



THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1942



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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

HELLO, AMERICANS!

Meet Mr. 1942. It would be a good idea to become well acquainted with him because he may be the most important year in your life. He's the new, streamlined year equipped with 365 shining days—days full of hope, opportunity and, perhaps, danger.

Yes, to us of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, 1942 stretches ahead as a year in which great deeds will be accomplished in the brotherly enterprises of our great Fraternity, even as history is being written in blood on the battlefields of the world.

And as your Grand Exalted Ruler I pledge anew my best efforts of heart and mind and spirit to so guide the affairs of our Brotherhood that 1942 may be looked back upon as a period when free men in a free country went about the joyful business of living and letting live with high resolve and determined purpose, even though there was tumult in the world and at times the path was obscured by uncertainty and doubt.

During the many years I have been a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and the few months I have been your Grand Exalted Ruler, I have learned much of the men who form our vast membership and have come to know they can be counted on in fair weather and foul. Elks are not "fair weather" men. They are sound, solid Americans who can be depended on no matter what the urgency of the moment or the temper of the times.

At Philadelphia I gave to the membership my program. I have spent the past five and a half months trying to make that program effectual. The words of encouragement which I have received from many officers and members throughout the breadth and length of this great country of ours is most heartening, indicating that this year will go down in the annals of the history of our Order as one of Elkdom's greatest years for service to humanity and to our country, and will be reflected in a most reassuring and steady growth of the Order.

This is the time of year for stock taking and record checking. I call upon every Elk, whatever his rank may be, to assist in taking stock of ourselves. After all, my

Brothers, it is your Order, your lodges and your country. Let every Elk ask himself these questions, upon the threshold of this new year:

Has my lodge taken every possible step to protect American freedom, in full cooperation with the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission?

Has it erected the patriotic road signs, appealing for highway safety and the defense of my country?

Has it conducted a round-up of delinquent members?

Have the officers of my lodge memorized the ritual?

Has my lodge improved the management and physical property of its home, in every possible manner?

Has my lodge an active, constructive welfare program?

Did my lodge initiate a "I AM AN AMERICAN" class?

Does my lodge have attractive and clean social programs during the year?

Has my lodge invested surplus funds in United States Defense Bonds?

If your answers to all of these questions are not "Yes," then, my Brother, pitch in today and tonight and join that great horde of loyal and patriotic members of our Order in seeing to it that every lodge is in a position to render the necessary service to the relief of humanity, in the community in which it is located, and the protection of American freedom.

I sincerely hope that 1942 will be a year in which you receive the utmost good from your Elk membership. But remember this—what you receive from our Brotherhood will be in direct proportion to what you put into it. Give the best that is in you and the best will come back to you tenfold.

So, for 1942 I wish every member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks that happiness and prosperity he so richly deserves.

John S. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER



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

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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A Money-Making Opportunity

for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR

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

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

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

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

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

Not a "Gadget"—
Not a "Knick-Knack"—

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

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

Some of the Savings
You Can Show

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

Profits Typical of
the Young, Growing Industry

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

This Business Has
Nothing to Do With
House to House Canvassing

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

EARNINGS

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

No Money Need Be Risked

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

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In Order for Jeb Stuart to
Wear the Kilt, Dead Men
Walked in the Night . . .



Illustrated by
RONALD McLEOD

LEUTENANT COLONEL SIR OSSIAN MACRAE was the proudest officer in the British Army as he cantered from the orderly room to review his newly equipped unit on a day in the war-wild autumn of 1914. And he had good reason to be proud, since waiting on his parade ground in close mass stood the finest kilted battalion in Scotland. By every standard of the Highland troops it was the finest. Because it was the purest.

He had raised it himself from his own country; true Scotsmen, all—from the gillies, stalkers and shepherds of Western Ross, from the tall dark Lewismen of the Long Island. There was not a private in the Tenth Seafortths who claimed English as his mother tongue, not a Lowlander

from one end of the muster-roll to the other.

Yet there was one warrior in the Tenth who did not spring from the crimson hills around it. And that was Black Donald, the big thoroughbred upon which Sir Ossian rode to the review. He was a magnificent charger, newly arrived from England, and Sir Ossian made a brave showing in black boots, tartan breeches and plumed Balmoral as Black Donald carried him on to the parade ground with easy, swinging strides.

There was the triple crash of a *present arms* to greet them. And then the slow swing of a Highland *slope*, followed by the flash of white hands across khaki tunics. The adju-

tant reported, and Sir Ossian returned his salute.

"Major MacKenzie," he bellowed. The second in command came up from the rear. "Take over!" A gloved hand rose and fell. "*Retire from the right and march past in column!*"

As Sir Ossian moved off toward his saluting base in the shadow of the flagpole, the battalion commenced to break from mass and swing down flank to the rear. The band disengaged and moved at a short quick-step—with trailing drum-slugs—to take station on the far side of the parade ground. A crowd of civilian spectators, behind high spearheaded pailings at the roadside, grew tense as the big

moment approached.

Sir Ossian sat erect on his black charger. In the distance Major MacKenzie's claymore flashed. "*The battalion will advance in column of companies!*" Small boys among the spectators squeezed their faces between the iron railings. "*By the right! Forward—march!*"

Boom! Boom! sounded the big drum, and A Company stepped out.

A hundred-and-twenty white sporrans danced. There was a flash of scarlet garter-knots along the line, a rifle of swinging blue tartans, and the impelled blaze of bayonets overhead.

But that was all Sir Ossian MacRae saw of the march past. For on the next beat of the cadence the pipes of the Tenth broke into the wild eagle-scream that opens the war-pibroch of the MacKenzie clan. Black Donald had stood fast among the banging, flashing muzzles of the field guns and amid the massed brasses of the Guards Brigade, but this variety of frightfulness was be-

the band. It was the last place on earth he wanted to go; but with his head down he could see nothing in front of him.

The advancing Tenth wavered. The pipes and drums ran in every direction as Black Donald crashed through them toward the palings beyond. Sir Ossian was late in realizing his danger; the horse's head came up just two strides from the spear-pointed pickets, and he gathered himself for a mighty leap.

But a figure in oil-stained clothes and a greasy cap dropped over the barrier, caught the bridle, and forced the black into the air. For an instant the charger seemed to be going over backwards, but then dropped down to all four feet. Sir Ossian began to retrieve his claymore. It had become stuck unmarcially under his left arm like an umbrella.

"You is all right now, hoss! Dey ain't gwine blow any ob dem things no mo'."

The colonel's jaw dropped. For the hand that stroked his charger's nose

Pipe-Major MacCrimmon, Regimental-Sergeant-Major MacKay and 2nd Lieutenant Ian MacIvor arrived at the double. They looked at the negro with apprehension on their faces.

"That tears it," said the subaltern. "I'm fearing ye'll be right, sir," said the R.S.M. And he was.

"**AH**' AIN'T wantin' none o' dem bills, Cun'l. Ah'se wantin' to jine up wid dis heah outfit. Das all Ah'se wantin', Cun'l, suh."

It was the following afternoon, and Sir Ossian looked from the bank notes on his table to the reproachful black face across it.

"Now look here, my man; you've been making an infernal nuisance of yourself by trying to enlist in this battalion every time you've been able to dodge the quarter guard. And you've been told a dozen times that it is absolutely impossible for anyone of your race to appear in the ranks of a kilted regiment." He coughed apologetically. "I hope you understand it's because you are not a Highlander—and not because you happen to be a negro!"

"I'll try to explain it to you," he said dubiously. "A long time ago there was a king of this country who was driven out by the English. The kilted men fought bravely for him but were beaten, because they were few and his enemies were many. . . Do you follow me?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, years afterwards, the British Government wanted to increase the army and tried to get the kilted men to enlist as soldiers. But they would fight for no one except the chiefs of their own clans. . . By the way, do you know what a clan is?"

"Ah sho' do, Cun'l—and de burnin' cross, too."

Sir Ossian was astonished but continued. He would have been more so by the Klan the negro had in mind.

"Very well. As I told you it happened a very long time ago. But ever since then recruiting for the kilted regiments has been restricted to the Highlands, or to those with the names of the clans from which the regiments were raised." Sir Ossian felt relieved. Even a negro could see the force of his position.

"You is meanin' Ah ain't got de right kind o' name fur dis heah outfit, Cun'il?"

"Well, frankly, I should be surprised if you had. What does it happen to be?"

"Dey calls me Jeb mostly, Cun'l. But mah name's Stooert. James Stooert."

The regimental-sergeant-major dropped his ball-topped stick with a crash.

"My God!" gasped Sir Ossian, in an ignorance of history, "where did you get that name?"

"Ma pappy dun give it to me. He dun git it offen his pappy. Lots of folks roun' Ca'tah's Mill in Virginny's got dis hyah name."

Sir Ossian shook his head. "That is a name which can never disqualify

The BLACK STUART

By Mark Seven

yond his nerve. He half-reared and bounded into the air from a standstill. As he landed Sir Ossian caught him on the curb, spun him around and pulled his head down between his knees. There was no holding the terrified thoroughbred, however; he tore over the parade ground across the front of the battalion straight at

was black as the horse's coat, and under a greasy cap shone a row of gleaming white teeth in the jet face of an American negro.

"Great God!" said Sir Ossian. "You!"

"Yes, suh! Dat sho ain't no way to ride no hoss, Cun'l, wid de haid way down 'tween de laigs. No su-h!"

you here," he said. "It was the name of our king."

"Dey ain't no kings Ah's kin wid, Cun'l," admitted the negro.

Sir Ossian winced. "You've told us you deserted from an American oil tanker at Invergordon. Why did you leave the ship?"

"Ah dun leave de ship to jine up wid dis hyah outfit."

"But why this particular regiment?"

"Ah ain't sayin' fo' sho', Cun'l, 'less maybe hit wuz 'count o' de clothes you all is wearin'."

"I see," said Sir Ossian. "Well, that may make a difference to you in what I am going to say. Because of the circumstances, I shall accept the responsibility of taking you into the battalion's transport section. The job will be to look after horses. I know you can do it well."

"Yes, suh."

"But as a private of transport you will wear breeches at all times. Never the kilt! You will, however, wear the rest of the regimental uniform. That is the best I can offer—if you wish to enlist on such a basis."

"Ah'se gwine jine up wid dis hyah outfit fo' sho', Cun'l. Doan Ah gits one o' dem li'l sku'ts wid de brush in front, nohow?"

Sir Ossian shook his head gravely. "Dead men would walk in the night if you did," he said.

The negro started. "Ah ain't aimin' to sta't no ha'nts roun' me," he protested.

"Then, see to him, sergeant-major," said Sir Ossian.

And so the first and last black Highlander took the king's shilling.

IT WAS a great shock to the battalion. The rank and file voiced the real objection: What would the other Highland regiments have to say about it? And they knew the answer to that question only too well.

The Tenth never regarded "Blackie" as any part of itself until an event occurred which almost destroyed Pipe-Major MacCrimmon's reason. That worthy was walking across the depot with the R.S.M. when the strains of *The Barren Rocks of Aden* sounded on the evening air. "Yon's a sweet note, MacKay," he observed, "a verra sweet note indeed. Who'll it be is playin' the now?" So they set out in pursuit of the music and discovered Blackie skirling lustily on a full set of pipes in Black Donald's stall, while the big charger stood by and munched his oats with critical interest.

"Man!" gurgled MacCrimmon to the Sergeant-Major. "I'm fair scunnered. One black deil playing to another—an' on my own pipes!"

Thenceforward the negro, though he knew it not, went mantled in the aura of the sacred guild. For among the clans, even in wildest battle, the person of a piper was inviolate.

But no sooner was the Tenth brigaded and moved to a divisional training area than the trouble commenced. It began at the boxing competitions shortly after their arrival,

with representatives from every unit in the new formed Scottish division on the benches of the big riding hall. The heavyweight champion of the Army climbed into the ring and threw a glove at the feet of the officer commanding the 44th Brigade. As the remainder of the 15th Division was made up of Lowland troops, it was a deliberate defiance to the tartan.

General Graham arose from his seat by the ropes and looked around the arena. "Bombardier Brown of the Garrison Artillery challenges the Highland Brigade!" The Lowland regiments cheered. "Who'll take him on?" he asked, raising the glove above his head. Silence greeted his question.

Sir Ossian leaned forward and tapped his physical training officer on the shoulder anxiously. "Have we...?"

"No one at the weight who could last a round, sir."

The Lowland brigades began to jeer and cat-call. "Ye maun dance the fling but ye maunna ficht, ye Hieland boors" shouted a Scottish Rifle.

Many a public house between Hong Kong and Halifax has been wrecked for less than that. Instantly officers were on their feet all over the hall. "Sit down, Gordons! None of it, Camerons! Order, Black Watch!"

When silence had been restored the Brigadier again raised the glove.

And from the outer darkness a glengarry with trailing ribbons sailed silently into the cone of light above the ring, to fall with a thud on the canvas. On the Highland bonnet shone the stag-head crest of MacKenzie, Earl of Seaforth. A roar went up, like the roar of the clans at Killiecrankie.

Somewhere beyond the lights a burly figure was clambering down banked benches, cursing and wrestling itself out of a tunic. In the center of the ring the champion stood waiting with disdainful assurance. But his jaw dropped in astonishment—and the howl of the 44th Brigade snuffed out into shocked silence—as a black man rose into view, shook his fist in the Bombardier's face, and shouted, "Dey's ain't no Sassenach gits away wid dat front o' us Seafo'ths!"

Then a howl of laughter rose from two brigades and three battalions. The negro thought it was meant for him and grew cold with rage. His mind went back to other rings for an instant. Let them laugh now; he'd show them something before he got through; he'd show the big Sassenach palooka across the ring plenty.

Poor Blackie! How could he know he had crucified his beloved regiment? From that moment the Tenth was "Uncle Tom's Own" to His Majesty's entire Service.

"So you ran out of cockneys?" enquired the Camerons.

"And the colonel will be Irish, too?" suggested the Gordons.

The Seaforths sat in silence. There

had been nothing like this since Cumberland and Culloden. But fortunately they did not have to endure the humiliation for long. The battalion slunk silently back to barracks after a heavyweight champion of the British Army had been knocked cold in the third round.

Their period of divisional training was an unhappy one. It was a genuine relief when orders arrived to embark for France.

THE few weeks of trench duty which the Tenth spent in a quiet sector south of the Ypres Salient were among the most pleasant days of Blackie's life. Each afternoon he rode beside the transport officer at the head of a little column that brought the battalion's rations to a dump in the reserve trench system.

The first signs of impending storm came from the rear, when the crack divisions of the regular British army and the lordly battalions of His Majesty's Guards began to march into the Corps area. This was distinguished company for the unproven Scots. It was no surprise when orders came for a major offensive. There was a last high wassail in the messes and an air of electric anticipation as the Tenth moved into the line to take station for the assault.

But Blackie did not share the enthusiasm. The brigade's transport had been combined into a column which would follow up the offensive with reserves of ammunition. He knew he was no better than a "non-combatant". All he was allowed to do was to escort mule loads of explosives through the German shell curtain for forty-eight successive hours.

AN OBERST of the German general staff dropped slung field glasses against his tunic with a contemptuous gesture toward the Commander of a redoubt.

It was sunset on the twenty-fourth of September, 1915, and he was standing on the crest of Hill 70 in the *La Basse-Lens* Sector, about three and a half miles from the English front line. A downward mile to the northwest lay the fortified town of Loos. Beyond stretched a baked, grey countryside through which triple systems of German trenches showed clearly, supported by strong-points in buildings, pits and woods. Southward was the city of Lens.

"*Alle kaput!*" The artillery bombardment had destroyed the wire only at a few scattered points. The battery positions were intact. The reserves had protected avenues of approach to the sector. And the *Englander* was going to attack at 6:30 on the following morning.

They're all dead already! The oberst's snort of contempt was a professional one. *Herr Gott!* what sort of general was going to send infantry against this front? The oberst felt almost indignant that he should have to play a part in anything so childish. And the oberst

(Continued on page 37)



An enormous figure sham-
bled through the wire,
loomed up in a giant sil-
houette on the parapet.

Insure Your freedom

I WANT
TO BE AN
E-MAN



Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, our unalienable rights,
are worth any sacrifice.

by an American

TOMORROW I'm going down to the post office and join up as an E-man.

I have been living in these United States for thirty years. I've never been outside this country. I call myself an American.

I call myself an American but not just because I was born here. I know I'm one because of what happens inside me when I see our Flag—my Flag—on the screen at the movies, and when I see my Navy lined up at sea in the newsreels. I know it because of the way I tighten up all over when I hear some foreigner on a soapbox say this country is run by self-seeking politicians and capitalists who want to exploit me.

