

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



MAY 1941



Why, it's "33 to 1"..
 even a **BLIND MAN**
 could tell the difference!



IMAGINE! JACK PICKING OUT PABST BLUE RIBBON FROM ALL THOSE OTHER BEERS!

I DIDN'T HEAR HIM SAY "BLUE RIBBON" ...JUST SOMETHING ABOUT "33 TO 1"...

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Photo by Ewing Galloway

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS:

Every well rounded program so plans its objectives that each step progresses to the ultimate success in the final accounting. In keeping with this generally accepted practice, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has designated certain activities for each month so that the desired results might be obtained and the objectives of our year attained.

Now we must look forward to the last goal of my year as your Grand Exalted Ruler—the Grand Lodge Convention, which will be held at Philadelphia in July. World affairs and the problems of our country, today make a united patriotic demonstration such as ours of great significance and the Convention this year will be one of the most important in the history of our Order. The Order of Elks has been an important factor in the life of our country and with new crises developing rapidly it behooves every lodge to have a representative at this Convention so that he may participate in the election of the men who will head the Order for the coming year and that he may learn, at the source, of the policies that will be followed during the term of our new leader.

It would be a significant display to the world and to our fellow citizens of our strength, unity and our patriotic support if every lodge had a delegation in the parade which is one of the features of our meetings. Distance often prevents this being the case. However, I am urging that each and every lodge start planning today for a representation for the Philadelphia gather-

ing. In checking the list of delegates to the Houston Convention last year I find a number of Exalted Rulers missing and no alternates present in their place. I want to see every lodge on hand when the Convention opens this year because of the importance of the programs already undertaken and those to be inaugurated, and I want at that time to personally thank each and every one for the splendid support that has been given me during my régime as your Grand Exalted Ruler.

It was indeed a fitting and happy selection of this year's Convention City, for in Philadelphia, where our forefathers met in the early, turbulent days of our country, we, as patriotic Americans and members of the greatest fraternal organization in this country, will gather to renew our pledge and our support to the President and to America, and to deliberate and to decide the ways in which the interest of our Nation may best be served and to renew our allegiance to the Brotherhood of Man.

Interesting, too, will be the reports of the accomplishments of the past year. It is still too early to predict the results of our efforts but I feel sure that the reports will be such that you will feel proud that you are an Elk and that you will determine to do all in your power to make the coming months even brighter pages in the history of our Order.

Start now to plan attendance at the Philadelphia Convention in July.

JOSEPH G. BUCH

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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—

JOSEPH and Adeline Marx have given us a story called "Shock Treatment". It is an apt title. The plan which the young interne in this tale uses to cure a patient is more than a shock, it's pure inspiration. In answer to our request for some information about this writing team, Mr. Marx has this to say:

"The only interesting thing about our writing careers is that we have been married for almost ten years, have been writing together for almost three years, and we still speak to each other.

"I started writing because I broke my leg in an automobile accident three years ago and had to have something to do while I was recovering. Mrs. Marx started writing because the things I wrote needed re-writing. Since then she has written one novel, 'When the Bough Breaks', and several sketches that have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

"We sold the first story we ever wrote to the first magazine that saw it, and have been writing ever since. We have sold stories to *Cosmopolitan*, *American*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc."

The most remarkable thing about this account from Mr. Marx is its brevity—something as rare in authors as teeth are in ducks.

William De Lisle, author of "Treasure Below", has been with us before and will be with us again. He is a Frenchman who was lucky enough to prefer this country to France. He is in the process of becoming a citizen now. Mr. De Lisle has written a good deal of poetry, some plays and innumerable short stories. He has traveled all over the world and is gifted with the ability to weave what he has seen and done into a good plot. He is now in Washington working on some more stories for us and for others.

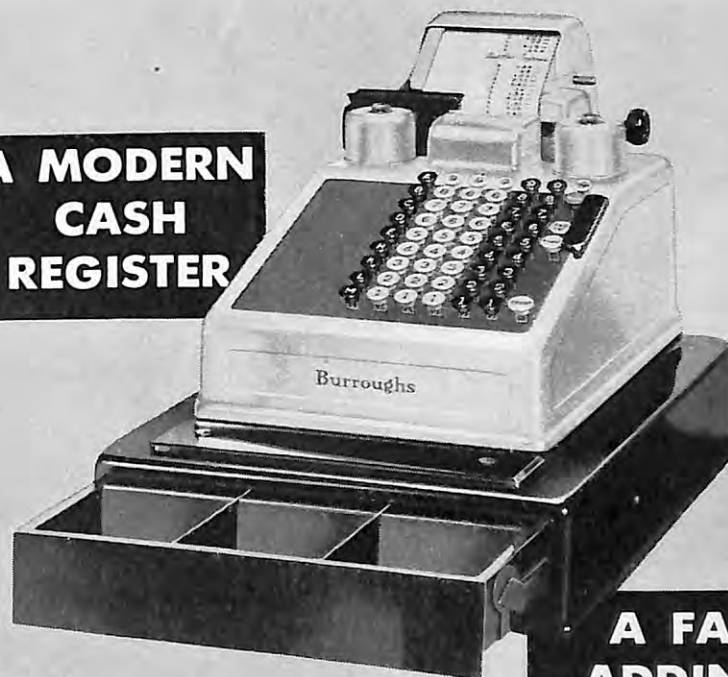
Roger Kafka you have also seen before. This time he has done an article on synthetic rubber, America's "Ace in the Hole." We never knew before that our country has more, better and cheaper synthetic rubber than any other. It's good to know, in fact, there is a certain sense of relief to know we are well fixed on at least one vitally important war material.

Mr. Kafka graduated from Dartmouth College in 1933. He majored in English Literature and also devoted a good deal of attention to both the Social and Physical Sciences. After some three years of daily proof that he actively disliked "commerce", he started to write, and he has been doing it well ever since.

Don't miss the announcement and program of the coming Philadelphia Convention on Page 20—and the report by the Elks National Defense Commission on the Essay Contest.

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Young Mr. Edwards knew his business, and what is of more importance, he had a good friend, even if he didn't know that.

THE swell was bad when the captain went ashore, but his orders were uncompromising—"Get that whiskey out of the ship before I come aboard again if she's rolling her rails under!" So the lighters were kept alongside when they should have been sent away, and the unloading of the cases proceeded.

The swell came in from the sea in long, sleepy ridges that steepened over the bar and raced into La Correga Bay with a curl that no ship could meet with any semblance of dignity. It was the very same swell that sank the battered plateships as they lay at anchor after escaping from Cavendish or some other sixteenth-century English rover, and foundered the Spanish galleons in the days of Cochrane and the wars of independence, as well as many other ships of later days and less renown. The saloons on the waterfront all had a figurehead or two gracing the premises, and nearly every house in the town had some part of a ship in its anatomy. And now it was making those aboard the *Hannah Lee* wonder whether there was any such thing as stability in ships at all.

Young Mr. Edwards, the mate, knew his business and had got his weights right when he loaded her in New Orleans, taking particular care

were thrown helter-skelter if they didn't belay and hold on in good time. But the cases came out of the hold in a steady succession of fours, and were dropped in the lighters as skillfully as well-cast flies.

"Oh, good-a man!" the little olive-skinned agent was moved to exclaim after a particularly neat delivery. "Have a drink-a, Mista?"

He took a drink himself right from the bottle, and spewed it out again with a series of disgusting noises. He was as sick as that! But Mr. Edwards took no notice of him whatever, either of what he was doing or his invitation. It was not his poop, and the little wop could do what he liked with it. But what happened to the cargo was a different matter. A very different matter!

Two miles away Captain Whitman sat comfortably in the breeze on the veranda of the Cafe of the Captains, drinking cool beer with the other master-mariners, and hoping his cocky young mate would somehow make a mess of it.

The swell had seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to Captain Whitman, who had deliberately slipped out of the way to let it do its worst against his chief officer. Supplies were running short in the new mining camps up in the sierras, and if

Captain Whitman had made several such entries already, and meant to leave nothing out that would make it difficult for his mate to ship as mate again, of which fact young Mr. Edwards had been very much aware since they left the Mississippi Delta behind. He had carried himself with a really commendable discretion, and had answers ready for all the charges, or thought he had, as well as a counter-charge or two which he meant to levy against the captain before the first convenient United States consular official. But this swell was the devil, upsetting in more ways than one. A logging that carried the sting of loss of money to the owners—! New England owners! With old Captain Taylor, their trusted marine superintendent, so nicely placed to speak a prejudiced word or two! He carried on with the unloading as the only thing to do. But every bit of him was on the job, hands, eyes, ears—everything!

He had put the second mate in the hold to look after the slings, and the bos'n there also to look after the second mate, who was not too reliable.

He had good men on the guys, and himself took the winch, and for once made its sputtering oil engine behave as its makers intended, while

Treasure Below

By William De Lisle

Illustrated by JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

about that very important item from past experience of the nature of the port where the first part of the cargo had to be handled. The barquentine was in as good a trim as any ship that had put to sea. Yet she was going over till the water came in at her scuppers white and green, and her lower yards darted down like javelins about to spear their target. The lighters bobbed up and down alongside sometimes as high as the rail and higher, sometimes as low as her lowest bilge strakes. Every fifth or sixth roll she went so far over, the men handling the tackles

the thousand cases the *Hannah Lee* carried could be put ashore before another whiskey ship put in, a handsome extra profit would accrue for the owners as well as the consignees. Captain Whitman looked seaward every second sip or so with a gleam of pleasant anticipation in his beady blue eyes. If the lighters were sent away before the whiskey was cleared he would log his mate for disobedience of orders and neglect of owners' interests. If the cargo was lost or damaged in any way the entry would be: gross negligence in the discharge of his duties.

Kanaka Bill, the best man on the ship, was down in the working lighter in charge of the receiving end. And thus they hoisted and swung and lowered all day, using the mainyard as derrick, working the unhandy gear with the skill of men who had to do such things when their lives and the lives of all were at stake. As dusk was coming down the job was nearly done, without a single bottle being broken or so much as the starting of a single nail.

"Last four cases!" hailed the second mate from the hold.

"Can't you let us have 'em, Mister

Edwards?" another voice added. "Don't you think we've earned 'em?"

The crowd uttered a muffled—"Yeah, sure, we did!"

But it couldn't be done, as they very well knew, against the competition of the droughty sierras, not with a month's pay from all hands thrown in. So up the last four cases came like the others, and over the side.

Little insignificant things are said to alter the destinies of nations, and maybe what happened was due to the above depicted small display of human feeling and emotion—a weakening of the implicit hand-and-eye coordination by the sudden welling up of the crew's latent longings. Maybe it was only a heavier roll of the ship's hull, giving the lighter an extra inch or two of rise. Anyway, the rising gunwale of the lighter came up from under and caught the sling before it was half inboard, and though Kanaka Bill managed to grab hold of two of the cases, the other two slipped from the slackening cordage and slid over the side.

Yes, it was very hard indeed to lose the last two cases in such a simple way, and after such an effort.

like the ship's own favorite child.

"Dump that!"

Two words only, spoken quietly and with no particular emphasis, but the wop was promptly whipped out of the ship like a bundle of unwanted old clothes.

"Double grog all around, steward!" said the mate. "Knock off, men!"—and went below.

He was very well pleased with the way things had gone. To get nine hundred and ninety-eight cases out of the ship under such conditions was no small achievement, and the proof he had given himself of his own particular capacity was not the least satisfying and inspiring aspect of the affair. He felt fit enough to tackle anybody, especially Captain Whitman, who would be taken ashore and faced with the proper authorities if he tried to cast any aspersions on the part he had played. He only wished old Captain Taylor had been there to see him that day! ... Elsie's father!

Old Captain Taylor had proved inveterate on the subject of mates when told he and Elsie intended to get married. Captains were captains,

tain Whitman got wrong ideas.

Still seated on the veranda of the Cafe of the Captains, Captain Whitman was drinking much harder stuff than cool beer. His latest move had failed. The honors were decidedly Mr. Edwards'. "Smart fellow, that mate of yours!" was the opinion of the other master-mariners. Whitman would have to wait a little longer now before writing the letter he had planned, telling old Captain Taylor of the happy culmination of what he thought they both desired.

The swell was taking off, but he delayed his return. Aboard the *Hannah Lee*, Mr. Edwards came up on deck and set the anchor watch, and, having had a look around, went back below.

The ship soon lay on an even keel in a flashing, phosphorescent sea. Soft airs stirred in her shrouds, bearing the scents of earth, the languorous odors of vegetation. A moon made the sky more vivid than by day, and a great white peak loomed up above the lofty rise from the shore like a fairy reflection from the greater lands beyond the sierras. The crew gathered at the rail and



"On deck, there!" hailed the mate, roused by the sound of the winch. "What the devil are you doing?"

Naturally, the crew swore. There was no excuse whatsoever for the little wop agent who came shrieking down from the poop adjuring his saints to blast and frizzle up all hands.

"You getta no mon!" he yelled at Mr. Edwards. From which the crew inferred a backhander was going for someone, but acquitted the mate of participation therein on the evidence of his attitude.

"Swing Bill in!" he ordered. "Carefully!"

Kanaka Bill was hoisted aboard

but mates might be anything, and only a full-fledged master should have his daughter's hand, after which statement the old man simply had to welcome Captain Whitman, who came coasting along just then seeking a marine-superintendent relationship. But it was captains in the parlor, and the other parties in the kitchen. And when the angry father at last vented his feelings on the matter, irritated beyond restraint by his daughter's unfilial firmness and wholly unsuspected sharpness of tongue, naturally a man like Cap-

looked wistfully at the illuminated town. They heard the music from the band in the square, the laughter from the nearest cafes, the clink and tinkle of the bottles and the glasses. Some even thought their ears could catch the luscious flowing of the wine. And they thought of very many things, such simple things as wet and cold and long hard passages, hunger and thirst, and girls—and cases of Kentucky bourbon down below, the two lost cases. And finally they thought of Kanaka Bill.

Kanaka Bill sat all by himself,

making trinkets for sale and weird Hawaiian music. He was big and strong and insolently friendly, a man to be avoided in any crooked dealing, but a very obliging shipmate if approached in need and in the sacred name of his hero—Mr. Edwards. And Bill could swim. Oh, yes, sir! It was nothing to him to go down a foul hawse and tell how the cables turned, and how much turn there was to it. Nothing!

"Say, Bill," said the oldest, cunningest seaman—a Bluenose. "Six fathom oughta be o' no account to you. And ain't it up to yuh?"

"Your mother was a mermaid who took pay in Madame Annie's," said Kanaka Bill politely.

"But ain't you gonna go down and get them cases, you goggle-eyed baboon? It's nothing to us. But you oughta know Mr. Edwards'll catch it for losin' 'em when the old man comes aboard. And you sittin' there as could go and get 'em easy as the cook peels onions."

Bill's dungarees fell from him in the motion of his rising. "I go!" he said, and tied two lines around him, one for himself and one for the cargo. And he slid overboard like the human fish he was, and went down.

"Nice guy, Bill!" said the oldest, cunningest seaman.

A damn' nice guy! The kind o' shipmate you wanted! They'd stand him a pound o' tabacker a man, and a drink all around next time they got paid off. . . . And he's hooked it! Say, he's hooked it! That's his wriggle. Up with 'em! Up, ma hearties! Two dozen o' the right stuff! The real Mackay! A long pull for a strong pull! Ho, whiskey for ma Johnny!

A dripping case rose out of the sea, a case with one end stove in. A case that dropped bottles as it banged against the side. . . . Plop! . . . Plop! . . . That dropped still more bottles as they hoisted it in. . . . Clink! . . . Clunk! . . . Bottles that broke as they fell on the hard steel deck. But bottles still left, whole bottles inside. They tore it asunder and handed them around. Bottles of whiskey after weeks and weeks of abstinence. Good old bourbon! Drink it down.

"Hi!" hailed Bill. "My line's adrift!"

Nobody heard him. Nobody cared.

It cannot be printed what words Bill spat up from the sea. He swam to the cable and climbed aboard and lay down as he was by the other anchor. It would have meant murder had he gone down amongst them right away. He knew better than that. He would wait a little while. Then he'd make them pay! Playing a trick like that on him! Yes, he'd make them!

He could hear them carousing from where he lay, though they had

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Captain Whitman came over the rail with joy flooding his venomous soul.





The Elks National Defense Program



Above is former Governor Wilbur L. Cross, one of the judges in the Elks National Essay Contest.

The Elks National Defense Commission selects three prominent judges for the National Essay Contest

Aside from his achievements in the world of letters as well as in government, he has been one of the best-loved teachers in the university life of this country. He was affectionately known as "Uncle Toby" by nine classes of Yale undergraduates for more than thirty-six years. His kindly understanding of students' problems, his unerring discernment of the lack of preparation of lessons and the futile efforts of freshmen and seniors alike to conceal it, have been the basis of many stories of his caustic wit and kindly humor.

The Elks National Defense Commission considers itself most fortunate in having this scholar and teacher as the final arbiter to pass on the merits of the essays which have been favorably submitted by the State Associations.

Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, educator and religious scholar, was born in San Francisco in 1890. He was graduated from the University of Cincinnati with the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. He became a rabbi in 1914 and since that time has been located at the Wilshire Boulevard Temple, Los Angeles.

Rabbi Magnin has been active in educational and civic affairs for many years and is a member of the advisory board of the Los Angeles Board of Education, as well as a member of the advisory board of the National Academy of American Literature, and Director of the local chapter of the American Red Cross. He is a member of more than twenty clubs and societies, a 32nd degree Mason and Past President of the B'nai B'rith, district number 4.

Doctor Ralph B. Wagner of Washington University, St. Louis, received his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts at St. John's College in Toledo, Ohio. After taking graduate courses at Boston University and Harvard in business psychology, speech technique and teaching methods, he became a Doctor of Philosophy in expression at the Curry School.

Since that time, he has lectured on public speaking at various universities and colleges throughout the country while holding professorships at St. Bernard's Theological Seminary and the Rochester, N. Y., School of Oratory and Dramatic Art.

Doctor Wagner is the author of twenty articles on how to be a convincing speaker, which appeared as a newspaper syndicate series. He is President of the St. Louis University Chapter of the American Association of University Professors and a member of many public speaking societies and associations.

Arrangements are being made by the Elks National Defense Commission to set up a nation-wide program featuring the three winning essays and the students who have written them. The program is to be announced in the June issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

THE ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION

THE three prominent educators who have agreed to pass on the merits of the winning State contests for the final National awards of \$1000, \$500 and \$250 given by the Elks National Defense Commission are former Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin of Los Angeles and Dr. Ralph B. Wagner of Washington University at St. Louis. These men were selected not only because of their outstanding reputation as educators, but for geographical coverage of the Nation as well. Governor Cross is the final arbiter.

Governor Cross, or Doctor Cross, or Professor Cross, as he is known by thousands of Yale graduates, is one of the great literary figures of America. It is no exaggeration to say that his final judgment on the merits of any essay written by a student of this country would not be questioned by any person versed in American literature and cognizant of the part Doctor Cross has played in educational circles during the past half century.

He was graduated from Yale in 1885 and was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1889. Since then he has received the degrees of Doctor of Literature and Doctor of Laws from eleven universities and colleges including Harvard, Columbia, the University of California and the University of Michigan.

He was elected Governor of Connecticut for four terms, from 1931 to 1939. For many years he edited the *Yale Review*, which is conceded to be America's leading literary publication, and as an authority on English literature he has written one book and many essays on the history of the English novel. His two most important works are the "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne" and "The History of Henry Fielding". He was the editor of the Department of English Literature for the International Encyclopedia for several years. Governor Cross' Thanksgiving proclamation during his term of office was reprinted by magazine and newspaper editors as a classic example of a fine State document.

Mr. Frank goes to work on the problem of how to make all the major league teams end the season at about .500. It's a lulu, too.



Roger Bresnahan once actually traded a pitcher for a bird dog—and got the best of the deal.

Pennants and Penance

By Stanley Frank

AMERICA is the sweet land of liberty and all men are created equal with the same chance of doing themselves a lot of good, hallelujah. The Constitution says so and your old chum, the man in the street, wistfully believes it to be true. Unfortunately, this is a lovely theory which does not jell in hard practice and nowhere is it kicked around more flagrantly than in baseball, the national game which is supposed to represent all that is noble and uplifting in the American sports tradition. With slight variations on an old theme, the rich ball clubs get pennants and the poor clubs pay penance for their poverty.

The chief charm of sports is the promise of the unpredictable, but there is nothing so predictable as the approximate finishing position

of the major-league baseball teams. Rarely does a team deviate more than a position or two from the pre-season consensus. Although I am undermining my own cushy racket with this suggestion, newspapers are silly to go to the trouble and expense of sending baseball experts to the Florida and California training camps for the purpose of staring critically at the teams. A copy boy in the office can do a better job of long-range prediction simply by consulting the latest issue of *Dun & Bradstreet*.

In the American League the last seven straight pennants have been won by the New York Yankees and the Detroit Tigers. Through a coincidence by no means strange, Col. Jake Ruppert, the late owner of the Yankees, also possessed a thriving

brewery and was one of the largest individual holders of Manhattan real estate. Walter O. Briggs, who pays the Tigers fabulous salaries, manufactures automobile bodies and probably ranks among the hundred wealthiest men in the country.

Life in the National League is pretty much of a free-for-all scramble, but a definite cleavage between the plutocrats and the common people has been increasingly apparent. The last thirteen pennants have been monopolized by four clubs: New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. The executive genius of John J. McGraw established a firm foundation—just beginning to show stress and strain—for the Giants' success, and the fact that the late Charles A. Stoneham was reputed to have made

(Continued on page 44)

ACE IN THE

IT WAS a chemist named Hofmann who, singlehanded, gave Adolf Hitler his first and perhaps all-important victory over the British fleet. For the prime purpose of the English navy is to prevent vital raw materials from reaching the Nazi war industry, and high on the list of Nazi needs is rubber. Rubber for the tires of trucks, combat cars and motorcycles on which the German motorized legions roll along the path of conquest, rubber for the insulation of wires through which power, light and messages must flow endlessly to keep a complex military and industrial machine functioning, rubber for conveyor belts, hose and rollers es-

sential to production. In short, in modern war rubber takes its place beside wheat, oil and steel as an absolute necessity. And it was this unsung Hofmann who laid the foundation for the making of rubber out of coal, limestone and salt, all materials which were found within German borders. Thus, though British men of war still patrol the highways of the sea and prevent natural rubber from getting to the Reich, Hitler's war machine can continue to smash forward on tires born of coal.

To the United States, hastening to gird itself for defense, rubber is far more important than it is to any other nation. For years we have used

more than half the total world's supply of rubber. We have better than 65 percent of all the motor vehicles in the world and by far the largest industrial output on earth. And natural rubber for our more than 25,000 uses must be imported from the Far East, most of it shipped from the docks at Singapore, nine thousand watery miles away. That's a vulnerable source of supply and new plantations in South America would be of no immediate aid, since it takes seven years for a rubber tree to bear. Yet should Japan, either alone or as the small end of the Fascist-Nazi axis, ever strike at our rubber lifeline we would have little to

Here a Firestone synthetic tire is placed under pressure against a testing wheel which approximates a high-speed roadbed. The recording instrument is on the hub.



Mr. Kafka goes a long way toward relieving the minds of those of us who are worried about America's rubber problems.

HOLE

By Roger Kafka

fear. For whatever Nazi chemistry and research have been able to do, American chemistry and research have been able to do better. In fact, our chemists have not only outdone the chemists of Germany, but have also outdone nature itself, for the synthetic rubbers which have come out of their test tubes are proof against most of natural rubber's worst enemies.

But, whereas Hitler's substitute rubber, called buna, has been publicized and propaganda-puffed to the skies, the work of America's researchers has been modestly quiet, though methodically efficient. Little by little, synthetic rubbers have crept into our daily lives without our being aware of them. We test and use them only where their superiority to nature's product makes them worth their higher price, because unlike the dictator nations we need not sacrifice our standard of living to bullying ambition.

Thus the story of the development of one of the most important of our synthetic rubbers, du Pont's neoprene, is at once a classic of American research and typical of its methods. About 1925 the Reverend Julius Arthur Nieuwland, a priest at the University of Notre Dame who had spent most of his life in researching acetylene gas, attended a meeting of chemists. There he read a paper describing his work. One of his attentive listeners was a du Pont chemist who caught a hint of larger possibilities in the scientist-priest's report. From this scrap of information a concentrated barrage of research by all of du Pont's vast facilities extending over six years produced a successful synthetic rubber. Year by year it has been improved and ever larger plants built to supply the increasing demands of the great rubber companies who employ it alone or as an ingredient in natural rubber products to which it brings striking advantages. As a profit-maker neoprene is negligible if not a downright liability, but it gives promise of having a gigantic future and is already certain insurance against desperate emergency.

Of course, du Pont is not alone in the field by any means. Equally important work has been done by Goodrich, Goodyear, United States Rubber, the Dow Chemical Company, Standard Oil, Firestone and many others, so that today there are at least twenty-five of these synthetics.

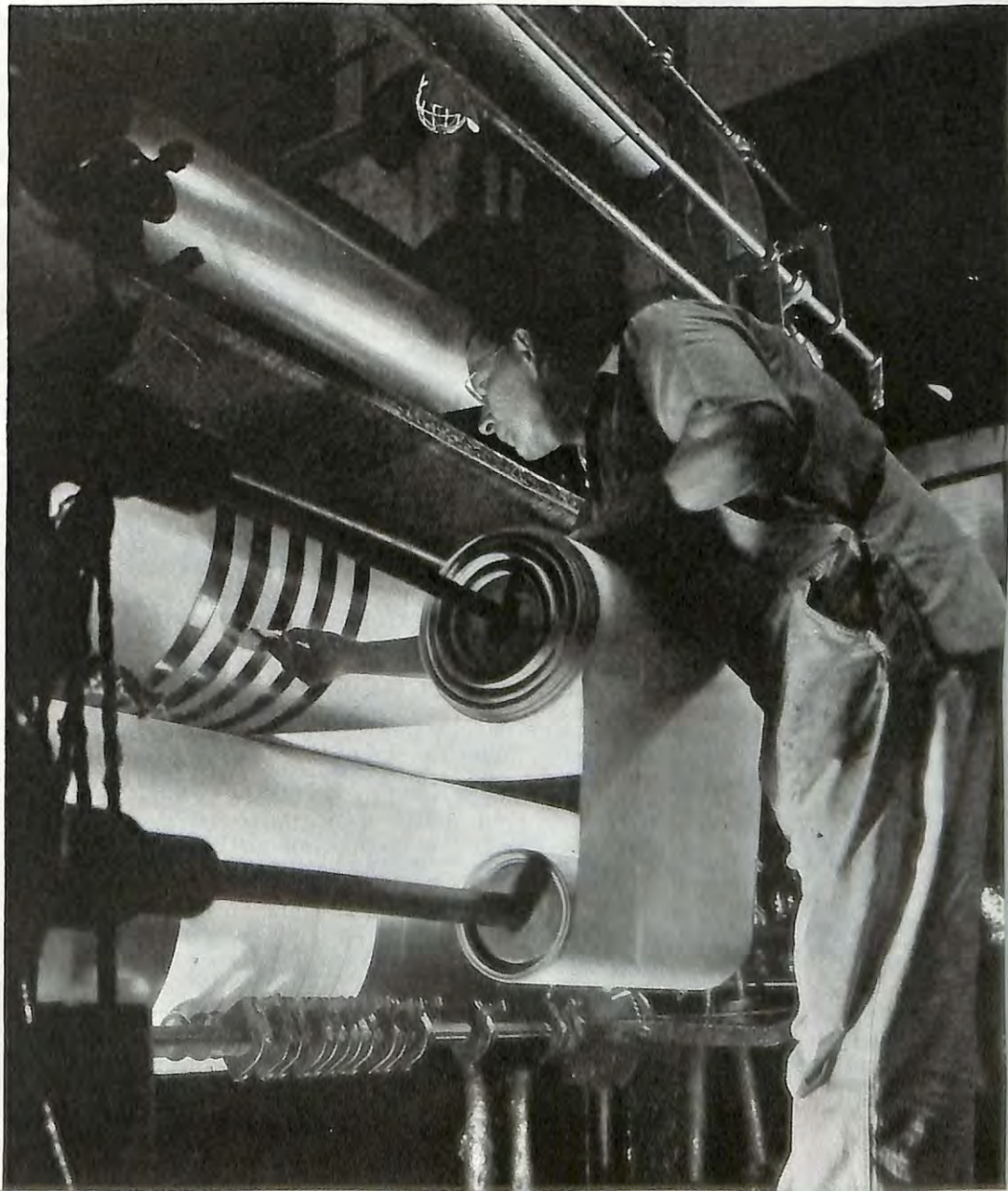
Therefore, as matters stand now, the United States, which is the most

nearly self-sufficient nation on earth, can readily add man-made rubber to the vast resources with which nature liberally endowed it to withstand siege. True, the synthetic rubbers at this moment supply only a minute fraction of our rubber needs, but in less than two years we could build the plants necessary to make us independent of Far Eastern sources of supply.

