

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



APRIL 1941

F. Carr



Today, you can't find a place to park

A LEAF floating lazily to earth in a sleeping forest. Brilliant patches of sunlight stealing across deep shadows.

The tempo of life so patient that change is imperceptible.

Solitude!

Today, on that same spot, throbbing crowds, eager and determined faces, impatient traffic. You can't find a place to park. The pioneer has built a city!

His achievements sprang of ambition. His goal was worth the hard work with crude tools, against merciless odds.

* * * *

Now a *new* goal is on the horizon. Industry is challenged to reach it. The challenge is accepted. America is stepping faster—better ideas, more

raw materials, more finished products. Science is doing its share, laboratories are discovering new methods—all in a spirit of determination that will fill the world with wonder. Have we not always been a nation of workmen, with a confidence in our ability to surmount obstacles that only strong men would tackle?

* * * *

People who get results agree that there is no substitute for hard work—that recreation and relaxation are staunch partners of prolonged effort.

In your well-earned leisure, select a beverage of moderation. A tall, stately glass of Budweiser is a standing invitation to make your moments of relaxation complete.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • ST. LOUIS

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Beverage of Moderation

MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.





Photo by Ewing Galloway

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

GREETINGS:

Another chapter in Elkdom's long and glorious history has been written in the Book of Time and this month we are starting a new page. What the coming twelve months will bring no one, on this mortal earth, knows. So it is truly a responsibility that falls on the shoulders of the newly-elected Exalted Rulers—a responsibility that must be carried well if the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is to maintain its place as the greatest fraternal organization in America.

It is not necessary for me to urge you to live up to the high ideals of our Order. The membership of your lodge has placed the utmost confidence in your ability—do not betray this trust. As your Grand Exalted Ruler I am counting on your loyal support and I know you will not fail me. But you cannot carry on alone. A capable Secretary and active subordinate officers will do much to keep the spirit of Elkdom alive and I ask that all of you men, either just elected or reelected to these most important posts, put your shoulders to the wheel. With efficient leadership, the membership will fall in line and, with all cooperating, the year ahead should be an outstanding one in the annals of our Order.

That the loyal spirit of Elkdom still prevails is evident from the fine response, both for the General John J. Pershing and for the Grand Exalted Ruler and Subordinate Officers Classes. Thousands of worthy Americans have been added to the rolls of our Order. Do not let them lose interest but arouse an even more active participation by the lodge in your community affairs, particularly defense programs, so that each and every one will feel proud that he is an Elk and a true American.

The Elks National Defense Commission is continuing its fine work and the interest aroused through the Poster Essay Contest has been most gratifying. Thousands of school children all over the country participated and thus came to know more about America and Elkdom, with its proud history, than would have otherwise been possible.

As my term as Grand Exalted Ruler fast nears its close, I am most anxious for all lodges to keep up their good work so that I may turn over to my successor, who will be elected at the Grand Lodge Session in Philadelphia next July, a membership that is thoroughly behind our program and alert to every movement that will have for its purpose the betterment of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

And so our slogan will continue to be "GO FORWARD". The groundwork has been done, the future is up to all of us.

Fraternally,

Joseph G. Buch
Grand Exalted Ruler.

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

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THIS MONTH We Present—



Loring Dowst

LORING "DUSTY" Dowst, author of "Johnny Flew Home", is a very different person from what his biographical synopsis leads one to

suppose. His picture shows him loading bananas in the Virgin Islands. Let me tell you this is strictly a gag. There is very little he knows about bananas, outside of how to sink them in sugar and cream. Anyway, here's what he has to say—and you can take it for what it's worth:

"I'm a desk slave, as I imagine four-fifths of you fellows are. And I've got a dream I'll bet is shared by five-eighths of you—a farm in the country, with a vegetable patch, a cider barrel and a cow. I'll have a typewriter, too. And if I can't wring anything out of the latter, I'll squeeze something out of the cow!"

The next time Mr. Dowst sells us a story, we're sure his autobiography will be brand new and twice as good.

Gordon Ramsey, who wrote "Peter's Party", has this to say:

"The Amazon is a great place! If you're like I am, you'll keep on traveling. You'll have something to write about when you get back. The Hambesis, mentioned in 'Peter's Party', actually exist, and the story of how they in all innocence smashed a camera is told around Iquitos and relished. There are a lot of men like Major Mallard, too.

"I come by writing through a desire to put into story form something of what I've seen and heard in the jungle and at sea. I've been in the Navy, the Coast Survey and the Merchant Marine—and sailed everything from a balsa raft to a liner.

"I hope this will be enough to serve your purpose. If I had time to get home—Fall River, Mass.—I could furnish you a better picture than this snap of myself in a tramp-ship outfit."

As for Dickson Hartwell, perpetrator of "Public Relations Between Boss and Employee", he went to Pennsylvania University. He is a partner in the Public Relations firm of Hartwell, Jobson and Kibbee and has been in the business for ten years. He's pretty good at it, too. He says his personal foibles are vintage champagne and opera, which sounds pretty exotic for our Magazine. However, we think you'll find his article makes very good sense.



Gordon Ramsey



Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON

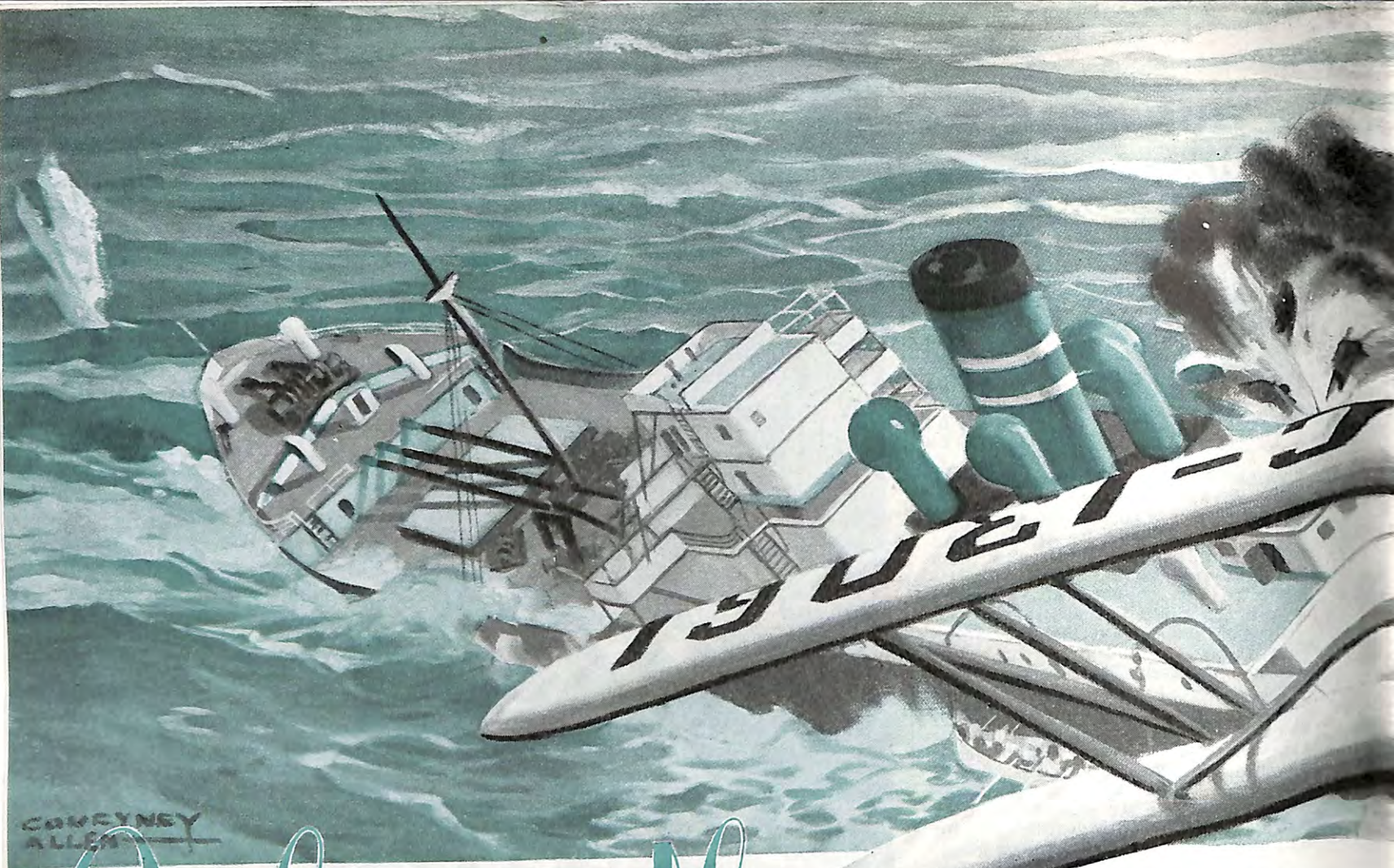
The purple-and-gray colors carried by Moonraker...
famous Kentucky thoroughbred of "Double-Rich" quality

**Play the Favorite... for
"Double-Rich" Pleasure!**

Way out in front of the fine Bourbon field is Cream of Kentucky—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass... with water from a special spring of century-old fame for making extra rich Bourbon... "trained" by Kentucky's premier Bourbon distiller. Taste what "Double-Rich" means to you—in extra flavor and smoothness!

90 proof. Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.





Johnny flew HOME

By Loring Dowst

JOHNNY DOANE thundered down the length of the multi-colored stands, saw the checkered flag drop, and rolled his twelve-hundred-horsepowered Baird Teardrop into a steep pylon turn. He completed a full extra lap just for luck. The Markham Gold Cup was in the bag, and so was the two-thousand-dollar prize. For Johnny, the worst was yet to come: autograph collectors, reporters and photographers.

He landed in the specified area far from the crowds, and was picked up by an official car. On the way to the speakers' stand he heard the voice of the master of ceremonies reverberating over the public address system: "... won by Johnny Doane, ace of the recent Spanish war, veteran free lance pilot, in his Baird special ... here he comes now ... going to ask him to say hello ..."

Johnny signed his name for countless kids and adults, and wormed his way to the platform. The M.C. introduced him and he clutched the

microphone with a grimy fist. Frowning, his dark eyes scanned the press section. This was the last day of the races, and still he did not see her.

"Tell 'em anything, pal," the M.C. was whispering. "Tell 'em how you feel. Tell 'em hullo."

"Hullo, everybody," Johnny said, and he jumped at hearing his voice from so many quarters. "I feel fine—and very lucky. I got the breaks and my ship performed perfectly ..."

"Say something about Florida," the M.C. murmured from the side of his mouth.

"... and I am very happy to be down here in sunny Florida again, taking part in this great air show ..." The M.C. took the mike, and men with shiny red officials' badges flocked around Johnny to shake his hand. He responded vaguely, continually stretching his tall body, looking for just one face in the crowd. He was not so sure he was glad to be down here in sunny Flori-

da again. He had never been unhappier than he was the night he left Miami three years ago.

The race ended amid hearty cheering and the presentation of trophies was in order. J. D. Markham, owner of the *Miami Photo-Bulletin* and co-sponsor of the races, presented the Markham Gold Cup to Johnny Doane. Oil-smudged, tired pilots in spotted white coveralls like Johnny's received checks, plaudits and the attention of the press. Cameras clicked, and Johnny felt very foolish standing there with a big cup in his arms.

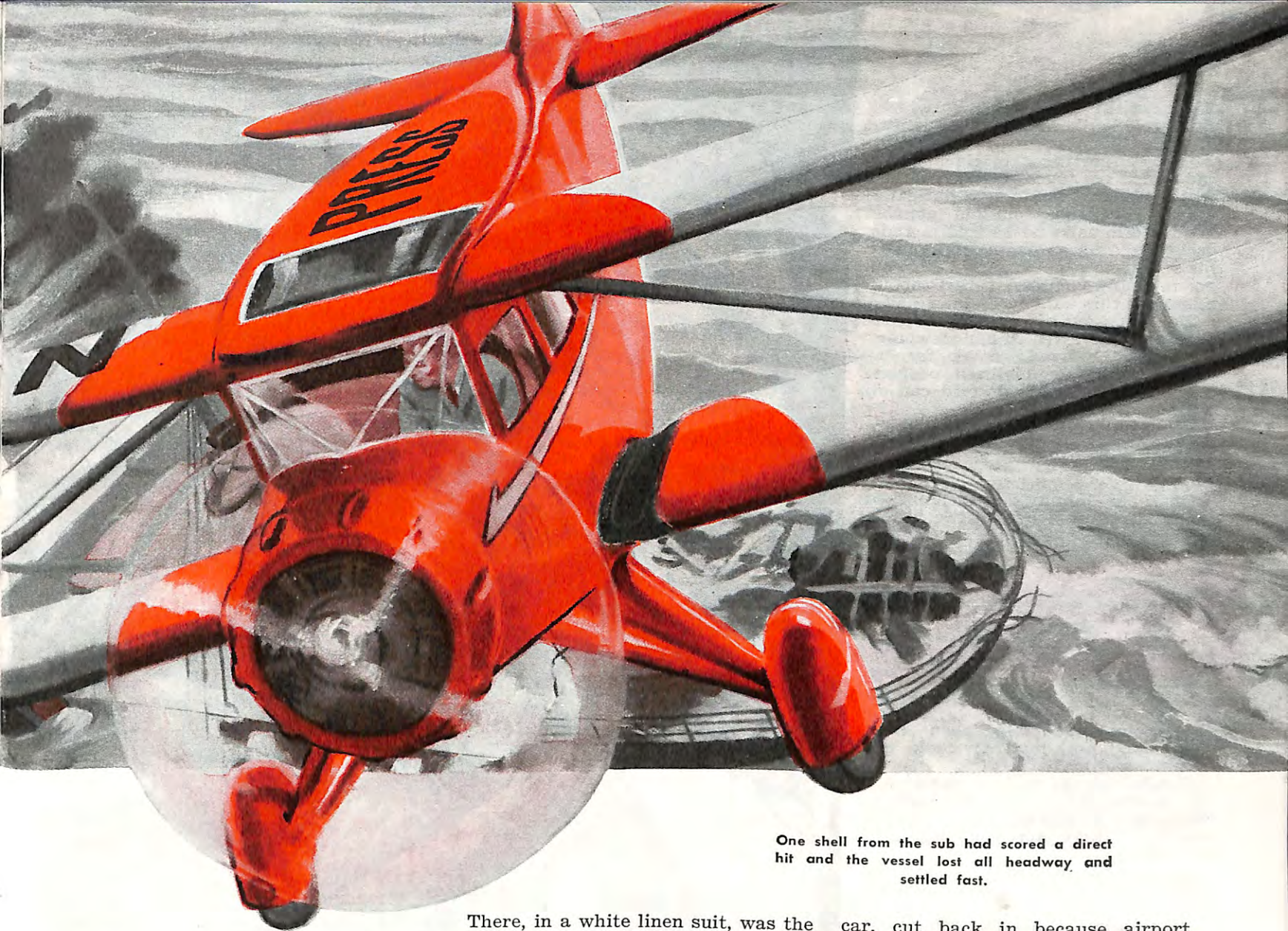
Reporters were busy with pencils. "How long were you flying in Spain?" one asked.

"Eleven months," Johnny answered. The questions came thicker and faster.

"Is it true that you shot down sixteen enemy planes?"

"Was there a thousand-dollar bonus for every victory?"

"Did you collect the money. . . ?" The pressmen seemed not to no-



One shell from the sub had scored a direct hit and the vessel lost all headway and settled fast.

tice the anger smouldering in Johnny's eyes. He scratched his black, curly hair nervously, exposing patches of silver and a scar. "Give me a break, guys. I've told you before that I never—"

"Maybe you told somebody else, pal, but not us. . . . Did you ever meet the man who shot you down?" They went right on. Was it true that he had been unconscious eight days after the crash? If the United States went to war, would he. . . .

He started walking, seeking an avenue of escape. They crowded closer, goaded by his displeasure. A thick rain cloud cut off the setting sun. He saw a photographer raise a camera with a photo-flood bulb attached. He yelled, "Don't!" The light exploded and threatened to rouse a terror slumbering in Johnny's brain. He seized the cameraman by the lapels and cocked his fist.

"Haven't you had enough fighting, Johnny Doane?"

He turned around, speechless.

There, in a white linen suit, was the real reason for his trip to Miami. She had not changed much; she wore her honey-colored hair longer, and a deeper tan intensified the blue of her eyes. With her usual efficiency she commandeered two policemen who cleared a path for them. Presently they were in her car, heading for town.

At last he said, "Much obliged, Liz."

She took a hand from the wheel to tuck a strand of hair into the open crown of her white turban. "Don't mention it. I love to rescue harassed heroes."

Johnny shivered. "What a happy reunion. You pull me out of the frying pan into your own exclusive fire. And for that I owe you an interview!"

"No," she said. "Liz Callender does not interview unimportant people."

"Fair enough. I'll catch a bus on the next corner."

"That isn't necessary. I won't bother you—except to ask you one question."

"Get it over with," he growled.

Liz swung out of line to pass a

car, cut back in because airport traffic was still heavy. She seemed impatient, as always. She disliked inactivity and waste motion, a trait which had made her one of J. D. Markham's most valued photo-reporters.

"I was wondering," she said, "if you are proud of the acclaim you won killing people."

"You're being unfair, Liz. I—"

"You killed them, didn't you?"

His voice was harsh. "Of course I killed them. That was my job. And my reason for accepting it was as sincere as your objections. I'd do it again if it wasn't for. . . ." He shuddered inwardly and let the words die out. This was not the moment to talk of battle wounds.

She drove on in silence. He had not expected to walk back into her heart as one enters a door. But he had hoped Time would soften some of her bitterness toward him. He had counted upon the rape of Europe to change her attitude. His glance swept over her, from her bare brown legs to her vital, piquant face, and found her even more desirable than he'd remembered.

He had been a promising flight

Johnny Doane could fly away from his girl and his career—but he couldn't fly away from himself.

officer with the company which pioneered South America's air lanes, Inter-Continental Airways. One day, as he flew north out of Havana, he had ceded to a growing conviction that he was needed to fight in Spain. Liz was waiting for him at the Miami terminal, and he told her his decision. As soon as she recognized his seriousness, she had said, "If you go to war—you can forget about marrying this gal."

He expressed his opinion of pacifism, and she revealed her viewpoint in words he would never forget: "War is not for civilized peoples, but for savages. The world can do without it."

"No," he said. "As long as there are principles worth living for, there will be war. Men are made that way."

There in Johnny's coupe, parked on the edge of a quiet little beach,

He got out and slammed the door.
"Don't let me detain you," he said
just as he disappeared into the hotel.

their romance tumbled about their ears. And nothing they could say would save it. . . .

Traffic thinned and the car picked up speed. They traveled east to Biscayne Boulevard and turned south. "Where are you staying?" Liz asked.

He told her, waited a moment and said, "Liz, will you have dinner with me?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "There are one or two things to clean up at the office. After that, I'm busy."

Johnny might have known. "Sure," he said. "Of course."

She drew to the curb before his hotel. "Thanks again, Liz," he said as he opened the door. "I'll give you a ring before I go."

"Don't bother."

He deliberated, and said, "Give the man my congratulations."

"There is no one to congratulate."

"Well, then—"

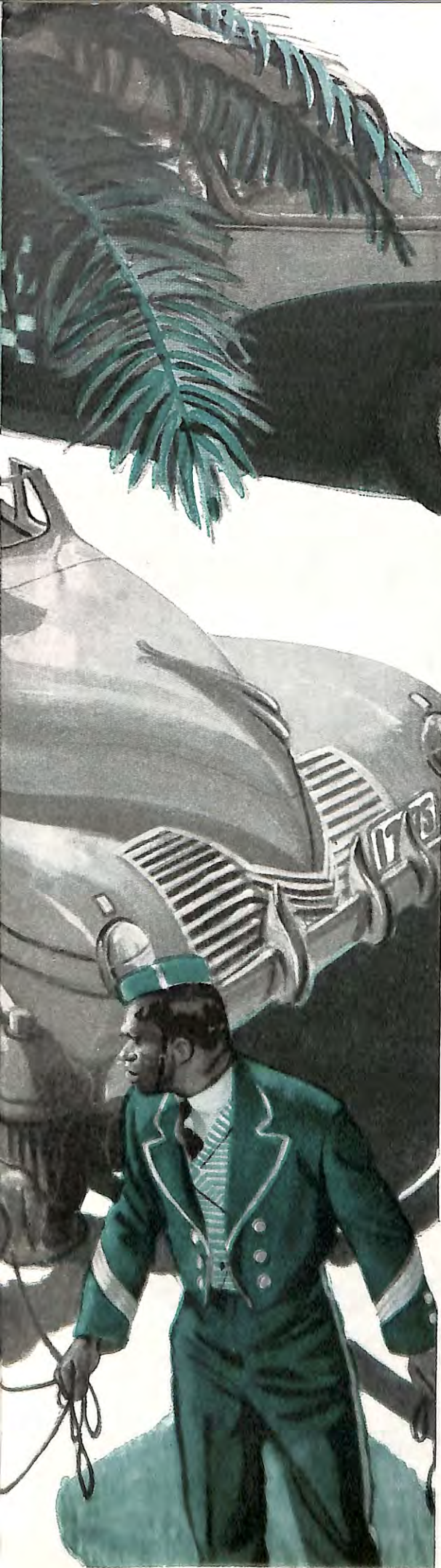
"Don't you understand, Johnny?"

She faced him fully. "You're not the person I used to love. The war did something to you. It stifled your ambition, made you a drifter. I can't respect an aimless drifter."

Indeed, the war had done something to him. European doctors had called it battle shock, akin to shell shock. He had experienced two recurrences—utter blackouts in action—before being declared unfit for combat service. Back in America, he had dared accept no flying post involving human cargo. That was the reason for his being a drifter. Presently, at the risk of his pride, he would tell Liz, for she would understand. Just now, the words would not come. Instead, he said, "I've won some good races, Liz."

"Races? What's permanent about





winning a race! Johnny Doane, Spanish War Ace, gets into the papers now and then. I've watched your progress—or rather, lack of it. It ought to be: Johnny Doane, Flying Bum!"

He turned crimson. He got out and slammed the door. "Don't let me detain you," he said, and disappeared into the hotel.

He ate a three-dollar steak without tasting a morsel. Tomorrow he would leave this town forever. Coming here had been a mistake. In the lobby he bought a late *Photo-Bulletin*. On the front page was his picture, shaking hands with J. D. Markham, owner of the paper and patron of aviation. The caption said: "Doane wins Markham Trophy and \$2000. Story on page 3." He turned the page and read the headline: "FLYING BUM WINS MARKHAM CLASSIC." The credit line was Elizabeth Callender's. He didn't read the story. He went to bed seething, determined to stay in Miami and make Liz eat those words.

Unquestionably, Johnny was a flying bum. But he had always held himself to be a victim of circumstance. The last specialist he had consulted, a Londoner, had said, "Surgery is not indicated. Avoid war-like stimuli and you may never suffer another attack. Time alone can tell—I cannot." And so, because Johnny would rather die than stop flying, he had become a lone-wolf operator. Now, he realized, the subsequent two years' continual flying had not provoked another recurrence. Well, he told himself, it was time to wake up.

Inter-Continental Airways was steadily expanding, and Johnny had a good chance to win back his old berth. However, special ratings in communications and instrument flying were required to meet the newest standards. It would take him two or three months to get them. In the meantime, he had to have a job. He thought of the air-minded publisher, J. D. Markham, and smiled. Markham owned ten newspapers and employed two photographic airplanes for each paper. Pictures were the life-blood of Markham's business.

Markham was a tough, dynamic little man with a shock of coarse white hair. He came out from behind his desk to greet Johnny, his head barely reaching the pilot's collar bone.

"I'm shifting one of the *Photo-Bulletin* boys to Atlanta," he said. "But the next man I hire must love over-water work. You've heard the submarine rumors down here on the Florida coast—I want to nail one of these yarns with pictures."

Johnny said, "My meat, Mr. Markham. I did a two-year trick with Inter-Continental and I was trained in the Navy. You can't beat that for a sea-going combination."

"Sounds good, Doane. By the way, you flew a sweet race. As far—" He reached out to answer the tele-

phone. "Send her in," he said, and before he went on Liz Callender came in.

"Oh." She saw Johnny and stopped. "I beg your pardon—"

"It's all right." J.D. nodded toward Johnny. "Johnny Doane, the racing pilot. Miss Callender."

Liz smiled uncertainly. "Oh, yes. We've met. How are you?"

"Not bad," Johnny answered, as if he meant to add, "And no thanks to you."

J. D. addressed Liz. "Understand they call this fellow the Flying Bum. You reckon we have any use for him?"

Liz colored. Johnny did, too. She said, "Well, he can fly. And he's had a lot of publicity lately. That might be worth something."

Heated words came into Johnny's mind, but he held his peace. Markham chuckled like a man who enjoys humor at the expense of others. "Good enough," he said. "Liz, take him down to Personnel to file his card. See you later about that other matter."

Walking down the hall Liz said, "There's a splendid future in hacking cameramen around—"

"Your interest in my future touches me," Johnny snapped. "That friendly tag in the paper last night, and your support in Markham's office just now—" They reached a door marked *Personnel Manager*. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Liz."

"It's going to be easy to find out," she said, and left him.

JOHNNY chauffeured cameramen all over the State of Florida; he scoured the coast on numerous submarine rumors without seeing anything more exciting than a revenue cutter. At night, and during every spare daylight hour, he practiced and studied his rating requirements. He had never worked harder in his life. He made no effort to see Liz; the few times their paths crossed, they had merely said hello.

In the middle of February he earned his new certificates, and early in March he received a cursory note from Inter-Continental Airways. His application had been approved. Would he report for duty April first? ... A week later, a super-clipper came through from the factory for Inter-Continental. The company and the city of Miami, both wise in the ways of publicity, made an occasion of the arrival. Municipal potentates, aviation executives, Latin American consuls, travel agents and—last but not least—the press, gathered at I.C.A.'s magnificent seaplane terminal on the lower bay.

Johnny watched the mayor's daughter christen the new mistress of the skies, while tanned young men stood at attention on the ramp beside her. To him, those smart uniforms symbolized something he had once considered lost forever.

(Continued on page 39)

IT HAS been said that nothing is more typical American than baseball and hot dogs. If this is true, the four Stevens brothers deserve investigation as a typical American family. Perhaps the Stevenses, at that, are more significant than typical, for the clan popularized the hot dog and helped stabilize baseball, a large order of achievement for any family.

You've heard tell of the Stevens boys, of course. They've fed more people than any family in history. The slogan of the house, "From the Hudson to the Rio Grande"—an accurate description of the scope of their activities—emblazoned under rampant hot dogs on a field of peanuts, is to be found in almost any ball park, race-track or large indoor arena you patronize. The bellow of their vendors, "Yuh can't tell the players without a scorecard," has become a familiar phrase in the language of the sporting world.

