lodge, Marvin Smith, an ex-Service man, has taken a practical interest in the needs of the sanitarium, giving his time and efforts in its behalf without cost to either the hospital or the patients. His transportation from Decatur to Flint has been paid for by the lodge which also assisted him in raising funds for the purchase of equipment for the barber shop at the sanitarium.

Cumberland, Md., Lodge Initiates Class On District Deputy Night

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, initiated a class of sixteen candidates recently in honor of the official visit of District Deputy A. Guy Miller, of Annapolis Lodge, a Past President of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn. Past Presidents Charles M. Stump, Cumberland, and A. Charles Stewart, of Frostburg, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, escorted Mr. Miller to a station of honor in the lodge room. The initiatory Ritual was exemplified by the Cumberland officers, winners of the

Tri-State ritualistic championship in 1940. The meeting was preceded by a truly sumptuous banquet. The *pièce de résistance* was venison shipped from Wyoming especially for the occasion.

Cumberland Lodge is well represented this year in the Elks' Tri-State Association. John H. Mosner is 1st Vice-President, Edgar A. Dashiell is Tiler, and Harry I. Stegmaier is Organist. Members of No. 63 serving on committees are as follows: Charles M. Stump, National Defense; Dr. Albert C. Cook, Publicity and Public Relations; Alfred E. Howe, Social Service; Lester Deenen, Interlodge Activities; Peter Matt, Flag Week Observance; Marcellus Mullian, Rehabilitation.

Elks of Indiana North Central District Meet at Logansport

Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, was host to the Indiana North Central District Association at its two-day Fall Meeting held late in October. The attendance was excellent. Social activities opened with a Saturday night dance. At the first business session on Sunday morning, written reports of lodge activities were read by the secretaries of all of the district lodges represented. Pres. Lyman E. McGuire, of Peru Lodge, presided. A buffet luncheon was served at the noon hour.

Short talks were given during the afternoon session by prominent Indiana Elks who were guests of the District Association, including Glenn L. Miller, Logansport, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., Past Pres.'s Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, and O. Ray Miner, Warsaw, D.D. C. James Burke, Peru, State Secy. C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute, and State Chaplain Paul G. Jasper, Fort Wayne. Distinguished visiting Elks from Illinois who addressed the meeting were Past Pres.'s A. W. Jeffreys of Herrin, Special District Deputy, and Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, and P.E.R. Frank P. White, Oak Park, Chairman of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission. The one thing stressed more than anything else was Americanism.

Officers chosen by the North Central Association to serve during the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Ralph Walker, Wabash; 1st Vice-Pres., Lawrence E. Beal, Decatur; 2nd Vice-Pres., Raymond W. Neff, Warsaw; 3rd Vice-Pres., Thomas Burke, LaFayette; Secy.-Treas., E. J. Ehrman, Fort Wayne.

Elks of Beaver Falls, Pa., Entertain On "Navy Day"

Some 125 members of Beaver Falls, Pa., Lodge, No. 348, with their families and a number of Beaver County officials, observed "Navy Day" with a dinner. An appropriate color scheme of red, white and blue was carried out.

The program was opened by E.R. J. E. Watson. The principal speaker, T. D. Webb, of the Pittsburgh office, Federal Bureau of Investigation, related several interesting "inside" stories concerning cases coming before this important branch of United States government. District Attorney Robert E. McCreary, who is an active member of the Order, introduced Mr. Webb. William V. Kennedy was Master of Ceremonies. A social session with entertainment followed the dinner.

**Muncie, Ind., Lodge Entertains
Elks In Newly Remodeled Home**

Muncie, Ind., Lodge, No. 245, held a housewarming recently to celebrate the opening of its newly remodeled home. The festivities featured a two-day district meeting at which all of the lodges of the Indiana Central District were represented. Special entertainment was provided for the weekend, with an enjoyable banquet being held on Sunday.

Muncie Lodge now occupies an entire building instead of the second floor only as formerly. New furniture has been installed throughout and the interior is completely and artistically modern in decoration and design. P.E.R. Carl T. Bartlett, P.D.D., is Chairman of the Building Committee. E.R. Charles C. Farmer heads the efficient staff of officers under whose administration the lodge is enjoying a well earned prosperity.

**"Allied Relief Night", Held By
Fresno, Calif., Elks, a Success**

Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, held an "Allied Relief Night" some weeks ago with gratifying success. The committee announced that a lot of "rumpus" would be carried on during the evening and that fines for "disorderly conduct" could be paid with old clothing. The response was such that several boxes of clothing were turned over at once to the Allied Relief Committee to be sold, and since that night another large load has been delivered to Relief Headquarters. Robert E. Cunningham acted as Esquire the evening the affair was held, using a wheelbarrow to make his collections.

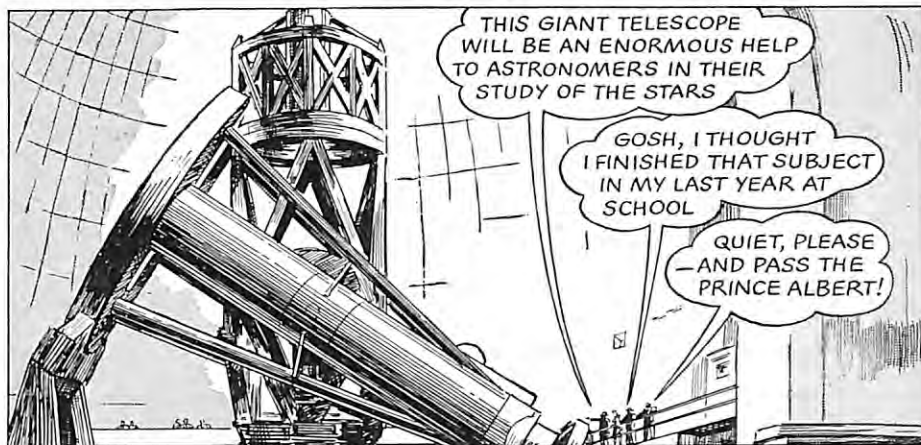
**Greenville, S. C., Lodge Provides
Gymnasium For Boys' Camp**

Formal dedication of a new gymnasium at Camp Greenville, S. C., a camp for boys situated in the Blue Ridge Mountains a short distance from the North-South Carolina State line, was conducted by Greenville Lodge No. 858, with Judge John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, making the principal address. The gymnasium, representing an investment of something like \$6,500, was a gift of the lodge. Various individuals and concerns assisted with donations of materials used in construction.

On the day of the ceremonies, members and friends assembled at the lodge home for luncheon after which they made the trip into the mountains. More than 150 interested civic leaders attended the ceremonies. E.R. Dr. T. G. Sharpe presided. The program was opened with "America" played by the Elks' Band. The gymnasium resounded with cheers when Secy. W. W. Beacham handed to John M. Holmes, general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. which, in part, operates the camp, the lodge's final check in the amount of \$325, clearing the building of debt. Judge McClelland was introduced by D.D. Dr. Sidney F. Hilton, of Florence, S.C., Lodge. John W. Arrington, Jr., accepted the American Flag, presented by Judge Richard Foster. Among others who spoke was W. G. Sirrine, one of the eleven surviving charter members of Greenville Lodge which was organized in 1903. The camp is regarded as an investment in future citizenship. In providing the building, which houses a workshop, the lodge contributed an important addition to the group of units constructed during recent years.

**★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★
World's Largest Telescope**

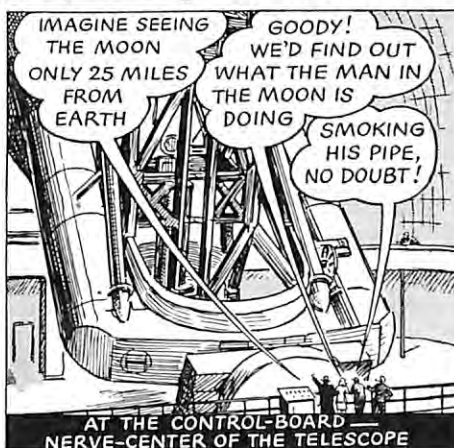
MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA



THIS GIANT TELESCOPE WILL BE AN ENORMOUS HELP TO ASTRONOMERS IN THEIR STUDY OF THE STARS

GOSH, I THOUGHT I FINISHED THAT SUBJECT IN MY LAST YEAR AT SCHOOL

QUIET, PLEASE - AND PASS THE PRINCE ALBERT!