And, although in these days of lightning aggression, two years may seem to be a gravely long period of time, there is no necessity for hysteria. We have thousands of tons of natural rubber in warehouses and in finished products ready for sale, additional thousands of tons on the

high seas, as well as a considerable stockpile built up by the Government in the event of a sudden outbreak of hostilities. These supplies would, it is estimated, carry us along for a year. Then, as one expert has pointed out, if we cut driving speeds below forty miles an hour, we would not only save the rubber in our tires, but we could also safely wear them down closer to the cord, thus adding thousands of miles to their lives. New techniques of reclaiming old tires and retreading worn casings would add another sizable amount. And only then would we have to deny housewives rubber aprons, gloves and shower curtains, and stop the production of rubber raincoats, fly-swatters and other non-essential items with which we are so prodigal in ordinary times. By minor patriotic sacrifices such as driveless days and conserving the twelve million rubber bands we use a day, we could (with-

Here a workman is checking the width of the strips of synthetic rubber before they are sent to the tire builder.



out punning) stretch our available natural supply well over the two years necessary to get our synthetic plants into high gear.

At present then, common-sense would caution us against hurrying to compete with nature. For instance, it is the considered statement of du Pont that after nine years of experience it still builds its plants with the expectation of having them become obsolete in five years because of

A plastic mass of synthetic rubber being scientifically masticated by rollers in the mixing mill. At this stage various chemicals and pigments are added.

prefer the name *elastomer* because these materials are actually new things under the sun and can rightly demand a name of their own.

Beginning in 1892 a British chemist, Tilden, took natural rubber apart to see what made it go. He found that its essential ingredient was something called isoprene, made of hydrogen and carbon. That looked easy to make because coal, alcohol, turpentine, petroleum and even potatoes, corn, goldenrod and milkweed juice are made of hydrogen and carbon. The trick however, lay in the way these two elements were put together. As everyone knows, the

things 100,000 times their life-size.

Only by working like blind-men, visualizing patterns in their minds that they couldn't see with their eyes, have the chemists succeeded. And working thus, blindly, they decided that it wasn't necessary to duplicate rubber itself, but only to make substances that would act like rubber in certain ways. That is why modern elastomers are not synthetics in the true sense that they are constructed just as the natural product is, but are simply different materials that have some of the special attributes of rubber; the fact of the matter being that natural rubber is by all odds



chemical advances. And again its competitors are in agreement that there is much to be learned and much to be done in research so that a frightened rush to construct plants might prove to be the costly purchase of a huge white elephant. They counsel making haste slowly for one good, practical reason—they don't know enough about their own products yet!

You see, in the first place there are dozens of different synthetics and in the second place, no one of them is exactly like the natural rubber with which almost a hundred years of laboratory experience has made manufacturers completely familiar. In fact, most chemists fretfully object to calling these products "synthetic" or "artificial" rubber. They

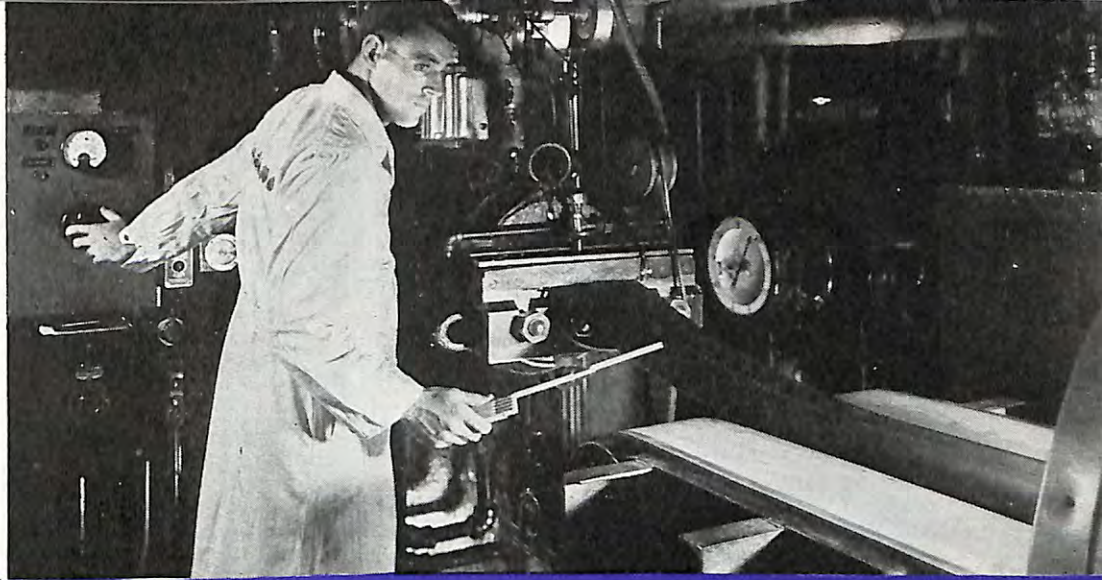
whole world is made of only 92 kinds of matter. It's as if you gave a child 92 differently shaped building blocks to play with; by arranging them in different combinations he could make thousands of structures. Nature has an unlimited number of these sets, so the number of things she can make of them can't even be guessed at. At first the chemists set to work to put hydrogen and carbon together just the way nature did in rubber, only to find that this was one of her most complex achievements. More than that, these blocks they were playing with were molecules—pieces of matter so small that no human eye has ever seen them, since it is impossible to photograph them even with the new electronic microscope apparatus which is able to picture

the most versatile stuff known. It can be made as hard as mild steel or as soft as the art gum eraser on your desk. Each of the elastomers, then, is designed to replace rubber only in certain of its uses. Thus Dr. Waldo Semon, of Goodrich, created Koroseal out of limestone and coke. Koroseal is waterproof and non-inflammable and even defies nitric acid and is just the ticket to replace rubber in electrical insulation, but it won't do for tires.

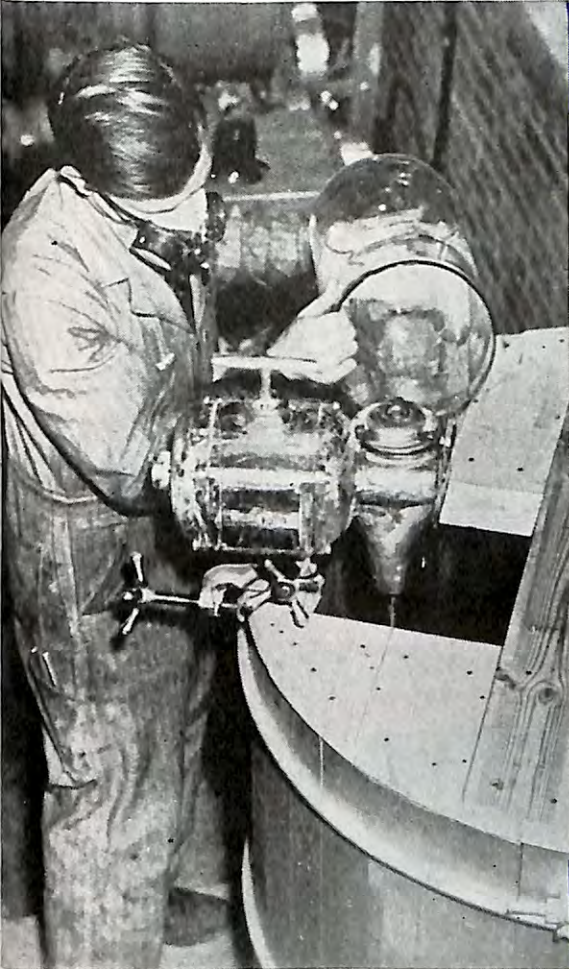
And, in almost every case, each of these specially planned synthetics is better than the original for some one job. Because natural rubber cracks when exposed to sunlight, it is highly likely that elastomers will soon replace it in such things as garden hose and windshield-wiper blades.

Resistant to oil, gasoline and chemicals, they have already taken their place as insulation on the spark-plug wires of your car, in gasoline pump hose, the gaskets in your refrigerator, conveyor belting, pickling tanks, printing rollers, and in the protective clothing worn in chemical plants, creameries and slaughter-houses. Less affected by heat and abrasion than their natural competitor, they are even making a real place for themselves in tires, although tires made of fifty percent synthetic cost a third more than the ordinary variety.

Progressing slowly and feeling out



Above: A battery of precision instruments operated by an expert workman controls the pressing of treads for synthetic tires.



swells on contact with gasoline. A bullet that pierces the tank allows the gas to touch this interlining and the immediate swelling automatically closes the hole, sealing the tank against further loss.

And, short of American involvement in the war, Far Eastern rubber planters can still look forward to the cushy profits of upwards of eighteen percent that they consistently earn, since the cheapest synthetic still sells for about thirty-five cents to rubber's twenty per pound. And, if necessary, rubber could be profitably sold even at ten cents. Of course, if synthetic production were vastly expanded because of an emergency, the price would drop considerably, thanks to the savings due to mass production, but the ten-cent figure would still be far off.

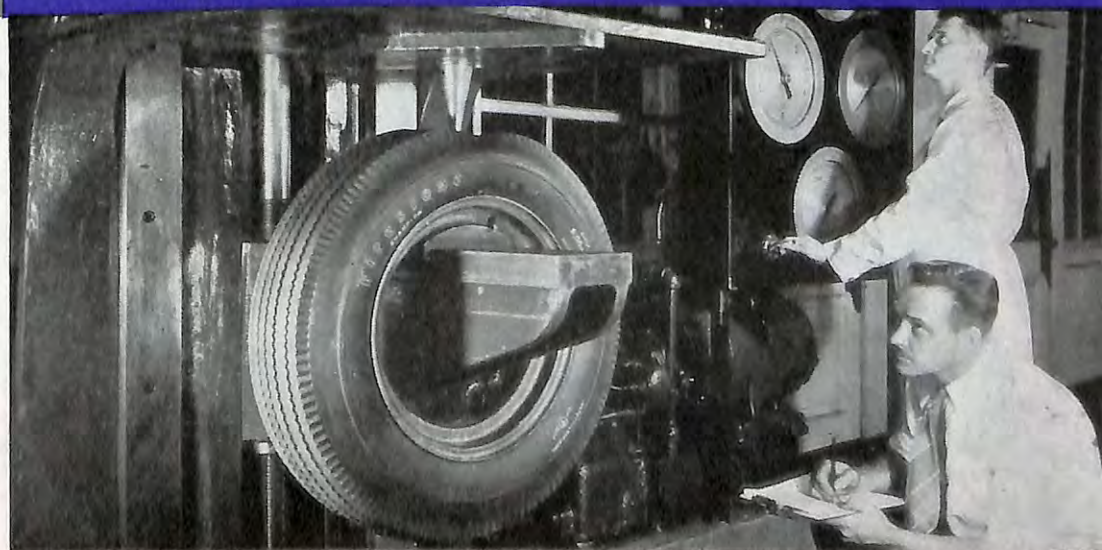
Even at that, though, the combination of American skill and luck has been at work to provide us with an ace-in-the-hole. The buna on which Hitler's legions first rolled into Vienna and then into Prague, Brussels, Paris and Bucharest probably still

costs about eighty cents a pound in terms of our money. To a dictator who commandeers everything he needs, that is not important, but to a free people, who wish to maintain their standard of living, economic production is vital. And we have the guarantee of that economic production because while buna requires five complex steps in the making, our synthetics are infinitely simpler to create. For a long time, though, it was thought that the Germans had stolen a march on the world. Then, in August, 1939, the Universal Oil Products Company announced that by using the unlimited supplies of butane available from our natural gas fields we could make elastomers in a single step at about one-fourth what they cost Hitler. And, directly after that, the Standard Oil Company came forward with a new butyl rubber made entirely from the by-products of oil refining. Both these can be made into the all-important tires for our thirty-million motor vehicles and thus our supply for both war and

(Continued on page 49)

At left is the mixing process which is the first step in the making of Chemigum, while below is the X-Break test in which a blunt metal cone is forced into a tire to determine resistance to road stones.

the field, the research divisions of the great corporations and universities have made countless experiments with their favorite elastomers and gradually their products are filtering into places where they have been proven to be superior. So, in 1939 less than two thousand tons of synthetic rubber was turned out, while in 1940 at least ten thousand tons have been made. In 1941 it is expected that equally spectacular gains will be made. For instance, the fifty thousand or more military planes we expect to produce next year for our own and Britain's use will probably all be equipped with gas tanks carrying a layer of synthetic rubber sandwiched between two sheets of metal. This particular elastomer is so designed that it



By Harry Hansen

THE war is in our eyes and ears, and numerous books dealing with phases of the fighting, the British home defense and American preparations are available. Some of them will be out of date in a month, so it won't pay to enlarge on them here. Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night", mentioned here several months ago, is still sweeping the country; it is the perfect war thriller, full of dark doings, devious intrigues and double-crossing and probably pleases the reader by showing how low both the Nazis and the Communists can go in their subversive tactics. Among books of information about European affairs I can recommend "Riddle of the Reich", by Wythe Williams, written in collaboration with Albert Parry, former director of the American Council Against Nazi Propaganda. (Prentice-Hall, \$2.75) Although the information about conditions inside Germany is not useful

for long, the analysis of the air power of Russia is important, because Americans like to dismiss Russia's military power because of the bad showing in Finland. Yet Mr. Williams shows that the Russians have improved on the American models made over there, have trained excellent pilots and introduced many innovations. He believes that the Germans are moving in on Russia and that the outcome will be a Russia after the Nazi pattern, with the restoration of private property and enterprise under government control.

"How do people live amid incessant airplane raids?" is often asked. We have had exciting testimony from England, but we know less about the poor Chinese of the interior. But "Dawn Over Chungking", written by the three daughters of Dr. Lin Yutang—Adet, Anor and Meimei Lin—offers much information on this subject. They do not write as political experts but as girls who have shared the anxieties and dangers of the plain people. At

Nanking Adet escaped the Japs by boarding a boat that was carrying 2,000 wounded up the river; the doctors had to choose the wounded that would recover, leaving the worst cases behind. The despair of the soldiers who were left to the fury of the Japs may be imagined. The girls heard horrible and amusing stories; a woman guerilla told how her band had smuggled revolvers into a town by placing them in melons, breaking them open at a signal and killing the Japanese garrison. In one town a bomb fell beside a baker who was kneading dough; he quickly covered the bomb with his dough and stifled the fuse. Their house in Peipei was bombed. "The whole village was nearly gone," writes Anor, "but I saw new shops already opening on the streets that were still left. I need not worry for China. She was bomb-proof." (John Day Co., \$2)

It pays to start training early for a successful career. Take Frank Buck, who ties knots in the tails of
(Continued on page 49)

WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

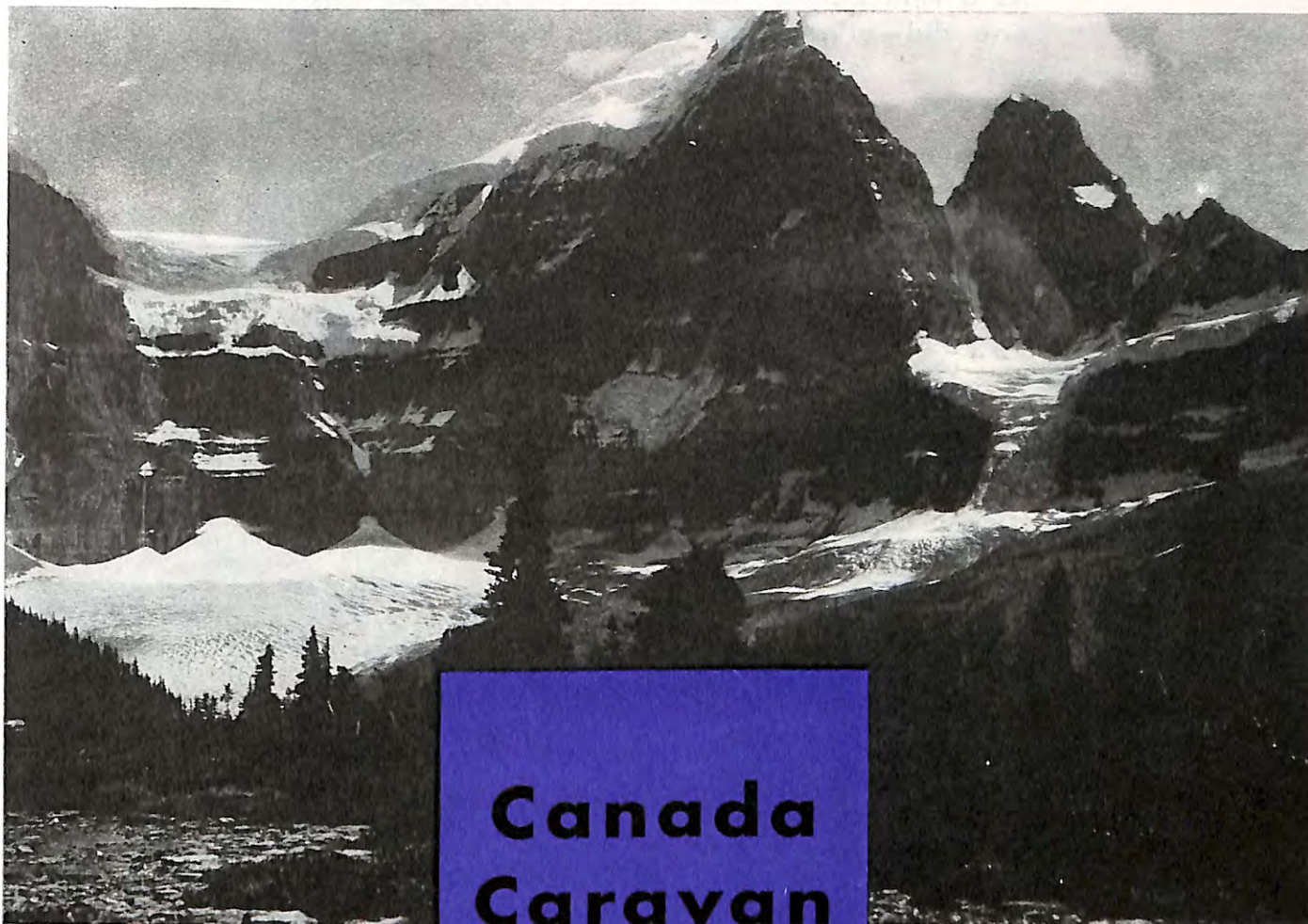


At left is John Weld, author of "The Pardners," a novel of the Sierra Mountains in the 1840's.



Victor Kraft

Above is Jesse Stuart, author of "Men of the Mountains," in the offices of E. P. Dutton, his publishers.



Photos from Canadian Nat'l Rys. and Province of Ontario

Canada Caravan

By John Ransom

CANADA will be a major objective for millions of American vacationists this summer. Regardless of what goes on abroad, the Dominion still remains a safe and friendly neighbor. And besides this, there's no country in the world, including our own, which can offer any more varied fare for the vacationist.

Canada is at war—she has been at war for the past twenty months—yet American citizens who went into the Dominion last summer, fall or winter will tell you that, outwardly, Canada seems to be no different than during peacetime. Sure, you'll see soldiers and sailors and those fine looking young flight officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force. You'll see engineers, foresters, and even women, in the uniforms of Canada's armed forces. But if you live in an area where one of our Selective Service Training camps is located, you've already become accustomed to the sight of a uniform right here at home.

Don't let idle gossip fool you about Canada. For American citizens there are no passport problems of any kind. You cross into the Dominion at any one of the many frontier points and you don't have to come back to the United States through the same port by which you left. Hotel rates and the cost of living are no higher than they were before the war and with the 10% premium paid

to you for each United States dollar you spend, you'll find it's almost cheaper to go to Canada this year than it is to stay at home.

To Canada, the importance of your trip into the Dominion this year cannot be over-emphasized. Canada is spending millions of dollars daily in these United States, not only for war supplies which we are selling to her, but for food, clothing, drugs and many other basic necessities of life. Next to Great Britain, Canada is our most important foreign customer.

To pay for the American products which she is buying, Canada needs American dollars—and she needs them this year. So the vacation money you spend in Canada will be doing double duty—it will be helping a neighboring Democracy and it will be buying a grand vacation for you, your friends and your families.

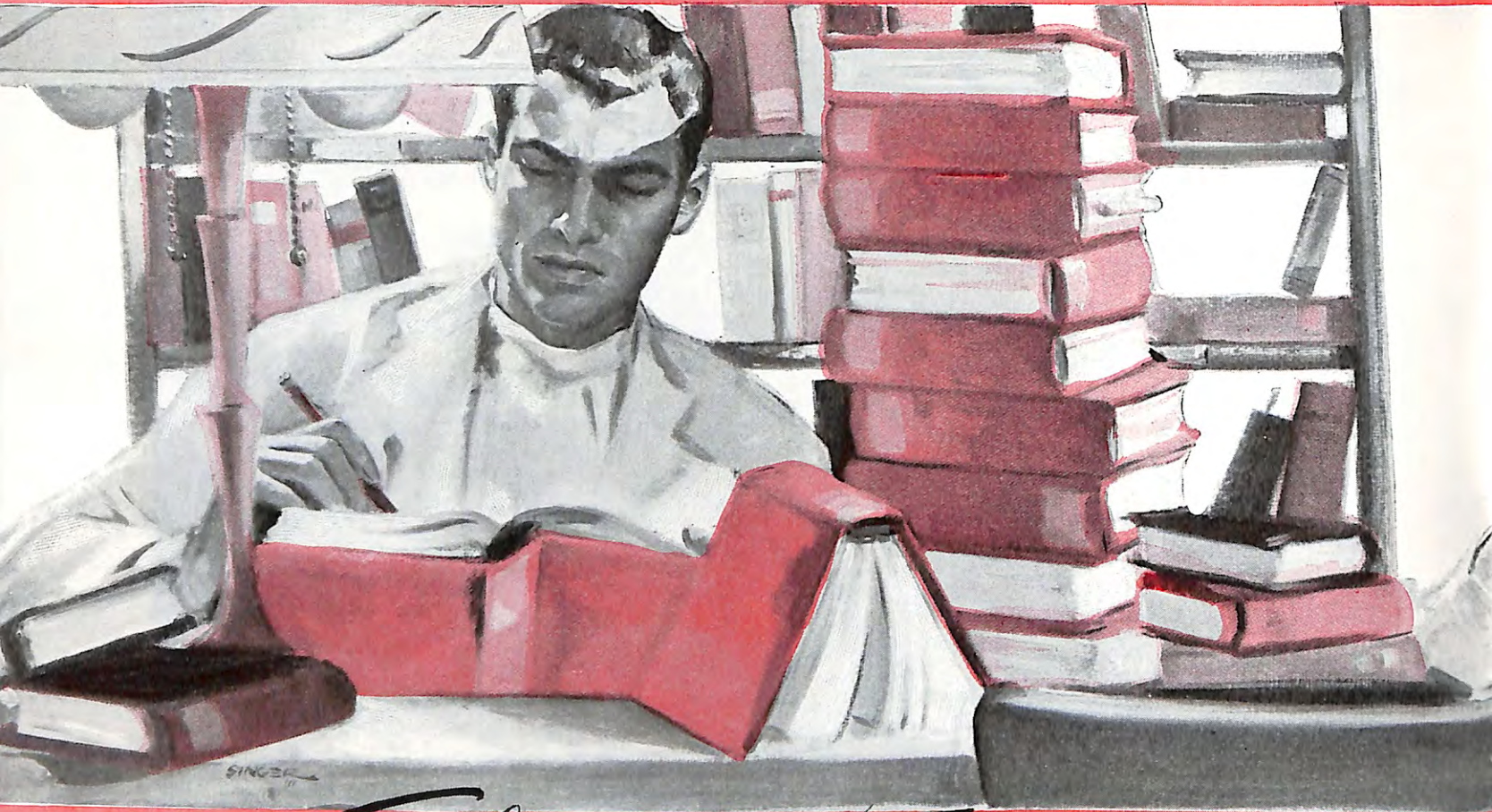
Let's begin this Canadian travel trip on the far western side of the Dominion. In British Columbia, which adjoins our Pacific Coast State of Washington, there are mountains everywhere; endless square miles of majestic, snow-capped peaks which shoulder their way westward to a glorious fjorded coastline; mighty rivers and waterfalls; warm valleys ablaze with blossoming trees; trails of the old-time prospectors and ghost towns of placer mining days; towering forests of Douglas Fir; primitive totem-poled Indian Villages

(Continued on page 46)



At top is majestic North Twin Mountain in the heart of the Columbia icefields in Alberta. Above is Flower Pot Island at Georgian Bay, one of Ontario's many natural wonders.

As a rule Doctors can't take chances. But this one did—a long chance that had to succeed.



Shock Treatment

By Joseph and Adeline Marx

THERE are so many things an interne can't afford to do that I sometimes wonder what he can afford to do. One of the things he can't afford to do, and I know it for a fact, is to get fancy. What do I mean by get fancy? Well, just get fancy. I'll tell you.

You know Governor's Hospital—one of the best in the city, and a fellow's darned lucky to get a chance to be there. I thought so too. I didn't mean to do anything to make my days there any fewer, but on the other hand, there're some things you just have to do after you've thought of doing them. Well, Dr. Joris Murdock is the head of Governor's Hospital, and so high and mighty that we called him the Governor, or some-

times the Almighty, depending on how irked we were with him. He's a nice old guy for all that—just set in his ways, you know, and underneath we all thought a lot of him. The only trouble is, you don't often get underneath.

One morning, before I'd been there very long, I was helping bring in a stretcher case, a chap who'd been knocked out but not hurt very badly. I was working with two other internes, boys who'd been there a long time and knew their way about. I felt like a first-year kid in high school, and I know darned well they felt like seniors. Top of the world, they were.

Well, we were bringing in this case, and they were talking and joking and

doing it all in an offhand sort of way, and I was standing around trying not to drag my feet and thinking that they were pretty smart fellows—so experienced and casual and all. And all of a sudden a voice rings out in back of me, irritated and impatient and full of authority—"Watch it! His tongue! He's choking on it!"

One of the fellows—Mead, it was, Dick Mead—said, "Oops, sorry!" and took care of the guy's tongue, and they went on taking him in as quiet as lambs. I looked around, expecting to see the Governor himself standing there putting the fear of God into the boys. But there wasn't a soul there in the hall with us except the porter. And he was sweeping the floor.

It gave me the creeps. I guess it



I started looking for names that spelled Ned Lane backwards. It nearly drove me nuts, and after five minutes my eyes quit.

I don't know, I suppose it was meant to be funny. Funny like a snipe hunt. It didn't exactly lay me in the aisle, and Dick Mead saw it. Later on, as we ate dinner, he came over and sat beside me.

"I thought you'd have heard about Ned the Crystal Gazer before," he said.

Very nice and friendly, as though I'd heard about everything, although as a matter of fact I'd only been there a week or so.

"No," I said, and then, because I was new, "I've been pretty busy, you know."