I know who runs this country. I do. Anytime I've got a reason I can crack down on anybody from President Roosevelt to the cop on the corner. When I'm satisfied I can relax and let them do their jobs.

Mary is my wife and we have two children. I was worried when the draft came. We've saved up a little money but a year in training would have cost us all of it—just when I was beginning to click at the office, too. Mary and I prayed our thanks the night I got my classification card from the draft board. I was in 3-A.

But a lot of fellows I know went right in as volunteers—fellows not married, maybe, but just as ambitious as I am. The office gave me a temporary promotion because my supervisor volunteered. Certainly I'm going to make the most of it. Wouldn't you? I'm a go-getter—that's being American.

But it isn't being enough of an American. Not today it isn't. That's why I'm going to be an E-man.

We talked it all over last night, Mary and I. Tried to figure out what we wanted most in the world. Know what it was? Not money or love or the children or even one another. It was not to be scared. We decided that most of all we didn't want to be

always afraid because when you've got fear in your heart nothing can be good. And, you know, I think we did a real job in figuring that out because neither Mary nor I know what real fear is. We're Americans and Americans aren't scared of anything. We're healthy and educated and we can say what we think and succeed if we will. For our kind of a world we're all set.

But what's happening to our world? Three-fourths of it has gone killing mad with the horror of fear. Some people say it can't touch Mary and me here in America. Some say we will be right in the thick of it in a matter of weeks. I don't know. But I do know this: if we have guts enough and if we are strong enough even the maddest will think twice before shooting at us. And believe me, if we do have to get into it, I want us to be strong enough so we won't get licked, or even too badly hurt.

Do you see now why I'm going to join up as an E-man?

Certainly I don't want to fight. Why should I want to kill people—to blow to pieces in a split second other men who have been twenty or twenty-five years a-growing? I don't want to destroy things it took man 6,000 years to learn to build—beautiful bridges, great ocean liners, cities of steel and stone, and above all his faith in himself. That's what fighting does.

What I want is to have my own home and plant a garden and have my neighbors as friends. I want to watch my youngsters grow up clean and intelligent and happy because they are free and safe. I want to be able to plan with Mary to build my family's future without wondering if the twisted mind of some neighbor gone berserk will destroy it all overnight. I want peace.

But if you've got to live in the same house with a mad gorilla, you had better fix it so he can't get at

you. And you better have something to hit him with if he breaks loose and makes for you. You better hit him first and hard.

Hit him with what? A bale of cotton or a sack of wheat? An iron mine or a natural resource? We've got plenty, the most of nearly everything in the world, but it's got to be processed; built into something to hit with. And that costs money. Seventy-five million dollars every work day, maybe more. Maybe thirty billion or fifty or one hundred billion. It doesn't matter how much. It's got to be done. And putting up that money is part of the job—the first part.

There are a lot of people like me in this country, millions of them—farmers, laborers, mechanics, clerks, executives—men *and* women who won't be called for the Army. We won't be spending a year or more drilling until we drop. We won't be on the firing line if there is one. But that doesn't mean we have to be out of it. We can all do what I'm going to do. We can join up as E-men.

We can put up the money that will buy the strength we need—the strength that will make us safe and our youngsters safe. We can spike down the mad, armored Goliath with tanks and guns and planes and ships—spike him down until his armor rusts away. We can build the weapons of defense with the bonds of defense—the E series in the money mobilization that enlists you and me as foot soldiers in the Dollar Division—a division that should be 130,000,000 strong.

Mary and I talked it all over. Tomorrow I'm going to the post office and invest half our savings in Defense Bonds—Series E. After that we're buying a bond a month until the job is done. That's how I'm going to be an E-man. And though it isn't all I need to do or expect to do, somehow I think it will give me a right to my claim that I am an American.



he crossed swords in 1770 had sliced off two of his fingers, Lee had promptly pistoled him to death. Not unlikely this trial would be followed by encounters on the field of honor.

Lee glowered as witnesses kept prating of orders he had disobeyed. The stupid fools! Congress had been glad enough to accept him into the American service and made him a grant of \$30,000 to indemnify him for the loss of his English estates and allow him to buy a plantation in Virginia. He had served at the siege of Boston and in the defense of Charleston where he got most of the credit, though Col. William Moultrie did the fighting. Soon Congress had made him second in command to General Washington—which was not enough. Charles Lee never doubted that he should have been given the first place over that fox-hunting Virginian, that tobacco planter who fancied himself as a soldier.

Here they were accusing him of disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief. It would not do to admit it, but that was putting it mildly. Disrespect! Why, in a private letter Charles Lee had called Washington "most damnably deficient". General Lee's every move, while serving under Washington's command, had been designed to demonstrate the truth of that opinion so that he could supplant his hated and envied rival. More than once he had nearly succeeded in wrecking the fellow's well-laid plans.

There was the time after the American defeat at the Battle of Long Island when he had avoided obeying Washington's order to join the main army with his troops. Howe almost had caught the Yankee Doodles then, and Washington only just managed to get away through New Jersey. Oh, of course Lee wanted the cause he had espoused to win, but it must be through *his* genius, with Washington defeated and humbled first so there could be no question who was the better man. Lee's plan was always to keep an independent command and thus never have to share any credit. The trouble was the dumb loyalty of subordinate officers to Washington. Like that of General Heath, for instance, to whom Lee had written: "I suppose you think that if General Washington should remove to the Straits of Magellan, nevertheless the instructions he left with you are to be followed in spite of what your superior officers might say; but I will have you understand that I command on this side of the river, and for the future I must and will be obeyed." Yet that dolt Heath had stood fast, and Washington had supported him.

Even so, the Lee schemes were developing nicely with a chance to strike the British rear on his own account, when a most unfortunate accident occurred. Having left his army in charge of Sullivan, Lee with only a small escort spent the night at a New Jersey tavern. A Tory carried the word to the nearest British post. At dawn a troop of dragoons galloped up, surrounded the house and caught General Lee in bed. Gad, what an evil turn of fate! Charles Lee's brow knitted with chagrin to remember it. The British had taunted him that he was due to be hanged as a deserter. He'd gone all to pieces and cursed and groaned, "Just as I had got the supreme command. The game is up, it is all up."

With Lee a British prisoner, somehow the Americans had done much better. They had won glorious victories at Trenton and Princeton. Meanwhile Lee was in terror of his life. George the Third was plainly eager to have this former British officer strung up on an English gallows, and the prisoner had been put on a boat, bound for execution, when that fellow Washington had saved him. He'd written Howe that he held five Hessian field-officers hostages for General Lee's safety. Since the British did not dare risk a mutiny among their German troops, Lee was reprieved and regarded as a prisoner of war.

Now the captive General descended to the blackest treachery. It would not be revealed at this court-martial. (In fact, few would learn of it until eighty years later when a paper marked "Mr. Lee's Plan—29th March, 1777" and in Lee's own handwriting was found in the library of an English country house.) Charles

Arrogant and defiant, Major-General Lee faced the court-martial. "Not guilty!" he snapped.

Lee, playing it safe, determined to save his own skin, had gone over to the enemy. He had written and turned over to Howe this secret plan containing detailed advice for the defeat of the Americans in the next campaign. Why not? he had asked himself. With himself, Charles Lee, a prisoner, the American cause was as good as lost. He must salvage all he could for himself out of the wreck.

Lee would never know that General Howe's attempt to follow this wild plan ultimately led to the British surrender at Yorktown. Nor would he ever have conceded the fact. He would have claimed that it was poorly executed and that it would have worked magnificently, had he been in command.

"The game is up," Lee had cried when he was captured. But it wasn't. There was another turn of the wheel of fortune for this soldier of fortune. An opportunity came for his exchange. The British were glad enough to turn back a man whom they could justly regard as their own secret agent. The still trustful Americans welcomed back a general who somehow still retained with them his reputation as a military genius. So Lee had joined Washington at Valley Forge and found the American hopes high again. The schemer's crafty mind saw his double chance. If the Americans should win, he might yet supplant Washington. If the British should conquer, Charles Lee had an anchor to the windward.

Then had come the Battle of Monmouth and this trial. Lee stirred restlessly in his seat. Plainly they were out to get him this time. They were bringing up their big guns as witnesses against him. Here came that sprig of a Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, whom Lee had ranked out of the honor of leading the attack by a plea to Washington. Here came the Baron von Steuben, the stiff old Prussian drillmaster who had whipped the raw Yankee troops into shape. Here was that upstart aide of Washington's, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton, and that rash swashbuckler, Mad Anthony Wayne, who had been one of Lee's brigadiers in the engagement. Their damning words of testimony, objected to at every turn by General Lee, unrolled the panorama of that torrid, sweltering day of battle.

What a chance it had offered! Sir Henry Clinton, abandoning Philadelphia, was marching to join his compatriots in New York, marching encumbered by a train of 1,500 wagons and numerous women camp followers, who were resolved never to let their redcoat friends fall into the grasp of designing New York females. Trust General Washington to seize an opportunity. He ordered an attack on Clinton's rear. Lee, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade him, asked for and obtained the leadership of the assault. Near Monmouth Court House, the Americans struck.

Fifes shrilled and drums rolled. Musketry crackled and cannon thundered. Scarlet and gold, the British columns halted and wheeled to meet the advancing blue. Clinton rushed back reinforcements, and Washington, hearing the firing, ordered his main force forward to support the attack of his van. Under a blazing, broiling sun, the sweating, gasping battle lines locked in combat. And then General Charles Lee ordered a retreat!

Was it because he believed it best only to harass the enemy's rear and not bring on a general engagement? Was it because of his often expressed belief that Americans could not stand up against British regulars? Was he unwilling, as before, for Washington to gain a success? Or was it arrant treachery? These were questions outside the province of the present court-martial. The point was whether Lee had disobeyed explicit orders when he gave word for that retreat. Officer after officer testified that he had.

How Mad Anthony Wayne had raged when his ranks reeled back, confused by Lee's order! But the Americans fought hard as they gave way. Round shot from the British cannon ploughed through them. Dragoons charged with flashing sabres. (Continued on page 46)

Lee recalled with pleasure the young Mohawk brave who had stalked and killed a French sergeant and presented his scalp to him.





John Kieran, author of "The American Sporting Scene" with pictures by Joseph W. Golinkin.

they are "salaried employes". But they do have money left over when taxes and wasteful expenses have been paid—that is, if they are careful. Dr. Rosten describes a number of typical cases. One actress who earns \$3,000 a week now, one year earned \$220,000. She paid her agent, maid, secretary and publicity man \$58,600. She paid taxes to the United States and California of \$75,100; she paid \$23,000 on her home; \$18,300 to servants, food, etc.; \$4300 for her cars. She gave away only \$1,200. With other miscellaneous expenses she had \$27,300 left to salt away at the end of the year. But an actor who earned \$134,739 saved \$58,266. Another man, who apparently did not play the horses—as many in Hollywood are supposed to do—saved \$64,256 out of earnings of \$105,554.

Eastern financial experts often have applied themselves to the problem of Hollywood's expenses, without getting anywhere. They discovered that genius and waste were closely allied. One expert said, "The men on the west coast are paid preposterous salaries because they have the kind of mad genius that's needed to put out films. The moving picture industry needs men who can understand a balance sheet and a three-ring circus."

How writers are chosen, how films are produced—against all odds; how some good films lose money and
(Continued on page 53)

WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

By Harry Hansen

HOLLYWOOD is more than the fantastic home of the movies; it is a slice of American life, a problem in American culture. It is easy to write about the glamor and spectacle of Hollywood, but to do it up brown demands an expert in social science, research assistants and a fund from the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations. These are part of the equipment Leo C. Rosten had when he began writing "Hollywood: the Movie Colony; the Movie Makers". It's different.

But, like all the other tales about this incredible land, it has us grop-

ing for support. The frankness about the money actors, producers and directors make; the stories of vast sums lost at poker or expended on horse racing; the account of the huge expense of making pictures and the risks involved—these make Dr. Rosten's book exceptional.

Hollywood's money bulks large in the imagination of the public, says Dr. Rosten, because it comes in salaries, plus bonuses; it has very little to do with income from invested funds. Hollywood's people may be getting rich, but they are not long and established property-owners;

Louis Bromfield autographing copies of his new novel "Wild is the River".



The Defense Rests

By Stanley Frank

THE night before bleak and fateful 1940 reached the end of the line it seemed the end of the world had come in Madison Square Garden. There, 17,082 people screamed insanely and incessantly while youths representing Long Island University and Rice Institute ran themselves bowlegged chasing a basketball.

The fast, furious and frenetic action exhausted both teams after 34 minutes of actual play, during which time 115 points were scored. At one violent spasm in the exercises, six field goals were made in 90 seconds. The heroes with the look of eagles couldn't miss the basket. Long Island, which was to win the national invitation tournament, caged an incredible 44 percent of its shots. Rice, champion of the Southwest Confer-

ence, clicked on a third of its throws.

In the last six minutes the players, suddenly folding like windless accordions, scored only three points, but the customers continued to scream with maniacal frenzy long after Long Island staggered off with a 61-57 decision. The customers thought it was wonderful.

A small group of coaches and officials thought it was terrible. They were distressed by the wild, race-horse tactics both teams employed and they were disgusted by the utter disregard for defense shown by each side.

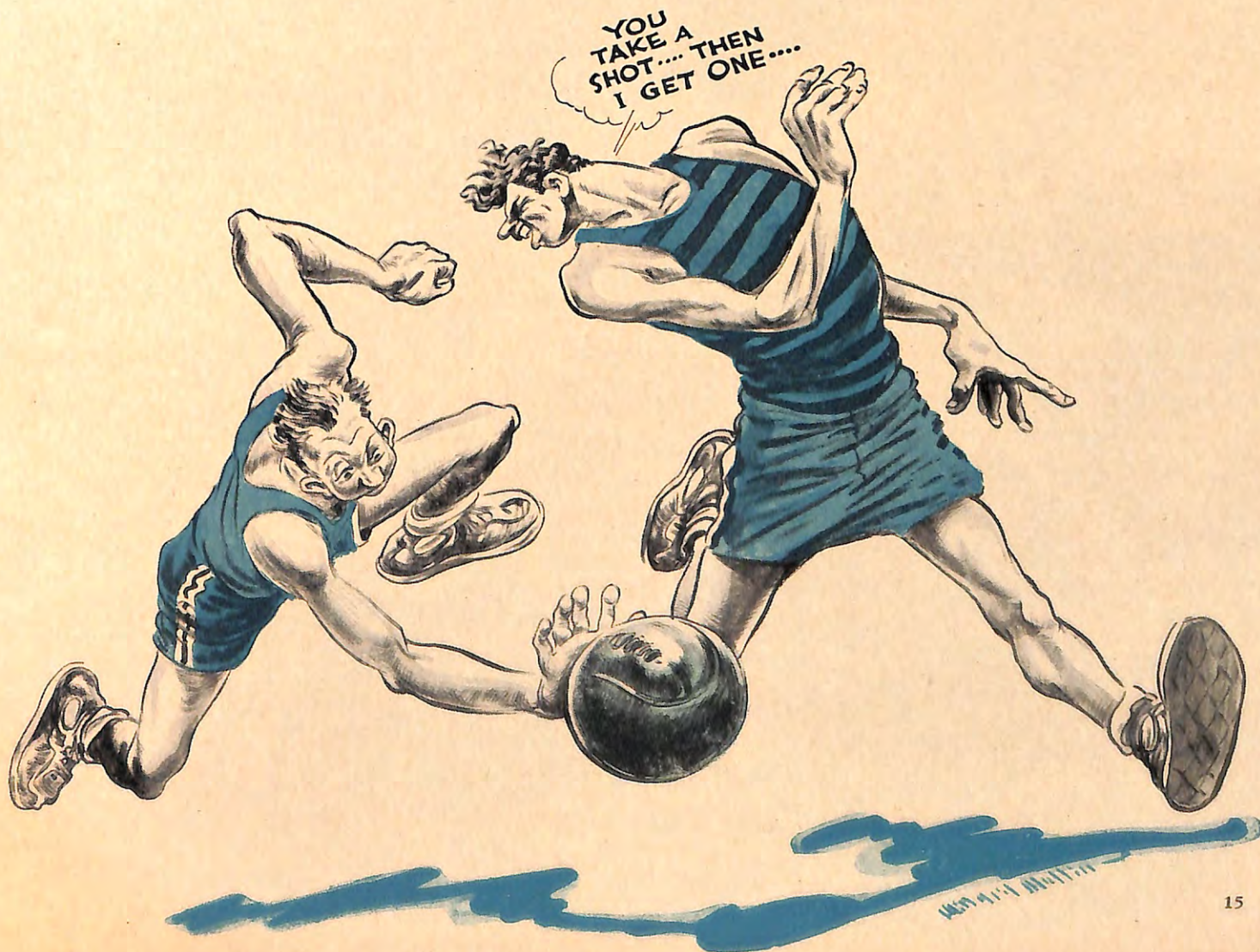
"The game is being ruined by cheapening the value of points," Dave Walsh moaned. Walsh is supervisor of the Eastern Officials' Bureau. "That wasn't basketball we saw just now. It was a crazy squir-

rel-cage and the fans are going to get fed up with it if they see much more. They'd tire of baseball if everyone was a home-run hitter and football wouldn't last a season if a touchdown was scored every other time a team got the ball. The trouble is the defense rests for a burst of scoring activity when its opponent has the ball. Baskets no longer are earned. They're given away."