Hot Dog Dynasty

By Stanley Frank

Maybe you didn't know, though, that the late Harry M. Stevens, founder of the hot dog dynasty, was a tremendous moral and financial factor in the promotion of baseball, his and his sons' deep, abiding interest.

The fancy prices Stevens paid for his concessions enabled more than one major-league owner to open his gates and, as a consequence, saved the entire structure of organized baseball. He advanced the expenses Charley Ebbets needed to send the Dodgers to training camp and when the Giants and Braves were strapped for ready money, Stevens tided those

clubs over the rough spots. And it's on the record that the sons once loaned the late Colonel Jake Ruppert, one of the wealthiest men in the country, \$400,000.

In the old days, concessionaires reaped a rich harvest from the sale of liquor and beer in ball parks. A citizen less idealistic than Stevens would have fought strenuously against laws barring the public sale of booze in the parks, but the founder of the dynasty actually supported the legislation because he realized it was necessary for the promotion of baseball. It is a great pleasure to

(Continued on page 49)



The lowdown on Harry M. Stevens and his boys—charter members of the Right Royal Order of the Tepid Terrier—Hot Dawg to you.

WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading



Against a background of London's St. Paul's cathedral in flames is Quentin Reynolds, author of "The Wounded Don't Cry".

By Harry Hansen

MEN AROUND 40 YEARS of age, who attended one of the major universities and can't work up much pep for alumni reunions, and whose office hours are put in trying to find a new way of advertising soap, ought to get a lot of fun out of John P. Marquand's new novel, "H. M. Pulham, Esquire". This description doesn't fit every man, nor is it meant to, and yet it fits enough of us to make Mr. Marquand's new story an ironic and amusing dig at certain types in American life. Harry Pulham was a Harvard graduate and his family enjoyed observing the conventional ways of conservative Boston. After the war he did shake loose from his moorings and by getting a position in the copy-writing department of an advertising office in New York he began to do unconventional things, such as falling hard for a white-collar girl. When his father said, "Harry, what the devil is it you do in New York?" Harry explained that he was helping develop the Coza soap campaign. "Thunder!" said his father, "You can't like anything like that!"

"I like it," said Harry, "because

something's happening all the time."

"I can't follow you," said his father. "I can't recall ever wanting things to happen. I've spent all my life trying to fix it so that things wouldn't happen."

And that secure, stabilized life was the life against which Harry was mildly rebelling, but there were strong forces pulling him into the tide, and he couldn't resist his family, his college mates and the interest of the girl his family had picked out for him all the time. Mr. Marquand, then, makes a most amusing, entertaining story out of H. M. Pulham's progress, dipping back into what he recalls of his boyhood, and it's like a window on certain phases of American existence. Advertising men will enjoy it even though it makes a lot of fun of their methods; there is a Mr. Bullard in every office, tensely concentrating on the important problem of what makes soap clean. There is, in every alumni group, a man like Bo-jo Brown, who gets up luncheons, talks about getting out for alma mater and yet never seems to do anything important. This novel is not as long as "Wickford Point" and hence easier reading; it is about the size and has the ironic implications of "The Late George Apley". There is a chance that Mr. Marquand has

packed bits of autobiography into his novel. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50)

It is hard to picture an author preferring seclusion to public life in these days. Usually authors are seen and heard everywhere; they speak at

(Continued on page 50)



Above is John P. Marquand, popular magazine writer, who has just completed a new book, "H. M. Pulham, Esquire".

PUBLIC RELATIONS

FOR BOSS AND EMPLOYEE

By Dickson Hartwell



The second of Mr. Hartwell's business articles presents a keyhole picture of that old bug-bear, the Boss—and tells what to do about him.

A FEW days ago in a small Mid-western city the owner and proprietor—the “boss”—of a little laundry business called in to his diminutive office one of his two delivery truck drivers. He was serious and perplexed as he sat behind his desk and it was obvious to Bill,

the driver, that something was on the boss' mind.

It didn't take the boss long to unload. “Bill,” he said bluntly. “I've just got the bookkeeper's statements. It's costing me \$22.50 more a month to operate your truck than it does Tom's. I want to know why.”

Bill gulped. So it was that again. “Aw, my bus just uses more gas, I guess,” he answered glumly.

“You mean *you* use more gas—and more tires. And you nick more fenders and have more repairs. You razzoo that truck around your route like it was a racing car. I'm fed up with it, Bill, and I'm going to teach you a lesson. I'm going to dock you five bucks a month until you learn to drive properly and get these costs down. Understand?”

Bill was crushed and anger turned sour in him. “Aw, what are you crabbin' about? You're making plenty of money,” he muttered.

The boss turned livid but controlled himself. “That's all, Bill,” he said evenly. “Just remember what I said.”

Bill stalked out, and there you have a practically perfect example of absolute zero in public relations between boss and employee. Bill went home sore, feeling abused and unrightfully penalized and thinking about how to get even. The boss angrily continued to analyze his financial statements believing that no employee ever gives a continental about helping him meet his expenses and payroll; that all they care about is doing the least work for the most money.

Both were wrong. What they came up against is one of the most difficult problems in business,—the delicate and vitally important relationship between employer and employee. Thousands of small business men face it every day and so do tens of thousands of the people who work for them. If these relations are badly handled, most of the time it is only because neither employer nor employee has any real comprehension of his responsibility toward the other. Many bosses are prone to think that all they have to do is to see that the Saturday payroll is ready on time. Most employees believe that if they put in their forty hours a week their end of the bargain is fulfilled. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Take Bill for instance. He believes his job is to pick up and de-

ALLEGIANCE IS A BROAD TERM. IT DOESN'T MEAN GOING ABOUT CONSTANTLY BROADCASTING ABOUT WHAT A WONDERFUL GUY THE BOSS IS.

liver laundry without losing it or getting the bundles mixed. That's what he is paid for and as long as he does it the boss has no complaint. Three times a week he makes the long run out to suburbs and on these days he lets the truck out a little. He thinks it is efficient to try to beat the lights in downtown traffic, even though it does mean a lot of screeching of brakes, a few frightened pedestrians and dirty looks from people in other automobiles. He's proud of his ability to stop on a dime. Never in his young life has it occurred to Bill that the people he frightens and who glare at him don't really see him as a person. But they

BY SENDING AN EMPLOYEE OUT OF HIS OFFICE WITH A GRUDGE A BOSS IS BUILDING A REPUTATION AS A SIMON LEGREE.

do see his truck with the big sign on it "CRESCENT LAUNDRY". So everywhere he goes he is building antagonism—not for himself, but for the company for which he works. Quite aside from the money he might save by careful driving, the boss' complaint, Bill has never figured out that almost everybody in town is a potential Crescent Laundry customer and that every dirty look may mean a loss of business for his firm. He doesn't realize that the raise he'd like to have must come from new customers.

And then take Bill's boss. He has sent one of his employees out of his office with a grudge. What Bill is going to tell his wife and what she is going to tell their friends about him as an employer is nobody's business. His reputation as a Simon Legree is being built and one day, if his business does grow, that reputation may bounce back at him in a labor strike which may do him serious harm. The boss doesn't see Bill as an irresponsible youngster who needs a little careful guidance, a little fatherly grooming. The boss doesn't stop to consider that Bill is inherently decent and if only somebody would sit down and talk to him and sincerely try to show him what his part is in building up the business, he would respond like a puppy to its master's petting—and do a real job. The boss thinks Bill should know and live by simple economic rules. But Bill has never heard of them.

In these days of keen competition a successful business—and particularly a small business—must have close cooperation between the boss and his employees. They must pull together as a unit. In order to do this well, each must be willing to assume his full share of the responsibility that rightfully belongs to him. Most people suppose that the bulk of the responsibility belongs to the boss. This isn't true. He takes the risk, the worry and most of the grief but his employees owe him just about as much as he owes them, which, to be sure, is plenty.

Before analyzing these responsibilities in detail it is important to get a picture of what makes up a small business. In the first place there is capital. No business can be operated without capital whether the amount is \$500 or \$500,000,000. Most small businesses have \$1,500 or \$2,000 in capital but many have \$10,000 and even \$50,000 in cash, plant, machinery, stocks, trucks and other assets. In a small business this capital is usually owned or controlled by the boss. Even though he may have borrowed much of it, it represents his direct interest in the business. He works not only for the

ONE PARKING LOT ATTENDANT OVERHEARD SEVERAL WOMEN COMPLAIN ABOUT THE DIFFICULTY IN DRIVING THROUGH THE NARROW ALLEY.

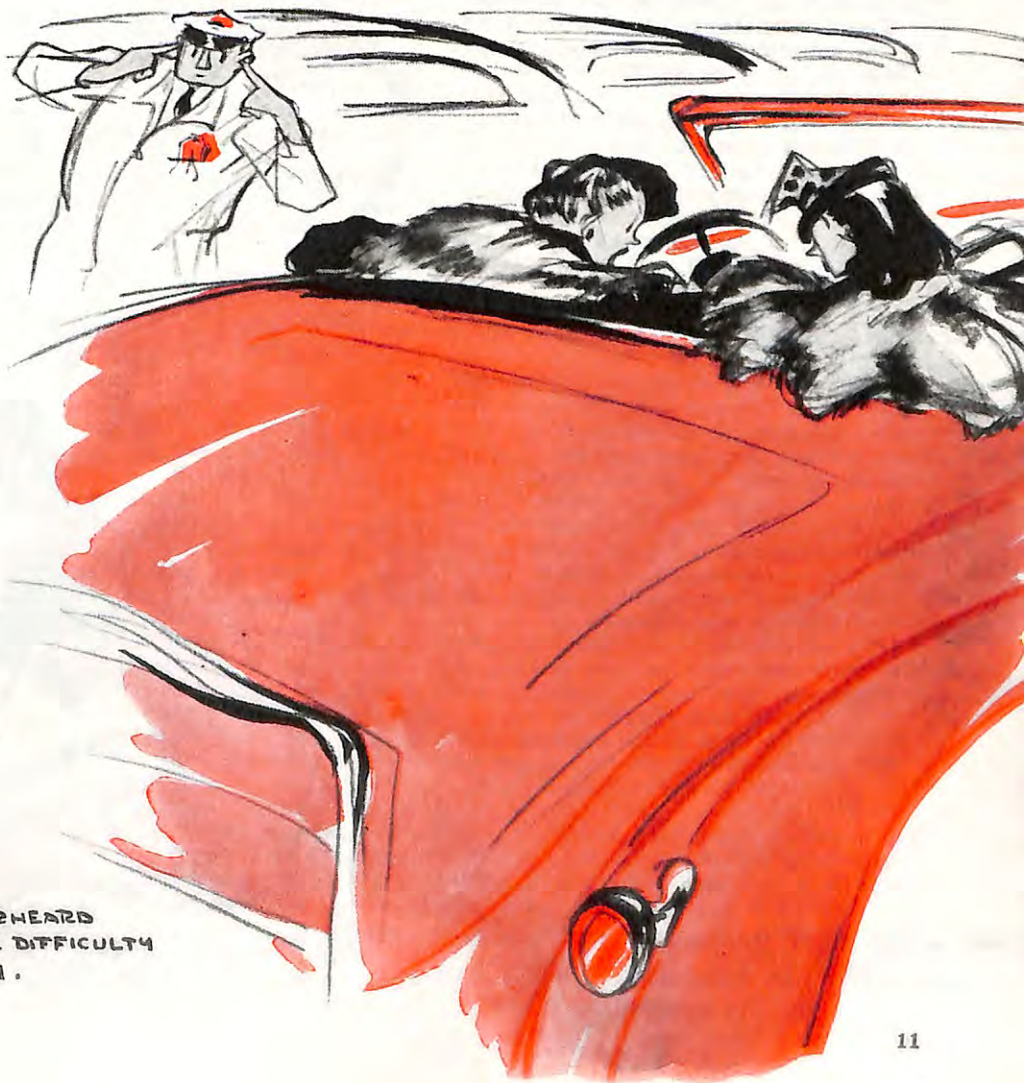


salary he pays himself but also to increase his capital so he can safely increase the scope of his business.

Secondly, there is the boss himself. In theory he will prosper, and his employees with him, in proportion to his business acumen. Business acumen is really a high-sounding phrase for guessing ability developed out of native intelligence,

education and experience. The boss who has these three in proper proportion is likely to be successful. The destiny of business in this country is directed by nearly 2,000,000 men who meet these qualifications with varying capabilities.

A third ingredient is good will. Every action, every policy, every function of a company affect good



Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT AND THE MOST DIFFICULT OBLIGATION IS TO REMEMBER AND APPRECIATE THAT THERE MUST BE A BOSS.



will, for better or worse, just as certainly as Bill's careless driving affected the public attitude toward the Crescent Laundry. Without some good will no business can succeed.

The fourth ingredient in business is the employee. Whether there are three or thirty or 30,000 of him, the employee frequently spells the difference between success and failure. And with over a thousand small businesses failing in the United States every day it is not unreasonable to assume that the employee has an importance which has been greatly neglected, if not entirely overlooked.

The responsibilities of the employee to his boss are manifold if simple.

Perhaps the most important and the most difficult obligation is for him to remember and appreciate that there must be a boss. This is not only true of the American capitalistic system of economics. It is true in socialism, communism, fascism, feudalism, single taxism, anarchism, ham-and-eggism, Townsendism, Catholicism, nomadism, Buddahism, and Taoism. It is true of every social, economic, religious or governmental system devised by organized society. Without a boss there can be only chaos.

But the boss must be more than the signature on the pay check and a source of instructions. If he is worth working for, and with, he is worthy of respect. Although there are obligations incumbent on him to make it merited, which will be de-

scribed later, the boss should also have allegiance.

Allegiance is a broad term. It doesn't mean going about constantly bragging about what a wonderful guy the boss is. Nor does it mean continuously currying favor with compliments or otherwise polishing the apple. It merely means an instinctive desire to go to bat for the boss, rather than against him, any time, any place on anything. An employee who does this may not always be right, but he will always be loyal. And it works both ways; for what a man gives to his boss he can expect in return.

One of the best services that a person can render an employer is to try constantly to improve his meth-

ods of doing business. This includes everybody from the switchboard operator to the sales manager. Suggestions from employees are widely encouraged by some major business corporations. A number of them offer substantial monetary rewards for ideas that are accepted. Many openly encourage such suggestions by frequently repeated invitations to submit them or by means of "suggestion boxes" placed throughout the plant. These suggestion boxes are particularly effective because they give enterprising employees an opportunity to submit their ideas without the embarrassment of going before some "imposing" official.

Obviously most of the suggestions submitted may be valueless. Probably the boss has already thought of many of them and they have been discarded for one reason or another that would not be apparent to anyone but himself. But even if only one in a hundred clicks, it is worthwhile. As the owner of a garage and automobile agency said, "I gave everyone in my organization a raise this year. They paid for it themselves out of ideas for saving on overhead costs and ideas for getting new business. Any employee who can't give me one good idea a year, no matter how unimportant it is, can't hold a job in my shop."

Just because a suggestion seems to be of minor importance is no reason to ignore it. One small New England firm does much of its business over the telephone. The switchboard operator is the busiest person in the place. Frequently she has two or three calls coming in over her board at the same time. In answering calls it was her practice to give the firm's number in full Clendenning 9-6000. It occurred to her that



SHE COULD SAVE TIME AND STILL SAY ALL THAT WAS NEEDED AS SHE MERELY SAID "GOOD"

SOMEHOW THE THEORY SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN AROUND THAT BREAKS COME OF THEIR OWN ACCORD.

she could save time and still say all that was needed if she merely said "6000". A small thing, certainly, but it cut down the aggregate waiting time of impatient customers.

A chain cleaning and pressing establishment identified its customers' suits and dresses by means of indelible code numbers on a small white tag securely fastened to the garment by a metal clasp. One night at a bridge party an employee of this chain noticed one of these tags sticking out from the tail of a friend's coat. Several others at the party noticed it also. To much kidding about his "social security and draft number", and with considerable embarrassment, the guest removed the offending tag—not however without a muttered curse at the



his ability. The hair is carefully combed, the shirt is crisp from the laundry, the clothes carefully pressed and the shoes shined to a sometimes unaccustomed brilliance. He tries to "look his best". When the boss hires him he hires him on the basis of that appearance. If he has scored 100% for neatness, in the boss' impression it is not unreasonable to assume that the boss expects that standard from him throughout their relationship, regardless of the kind of work the man is expected to do. It is just as possible for a gasoline station attendant to be neat as it is for a ribbon salesman. And just as worthwhile.

Neatness is important to the boss because every contact the employee has with a customer or the general

WHAT BILL'S WIFE IS GOING TO TELL THEIR FRIENDS ABOUT HIS BOSS IS NOBODY'S BUSINESS

cleaning company. The next day the employee told his boss about the incident and added, "We put the tags on, why don't we take 'em off?" Thereafter they did.

An employee of a super-service filling station observed that the twenty-four-hour operation of a nearby factory, due to defense orders, provided a large amount of traffic late at night and early in the morning from employees going back and forth from work. His boss was skeptical when he suggested that they remain open all night. Finally to prove his point he volunteered to try it without pay. The first night the net profit was \$11. The second night the net was \$18.50. The third day the boss gave in. Yes, he got a raise.

In a big city with congested traffic an enterprising employee of a huge but unprofitable parking lot overheard several women customers com-

plain about the difficulty of driving in through the narrow alley which was the lot's only entrance. He began spending his idle time on the curb and when customers slowed up to turn in he ran out, handed them a check and offered to drive the car in. Word got around among many not-too-expert women, and men, drivers of this extra courtesy of the XYZ Parking Station. Today XYZ operates ten parking lots and employs a whole staff of drivers who meet customers in the street. The observant young man is assistant manager.

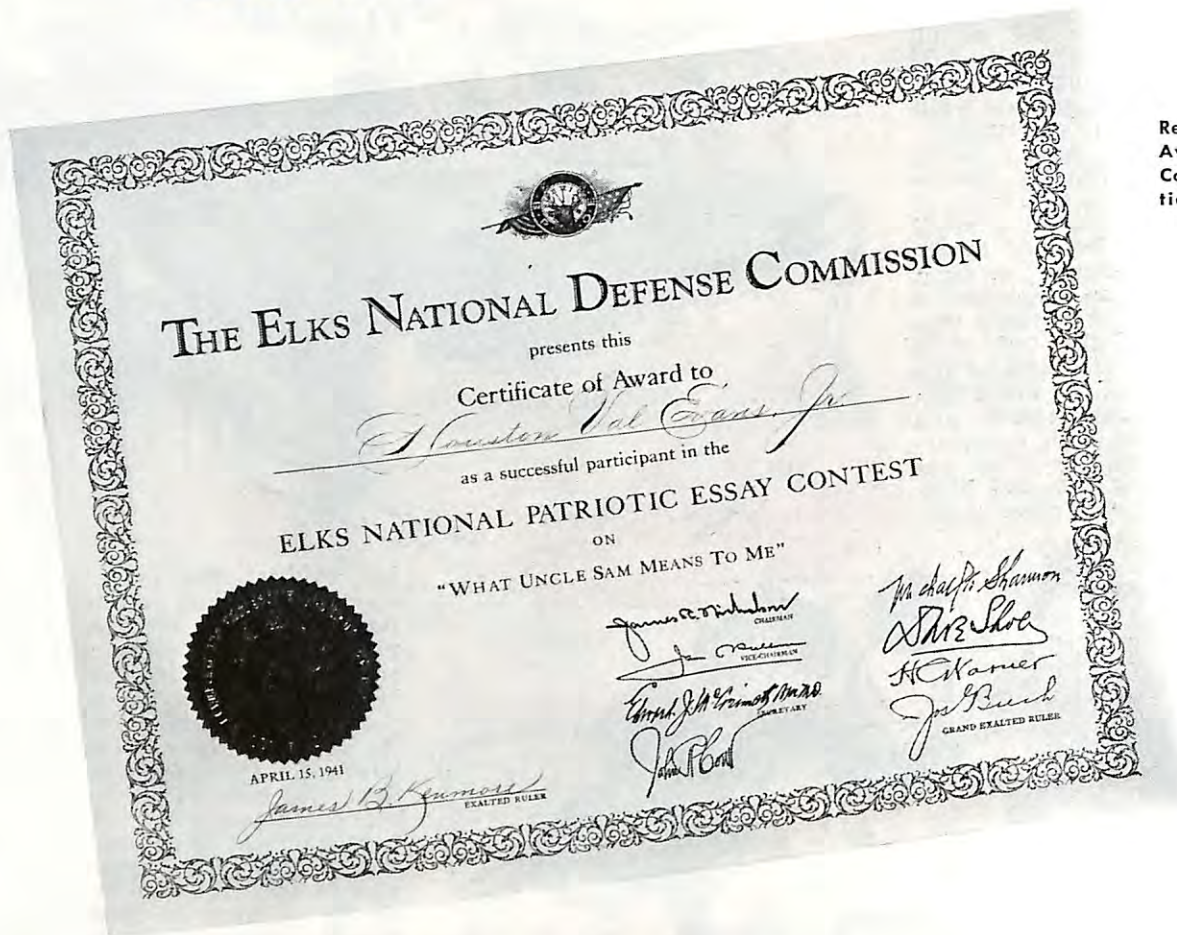
There are many other obligations of the employee to his boss. Not the least of these is good, old fashioned neatness. Contrary to popular opinion, neatness isn't natural, it is an achievement. It takes time and effort but it pays dividends. When a man applies for a job he most likely spruces himself up to the height of

public creates an impression by which the boss himself and his business are judged. It may seem trite and obvious to say so, but neatness denotes a careful person, and a neat employee implies a careful business. The public prefers to trade with organizations that are careful. Such organizations engender confidence.

Strangely enough, though, the major benefits of neatness accrue to the employee himself. When an employer looks over his staff for someone to promote, or when with a proper slyness he looks over the staff of his competitor, his judgment is not a little affected by appearance. The stenographer whose slip always shows an inch below the hem of her dress, or the man who always looks as if he needed either a barber or a violin doesn't often get the promotion that is sometimes the first important step to success.

(Continued on page 44)

Latest Developments in the Elks National Defense Program



Reproduction of the Diploma Awarded to the Winning Contestants in the Elks National Defense Patriotic Essay Contest.

THE splendid manner in which the members of the subordinate lodges and State Associations have thus far cooperated with the Elks National Defense Commission has been gratifying and inspiring. To each suggestion, the response has been so generous that there is no question but that our National Defense Program will be successfully consummated.

Not only are the lodges following the definite suggestions made by the Commission to carry out the three-point primary program and the supplementary program of the Elks National Defense Plan, but scores of lodges have originated most striking and helpful programs of their own.

One outstanding program of this character is the one inaugurated by Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, a digest of which follows:—

Provide a dinner where each young man who has been called for military service meets the officers and members of the lodge. Present each with the small silk flag familiar to all Elks.

Select as an individual sponsor for each young man some member of the lodge who it is believed will best understand this individual soldier's problems. He is introduced to the trainee at the dinner and has charge of him during the entire evening.

The Elk sponsor will perform the following duties:

Correspondence will be maintained between the soldier and his Elks sponsor throughout his period of training.

While at camp, the soldier will be invited to submit his problems to his sponsor so that every facility of the lodge, which includes the service of business and professional men among its membership, may assist in any emergencies which may confront him or his family.

The services rendered will include medical attention

in cases where it is necessary and cannot be provided by the family, through lack of funds or because of other conditions. It will include a supervision of any and all home problems that may arise to vex the man in training and to make him a less effective soldier.

There has been introduced in Congress by Congressman Pius L. Schwert, a bill known as H.R. 1074.

The primary purpose of this act is to assist in making adequate provisions for health education, physical education and recreation in schools and school camps in the States, insofar as Federal aid, provided for in the bill, will permit.

As this bill appeared to conform to the purpose of Point No. 3 of the Elks National Defense Program—"Assist in the Physical Development of the Youth of our Country"—the Elks National Defense Commission has asked the Chairmen of the subordinate lodges' National Defense Committees to cooperate in endeavoring to secure its passage.

The bill was originated and is sponsored by the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

The Elks National Essay Contest among students of high school age was conducted by almost every subordinate lodge during the month of March.

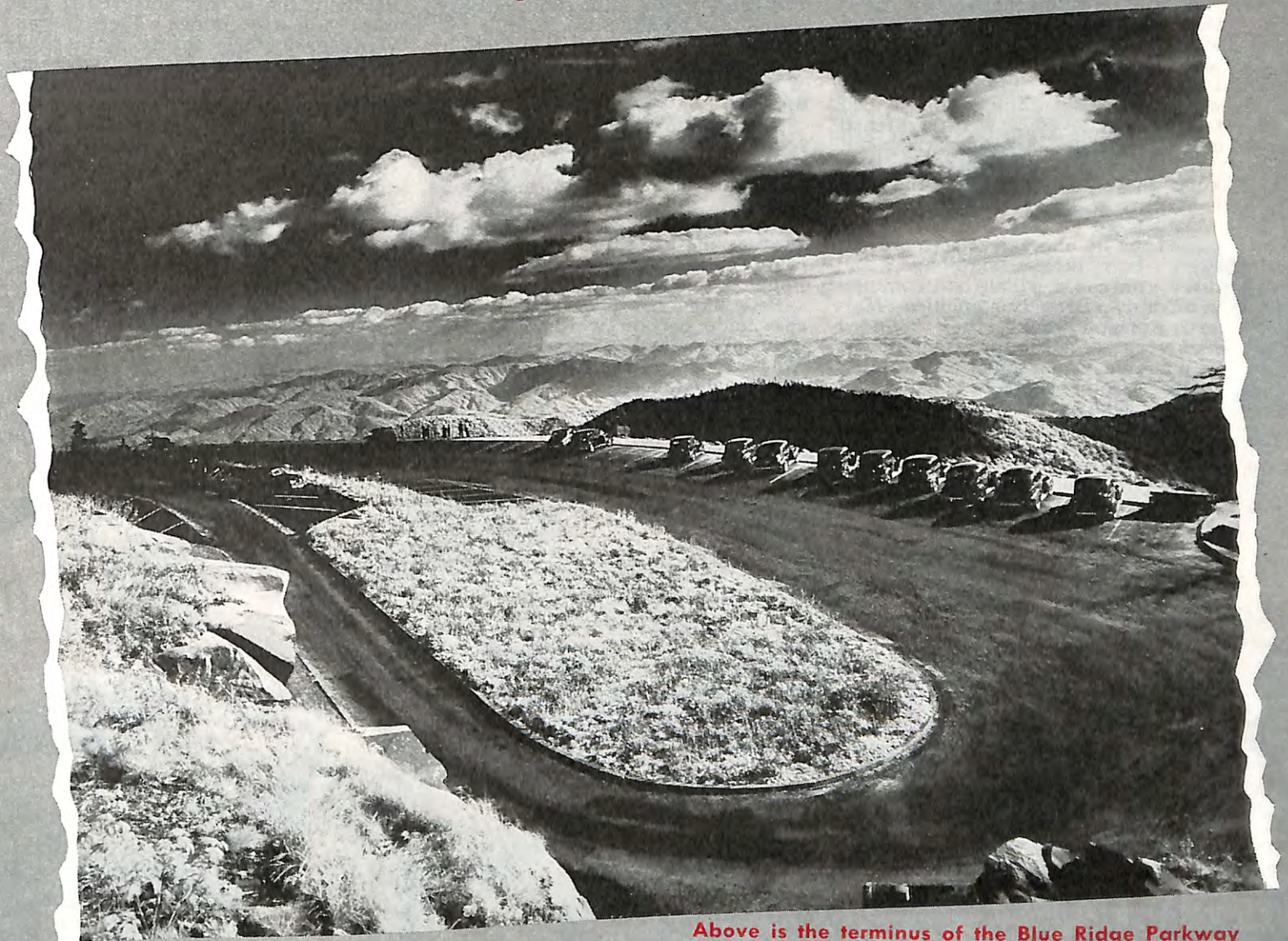
The State Associations are now choosing the best essays from their respective States, and these winners will qualify for the National awards of \$1000, \$500 and \$250 given by the Elks National Defense Commission.