He just smiled his nice smile. Busy, he could have said, you've been busy, you little pipsqueak! What about me? But he just smiled and said, "Of course you have. And we do keep Ned under our hats, in a way."

By that time the light was beginning to dawn on me, even if he did seem to be talking gibberish. "You mean the porter?" I said. "It really was the porter who told you to be careful about that man's tongue?"

He nodded seriously. "It was the porter," he said, "Dr. Murdock really can't see quite everywhere, after all. Yes, it was the porter. Ned the Crystal Gazer. He's quite a fellow. Did you notice him?"

"Only enough to decide he was simple," I said.

Dick nodded. I thought he was going to go on, but to my disappointment he stood up. "Go take another look," he said. "Then tell me what you think." And he walked away.

I guess it was the porter's day off the next day, or else I really was busy, or something, because I didn't see Ned at all. I did hear about him, though. I was riding in the elevator—Old Slow Motion, we called it—and two internes got on.

"So it was Ned the Crystal Gazer again," one of them said. "Called the turn just like that, did he?"

"He might have disappeared ten years ago—or eleven," Dick said. "He may have been just wandering about for a long time."

"He's wandering down the corridor, see," said the other, "and he sees me there outside the door, looking at the case history. Not that I'm baffled, you know, I'm just looking things over. 'Traumatic shock,' he says dreamily, 'too bad.' And off he goes, dragging his broom behind him. And not another word can I get out of him, about how he knew or when he'd seen the guy or anything."

The other one grinned. "And he was right again," he said. "Only don't let the Governor hear you took Ned's word for it."

"I didn't," he said hastily. "Naturally, I checked and worked on my own findings. He just saved me some time, that's all."

"Of course," said the other. "That's all." And he laughed. The elevator operator looked around too and grinned. The first interne didn't say any more.

When I got off the elevator on the second floor I saw the porter sweeping away, kind of slow and easy, down at the other end of the hall. I should have been in a hurry, but I took time out and walked down to speak to him anyway.

I felt kind of foolish, and nervous. I couldn't think of a thing to say to him. I guess I looked kind of foolish



showed on my face, because Dick Mead looked at me, after we got down the hall a way, and said, "Was that the first time you ever came across the Crystal Gazer?" I nodded.

"We have him trained, like a seal," Dick said, "just to stick around and watch us and tell us our mistakes."

"As a matter of fact," the other guy said, "there wasn't anybody there at all. Didn't you know Dr. Murdock has the all-seeing eye? That's why we call him the Almighty. Wherever we are, he sees what we're doing and bawls us out for it." He dropped his voice and looked very serious. "Mind you, I'm just telling you for your own good. Now you know why you have to watch your step from now on."

too, and I swaggered a little and said something stupid, about those internes and they would be careless, wouldn't they? I didn't blame him for looking blank.

"Careless?" he said.

"Those internes, yesterday," I said, "being so careless about that man's tongue.

"Tongue?" he said, and I saw he wasn't pretending. He really had forgotten. I was trying to figure a graceful way to get out of the conversation, but I didn't have to bother. He just turned his back on me and went on sweeping.

I stood looking at him; I couldn't seem to make up my mind to walk away. There was something about him that interested me, I couldn't say what. His hair was white and his face was young—young and blank, untroubled and unwrinkled. That often goes, though, with prematurely white hair. It's very arresting. But with him it went deeper; it wasn't only his face that was blank. His eyes were blank—blank and vacant. His shoulders were bent and his movements were jerky, like an old man. But he didn't look old. A real queerie, I thought. Simple as could be.

"What's your name?" I said. He turned around, and his answer was prompt and positive.

"Ned Lane," he said, and smiled. Not the least bit simple. I guess I've got him wrong, I thought, and I went on talking. "How long have you been working here?" I said. He stopped smiling; his eyes blanked out again. "Long time," he said.

"How many years?"

"Years?" he said.

"How many years have you been working here?"

His eyes were wandering, slowly, ploddingly, over me and over the corridor. He couldn't seem to focus on anything.

"Ned Lane," he said suddenly, triumphantly, and smiled. The same smile, the same voice.

"Thank you," I said, and left him alone.

After that, for a week or two, I watched him whenever I could. It was easy; he never seemed to know that anybody was around, so I didn't have to worry about his seeing me. I saw him touch a nurse on the shoulder as she stood chatting in the corridor, and I saw her run back into the room where her patient needed her; I saw him correct an orderly who was moving a fracture too fast and too carelessly; I saw him adjust, with an almost mechanical gesture, the valve for the oxygen going into a tent. I saw that it happened often, in many different ways. And I saw that nobody resented his help. They weren't exactly grateful; it was more as though they took it for granted.

The thing that made up my mind for me, though, was the day I saw him wash his hands. He probably shouldn't even have been in that washroom, but he did a lot of things the other porters didn't. He came in, put his broom down, and rolled up

his sleeves; he rolled them up well above the elbow and then he began quietly to wash. You know the procedure, you've seen it thousands of times—soap everywhere, in every crevice, rubbed in and rubbed out and rubbed in again for so long that it looks like perpetual motion. A doctor, scrubbing up. You can't miss it, once you've seen it.

When he left the washroom I followed him out, and half way down the corridor I met Dick Mead. I let Ned go on out of sight, and started walking along with Dick.

"Well," Dick said, "now what do you think?"

"I think he's a doctor," I said.

Illustrated by MALVIN SINGER

**"What have you done so far?"
I thought it was the Governor,
the voice was so brisk. It
wasn't. It was Ned Lane.**

Pretty proud of myself, I was.

"You should be a detective," Dick said drily, "figuring that out all by yourself."

"You knew it?"

There was a little sort of cubbyhole at the end of the corridor with a couple of hard chairs in it and a wobbly table. Dick headed in there, sat in one of the chairs and put his feet up on the table, as though they hurt too much to keep them on the floor any longer.

"My dogs are barking," he said. "They're keeping me on my toes, you might say."

"You knew it?" I repeated. "That he was a doctor?"

"Single-track mind," Dick said, "admirable trait in a doctor. Certainly I knew it."

"Tell me the story," I said. "He's got me nuts, wondering about him."

"Can't," Dick said. I thought he meant he had promised not to, and my mind was leaping way ahead of me. My mind was having a fine time taking Dick Mead out and getting him drunk (on what, I wonder?) and getting the whole story out of him with clever, clever questioning. Dick Mead was watching me, grinning. "Can't" he said, "because I don't know." I was crushed. "But I will tell you what I've guessed," he said. I sat down on the other chair.

"I've guessed," Dick said, "that our friend Ned used to be a doctor. Probably a good one. Maybe a very good one. One day something went wrong. Maybe something serious,

terribly serious, and he'd been working too hard and doing too much and he couldn't take it. So he lost his memory. Deliberately. Probably subconsciously but deliberately. He lost his memory as an escape, a deliberate escape from what was bothering him."

"But he can't have lost it altogether," I said. "I mean, he remembers some things about being a doc-



tor. He gives people advice—"

"You can't lose a memory," Dick said. "The memory's still there. Only he isn't. He shut himself out of the memory, and threw the key away. He feels better that way. But he feels better around a hospital, too, though I doubt if he knows why. So he came here—about seven years ago—and asked for a job, and they gave him a broom to push around the

floor. And he's perfectly happy. But every now and then, without his meaning it, a little something slips out through the keyhole—when he's needed, when something's gone wrong, it just automatically pops out. He doesn't even know he's said it. He's been doing it so long, and he's right so much of the time, that the staff is sort of superstitious about him. The Man in the Third

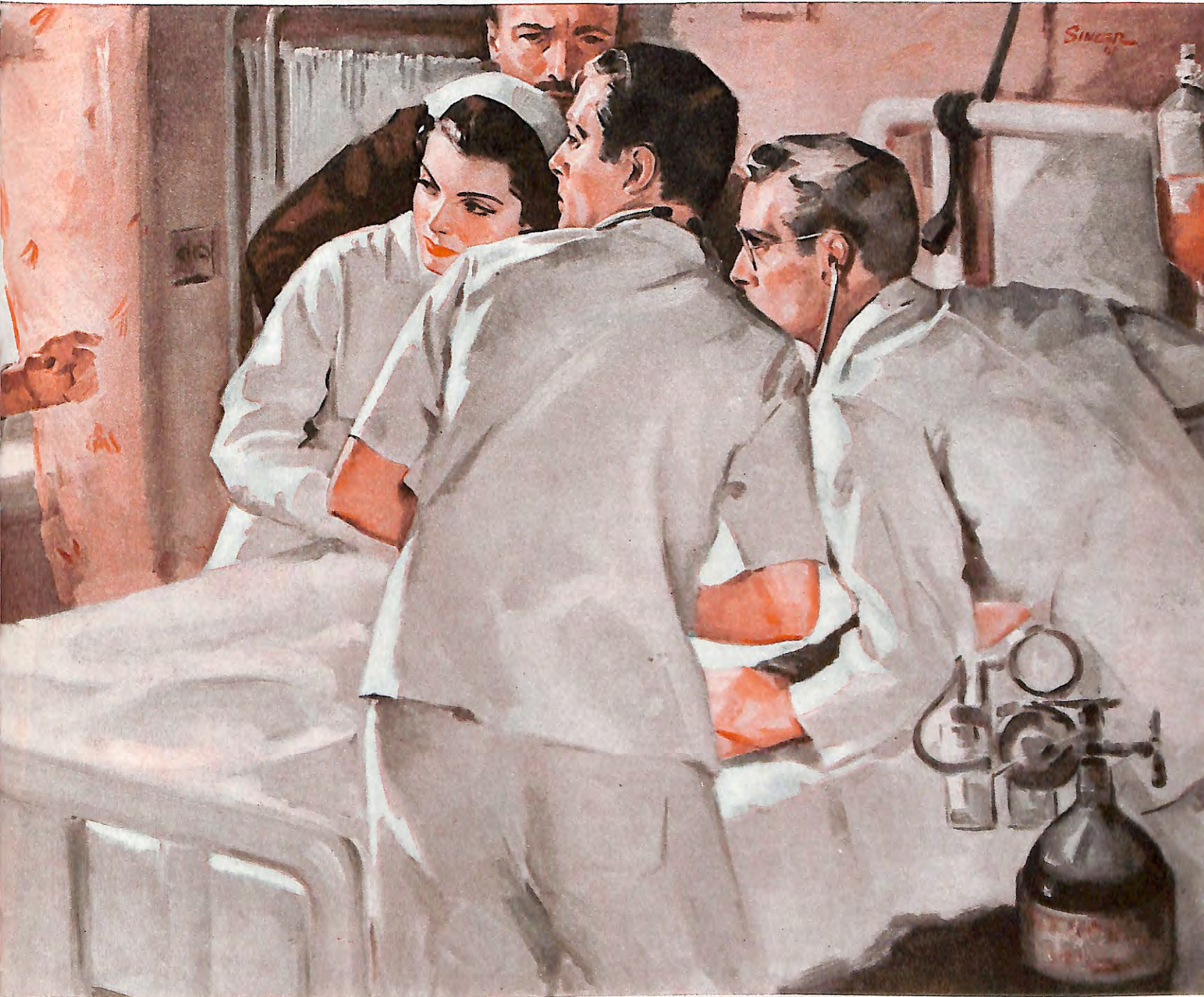
"He might have disappeared ten years ago," Dick said, "or eleven, or fifteen. All we know is that he came here seven years ago. He may have been wandering a long time."

"Even so," I said, "there aren't many doctors who disappeared at any time. It still ought to be easy to find out who he is—"

"And tell him?" Dick said.

"And tell him," I answered quietly.

means, I bet." He stood up; he winced as he put his feet on the floor again. "Shut up, pups," he said. "You know, what you need in this business is not brains, but arches." He walked towards the door, gathering speed; he was the jaunty and active young doctor again by the time he reached it. "There's one thing I should have told you," he said, turning around. "The Gover-



Floor Back, they call him, sometimes. Or Ned the Crystal Gazer, most of the time. And they just take him for granted."

"Look," I said, and I certainly was pleased with what a bright boy I was. "There aren't so very many doctors, you know. Only a small percentage of them, to say the least, disappeared seven years ago. It ought to be easy as pie to find out who he is—"

"You know what he'd say? He'd look at you and say 'Ned Lane,' and smile." I remembered that look, and that smile. I had a pretty good hunch Dick was right about that.

"Just the same—" I began.

"Listen," said Dick. "That guy is perfectly happy. For Pete's sake, let him stay that way. In short, M. Y. O. B. You haven't been grown up long enough to forget what that

nor won't stand any nonsense about Ned Lane. He found out once we took advice from Ned. He damn' near had all of us canned. He found out another time that one fellow was trying to find out who Ned was. He fired him. He says he fires the next guy that bothers Ned in any way."

"Why doesn't he fire Ned?" I said, but he was gone.

I sat there, (Continued on page 51)

THE GRAND LODGE

Convention



ROBERT E. LAMBERTON
MAYOR



CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

February 18, 1941

Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks,
Trenton, New Jersey

Dear Grand Exalted Ruler:

We still recall with much pleasure the never-to-be-forgotten Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the City of Philadelphia in 1907, and which Convention left a most lasting and favorable impression with our people.

It was at this Convention that John K. Tener was elected Grand Exalted Ruler and later became Governor of our Commonwealth, and the many happy friendships made we are indeed most desirous of renewing.

Inspired by this thought, as Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, I wired to my Director of Supplies, and your Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia's sincere invitation to hold the 1941 Convention in this, the City of Brotherly Love and the Workshop of the World, and I now take this opportunity to express heartfelt thanks for your acceptance and to assure you we are looking forward to your visit with the keenest of anticipation.

Philadelphia has always enjoyed a marvelous reputation for hospitality, and the intensive program outlined and appointment of many hundreds of members to various committees to insure the carrying out of this program, makes me most confident in the statement that you simply cannot afford to be absent from the Elks Convention in Philadelphia this coming July.

In the earlier days of this country, "Westward-ho!" was the cry, and when the pioneers wrote of their experiences and the progress they were making, Horace Greeley uttered the famous words "Young man go West!" Many thousands acted upon this suggestion, and Philadelphia contributed no small part in the upbuilding of the western country. Now here is an opportunity to return to the birthplace of your forefathers; get a close-up of this marvelous city, for we have much to show you and your time will indeed be most happily and profitably spent.

In this present agitation nation-wide of many "isms" that have as their objective the destroy-

ing of the confidence in America and her institutions, there has never been a time when a visit to Philadelphia is so important. I am positive that in your coming to Philadelphia, visiting Independence Hall and standing by the sacred, silent symbol, the Liberty Bell; Carpenters Hall where the First Continental Congress was formed; the home of Betsy Ross so recently restored to its original condition; Christ Church where Washington worshipped; Old Swedes Church and the grave of Benjamin Franklin, and so many places that in visiting you will hear much of the history of those early days, and in learning more and more of the many sacrifices made by the early Fathers in laying the foundation of this new country, there will be not only a greater appreciation of the America we today enjoy, but also the firm resolve to retain our inheritance and to destroy the various "isms" (termites of freedom) and to bring us more closely united than ever.

Do bring the children with you. It will be an educational trip they will never forget and cannot help but make them finer American citizens.

Let your vacation plans for this summer be a trip to Philadelphia and you will find us people just like yourselves, glad to welcome guests, doing everything in our power to make your stay a happy one, and a desire to have you know Philadelphia as a great City of Homes, filled with real Americans.

My people join with me in anticipating the privilege and honor of entertaining you.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads 'R. E. Lamberton'. The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

R. E. Lamberton,
Mayor of Philadelphia



GRAND LODGE **BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS**
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

JOSEPH G. BUCH
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Rooms 721-2 Broad Street Bank Building
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

February 21, 1941

Hon. R. E. Lamberton,
Office of the Mayor,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Mayor Lamberton:

Your very kind and hospitable letter of invitation from you and the citizens of Philadelphia has been gratefully received.

May I say on behalf of the 500,000 members of our great Order that we anticipate with great pleasure our visit to your city, which, as the cradle of our Democracy, represents at this time the ideal convention city for a patriotic fraternity such as ours.

From the reports which have reached our office, we expect that this will be the largest Convention, in point of attendance, of any Convention in recent years.

Under the inspiring influence of such an historical environment our members cannot help but return to their homes with firmer and deeper appreciation of the principles of liberty conceived and put into practice by those Founding Fathers who met in Philadelphia one hundred and sixty-five years ago.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph G. Buch,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Philadelphia's 1941 Convention Program

Saturday, July 12

Reception. Arrival of Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies. Official guard of honor will provide escort to hotels. Convention Corporation Band will furnish the music and band concerts.

Registration. Grand Lodge Members and delegates at headquarters hotel—The Bellevue-Stratford. Members and their ladies will register at Elks Club—1320 Arch Street.

Dance and Open House—Elks and their ladies at Elks Club.

Sunday, July 13

Churches. Special Elks Services.

Sightseeing Tours. Escorted tours will be made to Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, Betsy Ross House, Christ Church, and many other points of historical interest in the center of Philadelphia—tours will also be available to Valley Forge and Longwood Gardens.

Boat Trips. Special boat trips will be available for delightful trip down the historic Delaware—past Philadelphia Navy Yard and the "arsenal of America".

Golfing. For those who desire it.

Swimming. Your choice of many opportunities.

Dancing and open house at the Elks Club.

Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, Past Grand Exalted Rulers and District Deputies—and their ladies—will dine and dance at the "Farm" of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.

Monday, July 14

Trapshooting. Traps open for practice.

Golf. First qualifying match.

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room of Elks Club. Sightseeing Tours will continue; specially escorted tours from all central city hotels and from Elks Club.

Open House. All day and night at Elks Club.

Registration continues. Bellevue-Stratford Hotel for Delegates—Elks Club for Elks and their ladies.

Boat Trips. Special boat trips available.

Swimming. Many parties will be arranged.

(Continued on Page 50)

Your DOG

By Ed Faust

THERE comes a time to most writers who specialize on one subject, when the think-tank runs dry and, try for the life of them, they can't seem to get a new angle. As a rule most of them come to the surface with something new, but once in a while some of the boys and girls do have to repeat. Well, this happened to me some few issues back.

my replies to them. There was some doubt in my mind whether the editor would accept the manuscript with the usual sang-froid that marks his receiving these masterpieces—and so I mailed the copy to him. You see, he's all of six feet tall and half as wide as a barn door and he believes in gymnasiums and things like that. I mention this because it explains the

ment, asked that I run another such page in the future. Well, here it is—and I hope you'll like it.

Mr. R. C. V. C. writes from Tiffin, Ohio: "My dog, four years old, has chorea. He's had all the shots from the vet that it's possible to give but still shakes and trembles. Can you advise anything?" To that gentleman I replied, "Chorea is a persistent, stubborn disease, usually the aftermath of distemper. Suggest you continue taking the dog to the vet. Sometimes this disease grows less acute as the dog grows older and may even disappear. Continue to give the dog the vitamin B1 tablets if it seems to help."

H. H. asks from New Orleans, "I have just bought an eight-weeks-old collie and would like to know how much and how often to feed him?" "Well, here's the diet, H. H. At three months feed one cupful of milk for breakfast. Add a raw egg to this, or one whole-wheat biscuit with a cup of tomato juice poured over it. Mid-day meal should consist of two table-spoonsful of raw, chopped beef or the equal in one of the better known canned or packaged dog foods. If feeding raw beef, add a half handful of stale, toasted bread broken in small pieces. Repeat this meal at night. You can cook the beef if the dog prefers it that way. Slowly increase the amounts as the dog grows older. At six months double the quantities but add a cupful of cooked vegetables. No beans or potatoes, however. At one year feed about a quarter of a pound of meat or prepared food each meal." To this I'll add—for the benefit of those whose dogs bark unduly at night—give the heaviest meal at that time as dogs usually sleep more soundly on a full stomach.

F. W. L. of Dayton, Ohio, wants to buy a dog for his fourteen-year-old daughter and asks what kind would be suitable. Answer: "A Welsh Terrier. They have fine dispositions and are highly intelligent and not given to straying away from home. But then, this description fits almost any good dog and it's merely a matter of personal choice. By all means get a female as they are often more intelligent, attentive and obedient and are, almost without exception, more affectionate and make far better companions than do their brothers."

Mr. B. B. P. of Roswell, N. M., tells about a cross-breed he has. The dog is half Chow Chow and half German Shepherd. Now Mr. P's concern is to know what traits to look for as the dog grows older, since he was informed that both breeds are likely to get ugly with age. My answer was that a dog's disposition depends entirely upon the individual dog. True, both of these breeds are a bit more reserved than most and both are rather quick to resent undue handling, particularly on the part of strangers. But then one of the sweetest tempered dogs we ever knew was a Chow and countless owners of German Shepherds will vouch for the

(Continued on page 55)



Photo by Doris Day Atlas Photos

In the last two years I have covered the pooch fore and aft, round about and sideways without repeating an article, and I was up against it for a new approach. What's more, this made me play hide-and-go-seek with an irate editor who was running me ragged for copy to close that issue. After staying in hiding as long as I dared, it occurred to me to round up a number of customer letters and publish the questions asked, together with

mailing when I add that your reporter weighs in at 120, fully equipped and strings along with the late Ring Lardner who claimed that all the exercise a man needs for the day is to change the studs from shirt A to shirt B. To my surprise, following that questions-and-answers effort, some pretty nice letters came from readers who themselves wanted the answers to the questions others had asked. Some, gluttons for punish-

IT WAS pleasant, casting from the bow of that anchored canoe. A warm Spring sun beat down on the freshly green foliage and gin-clear river. Overhead, an osprey circled lazily, keen eyes fixed on the rippling waters below. From somewhere in the distance a cowbell tinkled melodiously. Nearer at hand the guide's soft snoring blended with the gurgle of hurrying water as it swung the canoe back and forth in mid-stream.

"Bill, what say we hoist that killick and shove ashore? I'm so hungry I could eat a litter of pups and chase the bitch a mile. Must be getting around noon, isn't it?"

The snoozing guide awakened with a start and ignited the cigaret stub clinging to his lower lip.

"Eh?"

"Food," I replied. "F, double-o, d. Food. I'm hungry as a goat. Let's bunch it and eat. If only you'd go to bed nights instead of helling around from one end of the county to another, you could stay awake in a canoe and be worth your pay. Besides, you wouldn't be sporting a battered puss, not to mention a black eye."

"Me asleep?" protested Bill. "I wasn't asleep! I just closed my eyes so I wouldn't have to watch you cast, pop off flies and miss rising fish. Did you ever consider taking up this here now game they call golf?"

I ignored this last dig. A lightning-fast grilse had hit the fly, hooked itself, and gone into the usual routine of frantic jumps. The little salmon put up a valiant battle, but finally was engulfed by the net.

"Shall we keep him for lunch?"

"Not unless you can eat a grilse and six lobsters," replied Bill, releasing the quivering fish. "Say, did I ever tell you about the time I hit that run of grilse up-river last July?"

"Suppose you tell me who hit you last Saturday night."

"Oh, that!" he replied, touching a bruised eye gingerly. "Tell you what let's do," he continued, changing the subject, "let's drop down a piece just ahead of those rocks and fish for another half-hour. You ought to raise a salmon or two there, or at least a big squaretail. Then we'll go on down to the island and pick up Charley and Mr. Farrell. The four of us can have lunch together."

"I don't suppose that bottle Mr. Farrell has in his canoe has anything to do with your plan, has it?"

"Has he got a bottle with him?" countered Bill, with phony innocence. "My, you notice everything, don't you?"

We drifted downstream for 50 yards before the killick's weight checked and finally stopped the canoe's gathering momentum.

"Lemme put you on a new fly," suggested Bill. "They like one of them Yellow Perils in this place. And mind your backcast! I only got two ears and one face."

"Another one of those Saturday night socials and you'll be missing all three," I replied.

Rod AND Gun



By Ray Trullinger

"Oh, that!" Bill snorted, disdainfully.

The third or fourth cast hooked a two-pound trout, a gloriously colored brookie, and a few minutes later I was fast to another lively grilse. The trout was killed and the grilse released. There was a sudden whistle of pinions from overhead and the next second a plunging osprey hit the river with a resounding splash and winged away, a writhing trout clutched in its talons.

"Do those babies ever miss?" I asked.

"Not often," Bill replied. "When they draw a bead on a fish it's usually goodbye fish. Hey! Watch it! There he comes!"

A salmon had surged at the fly, missed it, and returned to its lurking place behind the big rock that broke the river's age-old rush to the sea.

"Rest him a bit before you cast again," Bill advised. "Next time he'll take that fly. He ain't a big one,

but he ain't no minnow, either." The next cast rose the fish again and the third one connected. Seconds later I was on my last 20 yards of backing and Bill was trying frantically to release the killick, apparently wedged between two rocks.

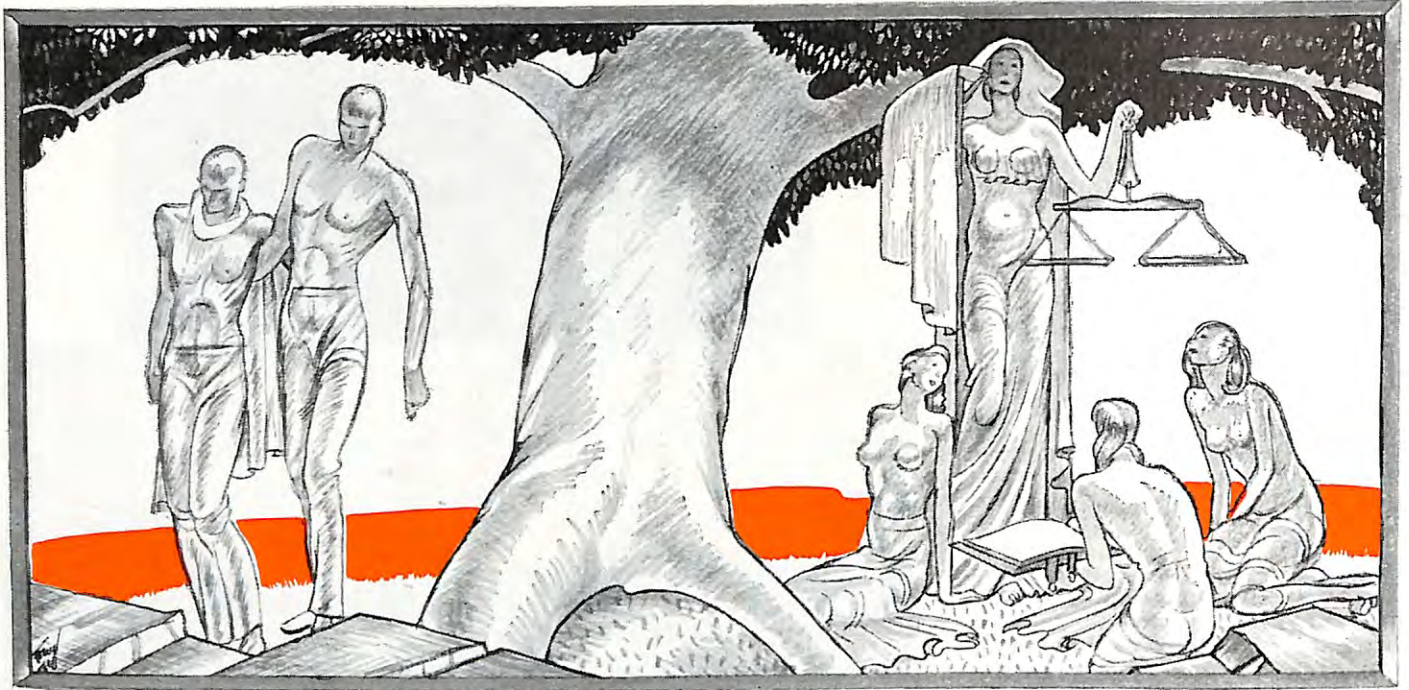
Fortunately, the fish turned upstream at that moment and a snappy burst of fast reeling retrieved most of the lost line. After that it was only a matter of 20 minutes before the stiff little five-ouncer, aided by the current, prevailed.