IMAGINE SEEING THE MOON ONLY 25 MILES FROM EARTH

GOODY! WE'D FIND OUT WHAT THE MAN IN THE MOON IS DOING SMOKING HIS PIPE, NO DOUBT!

AT THE CONTROL-BOARD NERVE-CENTER OF THE TELESCOPE



BET THE MAN IN THE MOON HASN'T GOT THIS MILD, TASTY PRINCE ALBERT TO ENJOY

NEITHER HAVE I! PASS BACK THE PA., MISTER - I'M SET TO ROLL UP A MELLOW, RICH-TASTING 'MAKIN'S' SMOKE

TUBE WHERE ASTRONOMER GUIDES PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE



DON'T GET EXCITED, JOE - KEEP COOL WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT, THE TOBACCO FOR HAPPIER SMOKING

WITH THE BIG 200-INCH MIRROR, THE TELESCOPE WILL WEIGH NEARLY A MILLION POUNDS

BUCKET LIFT TO BOTTOM OF GREAT TUBE



IT DOESN'T TAKE A TELESCOPE TO SEE HOW MUCH EASIER PRINCE ALBERT PACKS AND DRAWS - AND GIVE ME THAT NO-BITE PROCESS FOR REAL MILDNESS!

YOU BET, JUDGE! AND HOW EASY AND FAST RA. ROLLS UP, TOO, INTO NEATER, ROUNDER 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED **86 DEGREES COOLER** THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED - COOLEST OF ALL!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

E. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING RIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

\$1,000,000 Fish Story

(Continued from page 40)

tem, consisting of a series of undersea radiators which maintain the water at a temperature of about 70° during the few months in the year when artificial heating is necessary.

Feeding this enormous population of large and small fish, porpoises, turtles and what-not, comes decidedly under the caption of Big Business. Four times a day, every day in the year, Roy Hudnall, the food attendant, dishes out enough seafood to provide shore dinners for a seaside resort doing pre-depression business.

A look at the menu shows that you just cannot throw any kind of fish-food at several thousand hungry fish and expect them to eat it with finny gratitude. No, indeed! Fish may be food for thought, but, on the other hand, fish give considerable thought to food.

OVER in the Preparations Building, across the road from the oceanarium, is the spick and span "kitchen" where Hudnall prepares the carefully balanced rations for his discriminating boarders. Two enormous refrigerator rooms contain the wherewithal of the menu. First of all, there are mullets, plump little one-pounders, frozen into blocks of one hundred pounds. Mullet is the staple item, the staff of life, the bread, butter and potatoes of most of Mr. Hudnall's involuntary guests. They consume about 135 pounds of mullets per day. Fiddler crabs and mammoth St. Augustine shrimps—25 pounds of each a day. Some two or three pounds of plankton for the tiny creatures of the rock and coral reefs and, last but not least, forty pounds of large, juicy clams for the Spotted Whip Rays . . . and not on the half-shell either. For some reason or other, these particular rays like their clams whole. They pick them up in their powerful jaws, crack them, swallow the clams and spit out the shells.

"We tried to change their diet to mullets or shrimps," explained Hudnall, "because all of those pieces of clam-shell on the floors of the tanks add a lot to our cleaning problem. But would those rays play ball? Nothing doing. They wanted clams—or else!"

With the aid of a pair of scales and an adding machine, we figured out that in the course of the average year, the inmates of the oceanarium consume

about 10,000 pounds of shrimp, 49,000 pounds of mullet, 18,000 pounds of donax, 15,000 pounds of clams, 7,500 pounds of fiddler crabs. A total of about 100,000 pounds of fish food. To ensure a steady supply, the Marine Studios keep a minimum of 20,000 pounds of mullet and 10,000 pounds of shrimp in cold storage. A rough estimate shows that the food bill is somewhere in the vicinity of \$10,000 a year. Part of this is spent in buying fish in the open market, part in operating and maintaining Marineland's own fishing fleet.

THIS business of maintaining a steady and sufficient food supply is, in the opinion of Mr. Tolstoy, one of the largest, if not the largest governing factor in the successful operation of the oceanarium.

"It has been thoroughly demonstrated," he said, "that the predatory instinct of our specimens is fairly well subdued if they are well fed. But," he added with a laugh, "I am afraid we would have a sudden and drastic reduction in our population if our food supply should run short. Hence our large supply of emergency rations when mullets are scarce or out of season."

"The primary reason we use divers to feed our specimens is to make sure that sharks, jewfish, tarpon, turtles and other hearty eaters are so well provided for that their cannibalistic tendencies are held in check."

Now and then some of the more gluttonous dwellers in the tanks

get more than their share—like "Grumpy", the 300-pound logger-head turtle. "Grumpy" discovered that by brow-beating his competitors for food from the diver's hands, he could get more than his share of mullet, and he made the most of his opportunity.

The divers complained about "Grumpy's" selfish behavior. To teach him good piscatorial table manners, a muzzle was made for him; a muzzle of wire-netting with a rubber band at the end that slipped right over "Grumpy's" head and held tightly around his neck. For several weeks, at feeding time, "Grumpy" wore his muzzle until his companions had been fed, and only after they had dined in hall and at high table, was "Grumpy" relieved of his muzzle and allowed to eat. Now, rather than wear a muzzle and wait, "Grumpy" has developed a more neighborly attitude at meal-time.

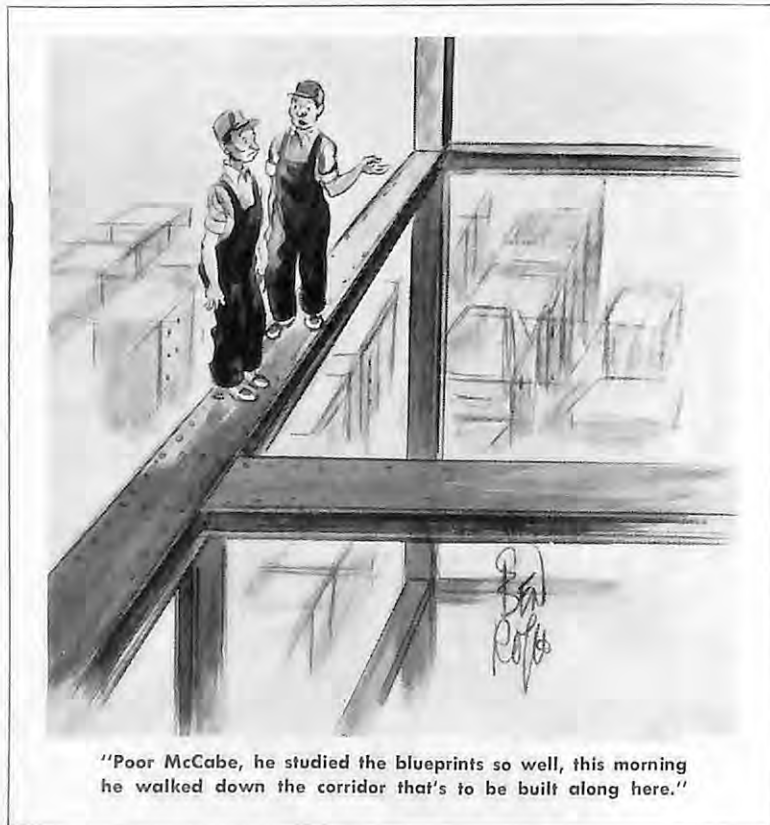
NOW and then appetites go into reverse. A case in point is a 1500-pound Giant Manta Ray which suddenly decided to go on a hunger strike. For several days after its capture in the surf a mile or so north of Marineland, the Manta Ray refused to touch food of any sort.

Something had to be done, and quickly, or this prize specimen would starve to death. But what? Force-feeding seemed the only answer. But how would mere men go about feeding food to an obstreperous marine giant that refused to eat? Dragging

the Manta out of its element was out of the question. Well, then, since the Ray could not come to Man—Man would come to the Manta.

Water was run out of the tank until it stood only four feet deep. Then nine men went down with a large net and threw it over the beast. Having done that, after a long and turbulent fight, they held the Manta by its powerful flukes so that Ilya Tolstoy and Arthur McBride, Curator of Marine Studios, could feed it. Sounds quite simple—but try it sometime. All you need is a 1500-pound Manta with a "wingspread" of 14 feet, a mean disposition and packed with fury from tip to tail.