A jury of nationally known educators will make these final awards with appropriate ceremonies which will be reported in the July issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION

Bright and Golden Shores

By John Ransom



Above is the terminus of the Blue Ridge Parkway connecting Shenandoah National Park in Virginia with the Great Smoky Mountains in Carolina.

Mr. Ransom tells the tale of the two states which are most prominent in the birth and growth of our nation.

THREE and a half centuries ago Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first English colony in America on pleasant Roanoke Island, North Carolina. It was there that Virginia Dare was born, the first English child to begin life on the shores of the new land. Later on, Queen Elizabeth forced Raleigh to abandon his settlement because of the pressing need to beat the Spanish Armada, and there began the poignant story of the Lost Colony. Paul Green has dramatized this tale and it is presented each year in the lovely stadium at Roanoke Island from June 29th through September 2nd. This spectacle is one of the landmarks of the American Theatre—and one of the proudest boasts of

North Carolina. This summer and every summer, Carolina offers everything a traveler could desire: mountains or lakes, green plateaus or softly curving seashore, and broad, spacious highways to carry one from each place of historic beauty to the next.

It was in the thousand-and-one inlets of the Pamlico Sound country, which holds Roanoke Island, that the famous pirate, Blackbeard, plied his trade. His house still stands on Oracoke Island, the site of many a Spanish raid from 1740 to 1749.

From the Pamlico region it is a short journey to Cape Fear. With its mixture of Royalists and Independents among Scotch-Irish and English settlers, the Cape Fear coun-

try was an early battleground for Whig and Tory, contesting for Liberty or Crown. At Moore's Creek, near Wilmington, conflict broke out between the factions, the Whigs winning a significant victory February 17, 1776. The site of the struggle, one of the first in the Revolution, is a National Military Park. When you pass through Wilmington, don't miss Cornwallis House, the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis during the southern campaign.

If it's ocean you want, Carolina's seashore is three hundred miles long, with beaches ranging from the mainland itself all the way to the projection of Cape Hatteras, that graveyard of the early mariner. Every

(Continued on page 47)

THEY have 'em now—dude jungles, where a man can go and get thrilled at so much a thrill and be absolutely safe. More than two thousand miles up the Amazon, near the adobe huts of Iquitos, is one where the sensations of being dauntless are peddled by Peter Whittaker. He's young, tall, and narrow—and with blue eyes smiling from a tanned face, he believes a well-frightened customer is his best advertisement.

Even before they arrived Pete knew the Mallards weren't the kind that scared easily.

"Must be a drove of 'em," he mused, as he checked once more the twenty-two boxes, six bags, and three gun cases which had come on in advance. Bravely stencilled "Mallard Amazon Trek", they included such very special items of equipment as portable washstands and folding chairs. "Good stuff," Pete said, "but useless. Okay, Carlos," he called to his jungle foreman, "I'm going to meet the plane."

"Si, si, boss," said Carlos.

The pontoons of the trans-Andine from Lima dragged the river and

Up to that point he'd held himself together nobly, but then he seemed to collapse. Mimi looked good to Pete—like a swell cowgirl from a first-class rodeo, slim and creamy, with lots of blond hair.

"Hi," she said, and it took Pete by surprise, the complete informality of it. This is gonna be all right, he thought.

"You folks must have ideas of your own—all that luggage," said Pete, although doubting it strongly as he met the vacancy in the Major's stare.

"Oh, yes,"—it was Mimi who answered, and brightly—"Poppa's got really marvelous ideas, haven't you, Poppa? Get the map," she said.

Pete liked her eyes and the way she made certain words stand out when she talked. She seemed to be worried about her father, because she touched him on the arm and said again, "The map, Poppa," in a low urgent voice. He started, then fussed in a pocket for a black leather notebook and unfolded a map from the back cover.

"Whittaker," he said, frowning.

"Alive," repeated the Major, stabbing at the black mark again.

"Oh," said Pete.

So far, he'd never had occasion to lie about the jungle, not even to the most wide-eyed dudes. There it was—the prehistoric forest, untouched by human hands, just as it'd been for eons. Take it or leave it. But it wasn't good business to debunk it, either.

"What's the idea?" he asked carefully. "What's up there, anyway?"

"Chiranos," said the Major. He

Peter's Party

by Gordon Ramsey

Illustrated by DAVID LOCKHART

finally came to a stop. Only two people stepped from the plane. One was an important-looking man with a large central bulge and various other fat folds which completely overlapped the lines of his body. Two large revolvers hung in holsters along his thighs and belts of bright bullets criss-crossed his waist.

"I'm Mallard," he said pompously. "Major Grover P. Mallard."

"Welcome to the Amazon," said Pete.

"No doubt," said the Major. "This is my daughter Mimi."

He swung a puffy arm at her and then, for no reason at all that Pete could see, his dignity crumbled, his face went blank and he began scratching under a mammoth sun helmet at a horseshoe of bushy hair.

"What's our chances of fighting through to there?"

He jabbed at the map with a soft fat finger. Pete saw Iquitos—and his dude jungle—ringed like the hub of a wheel with alternate routes branching like spokes to every part of the jungle. They'd all been rejected but one, and this led to a black cross at the junction of three Amazon tributaries near the foothills of the Andes. Words like "Unknown" and "Unexplored" printed in bold letters on all sides of this black cross had Pete puzzled. The country up there had been settled centuries ago by the early Spaniards and by now was as tame as a picnic ground. Mimi puzzled him too. She leaned forward and said suggestively, "You mean *alive*, Poppa."

muttered the word fatefully, but an instant later seemed to lose confidence in the sound of his own voice. He looked over at Mimi and she nodded her head and urged him to go on. "Why, the Chiranos are the most unusual tribe of Indians in the world," he said, as if tiffed a little. "When they sit down they bend their knees backward."

"They *what*?"

The Major put his hands to the top of his high boots and pushed in on his flabby knee-joints till they cracked. "Like an ostrich," he said.

"Oh," said Pete again. Then, humorously, "You're kidding."

"No, he's not," said Mimi quickly. The Major had lapsed and that empty expression was on his face again. "Poppa's thrilled to think



there might be savages with hinges in their knees. The missing link between big birds and men—wouldn't it be just great if we found them?"

"Honest—it'd be a miracle," said Pete.

He led the way along the river's edge to where he had his bamboo huts and the abandoned mahogany sawmill he'd fixed up as a lodge. The Mallards were crackpot dudes, he could see that, but they weren't the first to come to his place with crazy ideas about the Amazon. One

reaction to the dried snake-skins stretched to more than full length over the fireplace. But the Major just looked and had nothing to say.

When Mimi put her name in the dude book Pete drew her aside.

"Look, Miss Mallard—"

"Call me Mimi," she said, and bowled Pete over with a sudden smile. He liked her teeth, and her lips. In fact, he liked everything about her, from the curves of her ear lobes to the bones of her ankles. He had to gulp before he could go on.

ing in that notebook—that's the big thing, not the rubber knees. Is that it?"

"That's it," she said. "The Chiranos are just an idea of mine to get him started. So far it hasn't worked," she said mournfully. "Nothing has worked for such a long time now that some people say it never will. They wanted to send him to a sanitarium. Can you imagine my Poppa in a sanitarium?"

Pete could, without any effort, but he said blandly, "No. 'Course not."

Pete had a practically private jungle to play with until the Major and Mimi saddled him with the White Man's Burden.



backyard explorer wanted Pete to help him find a beautiful white girl supposed to be kept captive in a big cage by a tribe of Indians who worshipped her. He'd got that notion from Bordoni's second book. Another believed in pigmies who lived in hollow trees and shot chipmunks with darts from small blowguns. That came from Treadwell. These writers of jungle adventure stories were far from being truthful—but nobody could say they were dull!

When Mimi saw the G-stringed aborigines leaning against the rubber trees—for local color—she squealed with delight and said "Swell!" The tidy row of shrunken heads, souvenirs from the dome-hunters of the upper river, properly horrified her, and she had the right

"Okay . . . Mimi. Mine's Pete." "Pete," she mused. Then, definitely, "It's a nice name."

"Look, Mimi," began Pete again. "Where'd you ever hear about the Chiranos? It's not human to have knees that fold up the wrong way."

"I don't really believe in the Chiranos," she said quickly.

"You don't?"

"No. It's only a gag. Maybe I'd better explain a little—about Poppa," she said. She gave a worried glance to where he was exchanging stares with a stuffed wildcat. A shadow crossed her eyes. "You see—"

"Don't tell me," said Pete lightly. "I think I know."

"You do?"

"Sure. So long as he starts writ-

Pete caught at Mimi's shoulder and pulled her down. He didn't mean to drop her so hard but that's how it happened.

"It's just that his mind's asleep," Mimi continued. "I'm trying to wake it up again. Action, that's what he needs. Not rest."

"One order of jungle adventure for your father," said Pete cheerily, pretending to dish it out. Then, "The real thing, honest-to-just the way it is?"

"That ought to be good enough," said Mimi.

It ought to be, thought Pete. But people got such exciting notions about the jungle from the books they read that very often they found the genuine article quite tame by comparison. Sometimes their ideas were

so hair-raising that Pete wondered how they hoped to get out of such a place alive.

"Your father read Treadwell's 'Jungle Hell'?" he asked.

"He loved it!"

"And Scott Hayden's 'Oh, the Dark Amazon'?"

"Wasn't that just grand?" she said. "He read it twice!"

"And the five volumes by Bordoni?"

"Oh—everybody's read Bordoni," said Mimi.

"All the spine-chillers," groaned Pete. He knew right then the Mallards were going to be hard to satisfy. "I'm no magician," he warned. "Remember, I can't put my hand in a hat and pull out excitement that's not there."

"Just show us what there is," said Mimi, and smiled again. Pete felt hollow inside and had to grab at a corner of the table to keep from buckling. But not until he was stretched on his cot that night looking up at the mosquito-bar mesh did he fully realize that Mimi wasn't just another dude. He'd been hoping somebody like her would come along some day. He'd been really hoping.

THE settlers and Indians along the broad reaches of the Amazon for the next ten days were treated to the startling spectacle of the Mallard Trek being poled in six unwieldy dugouts against the swift flow of the river. In the leading *piragua* Pete manned the steering pole and mopped his brow with a blue bandanna, wondering how much longer it would be before the Major reached for his notebook and jotted something down. So far all he'd done was sit broad-quartered in the bilge of the canoe and be matter-of-fact.

"Listen, Poppa," said Mimi, once. "Do you hear that perfectly awful swishing? It must be one of those tremendous snakes— weaving its way through the underbrush!"

"No, Mimi," he said sadly. "It's the rustle of leaves."

"Oh, Poppa!" sighed Mimi.

His mind's more than asleep, Pete decided. It's dead. Some of the dudes had never gone beyond the palings of the compound or come out from beneath the screening—and the stories they told afterward about their experiences would freeze the blood. "Gad, man! In the Amazon even the orchids have thorns!"—that sort of stuff. But the Major had no imagination—not a single grain of it.

"Listen," cried Mimi again. "The growl of a tiger!"

"Croak of a frog, my dear."

"Oh, Poppa!"

They saw it at the next elbow—a black and yellow jaguar outlined against the green of the hanging vines and lapping up water at the river's edge. The Major reached dutifully for a double-barrelled shotgun—an enormous weapon really designed for wild elephant hunts in Africa. The next larger size came on wheels. He wrestled it to his



shoulder like a weight-lifter and aimed it unsteadily. It boomed like field artillery and echoed back from a thousand trees.

"Put it down in the book, Poppa," cried Mimi. "Shot a tiger!"

She was so eager she reached back and put the book right into his hands. She even opened it to the first blank page and put her finger where she wanted him to start. But

all the Major did was rub his shoulder and say, "That gun's got a kick—a real kick!"

"Put it down," insisted Mimi.

Anything, so long as he began to write. But he couldn't do it.

"Can't make something out of nothing," he said finally. "It was only a South American bobcat, not a tiger. And I missed it. All I hit was a tree."

"When the Chiranos sit down they bend their knees backward," the Major said, pushing at his flabby leg, "like an ostrich."



It was then only two o'clock in the afternoon but Pete shouted to the cargo canoes lined up in single file behind and turned his dugout sharply into the beach. When Mimi looked back he met her surprised glance by slowly shutting the lid of his right eye and holding it there profoundly for a long second. Then he said loudly, "Bad Indians along this next stretch of the river. Better wait here

the rest of the day and go on after dark. Pays to play safe in the Amazon, Major."

"Do you hear that, Poppa?" cried Mimi. "Hear what Pete says?"

And at supper, while they fried the yucca and boiled the coffee, Mimi put her hand on Pete's arm and pressed it ever so lightly. It wasn't much, not with Pete beginning to feel the way he did about Mimi, but

it was enough to tell him she knew what he was doing for her Poppa's imagination and was grateful.

PETE sounded off that night about hostile savages, vampire bats, cannibal fish and the Black Mother of Monkeys, a ring-tailed zombie who led unwary explorers in circles till they dropped. They were his tallest tales—right out of Bordoni's latest book, in fact—and they never failed at the dude jungle to provoke horrified gasps and bad dreams. But the Major listened to them in cold silence.

"Never mind," thought Pete. "I'll get you tonight, on the river."

At midnight they got under way again, striking the dead center of the stream, paddling instead of poling. The night was as black as the hollow of a tree. Pete had secretly sent Carlos and three other *porteros* ahead and when they began yelling—as per orders—the cries were so fierce and real that cold chills went up and down Pete's spine like zippers. He hadn't realized, either, how nerve-shattering the whizz of arrows could be, even in fun.

"Keep your head down, Major," he warned. "Low, Mimi. Get under the gunwale." Then, to the canoehands, "Pull, *hombres!* Pull for your lives!"

The dugout lurched crazily. The phony war cries rose and fell, the bows twanged, the arrows hissed and the paddlers dug into the inky stream with convincing desperation. This was the Mallards' money's worth. Pete had never put on a show as good as this before. He didn't let up and begin to mop his forehead vigorously until they'd pushed around an elbow into the next stretch of the river and the wild yahoos slowly died away.

"Whew! That was close!" he said. "That's what can happen in the Amazon, Major—gives you some idea."

The Major didn't answer. His helmet was down over his eyes and his head slumped over on its double chins. Pete leaned forward in alarm. "You all right, Major?" He was breathing heavily. Every time he drew in air his head lifted slowly and a roll of fat formed at the back of his neck. The Amazon buzzes and hums all night. Once in a while there's a deep boom, but nothing as regular—or as loud—as the Major's snore.

Pete couldn't help it—he had to laugh. He'd done his best. He'd given them a page right out of the adventure books, so real his own skin had crawled! He threw back his head and roared.

"It's really nothing to laugh at," said Mimi reproachfully. "Not when we've travelled so far to get this for Poppa's imagination, and he falls asleep. It's really not funny at all," she said, turning her back and tilting her nose.

"I didn't mean to be rude, Mimi," said Pete, suddenly realizing he had
(Continued on page 42)

Rod AND Gun



By Ray Trullinger

A FEW weeks ago metropolitan New York's rod and gun fans found themselves riding the horns of a dilemma, which, as everyone knows, isn't the most comfortable seat known. The bedeviling problem was how to purchase a generous assortment of all those pretty playthings on display at the National Sportsmen's Show, and still retain enough scratch to meet Uncle Whiskers' augmented assessment on March 15.

There was reason for this distressing predicament, for those canny gents who cater to the hook and bullet trade have indeed turned out some alluring trinkets since last Fall's first snow flurry. Many items are brand new—others are recently dolled-up versions of familiar, time-tested products. The following is a partial list of interesting new items of fishing and hunting gear tabbed by your correspondent at the recent Grand Central Palace exhibition—equipment which by this time likely is on your favorite sporting goods store shelves:—

One of the first bits of tackle to catch this eye was the vastly improved nylon fly line now being sold by the Gladding and Ashaway peo-

ple. The first mentioned company is featuring the Dauntless, an oil-tempered DuPont nylon product available in H to C sizes and in level, standard and "tadpole" tapers. It's tough, long-wearing although extremely flexible—and smoother than a baby's bottom, which is supposed to be the smoothest thing extant. Tempering oils are forced completely through the body of this line by a special process, which thoroughly covers and coats every internal fibre. It's mahogany colored and sold in a handy box which greatly facilitates spooling to the angler's reel.

ASHAWAY also is selling a superb article which many topnotch trout and salmon fishermen insist is superior to the older Japanese silk product. Certainly there are many advantages. For instance Ashaway's nylon line doesn't kink or take a "curl" on the reel spool, and that, gents, is something! What's more, this line's floating qualities are superior to Jap silk, a decided boon to dry fly-nuts. The stuff will stay up for hours, even without line dressing. Another worthwhile quality is that it isn't subject to rot or mildew.

Ashaway's nylon bait casting line

is something that merits cheers, too. This stuff is available in 7- to 35-pound tests and fishes equally well in salt water or fresh. Another factor is that nylon bait casting line loses less strength when wet than the older pure silk product. Still another advantage is that it doesn't "pick up" water like silk, which, in turn, spells easier and more accurate casting.

THE Heddon people have added a number of new items to their already amazing line of angling equipment. Of particular interest to those devotees of the short rod, the plug casters, are two new lures, a no-s snag, weedless addition to the "River-Runt-Spook" family, and the "Crazy Crawler", a surface plug which is claimed to drive game fish nuts.

The first mentioned is a sporty little lure which can be fished with complete success in those profanity-provoking areas such as weed-beds—spots which the angler ordinarily passes up. Reason why this new plug is almost 100 percent weedless and snagless lies in the fact that the lure's twin hooks, collar, top of plug and line tie all are protected by guards. Despite these guards, however, the lure remains a dead-sure hooker. This plug comes in an assortment of finishes, measures about 2½-inches in length and weighs ⅝ of an ounce.

Heddon's "Crazy Crawler", a surface lure, is sold in three sizes and numerous finishes. Two metal arms, or flippers, impart a splashing, swimming action to the plug when it's reeled in—something that big bass, pike, muskies, snook and tarpon can't seem to resist.

Heddon's "Pal" hollow steel salt water rods, particularly the official 6/9 sailfish and tarpon job, are items for the ocean fishing fraternity to examine.

THREE new additions to the Remington Arms Co. family are expected soon, an autoloading .22, to be known as the Model 550; an improved version of the Model 31 slide-action repeating shotgun, and, last but not least, a new high-power bolt rifle chambered for the .257, .270 and .30-'06 cartridges, to be known as the Model 720.

The .22 automatic, which will handle the short, long and long rifle hulls interchangeably probably will be on sale within a matter of days, but the shotgun and big game rifle aren't scheduled to emerge from the Ilion maternity ward much before summer. All three guns are in the hush-hush stage of production at this writing; there isn't much available dope to pass along.

BAIT casters with uneducated thumbs should examine Pflueger's new level-wind, mechanically thumb-plugging reel. This mill does away with all need for thumbing after the toss is started, and permits long casts without any ten-

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Your DOG

by Ed Faust



"Somewhere in Germany," a German Shepherd clearing a barbed wire entanglement.

THE first World War was in its third year and the struggle had settled down to the give and take of trench combat. For some distance along both sides of our scene of action the racket of rifle fire and bellow of big guns had been almost constant. But in this sector all was quiet and had been for many days. Suspiciously so, thought the brass hats back in Allied headquarters—which was why a British patrol was stealing from shell hole to shell hole across the black waste that separated the English and German lines. Orders were to bring back a captive for questioning—if they could. Overhead the hum of a plane caused long silver fingers of light to sweep the

sky. They weave, flicker and fumble, then suddenly converge. The flyer is trapped. Shell fire begins to burst around him and he goes down in a swirling mass of flame that lights the landscape. Lying flat on the ground, the Tommies dare not move, they scarcely dare to breathe. The light of the burning plane glows less brightly, only to be replaced by the bursting of rockets which send a rain of multicolored stars toward the ground. With horrific suddenness a barrage begins. Machine guns on both sides start to chatter.

Silhouetted for an instant against the yellow flames of exploding shells is seen the sharply etched figure of a dog, zig-zagging its way back from

the patrol to field headquarters bearing a message vital to the welfare of the English.

IT WAS only a step in the Evolution (?) of Man, from training his dog to hunt to training him to help fight his battles. And it was made the easier by the fact that Fido is the *only* animal that will defend his master when the going gets tough.

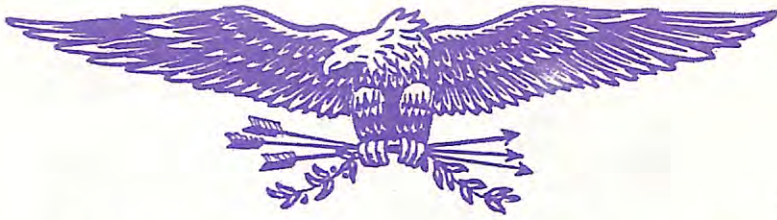
Ever since history began, dogs have been used in war. As far back as the battle of Marathon, the chronicles of that embroglio record the part one dog played in distinguishing itself as an active soldier. Very likely this was a Greyhound, and, as we've mentioned in these sermons before, the name of this breed, according to certain historians, is nothing more or less than a condensation of the names Greek Hound. Other of the Ancients—among many—to enlist Fido was Cambyses who used him, not merely as a messenger but as an active fighter in his campaigns in Northern Africa. Among the many interesting things that Mr. Plutarch mentions is the saving of a detachment of soldiers by their dogs' giving alarm of enemy approach. At various times, the Macedonian King Philip employed dogs as part of his armies. Atila, who was no small shakes as a fighter, if you remember your history, thought pretty well of our four-legged friend as a soldier. But the use of the dog in those early times was largely as an active fighter in the field with troops. Against cavalry they were trained to seize the noses of the horses. With foot soldiers, who in those days fought in close formation protected by a wall of shields, they were drilled to dash in and bite the legs of the enemy.

Still later Fido as a trooper was rated so highly by kings of medieval times as to serve, in numbers, as gifts between Monarchs as a special token of esteem. An instance that comes down to us is the gift by Henry the Eighth, that de luxe husband, to the current King of France of several hundred dogs trained for war. Dogs have marched with the Knights of Rhodes and accompanied the armies of the crusades as they bushwacked around Palestine. In more recent times they were highly regarded by Frederick the Great and that little guy who kept Europe in an uproar for so many years—Napoleon.

But dogs as active partners in the various skirmishes that men have had since early times never were really effective on the whole. To begin with, they couldn't be protected by armor before the invention of gunpowder, hence were duck-soup for men carrying spears or swords or any other weapon. After men began to use guns, Fido as a foot soldier wasn't worth a naughty word.

Then along about the turn of the century somebody in Germany got smart. At least, if the idea didn't

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Editorial

All Fools' Day

WHERE, when, how and why did April 1st come to be known as All Fools' Day?

We have sought the answers to these questions, and give you briefly what we have unearthed. First we quote a poem from Poor Richard's Almanac published probably in 1760:

"The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know."

This is about as satisfactory an answer as any we have discovered, however, the custom seems to have been known and followed as far back as German antiquity into which country it probably was transplanted from France. But if this is so, where did France get it? Nobody seems to know. Various theories have been advanced, but they are theories and nothing more.

One writer traces the custom to the miracle play formerly presented at Easter which sometimes showed the sending of Christ from Annas to Caiaphas and from Pilate to Herod. Another finds the origin in some ancient pagan festival, such as the Huli festival held by the Hindus on March 31st, or the Feast of Fools, celebrated by the Romans on February 17th.

About the only fact with reference to it which is indubitably established is that the custom of sending people on foolish errands or making them victims of practical jokes on April 1st has existed in European countries for many centuries and probably came over here in the Mayflower.

The Draft and Baseball

THE Winter and Spring months always bring uncertainty, anxiety, speculation and misgiving to every baseball fan about what will happen to the line-up of his favorite team. To some extent club owners and team managers share in this but, being "in the know" to a greater extent than the fans, they generally are less agitated or, at least, are less voluble. This year, however, the draft introduces an added element of uncertainty common to all teams. It seems highly probable that before the close of the season at least some of the outstanding players will be wearing Uncle Sam's uniforms instead of those of the diamond.

Many, in fact most players are within the proscribed limits of the draft age. Some are married but this is no guarantee that they will not be called because, unfortunately, the various draft boards have not agreed on a uniform application of the

exemption provisions of the law. This merely adds to the uncertainty which will obtain even after all contracts are signed and the prospective players are in training camps. In fact there is no assurance that those on the various teams at the opening of the season will long continue in the line-up.

There isn't much that managers, fans and players can do about it except to hope that in addition to the other deprivations sure to follow in the wake of wars and rumors of wars we are not to be deprived of the pleasure and benefit so many of us derive from our great national game. The outlook at this time, however, is not so foreboding as to warrant the fear that baseball parks will be closed at any time during 1941. Then there is the "silver lining" that if some of the star players are drafted, other players will be given the opportunity, which otherwise might not come to them, to demonstrate that they are capable of making a place for themselves in the galaxy of baseball immortals.

Honorary Life Membership

ATTENTION is directed to Section 172, Grand Lodge Statutes, and particularly to that portion of it which provides the way, and the only way, in which a lodge can legally confer Honorary Life Membership on one of its members. The candidate for this honor must be nominated in writing which must set forth in detail the meritorious services upon which the nomination is predicated. Only those are eligible who have rendered distinguished services to the lodge or to the Order. Such nominations must be made at a regular meeting of the lodge and must lie over for action until the next regular meeting.

Some lodges are either overlooking or purposely disregarding the very plain and explicit provisions of this statute. Honorary Life Membership conferred in any other way is illegal and cannot be countenanced or recognized as such, which fact is liable to prove embarrassing to the recipient. Lodges offending this statute generally attempt to justify their action by assuming that they are the sole judges as to what constitutes "distinguished services" and that the formalities as to nomination and secret ballot are non-essential. This is in error, as the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge has frequently held in construing the statute, and the Grand Forum, which is the supreme court of the Order, has handed down many decisions on instant cases which have been submitted to it so that these words have been defined and given definite meaning. These decisions are binding on every lodge and are made available in Opinions and Decisions which can be obtained from the Grand Secretary and which every lodge should have in its files for ready reference not only as to this but as to many other statutes of the Grand Lodge.