"And that," I remarked, as Bill released the exhausted fish, "is all for this morning. Let's find Mr. Farrell and Charley, and then go to work on those lobsters."

We drifted downstream with the current, rounded the bend, and discovered an empty stretch of river, rippling in the noonday sun.

"Hell," Bill observed, disappointment in his voice, "I guess Charley and Mr. Farrell must have gone back

(Continued on page 54)



Drawings by Clark Fay

Editorial

Building and Other Permits

OCCASIONALLY a lodge gets into trouble by failing to comply with the provisions of Section 208, Grand Lodge Statutes, which among other things provides as follows:

"A Subordinate Lodge, before acquiring property for or constructing a home, or making substantial additions to or alteration of its home, or mortgaging, refinancing, selling or exchanging its property, shall obtain a permit from the Board of Grand Trustees with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Application for such permit must be made in writing upon forms furnished by said Board and shall set forth the proposed plans for and methods of financing the project, and such other information as the said Board may require."

The Statute sets out the steps to be taken in order to obtain such permit. The reading of it in its entirety is recommended before any commitments are made with reference to the matters enumerated in the quoted excerpt.

The blunt question is sometimes asked as to what right the Grand Lodge has thus to inject itself into the affairs of a subordinate lodge and why such a statute was enacted. The answer is easy and will be readily appreciated and the action of the Grand Lodge in adopting the statute recognized as wise and salutary.

Most laws enacted by the Congress and by State Legislatures have had their inception in some act or practice, the inhibition or regulation of which seems to be necessary or advisable in the public interest. In enacting the instant statute the Grand Lodge was similarly motivated. The fact that many lodges had over-extended themselves financially by assuming

obligations in connection with the acquisition of sites and the erection of lodge and club buildings made it necessary for the Grand Lodge in the interest of the Order to exert its power to limit and regulate these activities which were running wild. Some lodges had thus destroyed themselves and others had suffered impairment of their standing in the community due to their inability to meet their financial obligations. The situation became intolerable and reflected discredit not only on individual lodges but on the whole Order.

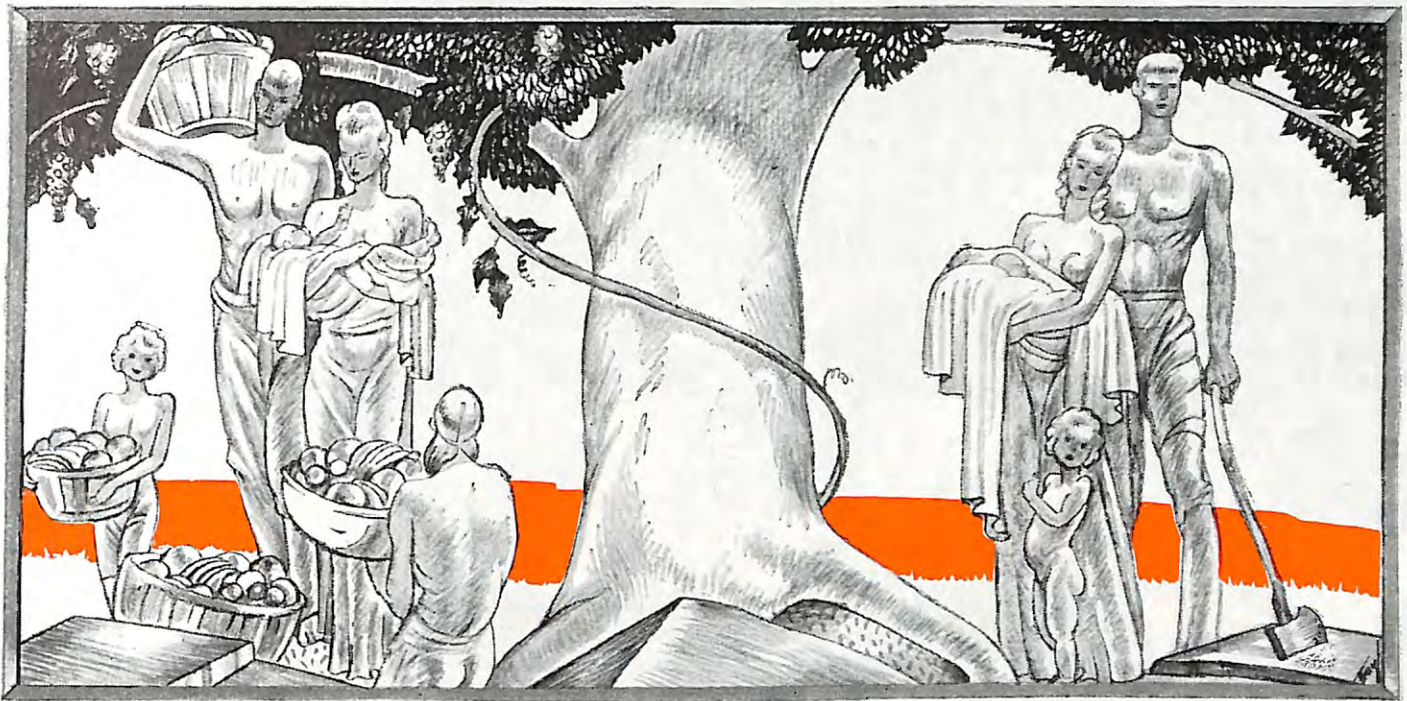
The remedy applied in this statute is not drastic, as it is easy to comply with its provisions. Such applications are sympathetically considered by the Grand Exalted Ruler and by the Board of Grand Trustees and only those are rejected which manifestly should be rejected in the interests of the lodge making the application.

Mother's Day

THERE are indeed few days throughout the year that we do not think of Mother, whether she is still with us or whether she has been called away, but it is appropriate that one day be set aside for special recognition in her honor. May Fourteenth has been so designated, and Mother's Day is given over to thoughts of the one to whom we owe more than to all else in the world.

If, happily, she is living, we give her assurance of our love by some token of our affection. She beams with happiness, and, regardless of the value of the token, she will cherish it as a sacred thing; or, if it is perishable, she will treasure its memory to her dying day, for there is nothing comparable with a mother's love.

If she has passed to her reward, we will remember her loving solicitude for us and pay tribute to her memory which is dearer to us than all things else. Right or wrong, she always sympathized with us. Into her arms we always flew for consolation, and were welcome. She brushed away our tears and bound up our wounds. Her sympathy was all embracing. In her eyes we could do no wrong.



Decoration Day

THE thirtieth of this month is known as Memorial or Decoration Day and is observed as a holiday by most states. It is a national holiday insofar as the Federal Government has the authority to establish it as such, and forty-one states have enacted laws making it also a legal holiday in their respective jurisdictions.

The day has been given over to marking and decorating the graves of Union soldiers who fought in the war between the states and to patriotic songs and addresses. We can see no good reason why the example set by the State of Virginia, which is the only one so far as we know which has established May Thirtieth as a Confederate Memorial Day, should not be followed by other states. Without legislative sanction it has elsewhere been recognized by other southern states. In fact, we can see no good reason why the graves of all soldiers who fought in that regrettable conflict should not be included in Memorial Day services regardless of whether they were Union or Confederate. This would mean that the graves of Union soldiers buried in southern states and of Confederate soldiers buried in northern states would be equally honored on this day. Since that war the ranks of those who fought on both sides have been decimated by the ravages of time and before long the last one will have been laid to rest in eternal sleep.

We are now one nation under one flag. Our boys have fought side by side in the Spanish-American War and in the World War. They were equally brave soldiers and each formed a strong attachment for the other. They are now responding to the draft and if war comes out of the present situation, they will again be fighting side by side for our common country.

Why not bury as a thing of the past all thought of those unhappy days of the Sixties and make this additional showing to the world that we are united as one people and joined in extending equal honor to the soldiers of the North and of the South. Formerly this suggestion would not have been kindly received either North or South, but we believe that the

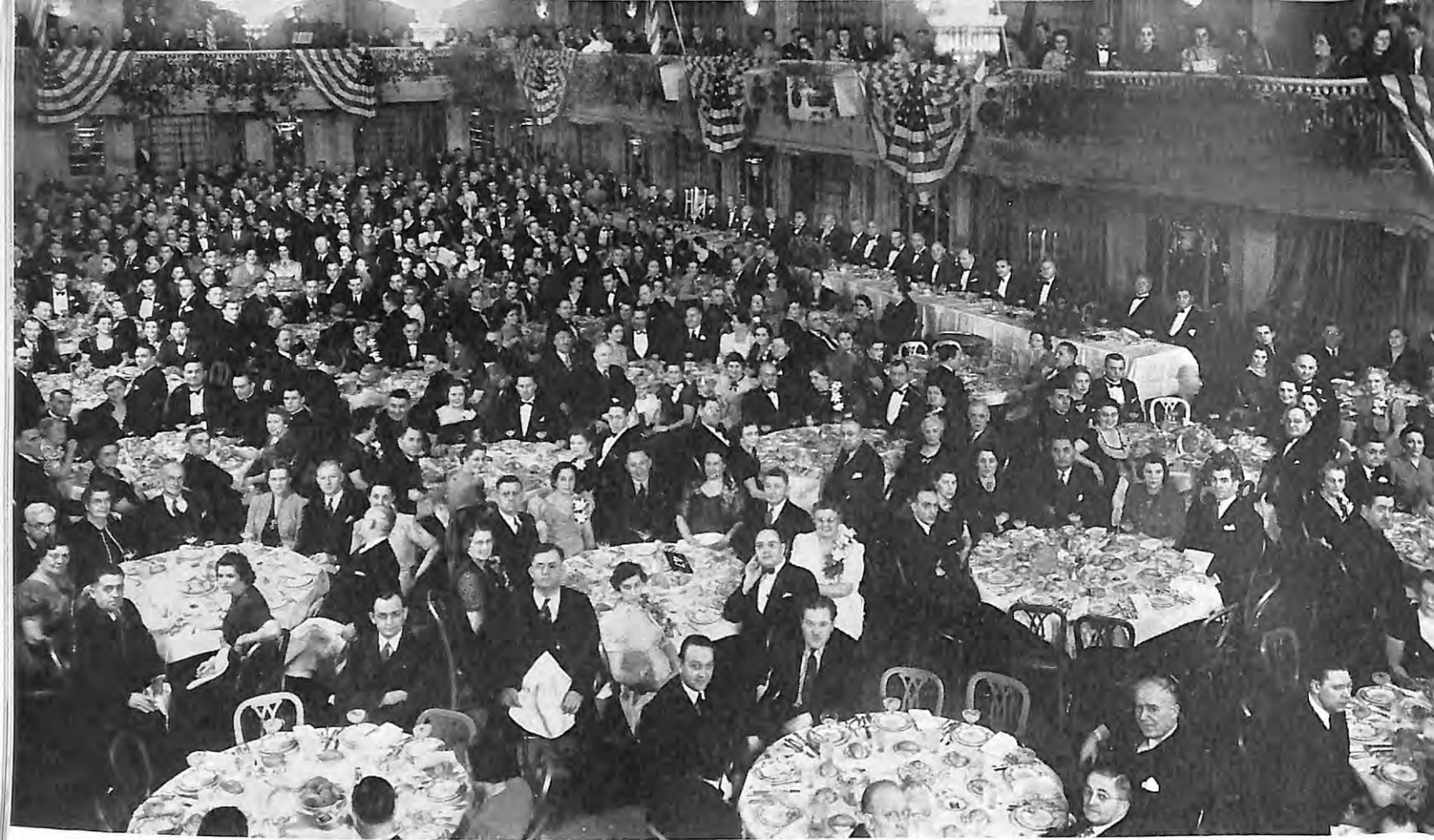
enmity of those days has disappeared and that today we all stand on common ground as patriotic Americans.

Grand Lodge and Reunion

TO EVERY Elk the words "time runs on in sun and shade" are familiar. Well, that is just what time has been doing until it is now entering the home stretch to the next meeting of the Grand Lodge scheduled for the week of July 13th in the City of Philadelphia. It is indeed a source of satisfaction that in this year when events so strongly appeal to patriotism that our great American Fraternity is to meet in annual session in that city which more than any other in this broad land is intimately associated with those stirring events out of which came our independence and our form of government. There is Independence Hall and there is the Liberty Bell. In full appreciation of what they typify, every American citizen should with bowed head stand in their presence and renew his pledge of loyalty and fidelity to our beloved country. Philadelphia stands surrounded by beautiful hills and valleys rich in the bounties of nature and in historical interest. An opportunity is afforded Elks to visit it this summer under most favorable auspices in connection with the Grand Lodge Session and Reunion.

Aside from being a city of great historical interest, Philadelphia is admirably equipped to entertain large conventions. It has ample hotel accommodations, beautiful parks and many attractions for those seeking amusement. The committees in charge are busy formulating plans for the entertainment of all those attending the Elks Convention which will probably prove to be one of the largest, most important and enjoyable in the history of our Order.

Every subordinate lodge should be represented. Many are arranging to send delegations accompanied by bands and drill teams. Information as to prizes and the various events scheduled will be sent out by the Philadelphia committee on arrangements and will appear in subsequent issues of this Magazine. It is none too soon for lodges definitely to plan their participation and make appropriate reservations.



Above is a photograph taken on the occasion of a dinner held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch by the Southwest District Elks of Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; State President Wade Newell; District Deputy George F. Wilson, and Mr. Masters' assistant, Florie J. Schrader.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

GRAND Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., visited New Jersey, New York, Vermont and Massachusetts Lodges during February starting with a conference on February the 16th at Phillipsburg, N. J., for Exalted Rulers and officers of Phillipsburg Lodge No. 395 and Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121.

On February 21, Mr. Buch attended a conference of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City, which was resumed the following day. On the evening of Washington's Birthday, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a banquet held by New York Lodge No. 1 at the Hotel Biltmore in observance of the 73rd anniversary of the founding of the Order. P.E.R. Arthur V. Dearden acted as Toastmaster. Among the speakers, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were E.R. Phelps Phelps of New York Lodge and P.E.R. Clifford B. Wilson of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge. William T. Phillips, Secy. of No. 1 and Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, presented Mr. Buch with a handsome set of evening dress studs, links and buttons.

Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and also Col. William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Mr. Buch next visited the State of Vermont. At Montpelier

the party was met by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, P.E.R. of Montpelier Lodge, and escorted to Rutland. The visitors were welcomed by a delegation from Rutland Lodge No. 345 headed by E.R. Dominic C. Flory. The Vermont State Elks Association and the local lodge of Elks gave a reception and dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party on the evening of February 24, attended by about 350 persons. Among several gifts received by Mr. Buch during the festivities were two easy chairs from the State Association presented by D.D. Hiram P. Oliver of St. Johnsbury Lodge, some Vermont maple syrup presented by Mr. Bowers, and a set of Elk charms which had been collected by Senator Mortimer R. Proctor. Past State Pres. Charles F. Mann, of Brattleboro, was Toastmaster. Before their departure for Boston, Mass., Mr. Buch and his party visited the Rutland marble works through the courtesy of Mr. Flory.

A delegation of officers and members of Boston Lodge No. 10 welcomed the visiting Elks at the station. A visit was made during the morning to the Massachusetts Hospital School at Canton, with E.R. Francis E. Killen of Boston

Lodge conducting the tour. At noon a luncheon was given for the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Parker House by Mayor Marvin J. Tobin. Mr. Warner, Mr. Malley and Col. Kelly attended. At the Copley-Plaza Hotel that evening Mr. Buch was the guest of the Massachusetts State Elks Association at a reception and dinner. P.E.R. David Greer of Newton Lodge was Toastmaster. Governor Leverett Saltonstall and Mayor Tobin were speakers at the dinner and in view of his great interest in crippled children the Grand Exalted Ruler was invited by the Mayor to visit the City Hospital in Boston during his stay. Mr. Warner, Mr. Malley, Col. Kelly and Mr. Bowers were among the distinguished Elks in attendance, and also E. Mark Sullivan of Boston Lodge, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Mr. Buch was presented with a Philco radio and victrola combination, operated on a beam of light.

The next day, accompanied by Mr. Malley, Mr. Killen and P.E.R. Patrick J. Foley, the Grand Exalted Ruler was shown through the City Hospital through the courtesy of C. L. Meyer, director of the institution, and Dr. William E. Ladd. At noon Mr. Buch was the guest of the hotel men of Boston at a luncheon at the Copley-Plaza given by Arthur Race, Managing Director.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next offi-



Above are Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and Col. Wm. H. Kelly at a program sponsored by Hagerstown, Md., Lodge.

At right: The Grand Exalted Ruler at a dinner tendered by the Elks of the Northwest District of Pennsylvania at Sharon, Pa. Among those present were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and his assistant, F. J. Schrader, and Col. Wm. H. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.



cial visit was made on February 28 to Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289. A large class was initiated in his honor. Richard F. Flood, Jr., of Bayonne Lodge, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., D.D. Frederick I. Pelovitz, Somerville, Special Deputy William M. Frasor, of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, and Col. Kelly accompanied Mr. Buch to Elizabeth.

The first trip made in March by the Grand Exalted Ruler was to western Pennsylvania. At Pittsburgh he was met by P.D.D. Howard Ellis, of Beaver Falls Lodge No. 348, and E.R. E. E. McWhertor, Jr., and W. F. Connor of Sharon Lodge No. 103, and escorted to Beaver Falls Lodge where he was a luncheon guest.

On the afternoon of March 1 Mr. Buch delivered a radio address at Sharon. Later he was entertained at a dinner given by the lodges of the Pennsylvania Northwest District. At the largely attended meeting which followed, a class of 201 candidates was initiated in his honor. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Grand Secretary, Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, assistant to the Grand

Secretary, and Col. Kelly attended. As a memento of the occasion, a movie projector was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler to complete his motion picture outfit.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, had the pleasure of entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler Buch and Col. Kelly on March 5. The distinguished guests made the trip from Trenton by auto, arriving at 5 p.m. They were met in front of the Alexander Hotel by a large welcoming party of Hagerstown Elks headed by E.R. Richard B. Prather. An hour later a banquet was spread in the ballroom of the hotel, attended by about 141 Elks and many ladies. P.E.R. E. Leister Mobley, P.D.D., who presided, introduced Mr. Buch and Col. Kelly; Philip U. Gayaut of Washing-

ton, D. C., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. A. Guy Miller, Annapolis; Charles M. Stump of Cumberland, Md., Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, and Frank Hladky, Annapolis, Past Pres.'s of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn., and Vice-Pres. John H. Mosner, Cumberland; E.R. A. Eugene O'Dell, Towson; Mr. Prather, Exalted Ruler of the host lodge, and Mayor Richard H. Sweeney. Father Simon E. Kenny, a member of No. 378, gave the Invocation. Two hundred Elks attended the meeting at which a class was initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler by the Hagerstown officers. Mr. Buch gave an inspiring address on National Defense from an Elk's viewpoint which was

(Continued on page 56)

Below is a photograph taken at the banquet celebrating the 73rd anniversary of the Order, held by New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1, which was attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler and many other prominent Elks.



Under the ANTLERS



Above are minstrels, directors, musicians and committeemen of the Minstrel Show presented recently by Miles City, Mont., Lodge.

Plattsburg, N. Y., Elks Aid in Establishing National Defense School for Aviation Mechanics

When Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, learned that plans were afoot for the bringing of an industry to Plattsburg that would be active in preparation for national defense, it lost no time in proving that it was ready to do its share in the work that lay ahead. Loca-

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

tions were being sought for the establishment of training schools for mechanics in the national defense plans. A survey had been made locally and the committee in charge had secured what

was known as the Lozier Boat House on the property of the Berst-Forster-Dixfield Corporation through the generous cooperation of that organization, the building to be turned into a national defense school for aviation mechanics, one of a group distributed throughout the State.

The local lodge immediately arranged for an outright gift of \$2,500 for the purpose of remodeling the old boat house so that it would meet the requirements of the school. The gift, which came unsolicited from Plattsburg Lodge, amply provided for the work for which it was intended and hastened the date upon which the building could be made ready. In the course of a comparatively short time, young men are expected to be thoroughly trained in whatever branch of work is assigned them and they may be employed as mechanics in the airplane industry.

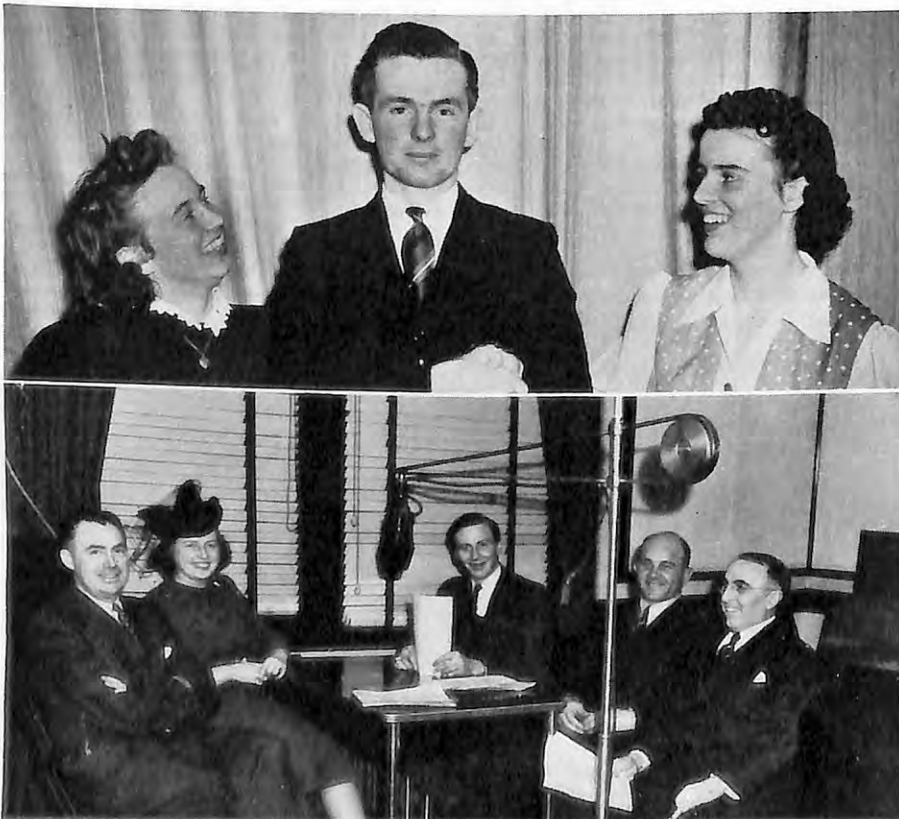
E. R. A. L. Petit of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, Goes to Camp

Having passed his examination with flying colors, the Exalted Ruler of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, Ashley L. Petit, has reported at Fort Jackson, S. C., for a year of training in the United States Army. Although he had served with the National Guard for several years, Mr. Petit declined to present a claim for deferment, preferring to go along as a member of the first contingent from his home city.

Mr. Petit, one of the youngest and

Above, left, are finalists in the Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Oratorical Contest. Left to right they are Virginia Bowlby, Bob Charette and Betsy Bayha, the winner, all high school students.

Left are radio station dignitaries and E. R. Clarence E. Hennessey, of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, at a presentation of the Elks weekly radio program, "New Haven at Work".



At right are Homer H. Swaney and P.E.R. Harry B. Chandley, of Beaver Falls, Pa., Lodge at a dinner given by Elks of Beaver Falls celebrating Mr. Chandley's 28th year as Secretary of the Lodge.

Below, at right, is a photograph taken on the occasion of Cumberland, Md., Lodge's annual "Sports Night" at which Boston Red Sox pitcher "Lefty" Grove was honored.



most popular Exalted Rulers the lodge has ever had, administered his office with great efficiency. After his departure, it was voted to initiate a class in his honor of at least 25 members, and to time the event so that he could be present in uniform and initiate the candidates in his official capacity. The camp at Fort Jackson is only 100 miles distant.

Est. Lead. Knight C. F. Hottinger is conducting the affairs of the lodge as Acting Exalted Ruler. One of his first activities, replacing the beautiful beach clubhouse destroyed in the hurricane of last August, will be of interest to many Elks who have visited Charleston Lodge.

Hanover, Pa., Elks' Athletic Night Banquet a Great Success

A large number of nationally known sports figures joined with Hanover, Pa., Lodge, No. 763, in paying tribute to members of the Eichelberger Senior High School teams at an Athletic Night Banquet held in the ballroom of the lodge home. The affair was the most elaborate and delightful of its kind ever held in Hanover. At the start of the program which followed the serving of a turkey dinner, the Elks and their guests stood in silent tribute to the memory of William H. Overbaugh, a member of the lodge and father of William J. Overbaugh, the present Exalted Ruler. The elder Mr. Overbaugh died on the preceding Tuesday.

Among those who spoke at the dinner, which was attended by approximately 200 members of the lodge and their guests, were Bucky Walters, leading pitcher in the National League last



year, Bill Sherdel, former St. Louis Cardinal mound ace and a leading pitcher in the National League in the 20's, and Doc Harris, who was on the mound for the Boston team on September 1, 1906, working 20 innings of that famous 24-inning American League game. Gold emblems, gifts of the Elks, were presented to the members of the high school football, basketball and wrestling teams by Bucky Walters. The grid players received miniature footballs bearing an enameled "H". The members of the basketball team were given

similar basketballs. The wrestlers received gold medals. To "Shorty" Rothensies, credited by the committee in charge with having been responsible for the large attendance of sports celebrities, was given a gold tie clasp bearing his initials and jeweled lodge emblem. P.E.R. Harold B. Rudisill, P.D.D., was Toastmaster and W. Henry Bittinger was General Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. Guests introduced at the dinner, in addition to the speakers, included A. G. Ealy, head coach at the high school, who spoke.

At right is Grand Treasurer Robert S. Barrett, standing with Charles Vallee, father of Rudy Vallee, at the 30th anniversary celebration of St. Petersburg, Fla. Lodge.

Below are 36 members of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge who were among those honored at a recent "Old Timers' Night" dinner.





Above are several hundred members of the Order at the 50th anniversary celebration of Astoria, Ore., Lodge. Delegations were present from many Oregon and Washington lodges.



At left is a group of contestants in the annual Drum Majorette Contest sponsored by Salem, Ore., Lodge.

San Bernardino Lodge to greet the visitors were 150 California Elks. A fine trout dinner was served, followed by a show and a lodge session. During the meeting the sum of \$450 was raised for the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson. Among the prominent visiting Elks present were Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather, Tucson, Past Grand Tiler Joe F. Mayer, Globe, William I. Walsh, Tucson, Pres., and R. I. Winn, Yuma, Past Pres., of the Arizona State Elks Assn., D.D. R. N. Campbell, Yuma, and P.D.D. W. C. Miller, Phoenix. Many who attended traveled distances up to 500 miles.

**"Arizona Night" Held Successfully
By San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge**

San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, held its second annual "Arizona Night" on March 1. More than 100 Elks of the neighboring State responded to

the invitation extended by the lodge through E.R. Kenneth K. Kelly and Secy. Jack Hosfield and P.E.R. Dr. Willard O. Rife, P.D.D.'s, who had attended previous lodge meetings at Yuma, Tucson and Phoenix for that purpose.

Assembled in the home of San Ber-

**Ritualistic Team From Appleton,
Wis., Lodge Wins State Contest**

Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, was awarded a trophy and \$50 in prize money for winning first place in the

Left: Officers and P.E.R.'s of Concord, N. H., Lodge, on the occasion of the homecoming visit of D.D. Ernest A. Wheeler.

Below are Elks of Streator, Ill., Lodge at the celebration of the lodge's freedom from indebtedness. Among those present was State President Dan T. Cloud.



State Elks Ritualistic Contest held in the home of Oshkosh Lodge No. 292. As a result the Appleton team will represent Wisconsin in the national contest to be held during the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia in July. The Appleton team was headed by E.R. J. Martin Van Rooy. Janesville and Two Rivers Lodges also participated in the contest. The lodges represented the three divisions of the Wisconsin State Elks Association.