Five nights later, on January 4, 1941, Long Island met Michigan State on the same Garden court. Clair Bee's L.I.U. players, who averaged 59 points a game throughout the season, couldn't buy a goal this night. Every time they drew a bead on the basket a Michigan Stater was in their laps or breathing hoarsely down their necks. Their shooting

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The crowd's request of a "tisket a tasket we want another basket" is under Frank discussion.



GUILD of the GUN

By Alfred J. Klein, as told to Frederick William Clemens

ALFRED J. KLEIN was a young man of about twenty when in 1904 he came to work with me at the American Museum, where he was drawn by his interest in natural history. With this in common we started our long friendship, camping and hunting together during the years that followed.

His interest in wild life always grew deeper, not from the standpoint of something to shoot, but from a fondness for them as living beings to be studied and enjoyed. To Klein there

were no bad animals. Snakes and frogs to him were as wonderful and intriguing as the lovely deer. Like a true naturalist, he found deep interest in all of them and never took a life without a reason or unless it served a purpose for his further study or as a museum specimen.

It was as a keen naturalist with a sympathetic love of wild life and nature, and this museum background, and not as a shooter, that Klein departed for Africa in 1909, after I had returned from my first trip and told him of the marvels and beauties of this wonderland of big game. For the past thirty years he has lived in Africa's game paradise and is today

recognized as East Africa's foremost big-game hunter and guide.

He is a marvelous shot, unbelievably accurate at all times. His love of animals and his never-ending desire for more knowledge of their habits have given a deep understanding of their ways that no other guide possesses. It is this knowledge and understanding of their psychology that serves him so well when hunting.

About five foot five, dark, lean and reserved, he can spring into action like a cat and stop as quickly. Reluctant to make a statement about big game unless he really knows, one can be sure that when he does speak his words come from this long experience.

It is this profound knowledge of animals and their ways that has kept him just out of their reach when playing their dangerous game.

James L. Clark,
Director, Preparation and Installation,
American Museum of Natural History.

Photo by James L. Clark



At left is Alfred Klein, the man who shoots to kill, dressed for safari. Below is an elephant herd with an old female as its leader.





THE lion charges, wounded by the sportsman who sees death leaping at him, claw and fang, because he has failed to score a deadly hit.

That is where I step in.

I shoot to kill the animal—the lion, elephant or rhino—and bring the sportsman back alive.

For nearly three decades I have earned my keep as one of those professional hunters whom Ernest Hemingway writes about with so much understanding in his stories of Africa and the big-game trails.

We are guides, sharpshooters, bodyguards, a free guild of specialists, less than a hundred in number. We reduce the risks from *safari* without removing the thrills. Most of us are British or Dutch, many of African birth. I am one of the few Americans.

It is our job to make the adventure of big-game hunting as safe as possible for men of science or sport. Of late there has been circulated a legend to the effect that gunning for big game in Africa is now not much more dangerous than a Pennsylvania squirrel hunt.

Don't you believe it.

Africa is still a land where the cost of carelessness can be sudden death at any time. Old Mother Africa still offers prompt and efficient service if you want to be

mauled by a lion, rubbed out by a rhino, bumped off by a buffalo or eliminated by an elephant. And unless you know the ropes thoroughly, or have someone with you who does know them, you will stand a fair chance of receiving that service whether you want it or not.

You may get it, moreover, even when long experience has taught you all the tricks of our trade. To substantiate this I will name just a few of our top-notch hunters whose lives have been lost on *safari*. There was George Outram (killed by a lion), and Fritz Shindler (killed by a lion), and Bill Judd (killed by an elephant). They were all professionals. I also must mention two of our greatest old-timers, George Gray and Walter Stuart, both killed by lions.

There are several reasons why a wounded lion so frequently tries to attack the man who has shot him.

There are only two shots that stop a lion surely. One is a straight hit between the eyes, the other a bullet through the throat into the lungs. The shot that almost invariably causes trouble is the one that goes in behind the shoulder. You can penetrate a lion's heart that way without dropping him quickly. He will limp off into deep cover and wait for you to come after him. *Then* watch your step!

This fellow is peaceful to look at but he's one of the most dangerous fighters in the African veldt—the African buffalo.

In almost every case I can recollect, that is how the lion got his man.

Christian Thams, with whom I hunted lions on the Serrengetti Plains, was a sound and competent Africander. One morning we surprised a big fellow in a thicket—we were just as surprised as he was. Thams banged away at him, wounded him superficially, and the lion plunged into the bush. We followed the blood spoor a while, then I said, "Come on out, Chris. It's too thick. If you meet that lion in here you'll have to blast him off the muzzle of your gun."

"I shot him," said Thams. "It's up to me to finish him." Whereupon Thams stalked into the cover.

He was right, according to our code. When you hit an animal in Africa you are expected to keep after it until you kill it. Hunters adhere to this rule strictly, not only out of consideration for the wounded creature, but also to prevent it from attacking natives or other hunters in its frenzied state. Heaven help your reputation among the Africanders, white or black, if

Alfred J. Klein, a big-game guide for more than twenty years, tells why he always shoots to kill.



This is a striking view of a group of white rhinoceros very much on the alert and ready for trouble.

it becomes known that you are apt to leave a wounded lion for someone else to encounter.

I followed Thams as he poked his way through the brush. He overreached the place where the wounded lion lay hidden. Luckily, I caught a sudden glimpse of its tawny pelt and fired instantly. It was so close—not more than a yard away—that I hadn't time for a well aimed shot. My bullet landed too low in the body. Although the blast came from my gun, and although I was nearer to the lion than Thams was, it ignored me completely and sprang on him, ripping open his back from shoulder to waist. At pointblank range, my next shot tore off the top of its head, and that lion's troubles were over.

But Thams was in for a bad time. He needed quick attention. As it would have taken at least a week to carry him from our camp to the hospital at Nairobi, I decided against the attempt. There in the field, I cleaned out his lacerated back with an ear syringe, then pumped an emergency dressing of bismuth, iodoform and vaseline into the wound. It was crude treatment, but it worked. He recovered eventually.

There are four approved methods of hunting lions. You can ride them down from horseback, chase them with dogs, stalk them on foot, or shoot them at night from the protection of a thorn-bush *boma*. The *boma* method is by far the safest. Even then, however, a big cat in

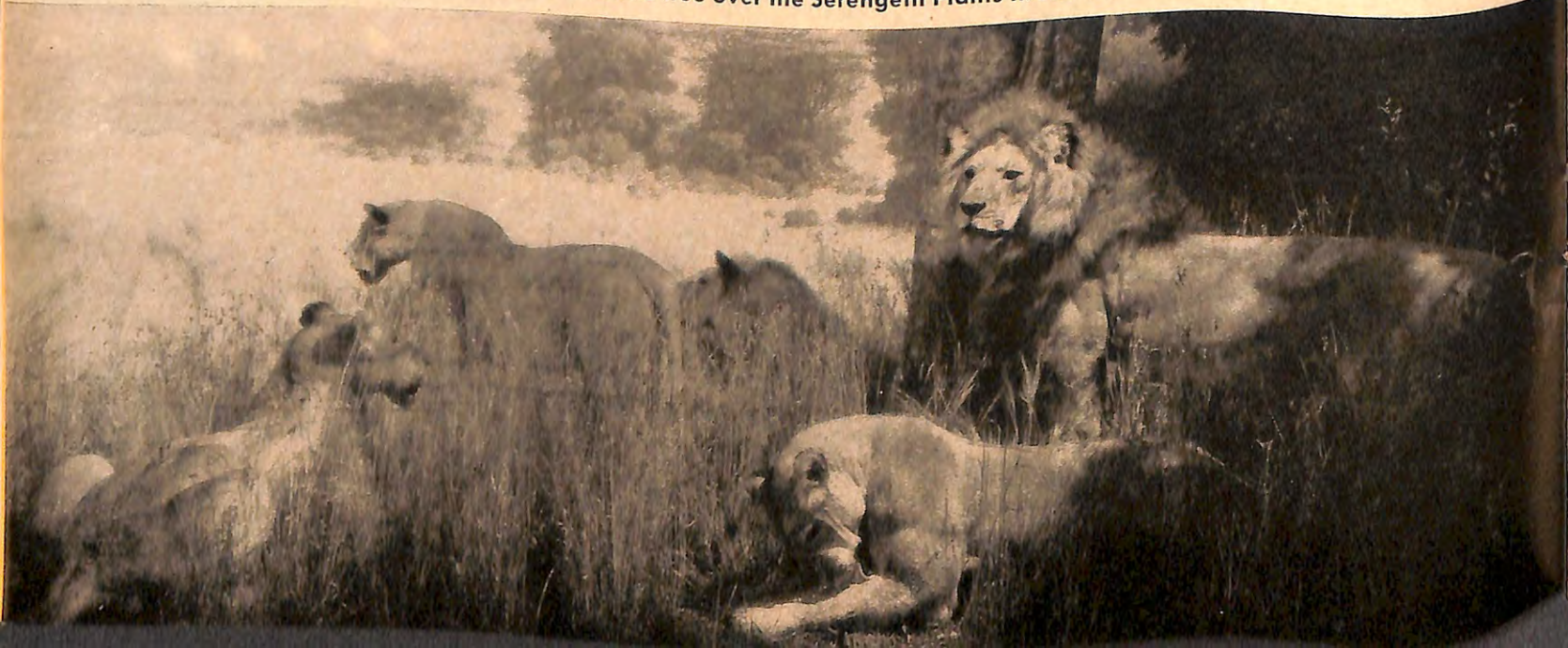
a fighting frame of mind can give you plenty of excitement.

I shall never forget the lion festival we had one moonlight night on a *safari* with the well-known sports-woman, Miss Mary Donkin, and several of her friends.

At that time Miss Donkin had never before shot a lion. She was eager to bag one. For bait we killed a Kongoni and staked it down about six yards from a good strong *boma*. I made an opening in the thorns, about two feet long by five inches wide, to serve as a gun port, then there was nothing more to do but sit in our nest of thorns and wait.

The bright moonlight afforded us a plain view of the clearing outside. Shortly before midnight, we

Conscious of his strength, this lion looks out from under a shade tree over the Serengetti Plains in Africa.



saw three pairs of luminous eyes come shining out of the darkness. Three lions were after the bait.

"Go to it," I whispered. Miss Donkin fired, missed, and groaned with disappointment as we watched the leonine trio vanish silently into the night.

"They'll be back," I consoled the lady. "You'll have another chance."

Sure enough, in about half an

when the lion achieved his dramatic entrance. And I can truly say that was one occasion when I shot a lion off the end of my rifle. The blaze from the shot I fired into him burned the hair on his head. It was only the vivid moonlight, I believe, that saved me. Had the night been darker, I could not have seen him clearly enough to kill him with one head shot. As it was, the evening

ox cart, with a camera-tripod rigged up in the cart. Miles out on the veldt we came to the hermit camp of old John Bowker, a solitary codger, rugged and ancient, who much resembled the lonesome old gold prospectors of our American West. John had prowled the veldt for years, collecting wild ostrich eggs to sell to the ostrich farmers. We knew he was eccentric, but we were rather astonished to find him asleep in a tent with a horse.

"Only way I can keep them dratted lions from eatin' my pony," he explained.

We told him we were looking for lions.

"Well, you ain't got far to look," said John. "This danged country's all chawed up by lions. Hope you kill every tarnation one of 'em." Then with a brilliant and elaborate display of profanity he stated his opinion of the king of the beasts. When he finally stopped cussing we knew for sure that old John didn't like lions.

But he had not exaggerated their great number in that neighborhood. The place was literally crawling with lions. We avoided shooting them as long as possible, because

The African leopard in his home setting, which shows why a leopard doesn't change his spots—they help to hide him.



hour the three returned. This time Miss Donkin hit one of them squarely between the eyes, so that it fell dead after a single ear-splitting roar. One of the other two ran away, but the third was a fighter. He charged us full tilt, diving head-on through the knife-like thorns.

There was just a fraction of a jiffy in which to wave Miss Donkin and her friends as far as possible from the broken side of the boma

held altogether too much excitement for me.

Some years ago I had a close shave of a different sort while scouting for lions with Eric Shelly and Charley Hunt. Charley was a keen sportsman and a very good shot, but I have always felt that he may have been a bit overcautious on the subject of loaded guns.

He and Eric and I were after lions with a movie camera. We hauled our equipment along in an

pictures were what we wanted, and we got some good ones. Charley Hunt ground the film out from the cart, while Eric and I stood by on foot, with our guns, to take care of the situation if a lion charged. We were practically certain that one of them would get tough sooner or later, and one of them did. From thick cover a belligerent young male came at us like chain-lightning. He took us by surprise, was already too near for any fooling on our part. I sighted my rifle quickly and squeezed the trigger. Click! My gun missed fire. Eric Shelly drew a careful bead and pulled. Click again. *His* gun missed fire! And our lion kept on coming.

In the ox-cart Charley Hunt dropped the crank of the movie camera and grabbed his gun. He killed the lion with one precise shot through the head. After silent prayers of thanks, Eric and I examined our guns to see why they had misfired. Both guns were unloaded.

Charley confessed. "It was me," he said. "I unloaded them. I hate to have loaded guns around. A friend of mine blew his brains out by accident, tightening the girth on his horse and holding his loaded gun between his legs. Since then I've been a nut about loaded guns. I told you I had unloaded yours, but I guess you forgot, or didn't hear me, or something."

It was Charley himself who had
(Continued on page 39)

In the **DOGHOUSE**



with Ed Faust

**The hows, whys and wherefores of
photographing your dog successfully.**

HE'S a professional photographer—and a good one, although not overly blessed with hokey-pokey, which in our set is another name for money. We mention this because it accentuates his unhappy experience.

In a chance meeting not long ago he unloaded the following jeremiad:

It seems that he had been commissioned by a business baron to make a number of studies of certain blooded cattle. For our friend this was a big opportunity because that

plutocrat's patronage is usually the making of him upon whom it is conferred.

"Now, Ed, I think you'll admit that I know my little book pretty well," our picture-taker said. "But," he added, "I'm damned if I ever ran into anything like this before—and Gosh! just when it meant so much to me!

"I went out to that gent's place. It's about an hour's drive. After I passed the entrance gates I'll swear it was another hour before I reached

the house. And what a house! Honest, it was big enough to sleep all the people who hate Hitler. Well, nearly all.

"Both the Big Shot and his superintendent were away at the time and one of the Yahoos had been told to trot out the prize bossies and their boy-friends.

"The day was brilliant. That meant good lights and shadows.

"After working nearly all day on those walking pot-roasts I left feeling sure that I had some great shots—and I did," he said brightening for a moment. "Those pictures were needle-sharp. You could almost see what the critters were thinking about."

He paused a moment impressively and then slowly added, "But would you believe it, inside of a week every one of those prints was back on my hands. And why do you suppose?"

Interrupting our answer, he continued, "A cow is a cow, ain't it? That's what I thought, too. But, brother, when they wear monickers like Princess Golden of Glendaffey Farms, or such-like, they're not mere milk dispensaries. No sir. Taking their portraits—well, it ain't like photographing a plain cow. Those pedigreed mooleys are always taken from an angle that pictures their technical good points. Now, I ask you, how was I to know that? Nobody told me a word about it, not even the lout who held the halter while I made the shots.

"So there," he said ruefully, "there went my big chance—Blooley! Oh, the guy paid me for my time but he wouldn't give me another shot at his hay-burners."

Of course, the owner of those animals should have inquired if our friend knew anything about the fine points of photographing show stock. It isn't every photographer who does. But we could understand the refusal of the prints. With hardly an exception, for nearly every species of show animal there is a different technique for taking their pictures. Particularly is this true when the aristocrats of the canine world are to be snapped. In fact, we might say this of almost any dog: there is one angle from which he or she always photographs best. Of course, this is when Fido is having a formal portrait made. At other times, in moments of rest or play, then you just aims your camera and shoots, and many's the fine snapshot we've seen taken in this hit-or-miss fashion.