In throwing this protection about Honorary Life Membership, the purpose of the Grand Lodge is to establish and maintain it as a mark of distinction to be bestowed by lodges on a member who by reason of his notable performance as a member of the Order has become preeminent among his fellows and thereby entitled to great honor and special reward. Merely to have served as Exalted Ruler does not in and of itself qualify a member for this recognition.

About Attics

IF YOU live in the country, or perhaps even if you live in a town or city, you know what an attic is and the useful purpose it serves as a storehouse for discarded things and for things put in an out-of-the-way place for safe keeping until again needed. Perhaps no one ever made an inventory of the great variety of articles thus tucked away, but if made, the result would doubtless be surprising. It would list a lot of worthless things but also many things of value and some invaluable, such as heirlooms and prized keepsakes—things which have become more precious since they were thus discarded. Perhaps you did not intend to leave them there, but you did and temporarily forgot about them. Then one day you thought of some particular thing you wanted and made a search of the attic finding what you were looking for and many other things so highly prized that you wondered how they ever could have been consigned to this isolated nook and cranny. Maybe it was an old faded photograph, or a portrait in gilt frame, or a pair of little shoes, or a pair of rusty skates, or a broken sled, or any one of a thousand-and-one other things associated with some loved one or with some cherished event in your life's history. Some brought hearty laughs, others tear-dimmed eyes, but anyway you felt richly rewarded for having made the search.

The brain is a storeroom for thoughts and memories bearing at least some resemblance to the house attic. They are not catalogued and generally are not arranged systematically. They are just dumped in some remote corner of the brain in confusion with little or no idea that you will ever again have use for them. Then some day when the rain beats against the window pane, or the snow lazily falls in large flakes, or some evening when the eyes tire of reading and you relax in your easy chair, Memory takes you on a pilgrimage through this corner of the mental attic and you are amazed at what you find.

HERE is the face of a friend you haven't thought of for years. There is a scrap of poetry of which you can recall only a line or two. Here is the schoolroom you attended as a boy or girl, and there are all the pupils. There is redheaded Johnnie and freckled-face Susie with her tousled hair, and little Annie with her gingham apron and turned-up nose, and there are all the rest of them including the teacher whom you didn't like because she scolded you and kept you in after school to learn some perfectly impossible lesson. There is your first sweetheart or your very first beau. How they have changed! Is it possible that you ever loved them, but you did, or at least you thought you did, and even now you think kindly of them. Then Memory parades before you more serious thoughts. Some bring joy, others sorrow, and so you go on and on in a never-ending search, for the supply is inexhaustible. What is there stored, no one but you will ever know. You tell Memory that you have had enough for this time and, retiring, you lock the door or rather you try to lock it but it just won't stay shut. You will want to continue the search some other day or evening, and, while the attic seems to be full, you will each day be adding to its store.





Above is Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, seated center, visiting with members of St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge when he held a conference there.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

UPON their arrival in Watertown, N. Y., Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, and Colonel William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, were met by E.R. Kenneth R. Fober, Secy. George W. Ryan, and members of Watertown Lodge No. 496 and escorted to the Hotel Woodruff for an afternoon reception followed by a banquet. At the evening meeting 57 candidates were initiated. The class included State Senator Isaac B. Mitchell and two Catholic priests. This was the first time in the forty-one years of the lodge's existence that a Grand Exalted Ruler had attended one of its regular meetings. Several past and present State officers were present, together with delegations of Elks from Lowville, Ogdensburg, Syracuse, Plattsburg, Auburn and Oneida. After the business session an enjoyable floor show was put on by two members of Watertown Lodge, William Tubbert, theatre manager, and Dr. Louis Stabins. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a check, to be used for crippled children work, by a crippled child who was a guest of the lodge at the social session.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at the annual dinner held by the Pennsylvania Southwest district on February 4 at the Hotel William Penn in Pittsburgh. More than 1,300 Elks and ladies of the jurisdiction attended. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, was Toastmaster. Among the speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi Lodge, Grand Secretary, State Pres. Wade K.

Newell, Uniontown, and D.D. George H. Wilson, of Homestead Lodge. Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, assistant to the Grand Secretary, was chairman of the committee. As a memento of the visit, a 11 millimeter moving picture camera with screen was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. Walter Dailey of Pittsburgh Lodge, E.R. G. L. Kronfeld and P.E.R.'s Lee A. Donaldson and Clarence E. Thompson of Etna Lodge, David J. Long, McKeesport, and P.E.R. Ralph Heinauer, McKees Rocks, were members of the committee that welcomed Mr. Buch at the station. During their stay in Pittsburgh, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener visited the Industrial Home for Crippled Children and the De Paul School for the Deaf.

Below: A picture of some of the distinguished Elks who were present at Jersey City, N. J., Lodge when Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch attended the homecoming visit of D.D. Charles P. McGovern. Among those standing are Mr. Buch; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles S. Hart and James T. Hallinan; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips; State Pres. Richard Flood, and many other prominent New Jersey Elks.

Mr. Buch was the guest of honor at the banquet held by Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, in celebration of the lodge's 40th anniversary. He was met at Newark by E.R. Emil M. Wulster and P.D.D. Russell L. Binder and driven to Hackensack. Colonel Kelly was also in the party. Colonel Alfred T. Holley, the first Exalted Ruler of the lodge, was Toastmaster at the dinner. Talks were made by Secy. William T. Phillips

(Continued on page 39)



RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

Houlton, Me., Lodge

On this and the following two pages are shown classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their lodge officers



Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, Lodge



Greeley, Colo., Lodge



Middletown, Ohio, Lodge



Sioux City, Ia., Lodge



Jamestown, N. D., Lodge



Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge



Redlands, Cal., Lodge



Long Beach, Cal., Lodge



San Antonio, Texas, Lodge



Erie, Pa., Lodge



Niles, Mich., Lodge



San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge



Moscow, Idaho, Lodge



Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Devotes Special Fund to Unique Project

Independent of its general charitable work, Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, maintains a working fund of several hundred dollars with which it enables the Solano County Welfare Department to make special gifts to needy children of the county, supplementing the necessities of life supplied through the State aid program. Public funds are not sufficient to provide play equipment or small articles definitely in the luxury class. The psychological value of the project, which was successful from the beginning, lies in the fact that many children have been aided in social adjustments by receiving the right gift at the right time.

To cite a few examples—a State aid student finishing her high school course was given a bottle of perfume as a graduation present; a pocket comb, used for "music" by two brothers in a foster home, was replaced by a cornet. Other gifts have included a knapsack for a boy hiker, embarrassed in the company of other boys because of his lack of equipment, a tennis racquet for a girl in an orphanage, and a swim suit for an orphan in a boarding school to place her on an equal footing with her schoolmates in their water sports.

The sum of two hundred dollars was raised and set aside for the lodge for the project about a year ago. The amount of money in the fund has been substantially in keeping with the exigencies of the program.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Honors Frank King, Distinguished Member

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank King who, as Steward at the home of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, has managed countless testimonial dinners, found himself in a strange rôle one Sunday evening. The testimonial dinner given on January 12 was for him. A crowd of Elks from all parts of the State, gathered to honor Mr. King on the occasion of his golden anniversary of membership in Providence Lodge, filled the auditorium. Sharing honors with his father was Roland King, also a member of No. 14, who came from Philadelphia for the occasion.

The guest of honor was presented with an electric refrigerator. The affair was marked by the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Boston, the Hon. J. Howard McGrath, Governor of Rhode Island, and Mayor Dennis J. Roberts. Others who took part in the speaking or sat at the head table were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John P. Hartigan, E.R. Walter J. Friel and P.D.D.'s Robert F. Jones, Chairman, and Thomas J. Flynn, Toastmaster, Providence; D.D. M. Walter Flynn, Westerly; State Pres. John H. Greene, Jr., Newport; State Vice-Pres.-at-Large Dr. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence; P.E.R.'s Joseph H. Coen and H. Edgar Walton, Providence; former Congressman Harry Sandager, and Thomas Carr, one of the three surviving members of the first group initiated by Mr. King who is the lodge's senior Past Exalted Ruler and holder, for many years, of an honorary life membership. In 1905 Mr. King conceived the idea of



Above are Elks of Everett, Wash., Lodge who presented two oxygen humidifying units to the general public of Everett, and Snohomish County.

Below are the officers of Lansford, Pa., Lodge and the new Northeast District officers who were elected at the Northeast District meeting.



an Elks' Rest, a burial plot for members of the lodge, and a monument for it. He won the support of other members of the lodge and also gained the consent of a large local manufacturing concern to cast a bronze elk for the monument.

Elks of Greeley, Colo., Enjoy A Wide Variety of Interests

In an address made by D.D. R. Bruce Miller, making his official homecoming visit to Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, figures were quoted crediting the lodge with an expenditure last year of \$2,832 for welfare and charity work. Community services included aid for crippled children and transient needy, educational and character building programs, and assistance in cases of children lacking shoes, overshoes and warm clothing. Many of the children belonged to families in the border-line income groups for whom help of this character is not generally provided by public relief agencies.

Greeley Lodge has presented a life membership to Claude H. Hackett in recognition of valuable services rendered by him covering a continuous span of 20 years. An address was made at the presentation meeting by P.E.R. Robert E. Hanna citing the reasons for conferring the honor. Interlodge visits are regular events on the lodge's seasonal programs, and return visits are made occasions for special meetings and entertainment. The lobby of the lodge home has been redecorated in excellent taste, with solid colors and soft shades blending harmoniously. New furniture has been installed.

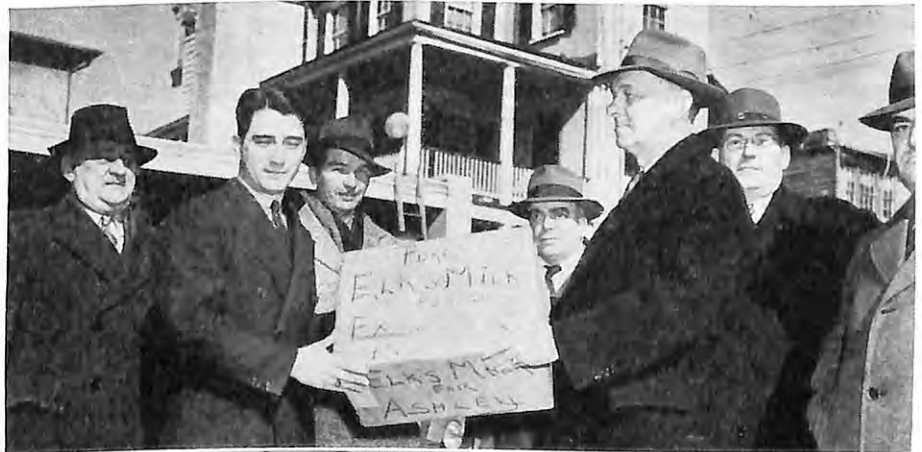
Forty-seven Elk bowlers, representing Cheyenne, Greeley, Loveland, Longmont, Fort Collins and Laramie Lodges, members of the Elks Interstate Bowling Association of northern Colorado and southern Wyoming, participated in the sweepstakes event at Cheyenne, Wyo., on December 29, closing the first half of the Elks Bowling Tournament for 1940-1941. High score was won by Jack Benson of Greeley, with a total of 1,097 pins. Following the games, the Cheyenne Elks served dinner for approximately one hundred and fifty guests. The second half of the tourna-

Below is the Band and Chorus of Boise, Ida., Lodge, together with Past Exalted Rulers of Caldwell, Boise and Nampa Lodges, photographed at Caldwell Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night.



Above and at top are 21 of the "Quarter Century Members" of Ashland, Wis., Lodge who were honored at a recent Old Timers' meeting. Dr. J. M. Dodd, Sr., sketched the history of the Lodge.

Below is a group of Elks of Charleston, S. C., Lodge as they bade good-bye to E.R. Ashley L. Petit as he was about to depart for Fort Jackson, S. C., for a year's service in the Army.





Above are some of those 700 Elks who gathered at Visalia, Calif., Lodge at a Get-Together banquet of the 12 lodges of the East Central District of California.



Left is the Degree Team of Alliance, Neb., Lodge which has initiated many classes in those lodges in the "Pan-handle" of Nebraska.

ment opened in January at Laramie.

Four hundred Elks attended the dinner given at the lodge home on January 15, honoring members of the Order of thirty or more years standing. Twenty-three candidates were initiated that evening in ceremonies conducted by the Exalted Ruler, R. A. Hayden, and his staff of officers.

St. Louis, Mo., Elks Give Shoes And Stockings to 1,000 Children

More than 1,000 underprivileged children were presented with shoes and stockings for winter wear by St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9. On the morning of the distribution, about 300 Elks and their wives breakfasted at the lodge

home. Later, the men made the rounds in automobiles, picked up the youngsters and took them to the home where they were given milk, candy and fruit. Then the "trying on" began.

From the Exalted Ruler, N. J. Schmelig, and the Chairman of the lodge's Community Welfare Committee, Milton F. Barth, members right down through the ranks knelt before the youngsters and fitted them to size. Boxes were provided for the new shoes but in most cases the children "wore them home" and carried the old ones. It was noted that most of the old shoes were sadly in need of repair. Members of No. 9 look forward to the event with the same enthusiasm each year. The distribution is always carried out on a large scale.



Mortgage-Burning Ceremony Is Held by Conneaut, O., Lodge

On January 14, in the presence of more than 300 Elks, and surrounded by past officers of the lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., struck a match and touched it to a paper, officially liquidating the \$20,000 mortgage on the home of Conneaut, O., Lodge, No. 256. E.R. Howard Kingdom held the document a moment, then dropped it into a flower-banked brass urn. The effectiveness of the scene was enhanced by the use of a soft purple light shining in the darkened lodge room. The home is now completely free of debt. The ceremony followed an inspiring address delivered by Mr. Warner who had been preceded on the speaking program by State Trustee Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Past State Pres. William F. Bruning, Cleveland, D.D. Charles F. Eberhart, Jr.,



Above left is the "Beef Trust", Green Bay, Wis., Lodge's top-ranking bowling team.

Left are three generations of the Beard family who belong to Cortland, N. Y., Lodge.

Right is the bowling team of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge which has attracted considerable attention around the circuit, as they play in the various towns every second Sunday.

Youngstown, Roger Smart, Chairman of the Ohio N. E. District Association, P.D.D. Ralph H. Stone, Conneaut, and Clifford Smith, the local lodge's oldest living Past Exalted Ruler.

The mortgage-burning terminated a full day of activity centering around Mr. Warner's visit, featured by a noon luncheon, a tour of the city and the serving of a roast beef dinner to all who attended the ceremony later. Exalted Rulers and large delegations represented Alliance, Ravenna, Cleveland, Warren and Youngstown, O., and Greenville, Pa., Lodges. P.E.R. Carl R. Phelps presented Mr. Warner with a silver statue of a hunting dog. An artistic scroll, bearing the emblem of the Order, was signed by the lodge officers, members and guests and will be preserved in the home as a permanent record of the event. Since its institution 48 years ago, Conneaut Lodge has grown and prospered.

Class for Muskogee, Okla., Lodge Is Initiated by Tulsa Officers

Accompanied by a delegation of members of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, E.R. R. U. Terry and his officers went to Muskogee, Okla., in a special bus on February 3 and initiated a class of candidates for Muskogee Lodge No. 517. A close relationship exists between the two lodges. In 1905 Muskogee Lodge chartered a special train, made the trip to Tulsa and instituted Tulsa Lodge.

Elks of Astoria, Ore., Celebrate Their Lodge's Golden Anniversary

Several hundred members of the Order from outside points, traveling by special train or chartered bus, joined with the members of Astoria, Ore., Lodge, No. 180, in celebrating their Golden Anniversary on January 18. Large delegations from Portland, Tillamook and Salem, Ore., Lodges and smaller groups from lodges in the State of Washington and other parts of Oregon attended. A short lodge session was held at which members of thirty years



standing, or more, were given special honors. Past Exalted Ruler Frank M. Franciscovich was chosen to act as Master of Ceremonies during the evening. The meeting was followed by a professional vaudeville entertainment and a buffet supper. Exalted Ruler Carl Hellberg and Past Exalted Ruler S. J. Halsan, District Deputy for Oregon, Northwest, participated in the ceremonies.

Below: A photograph of the banquet which members of East Point, Ga., Lodge recently gave for the Russell, Richardson and Hapeville football squads. The squads' teachers, coaches and friends were invited.

Above are the seven Pschirrer brothers, owners and operators of one of the largest underground coal mines in Illinois, who are all members of Canton, Ill., Lodge.

The institution of Astoria Lodge was especially interesting from several standpoints. The date was December 23, 1890. The installing officer was the then Grand Exalted Ruler, the late Dr. Simon Quinlin. The officers who formally inducted the new lodge into the Order were brought from Portland on the old steamer *Telephone*. Oregon, at that time, was still young. The membership of the lodge increased steadily and its activities were carried on with great success. In 1911 the members dedicated a new lodge home, but in the





Above are officers of the California State Elks Assn. who attended a recent meeting at San Pedro Lodge when State Pres. Robert S. Redington made his official visit.

great conflagration which visited Astoria in 1922, the structure was reduced to ashes. While the ruins were still smouldering, the members, nothing daunted, assembled in a hall on the waterfront and planned a new home to replace the old. Seventeen months later the cornerstone was laid. The dedication of the beautiful new building, held on March 2, 1925, was one of the great events in the history of this very fine lodge.

Boone, Ia., Lodge Honors Many On Past Exalted Rulers Night

Boone, Ia., Lodge, No. 563, observed Past Exalted Rulers Night recently in accordance with its annual custom. Among the 178 Elks assembled were 18 Past Exalted Rulers and three charter members of the lodge which was 41 years old last month. All of the arrangements were made by the present staff of officers headed by E.R. John B. Mathers.

A turkey dinner was served at six-thirty during which music was dis-

pensed by an excellent orchestra. Each Past Exalted Ruler found at his plate a handsome silver Elk's lapel pin, engraved with the letters "P.E.R." The former officers expressed their appreciation through P.E.R. John W. Jordan, acting as their spokesman. The charter members were presented with floral gifts. White snapdragons and carnations, Easter lilies and purple heather were used lavishly in the decorations. Past Exalted Rulers conducted the lodge meeting with P.E.R. Fred M. Steele occupying the Exalted Ruler's station. Another staff of Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Dr. L. A. Peters, exemplified the initiatory Ritual. A touching ceremony preceded the dinner. Chimes were tolled for Charles Rea and L. L. Hoffman who, before their recent deaths, had expressed the hope that they could be present.

Elks Honor Millard Conklin At Daytona Beach, Florida

Millard B. Conklin was the guest of honor at a luncheon given for him at the home of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge,

Below are Elks of Lima, Ohio, Lodge who have been members for 25 years, photographed at the meeting held in their honor.

Left are P.E.R.'s of Frederick, Md., Lodge who were present at the annual Past Exalted Rulers' Night held in their honor.

No. 1141, on January 29. The luncheon was arranged as a farewell to Mr. Conklin, who was leaving the next day for Tallahassee to assume his duties as Assistant Attorney General, having been appointed for a four-year term.

Among the speakers were P.E.R. Cullen H. Talton and Secy. W. F. Hurley. Mr. Conklin was presented by Mr. Hurley with a gold mounted Elk charm, a gift from his fellow members. About 75 Elks attended.

Festivities Accompany Institution Of Antlers Lodge at Reading, Pa.

Officers of the new Antlers Lodge at Reading, Pa., were installed and the organization was formally instituted with 39 charter members at ceremonies held on February 9 in the home of Reading Lodge No. 115 by officers of the Tamaqua Antlers Lodge at Tamaqua, Pa. Approximately 250 Reading and Tamaqua Elks witnessed the ritualistic work performed by the visiting Antlers under the leadership of P.E.R. Larry Evans, of Tamaqua Lodge No. 592, organizer of the Tamaqua Antlers Lodge.

Mr. Evans was introduced by P.E.R. Henry A. Sholm, Chairman of the Reading Elks Advisory Council. E.R. Walter G. McAtee, Reading, P.D.D. G. Russell Bender, Pottstown, Pres. of the Pa. S.E. District Assn., and John Garlock, Chairman of the Pa. N.E. District Antlers Assn., were speakers. The ceremonies were attended by Daniel Fisher, an active Reading Elk whose son, Daniel R. Fisher, was initiated into the new Antlers Lodge that night by proxy. Young Mr. Fisher is stationed in the U. S. Air Corps at Denver, Colo. A supper and entertainment followed the meeting.

Remodeling of Home One of Many Elk Activities at Baker, Oregon

Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, enjoyed a banner year in 1940. Membership increased, the lodge moved into its remodeled quarters, beautified and re-furnished at a cost of \$25,000, and a civic and charity program was carried on through which a great deal of good was accomplished. Donations to worthy causes amounted to \$295; in addition, the lodge furnished a room in the Prairie City Hospital at a cost of \$300, and started the campaign for airport funds with a check for \$1,000. Two bowling teams were sponsored with success.

Continuing the program into the pres-



Right are distinguished members of the Order who were present when the Elks of Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge burned their mortgage. Among those at the speakers' stand are several Grand Lodge officers.

Below, right, are speakers and entertainers who were present at a stag party and smoker held recently by Oelwein, Ia., Lodge.

ent year, the lodge purchased, for \$600, a new first aid car for the Fire Department and with the pleasure of the membership in mind, finished up the work on the basement of its home. The dining room is now located in the basement which also has a new dance floor and other amusement facilities. Approximately \$14,000 was spent in the remodeling and decorating.

"Open House" Held by Princeton, W. Va., Elks in Redecorated Home

"Open House", held annually by Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459, is one of the outstanding social events of the season. The date of the celebration this year was set to follow the completion of improvements which have made the lodge home one of the most attractive in southern West Virginia. Contracts called for recarpeting and the installation of new furniture.

The Charity Committee has been very active. Groceries have been sent to needy families and more than forty underprivileged children were supplied with shoes during the month of January so that they could attend school.

Two Hundred Tulsa, Okla., Elks Attend "Get-Together Meeting"

Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, launched a campaign a few weeks ago to increase the membership to one thousand. Plans for the drive were completed at a "get-together meeting" under the leadership of E.R. R. U. Terry and M. A. Evans, Chairman of the Membership Committee, and the question of limiting the

Right are officers of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge who celebrated the joint 75th birthdays of the Rev. H. H. Mitchell, seated left, and Stanton Rowell, seated right.

Below are pictured those present and past officers of Conneaut, Ohio, Lodge who were present when a \$20,000 mortgage on the Lodge home was burned by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.



membership to that number, when obtained, was taken under consideration.

Tulsa Lodge, organized in 1905, has been for years the social center of the city. The names of many widely-known citizens have been or now are listed on the roster.

Guardsmen Are Dined at Home Of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge

Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, joined with local Legionnaires in sponsoring a farewell banquet honoring members of Battery A, 144th Field Ar-

tillery, California National Guard, shortly before their departure for the specified period of training. Recognition was also given fathers of the Guardsmen, draftees and draft board members. About 275 men were present.

Toastmaster Jesse H. Chambers, Secy. of the Chamber of Commerce, introduced officers of the Battery, officers from the air corps detachment at Hancock College, the Exalted Ruler of Santa Maria Lodge, John F. Adam, Mayor Marion B. Rice, L. L. Linman, Commander of Marshall N. Braden Post No. 56, American Legion, and many others.





Left are officials of Walla Walla, Wash. as they formally accepted the "Iron Lung" presented to the city by Walla Walla Lodge. More than 1000 citizens attended the ceremony.



Left, below, are 24 traffic "Sallys" purchased by San Rafael, Calif., Lodge to protect further the young people against traffic dangers in their city.

cial session at the home of Lansford Lodge No. 1337. Fifteen of the 19 district lodges were represented. New officers were selected as follows: Pres., Thomas Giles, Shamokin; Vice-Pres., Robert Adam, Sayre; Secy., Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton; Treas., Kline S. Wernert, Lansford; Trustee for five years, August Mitke, Freeland.

General discussion was given the activities of the lodges, including their charity and patriotic work, and also the report made by P.E.R. A. Carl Neumuller, of Lansford, on the organization of a Carbon County historical society, sponsored by Lansford and Leighton Lodges. The year 1943 will mark the 100th anniversary of Carbon County's separation from Northampton County, and the two lodges have decided to glean from various sources an interesting and complete history of the locality to be used in proper observances at that time. An excellent dinner, beautifully served, was enjoyed by 150 Elks and 75 ladies. The visiting ladies were pleasantly entertained by the Lansford ladies while the Elks' business meeting was in progress.

The Guardsmen were guests of Santa Maria business and professional men. Entertainment was presented and group singing was a popular feature. An Elks' committee, consisting of Chairman Herschell Scott, P.E.R. Dr. O. C. Jones, Secy. Henry L. Tilley and R. K. Hancock, was in charge of the program.

Pennsylvania N.E. District Elks Hold Quarterly Meeting at Lansford

Elks of the Northeast District of Pennsylvania attended a quarterly conference on February 9 at Lansford and followed their business meeting in the local high school auditorium with a so-

Elks of California, E. Central, Hold Successful Get-Together at Visalia

Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298, entertained 700 Elks of the East Central District of California on January 25, assembled for the District's annual Get-Together. The dining room of the lodge home, with a seating capacity of 250, was filled several times. In every respect the gathering was one of the largest and most enthusiastic held in the district in many years.

Special guest of the evening was Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn. Grand Trustee Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland Lodge, attended along with many other distinguished California Elks among whom were State Vice-Pres.'s Forrest Laugenour, Woodland, and Victor H. Hansen, Coalinga; State Trustees J. F. Misphey, Chairman, Sacramento, Donald K. Quayle, Alameda, James A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo, Ben F. Lewis, Fresno, and Dr. W. O. Rife, San Bernardino; Past Pres.'s Elmer B. Maze, Merced, and J. Thomas Crowe, Tulare, and P.D.D.'s Joseph A. Cianciarulo, Oakland, Clarence H. Staples, Fresno, Harry Kimball, Hanford, Frank H. Pratt, Porterville, E. C. Niete, Visalia, H. B. Hoffman, Sonora, and J. O. Reavis, Bakersfield.



Above, left, are members of the bowling team of Perry, Ia., Lodge which is entered in the American Bowling Congress Tournament at St. Paul, Minn., as well as in the Elks National Bowling Tournament at Des Moines, Ia.

Left is a photograph of officers and prominent Elks of Sharon, Pa., Lodge who were, at the time of writing, hard at work preparing for the 50th Anniversary celebration of their Lodge.

Right are officers and trustees of Perry, Ia., Lodge who have been celebrating the impressive work their Ritualistic Team has done at many Iowa lodges.