Approximately one hundred and twenty-five persons attended the two-day conclave during which the State bridge tournament and meetings of the Scholarship and Crippled Children's Committees of the State Association were held. An Oshkosh team placed first among eight tables in the bridge tournament and an Appleton team tied for second and third places with another Oshkosh team.

Students Compete in Oratorical Contest at Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge

After 29 Hoquiam, Wash., high school students had participated in the annual State Elks Oratorical Contest preliminaries, the local finalists competed for first, second and third honors at the home of Hoquiam Lodge No. 1082. "The Destiny of America" was the subject chosen for all the orations.

Cash prizes of twenty-five, fifteen and ten dollars were presented to Edgar Hurd, Earl Nelson and Kathryn Morrow respectively. As the winner, young Mr. Hurd will represent Hoquiam Lodge in the State Contest to be held during the convention of the Washington State Elks Association at Aberdeen in June.

Initiation at Superior, Wis., Lodge Honors A. W. Holland

In ceremonies held a few weeks ago in the home of Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, on Past Exalted Rulers Night, a class of seventy-one candidates was initiated as a tribute to A. W. Holland who for several years has been the lodge's most active member in work for the relief of crippled children. More

Right are P.E.R. James G. Shirlaw, Sr., and his three sons, all members of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge.

Below are members of Hanover, Pa., Lodge at a dinner for prominent sportsmen and members of the senior high school athletic teams.

than three hundred Elks attended the meeting which was conducted by Past Exalted Rulers with Past District Deputy M. A. Sauter acting as Exalted Ruler. Appropriate music added to the impressiveness with which the Ritual was exemplified.

During his 22 years as Chairman of the Visiting Committee, Mr. Holland has made more than 11,000 calls on sick and disabled members of the lodge and their families. His outstanding work for the aid of afflicted children was recognized by the local School Board when the new school for crippled children was named the "Dad Holland Orthopedic School". During the meeting at which the A. W. Holland Class was initiated, a purse, subscribed by the lodge members, was presented to Mr. Holland by E.R. John O. Berg, Jr., and his record as an Elk was extolled by the several speakers.

The Holland class was one of two large classes which have increased the membership rolls of Superior Lodge in recent months, eighty-one having been initiated on December 5. A contract has been let for improvements on the lodge home, to be made at an approximate cost of \$10,000.

"Fraternal Night" Brings Visiting Elks to Raleigh, N. Car., Lodge

Twenty-five members of Goldsboro Lodge No. 139, headed by P.E.R. R. D. Parrott, D.D. for North Carolina, East, and fifteen members of Durham Lodge No. 568, headed by Clyde E. Glenn, Pres. of the N.C. State Elks Assn., attended a special "Fraternal Night Meeting" held a few weeks ago by Raleigh, N.C., Lodge, No. 735. The highlight of the evening was an address on Frater-

nalism by J. Edward Allen, Superintendent of Schools of Warren County and a member of the local lodge. The speaker traced the history of the Order of Elks to the present day and his talk was of interest to old members as well as new. John E. Evans spoke for the lodge and State Pres. Glenn invited the Raleigh membership to visit Durham Lodge on March 7, at which time the Grand Exalted Ruler was expected to be a guest of that lodge.

The intercity meeting was a friendly affair attended by 158 Elks. The visitors were guests at a smoker later in the evening and refreshments were served.

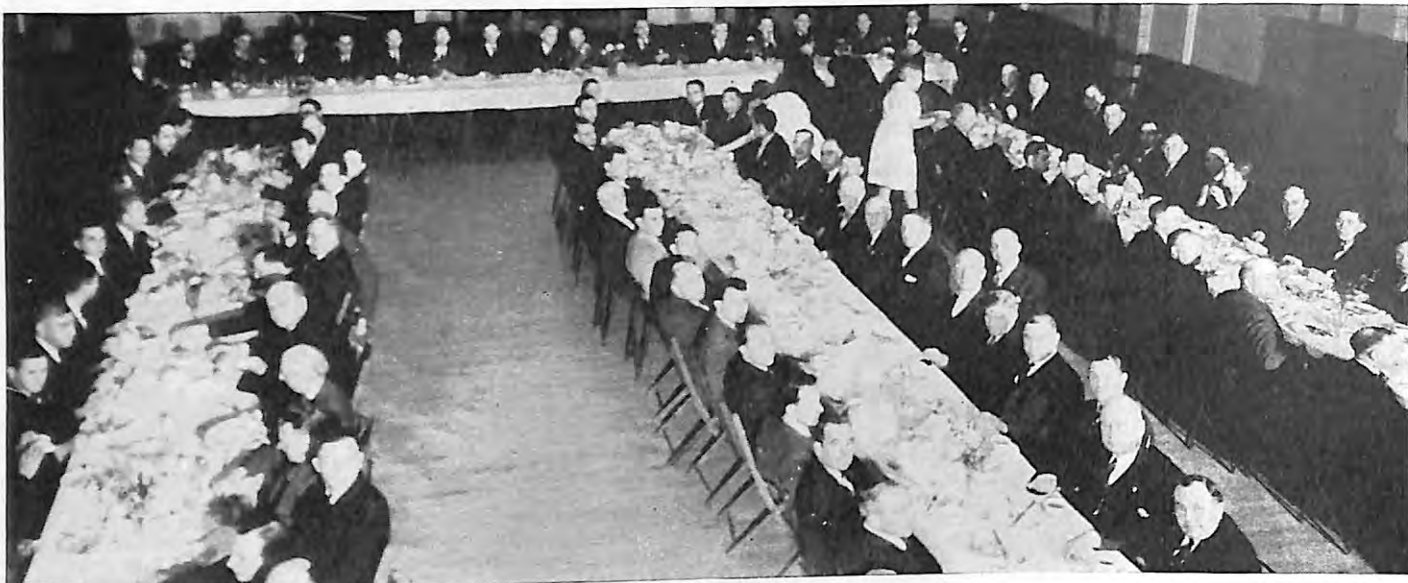
Millville, N. J., Lodge Dedicates An Evening to its Veteran Members

Millville, N.J., Lodge, No. 580, honored those members recently who have belonged to the lodge twenty-five years or more. Beautiful gold emblems were presented to them individually as each was introduced by Toastmaster Nathaniel Rogovoy who also made the presentations. The affair was elaborate and splendid entertainment was provided. E.R. William Schmickel and his associate officers were among those who spoke during the evening.

Oelwein, Ia., Elks Celebrate The Order's 73rd Anniversary

The 73rd anniversary of the founding of the Order was celebrated by Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741, with an elaborate program. Many ladies and out-of-town Elks attended. The Entertainment Committee was headed by Chairman Fred Lynes who was also a speaker, presenting to the large audience a concise but adequate history of the Or-





der. P.E.R. J. J. Gallagher described the organization and growth of Oelwein Lodge.

Eight splendid entertainment acts were supplied by the talent division of the Iowa State Employment Service of Ottumwa. The festivities were held in the lodge home. The building, attractive and well-appointed, is free of debt. The lodge is in a splendid financial condition, has a nice balance on hand and functions according to the high standard set by the first officers and members back in 1901, the year of its institution.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Holds Its Annual Americanism Luncheon

Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City, a member of New York Lodge No. 1, and Lieut. Col. John R. Hubbard, Second Corps Area, U.S.A., Governors Island, N.Y., were speakers at the annual Americanism Luncheon held at the home of Bronx, N.Y., Lodge, No. 871, on Washington's Birthday. The addresses were transmitted by amplifier to an audience of 1,000 children, assembled in the lodge room.

The ceremonies were featured by group singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. The lodge officers delivered charges on Americanism, Justice, Free-

At right are members of the Appleton, Wis., Lodge Ritualistic Team which won first place in the State Ritualistic Contest.

Below: Whiskers and mustaches marked the observation of the annual "Old Timers' Night" of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge.

Above is the Past Exalted Rulers' banquet at Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge, at which 17 of the Lodge's 20 P.E.R.'s were present.

dom, Democracy and Loyalty to the United States of America. Motion pictures were shown and the children were served with refreshments. The arrangements were in charge of E.R. Sydney H. Wennik, Stephen F. Lahey, Chairman of the lodge's National Defense Committee, Frederick Behr, Chairman of the Patriotic Activities Committee, and Anthony F. Del Balso, Chairman, American Youth Activities.

Initiation Honors Thomas Andrew, Secretary of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge

At one of its largest meetings in many years, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90, initiated the "Tommy Andrew Class" of 22 candidates in recognition of services

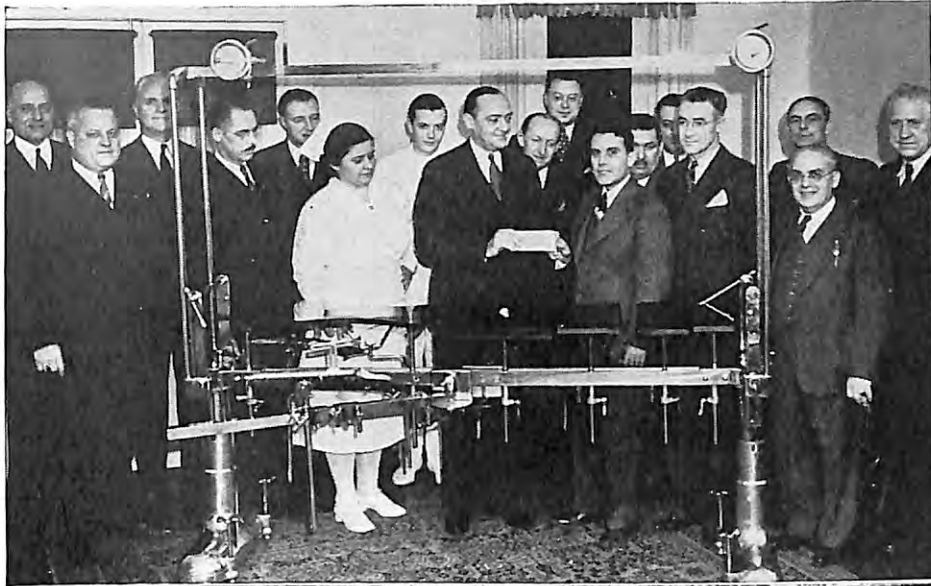
rendered for 25 consecutive years by Secretary Thomas Andrew. The ceremony was performed by the officers of the lodge with their usual dignity and precision. Among the 500 Elks in attendance were visitors from Colorado Springs, Rocky Ford, La Junta, Walsenburg, Trinidad and Alamosa, Colo., Lodges.

A floor show was presented later and supper was served. P.E.R. Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo, Trustee of the Colo. State Elks Assn., delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge Suffers Loss In Death of P.E.R. Albert Kessinger

Albert R. Kessinger, who served as the first Exalted Ruler of Rome, N.Y., Lodge, No. 96, after its reorganization in 1912, died on February 24. Mr. Kessinger was actively identified with Camp Alice Newton, a children's camp op-





Left: officers and members of Huntington, N. Y., Lodge when they presented a \$750 "fracture table" to Huntington Hospital.



Below, left, is a group of the Bremerton and Kitsap County school patrol in their "Yellow Rainsets", presented to them by Bremerton, Wash., Lodge and V.F.W. 239.

Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner Visits Cumberland, Md., Lodge

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, recently entertained Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, who presided over the ceremonies at the Old Timers and Past Exalted Rulers Night meeting. Mr. Kepner presented 37 members with 25-year pins and 18 Past Exalted Rulers with diamond pins as emblems of their office. The highlight of the evening was the Grand Trustee's eloquent address on patriotism and the Order. While in Cumberland, Mr. Kepner performed an act of kindness and respect which was sincerely appreciated by the lodge. He visited Memorial Hospital and there presented to P.E.R. William L. Morgan, who was critically ill, a diamond 50-year pin.

The next week the lodge held its annual "Sports Night", tendering a banquet to selected athletes of the three local high schools. Robert (Lefty) Grove, famous pitcher of the Boston Red Sox, and William Kern, head football coach of West Virginia University and selected outstanding football coach of America a few years ago, were honor guests and speakers.

Mack Klein, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Elk, Is Rewarded for Service

Inspired by his own success in obtaining an extraordinary number of applications for membership in the lodge of which he is a member, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., No. 1517, Mack Klein redoubled his efforts and by the twentieth of February, had to his credit 141 applications representing efforts extending a little over six months' time. Those not already initiated joined in March as members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's and Subordinate Lodge Officers' Class.

In recognition of his great service, an honorary life membership has been presented to Mr. Klein by Fort Lauderdale Lodge. This is an honor which had been conferred previously upon only three of the members.

Left are officers and recent initiates of Great Falls and Butte, Mont., Lodges.

Below are officers and members of Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge at the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

erated by Rome Lodge of Elks. He was the editor and publisher of the Rome *Daily Sentinel*. Three of his employees followed in his footsteps as Exalted Ruler, the present Exalted Ruler, J. Madison Jackson, P.E.R. Martin R.

Marriott and the late P.E.R. R. C. Moyer.

Born in Rome in 1866, Mr. Kessinger became one of its most prominent citizens. He was Postmaster for several years and served three terms as Mayor.





Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge Honors Police Chief and Guardsmen

Two outstanding ceremonies were held recently in the lodge room of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847. One was the presentation by E.R. C. Francis Cowdrey, Jr., of wrist watches to all of the members of three companies of the National Guard leaving for training at Camp Edwards; the other was the presentation of an honorary life membership with gold card, and also a wrist watch, to Chief of Police Thomas J. Godley, a member of the lodge and Chairman of the Safety Committee of the Mass. State Elks Assn. As Mr. Godley was prevented by illness from attending the ceremonies, the program was carried to his room from the lodge home by means of a two-way amplifying system, installed for the occasion. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Mal-

ley, of Boston, acted for Fitchburg Lodge in presenting the life membership; the watch was a gift from several of Mr. Godley's friends and was presented by Mayor Alfred Woollacott, a member of No. 847.

At both affairs guests from all parts of New England, including Mr. Malley, were present. State Pres. Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, State Secy.-Treas. Thomas F. Coppinger Newton, Past State Pres. Patrick J. Garvey, Holyoke, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, State Vice-Pres. James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg, D.D.'s John A. Driscoll, Maynard, and John E. Keefe, Springfield, P.D.D. George A. Underwood, Gardner, Maj. Michael J.

Dee, Concord, all of Massachusetts, and Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, Past Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., attended. P.E.R. Robert E. Comiskey was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

Departing Volunteers Are Dinner Guests of Sayre, Penna., Elks

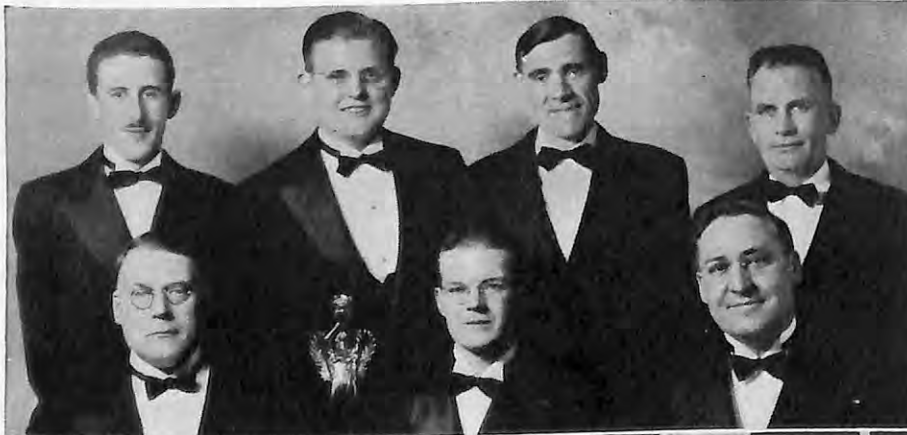
The largest contingent of volunteers to leave the area since the Nation's peacetime selective service law went into effect was entertained at a dinner a few weeks ago by Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148. Among the speakers were E.R. R. J. Tonkin and E. A. Friess, Chairman of the Elks' Committee who stated that the local lodge was glad to do its part in the national defense effort by playing host to the men as they left for training in the various army camps.

The dinner was held in the Wilbur Hotel. At the end of the speaking program, the group was escorted from the hotel to the railroad station by the Athens High School Band.

Athens, O., Lodge Initiates its Largest Class in Twenty Years

The Joseph G. Buch Class of 79 candidates for membership in Athens, O., Lodge, No. 973, which included business men, newspaper and post office workers, attorneys, public officials and farmers, was initiated on March 4. Among those inducted were Dr. Herman G. James, President, Don C. Peden, athletic director and football coach, and W. J. Trautwein, basketball coach, of Ohio University, and Harper C. Pendry and F. J. Taylor, city and county superintendents of schools respectively. Thirteen former members of the lodge were reinstated.

The ceremonies, held in the lodge room, were preceded by a dinner at the Hotel Berry, attended by 255 Elks, including a delegation of twenty-five from Chillicothe Lodge No. 52. Colonel C. W. Wallace, Secretary of Columbus, O., Lodge, State Trustee Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe, D.D. John W. Cloran, Ironton, and E.R. Clyde E. Rodehaver, Chillicothe, were speakers. The



Above, left, are officers of Centralia, Wash., Lodge with the trophy which they now hold permanently after winning the annual State Ritualistic Championship three successive years.

Left: The presentation of an ether suction outfit and an infant respirator to Columbia Hospital by Elks of Columbia, Pa.



Above are Elks and their wives at the annual "Family Banquet" held not long ago by Medford, Ore., Lodge.

At right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner is pictured at a dinner held for 40 newly naturalized citizens by the members of Peoria, Ill., Lodge.



Below is E.R. C. Francis Cowdrey, Jr., of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, presenting watches to all members of three companies of the National Guard leaving for Camp Edwards.

Chillicothe Elks' Quartet entertained with songs.

B. T. Grover was Chairman of the Membership Committee which received the applications for the large class and also of the Committee on Arrangements. Working with the committee responsible for the success of the evening were E.R. Gordon B. Gray and his officers. The class was the largest received into Athens Lodge in more than twenty years.

Brilliant Program is Presented At St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge

Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, was the honor guest of the evening when St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, celebrated its 30th anniversary. Charles A. Vallee, father of Rudy Vallee, radio star, assisted by Herbert H. Redding, Jr., Tiler of the Fla. State Elks Assn., arranged and presented a delightful six-act show along the lines of Rudy Vallee's Sealtest programs on Thursday evenings of each week.



Below is the dinner given by the members of Boone, Ia., Lodge on "District Deputy's Night", which was attended by more than 165 local and visiting Elks.





At top: A photograph taken on the occasion of Boone, Ia., Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

a third of whom were visitors from other lodges, attended the 40th anniversary celebration held by Antigo, Wis., Lodge, No. 662. The evening opened with a delicious Swedish smorgasbord luncheon served in the Green Room, a popular departure from the usual formal banquet. The diners served themselves at two long tables and ate at small tables conveniently placed about the room and beautifully decorated.

Shortly after eight o'clock the lodge session was opened by E.R. Joseph F. Cherf. Impromptu community singing preceded the meeting and the initiation of a class by local Past Exalted Rulers. Frank T. Lynde, Past Pres. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., who was called to the

Above is a photograph of the Old Timers' Night banquet held by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge.

chair of the Exalted Ruler, presided until the close of the meeting. The candidates, two for Rhinelander Lodge No. 598 and sixteen for Antigo, entered the lodge room with their individual sponsors. Andrew W. Parnell of Appleton Lodge, State Vice-Pres. for the Northeast District, and P.E.R. Judge A. N. Whiting, Antigo, were introduced at the close of the initiatory ceremonies. Judge Whiting made an interesting talk, recalling high points in the lodge's history. Among others who spoke were D.D. John F. Kettenhofen, Green Bay, State Treas. Fred Schroeder, Wausau, Mr. Lynde and Mr. Cherf, Secy. Leo H. Schmalz, Kaukauna, and L. B. Powers, Appleton. As Secretary of the Elks'

P.D.D. J. B. McGuinness, P.E.R. of No. 1224, introduced E.R. Clyde L. Webster who in turn introduced P.E.R. B. M. Latham. The lodge's history was sketched by Mr. Latham after which bouquets were presented to Mrs. Barrett by Mrs. Colin Heath on behalf of the lodge and the Elks' ladies. Mr. Vallee introduced Grand Treasurer Barrett who delivered the principal address of the evening. Seven hundred guests enjoyed the entertainment, a buffet supper and the dancing.

Antigo, Wis., Elks Celebrate Their Lodge's 40th Birthday

Approximately 150 Elks, more than

Below: Those present at a banquet given by Waltham, Mass., Lodge for J. M. Kohler, Chairman of the Lodge's Trustees.



State Bowling Association, Mr. Powers praised the local committee which is working for the success of the State bowling tournament, to be held in Antigo. A. M. Weise is Chairman.

Institution of Lodge No. 1640 Takes Place at Ada, Oklahoma

A new lodge of the Order, Ada, Okla., No. 1640, was instituted on March 4 with the officers of Shawnee Lodge No. 657 in charge. Fifty candidates were initiated under the guidance of D.D. Ralph K. Robertson, Sapulpa, and Special Deputy Floyd H. Brown, Oklahoma City. Fifty-two members who had belonged to other lodges completed the membership which has increased since the date of institution. The city is in the heart of the oil fields of Oklahoma with a population of 18,000; the charter list of the new lodge represents the highest type of citizen. Two prominent attorneys, Aubrey M. Kerr and B. C. Davidson, were elected Exalted Ruler and Secretary respectively. The lodge has beautiful club and lodge rooms which have been redecorated and newly furnished.

The institution was preceded by a banquet at the Aldridge Hotel, presided over by Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge and attended by 250 persons. Among those seated at the speakers' table were W. H. Eylar of McAlester, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., several Past Presidents and P.E.R. Leon C. Phillips of Bristow Lodge, Governor of the State.

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

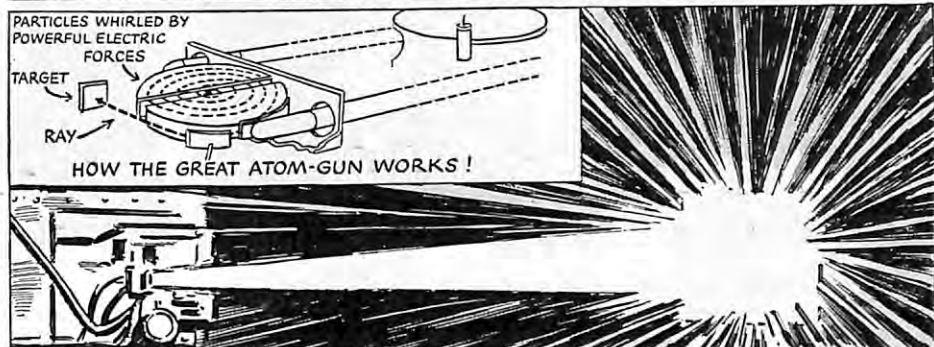
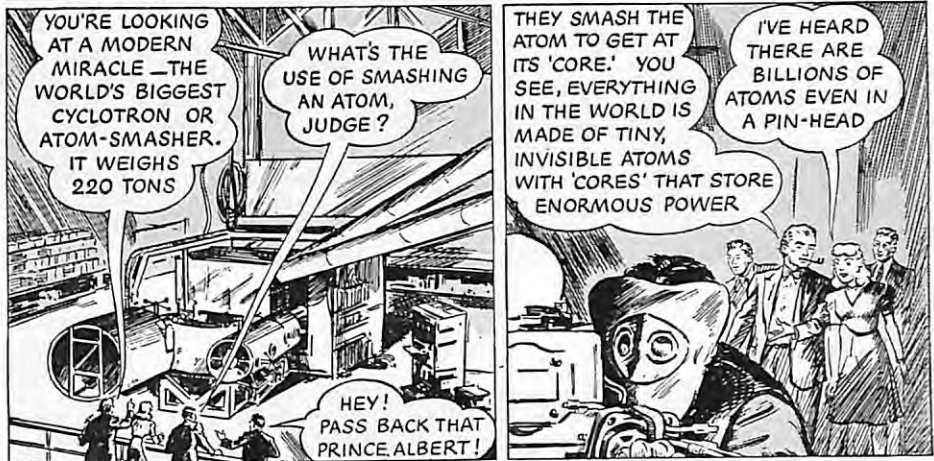
Association	City	Date
Missouri	Washington	May 3-4
Oklahoma	Bristow	May 3-4
Florida	Tampa	May 11-12-13
Kansas	Winfield	May 18-19
Alabama	Gadsden	May 18-19-20
Illinois	Danville	May 23-24-25
Texas	Amarillo	May 30-31
South Dakota	Rapid City	June 1-2
North Dakota	Grand Forks	June 1-2-3
Nebraska	Norfolk	June 1-2-3
Idaho	Lewiston	June 5-6-7
New York	Albany	June 6-7
Utah	Eureka	June 6-7
Iowa	Des Moines	June 7-8-9-10
New Jersey	Elizabeth	June 8
Massachusetts	Swampscott	June 14-15
Indiana	Bloomington	June 14-15-16-17-18
Michigan	St. Joseph	June 19-20-21-22
Montana	Helena	July 24-25-26
Maryland	Salisbury	Aug. 3-4-5-6
Virginia	Harrisonburg	Aug. 17-18-19
North Carolina	Asheville	Aug. 24-25-26
Ohio	Cedar Point	Aug. 24-25-26-27-28
California	Long Beach	Sept. 18-19-20
Pennsylvania	Pottsville	Aug. 24 to 30

State Elks Hold Southeast District Meeting at St. Louis, Missouri

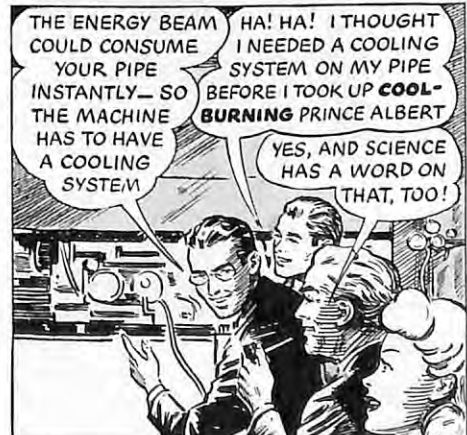
A Southeast District meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association, the second this year, was held in the home of St. Louis Lodge No. 9 on Sunday, March 2. The meeting was called by State Vice-Pres. Ernest W. Baker of Washington Lodge No. 1559.

More than five hundred Elks attended in all, including one hundred and five members of Washington Lodge. A class of twenty-one candidates, representing St. Louis, Washington and De Soto, Mo., Lodges, was initiated in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, by a special ritualistic team. Mr. Campbell delivered the principal address, speaking on national defense and membership. A short talk was made by Past State President E. J. Martt of St. Louis Lodge, in which he welcomed the new members of this distinguished class.

**★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★
Smashing the Invisible!**



HEAVILY CHARGED PARTICLES "SHOOT OUT" AT 18,000 MILES A SECOND—35,000 TIMES FASTER THAN A RIFLE BULLET—in a MYSTERIOUS BEAM THAT SMASHES AGAINST ATOMS IN A TARGET. THE IMPACT RELEASES ASTOUNDING ENERGY FROM THE ATOMS' "CORES"—FOR EXAMPLE, 50 MILLION TIMES MORE POWER THAN FROM THE BURNING OF AN ATOM OF CARBON IN COAL. SCIENCE AIMS TO HARNESS THIS POWER



THE ENERGY BEAM COULD CONSUME YOUR PIPE INSTANTLY—SO THE MACHINE HAS TO HAVE A COOLING SYSTEM

HA! HA! I THOUGHT I NEEDED A COOLING SYSTEM ON MY PIPE BEFORE I TOOK UP COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT

YES, AND SCIENCE HAS A WORD ON THAT, TOO!

PRINCE ALBERT HAS BROUGHT MODERN PROGRESS CLOSE TO THE LIFE OF EVERY PIPE-SMOKER. PA'S MILDNESS, MELLOWNESS, AND GOOD TASTE ARE NOW WITHIN EVERY SMOKER'S REACH

WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS REGARD PA. THAT WAY, TOO—PRINCE ALBERT SPINS SO FAST, SO EASY, SO SMOOTH, AND FIRM! NO, THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PA. FOR REAL SMOKING JOY!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!