One of the most exacting combinations of art and science, is the business of photographing the show-ring Fido. Not only is it a highly developed specialty but among the few engaged in it you can count the really good ones on the fingers of either hand. Unfortunately, the picture-taker who would please the show-folk too often is obliged to retouch his pictures to the point where they bear little resemblance to the living dog. Pick up almost any kennel magazine and you'll find it full of

(Continued on page 47)

By Ray Trullinger

YOUR hero got a week's taste of the old-time duck and goose shooting last September—the kind of sport enjoyed by those rugged individualists back in the horse and buggy era. And brethren, it was SOMETHING! Mud balls served as decoys; a few short willow branches afforded all the "hide" necessary; birds, including three kinds of geese and four varieties of ducks, were so plentiful you passed up the easy chances and only picked the

boarded two power boats, previously provisioned for a week's shoot back of beyond. The night and day train ride from Toronto had taken its toll and everyone was in a bunk shortly after supper. Next morning we dropped down Moose River, anchored, and waited a favorable tide before heading across James Bay to the Hannah Bay shooting grounds, 50-odd miles away.

This break in the trip gave everyone a chance to go ashore and for the first time look over the type of country in which we were to shoot. It also afforded an opportunity to burn



Road AND GUN

Paradise, Utopia or Hannah Bay,
—call it what you will—it's this
duck hunter's dream of Heaven.

sportiest shots, and you loaded one shell at a time to spread that 12 duck and five goose limit over the longest possible interval. Boys, a rousing toast to the Hannah Bay Flats, 'way up in the James Bay country of Ontario!

The jumping-off place to this wild-fowler's Utopia is a pinpoint on Ontario's map called Moosonee, ten miles beyond the mouth of Moose River and about three miles from Moose Factory, second oldest Hudson's Bay Company post in the Dominion. Moosonee, served by a weekly train from Cochrane, is the gateway to that vast, bleak empire ruled by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose little trading posts are the only dots of civilization in thousands of square miles of wilderness.

It's a tough country: fly infested during the short, hot summer and colder than you-know-what in winter. It's a land where the postman only knocks twice—weather permitting—between fall and spring; it's a land where fired shotgun shells are prized possessions, to be loaded and reloaded until the cases are worn to tatters. But from mid-September to about the third week in October it's a duck hunter's dream of Heaven on earth.

Con a detailed map and you'll note that Hannah Bay is off the mouth of the Hurricanaw River, just west of the Quebec line. Roughly, it's about 60 miles east of Moosonee and 700 miles north of Toronto. The gunning area is flat, boggy marshland, and, except for a few evergreens and a heavy growth of stunted willows, completely treeless.

Our eight-man gunning party, shepherded by D. J. (Jim) Taylor, Deputy Minister of Fish and Game, arrived at Moosonee during the third week of September and immediately

a little powder, and, needless to remark, the party, accompanied by three or four of our Cree guides, soon scattered over a big marsh, generously laced with winding tide-land drains.

Now, there are all sorts of tide-land creeks and ditches. Some are shallow and some, in a minor way, approximate the Grand Canyon in depth. Ontario's come under the latter classification, as I soon discovered to my shocked surprise.

This interesting discovery was made shortly after an incautious black duck had underestimated the reach of $1\frac{5}{8}$ ounces of chilled 4's, pushed by $4\frac{1}{4}$ drams of powder. The quacker dropped on the other side of an innocent looking five-foot ditch and your agent, deceived by this trickle, attempted to wade across. It was a mistake. I went in up to my ears without touching bottom and the water wasn't exactly hot. This dampish situation wasn't helped by a pair of waders, which I happened to be wearing at the time.

Just as I was wringing out my underwear and giving a shivering impersonation of September Morn, one of the Cree guides barged up and stopped, his face expressionless.

"You fall in?" he queried, after an embarrassing interval.

"Me fall in?" I countered, climbing into my sodden woolens. "Certainly not! Whatever put that silly notion into your head?"

"You wet," he replied.

"You're mistaken again," I replied. "I'm not really wet—just damned near drowned. How deep are these so and so ditches around here?"

"Plenty," was his reply.

"That's what I thought."

By that time I'd wrestled myself
(Continued on page 54)





Editorial

William M. Abbott

IT IS with ineffable sorrow that we record the passing of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott who died November 13th in his home city of San Francisco.

He had been a great sufferer for many months and all hope for his recovery had for weeks been abandoned.

To have known him was to have loved him. What then can be said of the sentiments of those who had been near and dear to him for many years? To all such his death was a tragedy and his memory will be cherished as sacred.

He was an outstanding member of our Order ever interested in its various activities in all of which he took an important part.

From its organization nearly twenty years ago he had been a member of the Publication Commission and had taken an active interest in formulating its policies. His council and advice will be greatly missed. He was a thinker with that rare ability of artistic expression which has given to the Order many gems of thought. It was as though he dipped his pen in the rays of the setting sun as they spread in splendor across San Francisco Bay and thus inspired gave expression to the golden thoughts which marked his written and spoken words. They will live in fond memory now that he is gone.

He was a devout Elk, a consistent and loyal friend.

We shall miss him until we meet in the Grand Lodge of the hereafter.

"O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Our Soldiers Well Fed

THE following unsolicited compliment is paid your Magazine by Colonel G. W. Cocheu of the War Department:

"Because *The Elks Magazine* reaches an important part of the American public, the Quartermaster Corps believes this is an excellent means of informing the public that the American soldier is the best-fed fighting man in the world."

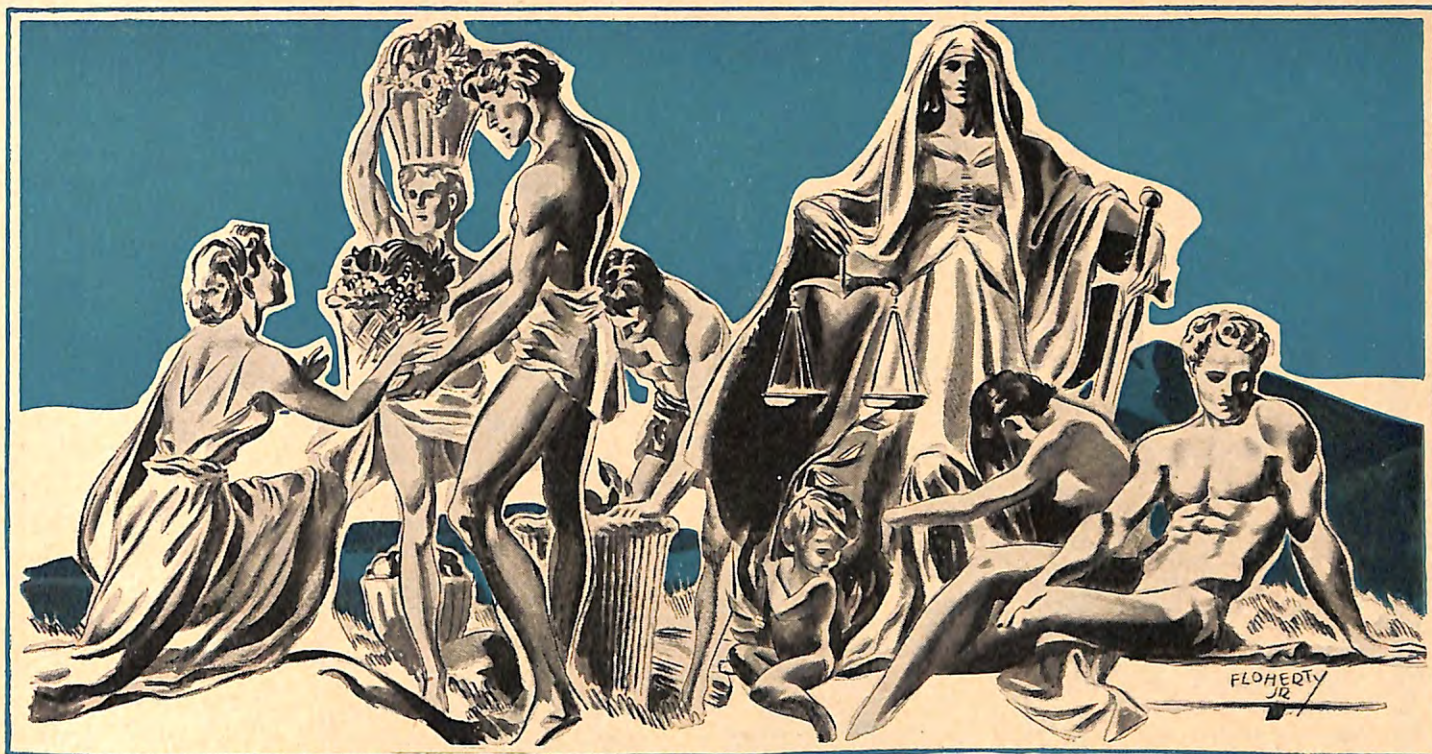
He submits, with the request that it be published, the following:

"The Quartermaster Corps is rightfully proud of the advances its dietitians have made in providing the American soldier with a great variety of nutritious food. Today our soldiers are better fed than those of any other Army in the world; better fed, in fact, than 60% of the civilian population. Each man receives approximately 5,000 calories per day. Statistics show that the average selectee gains ten pounds after his induction into the Army.

"In order that the public may know the variety of Army food, the Quartermaster Corps invites the managers of Elks Clubs to write and ask for a copy of the menus being served at camps in their respective Corps Areas. At your next luncheon, dinner or picnic, I suggest that your club plan a meal based on a Quartermaster Corps menu. It is through such personal experiences that the American public can learn firsthand the care which is given to the planning of Army menus to insure a variety of nutritious meals. The menus are always planned far enough in advance so that each meal includes a properly balanced diet.

"To obtain copies of the menus used in your Corps Area, please write the Public Relations Branch, Office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C."

We are glad to give space to the Colonel's statement and



Drawings by John J. Floherty, Jr.

join in his request that the managers of our clubs write for copies of the menus and that a typical army meal be prepared and served to the members. In this way as in no other can be refuted the circulated stories to the effect that our soldiers are inadequately and improperly fed.

A Foreboding Year

HERE we are at the threshold of another year. What it may hold in store for us is of transcending interest and importance to every American. At this writing it seems evident that we are engaged in the most devastating war in all the world's history. The engines of destruction are more numerous, more varied and of greater power than any which have heretofore been employed. The enemy is vicious and heartless. The destruction of homes, the laying waste of lands and cities and the sacrifice of human life seem to be his aim, object and purpose to the end that one man may establish himself as the ruler of the world—to accomplish that which has often been tried and just as often has failed of accomplishment.

The atrocities of Genghis Khan even as magnified by historians are not to be compared with the atrocities of the present war, nor is his scorched earth to be compared with the destruction of towns, cities and landscapes left behind the troops engaged in this modern warfare. Among the unspeakable atrocities is the disregard of human life and rights in France where fifty or more hostages are put to death to avenge the assassination of one German officer, regardless of the innocence of those so executed. No investigation is made, no questions are asked. The hostages are merely chosen and executed. Then we read of one thousand Jews, charged with no offense, being made to kneel in a trench and raked with the fire of machine guns until the last one is dead. These are mere examples of the ruthless warfare which is being

waged and which has witnessed and is daily being witnessed in an alleged effort to establish a new and a better government for the peoples of Europe and Asia.

Millions have been slain and other millions wounded and sent forth to a life of partial or total dependence on others. It is into such an inhuman war that we have been forced to enter. Sherman said that war is hell but he was speaking of a war in which there was none of the cruelty, none of the barbarous and inhuman practices now being engaged in. What he would have said of the present conflict can only be left to imagination. Let us all fervently and devoutly pray that this attack of world madness will be stopped before too many of our boys are sent into this seething cauldron of hate and destruction, and all for what? Merely to gratify the ambition of depraved men.

Gasoline Shortage

OF INTEREST in connection with the claim of gasoline shortage on the eastern seaboard is the statement given out from a reliable source that the Third Army during maneuvers in Louisiana used 23,514,000 gallons of this valuable product. This is supplemented by the computation that with this fuel an automobile could circle the globe 9,406 times and a motor running continuously at fifty miles an hour could operate more than fifty-three years. This may give some slight idea as to the demand on our gasoline supply now that we have been drawn into an overseas war. If there is no gasoline shortage now, there is liable to be shortly.

Lodge Dues Exempt

SINCE the Congress has passed the new income tax law, many letters have been received making inquiry as to whether initiation fees and lodge dues are liable to taxation under its provisions. The answer is that both are exempt.



WILLIAM MARTIN ABBOTT

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

IT IS with the deepest sorrow that *The Elks Magazine* announces the passing of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Martin Abbott, Past Exalted Ruler of San Francisco, California, Lodge, No. 3, at St. Francis Hospital on Thursday, November 13, 1941. Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon under the auspices of San Francisco Lodge.

Mr. Abbott was born in San Francisco on March 17, 1872. After his graduation from the Hastings College of Law (University of California) in 1893 with a degree of LL.B., he became a member of the law firm of Cross, Ford, Kelly and Abbott. In 1898 he was made Assistant Attorney General of the State of California, serving until 1902 when he became associated with the United Railroads of San Francisco. In 1912 he was appointed General Attorney for that company, serving until 1921 when he was appointed Vice-President and General Counsel of the Company's successor, the Market Street Railway Company, which position he held until the time of his death. He was also Vice-President of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway Company and the Metropolitan Railway Company, and was the senior member of the law firm of Abbott, Appel and Dains. Mr. Abbott was a Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner, a member of the San Francisco, California and American Bar Associations, former President of the Bohemian Club, and a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West and of several country clubs in the vicinity.

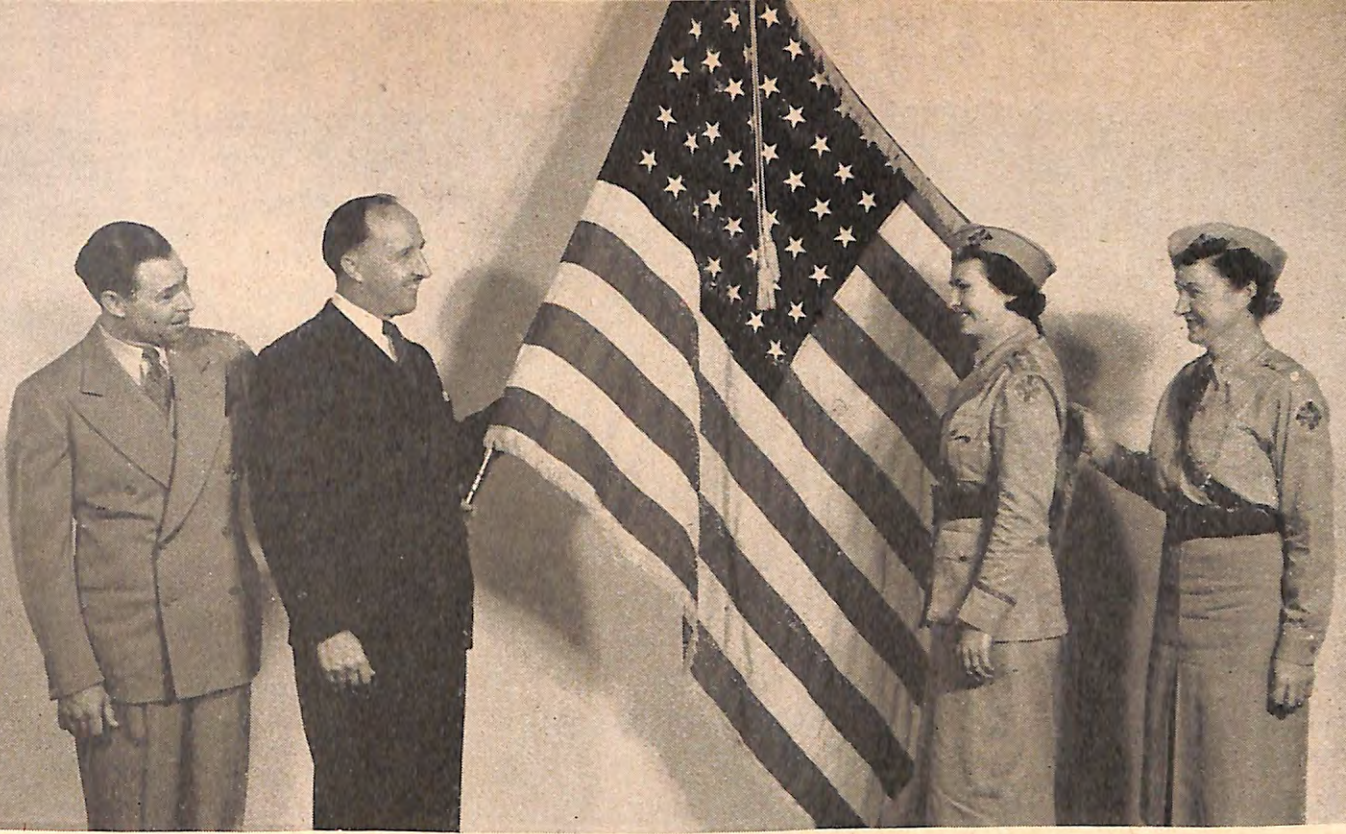
Since his initiation in 1902, Mr. Abbott's devotion to the Order has been reflected in his ceaseless work for its best interests. He served his lodge in several offices and on numerous committees. When in 1906 San Francisco was visited by the catastrophe which overwhelmed the city, it was he, acting as Exalted Ruler during the better part of the year, who organized and carried forward the great relief work rendered the stricken people by the Order of Elks. He was elected Exalted Ruler of No. 3 in 1907. The great fire had destroyed the lodge home. Mr. Abbott organized the San Francisco Elks New Building Association and became its president. Under his leadership, the organization financed and built at a cost of \$1,500,000, the present magnificent Lodge home.