The Get-Together opened with a street parade, formed on Main Street and lengthening with the constant arrival of new groups. Three hundred and fifty Elks from Merced, Modesto, Sonora and Fresno came by special train. Chartered buses were run from Bakersfield, Taft and Coalinga. The Merced Elks' Bugle and Drum Corps led the parade and the Visalia Municipal Band and Tulare County Sheriffs Posse participated. A class of 24 candidates was initiated during the meeting in ceremonies conducted by 12 Exalted Rulers of the District. Andy Devine of screen and radio fame, Est. Lect. Knight of San Fernando Lodge and co-Chairman of the State Association's Americanism Committee, gave a splendid patriotic address. The evening was topped off with a high-grade vaudeville entertainment from Hollywood.

Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle Is Honored by Elks at Gary, Indiana

Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, honored P.E.R. Joseph B. Kyle, Grand Trustee, with a testimonial dinner on January 25. Senior P.E.R. Clyde Hunter, charter member, Past State President and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, presided. Included among the speakers and other distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Chicago, and F. J. Schrader, assistant to the Grand Secretary; Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha, Wis., a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich.; William J. McAvoy, Tipton, and Merritt Diggins, Kendallville, D.D.'s for Indiana Central and North respectively; J. F. Sherry, Bellaire, Past Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn., and Past State Pres. Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, Illinois. Elks from lodges in Lake County,

Right is E.R. E. W. Krause, of Ravenna, Ohio, Lodge, and hospital officials, at the presentation of a resuscitator as the annual gift of Ravenna Lodge to the community.

Below are prominent Wisconsin Elks who were present at the dedication of the new Elks auditorium. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, first row center, was the principal speaker.

other parts of northern Indiana and Illinois joined with Mr. Kyle's fellow members in the tribute, and a circular letter, signed by all of the residents at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was sent to Mr. Kyle who is the Home Member on the Board of Grand Trustees.

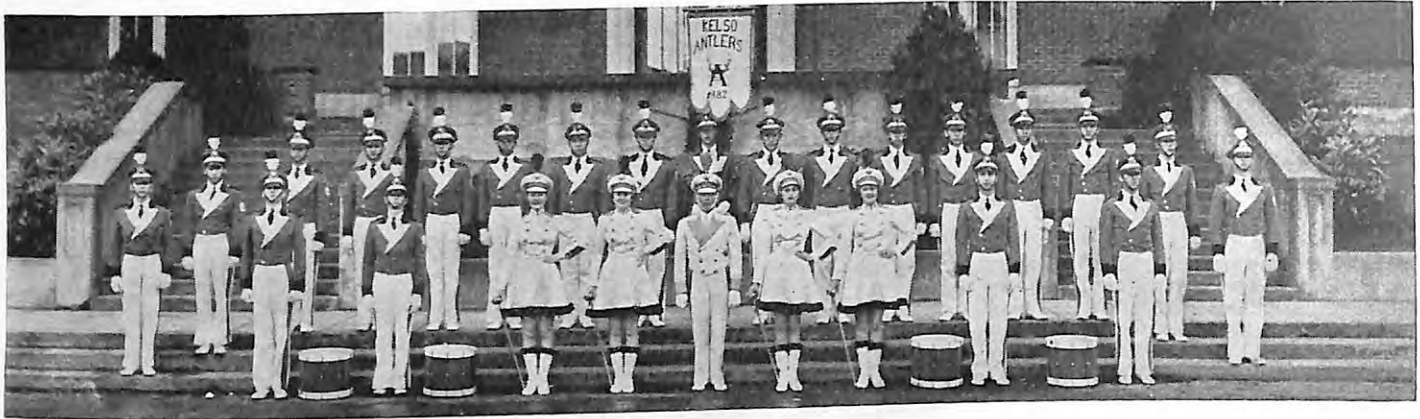
Initiated into Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, in 1924, Mr. Kyle became a member of Gary Lodge in 1927. He became Esquire four years later and since that time has never been without office either in the local lodge, the Indiana State Elks Association or the Grand Lodge. He served as First, Second, Third and Fourth Vice-President of the Indiana State Elks Association. Mr. Kyle was Grand Tiler in 1935-1936.

Prominent Elks Attend Initiatory Meeting at Elkhart, Ind., Lodge

At a meeting of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, at which 22 candidates were initiated, Glenn L. Miller, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and other visiting Elks were special guests. Mr. Miller was accompanied from Logansport by E.R. Frederick Landis, Secy. Dan W. Erb and Jack Joy. Representing Niles, Mich., Lodge were E.R. Philip A. Wigent and Secy. H. D. Marston.

The initiatory ceremonies were performed by the Degree Team from South Bend, Ind., Lodge with P.E.R. Albert L. Doyle, a member of the Notre Dame faculty, acting as Exalted Ruler. Mr. Miller was the principal speaker.





Above is the Kelso, Wash., Antlers Drill Team which has won many prizes and is one of Kelso Lodge's greatest prides.

**School Desk Flags Are Provided
By Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge**

To stimulate and maintain a daily interest in Americanism among approximately 25,000 school children, Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, has placed an American flag with base on every teacher's desk in the city, county and township schools and in the schools at Clinton, Ind. A sufficient number of flags was also provided by the lodge for distribution in the school offices.

**Hoquiam, Wash., Citizens Hear a
Fine Speaker at Elks' Meeting**

A recent meeting of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, open to the public, was attended by about 300 people. The program was opened with a solo by Paul Blackstone. Lee Clarkson, Chairman of the Committee, presided and introduced the principal speaker, Major E. Raymond Atteberry of Fort Lewis. A short regular session of the lodge preceded the open meeting.

**Atlanta, Ga., Elks Invite Legion
Post to Use Their Home After Fire**

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, performed the friendly act of a sympathetic neighbor when the home of Atlanta Post No. 1 of the American

Right is the Ritualistic Team of Ely, Nev., Lodge which won the championship in the Nevada State Elks Convention Ritualistic Team contest.

Below are some 200 members of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge who were present at a dinner to celebrate the start of the campaign for members of a "George M. McLean Class" in honor of the former Grand Esquire, of El Reno, Okla., Lodge.

Legion was destroyed by fire. The Elks immediately offered the Legionnaires the use of their lodge home until the Post could locate and occupy suitable quarters.

**Ely, Nev., Elks Are Successful
In a Variety of Undertakings**

One of the outstanding social events of the season at Ely, Nev., was the most recent of the charity balls held annually by Ely Lodge No. 1469. The proceeds go into the Christmas Charity Fund. The lodge also sponsors a W.P.A. project for the mending of the toys it distributes among underprivileged children, collecting the toys and paying for all of the material used in their repair.

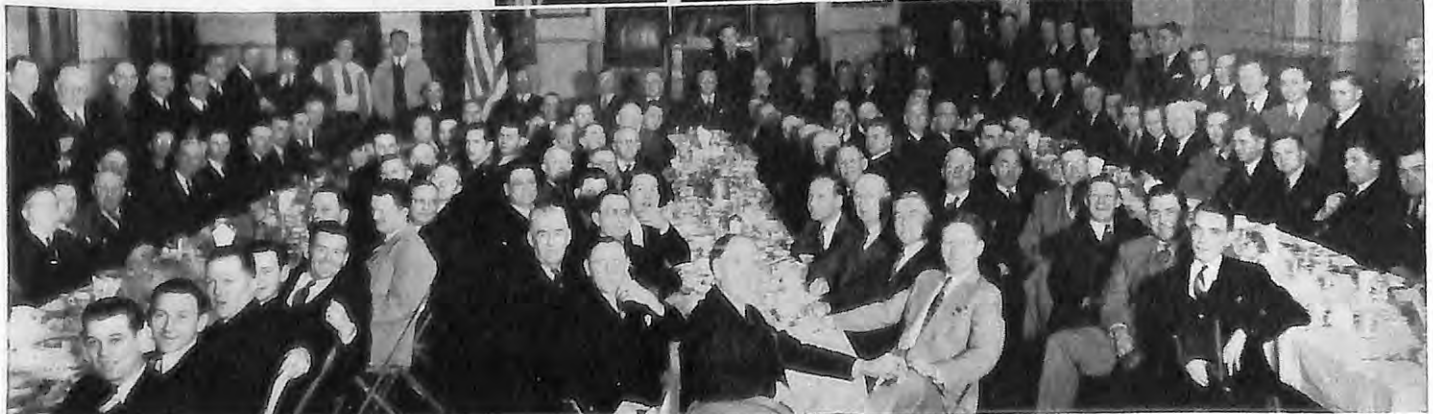
Ely Lodge is enjoying a good year. Many names have been added to the roster and the various committees have met with success in all of their en-

deavors. Quite a few of the programs have been arranged for the pleasure of the community as well as the membership. The Degree Team brought home the State championship this year, having been declared the winner in the ritualistic contest held at Las Vegas.

**Kingman, Ariz., Lodge Honors
Veteran Members on P.E.R.'s Night**

Forty-one old-time members were presented with service pins by Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, when the lodge celebrated Past Exalted Rulers Night on February 7. The attendance, which was large, included 14 Past Exalted Rulers. P.E.R. Stanley George presided.

Forty-year service buttons were presented to charter members A. F. Harris, George A. Hoyt, Frank Meredith and J. F. Phelan, and P.E.R.'s Charles Metcalfe and I. M. George. The other groups represented 25, 30 and 35 years of membership. The lodge voted to hold similar ceremonies annually in conjunction with its celebration of Past Exalted Rulers Night.





At top are Elks, initiated 30 or more years ago, who attended the "Old Timers' " Banquet held in their honor by Greeley, Colo., Lodge not long ago.



Above are members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge who are having their blood typed and indexed in the event of a national emergency. This activity is part of the local lodge's national defense program.

Below is a southeast view of the million-dollar home which was purchased by Alliance, Ohio, Lodge. It is perhaps the most beautiful Lodge home in the country and is the pride of Ohio Elks.



Pottsville, Pa., Lodge Prepares to Entertain State Elks Association

With its splendid accessibility both as to rail and highway, Pottsville, Pa., is an ideal convention city. Pottsville, lodge No. 207 is one of the best in the State.

Selected by the Pennsylvania State Elks Association as the host lodge for the 1941 State Convention, Pottsville Lodge has begun its preparations for the big event. The largest attendance of delegates and visitors in years is expected and everything is being planned for their convenience and entertainment. The Convention will be held during the last full week in August.

Below are those who were present at the institution of a new lodge at Carroll, Ia., last February. Two hundred and twenty-four members were initiated, the largest group to join the Order at the institution of a lodge in many years.



Old Timers Night Observed By Kenosha, Wis., Lodge

Whiskers and mustaches were badges of distinction at the annual Old Timers Night meeting of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750. Unless he had "one of his own", each 25-year member was presented with one or the other as he entered the lodge room.

The veterans were guests of honor at a dinner which preceded the meeting. Charter members Walter Dexter, Edward Alleman, P.E.R., and Joseph G. Rhode acted as their spokesman. E.R. C. E. Head, who is himself an "old-timer", presented a remembrance to all who had reached the 25-year membership mark during the year. The rest had received similar gifts at meetings in other years. An added feature of the occasion, which was marked by sentiment as well as merriment, was the celebration of the 86th birthday of Henry L. Bullamore, the oldest member of Kenosha Lodge. Approximately 250 members attended the meeting.

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Gives Annual Dinner for Charter Members

The annual Charter Members Dinner given this year by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, was one of the most successful ever held by the lodge. P.D.D. James M. Kelly, Sheraden, was the principal speaker of the evening. E.R. Henry W. Heyer, Jr., P.E.R. W. G. Kenney, Edward Stirling, National Vice Commander of the American Legion, and Mayor D. M. Reeser also addressed the gathering. The festivities brought back to New Kensington for the first time in forty years charter member John F. Schulte, a resident of Midland, Pa. Mr. Schulte was given an ovation and many were the reminiscences exchanged by veteran members of the lodge with their old-time friend and fellow Elk.

The elaborate dinner, at which Secy. Otto R. Grotfend presided as Toastmaster, was followed by a social hour. Entertainment was provided by "Cy" Hungerford, Pittsburgh cartoonist, the Elks' Quartet and Rosskamp's Orchestra. Two hundred and fifteen members attended.

Peoria, Ill., Lodge Sponsors Citizenship Dinner-Meeting

Forty newly naturalized men and women were guests recently at a citizenship dinner at the Hotel Pere Marquette, Peoria, Ill., sponsored by Peoria Lodge No. 1627. They were addressed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., speaking on the subject of American citizenship. Presentation of the certificates was made after the dinner by Judge J. Leroy Adair of the United States Court, Peoria. The induction ceremonies, which followed Mr. Warner's speech, were dignified and impressive.

Harp selections and several solos were rendered. Among others who took part in the program were the Rev. Robert H. Clarke, Past Commander of Peoria Post No. 2 of the American Legion, Mayor David H. McClugage, who made the welcoming speech, and the Very Rev. John J. Leven of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria. P.E.R. Raymond N. Brons was Chairman. P.E.R. Tom W. Endsley acted as Toastmaster at the dinner. The uniformed color guard which had advanced the colors retired with the two flags at the conclusion of the program.

Dubuque, Ia., Elks Hold Funeral Services for Fred C. Robinson, P.E.R. and Former Grand Secretary

Funeral services for Fred C. Robinson, Past Grand Secretary of the Order, who died at Passavant Hospital in Chicago on February 4, were held in the lodge rooms of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297. The Rev. John E. Flockhart, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church,



The late Fred C. Robinson,
Former Grand Secretary

officiated. The Elks' ritualistic services were conducted by E.R. H. Louis Meyer, Est. Lead. Knight C. J. Wiehl, Est. Loy. Knight Louis B. Bray, Est. Lect. Knight Arthur A. Meyer, Esq. E. A. Majerus and Chaplain A. B. Wymer. Officers of the lodge, including Secy. George J. Schaffhauser, served as active pallbearers. The honorary pallbearers were Michael Hardie, George Meyers, E. A. Fitz, Otto M. Lorenz, Edward Imhoff, and C. T. Hird.

Mr. Robinson was born in Dubuque on September 18, 1871. He was a charter member of Dubuque Lodge and at the time of his death was its senior Past Exalted Ruler in point of service. In 1906 he was voted a life membership. Mr. Robinson was elected Grand Secretary in 1904. He resigned in 1927 to devote his time entirely to his personal business affairs. To his widow, Mrs. Adeline Howie Robinson, and their two sons, Frederic C. Jr. and James Howie Robinson, *The Elks Magazine* extends its sincere sympathy.

Alexandria, Va., Lodge Presents A Candidate For Grand Trustee

Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, announces that it will present the name of Past Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett, Grand Treasurer, for election as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees at the forthcoming session of the Grand Lodge at Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Barrett has served the Order with earnestness and efficiency for more than a decade. As Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, as Chairman of many important Grand Lodge Committees and as Grand Treasurer for the past three years, he has acquired a profound knowledge of the Order.

Alexandria Lodge will submit Mr. Barrett's candidacy in the belief that his aptitude and wide experience particularly fit him for the duties of Grand Trustee. The announcement carries the signatures of P.E.R.'s Harry F. Kennedy, Elliott F. Hoffman and Howard D. Carter.

Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Entertains State Elks at Regional Meeting

The third Regional Meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held at the home of Attleboro Lodge No. 1014. A delegation of 52 Elks from the Central and Northeast Districts made the trip from Boston by special train. Upon their arrival they marched in a body to the lodge home where they were joined by many others who came by auto. P.E.R. Francis J. O'Neil, 2nd State Vice-Pres., called the meeting to order, extended a cordial welcome to all and then turned the gavel over to Pres. Daniel J. Honan of Winthrop. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, D.D. Francis W. Dorgan, Taunton, and D.D. John A. Driscoll, Maynard, were among those who addressed the meeting.

Reports were made by the various committees, which were shown to be functioning most satisfactorily. In speaking of the sorrow that had come to some of the lodges in Massachusetts, Mr. Honan mentioned, also, the death of John A. Thompson, holder of Card No. 1 in New York Lodge No. 1. The meeting was held in the afternoon and was followed by an early supper served in the banquet hall.

Charitable and Social Activities Of Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge

The fine cast which took part in the annual Minstrel Show, held by Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, played to 1,000 people. The proceeds were turned into the Charity Fund.

The lodge observed Ladies Night recently. The party was attended by 335 Elks and ladies. A turkey dinner was served at six-thirty, followed by cards, entertainment and a dance. E.R. Fred C. Schaub welcomed the members and guests and also introduced P.E.R. Harry Kahn, D.D. for Ohio, N.W., who acted as Master of Ceremonies. The speaker of the evening was Robert Eschman, Probate Judge of Shelby County, who devoted his talk to the accomplishments of the Order.

Soldiers Have "Mess in Style" as Guests of Fargo, N. D., Elks

Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, sponsored an informal affair a few weeks ago in honor of Headquarters Company, Company B, of Fargo, the Regimental Band Company of Lisbon, and regimental officers, all slated to leave in ten days for training at Camp Claiborne, La. The Elks' dining room was turned into an army canteen and some 300 soldiers formed lines between the tables, heaped their plates and sat down to enjoy a wonderful dinner with the lodge members.

Toastmaster Walter Fearn, a member of No. 260, introduced the regimental officers and company commanders. P.E.R. L. B. Hanna, Pres. of the North Dakota State Elks Association, and former Governor of the State, outlined some of his experiences in Red Cross work during the World War. Timely and interesting talks were made by Brigadier General G. Angus Fraser, former North Dakota Adjutant General, who was with the National Guard for many years, and Colonel Earle Sarles, commanding officer of the 164th Infantry.

(Continued on page 54)

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit

(Continued from page 24)

of New York Lodge No. 1, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Congressman Frank C. Osmer, Jr., and County Clerk James W. Mercer. The address of welcome was made by Exalted Ruler Wulster. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a gold key to the lodge home. Mr. Buch praised Hackensack Lodge for its crippled children program and complimented the chairman of the committee, Dr. Walter Farr, and his associates. He also commended the officers and members on their fine spirit and the fact that they had been able to pay off the impressive sum of \$65,000 on the building indebtedness.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, together with Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, Grand Trustee William T. Phillips and Colonel Kelly, participated in the homecoming reception given on February 10 by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, for D.D. Charles P. McGovern. The event marked the completion by the District



The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1941

Association	City	Date
Arizona	Kingman	April 17-18-19-20
Alabama	Gadsden	May 19-20-21
North Dakota	Grand Forks	June 1-2-3

Deputy and his ritualistic committee of their schedule of official visits to the 17 lodges of the Northeast District. Mr. Buch voiced his recognition of the humanitarian work carried on by the lodge, especially for crippled children, in complimentary terms, and lauded P.E.R. A. Harry Moore, former Governor of New Jersey, for the great interest he has taken in the handicapped child.

Mr. Buch and Coloney Kelly enjoyed another homecoming reception the next evening at the home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. On this occasion P.E.R. Charles E. Coyle, Vice-Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn. for the Northwest District, was welcomed by his fellow members. Dinner was served before the meeting and reception. P.E.R. Frank E. Walsh presided during the homecoming ceremonies. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the large gathering of Elks. Mr. McGovern was a speaker and talks were also made by Col. Kelly and William J. McCormack of Orange Lodge, D. D. for the Northwest District.

Johnny Flew Home

(Continued from page 7)

Then he became aware of the master of ceremonies making way for a diminutive creature with tripod and camera almost as large as she. Liz Callender was on deck. He watched her go to work with easy charm and grace, making something pleasant of a function ordinarily dull. He melted inside. No longer did he want to make her eat those words. He yearned only to take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her. Tonight he would tell her what the war had done to him, because he was afraid no more; tell her he was going back to Inter-Continental in three short weeks. He was no flying bum.

The speeches continued until after dark, and he lost her. He began searching for her, but he did not see her again until dancing had started on the terrace. She was gliding across the polished tiles with Bill Reid, another *Photo-Bulletin* photographer whom Johnny had often ferried on assignments. The pilot moved toward them and cut.

Liz looked up and smiled. "Hullo, barnstormer."

Her smile dulled the barb. She came into his arms and the nearness and the fragrance of her tantalized him. He thought of the letter in his pocket—those few typed words which meant so much. He maneuvered to the end of the terrace, close to the softly sparkling bay.

"Two months ago I started to tell you something, Liz," he began. "Something about the war—"

She stiffened. "Do we always have to talk about war?"

He took another tack. "Well, anyway, I'd like to tell you about my new job."

"Don't tell me. Let me guess."

"Go ahead, honey. Guess."

The light was behind her so that he could not see her expression. "The quiet life has got my brave warbird down. He has a new job with the Allies—to kill some more people!"

He stopped dancing and lowered his hands. His fists clenched and his chin thrust forward as if he would bite her head off. He said through tight lips, "I was going to say—but what the hell's the use? It'll keep." He spun about, took three strides and blundered into a man in uniform. He mumbled an apology.

The fellow said, "Don't mention—oh, hullo, Johnny. Just heard you're coming back on your old run." He held out his hand. "Congratu—"

"Yeah, thanks. I'm overdue some place."

For an instant, Inter-Continental's chief pilot stood there watching Johnny disappear, his brows puckered in bewilderment. He turned and saw Liz Callender and understanding softened his face. She was clutching a very fragile handkerchief and her eyes were full of tears.

NEXT morning, fifteen minutes north of Miami, Johnny said to his cameraman, "You want to log some time, pal?"

Bill Reid said, "You bet!" Bill coveted a private pilot's license and, thanks to Johnny, was not far from securing it. He promptly took over.

They were out to cover a forest fire which threatened a small upstate town. The ship was a Waco cabin biplane equipped with first class photographic complement. It

was heavier and faster than the training plane to which Bill was accustomed, but Bill was an apt student.

Bill had been flying an hour when Johnny said, "There's the smoke, Bill. You better climb in back and unlimber your gear." Bill surrendered the controls. They were bucking a head wind, so Johnny flew wide around the burning pine acreage, approaching from the clear side. Bill tapped him on the shoulder.

"Any time, pal."

JOHNNY nodded and pointed to Bill's safety belt. He said, "Look for nasty air over the fire." He did not expect the sight of a turpentine-pine forest fire to affect him. Then, as he swung within a hundred feet of the ground, the hot, turbulent air pitched the plane viciously. He saw a bungalow seething in sheets of fire. He saw people scurrying frantically; a man and a woman and three children trying to salvage a pitiful assortment of furniture and a doll carriage. The scene was too familiar. The blood drained from his face and he was afraid.

Bill poked his shoulder again, yelling, "Go around again, closer."

The words *avoid war-like stimuli* came back to Johnny. He did not have to go around again. He could leave the scene before the black mist gathered in his brain. And thus surrender to the thing he feared? He shook his head and tightened his hands on the wheel. Bill Reid could fly all right. Besides, this was just a forest fire, and maybe one bungalow on the edge of the woods. No one had dropped any bombs. No

anti-aircraft guns were down there . . . no deadly combat ships above. . . . He levelled off at three hundred feet, the smoke so thick he couldn't see the wing-tips. But he could see his instruments and, utilizing them, he circled back into clear air.

"Johnny!" Bill shouted, "go a little lower this time and keep straight over the house. Thought I saw a turpentine still beyond."

Johnny didn't answer; his mouth was too dry. He got a grip on his nerves and dived.

Sure enough, there was a turpentine still down there. The fire was gobbling its way toward it, licking at the outbuilding as the plane roared past. Bill missed his picture and signaled for another trip. Johnny had control of himself, now. They banked out of the smoke and he took a lot of sweet air into his lungs. Then he zoomed the turpentine still as if he were racing across the finish line in a million-dollar race.

Bill cried, "Swell!"

Simultaneously the still exploded.

A thundering blast hurled the ship high into the air, wrenched her over on her back. Johnny jammed the throttle full open and asked God to help him. The instrument panel registered chaos; the earth and the sky blended into nothingness. Thick smoke rolled into the cabin and both men gasped for breath. The wild airplane, Johnny did not fight; he let her have her head. But the thing that came out of the past—he fought. He fought it with every atom of his will. It was a sickness—a horrible sickness that stole away his guts and his brain and his nerves. He was in a withering hell of shell-fire, of archie barrage and machine gun spray. It would never cease. The black mist would come soon.

HE SCREAMED when something struck his neck; and at last words came through to his mind.

"Go easy, pal! I haven't had acrobatics yet!" It was Bill, banging him on the neck. He looked around and saw Bill sitting strangely six inches off the seat—yet his belt was taut. What the hell? The motor sputtered, caught and coughed. Motors cut out—inverted. He eased the wheel back and executed a half roll, and they were right-side-up. The motor burst into life and he retarded the throttle. The smoke thinned out; four hundred feet below them were the tree tops. He waggled the wings and the rudder; everything seemed to be functioning—even he himself, although he was bathed in perspiration. He began to feel proud. He said, "I fooled you, mister," and that was meant for the black-out he had held at bay. He was grinning when they started dynamiting down there, to check the fire.

He heard the rumbling reverberations above the motor, and his grin froze. The black mist was gathering, and with it came the big guns. Big guns that pounded incessantly in

Spain. They never stopped, and they covered the olive groves with blood. The light of day was gone, and Johnny Doane was crying. He put his face in his hands and he could taste the tears. He was in a mud-covered hut used for a dressing station. Nearby were the peasants who had hauled him from his shattered plane. He was going to sleep while the big guns boomed.

After a long, long time the steady drone of the motor aroused him. The strange, nightmare quality of the attack passed away quickly as it had done before. Only this time, his despair was sharper. He thought of Liz, at the marine base last night. Had he not been so hot-headed—hell, it didn't make much difference after all. . . . He raised his head and saw Bill flying grimly.

Bill said, "I never saw a guy so—so sick."

Johnny wiped the moisture from his countenance. "Brother, I hope you never know how sick! That—that seizure was a hangover from that seizure was a hangover from Spain. I guess it's got me licked. If you want to be a pal, forget it."

Bill Reid seemed unable to say anything.

JOHNNY walked miles in his hotel room that afternoon. When he finally picked up the telephone, he did not call Liz. He called the chief mechanic at the field and asked to have his Baird Teardrop serviced for cross-country flight. He was a flying bum, all right. He couldn't deny it any more.

"You ain't going anywhere today," the boss mechanic said.

"The hell I'm not," Johnny answered. "Get the ship on the line loaded for bear."

"Go to bed," came the voice on the telephone. "The red flag is up from Nassau to Jupiter Light. There's a freak storm rolling up the coast and we are getting ready to tie everything down."

"Get the ship out," Johnny snapped, and slammed down the telephone. Storm or no storm, he thought, there must be some place to go where Liz Callender wouldn't be in his hair.

The Baird Teardrop was not on the line when Johnny reached the field. Rain was slanting down in a long tangent from the east, driven in short, periodic bursts. Mechanics were lashing several airplanes to

deep-driven stakes, ships which crowded hangars could not accommodate. He entered Hangar Number 1 through the repair shop and stowed his zipper bag in the small baggage compartment of his ship. Too many aircraft were between the Baird and the doors. He headed for the pilots' room for help.