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

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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO



Above is a class initiated into the recently instituted Ada, Okla., Lodge. Present were Gov. Leon C. Phillips, Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean and Special Deputy Floyd H. Brown.

Left: A photo taken when Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley attended a meeting honoring Police Chief Thomas J. Godley, of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge.

Below are officers of Baltimore, Md., Lodge when they presented an infant resuscitator to St. Agnes Hospital in Baltimore.



into the Order. State President Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City, addressed the meeting and Past President J. Harry Dickbrader extended an invitation to all to attend the State Convention which will be held at Washington this month. Among other prominent Elks present were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis, D.D. for Missouri, East, and E.R.'s H. Glenn Weber, De Soto, N. J. Schmelig, St. Louis, and Herbert Maune, Washington.

Elgin, Ill., Lodge Honors 25-year Group at Anniversary Celebration

The 40th anniversary of the institution of Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737, was celebrated on March 10 by 200 of the members. The evening opened with a roast beef dinner in the grill room.

The presentation of special lodge pins to the 25-year members was made at the meeting by P.E.R. Judge Charles D. Page. P.E.R. Walter E. Miller, D.D. for Illinois, Northeast, and two of the five living charter members were present. Forty years ago Elgin Lodge held its meetings in rented quarters; today it occupies its own home, built at a cost of \$150,000.

Death takes Three Prominent Members of Warren, O., Lodge

Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, lost three of its most prominent members early this year in the deaths of P.D.D. Donald McCurdy, Secy. C. H. Kayser and P.E.R. A. C. Smith. Mr. Kayser and Mr. Smith died within three weeks of the P.E.R.'s Night meeting at which Mr. McCurdy presided and Mr. Smith acted as Est. Lead. Knight.

Warren Lodge recently subscribed an additional \$500 to the Elks National Foundation. Bowling has occupied the attention of members during the past months. Local bowlers from the regular Elks' League won three "money places"

Left: The presentation of a wheelchair to the Owosso Memorial Hospital by the members of Owosso, Mich., Lodge.

in the city tournament in March. Inter-city matches were played with Steubenville, Barberton, Lakewood and other Ohio Lodges. Four Warren teams were entered in the Ohio State Elks Bowling Tournament and the lodge was represented in the national tournament.

Galesburg, Ill., Lodge Holds a Double Anniversary Celebration

Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, commemorated two birthdays at one celebration some weeks ago, the 37th anniversary of its institution and the 73rd anniversary of the founding of the Order. The evening began with a mixed bridge party after which a buffet supper was served.

The Elks' program was opened at eleven o'clock by E.R. Charles A. McDonald, acting as Master of Ceremonies. Among the speakers were two charter members, Richard J. Howard and Will C. Johnson. Mr. Johnson, who joined Monmouth, Ill., Lodge 40 years ago, was one of the organizers of Galesburg Lodge. To him went the honor of cutting the huge two-tiered birthday cake. The Toastmaster paid a special tribute to Secretary J. Willis Peterson. Mr. Peterson has served the lodge as secretary for twenty-three years and has not missed a single meeting in all that time.

Irish Minstrels Feature Special Program at Holyoke, Mass., Lodge

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, observed "Irish Night" on March 17. Several hundred Elks and their guests enjoyed a New England boiled dinner and later attended the Irish Minstrel Show put on by the lodge as the featured event on the program. Shamrocks were used profusely in the stage decorations which were in green, white and gold.

P.E.R. Philip O'Brien, who recently had been made Special Justice of the Holyoke District Court, was presented with a pen and pencil desk set. Attorney John S. Begley made the presentation speech; Emmett J. Cauley was Master of Ceremonies.

Mortgage-Burning at Houston, Tex., Lodge Draws a Record Attendance

Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, celebrated the payment of its entire indebtedness by burning the mortgage on its four-story home on February 25. More than 1,000 Elks, including 977 members of Houston Lodge, attended the ceremonies and festivities which, because of the size of the crowd, were held at the Rice Hotel. A banquet and floor show preceded the meeting.

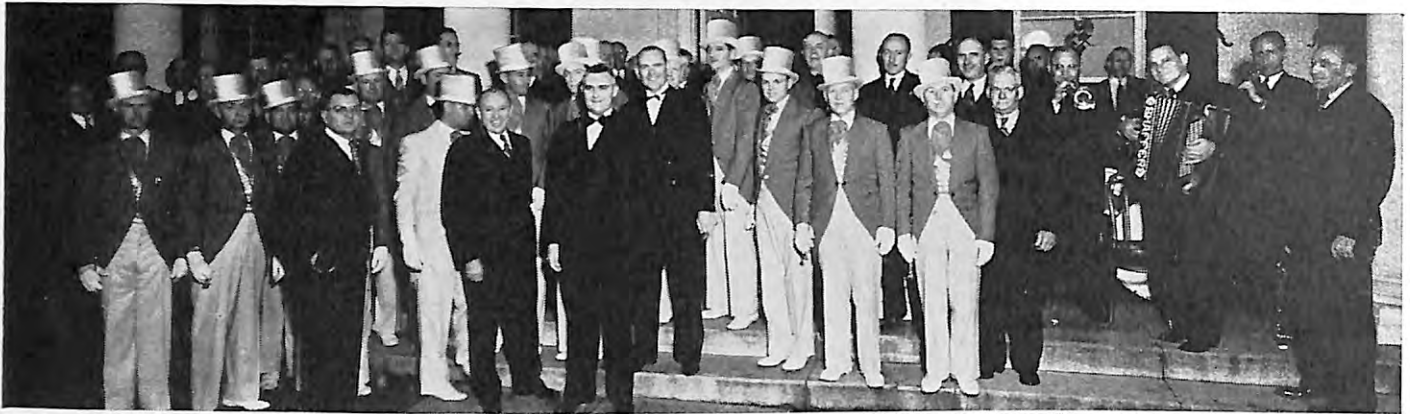
A class of 89 candidates, including one soldier who was initiated for Laconia, N. H., Lodge, No. 876, was named in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch. At the conclusion of the ritualistic work, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, delivered an address and also presented the lodge with an autographed picture of Mr. Buch. Judge Atwell then applied the match to the retired mortgage on the home, and in ceremonies arranged by P.E.R. W. J. Quinlan, chairman for the evening, the evidence of the former indebtedness was sent up in smoke.

In addition to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, the Grand Lodge was represented by the Grand Chaplain of the Order, the Rev. J. B. Dobbins of Temple, Tex., Lodge. Many visiting delegations were headed by Exalted Rulers. P.E.R. C. R. Flick-

... this noble Scotch makes a noble highball

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"Gentle as a Lamb"

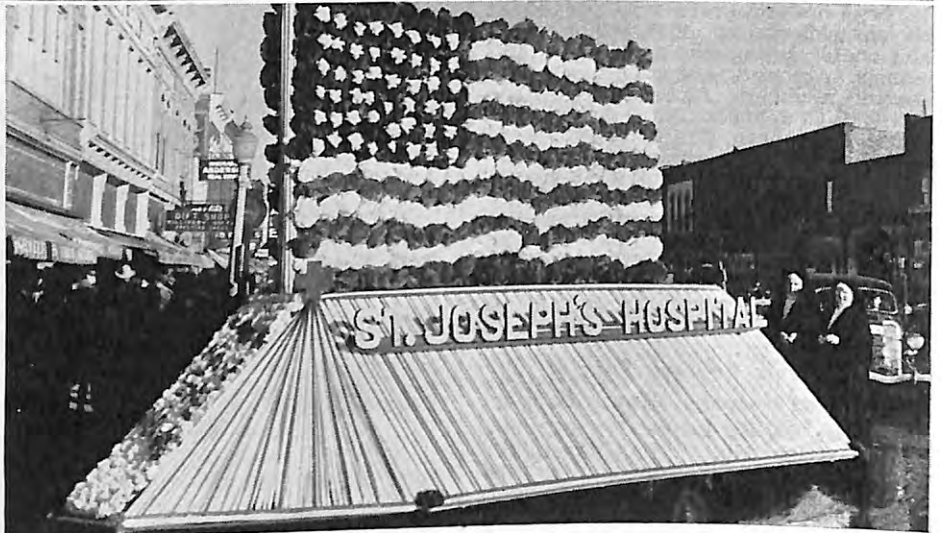
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Above are Pasadena, Calif., Elks as they greeted State President Robert S. Redington on the occasion of his official visit to that Lodge.

inger, of Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, attended and Elks from as far away as Idaho, New York, Indiana, West Virginia, Iowa and Colorado were present. Austin, Brenham, Port Arthur, Beaumont and Galveston, Tex., Lodges sent large representations.

The ceremonial was the second highly successful affair held by Houston Lodge in less than three months. The first was the third Mile o' Dimes in which the lodge was assisted by the Salvation Army and *The Houston Post*. The project this year raised \$8,542.41, almost \$1,500 more than the previous high. With the proceeds, nearly 2,500 needy school children were supplied with clothing. It was estimated that at least a thousand would have been compelled to drop out of school except for this assistance. The fund-raising project was managed by Clell Thorp, director of publicity for Houston Lodge.



Below are photographed some of the 125 Elks present at a luncheon given by Fresno, Calif., Lodge recently.

Above is the prize-winning float of St. Joseph Hospital in a parade sponsored by Concordia, Kans., Lodge.

Army Unit is Entertained at Home of Dixon, Ill., Lodge

Members of Company A, 129th Infantry, who were inducted into army service on March 5, were entertained by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner at the home of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, that evening. The unit of 113 men and four officers was scheduled to leave on March 19 for a year's service at Camp Forrest, Hulla-homa, Tenn.

A turkey dinner preceded a social program. (Continued on page 41)



Below are Wallace, Ida., Lodge veterans who received 25-year service pins at the Lodge's 45th Anniversary dinner.



**Senior Boy Scout Troop Sponsored
By Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge**

Once a month for the past two years, members of the forestry crew of Senior Boy Scout Troop 13 of Santa Ana, Calif., sponsored by Santa Ana Lodge No. 794, have been attending a three-hour training class, under the direct supervision of the acting Silverado ranger, at the forestry station. The purpose of the course is to acquaint the boys with tank truck operation, radio communication, topography and other important phases of emergency forestry work. Each member of the scout troop is rated as an extra fire guard by the U. S. Forest Service and is subject to call duty at any time or any place within the Cleveland National Forest. As part of their training they are sent out on relief lookout duty for a week or so at a time during the fire season.

Members of the troop are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one. Only Scouts of Orange county, with first class ratings, and holding a merit badge in first aid or an American Red Cross certificate, are eligible for membership. The troop owns some \$2000 worth of emergency equipment. The boys have their own ambulance which carries stretchers and standard first aid equipment, a first aid truck, large enough to carry all the troop members, a communication truck, with a two-way radio and public address system installed, and a field kitchen trailer. The standard training program for the Senior Scouts, in Forestry Service includes fire fighting, first aid, radio, communication, cooking, ambulance operation and photography. These are available by lec-

ture and practical experience. Senior Scouts may ride in ambulances in the county to assist at automobile accidents. Last year 500 cases of first aid were treated by this group. A new division is that of national defense. Training is given in the care of traffic, moving of women and children, feeding of masses, etc. This is under the supervision of officials of the national defense program. The Senior Scouts gave a first aid demonstration recently at Camp Irvine in cooperation with the Boy Scouts of America and the Santa Ana police department.

**Huntingdon Lodge is Host to
Elks of Pa. Central District**

More than 500 Elks and their ladies from all sections of central Pennsylvania were guests of Huntingdon, Pa., Lodge, No. 976, at a quarterly meeting of the district organization on March 16. An afternoon business session was held at which Pres. Otto Kessler, Du Bois, presided.

Exalted Ruler Charles L. Bowen welcomed the visitors on behalf of Huntingdon Lodge. P.E.R. Alex W. Port, District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Central, reported an increase of membership in the State of more than 2,000 through the Pershing classes alone. The invitation extended by Lewistown Lodge No. 663 for the June meeting on the third Sunday of the month was accepted. Tribute was paid the late James B. Sleeman, P.E.R. of the host lodge and a Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, for his able leadership over a period of many years.

A full course turkey dinner was served in the late afternoon at the

American Legion Home. Mrs. Sleeman, widow of the late Past President, was an honored guest. As she entered the home she was presented by Mr. Bowen with a beautiful piece of costume jewelry.

**Mortgage-Burning Ceremony is
Held by Boise, Ida., Lodge**

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, burned the first mortgage on its home recently, with the result that the building became mortgage free for the first time since its construction in 1914. Open House was held from seven o'clock on. The lodge meeting was followed by a floor show provided by the committee in charge, the members of which were P.E.R.'s Joe Imhoff who acted as Master of Ceremonies, and Ed. D. Baird and J. O. Malvin, Past Pres.'s of the Ida. State Elks Assn. More than 300 members attended the ceremony.

Mr. Baird, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was a speaker. He stated that the lodge had never missed an interest payment or failed to meet a payment on the principal. Exalted Ruler Robert Overstreet also spoke. Among those present were Past Exalted Rulers E. S. Delana who was instrumental in starting the lodge on the upgrade during his administration, Homer Hudelson, Past State President, E. M. Rogers, George H. Penson and Justice Raymond L. Givens, Robert Campbell, the newly elected Exalted Ruler of Boise Lodge, and his staff, and W. E. Pierce, R. K. Davis and A. A. Fraser, members of the Building Committee.

A previous event was the Old Timers
(Continued on page 48)

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Houston, Texas, Lodge

**RECENTLY
INITIATED
ELKS**



Rapid City, South Dakota, Lodge

On this page are shown classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their lodge officers



Baltimore, Maryland, Lodge



Petersburg, Virginia, Lodge



Miles City, Montana, Lodge

Treasure Below

(Continued from page 7)

shut both fo'cs'le doors and closed the ports to keep the sounds from carrying aft. They were gulping the potent liquor down, eager to feel the comfort of its mellow fires stealing through their hard-bitten bodies. Their talk came up to him through the ventilator in an excited burble of half-suppressed conversation, grown men behaving like schoolboys when the teacher has left the room, enjoying their interlude of stolen bliss with the soft pedal on. The feuds of the voyage were gone and forgotten, the bitter little personal antipathies of shipboard. They were all good fellows down there in the fo'cs'le, swearing eternal fealty and friendship. . . . Dam' good fellows, thought the Kanaka, leaving him the sea to drink!

The burble suddenly wavered and resolved itself into individual voices. The starboard door opened and somebody came out, scouted around the deck for a while, then climbed up the ladder to the break and peered at him.

"Say, Bill!"

Something was wrong. They had drunk all the whiskey and it had not made them drunk. It had just been enough to inflame their desire.

"Bill!"

"Yeh!"

"You didn't happen to notice that other case while you were down there?" asked the oldest, cunningest seaman. "The danged fools busted the one you sent up against the side, so all we got out of it was five bottles. No use leavin' its mate down there, is there, Bill?"

"You want me to go an' get it?"

"Sure, we do!"

"I go," said Kanaka Bill.

The old Bluenose nearly tumbled down the ladder with the news. "Say, fellers! He's goin'!" he stutted. "Bill's goin'!"

A flood of friendly men came out and swarmed around Bill.

"But you use the tackle this time!" he insisted. "No more cases after this one. Better not bust him on the side."

The hoist block was still at the yard-arm to take in some stores the captain was bringing. It was easy to cast off the end and sink it to the bottom with a link or two of chain.

"All I can say," said the old Bluenose, as Kanaka Bill went over and down, "Bill's a very obligin' feller." All hands agreed.

The signal came from below to haul, and they all surged around the tackle. "Forgettin' him already!" snapped the Bluenose. "Up wi' him first! And mind, he gets the first bottle!" They surged back to Bill's line, and hauled it in till the end came dripping over the rail. But Bill was not on it! Bill certainly was not on the end!

"Where in the devil is Bill?"

The rail was lined with them looking over. No sleek, black head appeared above the surface. No sign of Bill at all!

The pulley in the hoist block began to cheep, and the line surged violently as if subjected to a heavy strain. They rushed to tally on and haul. The line tautened and held.

"Haul away!" yelled the Bluenose. "He's fast below!"

They hauled, but could not budge it. The line was held by the bottom of the sea. And Bill was down there!

The simple fact of disaster swept into their minds, overwhelming every other notion with the chill of its inexorable conviction. Whatever was holding the line was holding Bill. That grip must be broken without delay and by any means available. . . . "The winch!" . . . "Start it up!" . . . "Start it up and pass the line! Bill's drowning!" . . . They passed the line to the nigger-head and swung the starting lever.

Still warm from its daytime use, the engine snorted into action and picked up its power. The drums turned in the slack and applied the strain. The stout manila cracked and whirred. The yard trembled above their heads, and the ship herself canted gently. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the tension eased and the line began to come in.

"Heave, and bust her!" piped the Bluenose triumphantly, and all hands cheered.

UP through the lambent water rose a glowing phosphorescent mass that broke above the surface in a dripping shower of light and mounted heavenward at the end of the line. It was chock-a-block at the yard-arm before somebody thought of stopping the winch, and they stood and gaped at it—a long, shapeless object, a branch of a tree smothered in weed and incrustation, an old ship's timber. . . . But whatever it might be, it was not Bill!

"On deck, there!" hailed the mate, roused out of his berth by the din of the winch. "What the dickens are you doing?"

They nearly let go of the tackle as they fell back from the rail. "Bill's missing, sir!" somebody muttered.

Nobody noticed the white shadow of the shore-boat skimming noiselessly toward them before the breeze, nor the man who stood forward of her mast and peered curiously at the barquentine past the luff of her sail. But they heard his voice as he hailed—"Hannah Lee, ahoy!" A blast from the trumpet of doom couldn't have been more effective.

"Holy Cristopher! The old man!" gasped the oldest, cunningest seaman, and led the rush forward.

Thus let go of, the line ran swiftly through the sheaves, the object descended like a half-burned-out meteor. It crashed into the sea, barely a

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yard from the shore-boat's side. A fountain of water rose as high as her sail and smashed down on her occupants, drenching them and nearly swamping her. The captain's furious blasphemy carried all over the bay, and as if to add a final touch to their part of the proceedings the half-drunk crew came aft in a panic, shouting they had seen a ghost and the ship was haunted. What they had seen was Kanaka Bill himself, who had been some time in the fo'cs'le watching his dumbfounded mates with the greatest satisfaction. . . . "You rats!" swore Mr. Edwards, with visions of personal disaster, and drove them back in the best bucko style of old to discover the truth for themselves.

Captain Whitman came over the rail with joy flooding his venomous soul. He sniffed significantly about among the broken bottles, and took his time to play his cards well. He questioned the mates with unctuous propriety, and such of the men as were able to talk at all. Then he summoned Mr. Edwards into the cabin and delivered his ultimatum. Mr. Edwards could go ashore with his pay and his papers. If he chose to stay by the ship he would be disgraced.

Mr. Edwards quietly packed his chest and went.

CAPTAIN Whitman whistled cheerfully the next morning as the windlass clacked its pawls and the cable came in through the hawse. He had got his rival off the ship under unbelievably pleasing circumstances. A mate who let the hands get drunk on a broached whiskey cargo, and who stood on the poop while they tried to murder their captain by dropping a weight into the boat bringing him alongside, such a mate could never, never hope to secure respectable employment in any of the seas where the story was known. And he would spread it, at every port and every opportunity! And the silly fool of a man, he exulted, didn't seem to realize that by leaving the ship he was losing his chance to squash the story. The captain was free to say what he liked both officially and unofficially, without fear of effective denial or contradiction.

The trip to Honolulu, whither the *Hannah Lee* was bound to pick up

a whale-oil cargo, was the longest, most tedious passage in her honorable career, but easily the most pleasant Captain Whitman ever enjoyed. It gave him time to paint the case as black as possible in his written report to the owners, and to linger over the scandalous details with which he embellished the letter giving old Captain Taylor the news. It did occur to him now and then that Mr. Edwards had gone rather quietly. But such a thought was as the shadow of a solitary wisp of cloud drifting across a summer sky at high noon. The blow fell in Honolulu like a bolt from the blue.

"What's this that mate of your's been doing in La Correga?" a master-mariner acquaintance hailed him as he walked jauntily away from the dock.

"Him!" sneered Captain Whitman, and began to tell the well-rehearsed tale.

But his friend cut him short. It wasn't that he wanted. The Spanish galleons? What about them? Hadn't he heard? . . . Young Edwards had found them! . . . Young Mr. Edwards was well on the way to becoming a millionaire!

BIT by bit he gathered in the news, each item and detail like a hammer blow in his brain. An obliging ship-chandler was found with a sheaf of press clippings. He read them through, and stumbled back into the glaring-white sunlight like a man walking in an unlit room. It was a dramatic little story. For years a salvage company had searched for the lost galleons, and had been on the point of suspending operations when young Mr. Edwards walked in. A fifty percent share if he showed them the spot where they were lying. That was his bargain, duly signed and sealed. And then he had shown them! Six fathoms deep beneath the very spot where the *Hannah Lee* had lain at anchor! Their grabs had already brought a treasure to the surface. A million dollars worth in ingots and minted gold!

"Fifty percent of a million!" he muttered, stumbling on.

"Yes, Captain," said Kanaka Bill, coming up at his elbow. "Mr. Edwards done pretty well. I tell him where those old Spanish ships are lying. I see them all there when I

go down. I make tackle fast on a piece of one the second time, and Mr. Edwards ask, 'What's that?' when he and me clear the line. I tell him about all those old ship timbers shining down there like ghosts of trees. That's why he go ashore so quick!"

"Then it's *your* half share!" exclaimed the captain, with a wild hope of still undoing Mr. Edwards. "You found it! It's yours!"

"Mine and his," Kanaka Bill corrected. "Fifty-fifty! Me and him partners. See this cable, Captain? He send for me, tell me come now. Send me money. You please let me leave the ship, eh? Gimme my discharge? Give it to me, Captain—and I give you ten dollar!"

"I'll give you hell first!" snarled Captain Whitman, and swung.

KANAKA Bill took the blow on the slant of a withdrawing cheekbone, but went down on his back with sufficient ostentation to attract the attention of two policemen, who crossed the street and, being Kanakas themselves, took the captain in charge. He yielded to Bill's terms on the threshold of the jail, paid Bill off with a clean discharge, and hurried down the pier toward the refuge of his cabin. Black rage was in his heart, chagrin embittered him to the depths of his soul. And Kanaka Bill followed at his elbow, talking of Mr. Edwards and the ships they would buy with their money, lots and lots of ships, bigger than the *Hannah Lee*. But maybe he would speak to Mr. Edwards to let the captain have a job on one.

"You ugly nigger!" roared Captain Whitman, too furious to see Bill's game. "I'da took the skin off o' you and yore damn' ships if you didn't have those policemen so handy!"

"No pleecemen here, Captain," said Kanaka Bill pleasantly. "That's why I come. You take my skin, I take yours."

"Police!" yelled the captain.

But the Kanaka was right—no police were visible. And without interference from any other source of law and order, Mr. Edwards' partner administered the very daddy of all the hidings ever inflicted since the noble and manly art of fisticuffs was acquired by man.

Pennants and Penance

(Continued from page 9)

\$21,000,000 on Wall Street in one day didn't hurt, either. Philip K. Wrigley inherited sole control of the Cubs and a handsome fortune from his father, the chewing gum man. The Reds, poor relation of the league for many years, got up there with the quality folks after Powel Crosley, the radio and refrigerator tycoon, acquired a majority share of the stock. The Cardinals, out of the first division only three times in the last

sixteen years, got that way because President Sam Breadon, originally an auto mechanic, had the foresight to endorse the chain store system, which has proved to be a satisfactory substitute for ready money.

The trend toward money as the basic denominator in baseball has strapped the romantic, rugged pioneers who once hit the jackpot regularly by virtue of their knowledge of the game and the shrewd deals they

pulled. In the old, free-and-easy days, Garry Herrmann, the president of the Cincinnati club, once clinched a deal for Bubbles Hargrave, later the National League batting champion, by throwing his overcoat into the transaction. Roger Bresnahan, then managing the Cardinals, actually traded a pitcher for a bird dog. Today such quaint goings-on would be frowned upon by the sober business men in the driver's seat.

Connie Mack and Clark Griffith have been in baseball more than half a century, for all the good it has done them or their fans in recent years. Mack, winner of more championships than any manager in history, was enormously successful before the first World War, but his Philadelphia Athletics have been 'way down yonder in the cornfield since baseball went big business. The Athletics once languished fifteen years without a pennant, then clicked from 1929 to '31, and now are fifteen light years away from another one. Griffith's Washington Senators sneaked off with the American League flag in 1933, but it was a typographical error. They haven't finished higher than fourth place since.

There aren't many men in the game with a sounder knowledge of ball players and business management than Bob Quinn, who has been an executive for more than thirty years—and never has been associated with a first-division team. The trouble, of course, is that Quinn always has worked for teams operating on knotted shoestrings. Charley Comiskey, one of the old-time players who rose to ownership of a major-league franchise, made the Chicago White Sox a ranking power before the roaring twenties, but third place was the team's roof thereafter.

Once, when it was possible to buy Ty Cobbs and Rogers Hornsby for \$500 and when a Hans Wagner could be picked up for nothing at all, the pennants circulated fairly freely. Barney Dreyfuss, another old-line pioneer, always had his Pittsburgh Pirates in contention, but the club has been declining steadily in recent years. Gerry Nugent, whose Phillies are the perennial doormats of the National League, holds the franchise by selling occasional stars such as Chuck Klein, Dick Bartell, Dolf Camilli and Walter Higbe for walloping good prices. The St. Louis Browns, only major-league team that never has won a pennant, never has had an angel, either. The team always has been owned by a large syndicate of stock-holders, not one of whom has put more than a half-million dollars into the enterprise. It's not enough.

For that matter, three million dollars isn't enough, either, in this day and age of high-pressure business. That, roughly, is the amount Tom Yawkey has poured into the Boston Red Sox since he bought the team in 1933, and he hasn't come close to the pennant yet. Yawkey, adopted son of a millionaire lumber man, inherited twenty million dollars, but that sum is peanuts compared to the money his affluent associates can throw around and about.

The favorite for the American League pennant this year is the Cleveland Indians, owned by Alva Bradley. Mr. Bradley also has the rare good fortune to own huge gobs of real estate in Cleveland. The roan-colored dark-horse in the National League is the Brooklyn Dodg-

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Prior to the outbreak of war in Europe, many Elks and their families journeyed abroad for the combination of a sea voyage and the intriguing atmosphere of the European capitals. South American cities, too, and the West Indian Islands, were regular ports of call in the Elks summer journeyings.

But now it's different. There'll be no Europe as a vacation spot this year, yet this doesn't mean that those Elks who usually went abroad must now deny themselves a "different" kind of vacation.

Right here in the Americas, there are hundreds of places where you can go. Each month we give you Travel News which suggests places for pleasure vacations. This month, for instance, on Page 15, you'll find John Ransom's very interesting story about Canada and the Old World charms that are to be found in so many places in the Dominion. If you've never been to Canada, don't miss reading this story and even if you've been a frequent visitor to our neighboring Dominion, you'll find mentioned a number of vacation spots that you haven't yet enjoyed.

But whether you want to visit Canada, or California, or New England, or if you plan to go to the mountains or the seashore, take advantage of the help we can give you with your vacation plans. Write us for information and literature about the places *you'd* like to visit this summer. You're under no obligation at all and the material will be sent you without charge. Just address your request to Travel Department, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42 Street, New York City.

ers, who are virtually owned by a Brooklyn bank. In the last three years, however, Larry MacPhail has induced the bankers to permit him to spend more ready money for fresh talent than any team in America. Expenditures for Medwick, Camilli, Higbe, Reese, Vosmik, Owen, Davis, Wyatt and Walker have added up to a sum you wouldn't believe even if you knew it. For the benefit of noney parties, McPhail has spent close to a half-million dollars for new players, and that ain't hay.