With the aid of a ten-foot length of two-by-four lumber, Tolstoy and McBride forced the Manta's mouth open and threw



"Poor McCabe, he studied the blueprints so well, this morning he walked down the corridor that's to be built along here."

some mullets into the gaping cavity. But as fast as they threw them in, the Manta spat them out. It looked like a photo-finish with the pay-off in favor of the Manta. Then it was decided that, by opening the mouth of the creature wider, the mullets could be shoved right into its alimentary tract. This was finally done. One by one, thirty-five mullets were pushed deep into the Manta and they "held". When this unique piece of interior decorating was over, a dozen exhausted men climbed out of the tank and an equally exhausted Manta sank to the bottom for a bit of rest and whatever quiet meditation a Manta may indulge in. The hunger strike? Oh, yes, the strike was broken. From that day on, the Manta responded nobly whenever the dinner-bell rang.

And, by the way, my use of the expression "dinner-bell" is not just a bit of literary license. Because four times a day, at 10 o'clock in the morning, at noon, at 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Roy Hudnall lowers a large brass bell into the oceanarium and even though some fish may be very hard of hearing, they never turn a deaf ear to the underwater reverberations of the dinner-bell.

"Finner, finner, come to dinner", it seems to say. At any rate, all the inmates, large and small, singly or in schools, take on fresh activity. They dart about. Some near the top. Some near the sides of the tanks. Even the small and timid creatures that flutter around under the protective shelters of the rocks and coral reefs, venture forth in eager expectation of food.

THE initial step in the process of feeding is taken when Hudnall brings the rations over from the Preparations Building. The ice and chill has been taken out of the frozen food by keeping it submerged in large tanks of running water. Some of the mullets and shrimp are kept intact for the larger specimens. The rest is chopped into smallish pieces for the smaller inmates. Periwinkles, plankton and clams are served as is. Nothing is cooked. The oceanarium dwellers like their food raw and plenty of it.

The rations for each meal are divided into two, huge wire baskets. One of these is kept by Hudnall for surface feeding. The other is given to one of the two men who make up the permanent diving staff of Marine Studios. Hudnall opens the feast by lowering the dinner-bell on a rope from the edge of the feeding platform at the top of the circular oceanarium. Almost instantly, all of the sleek, streamlined porpoises start leaping out of the water—mouths open, fins flapping, ready for fun and food—for to these mammals of the deep, dinner-time is also play-time, game-time.

It takes very little stretching of the imagination to visualize these friendly creatures making a sort of aquatic ball game out of the dinner-

hour. Hudnall is the pitcher. Each mullet is a ball. There are no batters—only catchers. Nine of them. Some play close to the home-plate, some the infield, some the outfield, some rise high out of the water and snatch the mullets right out of Pitcher Hudnall's hands. All of them always get their proper share of fun and fish.

Meanwhile, one of the divers has put on his rubber suit, donned his diving helmet, put on heavy black rubber gloves and gone to the bottom of the circular tank with the other basket of food. All of the boarders make a bee-line for him. Even the porpoises, just fed by Hudnall, zoom around the diver. With their long snouts they nudge him playfully for more tid-bits. Spotted Whip Rays, keeping close to the bottom, come flopping for hand-outs of clams. Even through the thick walls of the tanks, you can hear these animated clam crackers munch their hard-shelled meals.

Several turtles come paddling up. They move their great armor-clad bulks with sedate, almost regal, dignity. Their brown eyes stare at the diver with unblinking calm or turn to a hurrying and scurrying bull-porpoise as if they were thinking, "What's the hurry, brother? Where're you going?"

In this world of gulp and gobble, Mr. and Mrs. Turtle are the only ones who chew their food. They take their mullets, one at a time, from the diver's hand and swim off, slowly clamping the food in their viselike jaws, and chew the fish slowly as they swim. The only trouble with this exemplary behavior is that a playful porpoise may take it into his head to make a quick dive alongside a slow moving turtle and snatch half a mullet or more away from it, just for a lark.

PORPOISES fed, Rays be-clammed, turtles satisfied, the diver makes his slow, labored rounds to the jewfish. These awkward-looking creatures, with abnormally large heads and cavernous mouths, weigh from 300 to 500 pounds. They spend most of their time loafing near the rocks strewn along the sides of the tank. They do not come to the center of the circle when the diver dishes out food. They demand room-service, and room-service they get, as the diver makes his slow way from one to the other, handing them mullets as he goes.

To look at, these jewfish seem as immobile as the rocks they stand around. Stony-looking fish with stony-looking eyes—peaceful dreamers that would not let a butterfish melt in their mouths. Everyone around the oceanarium, watching the jewfish month after month, came to regard these quiet, plodding creatures as veritable Ambassadors of Appeasement in the Kingdom of the Deep. Staff scientists and announcers, guides and divers, sang their praise as peaceful specimens; went out of their way indeed to point them

"Pardon me, but I think we've reached a new high!"



PARDON US, but we know Paul Jones' popularity has!

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

out as living examples of peaceful behavior.

One morning, a guide was taking a large group around the rectangular tank. He had shown them sharks and Sting-Rays, Moray Eels and ghostly-looking Whip-Rays, when he reached "Old Rocky", the 500-pound jewfish, and the largest in captivity. "Old Rocky" was lying quietly in front of an observation port. Here was a splendid opportunity to tell the visitors what a grand old fellow "Old Rocky" was—quiet, gentle, peaceful, despite his great bulk and terrifying maw.

The guide was extolling the fine traits of "Old Rocky" with vim and vigor, when one of the visitors cried out, "Look! There's a shark coming! Oh, I hope he doesn't hurt that poor 'Old Rocky'!"

The guide looked around. Sure enough, a three-and-a-half-foot shark, its mean little eyes staring straight ahead, was swimming swiftly toward listless, immobile "Old Rocky".

"No," answered the guide with a wave of his hand, "that shark won't hurt him."

JUST then, the Ambassador of Appeasement launched a Blitzkrieg against the shark. It lunged forward and, presto, two-thirds of the shark had been Anschlused by "Old Rocky". A second later, the remaining third of the shark had vanished. "Old Rocky" resumed his peaceful pose as if nothing had happened, but

the news of the incident had spread like wildfire around Marineland. Now the announcers are very, very careful when they praise the virtues of "Old Rocky"—for one never can tell, there may be another Blitzkrieg.

Since the Marine Studios first filled their tanks with water and filled the water with fish in the Spring of 1938, hundreds of thousands of visitors have come to this piscatorial kingdom by the sea. The inevitable question they ask is this—"But, why don't the fish eat each other?"

The answer to that question has already been given here. But there are many other questions: Some want to know if fish perspire when they swim around on hot days. Others if fish ever sleep. The answer to the last question is rather interesting. As a matter of fact, Curator McBride has made quite a study of the bed-time habits of his many charges.

"We found," he said, "that each species has its own way of spending the night. Some, such as Goutoi Trigger-fish, retire like old maids to a boudoir between two coral heads. Groupers settle down for the night in particular beds among the sea-plumes. Mulletts rise to the surface at night. They are the nocturnal playboys of the tank, for they flash in swiftly-moving schools at the top of the water until the wee hours of the morning."

The average man has no concep-

tion whatever of the many wonderfully interesting things about the habits of fish that have been gleaned through research at Marineland. One unique item on this list is that some of the fish that travel in schools not only learn to know each other personally, but actually make friends among each other.

Marineland offers a thrilling and fascinating spectacle. The drama of under-ocean fish life is enacted in a setting realistically reproduced to a seven-ton coral reef, a five-ton rock ledge, and even a sunken shipwreck resting forlornly on the sands, its barnacled ribs and bowsprit offering shelter for small, shy fish.

BUT the Marine Studio's oceanarium is more than just a good show.

In many respects, the life-pattern of fish forms a field of exploration where only the frontiers have been touched. At Marineland, they are pushing beyond those frontiers. To that end, a long-range research program is being planned in connection with the new laboratories.

The oceanarium at Marineland provides conditions for controlled experiments found nowhere else in the world. Even after only two years of operation, prominent scientists in the field of experimental biology have found at Marineland an outpost for research that has brought them deeper into the mysteries of under-sea life than they have ever been able to achieve before.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 20)

tarily reveal where he caches the prohibited tools of his profession? All a national firearms registration would reveal is that millions of American citizens own an unbelievable number of shootin' irons of assorted makes and calibers, a fact which isn't unknown to this country's enemies.

It's hardly necessary to point out that an armed citizenry is a democracy's best defense. Switzerland is a notable example. The Swiss haven't been pushed around in a century. They survived World War No. 1 without getting sucked in and it wouldn't be surprising if they repeated. Call it luck if you will, but it's significant that every male citizen of that mountainous little country owns a military rifle and knows how to use it. Most of them, in fact, are sharpshooters or better.