Mr. Abbott was an organizer and always a vigorous supporter of the California State Elks Association. He was elected President in 1916. The next year, at the State Association conference in St. Louis called by Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, he took an active part in the deliberations and participated in the drafting of the constitution for State Associations which was thereafter adopted by the Grand Lodge.

When the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee came into existence, Mr. Abbott became its first Chairman. The following year Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell appointed him Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. As Chairman of that Committee, he revised and improved many of the statutes governing the conduct of the Grand Lodge and of subordinate lodges. His arraignment of the evils of all those "isms" opposed to Americanism is a part of the record of the Grand Lodge.

Nominated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, of Napa, Calif., Lodge, Mr. Abbott was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1920. During the year of his administration, the Order showed the greatest increase in membership in its history to date. As Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Abbott appointed the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission and as a member of that Commission after his retirement in 1921, he participated actively in all of the proceedings which attended the erection of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. When in 1931 the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission was terminated and the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission was created, Mr. Abbott was appointed a member of the latter Commission. He traversed the continent year after year to attend its meetings and gave, as was his wont, faithful and efficient service. He was acting as Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of the Commission at the time of his death.

In 1895, Mr. Abbott married Miss Annie Josephine MacVean at San Francisco, Calif., who survives him. He is also survived by his two sons, William Lindley Abbott, of San Francisco, and Tiley Casselman Abbott, of Carpinteria, Santa Barbara County, and by three grandchildren. To all of these *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the Order.



Above: D.D. G. A. Daniels, on behalf of Redlands, Calif., Lodge, presents the Marching Colors to Capt. Byrdeen Hughes of the local company of the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps of America.

Under the ANTLERS

Distinguished Elks Dedicate New Home of Easton, Maryland, Lodge

More than 300 prominent Elks, representing member lodges of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association, attended the ceremonies dedicating the beautiful new home of Easton, Md., Lodge, No. 1622. The principal address was made by Grand Trustee Robert South Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., and talks were also made by Philip U. Gayaut of Washington, D. C., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and John E. Lynch, also of Washington, Pres. of the Tri-State Association. D.D.'s C. Ray Hare of Salisbury, Md., and Charles G. Hawthorne, Baltimore, Past Pres. Frank Hladky, Annapolis, Harry S. Coslett of Havre de Grace, Trustee of the Tri-State Assn., and P.E.R.'s J. W. Matthews, Jr., Cambridge, and J. Lee Benson, Salisbury, participated in the ceremonies, occupying the chairs as Grand Lodge officers.

E.R. L. Roy Willis, Sr., was presented with a handsome watch by the Easton membership in appreciation of his efforts and guidance in securing the new home. The building is located on the outskirts of the thriving little city of Easton on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay, in a setting which gives it the appearance of a beautiful country club.

Above, left: E.R. Fred Braem of Marshfield, Wis., Lodge, is shown with four of the officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Association who were present at the Fall Conference of the Association held in Marshfield.

Left: E.R. H. W. Morey presents the first check received from any organization in Plymouth, Mass., to be used for the purchase of the new ambulance to be used by the local hospital.





Above are those who were present at a patriotic meeting sponsored by Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge at which State Senator Roger Kelley, seated above, signed his application for membership in our Order.

Oelwein Elks Enjoy an Inter-Lodge Visit at Decorah, Iowa

As a gesture of friendship and reciprocity, Decorah, Ia., Lodge, No. 443, held an "open house" in November for a visiting delegation from Oelwein. Seventy members of Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741, made the trip in private cars and a chartered bus. Decorah Lodge is nationally famous for its ritualistic teams and has won several State championships. Precision, attention and love of their duties marked the ritualistic work performed by the present Exalted Ruler, John S. Cutting, and his officers during the regular lodge meeting. P.D.D. A. D. Bailey, of Fort Dodge, was among those present.

Dinner was served at 7 p.m. in the newly remodeled dining room of the lodge home, and a floor show, with an unusually fine array of talent, was presented after the meeting.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge Is Host to Houston Club at Annual Reunion

The second annual reunion of the Houston Club, composed of members of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey lodges who attended the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Texas, in 1940, was sponsored by Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814. At the close of the three-day meeting, the Club elected the following officers: Pres., William Wolfe, Jr.; Treas., Elwood Rex; Secy., George Kendrick. More than 100 persons at-

Below is a class initiated into Junction City, Kans., Lodge in honor of Secretary Ben Levison.



Above: Secy. Jack Combe, Jr., of Pomona, Calif., Lodge, buys the first flag as the opening sale of a project by which the physically-handicapped men and women of Pomona hope to become self-supporting.

Below: Hon. Coke R. Stevenson, Governor of Texas, signs an application for membership in the Order of Elks, joining Seguin Lodge. The Governor heads the Lodge's "I Am an American Class".





Above are prominent Elks who were present at the 25th Anniversary celebration of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge.



Left is a float entered in a Columbus Day Parade by Du Quoin, Ill., Lodge

tended an afternoon clambake, and 125 attended the Saturday Night banquet at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, was the guest of honor and principal speaker. Mr. Buch was made an honorary member of the Club which is holding a meeting this month at Trenton.

Pottstown Lodge has virtually adopted three of its members, Harry Wharthenby, aged 88, Austin DeLong, 84, and Elwood Kulp, 81. The lodge has assured the three aged Elks, loath to give up the pleasure of greeting fellow-members and old friends daily, that it will take care of them the rest of their lives. The steward and his wife see to their meals and sleeping quarters have been provided for them in the lodge home.

Miscellaneous Activities of Holyoke, Massachusetts Elks

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, recently donated \$1,000 to the city's Community Chest. In October and November the lodge held "Italian Night" and

"Yankee Night" suppers, with 500 attending the two affairs. Special entertainment was provided. On November 18, National League Umpire Thomas Dunn, a member of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, addressed the Holyoke members, regaling them with anecdotes based on his experiences in baseball. A delegation of 25 fellow-members accompanied him from Fitchburg.

American Principles Are Expounded In Home of Beckley, W. Va., Lodge

At a patriotic meeting held by Beckley, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1452, presided over by E.R. Robert J. Ashworth and attended by more than 100 Elks and their guests, Attorney General Clarence W. Meadows, a member of the lodge, delivered a truly magnificent address. Speaking against the malevolent and destructive order which today is threatening democracy, Mr. Meadows called attention to opposite aims and ideas as exemplified by the Order of Elks. At the conclusion of his address he called upon all present to make the same resolution made by Benjamin

Franklin at the age of 16, when he said "It is undoubtedly the duty of all persons to serve the country they live in according to their abilities".

Father John Halpin gave the Invocation and also the Benediction, and a program of vocal and instrumental music, appropriate to the occasion, was presented. A number of prominent Elks and the presidents of several local civic and patriotic clubs were introduced to the audience by the Exalted Ruler.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge Gives a Party and Burns Its Mortgage

Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, began its winter activities free of debt on its lodge home, the mortgage having been burned at a party attended by more than 500 Elks and ladies. Dinner was served, a gridiron skit, with a cast of eighteen, was staged by local newspaper men, and music was provided for dancing. E.R. T. Emmett Ryan touched the match to the mortgage immediately after the impressive recital of the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Proceeds from the minstrel show, held by the lodge in the Philip Livingston High School Auditorium on November 19-20-21, went into the Christmas Charity Fund. An inter-city visit was another outstanding autumn event. The Albany Elks entertained more than 150 members of Troy Lodge No. 141.

Sorrow, however, visited Albany Lodge when death removed from the rolls the name of charter member George Wallen. He had been active in the lodge's affairs for more than 55 years.

Elks of Watkins Glen Present Official Flag to Schuyler County

Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1546, carried out a joint program recently with the Schuyler County "Forty and Eight". The lodge presented the county with a large official flag which was unfurled from a 65-foot flag pole, the gift of the county organization. E.R. Fred L. Moran was a speaker. Special ceremonies, attended by the lodge officers, were held on the County Courthouse lawn.



Left is a group of needy children who were clothed by Mason City, Ia., Lodge.



Left is a picture of some of the boys who participated in the Hillside, N. J., Elks Junior Baseball League, during the past season. The picture was taken during a reception given to the championship teams.

Below, left, is a class of candidates initiated into Albany, N. Y., Lodge recently.



Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge Presents Plasma Machine to City Physicians

At brief ceremonies held in St. Joseph's Hospital and attended by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, Ga., and Grand Trustee Wade

H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., the officers of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, on November 10, formally presented a plasma machine for blood transfusions to the medical profession of the city. Presentation was made by E.R. Dr. Eugene W. Beatty, acceptance

A Special "Night" Is Held With Success by Hudson, Wis., Lodge

District Deputy and State Association Night, as observed by Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, brought more than 120 Elks, including twenty from out of town, to the lodge home on November 5. St. Paul and Stillwater, Minn., and Eau Claire, Wis., Lodges were represented. A turkey supper featured the social part of the evening.

E.R. J. G. Nelson, of Hudson Lodge, conducted the meeting. Business transacted included a payment on the mortgage, bringing the balance due on the home built by the lodge in 1932 to less than \$500 which, it was announced, will be paid early this year. D.D. Fred A. Schroeder, of Wausau, speaking before the lodge, addressed some of his remarks to the class of candidates initiated at the meeting. Talks on State Association affairs were made by W. A. Uthmeier of Marshfield, State Vice-Pres. for the Wis., N. W., District, Past Pres. T. F. McDonald, Marshfield, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees, State Chaplain the Reverend Henry Halinde of Green Bay, and D.D. W. P. Faley of St. Paul, Vice-Pres. of the Minn. State Elks Assn.

Left are prominent Elks of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, shown as they burned the mortgage on the Lodge home.

At bottom is a large class of candidates which was initiated into Juneau, Alaska, Lodge. These men, known as the "Dedication Class", entered the Order to mark the opening of an enlarged and remodeled home.





Final Payment Clears Title to Home of Waycross, Ga., Lodge

The first day of October found Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, in complete possession of its home, title having been cleared with a final cash payment of \$6,000. The transaction was handled by P.E.R. W. Wayne Hinson and the legal matters by E.R. Walter Thomas.

Cancellation of the indebtedness marked another advancement in the lodge's steady progress. It also cleared the way for the accomplishment on a larger scale of various undertakings, including those of a civic, charitable and patriotic nature.

Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Presents A Safety Car to City Department

A safety car, fully equipped with emergency lights, bed, auxiliary stretcher, respirator, siren and other accessories, was purchased last Fall by Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, and presented to the Department of Public Safety in the interests of civic progress. Formal presentation was made at a Safety Dance given for the city employees of the Department.

The gift was in line with a program enthusiastically conducted by Aberdeen Lodge during the past few years for the furtherance of safety in the community. The car is considered the finest of its kind in present use in South Dakota.

Right are prominent members of Ashland, Pa., Lodge who played an important part in collecting the funds by which the pictured monument, dedicated to the mothers of the city, was erected. The monument is a copy of Whistler's "Mother".

Below is a large class of candidates which was recently initiated into Mason City, Ia., Lodge, pictured with Lodge officers.

Above is a large group of Sanford, Fla., Elks who gathered in their club rooms to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

"Westhope Night" Is Held by Minot, North Dakota, Lodge

When D.D. John A. Graham, of Bismarck, visited Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, the lodge staged a "Westhope Night" as an example of the work it is doing in the territory within its jurisdiction. Eleven candidates from Westhope, which has a population of 460, were initiated. Eleven members from the same locality were special guests.

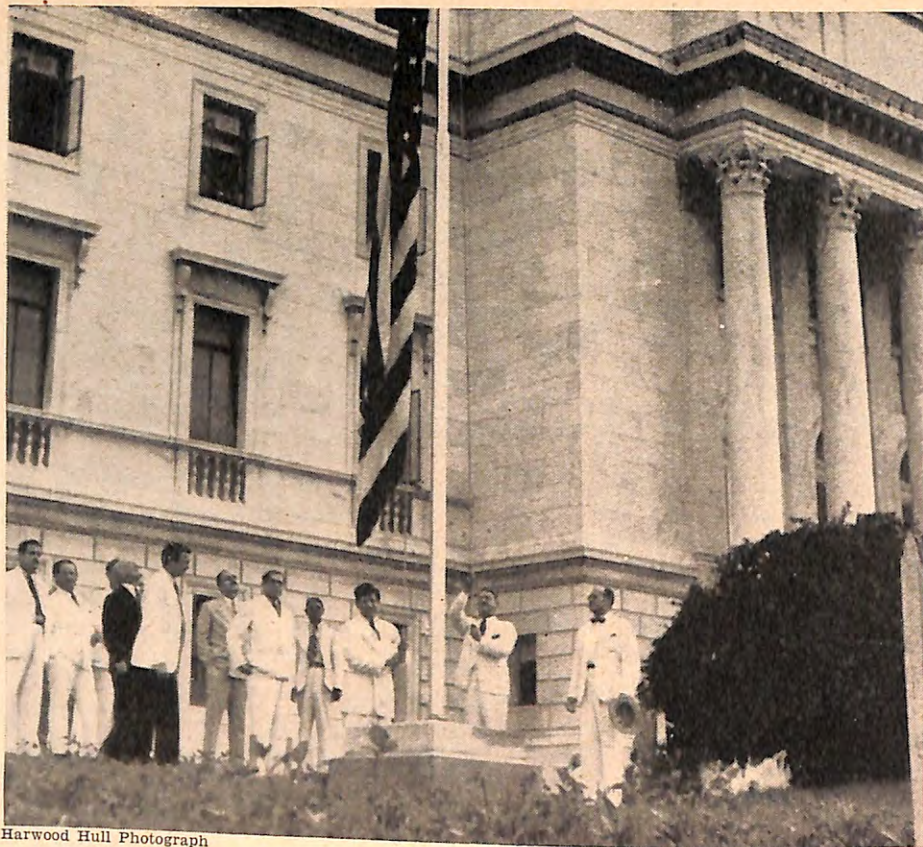
A banquet was given in honor of the District Deputy Graham and Governor John Moses who was the principal speaker at the meeting held later. The Westhope program was one of several planned by Minot Lodge for development of its membership in the area served by the lodge.

Fall Conference at Marshfield Of the Wis. State Elks Assn.

Wisconsin Elks attending the two-day Fall Conference, held by the Wisconsin State Elks Association, were entertained royally by the host lodge, Marshfield, Wis., No. 665. Social events were numerous, including the Saturday Night Banquet for Elks and their ladies, with entertainment, music and dancing on both floors of the lodge home. Two hundred attended a Sunday morning breakfast and 150 covers were laid at an elaborate dinner served at the Hotel Charles at 1 p.m.