As he reached the door he heard a woman's voice: ". . . then the SOS was cut off. The Coast Guard is on the way. It's a beat if ever there was one. . . ."

He stepped into the room, his teeth clenched.

It was Liz. She wore a wet, turned-down felt hat; water glistened on her trench coat. She looked at Johnny Doane and the color went out of her face. He stood there, his eyes smouldering. The odd assortment of pilots and airport attendants watched in silence. Bill Reid was there, too. He seemed as awe-struck as Johnny.

Johnny came farther into the room. "What's the dope?" he asked, glowering at Liz.

Liz avoided Johnny's gaze. "There's a freighter three hundred miles or so off-shore," she said. "It's been running before the storm, but now it's sinking." She produced a slip of paper from her coat pocket. "This is the last position she gave out. The weather ought to be moving north by now—yet these fellows say the job is impossible."

Johnny spat upon the floor. "You and your precious pictures," he said. "Get your junk together and I'll give you the damndest ride you ever had!"

Liz cast an anxious glance around the room, then looked at Johnny questioningly. She shook her head. For the first time, Johnny saw fear in her expression. Bill Reid's mouth hung open oddly. Liz said, "No. You don't owe the *Photo-Bulletin* anything."

"I know," said Johnny bitterly. "But I owe you plenty."

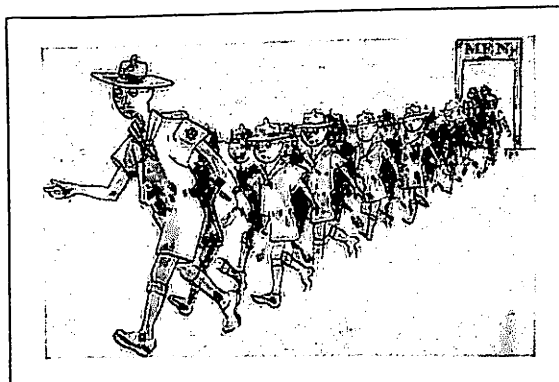
She hesitated. Johnny seized her arm in a cruel grip. Bill Reid moved forward tentatively. Johnny disregarded him and shoved Liz toward the hangar.

Abruptly she jerked free. "Wait a minute," she said, a challenge ringing in her voice. "Let me get my stuff—and you don't have to break my arm!"

"Before we're finished," he snapped, "I hope you break every bone in your body. Hey, you guys—let's get this crate out."

AT FIRST, Johnny was too busy flying to notice Liz's anxiety. Later, when he glowered at her in the co-pilot's seat to his right, she turned her head away and stared at the swirling, opaque rain. The *Photo-Bulletin's* Waco bucked and pitched as if to tear its wings off. He saw that her safety belt was tight and went back to navigating and holding the ship right-side-up.

For two and a half hours he



battled violent weather. Liz didn't speak and neither did he. Finally they broke through the storm and Johnny dropped a thousand feet, watching the great, undulating swells. His eyes, trained to see afar, located a smoke plume on the horizon. "There she is," he said loudly. "I'll circle her clockwise."

Liz prepared her equipment, eyeing Johnny apprehensively from time to time. He flew on, relieved to have spotted the vessel, a little proud that the hardest part was accomplished. He made some figures on a clip-board, estimating time and fuel allowances for the return leg. He put away the board and looked ahead. The freighter was only a mile away. Abruptly a white plume blossomed beside her bow.

The merchantman was headed toward the coast, her funnel trailing a thick black pennant of smoke. They were driving her, although she seemed to be well down in the sea. Her prow must have plowed into a big roller and kicked up spray. He closed the throttle and nosed down in a long glide. "Looks like the bridge is half gone," he said, glum.

The smoke surged away from the stern and he saw that the after deckhouse was caved in; probably the radio shack. Men were huddled around a gun on the stern. Suddenly gun and men dissolved. Splintered deck and debris floated upward and Johnny, with motor idling, heard the blast, and he looked accusingly at Liz, his eyes flashing angrily. He almost shouted something, then changed his mind. It wasn't her fault; she had no way of knowing. He shoved the gas full on and climbed. Just before he turned toward Miami he saw the submarine, wallowing half a mile astern of the freighter, stalking.

Liz pounded him. "You can't go back yet, Johnny. I'll never have another opportunity like this!"

He didn't answer. He seemed like a man undergoing a major operation without an anesthetic. He had five thousand feet and he was cramming for more. *Avoid war-like stimuli.*

Liz kept thumping him. He knocked her arm aside. "Johnny," she pleaded. "For my sake—"

"You don't know what you're saying," he yelled. "If I go any closer I'll—we'll be killed!"

"All right. We'll be killed." Her hand darted out and flicked off the ignition. "You'll have to knock me senseless before I let go this switch—unless I get to shoot my pictures!"

The comparative silence was startling. Johnny heard the submarine let go another shell and he shuddered. He wanted to put his face in his hands, but he couldn't take his eyes away from Liz. She

was looking at him as if she could see his soul. He pushed the nose down and wrenched the ship into a vicious spiral. How could a bunch of pictures be so important to anyone? Couldn't she see that he was sick with something beyond his control? He heard himself say bitterly, "You can have your lousy pictures. Take your hand off the switch."

She shrank away from him. He flipped the switch; the motor took hold. He held the nose down and dived at the stricken merchantman.

THE vessel had lost all headway; she was down by the stern, settling fast. Scattered groups of men were lowering boats. Smoke no longer emitted from the funnel, but flame was licking at the superstructure. The sub fired twice more, rapidly. One shell scuffed the crest off a wave. The other scored a direct hit.

Breathing became difficult for Johnny. Panic tightened his chest, sending a slow paralysis through his body. He cried, "Get your damned pictures! Go ahead—get 'em!" And he roared forty feet over the burning boat, cocking the left wing up steeply so Liz could work. He did not look at the men scrambling for the life boats, capsizing one in their frenzy; he did not watch Liz. He was hearing the big guns that pounded in Spain, that covered the olive groves with blood. . . . He carved four tight verticals around the doomed merchantman, with the right wing down there in the groove. He was pretty close to the water when the after hold blew up. A fragment came through the window by Liz and smashed out the windshield. He rolled the plane out level and climbed. The blackness that always came was hovering around his brain. He grasped Liz as if she could pull him from the void. He shook her and he heard his voice calling her

name. She was silent, perfectly limp. A new fear touched him—keener than any he had ever known.

The courage-sapping darkness swept away. Calmness came over him, and he knew that he had withstood the attack—that he was cured.

The old bus was still working for him. He had plenty of altitude. Gently, he turned Liz toward him. The poor kid had fainted. He drew her against his shoulder. "Oh, my darling," he said.

Liz stirred in his arm, looked up and smiled weakly. He started to let her go but she clung to him. He yelled, "You're missing the fade-out picture down there!"

She sat up and looked around. He picked up the camera and handed it to her. "Down there. Look." He banked back over the merchantman in a wide turn. Heads bobbed about two over-turned and shattered life boats. He waited for the submarine to pick up its victims. Markham would go for that picture. . . . Instead, the undersea craft devoured its crew, sank slowly beneath the water. Its gray, diminishing shape moved toward the east.

Liz watched, the camera held numbly in her hands. Her face was strained. "I wish we had one bomb."

"So do I," Johnny was grim. He switched on the transmitter. "I'll raise the Coast Guard—" His head jerked up. "What did you say?"

"Nothing. I said let's go on home."

He didn't pursue the subject any further. "Well," he said, "you got your pictures."

"Pictures?" Liz seemed confused. "I haven't got a darned one! I—I clean forgot the film packs!"

Johnny gave the motor a short burst of gas, resumed gliding. He didn't want the engine sound to intrude. "So we battled through all this mess for nothing."

"Johnny." Her eyes met his squarely. "You honestly believe we accomplished—nothing?"

Realization and incredulity tangled horns in Johnny's head. Incredulity must have been winning because he said, "Liz—Liz, you couldn't possibly have known about my—"

"I did. Bill Reid told me."

"But you didn't know there was a young war out here."

"What counts, Johnny, is that you flew through the whole battle—and went back for more!"

He shook his head from side to side. "Liz, I could have sworn I heard you wish for a bomb."

"You did. I saw a need for one."

"Liz," he said, "you are an astounding woman."

She looked crestfallen. "Is that the best you can do?"

"No," he said, and he did better.



Peter's Party

(Continued from page 19)

been. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

She wouldn't answer. Later, when they'd pitched camp for the remainder of the night, Pete kicked himself plenty. "It means a lot to her—about her Poppa," he told himself. "I was a dope to laugh."

AS THEY continued up the river, Mimi's coolness made Pete feel like a guide the Mallards had hired to take them where they wanted to go. He didn't care for it that way, not at all. He tried to stir the Major's imagination by going up a side river to the site of an old garrison where the soldiers had been massacred by the Indians seventy years ago. Great stuff—a jungle fort, with weeds six feet high along the broken-down walls, and the forgotten graves. But the Major was stolidly unimpressed, and Mimi made clear that she considered it one of the sights of the trip and not something special for which she had to thank Pete.

"Mister Whittaker," she said, after a long hot day between the endless banks which wouldn't ever be anything but green. "Could I ask a question about this jungle of yours?"

"It's not my jungle, but go ahead."

"Does it get any better up where Poppa has the mark on the map?"

"Better—or worse? Which do you mean?"

"Worse," said Mimi.

"Well, Mimi,"—Pete poked through the side embers of the fire for the plantains he was roasting for supper—"five more days and we'll be at the meeting of those three rivers, as far up the Amazon as we can go without pulling the canoes along by ropes. And it's all nice country, just like what we've been through already. You'll find women and children, and cats and dogs, and pet birds, all living a long life and finally dying of old age. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is."

It hurt him to see the way Mimi pressed her lips together and tried to hide her disappointment. He hadn't made any promises, but for her sake he wished the Amazon could have been more like Bordonni said it was, instead of so reasonably safe, if one forgot about malaria, typhoid, dysentery and sand fleas. Five more days, to where the cross was made. . . .

Then four, then three, two, and—"X marks the spot, Mimi," called Pete cheerily. "Here we are—the last sandbar."

It was no different from any of the others, except it had been camped on more. The river sweeping by wasn't broad and muddy now, but narrow and clear, with rocks here and there to plough it white.

"You mean—this is it?" demanded the Major.

"The spot," said Pete briefly.

The Major was stunned. He kept frowning at the map in disbelief, but finally he sank heavily to a fallen log and put his head in his hands.

"Never mind, Poppa," said Mimi. She smoothed around his rim of hair with her fingers. "It doesn't really matter. You don't have to write."

"But I do, Mimi," he said miserably. "You know that."

He got to his feet and began to plump flat-footedly back and forth across the sandbar. He pounded the fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and then batted at his forehead despondently. Mimi's eyes filled with tears and she was biting her lower lip to keep it steady.

"Look, folks," said Pete brightly. "Don't know why I didn't think of it before, but the Hambesis live up here. They're supposed to be the royal Incas who were chased out of Cuzco by Pizarro."

"Please, Pete," said Mimi. "No more of that."

"But it's really so, Mimi. They don't have fold-up knees, but they are great spear throwers—the only ones in this part of the Amazon. They shrink knobs, too. Every once in a while somebody's head is missing and a month later it comes out the size of an orange."

But Mimi shook her head and said, "It's no use, Pete. Let's start for home. Home—and a sanitarium," she added bitterly.

PETE took a chance. The next morning he set off alone through the brush and returned hours later with two Hambesis. They were chunky savages with short necks and round flat faces, but picturesque. Pete had induced them to daub themselves with red berry stain and wear ceremonial belts of human hair for breechcloths.

"Be honest, Mimi. Aren't these the most savage savages you ever saw?"

"They are nice," she said.

"I can get 'em to pose for their picture," Pete continued. "And there's also an old fellow who has a flute made from the thigh bone of a girl he used to love. He plays sad tunes into the neck of a gourd."

"Oh—swell!"

The Major moved in a daze and did what Mimi told him to do, like a rubber robot who'd been scolded. They dug a camera and its tripod from the bottom of what Carlos called the ballast boat because it carried gear which was never used and so never unpacked.

"They got spears as big as tent poles, Poppa," Mimi said, as they planted the three-legged stand into the beach and set the camera on top. "Well, bigger than broomsticks, anyway."

The Hambesis were bold and hard to manage, but Pete finally got them

facing the camera, their spears in one hand ready to throw and the other hand out front to balance.

"The perfect pose," he said. "Snap it, Major."

The shutter clicked. "Okay," Pete said, and swung his arm at the Hambesis. That was all, he meant to say. They could relax now, and collect the machetes he'd promised them. But the Hambesis had a different understanding of what the signal meant. They swung their arms too, and at the forward end of the throw they opened their fingers and the spears sailed free. They went straight for the mark and hit it square in the birdie. Good shot. The camera burst into pieces and hit the ground in fragments.

"You devils!" stormed Pete, and kicked at the Hambesis angrily. "Scram!"

They howled and scrambled.

"All I told 'em to do was aim," Pete said. He turned and saw the Major on the ground near the broken camera, his coat open and his shirt torn away, bleeding from a long jagged cut in one of the flesh rolls of his side.

"One of the spears," explained Mimi, as Pete knelt beside her to examine the wound.

"Quick, then," he said. "Get hot water."

The injury itself wasn't serious, but along its edges Pete could see the black smear of spearhead poison. He pressed in on both sides of the cut and kept it bleeding, wiping away the poison with his bandanna. "It's not like snake-bite, Mimi," he said. "It's a paste they make from the bark of trees, and it's slow stuff. He was lucky."

"You were stubborn," said Mimi. "This never should have happened. Never."

"It's only a scratch," put in the Major.

He got to his feet after Pete had applied the last strip of adhesive and lumbered over to the elephant gun and lifted it into the air so's he could squint at the sky through the double bore. He did that fifty times a day, not knowing why.

SUDDENLY Carlos touched Pete on the arm.

"Listen, boss," he said, in low tones. "Hambesis. What we do?"

"Wait," said Pete.

He heard faint yells from the jungle, growing louder as they came toward the sandbar. Carlos cursed at the *porteros*, but they ran for the dugouts just the same, piling into the empty ones and leaving the ballast boat and the *piragua* behind.

"What we do?" asked Carlos again. "Hambesis bad Indians."

"Run," said Pete.

He knew the Hambesis were no worse than any other tribe. But he

also knew they were hot-headed and acted on impulse. Whatever they did was always all right with them afterward. They were never sorry. He caught the Major by the arm and hurried him along. "If you only knew the spot you were in," he thought ironically. Then, aloud, "All right, Mimi. Get in."

But she stamped the pebbles under her feet. Her eyes flashed.

"Peter Whittaker," she began—but Pete wouldn't listen. He hustled her into the dugout.

"Shove off!" he shouted, and sunk his toes into the sand and pushed. When the water got to his knees he leapt aboard and grabbed a paddle. He swerved the canoe through a swift arc and headed it downstream behind the others. The Hambesis were so close now he could hear the crackling of the brush under their feet. When he looked back he saw them pouring from the jungle and swarming over the sandbar like black ants.

"Is this your idea of a good scare?" continued Mimi. She was on her knees and pounding at Pete's back with her fists. "It's gone far enough," she said. "Go back. Call off your friends. Get our things!"

"You keep down," said Pete.

He swung around just as a savage launched the first spear from the water's edge. Pete caught at Mimi's shoulders and pulled her downward. He didn't mean to drop her hard, but that's how it happened. She gave a surprised little gasp, then sat right up again.

"Are you blind?" yelled Pete angrily. "Those Indians are sore. They mean business."

"Oh!" said Mimi. "Oh!"

THE spears fell short but now the Hambesis emptied the ballast boat and leapt aboard. Short chase, thought Pete. Six on each side, paddling like mad. They'd catch up before the next bend of the river. In the bow was a pot-bellied chief in a white man's shirt and the rim of a straw hat, looking silly but throwing a fast javelin which took to the air like a shell and plunged into the water much too close for comfort. So close that the Major grunted.

He reached for the elephant gun and swung it into the air. He squinted through the barrels. There was a sparkle in that squint. "Hope he lives to enjoy it," thought Pete grimly, bending to his paddle. He dared not let up. He was keeping stroke for the others. Then he felt the canoe rock and the explosion of the elephant gun thudded against his eardrums.

"You missed, Poppa," cried Mimi. "Try again!"

She'd reached for a revolver and was blazing away. When the shots were gone she couldn't get at the reloads because the Major was taking aim again and the cartridge belts were between him and the bottom of the canoe. It shuddered a second time. Pete looked back hopefully and saw a hole which the Major had

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blown in the bow of the ballast boat. It came to such a sudden stop that the Indian in the shirt tumbled headlong into the river. The others went down with the dugout.

"Nice work, Poppa," cried Mimi. "Swell," said Pete. He breathed easier. The Hambesis would swim to the beach and run along the bank, shouting and waving their arms, but what harm could they do? "What got me mad," he said later, his face burning as he turned to Mimi. "You thinking I'd hire blood-thirsty head-hunters like the Hambesis to toss spears at us, just to give your father a thrill! I'm not Bordoni, you know," he said.

"Don't say another word about Bordoni," flared Mimi angrily. "That's all you've talked about. You'd think he was a criminal, the things you've said about him."

"It was Bordoni who ruined your father's imagination," retorted Pete, and Mimi didn't deny it. Pete glanced over at the Major, looking for the gleam he'd seen in his eyes. It wasn't there. The Major had lost interest again and was staring dully at a large beetle he'd picked up from the bottom of the canoe. It had been knocked out by elephant-gun concussion and the Major was just looking at it. "For crying out loud!" said Pete fervently. It was enough to make a man take his dude jungle advertisements out of the New York papers and go back to rustling mahogany for a living.

But soon the Major reached for the black leather notebook and began to write. He wrote fast and at the end of every sentence he leaned his head to one side and made self-satisfied noises in his throat.

"Oh! Nothing like the real thing," said Pete. "The only stuff worth writing about, eh, Major?"

The Major didn't like the interruption. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

"The Hambesis."

"Our own fault. Our own fault. How could they know what a camera was for, if not to throw spears at?"

"Getting away, I mean," said Pete. "That was adventure! Closest call I've ever had—and they were knob-collectors, don't forget that."

"It was ridiculous," said the Major. "They had spears and I had a shotgun. They didn't have a chance."

"But you're writing," persisted Pete.

"Yes, Poppa," said Mimi. "What are you writing about?"

"Bug," said the Major. "Most remarkable bug."

"Bug?"

"TAKE a look at it," he said, picking up the dead beetle between a gingerly thumb and forefinger. "It's got a blunt nose and a wide mouth, with eyes on top. It's like the head of a snake on wings!"

"It's only a lantern fly," said Pete. "There are flocks of 'em around my dude jungle. Perfectly harmless."

"Looking like a snake is camouflage," said Mimi.

"True, true," said the Major impatiently. "But suppose it really had poison fangs and men died when it bit them?"

"Yes, Poppa?" Mimi leaned forward breathlessly. "Yes?"

"Don't you see? The Indians could breed them like bees and set them loose on the whites to wipe out civilization! They could reconquer the world! Why—it's colossal!" he said, and began to write again.

When Mimi met Pete's surprised glance, her eyes were round and soft, and she looked positively radiant. She reached over and took his hand. "I'm so glad, Pete—so glad he's writing again," she said, smiling. Then, "Poppa's already done five books on the Amazon," she explained happily. "This will be his sixth."

"Sixth?" Pete was puzzled. Not that it mattered. Not with Mimi's hand in his, and everything he'd been wanting to say answered the way he wanted it answered by the way she was looking at him. But, "Funny," he went on, "I've read everything ever published about the Amazon, but I don't remember reading anything by Major Grover P. Mallard."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mimi. "But not by that name. Poppa won't mind my telling you, now he's working again. All his jungle adventure stories were written under the name of Bordoni."

Public Relations for Boss and Employee

(Continued from page 13)

When negotiations are conducted on a personal basis such as this, there is no need for a labor union. Except as his membership may contribute to the general advance of labor, an employee in such a position has no reason to become a union member. The fact that such a boss-employee enlightened relationship rarely exists is not because it is impossible or even difficult. All that is required in most cases is a genuine desire for harmony between the employee and the employer. Add to that a dash of the good old American spirit of fair play and your union problem, in the little business anyhow, is solved.

The employee who wants to do right by his employer often has one problem to face which may completely stump him. This is the union question. According to popular opinion the unions customarily take the position that it is contrary to an employee's interest to cooperate too closely with his boss. It would appear that he should leave the matter of employer negotiations entirely up to his union, if he is a member of one, and do nothing more than the job he is paid to do. If he reads this inference into news of strikes and protracted and bitter negotiations he makes an understandable

error, but an error none the less.

Although the action of a small minority of unions and employers would make it appear so, the interests of the union and the employer are not at the opposite ends of the earth. As all labor leaders with intelligence and integrity realize, they are unequivocally identical. Employers can prosper only if their employee policies are liberal and enlightened. A working man, whether his collar is white broadcloth or blue denim, who believes steadfastly in the principle of union organization, can serve that principle best by developing the closest possible cooperation with his boss. The purpose of a union is not to call strikes but to avoid the necessity for them. That can be done best where the union members themselves have a real understanding of the boss' position and problems. Such an informed member may sometime need to strike, but it is not likely, and if he does he will know the why's and wherefore's and can do so with sincere, and not militant, regret.

The position of the employee of a small business in relation to a union is vastly different from that of the man in a large company. The man who works for big business rarely has any opportunity for direct con-

tact with the head. Someone who can speak for him in negotiations involving his welfare and his wages is practically essential if his voice is to be heard. In this case the initiative and opportunities for building closer relations between the employer and employee must stem from the former.

In a small business, however, the employee usually knows his boss well. Even though he may address his as "Mr. Soandso", he is used to being around him and is often less likely to be awed in his presence. This is important. It means that he can sit down and talk over more easily and naturally any grievances and problems which may threaten to affect their relationship. He can give expression to his point of view, and, if the boss is living up to *his* end of the bargain, he can get a sympathetic hearing and a full and understandable explanation of the boss' position.

One of the most difficult problems in employee relations in the small business is apt to be raised when a younger man is promoted over the head of an older employee who thinks seniority entitles him to the better job. The case of Frank and Howard in a West Coast drug store is typical. Both were employed in

the prescription department. Frank had been there for over twenty years and knew as much about compounding a prescription as any man in America. He knew every regular customer of the store by name and they knew him. Once he had saved a patient's life and a doctor's reputation by refusing to fill a prescription which erroneously called for a drug that he knew would be fatal under the circumstances. The grateful doctor had sent the drug store much business in appreciation.

Howard had been in the store only two years. He was certainly a competent pharmacist and did that job well, but in addition he spent all his spare time out front waiting on customers, rearranging displays, taking detailed notes on requests for articles the store did not stock, later reporting on costs, selling prices and probable demand. He set up a system for automatic reorders when the supply of an item got below a specified quantity. He was full of ideas about everything, even to a proposal for more effective use of the modest advertising budget.

When the boss decided to open a branch store and picked Howard to manage it, the shock was a serious blow to Frank. He considered that his years of painstaking and loyal service merited the reward of the better job. He felt that in selecting his younger rival his boss showed an inexcusable lack of gratitude. Because his feelings were so deeply hurt he offered his resignation. Thus was threatened a satisfactory relationship of twenty years' duration.

IN ONE way or another this situation is happening in small businesses every day. The morale and therefore the efficiency of valued employees is seriously impaired by "unjust" salary increases and promotions. Even though it might have been obvious to everyone else that Howard was the only one of the two who had the qualifications for a managerial job, it was anything but obvious to Frank. What could be done about it?

The employee's part is the most difficult. In many jobs it is the employee who can define and set the limits of his own advancement. In many others steady competency is all that is required. But if, where there are opportunities, he is content to do a day-to-day job without trying to expand his own functions or to engage in additional activities which will fit him for advancement, then he cannot expect to get ahead. This practice of just doing the job as it comes along is widely justified by those who always say they are "waiting for a break". Somehow the theory seems to have gotten around that breaks come of their own accord. They don't. They are made. The man who just waits for one is the last man on anybody's list for promotions.

But Frank the pharmacist was in a slightly different category. He wasn't waiting for a break. He was

loyal and dependable and he did his job well, believing that was all that was expected of him. Certainly that was all that was expected. That made him a competent pharmacist and worth every cent of the \$60 a week he drew in salary. But it didn't make him worth a cent more. And it didn't fit him for any other kind of a job—let alone a bigger job.

It is part of the responsibility of every employee to analyze what he wants out of his job. If it gives him everything he desires, then he should school himself to remain content when younger men are advanced over him. If it doesn't give him all he wants, then it is up to him to look around and see what he can do to open new opportunities and then work hard to realize them.

AND what about the responsibilities of the employer? If there are to be continuing good relations between boss and employee, what has the boss himself got to do? Many things. And some that are most neglected by the heads of small businesses seem the most obvious when they are outlined on paper.

First, let's see what the boss might have done for Frank when he decided to make Howard manager of the new drug store. If he were the sort of boss he ought to be he would have taken Frank out somewhere for a private talk and gone over the whole matter. He would have paid a tribute to Frank's undoubted ability in his own field. Because of their long association he would have sought Frank's opinion as to the qualifications the manager of the new store ought to have, qualifications much broader than those of a pharmacy specialist, however expert. He would have pointed out the risks of the venture—risks which, if he were not successful, might leave the new manager out of a job. Thus Frank would have been given an opportunity to eliminate himself from consideration and his pride would have been saved because he had been consulted about the job in advance.

A primary responsibility of the boss toward his employees is found in his attitude about himself. He is apt to think of himself as Boss with a capital B; an autocrat who must rule with a firm hand if he is to rule at all. If this were true then such a boss might as well give up now any hope of securing the increased efficiency and the extra profits that come out of a cordial relationship with his employees. At best, dictatorial tactics can work only temporarily. But the problem of most employers does not arise from any consciousness of autocracy; it results from their belief that dictatorial tactics are synonymous with efficiency. They aren't—not in America anyhow. The American worker who is worth his salt does his best work because he wants to do it, because he is proud of it, and not because he has to do it or because he is ordered to do it.



If you bought a car that looked all through
And then found out it ran like new—
Mister, you'd have a buy!

And if you found, one happy day,
Great whiskey priced the modest way
You'd also have . . .

A BUY!



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The very best *buy*
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In this, small business men can learn from the experience of big business. Because of their great size most big businesses developed into highly impersonal and cold organizations—the “soulless corporation” in which the rights or desires of individuals were supposed to mean nothing. They were operated largely by memoranda from the big bosses, memoranda which filtered down to the rank and file through a series of minor bosses without explanation or comment, as “orders”. Today big business is actively engaged in finding ways and means of bringing the personal element into the relationship between management and employees because big business has learned that the so-called efficient dictatorial methods of the past simply do not pay.