ELTINGE WARNER, *Field & Stream's* publisher, recently commented that "It's going to be difficult to convince any shooting man in this country that it is necessary to disarm the sportsman to defend the country". It might be pointed out, however, that while gun owners number in the millions in this nation, they're only a large minority. And therein

lies the danger. Smart anti-gun propaganda easily could sway the general public's fears, particularly in these times of stress and uncertainty, and a constitutional right which has endured for something like 164 years tossed into the discard overnight.

This is no time to hinder gun ownership, except, of course, when weapons are known to be possessed by the wrong people, and there are plenty of laws on the books to handle such cases. There is no necessity for a state or federal firearms registration; in fact such a regulation would defeat the very purpose for which it presumably is intended. It would surround gun ownership with so much red tape it would discourage shooting and gunning sports. Right now this nation needs a few million gents who can hit what they shoot at, and often. Golfers, table tennis addicts and the recent breed of panty-waists didn't make this country what it is. A lot of straight-shootin' gents did. Let's preserve the tradition, and perpetuate the old breed. We're going to need a lot of 'em in the next few years to survive.

In this book the dude who argues that this nation's sportsmen should, in these days, submit to a firearms control act or "turn in" their lethal

trinkets, is a gent who will bear watching. Either he's awfully dumb—dangerously dumb—or deliberately fostering a pre-arranged propaganda campaign designed to reduce this country's defenses in every conceivable manner. A defenseless citizenry is a worth-while objective to any hard working Fifth Columnist. Witness Norway.

IF INFORMATION reaching these large ears during the recent hunting season is any indication of coming events, some embarrassing questions will be asked the Fish and Wildlife Service before long, and some boisterous squawks registered.

Duck and goose hunters, for instance, will want to know why so much of their money is being wasted on non-producing wildfowl wintering grounds, when common sense dictates that these expenditures should be made in northern breeding areas.

There also is growing sentiment that the wildfowl "sanctuary" thing is being overdone, to put it mildly. Every passing season witnesses more and more formerly good hunting territory converted into "inviolate sanctuaries", from which the hunter is given the old heave-ho, and in which destructive vermin breeds

unchecked as a result of the ban. Then, too, the boys are going to ask "how come" about this baiting of waterfowl on federal sanctuaries. This nonsense has been going on for several seasons along the Atlantic Coast, and doubtless elsewhere, as well. In short, it's okay for the government to spend the hunter's money for bait to keep the birds out of harm's way on the sanctuaries, but a shooter detected in the same skulduggery gets himself hauled before a judge.

INCIDENTALLY, this "legal" baiting on federal sanctuaries has had its unfortunate repercussions in more ways than one. Along the North Carolina coast, for instance, the great goose concentration formerly centered on Currituck and Pamlico Sounds. Nowadays Mattamuskeet Lake—largely an inviolate sanctuary, except for one small area given over to public shooting—gets the bulk of the birds. With this result:

When the huge flight of Canada geese, swan and ducks arrives in the Fall there is plenty of natural food on the big sanctuary, supplemented by generous plantings of soya beans and suchlike. This food keeps the birds on the reservation during most of the gunning season, except for raids on surrounding bean and corn fields. Toward the end of the gunning season, however, the sanctuary's food supply is pretty well mopped up and the hungry birds be-

gin to raid surrounding farm lands in earnest, instead of winging out to Pamlico or Currituck, both abounding in natural food.

Early last Spring farmers' spinach crops in that region were denuded in a night; it got so bad the game commission had to hire men, armed with shotguns and firing small shot, to drive the ravenous birds away.

There's little doubt that large numbers of these birds were killed by illegal gunners after the season closed and right up until the Spring migration started. It also was evident to observers that many of these geese weren't in fit condition to start the long northern trek, mainly because of unnatural conditions which the establishment of the sanctuary has created, and which promise to get increasingly worse.

MANY thoughtful, practical conservationists are becoming convinced our present wildfowl conservation program is out of gear, and there are excellent reasons for this opinion. In the first place, the region where inviolate sanctuaries should be established is along our northern border States and in Canada's prairie provinces, the great duck breeding area of this continent. There is no mystery about duck propagation; it's merely a matter of security and water. Re-flood Canada's formerly productive marshes, ruined by ill-advised drainage projects during and after World War No. 1; stop the

gathering of duck eggs in these regions by Indians and the slaughter of moulting birds; control predators, furred and feathered, and in five years there will be no reason for restrictive gunning regulations in this country. Matter of fact, the birds will have increased to a point as to constitute a menace to crops from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

WHEN consideration is given the fact that Ducks Unlimited, a not-too-large association of duck hunters, has produced several million ducks in the last few years at a cost of around \$200,000, consider what could be accomplished in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in the way of waterfowl restoration if the entire proceeds from the sale of duck stamps was spent in that region annually!

The present waterfowl conservation program in this country might be described as negative conservation, the idea being that ducks are produced by making it as difficult as possible for hunters to shoot them via the imposition of restrictive hunting laws and the establishment of non-productive sanctuaries. It must be obvious to anyone that this theory is wrong. It's attacking the problem from the wrong end. The duck stamp purchaser's money should be spent in the vital nesting areas, for without these breeding grounds wildfowling as a sport in the United States is gone forever.

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE RED FOX

LEFT: Here you can see how Nature's Protective Blending safeguards the red fox.

BELOW: Out in the open like this, he could easily be taken.

Calvert RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert reserves the annual production and carefully blends it for purity and flavor in the laboratory.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

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Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending makes possible the most highly refined form of whiskey. That's why it is the favorite of millions. Try Calvert in your next cocktail or highball. See how much Protective Blending adds to your drinking enjoyment. Calvert *tastes* better — *All-Ways*.

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(CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
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BLENDING WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York

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For Two Voices

(Continued from page 13)

"The fact is," he told her, "we've allowed ourselves to drift into a very peculiar relationship. I don't want to be in the position of your publisher and have to treat you as my biggest money-making writer, where I have to flatter you and kid you along to get what I want. Let's be sensible."

"Oh." Her voice ran up and down a scale. "But that's just the point, Cary. I *am* your most successful writer and I want to be treated that way. I'm the one who writes them, old man, you're the publisher. Remember that I'm the one who beats my brains out on my little typewriter. You just object to paragraphs and think of colors for dust jackets."

There it was, the rub. Whose book was it, the author's or the publisher's? Cary voted a straight ticket. He had adopted the habit from other publishers. To them, the phrase "I'm having a book written" was synonymous with "I'm writing a book", and Alice had the same feeling about a paragraph as a mother cat for its kitten: that's mine.

ONCE, when she was reading a passage to him, he had said, "No, let's write it this way. Put the stress on the gardener. Let it be his story. After all, I've got to balance my list."

At that, Alice blew up.

"I should say not," she said, outraged. "It's from the old lady's point of view. If you won't take it, I'll submit it to Harper's."

The next time he made the same break, she threatened him with Scribner's. After that, it was Random House. Eventually, of course, it was published by Cary Dayton & Co., Inc. By the time, it had sold fifty thousand copies, they were quarreling about the next book. The nicest people become vicious when they turn authors.

And there they were, on the verge of the same argument. Cary decided to retreat, but to cover it with some rear guard action.

"Then it's all settled, I suppose," he said brightly.

"What's all settled?" Her voice was very calm. He couldn't get a rise out of her. She sounded only politely interested.

"About the book, I mean. That you'll try something else."

"No," said Alice definitely. "That has not been settled."

"Then do I have to give you still another example?"

"I'm always pleased to hear honest, constructive criticism, to coin a bromide."

He turned the pages at random. He knew all these scenes. Each one

struck him in an unprotected place. The book left him no defense but to dissemble.

"Well," he said, stalling. "Take the beginning of Part Three. There is a glaring example."

Why he had to pick that particular scene, he didn't know. If he felt that he ever had a right to protest, this was it, and anything he had to say about it would only prove her point. Why, the opening sentence was a libel, and from there on, it went from bad to worse. Have pity on me, Al-

important people, and a good way to stay important is to be seen with important people."

"Only last year we were calling them stuffed shirts. We got this far without knowing them."

"But from here on it gets tough."

"Then let's stay where we are. I'm in no rush to go any place, up or down."

Charles squirmed.

"Well, I am. I want our next book to be something big. An epic theme with sweep to it."