All right. There is the general picture. What can be done to break down the monopoly of money, which is stifling free and equal competition, the life-blood of baseball? Two men have come up with original, feasible ideas in the last twenty years, but neither brain-child is a sure-fire panacea for a sick ball club and a sicker bankroll.

A few paragraphs ago mention was made of the Cardinals' chain-store system as a practical substitute for unrestricted capital. In 1916 Branch Rickey first envisioned the scheme whereby a major-league team would subsidize, or buy outright, a string of minor-league franchises for the purpose of controlling teams on which young players could be developed until they were ready for the big time. Until then, the common practice for a major-league team in need of new players was to go out into the open market and purchase men to replace fading veterans. That procedure, of course, ran into important money which was not available to Rickey.

In 1919 the Cardinals made their last cash purchase of a player. They paid Kansas City a modest \$10,000 for Pitcher Jess Haines and in the next seventeen years Haines proceeded to win 210 ball games. Very shortly, as baseball time is reckoned, the Cardinals rose to the top spot in the National League. From 1926 through 1934 the team won five pennants with players brought up from their farms or acquired in straight trades. In the last decade the Cardinals have led the parade only once, despite the colorful Gas-house Gang with concentration of such talent as Frisch, Medwick, Durocher and the Dean brothers.

The reason for the decline of the Cardinals is obvious. Other teams followed their lead in building farm systems and the cost of operating same increased sharply with imitation. The price of minor-league franchises skyrocketed, sandlotters who once were happy to get a chance to play professionally began to de-

mand bonuses for signing contracts and there was more intensive bidding for raw material at the original source of supply. The entire proposition quickly became a matter of money all over again. The Cardinals didn't have too much to spare and the Yankees, backed by Col. Ruppert's millions, catapulted to the Number 1 position.

In the last ten years the Yankees have spent no more than a paltry \$25,000 for one player. That was the closing price for Joe DiMaggio, the greatest bargain of modern times. At current quotation, DiMaggio was a \$150,000 prospect. Every major-league team had scouts watching DiMaggio and every scout went away raving about the boy. But DiMaggio was supposed to have had a trick knee when he was with San Francisco and no team except the Yankees was willing—or able—to gamble on him to the extent of \$25,000.

THE other radical innovation which did not require too much money was the introduction of night baseball in the major leagues. Larry MacPhail turned night into day at Cincinnati in 1935 at a time when the Reds had finished in the cellar for four consecutive years. Four years later the Reds were the champions of the National League. MacPhail credits night baseball with making possible this rags-to-riches yarn. He often has said that the team in three years picked up \$300,000 in admissions which would not have been realized without night baseball. The extra revenue was put back into the business for the improvement of the ball club and—voilà! the Reds are the big, beautiful champions of the world.

Night baseball would seem to be the answer for everything that ails the game, but there is a large joker in the stacked deck. The fans of all communities do not respond to after-dark ball in the same fashion. It goes in Brooklyn, but twenty miles away it has been a miserable flop at the Polo Grounds. Cleveland likes it, but it left the St. Louis customers cold after the novelty of the thing wore off. Philadelphia will turn out to watch the Athletics play under lights, but they want no part of the Phillies at high noon or midnight.

So the rich teams continue to wax fat and strong on the field and at the box-office and the poor teams are afflicted with pernicious anemia. Something, obviously, should be done to maintain a semblance of equal competition—but what?

People constantly write letters to

the editor and send on the average of one bright idea a day to Judge Landis and the league presidents in an attempt to remedy the distressing situation. There are mild suggestions for establishing a fixed trading price on players to encourage deals and there are schemes for confiscating all players and redistributing the available talent so that all teams can start from scratch once again.

Ford Frick, president of the National League, recently had under consideration one of the more ingenious plans. Under this proposal, every team at the end of each season would throw all but eight players, let us say, into a common pool. The eight exceptions presumably would be the outstanding stars or popular home-town heroes. From the pool the teams then would choose one player at a time, the order of selection starting with the eighth-place team and continuing up to the league champion, when the process would be repeated until all the players were picked. There would be a fixed price for the players claimed from the pool—not too high; in the neighborhood of \$10,000—and the chances are that not much actual cash would change hands because the multiplicity of deals would effect cancellations all along the line.

A very pretty plan, to be sure, but it gives rise to an important question: Will it work? Frick says "No!" loudly and emphatically.

"You can't confiscate players arbitrarily or destroy the initiative of one club to build up another," he points out. "The scheme is not practical because the evaluation of players varies so sharply. It would be unfair to ask the Cubs, for example, to give up Lou Novikoff, a \$50,000 prospect, in an even exchange for Joe Zilch, a third-string outfielder with the Phillies who wouldn't bring a dime on the open market. Besides, such a system would place a premium on finishing last.

"I wish," Frick adds wistfully, "somebody would come up with a suggestion involving no money, but guaranteeing that eight teams would go into the last day of the season one game above or below .500. That would be the ideal situation—but it's just a dream, I suppose."

The way is clear for an unknown, inspired genius to enlighten the perplexed baseball people and earn the everlasting esteem of his countrymen. Maybe he also can devote his best thoughts to the complete elimination of war from the distorted face of the earth. Let's hope he's giving it a try, at least.

Canada Caravan

(Continued from page 15)

Vancouver with its magnificent land-locked harbor, its busy, colorful waterfront is Canada's western gateway to the rest of the world. Its Hindu, Chinese and Japanese

quarters with their strange Oriental sights and customs are a contrast to what you'll find in other parts of the Dominion. Victoria, the capital of British Columbia on Vancouver

Island, is one of the most attractive residential cities on this continent and is easily accessible by fine steamers sailing from Vancouver or Seattle.

British Columbia is noted the world over for its sport-fishing and the best fishing waters are very easily reached. If you like big-game hunting, you'll be well rewarded with magnificent trophies if your marksmanship is equal to the test which the sport imposes.

As you move east across the Rockies, Canada's three Prairie Provinces—Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba—offer you vacation thrills aplenty. These were the last great North American lands to succumb to the restless westward surge of the white man and today these great Provinces, in addition to being the finest wheat-producing areas of the world, can take care of your every vacation desire.

The magnificent Rocky Mountain National Parks of Alberta—Jasper, Banff and Waterton Lakes among them; Elk Island National Park, north of Edmonton; Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan's glorious lake and woods playground, and Riding Mountain National Park in the scenic heart of Manitoba have won world acclaim. Their natural beauty, wild life and the exceptional holiday scope they offer, enthrall the most blasé visitor.

One of the thrilling wonders of the Canadian west begins some eighty miles east of Banff, at Calgary, in the foothills of the Rockies. Here, in July, the descendants of the rugged pioneers and frontiersmen stage the annual Calgary Exhibition and Stampede—a panorama in rodeo form of the robust pursuits of an earlier day. These range-frolics, by their very survival, prove that salt and iron are still in the westerner's blood! Encamped on the Stampede grounds are the Stoney Indians from the Morley Reserve, who come down in their family wagons or in shiny motor cars to play their alternating roles as spectators or participants.

ALBERTA, which was named for Princess Louise Carolina Alberta, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of Canada's Governor-General of 1878-83, offers new wonderlands of magnificent scenic grandeur if you reach Banff or Jasper in your own automobile. A new, broad, 186-mile paved highway connects the two great Parks and if you really want to enjoy it take the trip slowly—get out of your car, climb over the rough moraines of glaciers that spill ice within a stone's throw of the road. Laugh and shout and listen to the echoes play among the crags. This is the experience of a lifetime.

Ontario is nearer to more American big cities than is any other Canadian province—it is Canada's greatest manufacturing province and the most populous, but within the boundaries of its vast area there are literally thousands of attractive vacation spots for you to visit. Northern Ontario still remains a region of virgin forests, rivers and lakes abounding with game and fish. This year the Province is sponsoring a

contest for those who love to catch big fish and it pays good cash money if you're the lucky winner.

Ontario can boast the guardianship of the five most famous little girls known to modern history. Ever since their birth seven years ago, the charming Dionne Quintuplets have attracted thousands of visitors to Callender—and if you want to see them, you can travel over a well-paved highway from Toronto or Ottawa, if you are driving—or there is excellent train service from almost any point in the Province.

If you've never visited Canada's capital, you've missed something more than having just failed to see a city. Entirely different to our own capital at Washington, you immediately know, though, that you're in the city where the laws of the nation are administered. Parliament Hill and the majestic Houses of Parliament, gray-stoned in a setting of wide-flung lawns, landscaped and marked with bronze memorials to Canadian statesmen of the past, are a picture for you to retain forever in your mind. High over the vast structure of great buildings looms the Peace Tower, with its beautiful Memorial Chamber and Altar of Sacrifice—a national monument which was erected to the memory of sixty thousand Canadians who gave their lives in the last War.

The Maritime Provinces are three—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. All up and down their coast are wide, warm-water beaches interspersed with rugged cliffs and dotted with snug harbors—like Lunenburg, home port of the famous "Blue nose," and the port where the great fisheries exhibition and fishermen's reunion is held each September.

Inland, all three provinces offer everything the vacationist could desire: The scenic loveliness of the Bras d'Or Lakes and Margaree Valley in Cape Breton; the pastoral beauty of Prince Edward Island, so aptly named "The Garden of the Gulf"; the glories of the Annapolis Valley at apple blossom time; the St. John River and the wooded uplands of rugged New Brunswick with their salmon streams and trout-filled lakes. The lordly Atlantic salmon fills the coastal rivers of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Eastern Quebec. The names of any of these rivers sound like a bugle call to a seasoned fisherman, and if you're out after Blue-fin Tuna, you'll get all you want in Nova Scotian waters where they run to tremendous size.

But, although we jumped over it, don't forget Quebec. I can remember well the first time I ever went into the Province. It presents such a diversified holiday area that I've been back many times since—and each time I like it better.

Montreal, with its million people and numerous attractions, and quaint old Quebec City, have at their very doorstep a vast provincial countryside depicting life just as it was in French Canada centuries ago. Its



VISIT Ontario's lovely lakes and streams... our cool forests and sunlit beaches. Travel on our King's Highways... fine paved roads through scenic beauty... rest and play at ideal summer resorts.

Fishing... boating... swimming... sailing golfing... tennis—every form of holiday fun is more enjoyable in the sunny, stimulating air of Ontario. Cool nights bring refreshing sleep... gay dancing parties... or quiet hours in the moonlight make the evenings all too short.

You need no passport to visit Ontario, simple identification papers only. There is no fuss entering or leaving this Province. You pay no "nuisance taxes" in Ontario, no toll bridge charges within the Province.

Enjoy your holiday in Ontario... where travel is absolutely unrestricted.

YOUR MONEY goes further in Ontario—there is a handsome premium on U. S. funds.

VISIT THE GREAT GOLD-FIELDS of Canada or the romantic North country.

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ancient folklore and folksongs, its spinning wheels and outdoor ovens, its wayside shrines and innumerable churches—all these impress you if you're looking for something different. Here is pictured the life of the peaceful "habitant" farmer who carries on the old traditions of France with loyalty to New France, Canada's Province of Quebec.

The sleepy little Ile d'Orleans, visible from the heights of Quebec City, attracts many a visitor in search of old world atmosphere. Like life on the famous Gaspé Peninsula across the St. Lawrence River, the isle remains much as it was when Jacques Cartier discovered it hundreds of years ago.

If you want to see Canada's history unfold before your eyes, be sure to include a cruise from Montreal down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay River. You'll come back and tell your friends about one of the most delightful water vacation trips you could find anywhere in this world.

As your steamer follows the north shore of the ever-widening St. Lawrence, you'll be moving along in the shadow of the Laurentians—the oldest mountain range in America.

At Tadoussac, where the Saguenay joins the St. Lawrence, you will be on the spot where North American civilization began. Here the first French colonists set up their base and signed a treaty with the Huron Indians. Here they built the first Christian Church in North America. From Tadoussac you sail in the northern twilight up the mysterious mountain-hemmed fjord of the Saguenay—past Capes Trinity and Eternity towering straight up 2,000 feet. Next morning, by the same thrilling route, you'll marvel anew at the scenic wonder which lines every mile of this silent, unfathomable river as your cruise ship moves on to Sainte Anne De Beaupre—you will have a chance to see this Lourdes of North America which is world famous for its miraculous cures. The

cruise also provides an opportunity for you to golf, swim, play tennis or go riding at Murray Bay's famous Manoir Richelieu.

And so this word trip of Canada comes to an end. Wherever you go, whether east, west, into the far north or the central sections of the Dominion, you'll enjoy yourself. And when you come back, you'll want to sing praises for the way the Canadians have made you feel at home.

Each of Canada's Provinces has prepared and makes available to you colorful literature which will give you expert information on how to get the most out of any time you spend in Canada. This is supplied free and if you would like to have some of this literature to help you decide what you want to do in Canada, send us a note, addressed to the Travel Department of *The Elks Magazine* and we will have the information sent to you. It will help if you give us some idea of which section of Canada you are most interested in.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 41)

Night meeting conducted by Past Exalted Rulers in the old-timers division. Members of more than 20 years' standing were special guests, including four charter members. P.E.R. A. A. Fraser, initiated 49 years ago, was awarded a prize, having qualified as the member present having the longest period of membership. D.D.'s William S. Hawkins, Coeur D'Alene, and Nicholas Ney, Caldwell, attended and many visiting Elks were present. The Elks' Chorus and Pep Band entertained.

Dinner-Dance at Home of Streater, Ill., Lodge a Brilliant Affair

A colorful and entertaining program featured the first annual George Washington dinner-dance held at the home of Streater, Ill., Lodge, No. 591. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon Lodge, introduced by Judge Robert E. Larkin, delivered a patriotic address. John R. Fornof, publisher of the *Streater Times-Press*, presided as Toastmaster.

The program was opened with an address of welcome by E.R. Thomas J. Walsh. P.D.D. J. J. Mohan led in the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the Rev. J. J. Cosgrove pronounced the Invocation. The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag was recited by Glenn E. Massieon of La Salle-Peru Lodge, Vice-Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., after which the guests and their wives were introduced.

The affair was attended by more than 250 persons. Many dignitaries of the Order were present including, besides those mentioned above, D.D. George A. Shields, of La Salle-Peru Lodge, State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, and Frank P. White, Oak Park, Exec. Secy. of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission. The Benediction was given by the Rev. E. W. Smith.

Two Hundred Visiting Elks Are Guests of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge

The visit to Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, was one of the pleasantest made by a delegation of 50 Elks from Oregon

and Washington lodges on their recent tour through the San Francisco Bay District. The visitors, traveling in chartered buses, were met at Sears Point Bridge by the lodge officers and city officials and with an automobile escort were taken for a drive about the city. At the lodge home they were greeted by the Vallejo High School Band and welcomed by E.R. Charles T. Reynolds.

A luncheon at 1 p.m., given by the lodge in honor of the Elks from the Pacific Northwest, was attended by 200 visiting Elks, representing every city in the Bay area, and a large turnout of Vallejo members. Harold Trumbull was Chairman of the Elks' General Committee; Dr. Ambrose Ryan headed the Reception Committee.

Elks of Hampton, Va., Observe Their Lodge's 44th Anniversary

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, instituted on March 17, 1897, holds an anniversary banquet every year. At its most recent celebration, State Senator V. L. Page, of Norfolk, outlined the history of the Order in an address devoted mainly to patriotic subjects. Frank A. Kearney was Toastmaster. Music was furnished by the Old Dominionaires and the Hampton Institute Quartet.

Secy. Thomas L. Sclater, a charter member, senior Past Exalted Ruler and Past Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., gave a brief talk, sketching the history of the lodge. He has served as secretary for more than 40 years.

Elks of Newton, Mass., Sponsor Patriotic Show for 2,000 Children

Two thousand Newton and Wellesley, Mass., children attended a morning patriotic program sponsored by Newton Lodge No. 1327 and held in the Paramount Theatre at Newton. A welcome was extended by E.R. Ernest J. Bleiler and a concert given by the Newton Post, American Legion, Band. Members of the lodge and the American Legion Guards, championship drill team, were ushers.

Five interesting movies were shown,

all with sound and in technicolor. The pictures covered the history of the United States and were understandable to children of all ages. D.D. John A. Driscoll, of Maynard Lodge, and Major Richard Lee, Alderman, of Newton, were speakers. P.E.R. William E. Earle, P.D.D., was Chairman of the committee which arranged the affair. The audience joined in the singing of patriotic songs and in the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Each child was given an American Flag upon entering the theatre.

Santa Monica, Calif., Elks Receive State Pres. Robert S. Redington

Arriving at the beach community on his official visit to Santa Monica Lodge No. 906, Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles was met by police motorcycle officers and escorted to the lodge home. The party was welcomed by E.R. Roy W. McDiarmid with his associate officers, members and the three uniformed groups of the lodge, the band, drill team and glee club. A dinner given in Mr. Redington's honor was attended by 150.

When the State President was escorted into the lodge room by the drill team, house lights were dimmed, the stage curtains parted and a huge portrait, on which an illuminated mounting bore an inscription of welcome, was revealed. Highlights of the session were the presentation of a lead dog to a blind member, Jack Abramson, a gift of the lodge; a concert by the band; selections by the glee club; a surprise concert by a comedy group of regular bandmen, and the sudden invasion of the lodge room by "newsies" crying a "Bob Redington Extra", a special edition of a Santa Monica daily carrying on the front page news of Mr. Redington's visit with pictures. Even his arrival had been covered.

P.E.R. Owen Keown was chairman of the committee for the evening. Mr. Redington's message emphasized the importance of enrolling a high type of American citizen in the Order, the value of earnest committee service and the vital significance of the Elks National Defense program. Almost 500 Elks attended the meeting.

Ace in the Hole

(Continued from page 13)

peace is insured for a long time to come—as long as our natural gas and oil supplies last.

For these reasons, the United States, when and if it is called upon to defend itself, can start making the elastomers it needs on a large scale without calling upon its citizens to make any great sacrifice. Reliable estimates indicate that we could build the plants necessary to supply our own rubber needs for about one hundred and fifty million dollars, whereas a year's supply of natural rubber at the current price of eight-

een cents a pound costs us two hundred and forty million. Add the cost of the finished product to the outlay for plants and the sum is little more than we are now paying.

In any case, the ingenuity of our technicians assures us that given war we are ready for defense, and given peace we will be able to move forward steadily to a fuller, richer life. But, of course, that presupposes that we have the good sense to use our resources with the same sound judgment the chemists employed in giving them to us.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 14)

tigers, who hunts pythons in the jungles to stock American zoos. Frank was a little boy when he began looking for strange animals, mostly snakes, on the banks of Turtle Creek, on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. Once his mother found him holding a two-foot copperhead with a forked stick while trying to pull the snake's fangs with his father's pliers. His mother grabbed a pitchfork and killed the snake with "fear and fury in her eyes", then paddled Frank a-plenty and told him to let snakes alone. But she didn't cure him, as is well known to anyone who has seen his jungle exploits in motion pictures.

Frank Buck has moved around a great deal since those Texas beginnings. He tells about it all in "All in a Lifetime", which contains many anecdotes about hunting wild beasts and transporting them across the Pacific. But the book is valuable for another reason. It is the story of a plain American boy who grew up the hard way. He bummed transportation by riding blind baggage; he tried to be a cow puncher and failed; he jumped from a moving train to outwit toughs; he became a bellboy in a Chicago hotel. But he was on the way up, for it was while working for the hotel that he met Amy Leslie, the dramatic critic, and married her, and got into vaudeville booking work and writing for the New York papers. And soon he knew the stars of the day and associated with many whose names have appeared in the lights. One little story out of the past may be retold here: it has nothing to do with Frank's career, but it is amusing. He was attending a supper party and sitting between Billie Burke and the "still-glamorous" Edna Wallace Hopper. As he tells it: "Edna was wearing an enormous and shining lavalier, and had been flashing it about the table and on her bosom. The center of it was made of antique French enamel and the gold setting must at least have been designed by the engi-

neer who laid out the Versailles fountains. 'Isn't it lovely?' she asked me, holding it out. Before I had a chance to nod, Billie said, 'It certainly is, Edna. It looks exactly like my gas chandelier back home. Remind me, dear, to wear the chandelier sometime, will you?'

But more important is the fact that Frank Buck brought back the great black cockatoo, rarely seen even in New Guinea, and many other rare animals, that he became a showman and built the big Jungleland for the Chicago Fair of 1934, and for the New York Fair—the latter with a concrete mountain 100 feet high holding 1,000 rhesus monkeys. Frank hopes to retire to his home in California one of these days, but you never can tell what may turn up. (Robt. M. McBride & Co.)

The Eskimo makes no effort to break into white man's society, to compete with the white man for power and money. He fights for his life every day against cold and hunger and thrives on it. He's different. I can understand why Gontran de Poncins, a French scholar, went into the Arctic regions of Canada to study the Eskimo, but I don't know why he stayed so long. For fifteen months he endured the vile-smelling igloo life, ate frozen fish raw and accepted the Eskimo way of life. He didn't go native, but he did get an idea of the effect of such native life on the standards of the white man. "Kabloona", which means The White Man, is the title of his record, prepared from his diaries, and if you are curious about the lives of these hunters and fishers, who are often like children and often like animals, this will tell a great deal. De Poncins was a little fed up with white society when he went there in 1938. He discovered that the Eskimo was a thorough-going individualist. If a man wanted to commit suicide, he had a right to do so; one old man strangled himself in front of his family and nobody interfered. The man who thought his mother was too



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old for any use pushed her out on the ice with her consent. Women are owned and dominated by the men, but they seem to exercise a certain amount of influence in the igloo. The parish priest at Pelly Bay told de Poncius a remarkable story to illustrate the irresponsibility of the Eskimo. Three hunters had stopped for the night to build an igloo. Two of them sat smoking while a third worked over their heads to stop the hole in the roof. While doing so his clothing became disarranged and his abdomen was exposed. "A fine belly," said the first Eskimo. "I should like to stick my knife in such a belly." The second Eskimo stood up and stuck his snow-knife into his friend's belly. We may say that white men don't do such acts, but we will have to qualify it and say they don't do such acts without provocation. The white man murders his kind, but has a reason; the Eskimo doesn't think long enough on any subject to reason it out. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.75)

It is ninety years since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" took this country by storm. In the 19th century so many copies were printed that practically everybody read it or heard about it, and it helped create intense feeling against slavery and thus hastened the Civil War. I thought the whole subject a little shopworn until I read "Crusader in Crinoline", a biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe by Forrest Wilson. (Lippincott, \$3.75) I don't think the story of Harriet, her writing of this famous best-seller, and her later career, has ever been told better. It is a slice of American his-

tory, for the Beechers were an active family associated with cultural and religious affairs and Harriet had an exciting career, living 85 years, until 1896. The author says her life has the form and flavor of a novel and he is right. History reports the doings of outstanding individuals no less than that of masses of men, and the Beechers were outstanding in any community. Harriet was only 25 when she and her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, saw the rioting by pro-slavery men in Cincinnati and it left an indelible impression on her. That year she went with her father, Lyman Beecher, president of Lane Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, to Ripley, Ohio, to attend a synod. They stayed with the Rev. John Rankin, who is famous in history for the number of slaves he helped escape from Kentucky to Ohio via the "Underground Railroad". Here Rankin told her the story of Eliza Harris, who had come across the ice only a short time before, and when Harriet began writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she developed that anecdote and made it famous. Harriet lived through all the exciting days of the Civil War and helped feed the excitement, and even after the war she and her family were in the news.

Cleve F. Adams writes hard-boiled, fast and furious mystery stories; his "Sabotage" kept readers awake nights. His latest is "Decoy", and in that the action goes forward with airplane speed. It's about airplanes, too, for Adams doesn't bother with old-fashioned murders. Here is a price war between two airplane com-

panies, a suspicion of foul play by foreign agents, and some snappy work by Rex McBride. (Dutton, \$2)

Here's a thrilling spy story—the first good one in years: "Drink to Yesterday", which deals with the exciting adventures of a British spy in Germany during the last world war. The authors call themselves Manning Coles and actually are Adelaide Manning, who worked in the British War Office, and Cyril Henry Coles, who has had all sorts of occupations, besides putting in two years in the infantry and three years in the intelligence service. Good equipment for writing spy stuff. There is a touch of horror in the tale. (Knopf, \$2)

This is the time of year when many people take gardening seriously, but not so Laurence McKinney, who writes "Garden Clubs and Spades" and Helen E. Hokinson, who has drawn some amusing pictures about gardening as a disease. "It's something from California," says one matron to another. "I'm not sure if it's a cactus or a redwood." There was a woman with a special flair for gardens. She had a hyphenate garden, made up of all the hyphenated plants, such as forget-me-nots and snow-on-the-mountain. She had a rolling stone garden, in which everything moved—the flowers were all ramblers, climbers and creepers. Her Walter Winchell garden was full of scallions. There's a good essay on the garden hose in this work. "A garden hose may be defined as a small body of water completely surrounded by rubber," says this authority. (Dutton, \$1)

Grand Lodge Convention Program

(Continued from page 21)

8:00 P.M. Opening ceremonies at Independence Hall. National Broadcasting of ceremonies which are open to the public. All Elks and ladies to be guests of Grand Lodge. Special patriotic extravaganza.
Dancing and receptions in all night clubs in central city—special "movie" entertainment.
Open House at Elks Club and every fraternal club house in central city. Entertainment and dancing.

Tuesday, July 15

10:00 A.M. Regular Grand Lodge Sessions commence. Election of officers.
10:00 A.M. National Elks Trapshooting Contest.
10:00 A.M. Continuation of Ritualistic Contest. Registration continues.
Sightseeing Tours. Available morning and afternoon.
12:30 P.M. Lunch given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to delegates.
12:30 P.M. Lunch by Grand Exalted Ruler Buch to District Deputies.
1:30 P.M. Second qualifying round in Golf Tournament.
2:00 P.M. Special style show and entertainment for ladies.
2:00 P.M. Special Grand Lodge Session.
Swimming. Special "splash parties".
3:00 P.M. Band and Drill Team contests.
6:00 P.M. State Association Dinners.
8:30 P.M. Special boat trip. All delegates and ladies are the guests of Philadelphia Convention Corporation on "Show Boat" cruise down the Delaware. Open-air movies, dancing, floor show and entertainment—refreshments and surprises.
Open House at all central city clubs.
Dancing and entertainment at Elks Club.

Wednesday, July 16

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest continues.

10:00 A.M. Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue. Skeet Contest follows trapshooting contest. Registration continues for delegates, Elks and their ladies. Glee Club Contest. Two groups (a) large groups; (b) quartettes, etc.
1:30 P.M. Playoff of Golf Tournament. Many prizes, including the John J. Doyle \$2,000 Perpetual Trophy.
Sightseeing. Tours still available.
2:30 P.M. Baseball game. National League game between Chicago Cubs and "Phillies".
7:00 P.M., Water Carnival on the banks of the Schuylkill. Dancing, open house and reception at Elks Club—entertainment—floor show.

Thursday, July 17

10:00 A.M. Final Session of Grand Lodge Reunion. Registration continues.
Sightseeing Tours available all morning.
Boat Trips. Special trips available down Delaware—swimming and shore parties.
12:30 P.M. Installation of new Grand Lodge Officers. Open house and reception at Elks Club.
Dancing and entertainment at all central city clubs—special movie entertainment.
7:30 P.M. Parade. Patriotic night parade—"Defending America"—electrical display with state floats—units of famous Philadelphia Mummies—Army, Navy and Marine Corps detachments and bands—historical pageant by New Jersey State Association—"Gone with the Wind" motif by Georgia State delegation—"United We Stand" spectacle staged by the Elks of America.
Tours to nearby resorts arranged for weekend.
NOTE—For information and reservations and entry in contests and parade write, telegraph or call Philadelphia Elks 1941 Convention Corporation—1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Shock Treatment

(Continued from page 19)

thinking. It's a practically fatal mistake to tell a guy like me to leave something alone.