Three business sessions were held. Reports of committee plans for the rest of the 1941-42 year and for national defense work were discussed. Officers of the Air Corps Recruiting Service spoke on the Elks Flying Cadet Program. One hundred and thirty-eight State Association officers, committee members and lodge officers, representing 28 of the 37 Wisconsin lodges, attended the confer-

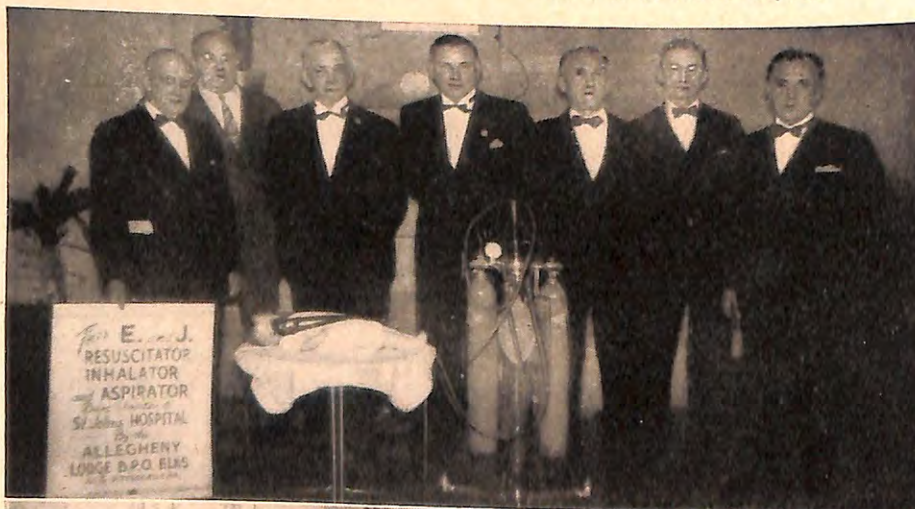




Harwood Hull Photograph

Above: The members of San Juan, P. R., Lodge raise a handsome American Flag which they have presented to the capital of Puerto Rico.

Below are members of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, photographed with the resuscitator, inhalator and aspirator which they presented to St. John's Hospital.



ence. Among those present were State Pres. Dr. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette, State Vice-Pres.-at-Large A. W. Parnell, Appleton, State Vice-Pres.'s Ray J. Fink, Menasha, Thomas F. Millane, Milwaukee, and W. A. Uthmeier, Marshfield, State Secy. Lou Uecker, Two Rivers, State Trustees T. F. McDonald, Marshfield, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, and John F. Kettenhofen, Green Bay, and D.D.'s Fred Schroeder, Wausau, and William F. Ehmann, Madison.

Tennessee State Elks Association Meets in Home of Nashville Lodge

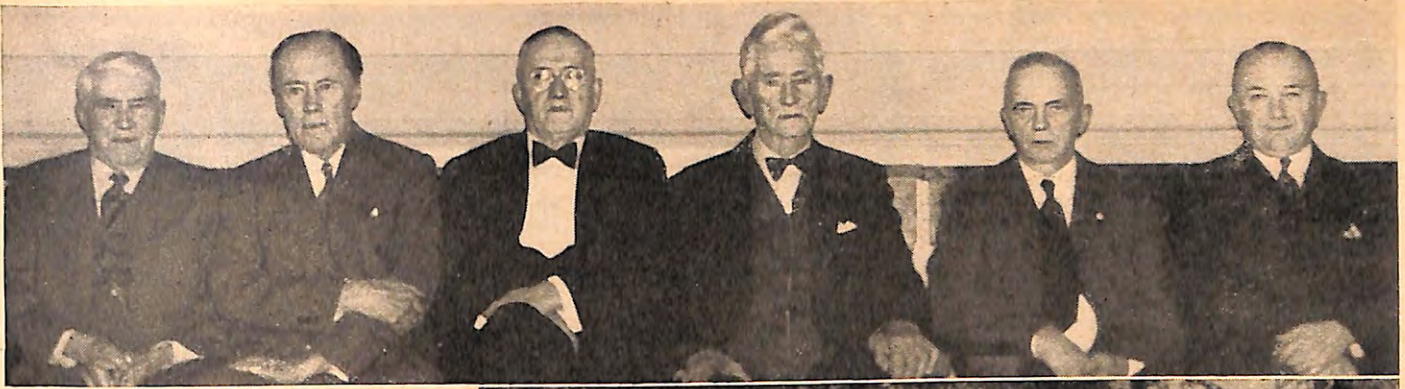
Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, entertained the Tennessee State Elks Association at an all-day meeting on October 16 at which the State organization elected its 1941-42 officers and adopted a working program based on suggestions made by the Grand Lodge for subordinate lodge activities. Special consideration was given the Elks National Foundation and the Elks "Refresher Course". State President Judge Joe W. Anderson presided. Under his able leadership, the Tennessee Association has advanced to a point where it is in position to take its place among the older State Associations.

Enthusiasm was inspired by the speakers, several of the most prominent Elks of the State, addresses being made by Grand Inner Guard Hugh W. Hicks of Jackson Lodge, Daniel J. Kelly of Knoxville, a member of the Grand Forum, and Albert G. Heins, Knoxville, D.D. for Tenn., East. The principal speech at the morning session was made by P.E.R. T. Pope Shepherd, of Chattanooga Lodge. E.R. William P. Smith presided at the luncheon held in the beautiful new dining room of Nashville Lodge.

The attendance was fine. Chattanooga, Knoxville, Jackson, Bristol, Nashville, Columbia and Memphis Lodges were all represented by delegates, and many visiting Elks were present. President Joe W. Anderson, of Chattanooga Lodge, was reelected. His associate officers are as follows: Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., W. Hal Mustaine, Nashville; West, Hugh W. Hicks, Jackson; East, Charles G. Kelly, Knoxville; Secy., John J. Brady, Nashville. The meeting was concluded with a banquet given by No. 72 at the Andrew Jackson Hotel.

Below: District Deputy Archie Beard is pictured with a class of candidates, and members who received twenty-five-year service pins when he made his official visit to Prescott, Ariz., Lodge.





Above are six of the eight "Honor Citizens" who were guests at the Elks "Honor Night" held by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge at an annual fête.

Right is the baseball team sponsored by the members of Charles City, Ia., Lodge. This team is the champion of the North-east Iowa Semi-Pro League.



Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

and is No. 1's senior Past Exalted Ruler. To the Order of Elks he has given forty years of service in many important capacities.

Addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge No. 1, and

James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge; James A. Farley of Haverstraw Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; D.D. John F. Scileppi, Queens Borough Lodge; State Pres. George I. Hall, Lynbrook; George L. Hirtzel of Elizabeth Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and the Honorable Thomas F. Burchill of New

New York Lodge No. 1 Honors Past Grand Trustee William T. Phillips

William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was given a testimonial banquet on November 22 by New York Lodge No. 1. Mr. Phillips served as Secretary of the Mother Lodge for more than 22 years



Right are those who were present when the Elks of Pontiac, Ill., Lodge presented an obstetrical table to the local hospital.

Below are Elks of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge who were present at "San Quentin Night", a party given by the Lodge.



Right are prominent State Association Elks who participated in the recent dedication of the handsome new home of Easton, Md., Lodge.

Below, right: Distinguished Elks of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, just prior to burning the mortgage on the Lodge home.



York Lodge. The banquet was a testimonial in the truest sense of the word. All of the speeches were earnest and sincere, and many of the visiting Elks present traveled long distances to join in the tribute.

The 1942 Elks National Bowling Tournament To Be Held at Louisville

The National Committee of the Elks' Bowling Association of America visited Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, some weeks ago to meet with the lodge officers and members of the Elks Local Tournament Committee in order to complete plans and arrangements for the coming Elks National Tournament to be held at Louisville.

Entries for the tournament will positively close at midnight on February the 15th. The opening shots will be fired in the tournament on Saturday, March the 14th, and will continue until Monday, April the 27th. The entry fee is \$3.50 per man in each event. This includes bowling, with no other charges.

The Association, incidentally, will celebrate its Silver Jubilee, for the coming event will be the twenty-fifth annual tourney since it was organized at Jackson, Michigan, in 1918, where the first Elks National Tournament was held with an entry list of some 40 five-man teams representing only a handful of Elk lodges.

The Elks National Tournament has grown steadily each year until now the records show that more than 600 five-man teams were entered in the past two tournaments held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Des Moines, Iowa, with over



160 lodges of the Order represented.

At the Louisville meeting, the committee selected the Fifth Street Recreation, located at 637 South Fifth Avenue and equipped with twenty (20) modern tournament alleys—ten (10) alleys each on the first and second floors. All proprietors and employes at the establishment are members of Louisville Lodge of Elks. The lodge appointed J. William Kaster, First Vice-President of the Association, to act as General Chairman of the Elks Local Tourna-

ment Committee. His duty is to direct the functions of the local committees in properly conducting the tourney.

The committee fairly warns all Elk bowlers who expect to compete in the coming tournament at Louisville to carry their paid-up membership cards showing them in good standing in the Order of Elks. Otherwise they will not be able to participate. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

The Elks National Tournament is (Continued on page 42)

Right: Cincinnati, Ohio, Elks are shown as they presented \$35,000 worth of canceled Ohio Sales Tax Stamps to St. Mary's Hospital. In Ohio canceled sales tax stamps are worth 3% of the value of the stamp, which would therefore yield a return of \$1,050 in cash.



Below are members of Newton, Mass., Lodge who were present when the officers burned the mortgage on the Lodge home. Among those pictured is Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.



New Lodges Are Instituted at Dublin and Cordele, Ga., and Lufkin, Tex.

A NEW lodge of the Order, Dublin, Ga., No. 1646, the fourteenth new lodge organized in the State of Georgia within the past five years, was instituted on October 29, 1941. The lodge was organized with the valuable assistance of H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Decatur Lodge, Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., and Young H. Fraser, also of Decatur, State Chairman of the New Lodge Committee. Among the Dublin residents whose work in the organization was outstanding were R. H. Hightower, Paul Williamson and T. A. Curry, all of whom were former Elks, having been members of the lodge at Dublin which surrendered its charter some fifteen years ago.

A large and enthusiastic gathering was on hand to witness the institution ceremonies which were presided over by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. Mc-



District Deputy
Edward A. Dutton

Clelland. Among the out-of-town Elks present were Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie, East Point, D.D. Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, State Pres. H. O. Hubert, State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds of Atlanta Lodge, and Tom Brisendine, East Point, Executive Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The Degree Team of Augusta Lodge No. 205, under the leadership of E.R. A. Dwight Deas, exemplified the Ritual; Edward Dutton, who is the District Deputy for Georgia, East, installed the officers. The complete slate of first officers of the new lodge, both elected and appointed, is as follows: E.R., W. R. Werden, Sr.; Est. Lead. Knight, Palmer W. Hicks; Est. Loyal Knight, J. Eugene Cook; Est. Lect. Knight, Linton G. Malone; Secy., T. A. Curry; Treas., L. D. Woods; Tiler, H. G. Stevens; Trustees: F. R. Zetterower, R. T. Peacock and Louis Hatcher; Esquire, Frank Johnson; Chaplain, Carl K. Nelson; Inner Guard, C. F. Ludwig. The Exalted Ruler immediately announced the appointment of W. H. Lovett, R. Earl Camp and R. L. Stephens to serve as members of the House Committee. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address, in which he outlined the history of the Order and described the assistance the Order is giving the Government in the recruiting of Aviation Cadets, was warmly received. Response was made by the Exalted Ruler of the new lodge, W. R. Werden, Sr. Judge R. Earl Camp thanked the Grand

Exalted Ruler and those whose untiring efforts had resulted in the lodge's institution.

After the adjournment of the meeting, a Dutch Supper was served at a nearby café, followed by a social session.

CORDELE, GA., Lodge, No. 1647, with 69 charter members, was instituted on Monday Night, November 3, during impressive ceremonies held in the auditorium of the Woman's Club. Approximately 125 Elks were present. A buffet supper was served after the ceremonies.

Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie, of East Point Lodge No. 1617, presided, representing the Grand Exalted Ruler who was scheduled to officiate but was delayed in reaching Cordele because of a train mishap. Mr. McDuffie was assisted by Special Deputy J. Clayton Burke, of Atlanta Lodge No. 78. The Degree Team of East Point Lodge exemplified the Ritual. In attendance were delegations from several South Georgia lodges, including Albany, Americus, Fitzgerald, Douglas and Waycross. A large representation of the East Point membership was present.

Dr. J. F. Burke, a Cordele business-

ted the county to issue bonds to the amount of one and one-quarter million dollars, resulting in the harnessing of the waters of Flint River and a flow of abundant power. From the sale of only a small portion of available power at very low rates, the county has been able to realize a net operating profit sufficient not only to provide interest and sinking funds on bonds, but a surplus which is being devoted to industrial development, rural electrification, and many other things that make for the happiness and prosperity of the citizens.

The first community in the State to make peanuts a staple crop, Cordele has four shelling and two crushing plants. Pecans, also, are a source of great revenue. More than 2,000,000 pounds find their way through the markets annually and a great new industry is being built around this source of raw material. Bordering on the north is the peach belt of south-central Georgia, and on the south the tobacco belt. Cotton, watermelons and cantaloupes are produced in abundance. On account of its ideal and strategic location, Cordele is fast becoming one of the largest distributing points of south Georgia. The moderate year-round climate of the section affords opportunity for uninter-



Secretary
W. R. Walker



State President
M. A. deBettencourt



District Deputy
Joseph J. Roberts

man, was elected Exalted Ruler. The other members of the new lodge's first staff of officers are as follows: Est. Lead. Knight, Joe Cannon; Est. Loyal Knight, C. S. Worthy; Est. Lect. Knight, Holt Walton; Secy., Samuel M. Roobin; Treas., Jack Williams; Tiler, Earl McKenzie; Trustees: J. W. Denard, Jake Sheppard and George Williams. Cordele Lodge has already purchased a beautiful twenty-room residence, half a block off Main Street. The home was expected to be ready for occupancy about the middle of December.

Cordele, in Crisp County, is known as the "Electric City of South Georgia". It is situated on U. S. Highway 41, has four railroads radiating in seven directions and also north, south, east and west paved highways which strategically make it an ideal distributing point and the gate city to south Georgia and Florida. Some ten years ago, the people of Georgia ratified an amendment to the State Constitution which permit-

ted outdoor sports. There is a modern baseball park equipped with lights for night games; the large lake formed by the Crisp County power dam is a fisherman's paradise. The main highway traverses the central watershed of Georgia through the present site of Cordele. Crisp County was the first county in Georgia to organize under the State Forestry Act for the reforestation and conservation of timber.

Cordele's civic, commercial and fraternal organizations, including the new lodge of Elks, are backed by men of levelheaded leadership, optimism and vision. A large percentage of its citizens are college graduates, devoted to the arts, and many of its organizations—the Symphony Club, the Woman's Club, the Garden Club and others—have for their purpose the development of the beautiful. The Carnegie Library, with free book distribution, would do credit to a much larger city. School facilities are unsurpassed for a city of its size.

(Continued on page 43)



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland is greeted on his arrival at the Birmingham, Ala., airport by prominent local Elks and several State Elk officials.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, accompanied by his brother, Judge Ralph S. McClelland, arrived at Lambert Field in St. Louis, Mo., on Friday, October the 17th. The two distinguished visitors were greeted by a large delegation headed by E.R. Milton F. Barth and Secy. Foster L. Bennett of St. Louis Lodge No. 9. On the way to the lodge home, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party stopped at the Missouri Baptist Hospital for a visit

with P.E.R. E. J. Martt of St. Louis Lodge, a Past President of the Missouri State Elks Association, who was a patient there at the time. Mr. Martt, greatly surprised, expressed his appreciation of the honor and the thoughtfulness which prompted the visit.

Upon their arrival at the home of No. 9, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and the members of his party were guests at an informal reception and the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced to

the many Elks assembled there for the pleasure of meeting him. He and his brother were then escorted to the Melbourne Hotel. At 6:30 p.m., a delightful banquet was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler. E.R. Milton F. Barth presided, and Grand Esquire John E. Drummey, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, who was visiting in St. Louis at the time, attended. After the banquet, the Grand Exalted Ruler witnessed the initiation of a fine class of candidates. He addressed the new members and outlined the Grand Lodge program, being enthusiastically received. A pleasant feature of Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland's St. Louis visit was a renewal of friendship with Dr. Ralph Wagner.

On the following morning, a large delegation of St. Louis Elks, which included Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, P.D.D.'s Oliver F. Ash, Jr., and Charles J. Dolan, and E.R. Milton Barth, accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler and his brother to Macon, Mo., where the Fall Meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association was being held. At Macon, the party was met by a large group of Missouri Elks, headed by State Pres. M. F. Thurston, of Columbia Lodge, E.R. Myron Ryther, of Macon Lodge, and Mayor C. R. Shale. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Judge Ralph McClelland were escorted to their suite in the Jefferson Hotel and later attended an informal reception in the home of Macon Lodge No. 999. An enjoyable dance was held that evening. On Sunday morning, October 19, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the business ses-



Left: Judge McClelland is photographed with some of the most notable Elks of the State of North Carolina on the occasion of the institution of Kinston, N. C., Lodge which he attended.