Celia carefully put out her cigarette, and devoted all her efforts to keeping her temper.

"What you mean is a book of nine hundred and fifteen pages with a yellow jacket showing a beautiful pioneer woman staring fearlessly at the binding. Now listen Charles, don't take the reviewers seriously. They've got jobs to hold down, and they have to make it look good. Forget the adjectives. I can write light fiction. I'm not profound enough, or talented enough for anything else. And I'm not going to pretend that I am by turning out a book that's big and phony. If it has to be unimportant, let it be that way with as much grace as possible."

"That's absurd," Charles said stiffly. "I say, let's do something that's a real contribution."

Celia snapped her purse shut, and prepared to leave.

"The writing part of this combination hasn't the talent.

Maybe the publishing half has."

This astigmatism of his which made a slight talent seem like genius, and a minor financial success become an industrial trend was increasingly difficult to live with. The opening paragraphs which he refused, the first chapters he killed, began to add up to a lot of paper, and each page was a raw nerve.

"This has to stop," Celia said finally. "Either I write or I don't. Now that I've started, I like it, but it's got to be my way no matter how many times you say 'we'."

Charles was sitting at his desk, his big desk which was a little boy's dream.

"I won't accept an ultimatum," he replied. His face was set. "I know what I want."

She could stand no more.

"Whether you know it or not, you're asking for a divorce, and you have been for some time. We're not doing each other any good."

Celia didn't really mean it, and she never expected him to take her up on it. It came as a slap when he said, quite gravely, "Perhaps you're right. Our main argument seems to be; who's success is it? I'm tired of



ice, he prayed, you used to love me once.

CHARLES was wearing his recently acquired dignity as though it were the first new suit he had bought in years. He walked up to the bar, an important figure in the publishing world, with little or no time to waste on anything but his own self importance. Celia watched his face in the mirror and realized that it had been a long time since she had worn that little protective smile. This new Charles was so self-possessed, so independent, that any affection or support from her would have been like reinforcing the Empire State building with match sticks.

"I thought I'd find you here," he said, sitting down next to her.

"That's not so strange when you think that this has been one of our favorite places, or isn't it?"

He shrugged.

"An early enthusiasm," he said negligently. "It's sort of crude. No one ever comes here."

"Besides us, there must be about forty people. Since when is forty equal to zero?"

"You know what I mean. We're

it. Either we do it the way I think is right or we call it quits. To compromise is to postpone a showdown."

Celia rose and walked to the window. She stared down at the streets, her mind seeking a retreat. No matter what he said, she didn't want a divorce. What difference did it make whose success it was? There was only one important fact; she was in love with him.

"Does it mean that much to you?" she asked. "Would you be willing to divorce me just to prove to me that you're right?"

He shuffled the papers on his desk, looking for nothing and not finding it.

"I never said that," Charles replied. His voice was cold, noncommittal. It disguised him completely.

"You implied as much."
"I didn't." His voice was still outside of himself. "I merely said that I was tired of bickering."

"And the only way to stop it is your way?"

"That's right."
The voice did not belong to Charles at all. He was sitting at his desk, ignoring her and staring at a blank piece of paper.

"But you're not giving me half a chance," Celia said, walking back to his desk. "You won't even meet me half way."

"I met you half way long ago," he said quietly. "I won't go any farther."

Celia shook her head slowly. "I don't believe that," she answered. "You'll have to want me more than that, and you'll have to prove it."

Her voice was dull and tired.

Cary remembered that voice; it wasn't dull and tired, it was piteous. Yet he had no words to say, nor any gesture to make. Here was something beyond his control. Who had started it in motion, or even when it started was unimportant. It was on its way, and it was bigger than either of them. When he had read that passage the previous night, it brought on a cold sweat. This wasn't right, this wasn't true. How did she know what he was feeling? She was standing over by the window while he was being torn to pieces at his desk, and it wasn't a little boy's dream of a desk either. It had cost three hundred and fifty bucks, and it takes a darn' precocious boy to

dream up a three hundred and fifty dollar desk.

Cary rocked back in his seat, and propped his feet against an open drawer. The telephone lay between his ear and his hunched shoulder.

"Have you found the page yet?" he asked.

"No," Alice said. Her voice sounded far away. "My papers are all mixed up, but I remember the part."

"Well, I think I know where your trouble is."

"So that you can tell me about it in words that make sense?"

"Yes, my dear," he said slowly. He was smiling as he always did when she reminded him of a pert little girl. "Your man is too thin. At the most, he has one dimension. You make the mistake of giving the girl's story, but not the boy's."

There was a long pause. He knew from the silence that he had struck home at last.

"Suppose you come down here," he went on. "We can talk it over. After all, Ally, I haven't seen you since you came back from Reno. I know you've been avoiding me, but Ally," his voice almost broke. "I want to talk to you." He was talking faster now, as though he had found a freer way to speak. The reserves were falling to pieces. "I know I've been a rat to talk to you about the story the way I have, and I didn't mean—well, not all of it. So come down, Ally, please, and let me have a look at you."

Still she said nothing. He hadn't the vaguest idea of what she was doing or thinking.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "It's such a trip, and I'm not dressed to go out. Why," she asked tentatively, as though she were sticking her nose out of a crack in the door to see how cold it was outside. "Why don't you come up here? Then we can talk about the whole story, about the beginning, the middle, the end. Why don't you?"

He stared at the telephone, then at the desk, it was rather garish, then back to the telephone again, with his mind spiralling about the obvious answer.

"I'll be up there in half a minute," he said, and grabbed for his hat. Cary, or was it Charles, was prancing again.

Giant Folly

(Continued from page 9)

thing but height had to rise to peaks of great eloquence to get a uniform, while clumsy clowns who couldn't throw a ball up an alley were welcomed with open arms and envisioned as stars of purest hue.

That sort of nonsense went on for three years, but a return to normalcy was apparent last season and, happily, will be further in evidence this year. The eye-opener for all those who went off half-cocked on huge hulks came last season, when many

of the outstanding college players in the country were small men.

The best all-around courtman to appear in Madison Square Garden, the Rose Bowl of basketball, last winter was Bobby Moerr of Texas University, a spry party no more than 5 feet, 8 inches tall, who captivated the most critical audience the game knows with his adroit shots and by reviving the almost forgotten art of dribbling.

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If you suffer from rheumatic or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two week's supply, mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave you, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale by druggists everywhere.

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 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 February issue should reach us by January 1st.

NEXT STOP ST. LOUIS!

AND MY STOP IS HOTEL Mayfair!
TOPS IN FOOD & SERVICE - AND RIGHT DOWNTOWN



ALL ROOMS WITH BATH RADIO RECEPTION

honors—if not the Number One player of the year—was Southern California's Ralph Vaughan, two inches under six feet and unquestionably the best man on the nation's best college team. Butler's Jerry Steiner, 5'7", brought down the Garden with the noisiest, most spontaneous demonstration of approval heard there all season.

Virtually every sectional champion featured a little guy as its outstanding performer. Oklahoma A. & M. had Charley Smelsor. Captain and most valuable player of the N.Y.U. team which won eighteen straight was short Bobby Lewis, and when N.Y.U. finally was beaten, in the final game of the season, the trick was accomplished by C.C.N.Y. which had only one regular over six feet tall. Utah State was tough to take because of Evan Baugh, who stretched no more than 5'7", even in the rarefied atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains. Michigan State's Chet Aubuchon, who weighed 132 pounds, gave all opponents the horrors and Temple University, recognized as the national champion three years ago when it had a quintet averaging 6 feet, 3 inches, won more than its share of games with four players less than 5'8".

If a perverse sense of curiosity should impel you to wake up a recognized basketball authority in the middle of the night and ask him who was the greatest player the game has ever seen, the chances are that he would answer promptly, Nat Holman or Barney Sedran. Holman, the Babe Ruth of basketball, was 5'10". And Sedran—was a genius. He never had more than 115 pounds distributed about his 5-foot, 3-inch frame, but he could give away 145 pounds and still make a chump of an opponent who was big and strong enough to throw him into the laps of the clients in the third row, mezzanine.

This happened one night in 1924, and only the knowledge that the little squirt who looked like the wraith of an anemic ghost was our man Sedran deterred compassionate citizens of Fort Wayne, Ind., from calling the police, an ambulance, or both. With box-office aforethought and in cold blood, a promoter had contrived to pair off Sedran against Wilbur "Fats" Henry—whom many experts call the finest football tackle of all time—in a professional game, and it was a bit too thick, the clinching manifestation of man's supreme inhumanity to man.