EVERY boss is expected to supply good working conditions but few have stopped to ask themselves what this means. It varies, of course, with every organization. But there are several basic factors in good working conditions which any organization must have, whether it has five employees or fifty thousand. These are adequate light (and thousands fail on this), heat, ventilation, fire protection, sanitary facilities and space in which to work. Simple, but it is extremely doubtful if twenty percent of small businesses in America would meet these minimum standards.

Another important obligation of the employer is that he must at all times live up to his position. As a boss he sets the standard for everyone who works with him. If he expects his personnel to be neat, he must be likewise; if he wants their consideration, he must give his. Especially it is incumbent on him to show his appreciation for the steady application of his workers to any continuous drudge jobs they may do. He must endeavor to prove himself a leader and thereby merit their respect and allegiance. He should take part in civic activities and encourage his employees to do likewise. He should give of his time to charitable, benevolent and educational efforts and endeavor continuously to advance his position in the community. This is good business for many reasons, of course, but it would be wise if only for its effect on employee relations.

One of the major reasons employees are sometimes dissatisfied with their jobs, or their salaries, is that they are uninformed of the boss' problems. They do not know the conditions he is up against.

Like Bill, the laundry route driver, all they see is their own point of view. And here the employer is mostly at fault. This was brought home to the head of a small business in New York recently. He noticed a lack of cooperative spirit on the part of his staff of ten employees. Several of them had asked for raises which he wasn't in a position to give. In an effort to find out what the trouble

was he asked each one of them what they thought his salary, as the head of the business, should be. He averaged their replies and found that they had estimated a fair salary for him at exactly twice the amount he was able to pay himself. Here was a serious discrepancy that might easily be the root of dissatisfaction.

He called his employees together to discuss the business. He told them all about it, how much he had invested, how much his goods cost him, what they sold for, something of his promotion costs and his modest plans for building up the business. He let them look at some of the problems which confronted him and pointed out that on their successful solution depended not only the continuance of his own income, but their jobs as well. It was quite a little talk and when he got through he said that he would welcome suggestions which would put the business in a position to pay better salaries, including his own. His employees left the meeting with their first real conception of what made the business go. There was no more dissatisfaction in that organization.

The problem of rewards for special outstanding services is frequently troublesome to the employer. Sometimes mishandling results in a serious ruction in his relations with his organization. It is most important for the boss to remember that he cannot reward one employee without the others knowing it. A special bonus or increase in salary is certain to become known, for even if the employee is sworn to secrecy, his wife isn't.

PRIZES or bonuses, and in a small organization this means cash, should only be given for merit and never as a routine procedure. Many organizations have followed the old “Christmas Bonus” custom and considered it proof of their generosity and kindly interest in their employees. It is nothing of the sort. Such a routine bonus can be definitely harmful to sound employee relations. In the first place, the principle of the Christmas bonus is wrong. The distribution is usually made on a pro rata basis from a lump sum set aside for the purpose. Special merit rarely, if ever, affects the amount of the individual bonus, although such outworn standards as length of service often do. Every employee knows therefore that no matter how well or how poorly he does his work during the year he will get his share of the bonus, and no more. There is no incentive in this. Millions of dollars are given out every year on this basis and any real value which might accrue from this distribution either to employee or employer is irrevocably lost. If the boss wants to give Christmas presents in cash to his employees, by all means let him do so. But in this case it should frankly be called a gift and not a bonus or reward for good work well done.

When merited rewards are given, either in the form of single cash amounts or in salary increases, they should be fully described to all employees and their incentive for achieving a similar distinction thereby stimulated. However, care must be taken not to discourage the competitive spirit by drawing sharp contrasts between those who made the effort but did not get the prize and those who may have won it. Emphasis can be put on the keenness of the race which makes the winning of it the more important. Thus every “runner” is honored to have had a part.

THERE are innumerable systems by which rewards are given out. Every organization has individual problems to consider that make adaptations of standard ideas desirable in most cases. However, there is one plan which combines the best features of several and which can be used in almost any organization of ten or more employees. Each year the company sets aside a specific sum of money which is to be awarded the employee “who makes the most outstanding contribution to the advancement of the firm during the year”. This broad definition of the purpose of the award places both a responsibility and an opportunity to make a wise choice squarely on the committee which selects the individual to receive it. But the officials of the company have nothing to do with the selection, for the committee, which is changed annually, is made up of the employees themselves. They judge themselves but in order to do the job honestly and well they must have a real understanding of what would be an important contribution to the firm. To achieve this understanding there must be frequent discussions of firm problems with and without senior officers, and therefore there is a constant awareness on the part of the employee of what such problems are. When the award is made, the committee draws up a full report giving reasons and excerpts from their discussions as well as any particular conditions within the firm that may have had a bearing on their decision. Every employee reads this report. Its effect is obvious. For organizations with large numbers of employees, the plan provides for second and third prizes.

The employer who adopted this plan realized that it would be particularly acceptable to his staff because it not only rewarded them for meritorious service but it enabled them to be judged, in the language of the law, by a jury of their own peers. They were not trying to impress their bosses, but only their own fellow workers. It succeeded like magic. One year a stenographer received the prize for working out a system for measuring the time spent on office routine—a system which made for more accurate cost accounting. Another year it was given a salesman who landed a particular-

ly important account. In another instance it fell to an employee who had organized a company basketball and bowling team and entered them in the city league. Anyone is eligible and the standards are those of the competitors themselves. It is as nearly perfect as any plan could be.

Although it is not possible to do more than touch on a few typical responsibilities of employer and employee in the brief space of this article, it is obvious that for the most part the responsibilities are of an exceedingly simple sort. There is nothing complicated or even profound in any of them. Unfortunately, their very simplicity is the most difficult handicap to their observance. They seem so easy that they are easily forgotten. But if the average business man gave the same thought to his system of employee relations as he gives to his system of bookkeeping, he would not only make more money—a good deal more—but this old world would be a better place in which to work and live.

Bright and Golden Shores

(Continued from page 15)

type of salt-water fishing is offered in the close skirting Gulf Stream, off the beach or in sheltered waters inside the sand barrier. A series of lakes, waterways, rivers and bays form a network of highways for the boatman.

Nags Head, Morehead City, Wilmington and other areas provide excellent swimming. Atlantic Beach, near Morehead City, extends east and west and is virtually free of undertow. The resort is in the heart of a famous fishing region. Wilmington itself, with four nearby beaches, is the capital of a well-developed summer and winter resort section. Farther south, near Southport, is Caswell Beach, a unique playground fashioned around an old fort.

THE traveler journeying inland through this region will find numerous excuses to pause and look. On the very land once fought over by Union and Confederate soldiers now stands modern Fort Bragg, the world's largest artillery reservation. At Aberdeen, in the upper Cape Fear, is Bethesda Presbyterian Church, with its unique slaves' gallery. In Brunswick County are the ruins of old Brunswick, abandoned in the face of pirate attacks, and at nearby Southport are historic lighthouses. Fort Fisher, scene of the heaviest sea bombardment in the war between the States, is a monument to the bravery of the South.

Farther inland, where settlers had fewer ties with the mother country and where there was a mixture of English, Irish, Dutch, Moravians and

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Germans, the struggle for independence was carried on early and warmly. At Charlotte (that hornet's nest to Cornwallis), the American Declaration of Independence was anticipated and superseded by a local resolution May 20, 1775. At Halifax, the provincial Congress, April 12, 1776, instructed delegates to the Continental Congress to vote for freedom. Long before these demonstrations, however, Regulators and British forces had clashed in North Carolina. The Battle of Alamance occurred near the present site of Burlington, May 16, 1771.

The traveler into the Piedmont section of North Carolina will find himself in a region of rich memories. Greensboro and its confines gave the country such individualists as "Dolly" Madison, O. Henry and Uncle Joe Cannon. The early home of Daniel Boone was near Salisbury. Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk came from near Charlotte, and Andrew Johnson from Raleigh. The old Salem of the Moravians (at Winston-Salem) is a picturesque survivor of a colonial settlement. The Moravian observance of Easter is more than worth seeing. The purported grave of Marshal Ney, Napoleon's greatest aide, is at Third Creek Church, Cleveland County. Because of North Carolina's location and geography, the historical pilgrim will find an inexhaustible territory for visit and study, ranging from the pleasant tidewater plantation country to the still vigorous pioneering life in some of the remote mountain sections.

AWAY from the coast to the west are the Great Smoky Mountains, the largest remnant of America's wilderness. Until a few years ago few white men had ever traveled through the Smokies. Now, they afford an endless opportunity for the vacationer. They form the border of one of the most extensive recreational areas in the country, in which is included every facility for outdoor life and sport, as well as resort developments.

In the mountains south of the Smokies is Nantahala National Forest. Nantahala Gorge is one of the grand sights of America and the forest extends south and east to take in the Sapphire country—a region of mountains, rivers, waterfalls and lakes. For you mountain-climbers there are Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Mitchell in the Pisgah country. Mitchell is 6,684 feet, the highest mountain in eastern America.

And saving the best for the last—there are the Gardens. Carolina and her sister State, Virginia, have skillfully arranged garden tours that follow one another—Carolina's from March 27th to April 25th—and Virginia's from April 28th to May 3rd. The thing to do is to start in one State and let your tour carry you through the other.

You can begin this parade in Carolina and follow it as it advances from the cloistered gardens of the

coast, filled with camellias and azaleas surrounded by massive oaks, hung with Spanish moss, on into the Piedmont with its colorful gardens filled to bursting with iris and tulips. Then on up into the mountains where the flaming redbud or "Judas Tree" grows in wild profusion. For a complete itinerary of the Carolina Tour, write to the Garden Club of North Carolina.

And so on into Virginia. This year, in view of the Nation's wish to lend all possible aid to the stricken people of England, the Garden Club of Virginia has voted to send the proceeds of the 1941 Spring Garden Tour to the relief of Britain.

THERE are over 140 gracious gardens in Virginia, ranging from the Piedmont country all the way up to the Alexandria district near famous Mount Vernon and just a few miles from Washington, D. C. Gorgeous boxwood is growing at Mount Vernon, as well as lilac bushes, thought to have been imported and planted by General Washington. The Jackson Memorial, about ten miles from Fredericksburg, is a wildflower preserve where there are more than two hundred species of native plants. The memorial is near the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell tragically at Chancellorsville. Alexandria is proud of her narcissi, and Charlottesville, in early April points to the beauty of thousands of nearby acres of peach trees in delicate bloom. A home near Charlottesville which has become a memorial to one who was not only a favorite son of Virginia, but one of the illustrious citizens of his country, is Monticello. When the home in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in which Jefferson was born burned to the ground, Jefferson took his bride to a little brick house on the estate and this little house, under the owner's rebuilding, became Monticello, one of the most beautiful houses in the United States. Glorious trees and shrubs, planted by the author of the Declaration of Independence, form a background for the stately home.

THE gardens, as well as the house, at Stratford, are being restored, and at Williamsburg the restoration of the prim and formal gardens of the Governor's Palace has been completed. Down on the York River are the charming gardens of York House. A setting of blue and yellow for the beautiful 18th century mansion, the gardens are a splendid example of colonial planting. There are yews in this old garden, lilacs and box, and myriads of perennials.

The Shenandoah Valley is a sweet dream of apple blossoms in the Spring and each year a festival is held at Winchester in their honor.

These beauty spots of Virginia form a long and lovely jeweled chain throughout the State. Many of them were destroyed in the war between the States, only to spring to life again. A glimpse of them well repays a study of road maps and a

close traveling schedule. To see it properly, it might be better to visit Virginia for several seasons, seeing, in leisurely fashion, the gardens of the Old Dominion one Spring, those of the Tidewater, of the Piedmont, the next.

Aside from her gardens there is so much to tell about Virginia that it is hard to know how to crowd in as much as our limited space allows. The Nation's history really began in Virginia on May 13, 1607, when a brave band of Englishmen dropped anchor at Jamestown and there established the first permanent English settlement in America. From that beginning, frontiers expanded westward in succeeding generations until the mountains, the Mississippi River and finally the Pacific Ocean became the limits of our country. Virginians pushed into this vast region and settled much of it; and, as a consequence, millions of Americans in all parts of the United States have their roots in Virginia soil.

Mount Vernon, overlooking the historic Potomac River, is forever associated with the life and death of George Washington. Thomas Jefferson becomes a living character to those who visit his mountain home, Monticello, and study the architecture that was his pride. Beautiful Kenmore in Fredericksburg, the home of Washington's sister, is within a few streets of his mother's house. Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington, had a romantic story before it became the home of Robert E. Lee. In Richmond, the interest of the State Capitol, designed by Jefferson, is enhanced by Houdon's statue of Washington, which our first President saw and approved. Battle Abbey and the Confederate Museum are packed with mementoes and memories of the war between the States. The Edgar Allen Poe shrine holds relics that recall the life of the great poet in Richmond.

SMITH'S FORT, Bacon's Castle and St. Luke's Church are delightful examples of 17th century architecture. Thousands of visitors each year enter the "Northern Neck" to view the Washington restoration at Wakefield, where the President was born. Stratford, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, is another famous landmark of the past. John D. Rockefeller's restoration of Williamsburg has brought a great deal of pleasure to thousands. Virginia's colleges and universities are among the most beautiful in the country, with the University of Virginia, designed by Thomas Jefferson, standing first of all. One may trace the greater part of the Civil War in Virginia's battlefields which are systematically marked and described for those who wish to see the ground where the Nation's history was made. Virginia's beaches and resorts are famous the world over, ranging from Norfolk and Virginia Beach through Old Point Comfort to Cape Charles.

And then there is Shenandoah National Park in the heart of the

Blue Ridge mountains, filled with tumbling waterfalls, deep, narrow canyons, cool, shady forests, open meadows and a continuous profusion of wildflowers. Through the park winds the Skyline Drive, a broad, smooth, paved highway, which runs the length of the park from Front Royal on the north to Jarman's Gap, near Waynesboro—a distance of over 100 miles. At Jarman's Gap, the drive links with the Blue Ridge Parkway, a scenic connecting road (now under construction) between the Shenandoah National Park and the Great Smoky Mountain National Park in North Carolina. All along this highway are spotted Virginia's natural wonders: Natural Bridge, near Lexington; Natural Tunnel in Scott County, through which passes the Southern Railway; Battlefield Crystal Caverns; Luray Caverns, Endless Caverns, just a few of the fascinat-

ing underground grottos for which Virginia is famous.

In short, your tour through Carolina and Virginia should be as pleasant a trip as it is possible to plan. There is a poem about Virginia which says far more than any travel article could, and, at the risk of offending, we'll say it fits North Carolina equally well:

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As in Virginia;
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

Hot Dog Dynasty

(Continued from page 8)

report that the House of Stevens prospered mightily as a result of the prohibition baseball imposed upon itself before the Federal Government got around to it. Much of the rowdiness which attended baseball thirty years ago went out with the hard stuff. A better class of people—bringing more spending money—was attracted to baseball and there was a sharp upswing in the sale of food and soda pop.

There is particular pertinency in relating the story of the Stevenses at this time, for this year and this month mark the golden anniversary of the succulent weiner, also known affectionately as Coney Island chicken or, as some Stevens hawkers assure you, "A pound of meat, a loaf of bread and a jar of mustard. Whatcha waitin' for? Ain't nobody hungry?"

Like many great events influencing the destiny of men and nations, the hot dog as a favorite American dish was purely an accident. Frankfurters were not entirely unknown half a century ago, to be sure, but nobody ever thought of selling them publicly until one cold, rainy day in 1891 at Columbus, Ohio. Stark ruin faced the elder Stevens, who was operating the concession in the local ball park on a knotted shoe-string. In anticipation of a big crowd, he had stocked a large quantity of ice cream and soda, but the shivering customers weren't having any. In this crisis, Stevens was visited by a bright idea. He had his employees scour the butcher shops of Columbus for a thousand frankfurters. He bought a thousand soft rolls and three quarts of mustard and pickle sauce. The frozen fans snapped up the weiners—no man-bites-dog gag intended—and from that historic occasion the fame of the delicate viand spread far and wide. Tad Dorgan, the celebrated cartoonist, gave the hot dog its name, which was the final

touch needed for the stamp of popular approval.

Harry Payne Whitney, a Stevens customer from 'way back, once said old Harry "parlayed a bag of peanuts into a million dollars". It was a pithy, thumb-nail description, but it wasn't quite accurate. First of all, the elder Stevens had several million dollars when he died in 1931, and his four sons since have increased the family fortune. Then, it wasn't a bag of peanuts which launched the house. It was the humble scorecard which inspired the rags-to-riches yarn in the best American tradition.

Stevens was an iron puddler in Niles, Ohio, enjoying restless leisure due to a mill strike, when he ran up to Columbus one day to see a ball game. The sketchy, inaccurate scorecards sold at the time were entirely inadequate and Harry believed he could do the fans and himself a bit of good by printing a better line-up of the teams. His idea clicked from the start, he gained added revenue from the sale of advertising space on the cards and presently he had all concessions in the Columbus park.

No other scorecard vendor followed Stevens' lead and in 1894 the resourceful fellow wrote John Montgomery Ward, of the fabled New York Giants, asking for permission to peddle his product in the Polo Grounds. Ward knew Stevens only slightly, but he told him to come up to the big city. "I like to hear you yell," Ward wrote. Stevens arrived in New York with a grand total of \$8.40 in his pocket. The Polo Grounds never has known another concessionaire.

THE complete list of Stevens enterprises today reads like a once-overlightly of the sport landmarks of America. The four sons now have all privileges at the Yankee Stadium, Ebbets Field, Braves Field, Fenway

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MAKE SURE OF
BETTER TIMES

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Park and the Jersey City ball parks. During the course of a year they make feed bills for horses look like small change by the quantity of the fodder they sell racing clients at Saratoga, Belmont, Tropical, Empire, Jamaica, Pimlico, Charles Town, Revere, Narragansett, Juarez, Havana, Bowie, Laurel and Delaware, to mention only a few tracks. They have fed patrician pans at the international polo matches and the America's Cup yacht races. They have been caterers at horse, dog, flower, automobile, poultry, motor boat, electrical, chemical and fashion shows. The only concessions they did not have at the old, *old* Madison Square Garden were those for coat-stealing, picking pockets and rolling drunks. Those were very tangible privileges and they were awarded to the thugs of New York during the six-day bike races, when a man paid one admission and could set up light-house-keeping in the joint for the duration.

The Stevens even like to believe their food once saved the lives and property of law-abiding citizens. Twenty-five years ago, when Pancho Villa was on the loose, the Mexican bandit invaded the Juarez race-track for the nefarious purpose of making off with all the thoroughbred horses on the grounds. Track attaches and stable hands were prepared to put up a bloody battle for the horses, but it wasn't necessary. Villa dropped into the Stevens commissary for a light snack and liked the food so well that he merely inspected, rather than stole, the horses.

THE four brothers—Hal, Frank, Joe and Bill—have fed so many sporting gents and their ladies in their time that they have become shrewd judges of mob psychology. The reactions and preferences of sport crowds is as yet an unexplored field, but the Stevens boys can glance at an inventory sheet and tell you the number of people present, whether the customers were watching a ball game, prize fight, horse race or clambake, the weather conditions and whether or not the events were spectacular or boring.

A baseball crowd is the most relaxed and easy-going of all sporting assemblages. The customers, therefore, buy a steady stream of small items such as hot dogs, peanuts, pop and ice cream. A mob at the race-track is nervous, restless; Hal Stevens says he never has seen a bag of peanuts or a candy bar eaten by a bettor at the track—and virtually all

patrons wager a few bob or more on the horses. A horse fan will grab a hot dog or sandwich on the run between races, especially after he has cashed a winning bet, but in most cases he is too busy scurrying around for tips—always straight from the horse's mouth, of course—to bother with food. The commissary does a rushing lunch business before the afternoon program begins, mostly in solid, substantial fodder. Corned beef and cabbage, at a dollar the copy, is the most popular dish, even with the exclusive Jockey Club set. Fight fans also are a nervous, impulsive lot and the best sellers among them are beer and set-ups for liquid refreshment brought on the hip. A football mob gives sandwiches, hot dogs and coffee a heavy play, but only between the halves, when there is a natural let-down after an hour of high tension.

FAST, exciting action brings the customers a-running to the arena, but it's bad for the Stevens business. People are much too engrossed in a tight, tense game or match to give a thought to food or drink. When the exercises drag, though, the clients look for the white-coated hawkers, evidently for want of something better to do. It may surprise you to learn that a sell-out crowd is very bad news to a concessionaire. The vendors cannot circulate through jam-packed stands; a crowd which fills three-quarters of an arena's top capacity is the best for gross sales.

Among athletes, ball players as a group are the most diligent trenchermen, although the six-day bike riders, who consumed four to six complete meals a day during the races, would eat an old lap robe if it were cooked and set before them. The most industrious face-feeder the Stevens brothers ever saw was Babe Ruth, who habitually knocked off half a dozen hot dogs, washed down by a tub of pop, between games of a double-header, then could go out and belt a couple of home runs. It was nothing at all for Ruth to sink his fangs into a dozen dogs at one sitting, a terrifying record matched on innumerable occasions by Ed Barrow, the President of the Yankees, who, incidentally, was Harry Stevens' partner many years ago.

"Ruth would eat a bale of hay if we stocked it," Frank Stevens says with reminiscent awe.

Although the race-tracks are the brothers' biggest year-round activity and they are in a position to pick up

all sorts of tips, they rarely bet. When they do, they go for a giddy investment of two dollars. This traces back to father Harry's stern disapproval of betting. On a certain bleak October day in 1929, the elder Stevens dropped \$200,000 in the stock market, which didn't upset him nearly as much as a two-buck bet which had gone wrong when the favorite, the dog, ran out of the money.

Baseball was, and still is, the only sport the father and his sons ever saw which commanded their deep-seated interest, and the Stevenses have been associated intimately with every sport in the books. Harry rooted passionately for the Giants and his favorite player was Ruth, who called him his second Dad. But Harry's big moment came when his son Joe got a hit in the ninth inning with the bases full and won the intercollegiate championship for Yale at the Polo Grounds.

The tough, old iron puddler was a colorful character. He bawled out inefficient employees with breathtaking vehemence and imagery, but there is a large number of old retainers, among the 6,000 men on the Stevens working list, drawing pensions today for faithful service. He was a terror in business, but after hours he would recite Milton, Byron and Shakespeare all night. During the Black Sox scandal of 1920, somebody happened to mention in Harry's presence that the future of baseball was threatened.

"Ridiculous!" he stormed. "Could you stem the tide with a broom or pluck a star from its orbit?"

There aren't many men made in the Harry M. Stevens mold. There never were. An unailing ritual every night before he retired was to phone his sons and wish them good night. Hal might have been in Mexico, Frank in Florida, Bill in California and Joe around the corner, but that made no difference to Harry. The solemn tradition is still kept alive by the sons, who call their mother every night at Niles, Ohio.

One of the proudest moments of Harry's crowded life came when he served Dave Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, the first hot dog H.R.H. had ever eaten.

"This is fit for a king," Harry beamed.

It would have made the old boy happy to know a King, George VI, and his Queen, did eat and enjoy the toothsome "frank" when they were President Roosevelt's house guests at Hyde Park two years ago.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

political luncheons, they express opinions on women's hats, they even act on the stage and are photographed for the movies. But Roger Martin du Gard is a recluse and when he received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1937 few people in Paris knew him. The prize came to him for his long and powerful novel about

the Thibaults, of which the first part, simply called "The Thibaults", was published in English translation in New York in 1939. This month the final section is published as "Summer, 1914", and the two volumes carry the whole story under the title of "The World of the Thibaults".

Roger Martin du Gard has been

writing this work since 1920 and it crystallizes the spirit and feeling of middle-class France before and during the World War. It is a novel of intellectual and psychological interests; its chief characters are educated men, interested in science and politics and tremendously occupied with the way the world is going.

Thus it has Tolstoyan proportions, a scope that few novels of our day attain. But if you want to apprehend what cross currents of opinion surged to France during the great War, how its liberal minds were groping for some feasible plan of social and political reform and what effect the war had on them, you will find it here in terms of human experiences, human reactions. I suppose there are over 350,000 words in this final volume alone and it is a tribute to its author to say that it never tires the reader; on the contrary, he becomes intimately acquainted with the characters and their problems.

"Summer, 1914", is the book of the adult life of the two brothers, whose early lives we followed in "The Thibaults". Here Jacques is the political theorist, in touch with all the liberal, socialist, radical minds of Europe, yet unable to subscribe to the violent methods of some of his colleagues. Jacques Thibault endorses the gradual work of men who are not in a hurry, men of broad views and culture, like Jean Jaures, who is shot dead in Paris as the war opens. He is a pacifist and his undoing comes just as he is about to throw leaflets on the armies to urge the soldiers to stop fighting. Antoine Thibault, his brother, is a scientist, a doctor, and the war puts him in the medical corps. It is Antoine who provides us with most of the reflections of the effect of the war on men, showing how the common danger and difficulties bring men together, overcome their rivalries. Antoine, too, is a casualty of the war, for his lungs have been pierced and gassed, and he sets down most of his meditations while in hospital.

This work differs greatly from the writing of Jules Romains, who has been pursuing a similar course in his "Men of Good Will" series. By limiting his analysis to the Thibaults and their intimates, Du Gard manages to dig deeper into the forces that made France in 1914. Romains, determined to give a panorama of French life, had to include many phases of life of which he had only a superficial knowledge. "Summer, 1914" is published by Viking Press at \$3.50.

○ **F** COURSE the United States is a great big family, and we are all members of it. Our allegiance is to little groups within the big group, to families inside the big national family. How do we and our neighbors live? What sort of jobs do we have, what kind of houses do we inhabit, how do we supply household goods, clothing, food, medicines, help, to those who share our roof-tree? These questions of perennial interest are answered from a new angle in "How America Lives", by J. C. Furnas, assisted by the staff of the Ladies Home Journal. (Henry Holt, \$3). Mr. Furnas does not deal with mythical people. The "average man", so often referred to in the past and never identified, does not exist in his experience. You and I exist, and our households, and peo-

ple like us, and others across the river, on the other side of the State. There are sixteen individual families in Joe Furnas' book and they have been described and pictured exactly as they are, without waiting to comb their hair or put on party dresses. If they are poor and working hard to meet the insurance premium and the bill for shoes, you will discover that; if they have a \$14,000 house and college experience you will learn how they achieved both. It costs one family \$7044.80 a year to live; that sounds like unheard of wealth to the Henry Bracey family of sharecroppers in Warren County, Mississippi, sixteen of them in a three-room shack, with Henry earning \$26 in cash in 1939 and \$100 in the boom years of 1927 and 1928. The Nels Handevitd farm in Minnesota is something else again. How the Grifpins get along on \$1 a day is something to know about. The problems of housekeeping, food costs, suitable houses and education for the children come to all Americans—it is inspiring to read how well the American mother manages, and how well the American girl wears her clothes. This record makes us wonder how far "conditions" influence the well-being of American families and study to improve them whenever they handicap the development of a satisfying standard of living. Packed with information about "folks", this book invites all of us to help maintain and improve American family life.