A large part of the Elks and their ladies before the Augusta, Ga., Lodge home to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler.

sion of the State Association, after which a dinner was given in his honor. Mr. Thurston was Toastmaster, and Dr. Carroll Smith introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered an inspiring address. Among others in attendance were D.D.'s F. G. Ridgway, Columbia, J. R. Garrison, Warrensburg, and Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City; State Vice-Pres.'s Ernest W. Baker, Washington, George D. Klingman, Joplin, A. H. Drummond, Trenton, and Charles O. Harmon, Maryville; Dr. Paul V. Wooley, Excelsior Springs, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees; Herbert Maune, Macon, Chairman of the State Membership Committee; Past State Pres. Harry R. Garrison, Warrensburg, and P.E.R. Adolph Toben, Washington. At the conclusion of the Dinner-Meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his brother, driven by Mayor and Mrs. Shale and Mr. Ryther to the St. Louis airport, boarded a plane for Atlanta, Ga.

On the following Friday morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Raleigh, N. C., where he was met by Clyde E. Glenn, of Durham Lodge, Pres. of the N. C. State Elks Assn., D.D. Raymond Fuson, New Berne, and E.R. Gayle J. Cox, of Raleigh Lodge. The party then drove to Goldsboro, N. C., where a reception was held in the home of Goldsboro Lodge No. 139. The welcoming

Right: A class of candidates recently initiated into Greenville, S. C., Lodge. They heard an address delivered by Judge John S. McClelland.

Below: Judge McClelland attending an executive meeting of the Georgia State Elks Association at Valdosta, Ga.

delegation was headed by E.R. O. F. Dumas and Secy. A. L. Pike. Attending the luncheon were State Pres. Glenn and Vice-Pres. L. H. Trulove of Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, D.D. Fuson, P.D.D.'s R. E. Stevens, L. P. Gardner, and R. D. Parrott, of Goldsboro Lodge, and W. C. Moore, New Berne, N. C., and E.R.'s J. W. Rhodes, Washington, N. C., W. Louis Fisher, Wilmington, N. C., and W. DeR. Holt, Fayetteville, N. C. Following the luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to Kinston where he instituted Kinston, N. C., Lodge, No. 740, as reported in our last month's issue. Mayor William Stanley, who was elected Exalted Ruler of the new lodge, was host at a dinner given at the Hotel

Kinston for the distinguished visitors, attended by Secretary of State Thad Eure, Mr. Glenn, Mr. Fuson, and others. The next morning, Judge McClelland boarded a plane for Jacksonville, Fla., en route to Valdosta, Ga., for an executive meeting of the Georgia State Elks Association.

On Sunday, October 26, Valdosta, Ga., Lodge, No. 728, was host to the Georgia State Elks Association, and a most cordial welcome was given the Grand Exalted Ruler and the group of Elks assembled by Est. Lead. Knight William Lastinger. Judge McClelland described the fine fraternal spirit that he had found among the members of the Order throughout the country in his nearly 50,000 miles of travel since his election as Grand Exalted Ruler, and the inspiration these many visitations had given him. The session was pre-

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Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.



SECRETARY OF WAR

COMMENDS

ELKS' DEFENSE

EFFORT

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

November 14, 1941.

Mr. James R. Nicholson,
Chairman, Elks National Defense Commission,
Room 706, 292 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Nicholson:

I desire to express to you and the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks my thanks and the appreciation of the War Department for the excellent National Defense program that is being carried out by your Order, and particularly for the assistance being given to the Army Recruiting Service in its "KEEP 'EM FLYING" program for the procurement of Aviation Cadets for the Army Air Corps.

This patriotic and helpful cooperation is indeed gratifying in these trying times.
With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Secretary of War.

**SUBORDINATE LODGES, CONGRATULATIONS ON
YOUR SPLENDID PROGRESS—"KEEP 'EM FLYING"!**

The Black Stuart

(Continued from page 6)

was a good soldier. The oberst was right.

Nevertheless it was on the spot where he stood that Pipe-Major MacCrimmon died. At nine o'clock on the following morning.

At dawn on the twenty-fifth of September the flower of the German infantry stood-to in their trenches to the west of Loos. Primed for a slaughter they cheered as the enemy guns lifted from the front system.

Rockets were soaring and bugles were sounding along the British line. The German artillery crashed down a defensive curtain. Machine gunners sat waiting with thumbs against twin triggers. If ever men came into an inferno of destruction, it was going to be today.

And then they came. As they will never come again.

The eagle shriek of a pibroch screamed over the roar of guns and the rattle of Spandaus. Silhouetted on the skyline at intervals along the 44th Brigade's front were rising the pipes and drums of the Seaforths and Black Watch, dressing on their majors, and stepping out at the first skirl as though they were on the parade ground at Edinburgh Castle.

Then through them raged the regiments—black kilts and blue. Into the wire they crashed, and a leading Seaforth subaltern rose in a stag-leap at the first parapet, to be spitted on the bayonet of a huge Bavarian sergeant. The impaled boy reached toward his right knee, drew a *skean dhu* from his stocking, and buried the blade of the gem-hilted dagger in the German's throat. They fell together and the hurricane swept over them, over the second line, over the third, over the strong points below the towers of Loos. And meantime another steel-tipped comber came roaring up behind the first—crimson for Cameron and Gordon's green—with the screaming pipes of Huntley and Lochiel.

High on Hill 70 an unbelieving staff-oberst was attempting to account for what had happened. But he couldn't. Because what had happened was impossible: a single brigade—two battalions, in fact—had shattered the front system and carried its *point d'appui*, had blazed through two miles of defenses and taken a town in an hour and ten minutes. It was incredible! It couldn't have happened! But the *Schottlanders* were in Loos.

The oberst knew of war only as a science, or he'd never have ordered the reserve to counter-attack down the long glacis-slope of Hill 70.

The Highlanders saw the advancing Hun. And that was all. There were no commands whatsoever. Every kilted man in Loos tore out of the town and went at them without a semblance of formation. It was not the assault of trained troops. It

was the blood-crazed rush of the Clans.

The German infantry met that shock in the open and exploded into splinters. On stormed the whirlwind, up the slope in machine-gun spray, to blast over the crest redoubts with bayonet and boot-heel, and go roaring downhill into the village on the plain below.

The German line in France had been breached by a single brigade. "Lens seems to have fallen," a liaison officer reported to the nearby Foch. "The enemy has begun to get his heavies away. The fate of Lille and the Plain of Douai lies in the hands of the English commander."

It was on the crest of Hill 70 that the last piper died, the last of the Seaforth's sixteen. MacCrimmon went to his sires in a way that became them. Bleeding to death from shattered thighs, his own last breath wailed him a coronach through the reeds he loved so well.

But the pibroch of the Tenth was not stilled. A black man in breeches and spurs—who should have been four miles in rear—took the pipes from under the dead MacCrimmon's arm, put the blood-drooling chanter between his white teeth, and played the remaining handful of Seaforth down the fireswept slope to their graves in St. Laurent.

"Blackie," said Sir Ossian—the negro had never been addressed by his surname since joining the battalion—"you have been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. I'm going to give you the ribbon now, so that you can put it up. But we feel that the decoration itself should be presented to you by the king, when he comes to review the brigade. We are very proud of you, Blackie!"

The negro's spurs clashed. "Thank you, suh. But Ah'se. . ."

Sir Ossian raised his hand. "In addition you will have ten days leave. And so that you may enjoy it, these officers and myself"—he glanced around the orderly room at the nine remaining members of the mess—"want you to accept this token of our esteem." It was bank notes for twenty-five pounds. Sir Ossian seemed embarrassed. "And you will rank corporal of transport on your return to duty," he added hurriedly.

The negro's spurs clashed again. "Suh," he began eagerly.

Sir Ossian winced and looked down. "If you ask me," he said quietly, "I'll give you permission to serve in the ranks—to wear the kilt. That's what you want, isn't it?"

Blackie's face lit up with delight. But then his eyes met the Colonel's and the smile faded.

"Ah ain't gwine ask fur dat, suh," he answered slowly. "De daid men ain't wantin' to git up in de nite 'count o' no nigger." He gestured in

the direction of Hill 70. "Might be, dough, sumthin' could happen 'roun' hyah, and den dey wouldn't be git-tin' mad 'bout it," he added, brightening.

Sir Ossian nodded. "If it ever does, Blackie, you will hear from me."

"Thank you, suh, and de res' ob de gen'lemens too."

"That was a damned hard thing to have to do," said Sir Ossian when the negro had left.

"And him a piper!" challenged the regimental chaplain.

Sir Ossian flinched. "I ask you, Padre, what human circumstance could warrant a black man wearing the kilt?"

The chaplain's eyes grew stern under his Maltese cross. "And I ask you, Sir Ossian, in the pride of your spirit: what human circumstance could warrant a dead man walking in the night?"

Yet, as it happened, neither of their questions was to remain unanswered.

SOME two months later in the Hulloch sector a D Company runner sought out Blackie. "Toff MacIvor is wantin' to see you toot sweet, Corporal!"

Blackie dropped a rasp and Black Donald's hoof from between his knees. "How cum de cap'in am not in de line?" he enquired.

"He came out the day wi' three platoons. But I'm no knowing why."

Blackie found Captain Ian MacIvor at a rude wooden table with some papers before him. This nineteen-year-old company commander was the dandy of the regiment and consequently the negro's particular idol.

"Well, my lad," said MacIvor breezily, "how's the war with you this morning?"

"Dey's ain't so much doin' back hyah, suh."

"Hankering for a little excitement, are you? Well, I am authorized to offer you just that!" He unfolded a paper.

"The fact is we've come out of the trenches to rehearse a show which we intend to pull off tomorrow night. For your information, Paragraph Four, Section Seven, of Operation Orders is as follows. Quote: Transport Corporal J E B Stuart is to be given an opportunity to participate in this action should he so elect. End quote. Does the hereinbefore mentioned corporal so elect?"

"Yes, suh! De corporal am elected."

"Splendid! Now, then, you'll act as my runner. Tomorrow afternoon you will proceed to the quartermaster's store and draw the following items." Then the heavens fell.

"One kilt. . ."

"But de cun'il, suh!"

"One kilt-pin, one pair flashes, one pair hosetops, and one pair ankle-puttees. You may also draw a sporran, but you will not parade in it for the purpose of this operation."

"Suh, de cun'il. . ."

"These are his personal orders. Furthermore, he told me that he will now be able to wear his glengarry on his head when he meets his Maker, instead of carrying it in his hand like a mangy civilian."

"But de ha'nts, suh?"

"The what?"

"De daid men he dun tol' me 'bout!"

"Oh, they'll have no possible grounds for appearing."

"You is sho' o' dat, suh?"

"Certain! Parade at five pip emma tomorrow in battle order. You're a Jock now, Blackie—so don't let them catch you wearing anything under your kilt."

"No su-h!" said the beaming negro. "Ah knows 'bout dat!" He fired off a salute that shook the doorposts and departed.

On the following afternoon the quartermaster sergeant and the entire transport section dressed and inspected him in a way that no bilious major ever approached. When they were finally satisfied he swaggered on to the parade ground, proud as a turkey cock. The parade was already formed up at the far end of the field, facing away from him. So he threw out his chest and strutted up to the rear of the company, with an effort at the hip-thrown Highland stride that sets the kilt a-sway.

"Front!" cracked out Captain MacIvor's voice.

The parade about-turned and cheered the astounded negro wildly. There were a hundred Highlanders there, and every mother's son of them—officers—non-coms, and men—was as black at all visible points as Corporal J. E. B. Stuart himself. The mountain had come to Mohammed, because the Seafortths were about to engage in the first blackface raid of the war.

A climbing Very light from the German front line slid silently upward and dipped into a suspended glare. It silhouetted the sandbag ridges of the parapets; it worked weird traceries of black shadow amid the gaunt, post-studded wire.

Blackie was frankly "skeered". But not at the prospect of a fight. This was different. Something in his jungle blood began to cringe at each revealing flare. "If ha'nts walked in de nite, dey was gwine be ha'nts hyah fo' sho'."

He was lying with Captain MacIvor on the rim of the crater outside the British wire. They were waiting for a signal that the enemy wire had been cut; as soon as a way had been sheared through

it, the cutting-patrol would crawl back to the outer pickets and smear them with luminous paint.

SUDDENLY twin lines of light, ruled like gateposts in the darkness, sprang into being. The young company commander patted the head of a sergeant in rear, paused for a few seconds so that the signal might be relayed, and then moved off with a ghostly file behind him and Blackie by his side.

As they reached the wire a German sentry challenged. But the waiting patrol had his station spotted and shot him off the parapet. Half a dozen Very lights hissed into the air. A rocket soared up through the night from the support line and spilled into a shower of red stars. The guns came down on their night line, but were too late—the Jocks were in position.

The assault was a complete surprise. Within ten minutes the front and support trenches were in the Seafortths' hands and secured by blocking parties at both flanks. Demolition squads began to destroy dugouts. A group of seventeen prisoners—with trouser belts removed or suspenders cut—was on its way to the British line under escort, a number of the enemy had been killed, a machine-gun had been taken, and the Highland casualties were trivial. It looked like a perfect show to Captain Ian MacIvor. But just as it seemed over, he was heavily attacked on his front and at all four blocks.

The Germans pressed in on both sides of his rear in their own front line; they crowded his flanks in the

support trench, and they came over the top to assault its unwired parados. Some Bavarian battalion commander had done a fine job: if any point caved in, the whole raiding party would be scuppered.

Captain MacIvor commenced to evacuate by sections till only three fire-bays remained occupied by the invaders.

As Blackie came barging along toward the Captain, the rifles of the men lining the parados were rattling so steadily that ejected cartridge-cases rained around him.

"Did you get through to Mr. Bethune?" MacIvor inquired.

"No, suh. Mr. Bethune am daid. But Ah dun give de aw-dah to Sah-gint Gunn. He am gwine hol' de udder end 'lone by hisself, suh."

"Good man, Gunn! You'll report that to the Colonel when you get back, Blackie."

"Me, suh?"

"Yes," said the captain quietly. "Have you warned everybody on my whistle blast they are to fire five-rounds-rapid and then clear out?"

"Yes, su-h."

"Right! Now buzz off, yourself." He moved up to the end of the bay. "Close in that blocking party, and let me pass!"

"Close in', my—!" said the rear man of the block. "No the night, Toff MacIvor!"

"Dat a boy!" said Blackie, trying to worm his way past. "Le'me git in de front end."

MacIvor slammed him against the parapet. "I'm in command here," he observed, jerking a whistle out by its lanyard. A bomb burst harmlessly nearby.

"Your pals are waiting for the signal," he said determinedly, "and they won't hear it till you're out of this trench." Blackie and the three men of the blocking-party sullenly scaled the parapet. Then MacIvor's whistle screamed, and he slipped around the traverse into the next bay, firing as he went.

The Germans heard the signal and knew what it meant. They charged the front, and were met by a burst of rapid-fire that checked them for the necessary minute. But their bombing squads rushed each flank, where a single man stood covering his comrades' retreat in the Spartan gesture.

Captain MacIvor heard the rattle of musketry behind him as he crouched at the corner of the traverse. It ceased, and a squad of Germans surged into the bay he was covering. His revolver flashed twice in the darkness and they retired from sight, leaving a man on the floorboards. Two bombs dropped nearby and exploded, but he was protected by the angle of the traverse. Then, stepping back into the bay to meet the rush that would fol-



"Please Mister, if you see a lady without a little boy, stop her—as I'm the little boy she's without!"

low, he found the Germans on top of him.

His first shot dropped the leading bayonet-man. But his second detonated a grenade in the hand of someone in the rear. And when Captain MacIvor wiped the blood from his eyes, he alone was standing upright in the bay. The retreat had been covered. He turned wearily to the parapet, crawled over it, staggered a few yards into no-man's-land, and collapsed in a crumpled heap.

The Germans swarmed into the evacuated trench. An order was shouted, and three of them started after the Highland captain. Then came a yell of warning as a figure rose from the wire and raced at them with gleaming bayonet.

The first German took a long-point in the throat, the second was slaughtered with a short-point under the ribs, and the skull of the third crunched from an upswung butt-stroke to the jaw. It was over in a second. The killer dropped his rifle and turned to MacIvor's body. Tat-tat! spat a light machine gun from the parapet, tat-tat-tat-at-a-tat! He sagged and sank down beside the captain. Then, very slowly, like an automaton, he rose again and drew

MacIvor on to his broad shoulders.

Tat-tat-tat! Tat-tat-tat. . . .
"Nix!" said a Bavarian lieutenant, jerking the gunner from the triggers. "Genug!"

SOME minutes later a Seaforth sentry challenged across the sandbags, "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A Jock!" came the countersign. "Advance Jock and be recognized!"

An enormous figure shambled through the wire, loomed up in a giant silhouette on the parapet, and Blackie Stuart crashed to the floorboards with Captain MacIvor on top of him.

"OH, YOU must be mistaken, Munro!" protested Sir Ossian.