Henry entered the arena at 260. He was not a green-hand at basketball, either; he knew his way around the court. Astonishingly fast and agile for all his awesome

size, Henry had starred at the game in college and had been dabbling in pro ball long enough to know the business.

THE David-Goliath contest helped to swell the gate receipts, but hardly Henry's ego. Sedran ran Fat Stuff ragged, scored field goals all night. All of which was no surprise to the initiated, for Sedran had been mortifying magnificent lumps of meat, bone and hair for fifteen years in a game which is a blend of the shocking physical contact of football and the exhausting, continuous action of boxing.

Sedran was the spiritual grandfather of the Lilliputians. He played major-league, organized professional basketball for ten years—and played on ten championship teams. It seemed to be a typographical error when his name did not lead the high scorers of any given league; twice he caged seventeen field goals in a game without the aid of a backboard.

In 1909, when he weighed all of 105 pounds, Sedran was playing varsity basketball for C.C.N.Y., and playing it so well that his team whaled Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Penn, Navy and Columbia. Army was trounced by such an overwhelming margin that no C.C.N.Y. team was seen again at West Point for a decade. In 1911, his first season as a pro, Sedran was the big noise of the Newburgh, N. Y., team which won the title in the Hudson Valley League—the top-flight circuit at the time—with five men who averaged a fraction less than 5'7".

That winter Newburgh went to Trenton, N. J., to play a scheduled engagement with the champions of the fast Central League. Trenton took one look at the shrimps à la Newburgh and refused to start the game. Said it was a penal offense to

commit assault and battery on a troupe of itinerant Singer midgets. The customers hollered shrilly; they had put their money on the line to see the clash of the outstanding teams of that day and age, and someone with a macabre sense of humor was trying to palm off a travesty on them. The game finally commenced, and it was a joke—with reverse English. The Newburgh shrimps, with Sedran leading the attack, buried Trenton under an avalanche of field goals.

Your kid, or kid brother, will yelp indignantly at the following, but it goes, nevertheless. Basketball, as it was played by the leading professionals twenty years ago, was a better, more scientific game than it is today. And a squad composed of ten little giants of that era—Sedran, Holman, Johnny Beckman, Elmer Ripley, Marty Friedman, Benny Borgman, Rody Cooney, Lou Sugarman, Harry Hough and Davey Banks—could knock the ears off any given handpicked, ten-man squad on any given night.

All other things being equal, a good, big man is to be preferred, of course, to a good, little man in basketball or any other sport. A 225-pound halfback who is as fast and as shifty as a 150-pounder is the more valuable football player. Similarly, a 6'8" basketball player—and there have been many of the breed—with all the attributes possessed by a man a foot shorter, will get the call every time.

The catch, however, is that all other things seldom are equal in basketball. Few big men have the coordination and the mobility so necessary for deft ball-handling and jockeying into scoring position. The little man who's always there on a good team has those inherent qualities. The race-horse basketball in vogue today places a heavy premium on endurance; the giants seem to tire more quickly than the midgets. It also is strange that most of the big boys are poor set shots from a distance. That may be due to the fact that the little guys practice long-range shots because they are liable to be crowned close-up, but the point is that they can get their points on tosses from 'way downtown. There is only one zone on the court where height is an all-important advantage, and that is in the "keyhole", or the foul lane directly under the basket, where a big man can work the pivot play or simply dunk the ball through the hoop. Otherwise, the little fellow concedes nothing.

Four years ago the rules committee eliminated the center jump after a field or foul goal, the most



"These are nice books your friends had."

radical and significant change in the code ever made. The following year another curb on the depredations of the animated skyscraper was written into the rules when a player was permitted only three seconds in the keyhole, with or without the ball.

Those changes were necessary, not for the purpose of protecting the little man so much as for preventing the game from degenerating into a farce dominated by ponderous pituitary cases. Since that time, there have been all sorts of ideas, sound and screwy, to give the little man a big hand. Paul Mooney, the Columbia coach, advocates the elimination

of backboards, which also would eliminate rebounds and the last necessity for using tall men. This suggestion, which would duplicate the conditions under which the pros played twenty-five years ago, has much to recommend it, but such bright thoughts as raising the baskets and establishing zones on the court are absurd.

Additional restrictions on big men are not required; they're having trouble enough already. This ain't Germany; we don't want to discriminate against the militant minority of 10 percent. That wouldn't be cricket. Might be better basketball, though.

Fair Weather Fun

(Continued from page 19)

refuge on the trails, and various accommodations to skiers are located within easy driving distance over the cleared roads. So greatly in demand are the accommodations that it is well to make reservations in advance.

At Sun Valley, Idaho's famous winter resort, weather conditions for winter sports are ideal, and here you will find recreation to suit every whim as well as every degree of proficiency. It is upon skiing that the emphasis lies, however, perhaps because of Bald Mountain which, over nine thousand feet above sea-level, is blanketed in deep snow until the middle of April. Skiers welcome the 11,500 foot lift, the longest of its kind in the world, which raises them, with no effort on their part, to the mountain's summit.

SOME sixty miles from Portland, Oregon, is the Timberline Lodge, another beautifully equipped resort, with six thousand feet of elevation. Splendid sport may also be found at the Ski Bowl, among other skiing grounds in the same district, at Tom Dick and Harry Mountain, and at Multorpor Hill. The newest of Oregon's winter play grounds is Anthony Lakes, in Whitman National Forest, in eastern Oregon.

Michigan, the State of Washington, Illinois, Utah, Minnesota and Nevada all have their share of fine skiing areas.

Not far from the western resorts of the United States are the "ski mountains" of the Canadian Rockies. The principal range here centers in the watershed of North America. Valleys, rolling hills, and towering mountains afford all of the variety that could possibly be desired, and as the timberline is low, for expert skiers there are unmarked slopes above it, unimpeded by forests and woodlands.

Through Banff, in the heart of this district, pass skiers from all over the world, pausing first to enjoy the gayety of this famous skiing capital before continuing to Mt. Assiniboine, and nearby Mt. Norway. Visitors to this region are always impressed by the vastness

which can accommodate thousands and thousands of sportsmen. On the high altitude slopes around Banff there is powder snow skiing only—news which means much to the initiate.

Only three miles from Banff is Mt. Norway where you'll find one of the most difficult downhill courses, and one of the highest ski jumps in North America.

Twelve thousand feet into the air Mt. Assiniboine lifts its proudly beautiful profile. The mountain has been called "one of nature's most inspired architectural creations". For accomplished skiers there are runs of two or three thousand feet, and for the inexperienced, tours along gentle slopes. Especially happy is the late spring skiing. Frequently even at the end of April may be found perfect conditions for the sport.

Nearer home for easterners are the Laurentians. Canadians may well speak boastfully of the Laurentians, the oldest mountain formation in North America, with their thousand miles of charted trails, varied mountain slopes. Above all, they may take pride in the nice dependable snow, which comes early and stays late. Careful weekly records, kept season after season, show that ninety percent of the time there is at least fair skiing, that sixty percent of the time the snow is exceptionally good.

AMONG the thousand miles of Laurentian trail, two routes are new. The more important is the Maple Leaf Trail, an 80-mile highway for skiers, cutting through the Laurentians from Shawbridge to Mont Tremblant and joining up all the noted ski centers lying between. Another new trail links St. Gabriel de Brandon with Ste. Marguerite. Other choice spots in the Quebec area are the Gatineau district, reached from Ottawa; the Seigniory Club at Montebello, with thousands of acres of hilly terrain; and the St. Maurice River Valley, north of Trois Rivieres.

Most striking of all recent developments is the quarter million



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dollar ski-tow in three stages up the mile-long slope of Mont Tremblant, a vertical lift of nearly 1400 feet. Once at the top, the skier has a choice of several routes for his descent: the famous Quebec-Kandahar Trail, the precipitous Taschereau Trail, the less taxing Whitepeak Trail, and the gentler Dawes Ridge Trail.

In a class by itself is ancient Quebec City. It is the Mecca of many hundreds of Americans every winter, when daily buses carry guests to the ski grounds at Lac Beauport a dozen miles away. This area now offers a hundred miles of marked trails and jumps, slalom and downhill runs on Mount Taylor and Mount Murphy. This virgin area is typically French-Canadian, having changed very little since the days of the voyageurs.