Well, an interne doesn't have much spare time on his hands. That is the mildest way I know of putting it. But I was in a strange city and I didn't have a girl yet, and I had to have something to do in the occasional odd hours that I sometimes got and on my one night off. You have to do something; there has to be something important to do with your hours off, or there's no point working. Maybe that's why I set out to track down Ned Lane. Maybe it was something else—maybe I just hadn't learned to mind my own business.

When you start looking for something it saves time if you look nearest home; so I set out in the hospital library. They had bound copies there of *Hygeia* and the *A. M. A. Journal*. It wasn't a very big library and they didn't have much room, so they'd only kept them for about ten years back, and that was a break for me. I started in on the oldest ones.

One of the few things I learned in my psychology classes, one of the few seeds that happened to find a fertile spot in my unwilling mind, was the obscure and useless bit of information that a man who had amnesia, in thinking up another name for himself, would usually use an inversion or a slight change in the letters of his old name. It was a pretty faint clue, but I started looking for names that sounded like Ned Lane backwards. It nearly drove me nuts. It was like trying to figure out a Spoonerism. It drove me so nuts that I hardly noticed the name of Dennis Neale when I came across it. It wasn't until I noticed that he was being written up because of his recent experiments on the use of desoxycorticosterone—(dear old medical terms! Aren't they sensible?) for Post Operative Shock, that I became interested in him. P. O. Shock—that was one of the things that Ned had called before the doctor even saw it. Ned Lane—Dennis Neale. It was pretty close.

It was close enough, at any rate, to keep me looking for more about Dennis Neale. It was in a nine-year-old issue that I'd found that, and for the next year there were occasional little notes about him. Never a picture. What he was doing evidently wasn't important enough yet to rate a half-tone. I damned them for being so tight with their pictures. More pictures, I thought I would write in to the editor. Lots more pictures.

And then, in an issue about eight years old, I found a different sort of an item. It just reported, with sympathy, on the death of Mrs. Dennis Neale in a Bridgeport hospital. It went on to say, as it always did, that Dr. Neale would be recognized for his experiments and his splendid re-

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Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the July issue should reach us by May 15th.

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port on the use of desoxycorticosterone for P. O. Shock.

And after that I kept on looking, through seven more years, but there was not one word more about Dennis Neale. And by his absence I knew him. Because the A. M. A. does not report when a doctor cracks up and disappears.

After that it was pretty easy, in spite of getting no help from *Hygeia*. Or the *A. M. A. Journal*, or *The New York Times*. I fancied myself as sort of a master sleuth, or perhaps more on the lines of an international spy, and I'm afraid I asked a lot of questions that were clumsy and obvious, and even unnecessary. But I got the story, bit by bit, and I pieced it together like a quilt, and it was really short and simple:

DENNIS Neale was a golden example of what a young doctor could be if he was brilliant, a hard worker, had money of his own and, besides that, got all the breaks. He was as interested in laboratory work as he was in his practice, and he was working hard on the use of desoxycorticosterone in cases of Post-Operative Shock. He was doing pretty well, but he hadn't exactly proved his theories when his wife got sick and had to have an operation. It wasn't too serious, and it was very successful. She should have been fine. Except that she died—of Post-Operative Shock.

Just before she died, when they had practically given up hope, Dennis Neale, nearly out of his mind with worry, suggested that they try his new treatment. They were desperate. They didn't want to, but they tried it. She died.

Dennis Neale disappeared. It was generally believed that he had killed himself.

The treatment was experimented on for two more years by different people. It was found to be most successful. It—or eschatin, something very like it—is in general use today. The only reason it killed Mrs. Neale was that she had a cardiac condition. She was dying anyway.

That was the story of Dennis Neale, and by the time I'd discovered it I felt like Columbus.

I suppose the natural thing to do was just to walk up to Ned Lane and tell him he was Dennis Neale and hope it would click—the most natural thing, as well as the most tactless, the stupidest and the worst. I know, because I tried it.

He just stood a long, long time, his eyes wandering all over and his hands twisting and his face so pitiful that I felt as though I'd hit him below the belt, and was doing it again and again. Then, with an awful effort, he said "Ned Lane," and he smiled that smile he'd taught himself, and I've never seen anything like it in my life. It went right through me to my marrow. No, there wasn't any use trying to break that door down by hitting it with the flat of my hand. You had to get on the other side first, and then open it.

The neatest trick of the week, I must say.

They ran me ragged for the next few months, there at Governor's, so I didn't get a chance to do anything about Ned until spring. Besides that, I hadn't thought of what to do. But along about the first real spring day, when you feel a little silly and you don't know why, and things don't matter as much as they have all winter and you can't see why they should, I got an idea. I thought it was a pip. I thought it would put Ned Lane right back on his feet. If it worked.

Why did I want to do it? I don't know. I had plenty of other things to think about. But I'd made Ned my problem; I'd spent an awful lot of time on him already. Besides, it was doing something different.

THE only trouble was I couldn't do it alone, I had to have help, and that involved telling other people about it. The first person I told, of course, was Dick Mead.

I didn't know how he was going to take it. I knew he was interested in Ned too, but he'd told me before to let well enough alone. I thought that was the angle he'd take with me—the poor bloke's happy, let him stay that way. I didn't expect him to say what he did. He said, "You're nuts. It's playing with fire."

"Why?" I said.

"Didn't I tell you how the Governor felt about him? He'd be wild if he heard."

"But he won't hear," I said. Dick raised one eyebrow. It was a trick he had—very insulting.

"How long have you been here?" he said. "Six months? And you think you can pull a monkey-shine like that without the Governor hearing?"

"It's not a monkey-shine," I said, "it's a scientific experiment. Applied Psychology. And I don't mind telling the Governor so myself. And besides," I added, "the Governor's away."

Dick began to grin. "All right," he said, "I'll help you. And I'll get more help for you. There are a couple of nurses I've intimidated; we'll ring them in on it."

It was the next afternoon. We had a "patient" in a room on the fourth floor, her head all wrapped up in bandages. We had a nurse on the left side of the bed, wrapping the sphygmomanometer around the left arm. On the right side I was attaching a Murphy Drip, and Dick Mead was checking her respiration. We were as pretty a picture of The Hospital at Work as I've ever seen. We might have been a still from a movie.

We should have been a still. By that I mean that when we started talking we spoiled it just a little.

"No doubt about it," Dick said. "Post-Operative Shock all right." His voice was about ten tones too loud and as convincing as a shark's smile. To make it worse, the minute he finished speaking we all whipped

around to look at the audience.

The audience was over by the window, trying to get it up, his broom leaning against the wall. Dick had called him in from where he was sweeping the hall and asked him to open the window—we needed air. It wouldn't seem to open. Possibly because Dick had nailed it shut.

Well, we all swung around, in spite of ourselves, and looked at him. That spoils it, I thought, that finishes it. What a bunch of hams. But he didn't even notice us, he didn't even look up.

"Shock, all right," Dick said, even louder than before, and the nurse got the giggles. She began to cough and Dick and I both began to talk to cover it up. A regular symphony. I almost got the giggles myself. We were all so busy trying not to laugh that we didn't even see Ned start for the door until he was there.

"Ned!" Dick yelled. "Where are you going?"

"Carpenter," Ned said dreamily. "Can't get it up. Call the carpenter."

"He's out for the afternoon," Dick said. "Please do it yourself, Ned. Come on back and try again." Ned look unconvinced. "Golly, I'm hot," Dick said. "Patient needs air, too." Considering that we had, among the other equipment we'd stacked up, a tank of oxygen, I thought that wasn't very convincing. But it convinced Ned. He wandered back to the window and started working on it again. Then, seeing how close we were to losing our audience, we really went into our lines, and I must say we did a job on them. Zanuck would have hired us on the spot.

"Temperature?" I said to the nurse.

"Temperature 97.2."

"Was?"

"Was 97.8 half an hour ago."

Ned Lane turned around from the window and looked at us.

"Blood pressure?" I said. We were sort of singing our lines, like a rondo.

"Blood pressure 120 over 65."

"Was?"

"Was 145 over 70."

We were good, I must say.

"Respiration?" I said to Dick.

"Respiration very shallow," Dick said. He'd forgotten his lines but it didn't matter. Ned Lane had left the window, he moved half way across the room, towards the bed.

"Pulse?" I said.

"Oh-oh," said Dick Mead. That was the wrong answer altogether, and I looked up. The Governor himself had just opened the door and walked in the room.

"Good morning, Dr. Murdock," I said. Little Willie Innocence himself.

"It's afternoon," said Dr. Murdock. "I didn't know there was a case in here. I didn't see it on the admittance sheets, either. You ought to watch those things, Doctor. Regulations. Important."

I was, in a fuzzy sort of way, prepared for this. "It's an inside case," I said glibly. "One of the nurses. Blood pressure, nurse?"

"110 over 65," said the nurse faintly.

"Which one?" said Dr. Murdock. "Mary Painter," I said.

"Mary Painter!" said the Governor. "But there's nothing the matter with Mary Painter!"

The patient twitched. "I'm afraid there is," I said, with what I still think was considerable dignity. "I'm afraid there's something serious the matter. A sterilizer exploded. Steam burns. And now Shock."

All the while I was saying it, I was afraid that wasn't what I was saying at all. I was afraid I was saying the things that were in my mind. They weren't exactly original, but they were the best thinking I could do for the time being. I might as well be hung for a sheep, I was thinking, as for a lamb, anyway it's too late now, I've burned my bridges, I can't change horses in the middle of the stream—that was the kind of thinking I was doing. But running underneath it was just one thought, and it was an awful one—Oh Lord, why did I get myself into this mess! What's going to get me out of it!

"A sterilizer exploded!" Dr. Murdock said. "In my own hospital, and nobody tells me! One of my nurses is burned and nobody tells me! Not even down on the sheets!" And then he exploded. Did you ever see a man explode? A pretty sight. Especially if he weighs two hundred pounds and think's he's the Almighty. It seemed to me it took about five minutes before he quieted down again. I don't suppose it did. I wasn't paying much attention, as a matter of fact, because all the while underneath I was busy thinking: for this I worked my way through college and borrowed the money for Med school, for this I've been working since I was ten years old—to get kicked out for a fool idea.

When he finished talking I knew I had to say something. I thought I'd better make it good. "Dr. Murdock," I said, and you could have chopped ice with my voice, "when I've finished taking care of this case, I'll be delighted to explain it to you. Right now I'm afraid I'll just have to ask you to leave me alone."

A man can't explode twice. Not in such rapid succession. Otherwise he would have. As it was he just stood looking at me, and I thought I could see what he was thinking. His eyes went from anger to bewilderment and back to anger and ended up narrow, crafty, cold. I thought he was thinking, as I was, in proverbs. Give a man enough rope, he was thinking, and he'll hang himself. All right, you young fool, have a bit more rope.

"Very well, Doctor," he said coldly. "I'll be very happy to let you handle the case. You won't mind, I'm sure, if I watch you."

"I won't mind," I said, and turned my back on him. "Blood pressure, nurse?"

"110 over 65," she said. She had her lines mixed, too.

"Going down fast," I said, because

that was my next line and I was too rattled to think up a new one. "Temperature?"

"97."

"What have you done so far?" I thought it was the Governor, the voice was so brisk. It wasn't. It was Ned Lane.

My heart jumped so hard I could hardly answer him. This was something I'd cooked up to save Ned, if it worked. Only it had to work now, to save me.

"Oxygen," I said. "We've applied heat, we've given a transfusion. Is there anything else?"

Behind me, the Governor was breathing hard, but he didn't say anything. I'll have to say that for him; he was a sport.

"Is there anything else?" I repeated. And I added, very clearly, "Doctor Neale?"

That was Ned's cue to say "Desoxycorticosterone." That is not a reasonable thing to expect of any man. Ned did not say it. He just stood and looked at the patient. His face hurt me.

I nudged him, mentally, as I would have nudged him physically, only harder. I knew it would hurt. Because any assault on Ned's closed door hurt.

"I thought of desoxycorticosterone," I said, and I picked up an ampule and held it in the palm of my hand, as though I didn't know what to do with it and for two cents would drop it. "But I don't know much about it, and I don't know how it should be given. And right after the transfusion, I don't know if it's safe, and anyway I don't know how much—"

"Nonsense," Ned Lane said. "It's perfectly safe, even after the transfusion." He took the ampule from my hand, cracked it open with an experienced snap. The nurse got up quietly and handed him a hypo. He filled it while she swabbed the patient's arm and set a clamp above the elbow.

"The transfusion makes no difference," he said, and drove the needle home, into the swelling vein. He was talking as he worked, like a teacher explaining. "This will do it," he said. "Secretion of the cortex of the adrenal glands. I worked on this myself, you know. Developed it. It's so simple, and it means so much. Watch her blood pressure now. Respiration's better already."

He stood aside, one hand on the patient's wrist, while the nurse took the blood pressure. "125 over 80," she said in a muffled voice.

"See?" said Ned Lane. "Temperature?"

"97.5," said the nurse.

"Like magic," said Ned Lane. "Like magic, isn't it? Many lives can be saved when this is put in general use. And yet for the lack of this—in this simple thing—lives were lost—in experimental stages—lives were lost—"

His voice was like a victrola running down; it stuck suddenly, and he could say no more. He looked

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around us, and his eyes were pitiful. "Respiration?" I said shortly. "And what is her pulse, Dr. Neale?" His eyes stopped wandering; his hand tightened on the patient's wrist. The minute while he counted lasted forever. When he straightened up he smiled; his eyes were alive; his voice was assured and quiet.

"Normal," he said. "Like magic, isn't it?"

And he fainted dead away. I think I could have, too. Only I didn't. The patient jumped up off the bed, the nurse ran around from the other side, and Dick and I lifted him up onto the bed. The patient was unwrapping the bandages from her head; she said, "Like magic, all right. I'm suffocated."

"By the time he comes to," I said, "get those clothes off him and out of here. Call him Dr. Neale. Put a note on his bed-table addressed to Dr. Dennis Neale. And for God's sake hide that broom!"

"You can count on us," said Mary Painter, and grinned.

I turned around. The Governor was standing by the door.

"I'd like to see you in my office, Doctor," he said, and walked out.

He was sitting at his desk with his back to the light when I went in; I couldn't tell from his voice what he was thinking. His elbow was on the arm of his chair and his hand was shielding his eyes, as though he didn't want me to see.

"For what you have just done," he said, "I should ask for your dismissal. If it had failed, I should certainly do so. The fact that it succeeded should make no difference."

I took a breath. I figured it might be the last one I'd feel like taking for a while.

"Unfortunately," Dr. Murdock

said, "I'm only human. It does make a difference."

I was getting used to the light; I could see that he was smiling. But he was still hiding his eyes.

"You have gone to a lot of trouble," he said. "Your idea was psychologically sound. Best of all, it worked." He hesitated. "I suppose you think you know all about the case, don't you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said modestly.

"You don't," he said. "You don't know, do you, that I've known all along who Ned Lane was?"

I jumped.

"I've known for seven years," Dr. Murdock said. "I would be more severe with you except for one thing. You've succeeded in doing what I've been trying to do for seven years." He took his hand down then, and I could see his eyes. They frightened me; I never thought the Governor could look like that. "I never got an idea like yours," he said. "I guess I was too close to the case to get new ideas." He hesitated, he looked at me, he went on, very softly. "You see," he said, "there was still another thing you didn't know about the case. You didn't know the name of the doctor who had operated on Mrs. Neale. Who agreed to try Neale's new treatment on her. His name was—" he looked up at me, suddenly, defiantly, "his name was Joris Murdock."

So that's sort of what I mean by getting fancy. Getting bright ideas; minding other people's business. Oh, sure, it worked out fine. I was his fair-haired child from then on. Dennis Neale went away for a long rest, and then got a good post in another hospital. No publicity; they tried to keep it dark. Yes, it worked out just fine. But ye gods, suppose it hadn't!

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 23)

to camp. Do you suppose they'll be expecting us to come in, too?"

"Look, Bill," I replied. "Would it make you feel any better to know that I've a pint in that rucksack?"

"I'll have something for you to eat in a jiffy," he answered, brightening. "There's no sense going all the way back to camp with all those lobsters and... er... stuff."

Fifteen minutes later potatoes were browning in the pan over a hot little camp fire; six lobsters were ranked on a convenient rock, all neatly split and the claws cracked; a fire-blackened tea billy was steaming and two hungry Canada jays were making bold raids on a stack of sliced homemade bread.

"Do you want your snort now, or after lunch," I asked, pouring a generous splash of liquor into a tin cup.

"I'll take mine now, if you don't mind," he answered. "No sense putting off in the future what you can attend to in the present."

"Okay, then," I replied, "why don't you tell me how you got that shin-

er? I'll get the story eventually. Charley'll probably tell me about it tonight. I know it was some sort of free-for-all battle; I heard a Mountie talking about it last night over at the Post Office."

"Oh," replied Bill, "it wasn't much of a fight. Nobody was really mad, or anything."

"Then how was it Doc Witters had to drive up from town to patch up all those people? And how come all those fines in court Monday morning?"

"It didn't amount to a thing," Bill protested, "just a little shindy at a Saturday night basket social and dance. A furriner got fresh, that's all."

"A foreigner?"

"Yeah, the guy lives down the road about 20 miles. He didn't have any business in these parts." Bill scooped another load of potatoes from the frying pan and topped this helping with a lobster before continuing.

"It all started when this guy ups and swats my sister-in-law across

the fanny as she walked over to speak to some friends in the hall."

"What did he do that for?"

"Guess he just felt good. Besides, Betty's sort of . . . er . . ."

"You mean provocative?"

"I guess you'd call it that," he answered. "Anyway, she sassed him and he fetched her another slap across the mouth."

"What?" I exclaimed. "You mean to say that guy hit your sister-in-law in the mouth?"

He nodded and poured two cups of strong tea.

"Was it a hard slap?"

"No," he replied, "it wasn't what you'd call a hard slap. Course, it did loosen three of Betty's front teeth, but it wasn't what you'd call a real hard slap. The guy just felt good. You want some canned milk in your tea?"

"Yes, please," I answered. "And two sugar. Then what happened?"

"My brother Ed—you know Ed; he's Betty's husband—well, Ed he ups and socks this fellow, then somebody smacked Ed. Seems this guy had a few friends, but not many. First thing I knew somebody patted me one and I started swinging."

"You started to fight one of the guy's friends, eh?"

"Hell, no!" Bill replied. "I wasn't fighting anyone in particular; you just knocked down any guy that came handy. It wasn't a private fight; everybody joined in. Especially when someone turned off the lights."

"How could you see to fight in the dark hall?"

"We couldn't," answered Bill, "so after a while we all went outside. But that didn't work out so good because the kids and women began to throw rocks. What with dodging fists, rocks and a few odd clubs, things got kinda lively out there. Do you want canned peaches for dessert or can you eat another lobster?"

"Let's finish the lobsters and eat the peaches this afternoon," I answered. "How did the battle end up?"

"Somebody put in a call to town and a pair of Mounties came out and broke things up," Bill replied. "They

took names and some of us had to show up in court yesterday morning. A lot of bother over nothing at all."

"But who gave you the black eye?"

"I think Ed did, or maybe it was Betty."

"What!"

"Yeah," replied Bill, "it was either one or the other. Betty said it would learn me to mind my own business after this and not mix up in her affairs."

The scrape of a beached canoe brought us both to our feet, and 50 yards below Charley and Mr. Farrell stepped ashore. Charley grinned as he raised a sizable salmon for our inspection.

"Can you top this one for size," he asked Bill, "or do you pay me a quarter for the morning's biggest fish?"

Bill fumbled in his pocket for a moment and finally produced a well-worn quarter.

"You win," he replied, flipping the quarter to his friend. "All my sport wants to do is eat, pitch horseshoes around camp, and pry into other people's private affairs. I wish I could get me a party who'd come up here and fish instead of chewing the rag all day."

"Why, Bill!" exclaimed Mr. Farrell, noticing the guide's shiner for the first time, "you've got a black eye! How did you get that?"

"At a basket social and dance," I replied. "It wasn't a real fight; just a little misunderstanding. One guy got his jaw broken and another required a minor operation—I think Doc Witters took seventeen stitches in his scalp. Somebody else got knocked off the hall porch and broke an arm. Smashed noses and black eyes were a dime a dozen, and so were missing teeth. At least, that's what I heard a Mountie tell the postmaster."

"But how did the riot start?" queried the astonished Mr. Farrell.

"I tell you it wasn't no riot," protested Bill. "Nobody was mad; we were just feeling good. Come on, let's finish this meal and get back to fishin'. I never met so many nosey guys before in my life!"

Your Dog

(Continued from page 22)

amiability of their handsome purps.

Mrs. Y. L. F. of Tacoma, Washington, asks how old a child should be before she gets a dog for it. In this I hold decided beliefs, entirely out of line with some kennel people and many dog owners, but I have what I think is good reason for thinking as I do. In writing to this lady I said that it seemed inadvisable to get a very young puppy for a youngster less than 12 years old. An older dog, say one about five or six months old, can better take care of itself if it is one of the larger breeds. But if anything of terrier size or less is chosen then the dog should be selected when about nine months old. Now the rea-

son for this is, I've seen too many otherwise perfectly normal, fine children maul a young pup when the grown-ups weren't looking and some pooches do have one tough time under such conditions.

Mr. J. A. H. of Milford, Pa., sends a couple of circulars regarding what undoubtedly is a mighty effective worming preparation that he puts out. He asks if I can't give it a plug in this Magazine. I wrote to Brother H. to say that unfortunately I couldn't, as this would raise merry hell for *The Elks Magazine* advertising department. Every manufacturer of a dog food or any other dog product in the country would want the

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This Different Dog Book tells how best to raise, train, housebreak puppies; how to give indoor dogs more pep, longer life. Money-saving diets.

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TO ALL MEMBERS

If you have changed your address please promptly notify The Elks Magazine or your Lodge Secretary, as a recent Congressional Enactment obliges postmasters to charge publishers additional postage.



THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR

Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp and see the difference, feel the results. Let Vitabrush, the new electric driven scalp brush, answer your hair worries in a sensible, positive way. 5000 stimulating, vitalizing strokes per minute. Use Vitabrush only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Recommended by scalp authorities. Available in several models. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information including details of special money-back trial offer. HERSHEY MFG. CO., 137 So. LaSalle, Chicago

same privilege whether members of the Order or not and you, my reader, can well imagine what would happen if they were turned down after seeing another product mentioned.

Mrs. L. S. H. of Montrose, N. Y., has one of those garbage hounds and wants to know what to do about it. There's nothing unusual about this as for some strange reason dogs that are particularly well fed at home will insist on foraging for eatables in the neighbor's kitchen leftovers. The only remedy here is to keep the dog confined in the back yard on a wire trolley. This apparatus can be rigged in a few minutes by stretching a heavy wire between two posts or trees, running

this through a loose ring to which can be attached the dog's collar. This keeps Towser confined but at the same time allows him plenty of running room right where he should run—in his own bailiwick. Due to these garbage forays Mrs. H's dog is getting plenty plump and so I prescribed something of a reducing diet.

This consisted in the complete elimination of all starchy foods and sweets. No potatoes. No beans and for a while nothing but canned or packaged dog food or raw food, either to be fed sparingly. Long, brisk walks were advised. (This will probably be healthful for the owner, too.)

M. G. of Brooklyn has a common complaint and that is that her dog sheds too much. Well, there isn't a lot that can be done about that. This reader didn't name the dog's diet so I couldn't tell whether *that* was to blame. I did recommend a daily brushing and combing, with the dog standing on several sheets of newspaper to catch the combings which will fall.



"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.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

broadcasted from the lodge room over the Mutual Broadcasting System. Mr. Prather introduced the speaker. An informal reception was held at 10:30. An interesting feature of the social session was the winning of a prize by the Grand Exalted Ruler, presented by the Elks' Ladies Bowling League.

Mr. Buch and Col. Kelly left the next morning for Bedford, Va., for a visit to the Elks National Home. They planned to visit a number of lodges en route, including those at Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Harrisonburg and Roanoke, Va.

ATLANTA, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, in cooperation with Decatur Lodge No. 1602, East Point Lodge No. 1617 and Buckhead Lodge No. 1635 initiated the "John S. McClelland Class" in the Ansley Rainbow Room on Monday, March 10. The lodges were honored by the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler who came to Atlanta especially for the occasion. Eighty-five candidates were initiated for Atlanta Lodge, 78 for East Point, 28 for Buckhead and 15 for Decatur. Other dignitaries of the Order who attended were Col. Kelly, D.D.'s Roderick M. McDuffie, East Point, and Dr. W. C. McGeary, Athens, past and present officers of the Ga. State Elks Assn. including Vice-Pres.'s C. McNeill Leach, E.R. of East Point Lodge, W. Wayne Hinson, E.R., Waycross, and Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, E.R.'s Young H. Fraser, Decatur, Dr. M. T. Summerline, Athens, and Hoke Barron, Buckhead, and a large number of officers and members of other Georgia lodges and many from Alabama. All of the candidates were given specially designed tags to wear bearing a picture of Past Grand Trustee McClelland in whose honor the class was initiated. A large photograph of the Grand Exalted Ruler hung in the hotel lobby with a sign welcoming him to Atlanta.

Mr. Buch was royally entertained. He was welcomed informally but enthusiastically on Sunday morning, March 9, when he arrived from Greenville, S. C. On Monday morning he made a pilgrimage to West View Cemetery and placed a wreath beside the tomb of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, P.E.R. of Atlanta Lodge. From there Mr. Buch and his party drove to the City Hall, meeting Mayor Roy LeCraw; later they were received at the Capitol by Governor Eugene Talmadge. Both officials are members of No. 78. Mr. Buch visited East Point Lodge on Sunday night. Also, while in the vicinity, he visited the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home where he passed some time talking to the children and inspecting the set-up of the home which is operated under the sponsorship of the Elks. A barbecue was given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor by Wiley L. Moore, official of the Southeastern Pipe Line Company and a member of Atlanta Lodge. After the class initiation on Monday night, a dinner-dance was held for Elks and their ladies.

ON WEDNESDAY, March 12, the Grand Exalted Ruler in company with many distinguished Birmingham Elks, visited the burial place of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen and with proper ceremony placed a wreath on the grave. The events in connection with his visit to Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, will be reported in our June issue.

The party then motored to Cullman where they were met by a large delegation headed by P.E.R. George Stiefelmeyer and escorted to the home of Cullman Lodge No. 1609. A delightful luncheon was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler who made a stirring address and complimented the lodge upon the beauty of its home and the fact that there were only four delinquent members. State Senator Finis St. John,

Jr., welcomed Mr. Buch on behalf of Cullman Lodge and Mayor John A. Dunlap welcomed him on behalf of the city. Secy. Jack Moyers acted as Master of Ceremonies. After the luncheon, the party visited the famous Ave Maria Grotto and was received at St. Bernard College by the abbot.

Upon his return to Birmingham, the Grand Exalted Ruler inspected the lodge's elaborate historical collection and the newly installed and beautifully appointed lounge. The party was then entertained at the home of Dr. Elkourie.

MR. BUCH paid an official visit to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, on March 17. He was met at the city limits by a reception committee which included officers of the lodge headed by E.R. Frank B. Carmichael, Mayor Lewis E. Moore, P.E.R.'s Arthur C. O'Hea, P.D.D., H. S. Becker, Police Chief, and Maj. Thomas B. Manuel, and Police Sergeant George B. Hanna with a police escort. Following a motor tour of various points of interest, the party proceeded to the Governor's Club Hotel where a banquet was held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and other distinguished guests. The Joseph G. Buch Class of 36 candidates was initiated at the evening meeting which took place at the Masonic Temple and was attended by a large turnout of local members and delegations from nearby lodges at Miami, Lake Worth, Miami Beach, Fort Pierce, West Palm Beach and New Smyrna. At the conclusion of his address on Americanism and the activities of Elks in general, Mr. Buch complimented members of the Florida lodges for their consistent welfare work including maintenance of the Elks' hospital for crippled children and summer camps for boys. He also praised Fort Lauderdale Lodge in particular for the purchase of clothing for 160 underprivileged children.

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SOLDIER!"



DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

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