IN TRYING to keep posted on world affairs, it is always valuable to know whether a writer is reporting facts or hopes. Some authors do a little of both these days, and we, the readers, have a habit of accepting the facts we prefer and rejecting those we don't like. Take news about the war in China, for instance. It is practically a unanimous conviction in America that the Chinese are tremendously brave and that they are going to win. But a seasoned observer, Edgar Snow, who has been writing about China for thirteen years, says that those who fight are brave; a great many others are hard to move and lose many opportunities by their slowness, while in the cities racketeers and gangsters exploit the situation for their own good. China can win if it catches up, but at present large parts of it are demoralized and its armies cannot meet the well-equipped Japanese on an equal footing. The ruthlessness of the Japanese is incredible; they have killed vast numbers of civilians, uprooted others and put them into forced labor and looted everything in sight. He sees the possibility of Chinese defeat, because no one can be sure of the future, but he expresses his hopes in the enigmatic prophecy: "It is the winner who is going to lose and the loser who will win." You will find "The Battle for Asia", (Random House, \$3.75) packed with information on the Far Eastern situation.

Then there is the question of India.

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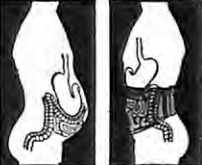
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Why is Jawaharlal Nehru, the nationalist-socialist leader, in jail? What is dangerous in his doctrine. Nehru is not against British victory; he and Gandhi hope for British victory, but Nehru also hopes and works for the independence of India. He says, "If we claim independence today it is with no desire for isolation. On the contrary, we are willing to surrender part of that independence, in common with other countries, to a real international order." He thinks the British have lost their way; they have forgotten democracy, and they have humbled India. What Nehru proposes for India cannot be summarized in one paragraph, and his attitude toward social and political questions is affected by his humanitarian philosophy and by proposals that we might consider unworkable. But if you wish to know what ideas continue to create turmoil among the East Indian masses, you will find the autobiography of Nehru, "Toward Freedom", most of which was written in jail, an excellent guide. (John Day Co., \$4)

THERE is some robust fighting in Marcus Goodrich's story of life on a United States destroyer—"Delilah". Goodrich once served on a destroyer in the United States Navy—he has since been pretty active in Hollywood—and no doubt a lot of what he saw and heard and experi-

enced went into this tale of muscle-busting adventure. The Delilah was a sweating, fuming craft, chiefly raw engine and boilers, with four huge nostrils belching smoke and two whirling typhoons of metal plowing the sea. The adventures that Goodrich conjures up take place in the South Seas and have to do with the inordinate strength of the big water tender, O'Connell, the heavy-weight champ of the squadron, a man of "terrific power and devastating irresponsibility". He inspired Ordinary Seaman Warrington to exert his strength to the utmost, feeding the boilers. He got into a terrific altercation ashore and the story of his escape from arrest, his swim in the dark with two boats following his track by the phosphorescence that he stirred up, the battle in which he was struck on the head with a hammer and the subsequent fight with a razor blade as weapon—well, that's a fight! It goes on and on, for Marcus Goodrich is determined that no detail shall escape the reader, and when finally it comes to an end the reader is about as winded as the men who fought. The whole tale, with its brawling and noise, makes me wonder whether this is representative of life on destroyers of the U. S. Navy. I hope not—for discipline couldn't stand many such battles as O'Connell put up. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.75)

The war in Europe is inspiring

thrillers, too. Perhaps the most sensational is "The Carrington Incident", by Niven Busch, which dramatizes some of the worst characteristics of the Nazi regime. The realistic manner in which the story is told makes it read like a news report. The plot develops the curious experience of Bertha Carrington, an American girl, who has been picked out as a perfect Aryan and is expected to become the mother of the Leader's heir. Whatever your imagination suggests from this point on will probably be found in this fantastic tale. (Morrow, \$2.50) . . . Another grim spy tale about a youth who does undercover work for Britain in Germany during the first World War forms the basis for the mystery tale called "Drink to Yesterday", by Manning Coles. (Knopf, \$2) . . . An exciting mystery story, full of suspense, is "Keep Murder Quiet", by Selwyn Jepson, which tells how a young Englishman returns home from Tibet to find his father murdered and how he manages to solve the case and track down the killer. (Crime Club, \$2) . . . If you have never read "The Thirty-nine Steps" and "Greenmantle", those stories of escape and pursuit by John Buchan, it will be good news that they are now being reprinted by Pocket Books in 25c editions. Many readers think Buchan a better writer than A. Conan Doyle in this field.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 20)

dency to overrun or backlash. It's also adjustable to suit the line and lure fished. This reel was christened the "Skilkast".

DUPONT nylon leader material, which formerly was sold only in 20-inch lengths, now can be purchased in 10- and 100-yard coils. Comes in two tones, "natural" and "mist", and in six tests—6, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 20 pounds.

THE Cresson Products Co., of New York, has placed on the market a product called "Rod-Skin", a wax compound designed to preserve the finish of bamboo rods. This preparation is applied with a cloth and forms a clear, lasting film over the rod's varnish. Dry-fly fishermen also will find it an excellent line dressing. This new dope comes in a small bottle and sells for four-bits. It works very well.

IS ANY brother seeking the ultimate in fly-tying art? If so, a gent who answers to the name of Reuben Cross, and living on Shin Creek Road, in Lew Beach, N.Y., will turn out artificials to order that you'll snap at yourself.

Rube, an annual hit at the Sportsmen's Show, where he demonstrates his art, ships to regular customers all over the country and caters to a fussy, discriminating clientele. His

fan-wing Royals will catch trout in a bathtub, according to members of that silk hat outfit, the Beaverkill Trout Club.

THE Union Hardware Co., of Torrington, Conn., has developed a new nine-foot, two-piece fly rod weighing a flat five ounces that's a honey. It's called the Union Star, and is of six-strip, flame-tone tonkin cane construction, equipped with Z-nickel guides.

Lee Wulff, who has been shooting those amazingly good color movies of Newfoundland trout, salmon and grilse fishing, has used this wand for the last two seasons and asserts it's the finest medium-priced whip on the market for fish up to 20-pound weight. Your reporter also owns one and is convinced it's what the M.D. ordered for big stream fishing. It ought to be a pip for those short coastal streams along the Pacific slope.

TRUE Temper featured a complete line at the big outdoors show at Grand Central Palace in February, of which five newly improved metal plugging rods proved of especial interest to the bait casting faithful. The "Personalized" model, a tubular steel job equipped with steel-cored plastic and cork grips, is a little number you'd better look over before bass season opens. It might do you some good.

WINCHESTER Repeating Arms Company's low-priced .22 caliber bolt action repeater, Model 69, henceforth will be known as the 69-A following three improvements which doubtless will add to this fine little rifle's popularity. The firing pin thrust has been shortened; the newer model now comes equipped with a thumb-operated safety similar to that of the famous Model 52 match rifle, and the weapon now cocks on the opening motion of the breech instead of the closing action. It should be good.

Models 61 and 62, slide action repeaters, now are coming off the production line with newly designed slide handles. Both are a bit longer, an improvement which adds to the ease of manipulation as well as to the appearance of these two excellent little rifles.

THE first surf fishing handbook to hit the stands in recent years, "Fishing the Surf", has just been authored by Raymond R. Camp. This handy little book covers the beach angling game from A to Izzard. Methods, baits, lures and tackle are described and all beach fishing hot-spots along both coasts are listed. "Fishing the Surf" is a Little, Brown and Co. publication and a book that many bait and squid tossers will want in their five-foot shelf of required outdoors reading.

W. E. EDWARDS & SON, of Mt. Carmel, Conn., who make those new square "Quadrant" fly rods, attracted considerable attention from the trout fishing faithful with their four-sided product at the big New York show.

Several outstanding features are claimed for these wands, namely, more power per ounce, four glue seams instead of six, greater casting accuracy and considerably more hard enamel used in the rod's construction.

These rods are made in three grades, \$50, \$35 and \$25, and are

available in 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ - to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce weight, and in 8- to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ -foot lengths.

THE Montague Rod and Reel Co. is making several new light beach squidding rods in the low to medium price range, all of them designed to handle those light, pork-rind-tipped squids that eastern surfers lately have found so effective for close-in striper fishing along the Jersey coast. One is an inexpensive Calcutta cane job retailing for \$5.75. The most expensive of the four new sticks sells for \$14, and it's a lot of rod for the money.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 21)

originate in that country it was first put into practice there. The real utility of the dog for modern troops was seen in his ability to be trained for messenger, sentry and rescue work. And the training began across the Rhine. By the time the first World War started the Germans were able to throw some six or seven thousand highly trained dogs into active service. Many of these pooches were, before hostilities began, ostensibly trained for police work and maintained in various cities by the police. But actually in addition to whatever police training was given them, they were also thoroughly trained to war duties. Regulations of the army held that 12 dogs be assigned to each artillery regiment and double that number to each infantry regiment. Dogs were trained to three kinds of work, each for the duties that it seemed best qualified to do and learn the most readily. These were known as Sanitaetshund or medical department dog, Postenhund or messenger dog and Wach und negleinhund, meaning, in brief, watch dog. Breeds used were largely the German Shepherd, the Schnauzer, Great Danes, Poodles (the latter contrary to popular belief is not a French dog but originated in Germany. Its name is derived from Pudel meaning water as it is an excellent water retriever) and a goodly share of just plain dogs. German army dogs are dignified by the imposing title "Kriegshund" which simply means war dog. The city of Frankfort shelters Fritz's dog school. And it is estimated that today there are about 50,000 trained dogs with the German forces.

THE Belgians, always jittery over German army activity, began training dogs for field use—army field use—in 1910 but employed them to a great extent as carriers of light loads of supplies, medical, etc. For this they used many of their own fine dogs, the Belgian Shepherds.

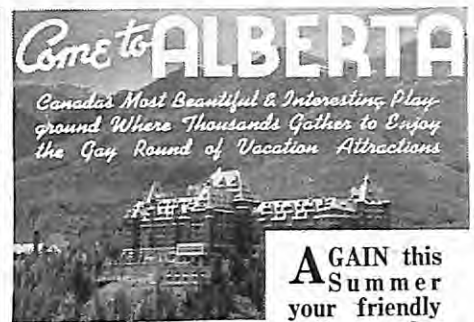
The beginning of the War in 1914 found the British entirely unprepared to use dogs. They weren't unaware of their usefulness, however, as for some years prior to that a

small group of far-sighted officers had been urging their war office to establish a training school. Through military channels they were well aware of what the German High Command was doing to build up an effective force of canine soldiers. But with the indifference to the doings of other nations that so often characterizes our English brother, nothing was done about it and it was more than six months after the War started that British troops began to receive Fido in any numbers. The English located their training center in Shuburness and largely used Airedales, Collies, Irish Terriers, Welsh Terriers and some few of the sporting dogs such as Setters, etc. But, as with the Germans, pedigree was no qualification for Fido's enlistment; plenty of dogs who had no family tree whatsoever were also used and rendered fine service, too.

THE French, however, unlike the English, were not only well aware of what the Germans were doing but as early as 1913 began to do something about it themselves and established their first training kennel in the city of Chalons. They used pretty much the same breeds as the English with the addition here and there of the Poodle, as France has always gone for this German dog in a big way. There was one of the very few armies to officially mention their dogs' achievements which was done in the famous order No. 7414 issued to their armies of the East as follows: "War dogs rendered distinguished service in liaison and food supply services." Not exactly bubbling over with enthusiasm you might say, but, then, how many men or regiments get even this small citation? So well did our four-legged friend serve his French comrades that in 1931 the war office of that country issued an official manual of training of war dogs.

Unfortunately, "or is it?" that, the United States forces used no dogs at all.

Training methods for the complicated work the dogs are required to perform, at first hand seem ridiculously simple and yet it took much



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patience and much weeding out of canine blockheads.

To train them to gunfire they were first exposed to loud noises, pistol shots beginning at a distance and gradually growing closer each day. Later rifle shots were substituted at close hand. Still later squads were detailed to fire blank cartridges over the dogs' backs. If the pooch endured this without flinching, the next step was to bring it close to the firing of light artillery and the finishing course was a schooling in the sound of the heavy guns. If the dog showed fear at any stage it was definitely rejected. The methods employed by the armies of each country were pretty much the same. For use as messengers—the dog's keeper would take some hiding place, not too well concealed. Another soldier—not the keeper, because each dog was trained to obey one man—would attach a rope to the dog's collar and would set out to find the hidden man. Each time the dog was successful it would be rewarded with some tid-bit. Distances were gradually increased and obstacles constantly added so that finally the dog without an escort would be completely trained to work its way over broken country, through barbed wire, rivers and creeks. So well drilled were these dogs that nothing could distract them or turn them aside once they were given a message to carry. The method of carrying it, incidentally, was in a small aluminum cylinder attached to the collar. At the front the keeper usually remained back in regimental headquarters while the dog was taken for patrol or retained in the trenches for emergency messenger.

TRAINING for service in the medical department largely followed the same methods. Here, when first taken out to find a man, the command word "Where", or perhaps "Find", was used. As the dog became proficient in finding its keeper the latter was later replaced by any soldier. Here, too, a system of rewards prevailed. The dogs were further taught to bring back to the keeper some small object belonging to the man who was found—a cap, a notebook or anything easily carried and not easily seen by the enemy. On the battlefield the dog would lead rescue parties back to the wounded man. Shortly after the War began the Germans who found at first that if there were no small loose object handy some of them would try to tear off the injured soldier's field bandage which in



some cases led to serious and often fatal results. To avoid this they attached a small sausage to the dogs' collars—a bringsel, literally a "bring back". If the man were not too badly wounded the practice was to unfasten the sausage and give it to the dog

who would return with it to the field station and later guide stretcher bearers to the injured soldier.

Today, such dogs are doing splendid work in Europe, searching out the victims buried in buildings that have been bombed, and many a life has been saved by them.

As sentries dogs have no superior, not even men themselves. Long before his soldier companion can detect any movement of the enemy the dog's keen ears have informed him of it and by his actions puts the sentry himself the more on the alert and enables the soldiers of his (the dog's) side to get ready for attack. More than one, yes, many such surprises were averted on both sides by the vigilance of their respective dogs. Training for this kind of duty was simple, as all dogs accepted into the various armies had to pass an alertness test and, besides, nearly all dogs are naturally alert and jealously regardful of their masters.

But it was as messengers that the war dogs perhaps rendered greatest service. The dog could go where men wouldn't and couldn't go. They could travel through shell-fire, work their way through barbed wire holes impossible for human messengers to negotiate—and get their messages through. A case in point occurred at Verdun wherein seventeen soldier dispatch bearers were killed.

A dog finally got through and the message was vital. Unfortunately for that canine hero, he was later killed by shell-fire.

Of all the dogs that served in that war to end wars it is estimated that between 6,500 and 7,000 laid down their lives in the performance of duty. Nobody knows how many of them were wounded.



"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.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 38)

Winston, N. C., Elks Enjoy a Fine Meeting on P.E.R.'s Night

Five of the seven Past Exalted Rulers of Winston, N. C., Lodge, No. 449, were present at the meeting held recently in their honor. Occupying the Chairs at the opening and closing of the lodge session were P.E.R.'s Henry W. Masten, P.D.D., who served as Exalted Ruler, W. L. Reid, Esteemed Leading Knight, and P. E. Wilmoth, Est. Lecturing Knight. P.E.R. Ernie G. Shore, famous in the baseball world as a pitcher in the American League, served as Est. Loyal Knight.

The acting chair officers made inspiring talks and also complimented the regular officers who put on the ritualis-

tic work in the initiatory ceremony. A buffet supper preceded the business session. The attendance was the largest in years.

Streator, Ill., Elks Burn Bonds And Mortgage on P.E.R.'s Night

The officers and members of Streator, Ill., Lodge, No. 591, selected Past Exalted Rulers Night as the occasion for a celebration of great moment—the burning of canceled bonds and the mortgage on their beautiful and commodious lodge home. A banquet was spread in the ball room for 200 local and visiting Elks and a floor show was presented. E.R. Thomas J. Walsh presided.

Dan T. Cloud, of Jacksonville Lodge,

Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., was the guest of honor and the principal speaker of the evening. Among other prominent Elks present were State Vice-Pres. Glen E. Massieon of La Salle-Peru Lodge, Past State Pres.'s Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac, and Clarence J. Schulenberg, De Kalb, P.D.D. Denham Harney, Jacksonville, Chairman of the State Elks' National Defense Commission, and P.D.D.'s Dr. E. F. Wendel and Dr. Phil Wendel, Ottawa, Frank H. Prichard, La Salle-Peru, J. J. Mohan, Streator, and William Zwanzig, Ottawa. Pontiac, Ottawa, La Salle-Peru and Mendota, Ill., Lodges were represented by delegations.

Fourteen of the 15 resident Past Exalted Rulers of Streator Lodge at-

tended the ceremonies. At the appointed time, the papers were removed from a casket, which had been wheeled into the lodge room by six of the Past Exalted Rulers, and placed in a metal container. P.E.R. Fred J. Hart, acting as Exalted Ruler, was assisted by P.E.R.'s Carl E. Bodenstein, Dr. L. D. Howe, Abe Osborn and Francis J. Koenig. Each officiating officer was given the privilege of burning a bond. Trustees Norman Fraser and Frank Scharfenberg, members of the Finance Committee, and Trustees J. J. Mohan and Edward Scheibel burned the mortgage.

Alliance, O., Lodge's Home is a Fine and Interesting Landmark

The home of Alliance, O., Lodge, No. 467, is, literally, a castle. The grounds and building, formerly the home of Col. W. H. Morgan, who named the estate "Glamorgan", represent a million dollar investment. The great marble mansion combines the beauty and dignity of the baronial castle of old with the most scientific and practical features of modern living.

Trees and shrubbery of many varieties, sparkling lakes and vast stretches of lawn create a perfect setting for the building which is built of Vermont marble, with blue predominating and white being used for trimmings. The loggia, back of the main walls, is glass enclosed and storm protected. Bronze, circassian walnut and other fine woods, silk tapestries, works of art and magnificent furniture give a richness to the interior in keeping with the architecture. The home is comfortable and cheerful throughout, affording every facility for lodge purposes and the recreation of members and guests.

When in the Spring of 1939 the estate was placed on the market, the various interests of the city were canvassed. It was found that but one institution could purchase the property and utilize it to advantage. That institution was Alliance Lodge of Elks.

Georgia State Elks Executive Committee Meets at Albany

Pres. C. Wesley Killebrew, of Augusta Lodge, presided throughout the interesting business session held by the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association on February 9 in the home of Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713. The roll call showed that all of the officers, with the exception of several Vice-Presidents, were present. Visitors from other jurisdictions included Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia of Miami, Fla., Lodge, Clarence M. Tardy, Birmingham, Past Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., District Deputy Harry K. Reid and P.D.D. John F. Antwine, Birmingham, and George A. Swim, Exalted Ruler, and Claude J. Swim, a member, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., Lodge.

E.R. A. T. Spies welcomed the visitors and stated that Albany Elks were making fine progress in all of their charitable activities and were happy in their new home. Past Pres. John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler, was given an enthusiastic welcome and addressed the gathering. E.R. John J. Hennessy invited all Elks of the State and of neighboring jurisdictions to visit Savannah on May 21 to participate in the Golden Jubilee celebration to be held by Savannah Lodge No. 183 on that date. Secy H. J. Stewart, of Rome Lodge No. 694, extended an invitation to the Executive

Committee to hold its October meeting in the city of Rome, receiving a unanimous acceptance.

Mr. Killebrew exhibited the Association's \$1,000 Elks National Foundation Certificate which Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, had sent upon completion of the final payment of two hundred dollars. Mr. Tardy invited the Elks of Georgia to attend the 1941 convention of the Alabama State Elks Association at Gadsden on May the 19th, 20th and 21st. The announcement made by J. W. Kieve, of the Entertainment Committee of the host lodge, that dinner was "ready and waiting" in the dining room of the Gordon Hotel across the street, was the occasion for adjournment.

Three Grid Squads Are Fêted By East Point, Ga., Lodge

East Point, Ga., Lodge, No. 1617, gave a banquet recently for the members of the Russell, Richardson and Hapeville football squads. The ninety-odd men from the schools were not the only outside guests who sat around the festive board; teachers, coaches and friends were invited. A fine gesture on the part of the Elks, the party was typical of the spirit existing in south Fulton County which has carried the teams in the section to athletic prestige.

The principal speaker, introduced by Toastmaster Paul Glover of No. 1617, was George Phillips, popular grid official and former star player for Georgia Tech. C. McNeill Leach, Exalted Ruler of East Point Lodge, and P.E.R. Roderick M. McDuffie, District Deputy for Georgia, West, were among those who spoke on a short-talk program.

Ashtabula, O., Elks Bestow Unique Honor Upon Secy. James E. Breen

Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, paid Secy. James E. Breen, P.D.D. and Past Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., an unusual honor not long ago. It was proposed at a meeting to send Mr. Breen to New York City to attend the annual dinner at the Commodore Hotel on February 2 of the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers Association. All of the members present voted their approval.

With all expenses paid by the lodge, Mr. Breen made the trip and attended the dinner at which Bobby Quinn, manager of the Boston Bees, was being honored for giving baseball the greatest service over a long period of years. Mr. Quinn, who is now 70 years old, started his career under Mr. Breen who managed Breen's Braves at Ashtabula in the early nineties and was regarded as the greatest teacher of baseball players in the country. The Breen team produced fifteen of the great stars of big league baseball. After his return from the East, Mr. Breen, speaking on Past Exalted Rulers Night, regaled the members with an account of the dinner where he sat beside Mr. Quinn and also visited with Bill McKechnie, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, another famous figure in the baseball world who started his career with "Jimmy" Breen.

Ashtabula Lodge is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year, conducting a special "Gay Nineties" program over a period of several months. The main celebration will be held in June, the month in which the institution took place. A lodge home valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a shore club on Lake Erie are owned by Ashtabula Lodge. Both are free of debt.

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Joseph B. Kyle, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 1545 West Fifth Avenue, Gary, Ind.



Famous old Carpenters' Hall, where colonists met to form plans for independence.

THE GRAND LODGE

Convention

In Philadelphia, Pa., July 1941

AN INVITATION FROM THE PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA

*If you're off to Pennsylvania this morning
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land behind
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.*

*Still the pine woods scent the noon, still the catbird
sings his tune
Still Autumn sets the maple forest blazing.
Still the grapevine through the dusk flings her soul-
compelling musk
Still the fireflies in the corn make night amazing.*

*They are there, there, there with earth immortal
(Citizens, I give you friendly warning),
The things that truly last when men and times have
past,
They're all in Pennsylvania this morning!
—Rudyard Kipling.*

We of Philadelphia, more than 2,000,000 of us, want you to plan now to attend the Elks Convention this year, July 13th to 17th.

Your welcome will be warm and sincere.

Let us tell you something of Philadelphia: We offer you 121 hotels, among them some of the most famous of the world, for your living comforts when you come. And here are magnificent theatres, modern restaurants, incomparable Philadelphia cuisine, amusements, sports and next-door access to mountain and seashore resorts to which millions come to rest and play. Your own Elks Club at 1320 Arch Street is one of the finest and best equipped in the country, with a nationwide reputation for courtesy and hospitality.

Here in abundance are the fine things of life in their full magnificence, an integral part of a city which is the

workshop of the world; 129 square miles of ever-changing scene; third city of the nation; tenth largest in the world; first in historical importance; third richest in the United States; third in the value of manufactured profits; altogether boasting a composite whole which no other city can boast.

Independence Hall, with the opportunity it offers to place your hand upon the cool bronze of the Liberty Bell, your Nation's symbol of independence and liberty, is alone with a visit. But once here you will find also a thousand opportunities for excursions into the myriad of Philadelphia's other fascinations.

Here is Carpenter's Hall where spokesmen for the Colonies first gathered to raise their voices to protest oppression and to give utterance to the ideals that brought a great nation into being.

Here are the colonial homes of many of the immortal heroes in that patriotic drama of courage.

Here are the churches in which they worshiped, the graveyards in which they are buried. Here is the birthplace of the American Flag, and the battlefields of Germantown over which the ragged remnants of the courageous Continental Army once retreated in defeat but not in despair.

The country has grown great since then. Its leadership is felt everywhere, its influences extend to the far corners of the earth. And when you visit Philadelphia next July—don't forget to bring the family—refresh yourself with these great and visible heritages of our early beginnings.

Come to Philadelphia for the Grand Lodge Convention.

Aside from the elaborate program which your local Elks Convention Corporation is arranging—we, the people of Philadelphia, want to greet you and to entertain you. We know that we shall love you. We want you to know and like us. Come to Philadelphia this July.

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than the average of the 4 other
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less than any of them—accord-
ing to independent laboratory
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Camel brings you the extra mildness, extra
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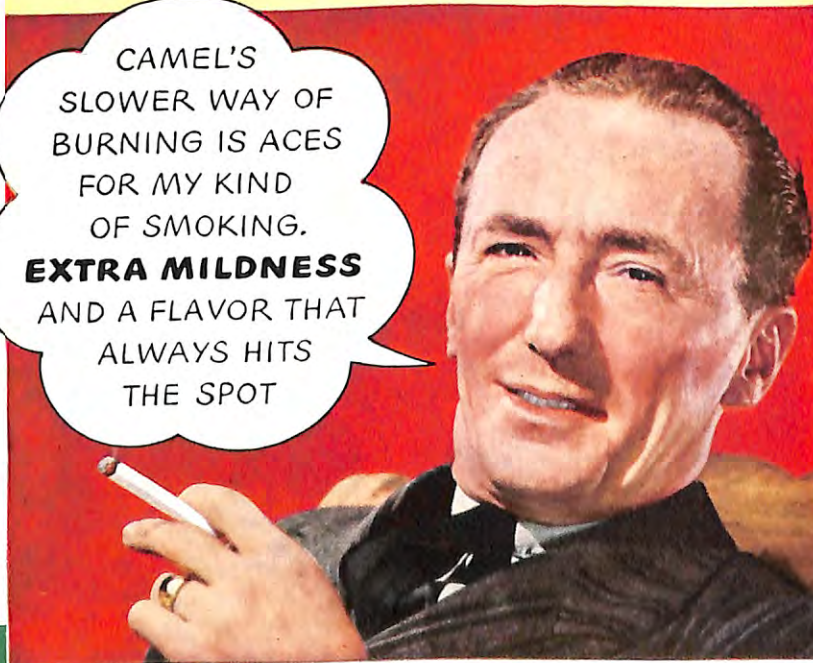
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CAMEL'S
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BURNING IS ACES
FOR MY KIND
OF SMOKING.
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND A FLAVOR THAT
ALWAYS HITS
THE SPOT



"I'LL TELL YOU," said Bob when he got his picture *taken* (above),
"I smoke a good bit in my job. And my cigarette has to be more than
mild—it has to be *extra* mild. Camel is the one brand I've found that
gives me extra mildness and at the same time a flavor that doesn't
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