Of the Adirondack skiing grounds, perhaps the oldest, as well as the best known, is at Lake Placid. Here from mid-December until March there is an almost continuous program of sports events. Open slopes, downhill courses for experts and novices, and slalom courses are maintained. The ski trails, more than two hundred fifty miles of them, are punctuated with shelters and fireplaces.

All through the lovely, pine-scented Adirondack country, skiing facilities have been improved and enlarged year by year. North Creek and Keene Valley are thronged of a winter weekend, and crowded ski trains pull into Old Forge and Thendara, with passengers who may stop with the train, or go on to Inlet, Eagle Bay and Big Moose.

At Lake George, a short run from Albany, the Lake George Snow Club has developed fine downhill and cross-country trails on Prospect Mountain, just west of the village. At Ticonderoga, historically minded sportsmen thrill as they glide over the very spot where Roger's Rangers fought the Battle on Snowshoes. The ski slopes themselves are reminders of the past, with such names as Mad Anthony, Allen's Surprise, Black Watch.

Pennsylvania is very important in the skiing roster. Less than three hours from New York are the rolling Poconos with miles of ski trails, and hills steep or gentle. Farther west, in the Alleghenys, near the Maryland border, is Deer Valley, with its 3200 feet of elevation. With Mt. Davison on one side and Glade Mountain on another, Deer Valley claims that it has skiing when nearby slopes are bare.

It is the New England States, however, Maine and Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, which claim to be the skiing center of the East. It is true that nature seems almost to have designed the region for winter sports, and the inhabitants of the States have greatly developed the natural recreational advantages. There are over one thousand miles of charted ski trails through this rugged north country, to lure the venturesome. There are literally hundreds of open practice slopes, and 100 ski jumps. In Maine, the skier's choice might be Casco, in the western part of the State, Brunswick; Caribou, where the ski marathon originated and is still a yearly event, or Lewiston, which puts on fine winter carnivals.



MASSACHUSETTS in its soft, white winter garments is as adaptable a playground as in its summer green. In Berkshire County, one of the most accessible skiing regions for easterners, Williamstown has Sheep Hill, said to be one of the best big slopes in the Berkshires. Mt. Greylock, the highest mountain in the State, gathers the ends of six trails at the Memorial Beacon, and at Adams is the Thunderbolt, a ranking championship run of the East. Pittsfield State Forest has been called a

skiers' paradise, while Great Barrington State Forest offers two fine ski trails and spacious open slopes. At Great Barrington, too, are the Warner Mountain runs, developed principally by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The two runs, separated from each other by an eager mountain stream, both intersect the famous, ancient Appalachian Trail.

VERMONT gets its share of the generous northern snowfall, and to mention all of the skiing facilities would mean naming nearly every town in the State. The larger towns all have their ski slopes, while more rural areas have extensive skiing provisions. The eastern side of Mt. Mansfield, reached from Stowe, wears a varied pattern of runs and trails. At Groton there is a 1600-acre State Forest, equipped with lean-tos and closed shelters. The oldest winter sports area in the State is Woodstock, and Woodstock was also first in the country with a ski tow. Here there is particularly good cross country touring. Pico, also in the heavy snow belt, boasts the widest trail in the East, the Sunset Schuss.

The high mountain pass, Pinkham Notch, in New Hampshire, catching and holding the heavy snowfalls, is ideally suited to skiing. Nearby are the Mt. Washington and Mt. Wildcat runs. Plymouth, in the heart of the State, expects and usually gets, excellent skiing conditions from December to April. Of interest at Plymouth is a standard Slalom Run, new a year or so ago, and seldom encountered in American skiing centers. At North Conway is located the Mt. Cranmore Ski Development, it is said, is the result of a long search for perfect terrain and exposure. More than seventy-five acres of slopes and five miles of ski trails have been cleared.

To sportsmen who are discouraged by the rigors of these northern winters, it may be good news that in a great many skiing centers, east, west and north, they may indulge in the sport, late in the season, hatless and coatless, warmed by the rays of an April sun.

And if the holiday leads south instead of north, it might be remembered that there is year-round skiing on Popocatepetl.



"This round rough him up a bit—see if he can take it!"

If any of you readers want travel information, just write to our travel expert, Kiley Taylor, in care of *The Elks Magazine*. There aren't any questions that can't be answered.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

years ago when he described the sufferings of a Tory parson in the Connecticut mines in "Drums Along the Mohawk". But Mr. Roberts goes much farther, for his whole story is told from the point of view of a man who finds mob violence intolerable. Wiswell is inside Boston during the siege and goes to Halifax with the exiled Loyalists; he agrees to serve Howe on the commission for prisoners on Long Island; he takes part in the Howe campaign and the capture of New York, but he is constantly attacking Howe for the mistreatment of patriots in British prisons. He gets further commissions—to go abroad and to assist General Clinton in his southern campaign around Charleston, and he gets in touch with the Loyalists everywhere and tries to educate the British generals to the mistakes in their military policies and the uselessness of what they are doing. So throughout, the reader sees the American Revolution from a new point of view—that of a New Englander who could not see justice in a mob that persecuted the innocent, just because they adhered to Britain. Though this is a novel, it is bound to create repercussions throughout the country, especially among the hidebound patriotic organizations. Margaret Mitchell, in "Gone With the Wind", was able to make northern readers understand some of the horrors visited on the South by northern armies. Kenneth Roberts brings home to us the terrors of the Revolution, and by making his hero a New Englander who has great sympathy for human beings, no matter what flag they display, he is able to describe the cruelty visited on people of both sides by the coming of war. War is the great, inexcusable crime, just as it is today in Europe—war, which, in order to settle political power, must destroy countless lives and treasure not involved in the issues of domination. If the American people read Mr.

Roberts' penetrating, forceful novel in that light, they will understand, by way of fiction, how important it is to meet and solve all issues, political, social and economic.

A few years ago Howard Spring, an English critic, wrote a novel that swept the United States and gained wide popularity as a motion picture. It was "My Son, My Son". It had a great deal of action, good character drawing and a lot of feeling in it. Now he comes with a new novel that has all these qualities, though the theme does not pull at the heart as forcibly as the first. It is "Fame Is the Spur", a novel of fully 300,000 words about the career of a labor politician in Great Britain in the last 50 years. The man is Hamer Shawcross, illegitimate son of a Manchester servant, who manages, by ingenuity, native wit, oratory and the ability to capitalize every situation, to help organize the British Labor party, get a seat in parliament, rise to the cabinet and finally, sputter out as a viscount.

As a little tyke Hamer Shawcross becomes impressed with the legend of a sabre, stolen from one of the dragoons who rode down defenseless men and women in a Manchester street agitation. He hates the aristocracy and has many battles with their arrogant representatives, yet when he rises to power it is with the help of Lettice, whom he finally marries. His first wife, Ann, is a worker for ideals, like himself, but when she comes out for votes for women he is deeply offended. Her courage is admirable; she baits him at one of his public meetings; she undergoes arrest in Holloway jail and forcible feeding. Hamer is torn between love and ambition and ambition wins.

This man, who has borne the banner of Labor, who has fought for the workers, turns into a cynical viscount, wearing a coronet and velvet and ermine robes at the coronation



"If spinach has so much iron, why not sell it to the Japs instead of me?"

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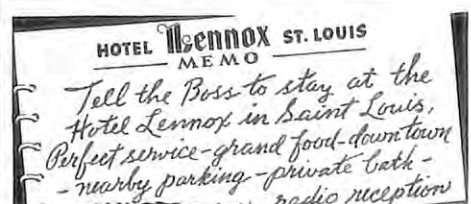
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of Edward VIII, where they are bespattered by mud and rain. His son becomes a radical and the old man can't tolerate him. "A lot of labor people are fools," says he. "Do they expect their leaders to live in hovels? As the world goes, a moderate reformation is the great point. If we can but govern people's hands, we must let their hearts and their heads go free. To cure them of all their folly and ill principles is impracticable. If I could be sure of having one prayer answered, I would pray for this: that for fifty years throughout the whole world, politicians of all breeds would leave the people alone. We might then have a better world. We couldn't have a worse one." Hamer is weak, but not wicked, and Mr. Spring makes the most of his portrait.

THE American Civil War remains a live topic for novelists and historians. Although we are all pretty familiar with its leaders and campaigns, our interest continues unabated. To the people of the 1860's it was just as devastating and terrible as the present horror in Europe; now and then we get an inkling of the suffering that must have been caused to thousands of women and children by such terrible events as Sheridan's raids in the Shenandoah valley. A book by Henry Kyd Douglas, "I Rode With Stonewall", has something to say about that, as well as about the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson, the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, the social life of the officers of the Confederate army behind the lines (they didn't stop going to dances and weddings) and many other events of the day. Douglas was assistant adjutant general for Jackson and a brigade commander under Lee, but this is the first publication of this excellent book. (University of North Carolina Press, \$3)

I imagine that every student of the Lincoln story will have to have it, for Douglas was called as a witness in the trial of the conspirators after the assassination of Lincoln. He gives a picture of the trial and speaks feelingly of the cruel treatment of Mrs. Suratt, whom he adjudges to

have been innocent. This trial and all the incidents associated with John Wilkes Booth have received the attention of numerous writers in the last few years and we now know a great deal about them. Summing up the whole affair is George S. Bryan's "The Great American Myth: the True Story of Lincoln's Murder". (Carrick & Evans, \$3.75). Here is another book for the Lincoln fans, and a very good one. The author has a keen eye for fakery and unsupported evidence, and his analysis of the many curious stories surrounding the murder of Lincoln and the escape of Booth is extremely valuable. He shows that many people were mistaken, deluded or downright liars in their testimony; for instance, how the actress, Laura Keane, could exhibit a dress spotted with Lincoln's blood, when none of it got on her, is one of the curious bits here recorded. Mr. Bryan does not credit any of the stories that Booth escaped death and lived on under various names; he subjects each to careful scrutiny and points to the errors in them. This book is an excellent corrective to myths and legends; certainly the sort of work we ought to get about every great episode in history.

CHARLES DICKENS doesn't need introducing, any more than Mark Twain or Dumas, yet May Lamberton Becker's "Introducing Charles Dickens" turns out to be a most interesting way of getting acquainted with the author and his characters, for they were closely associated with his life. If you want to get an idea of the scope of Dickens' life, his many activities, and the extent of his imaginary world, this is a good way to get both; the book explains the great humanity of Dickens, that rich human sympathy that made his characters so real. (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50)

There are also several books of essays written by the bright minds of our time—an earnest discussion of a great many topics by Hilaire Belloc in "The Silence of the Sea and Other Essays" (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50) and a witty book about things Chinese and American by Lin Yutang, "With Love and Irony". (John

Day, \$2.75). Mr. Belloc's writing is in the older manner; he draws on the wisdom of many years. When he writes about the sea he says, "The places where the silence of the sea has been broken by man are nothing to the vast fields over which it still reigns and imposes itself. In good time the sea will recover all its heritage of silence; the works of man will have ceased, and the rattle of his mechanical contrivances. Then the silence of the sea will return."

As for Lin Yutang, he writes about Peking, Shanghai, the curious ways of New Yorkers, the characteristics of Chinese girls and the hazards of American cocktail parties, the advantages of being naked (at times) and a dozen other topics. The American home, says he "developed from chimneyed cottages, was changed into apartment flats and is disappearing into the trailer". This is not as weighty a book as "The Importance of Living", which so many readers enjoyed, but it is agreeable reading and its author is always genial.

Stefan Zweig is also known for his essays on great men. His new book, "The Tide of Fortune", is about them, too, but this time he does not give an analysis as exhaustive as that contained in "Master Builders". He calls his new studies twelve historical miniatures, and he endeavors to trace twelve fateful hours. He takes the career of Cicero, who defied the dictator and fought for the rights of the individual under the Republic, drawing a picture that has some relation to the situation of leaders of thought in our own time. He paints Balboa's discovery of the Pacific as a great histrionic occasion, attempted because Balboa wanted to save his own hide. He dissects Grouchy, who didn't help Napoleon at Waterloo, and Rouget de Lisle, who wrote the *Marseillaise* and then turned anti-republican; also Goethe, Lenin and Woodrow Wilson. He is not wholly successful with Lenin and Wilson, nor does he take into account certain events in the lives of Cicero, Grouchy and others that might affect his verdict, and since he has dealt with so many well-known figures the reader may quarrel with him if he desires. (Viking Press, \$2.75)

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

Mr. Buch paid an official visit to Dover, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, on November 12. The occasion was made a reunion night for those members who joined the lodge in the Joseph G. Buch Class last Spring. As the Grand Exalted Ruler had been unable to be present at the initiation, an opportunity was given him at this time to personally greet and congratulate them. A dinner, attended by the present officers and the Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, was served at the lodge home prior to the meeting. Delegations of Elks attended from Boonton, Madison, Bloomfield, Newton and other nearby communities. Among those who spoke, were Col.

Kelly, Past State Pres.'s John H. Cose, William J. Jernick and Nicholas Albano, D.D. William McCormack, Vice-Pres. Charles E. Coyle, and P.D.D. J. G. Thumm of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler outlined his program for the year and urged that it be supported by all Elks. Before the close of the meeting, which was presided over by E.R. Leroy J. Habbart, a gift in the form of a check was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Past Pres. Fletcher L. Fritts.

Camden, N.J., Lodge, No. 293, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler on November 14 with an enthusiastic reception despite bad weather conditions. Arriving

on the outskirts of the city, he was met by a police escort and taken to the Hotel Walt Whitman where he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, being taken afterward to the lodge home with his escort, a proposed parade having, necessarily, been cancelled. P.E.R. Frank M. Travaline, Jr., P.D.D., was in charge of the arrangements and presided at the meeting. Camden Lodge is the home lodge of Mr. Travaline who is secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mayor George E. Brunner extended a welcome on behalf of the city and presented to Mr. Buch a copy of the Proclamation by the Mayor, declaring No-

ember 14 Joseph G. Buch Day in Camden. Exalted Ruler John A. Reynolds welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of the lodge and presented him with a fine airplane traveling bag. Speakers on the program were Judge Clifford A. Baldwin, who is a member of Camden Lodge, and former Governor Harold G. Hoffman, a member of Perth Amboy Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler congratulated the lodge on its fine showing and, in particular, for its work during a paralysis epidemic. Among those present at the meeting were Past State Presidents Richard P. Hughes and Howard F. Lewis, District Deputies S. E. D'Ippolito and Charles McGovern, and Past Exalted Ruler James A. MacMillan, Camden, Vice-President of the

Southern District of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Delegations were present from Trenton, Bridgeton, Vineland, Burlington and other south Jersey cities and from Bristol and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Music was furnished by the Trenton and Camden Lodge bands and escort by the Camden Drill Team.

On Monday, November 11, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the "Little Army and Navy Game" at the Randall's Island Stadium. Between the halves a patriotic program was sponsored by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, featured by the "Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag" given by the Grand Exalted Ruler, in which all in attendance at the game participated.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 18)

repeat over and again the name of the article. Help him to find it. Make it an exciting game. When he finds the object make a big fuss over him. He'll love the praise. In later lessons dispense with the leash but still accompany him. (You of course know the leash is to guide him to the object of the search.) Still later command him to fetch the article without your accompanying him. From the beginning repeat the name of the room and don't change rooms until he knows that name.

An extension of the fetching lesson is to drill your dog in the fine art of carrying. Begin with a tightly-rolled newspaper. Put it in his mouth and clamp your hands over his jaws. Be careful not to shut off his breathing or you'll never teach him this stunt. Repeat the word "Carry." Remove your hands and each time he drops the paper put it back in his mouth and again get a head-lock on him repeating the command word. When he gets the idea, you can substitute a small basket.

When the class-room sessions begin and all through each of them, DO NOT TALK to your dog other than to give the necessary command words. Any other conversation will distract him. Make this a rigid rule. Try not to have other people or animals

in the same room during the study-periods. These too help to distract. For one or two stunts a second person is needed but in all others rule them out. Praise lavishly for successful performances and don't be too severe with the dog that is slow to learn. If your dog absolutely, after reasonable trial, refuses to learn one or two of the tricks, then forget them. Dogs are like people, some of them just will not or cannot learn certain things. Never punish such a dog and use no punishment other than suggested here when schooling the dog. Two fifteen-minute lessons a day are sufficient. You might make this three ten-minute sessions. Quit as soon as the dog tires or shows lack of interest. Make a game of every lesson. Don't try to teach more than one trick at a time; don't begin another trick until he's mastered the one you are teaching. Always use short command words—never more than two or three at the most. When giving commands speak a bit more sharply than usual. Don't try to school an unwell dog; this is cruel. Don't begin teaching until the dog is at least four or five months old. Encourage any interesting little trait that you can turn into a trick. And don't forget that you'll have to be patient, patient and then more patient.



"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.



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