"I will not be mistaken, Colonel MacRae," affirmed the Medical Officer. "Ian MacIvor has twelve wounds from a bomb—and will live for all of them. The black man is dead, with a bullet in his heart—a bullet which penetrated him from behind and caused death instantaneously. There are those at the University of Edinburgh who credit me with some knowledge of the human heart, Sir Ossian, and I repeat to you, *instantaneously!*

Guild of the Gun

(Continued from page 19)

saved us, so we forgave him. Fortunately for us he knew how to shoot to kill. Otherwise we would have been out of luck—and out of life.

Less popular than lion hunting, is the even more dangerous game of elephant hunting. Here, indeed, you had better take out the insurance policy of shooting to kill.

Although the bulk of the elephant renders him easy enough to hit, when and if you get close enough, killing him is another matter. A charging elephant can take it and take it some more, even around the head. Directly between his eyes there is one vulnerable spot, no larger than a dessert plate, but unless you get him smack on that spot he'll keep coming. In that case the odds are about a hundred to one against your return to camp in recognizable shape. When an elephant gives you the works he smears you all over the scenery.

Facing the charge of a full-grown tusker is an experience you won't forget as long as you live—if you do live. He looks as big as a battleship. The earth quakes under his thousands of pounds of raging bone and brawn. Down go young trees, bushes, branches of big trees, cracking and crashing. The wake of his charge resembles the path of a hurricane, everything torn up by the roots, then beaten flat to the ground. On his thick legs, that seem so clumsy, he hurls his enormous tonnage at you with unbeliev-

able agility and speed. He's smart, too—clever and bold.

All points considered, I believe he is among the toughest customers to be dealt with in African hunting. You may pump any number of bullets into him without stopping him. Only two things will save you from him—marksmanship and cold nerve.

On several occasions I have met a really bad elephant eye to eye, as every professional hunter must expect to do from time to time in the pursuit of our trade out here. Such has been my good luck, however, that only once have I found myself compelled to fall back upon those very last resources of instinct and self-control that we all hope we can command, but never know for sure until the moment of necessity arrives.

It happened to me a few years ago when the British Provincial Commissioner of Mwanza asked me to help him get rid of a *shamba*, an outlaw elephant, that was murdering natives and ruining crops on Ukerewe Island, in the Lake Victoria district. I agreed to take a shot at the troublemaker.

Ukerewe is a pleasant place covered densely with tropical foliage and surrounded by the azure-blue waters of Spake Gulf. The headman of the local tribe welcomed me gratefully.

"Aw, Bwana," he said, "we will be glad if you shoot this bad one. He kills our people. He destroys all our corn and yams and leaves

"Yet for all that he walked—stone dead—across no-man's-land with the lad on his back. He could no have been hit after lifting Ian to his shoulders, because the bullets would have had to be going through Ian's body to reach him, and there's no bullet wound in MacIvor!"

"You mean it's a miracle?"

"Not quite, Sir Ossian, from a medical point of view—except perhaps considering the length o' time involved."

"Poor chap," said the Colonel reverently, "Poor chap. I told him that dead men would walk in the night if he wore the kilt. And the words of my mouth have returned to confound me!"

They buried the negro with full Highland honors in the tartan he had earned so well. The reeds wailed a lament that had been composed by the greatest piper of all time for a Chief of Kintail. The padre, overcome by the mystic emotionalism of his race, lapsed from English prayer into mighty Gaelic invocation for one who had perished nobly. The bugle sounded Last Post. And then the Transport Section raised a white cross upon which they had stenciled the proud staghead of the regiment above his prouder name.

us hungry. We are afraid of him."

The chief told me that he and his men had tried their best to eliminate the outlaw themselves, but couldn't hurt him vitally. They had thrown spears into him. They had stuck his flanks full of arrows. They had peppered him with their old muzzle-loading muskets, the only firearms they are permitted to own. All to no avail. The desperate natives could neither kill that obstreperous elephant nor scare it away.

"He is afraid of nothing," sighed the chief, "and he is made of iron."

For two days I hunted the island high and low but caught no trace of the killer. On the third day, late in the afternoon, as I followed a twisting trail through the deep brush, I came suddenly upon a sight that halted me in my tracks. There, at my feet, lay the corpse of a native. He had been trampled to death by an elephant. His head was crushed and spattered around on the grass. I knew he hadn't been dead long, for the body was still warm, and the scavenger crew of hyenas and buzzards—Africa's street-cleaning department—had not yet discovered it. Close to the dead man I found a heavy bundle of sticks, firewood, tied together with vine ropes. At a nearby bend of the trail I saw a fig tree lush in leafage, its shade green and cool.

Now every professional hunter must be a sort of detective. As in hunting criminals, to hunt big game

successfully you must know your clues. Here the evidence told me quite circumstantially how the native had met his death. Pattering along the trail, bent double under his load of wood, he had not seen the killer elephant taking its ease in the noonday shade of the fig tree. The native had walked, unsuspecting, into the elephant's reach, and the bad one had swatted him out of existence the way you or I might swat an intrusive insect.

From this scene of the *shamba's* latest crime I moved forward with caution, scrutinizing every shadow, listening hard for every sound. Already the elephant could be miles away, or could be hidden in the tangled brake, watching me, just a few yards distant. I saw to it that my double-barreled elephant gun was ready for action.

The heat and the humid jungle air depressed me. It was growing late, and I had about made up my mind to abandon the job for the day when I spotted him. Shoulder deep in a thicket, the old scoundrel stood feeding, completely off guard, not more than fifty yards away.

HE WAS a noisy eater—no etiquette at all. The racket he made munching his salad of shrubbery allowed me to get within twenty yards of him before he sensed my approach. I congratulated myself on my luck and began to raise my rifle for a comparatively easy shot. I should have known better! Like counting chickens before they hatch, it is always unwise to count your easy shots before they hit, particularly when your target is an elephant. This one discovered me a split second too soon. The instant he saw me he whirled and charged. He uttered a piercing shriek of challenge and started to cover the twenty yards between us in nothing, flat.

If he had been a lion I might have gained enough time for a calculated shot by throwing my hat at him. Usually a lion will stop to maul your hat, a trick which has lifted many a big-game hunter out of a tight jam. Or, if my oncoming *shamba* had been a rhino, I might have evaded him by jumping aside. A rhino seldom swerves in its charge, due mainly to its poor eyesight. But an elephant cannot be halted or dodged by any such skulduggery. He sees you as clearly as you see him, he propels himself at you with the velocity of an express train, and nothing but death will divert him.

I let my *shamba* have the first slug at fifteen yards.

Measure fifteen paces from the chair in which you sit as you read this. Imagine eight tons of animal dynamite thundering toward you at a lick that will eat up those fifteen yards in a few elephantine strides. Picture yourself so situated and you may realize my distinctly panicky state of mind at that moment. I knew I was just a couple of ele-

phant jumps from Kingdom Come.

That's too close for ordinary gun work. When fate gets as near to you as that, you reach out blindly for an abnormal command of soul and nerve and vision. If you make the grade, you will know it afterward because you will still be alive. If you don't make the grade, you won't know or care. You'll be dead.

My first shot was a heartbreaker. The upcurled trunk of the charging elephant partly concealed his forehead. I waited as long as I dared, then gave him my right-hand barrel. The lead ripped into his frontal bone, dropped him to his knees, but didn't kill him. He struggled again to his feet and I fired my second shot into the top of his head. Over he went. Finished. My job with him was done.

I reloaded both barrels before I walked up to him, for a wounded elephant thoroughly understands the art of playing possum. But this poor old *shamba* was through, gone wherever elephants go, and as I examined him I was glad, for his sake. The end, I saw, must have brought him relief from what must have been almost unendurable pain. On his body I counted more than a hundred wounds inflicted by the spears and arrows of the natives, now a mass of festering sores. How could anyone blame him for his berserk behavior, wild as he was with pain?

Such, by the way, is nearly always the case when an African elephant becomes really vindictive against man. In Africa we have not rogue elephants, properly speaking, as in India. Those that go on the rampage have almost invariably been hounded and wounded by hunters.

THE dangerous characteristics of the African elephant as a game animal are well attested by the number of seasoned white hunters whom they have killed. One of our most picturesque veterans, Billy Judd, went out the hard way. The elephant won.

Billy Judd was the "Buffalo Bill" of Kenya. A born showman, he rode a milk-white horse, always perfectly groomed, saddle and harness gleaming bright with polish. His leather hunting togs would be hung like a Christmas tree with glittering bowie knife, field glasses, compass and other accoutrement. Romantically he wore his cartridge bandoliers crossed, Cossack style, over his barrel-like chest. Billy was big and square and decorative. He had the circus touch, and we loved him for it. No professional hunter out here can claim a record superior to his. But a few years ago he missed a shot at the small round target between an elephant's eyes. And that was the end of Billy.

Camera hunting for elephants can be as hazardous—to the photographer—as hunting with guns. Witness the tragic killing of Captain Godfrey Colfax Crookshank, distin-

guished young British naval officer.

On a six-weeks' *safari*, Captain Crookshank took hundreds of pictures of wild animals in action and killed none for trophy purposes. He lost his life just the same.

Flying one day from Kilossa to Moshi, he sighted a large elephant herd feeding in open country below. His pilot, V. W. Soltau, wouldn't risk an immediate landing for fear of cracking up the plane, so they flew on to Moshi, then hurried back by motor to the place where they had seen the herd. With them came the proprietor of the hotel at Moshi, one Mr. Andrews, an experienced hand. To be on the safe side, Andrews fetched along a couple of elephant guns.

CAPTAIN CROOKSHANK took pictures while Soltau and Andrews stood by with the guns. The elephants seemed undisturbed and the expedition probably would have concluded happily if Crookshank had not felt—as camera enthusiasts always do—that he needed one more good "shot". Andrews and Soltau watched him move in cautiously on the herd. He went closer and closer. His two friends held their rifles ready, but there was no sign of alarm among the elephants. Apparently they were unmindful of the intrusion.

Then, without a moment's warning, one of the gray bulls swung away from the herd and charged. Soltau and Andrews had their guns trained on him as soon as he left the herd, but the bull beat them to the kill. Soltau's bullet thudded into his brain an instant after he had clubbed Captain Crookshank to death with one lightning flail of his trunk. Soltau's second bullet killed the elephant, but that didn't save Crookshank. Shooting to kill is not quite enough when elephants are concerned. With them it's your first shot that must kill, or at least inflict a mortal wound. An elephant doesn't need to strike twice.

Perhaps you may think Captain Crookshank's disregard of danger was somewhat reckless, but that isn't the point. The point is this: you never can tell what an elephant will do.

A wise elephant hunter takes nothing for granted. Jim Price and George Outram were shrewd elephant men. (Both were killed eventually by lions, as I have told in an earlier part of this article.) They put on some exciting elephant hunts in their time, and had some narrow escapes.

George shot a husky bull elephant one day in the Sotik region of West Kenya—and thought he had killed it for certain. Jim went off after another big bull, leaving George alone with the dead one. George sat down to smoke a pipe and watch his black boys dance on the mammoth carcass—a vanquished elephant always inspires the natives to fun and frolic. In the midst of the celebration George's dead elephant scrambled up squealing mad, shook

the black boys off like so many fleas, grabbed George with its trunk and batted him into the bush as though he were a baseball. The thick foliage broke his fall. As he ran for his life, George saw the elephant stop to grind his hat into the ground. What saved George was that particular elephant's lack of concentration. As I remarked before, they almost never turn aside, the way lions do, to enjoy the trivial revenge of wrecking your abandoned hat or gun or camera.

In Uganda the elephant population has increased so rapidly in recent years that two famous hunters, J. P. Banks and Captain Salmon, were now employed by the government there to thin out the herds. This is absolutely necessary for the protection of the planters, whose crops would otherwise be spoiled every year by the devastating raids of the too prolific pachyderms. Before going to work for the Uganda Government, Salmon and Banks hunted elephants for ivory in the Lado Enclave, where it has been estimated that they killed at least three thousand. During the past few years in Uganda they have bagged about a thousand more, which gives them our all-time record for elephant shooting. Unquestionably they have killed no fewer than two thousand apiece. I'm sure their total must add up to around twenty thousand tons of elephant—and that is a lot of meat however you slice it.

In the danger class the African buffalo and the rhinoceros can be rated not far behind the elephant. Both are implacable enemies of man, but I would give the rhino some precedence over the buffalo because he averages more human victims, year in and year out. The common or black rhino has a permanent grouch against the world. This may be attributed, I believe, to the fact that he suffers all the time from a gnawing inferiority complex, and no wonder. He's blind as a bat, as stupid as a dunce—and I think he knows it. Perhaps he also realizes that he is one of the ugliest looking members of the animal kingdom. Anyhow, his resentment of life is so violent that he takes every unfamiliar sight and smell and sound as a personal insult. His chronic irascibility makes him a dangerous homicidal moron.

Like people of his temperament, the rhino is more than ever treacherous when he appears to be a coward. He leads you on to think he's scared and running away, then circles back and charges viciously while you are off your guard.

A case in point deals with a rhino that took two human lives. The tragedy occurred near Nanyuki, a small settlement that lies on the northwest corner of Mt. Kenya right on the equator. Mrs. Green—a tall athletic lady who habitually wore tweeds over her lean, lanky form and a monocle in front of her blue right eye—came to visit some friends in Nanyuki. She had journeyed all

alone to Kenya from England by way of the Congo. This meant that she had accomplished the rather formidable task of traveling across Africa by herself.

One afternoon I was chatting with her at the Country Club outside Nairobi. She had an incisive and very positive way of speaking and a rather disturbing way of glaring right at you through her monocle.

"Beastly dull place—Africa," she clipped in staccato syllables. "No excitement. Not a thrill."

| TRIED to tell her that Africa is not as dull as it may appear, but it seems I spoke to deaf ears.

About a week later, my wife and I were having a couple of tall, cool sun-downers with some friends in the Nairobi Club when one of the Junior Officers of the King's African Rifles came up to our table. He was a youngster, fresh from England with clear eyes and pink cheeks, but this evening his eyes had lost their steady look and he was somewhat green around the gills.

"Here, Lieutenant," said my wife as she handed him a scotch and soda. "You look as if you've seen a ghost. How about a sun-downer?"

The youngster stared at Florence with a feeble attempt at a smile as he declined the drink with a shake of his head.

"Haven't you heard what happened, Mrs. Klein?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Mrs. Green. Captain Atkins. They were killed this afternoon by a rhino."

I shall not attempt to drag the reader through the many questions that were flung at the inarticulate youngster before we got the whole story. Here is what had happened.

That morning, some natives came to the plantation where Mrs. Green was stopping. They told her host that they had seen a rhino on the highway close by. Eager for excitement, Mrs. Green wanted to go rhino hunting at once but was persuaded from doing so by her host. However, Mrs. Green was not to be cheated out of a thrill. She contrived to borrow a rifle and, with a native to guide her, stole away in search of the rhino.

The full details of what happened from then on will never be known but Mrs. Green found the beast and wounded it, but not fatally. It charged and gored her to death.

Meanwhile, the natives, pop-eyed with fear, had run off to save their own skins and did not report what had happened. Therefore, when Captain Atkins and Mrs. Atkins passed over the road later in the afternoon, they did not know that a wounded rhino was at large in the neighborhood.

Captain Atkins was driving along slowly when something went wrong with the engine and the car came to a stop almost opposite the spot in the bush where the rhino had killed Mrs. Green.

Muttering the usual grumbling

complaints of the motorist whose car has gone haywire, Captain Atkins slid out of his seat, took off his coat and was about to lift the hood to look at the engine, when he said to his wife, in a soft, sibilant whisper, "Darling—quick—get out of the car. Run down the road to those trees and hide! Don't ask any questions. Hurry!"

Out of the corner of his eyes, as he turned his head to lift the hood, Captain Atkins had seen a rhino steal out of the bush. The beast was behind him and less than ten yards away.

As Mrs. Atkins got out of the car, her husband picked up his coat. He waved it toward the rhino as a tor-eador waves his flag to capture the attention of a bull. The scheme worked. Now Captain Atkins started to work his way around the car so as to put it between the rhino and himself, but he never reached his goal. With a terrific snort, the beast was upon him and literally pounded him into pulp. Mrs. Atkins escaped unhurt, thanks to her husband's chivalry.

AS FOR buffalo. They, too, can make hunters—and even autoists—stop, look and listen. Not long ago, a buffalo attacked an automobile near Kyagwe and almost ruined it. Howard Chambers, his wife and small daughter had been spending Sunday evening with friends on a ranch near their own and were heading home.

Their car was turning a sharp bend in the road when out of the murk came a black be-horned mass that thundered straight toward the car and leaped upon its hood.

Mr. Chambers was too astounded to speak. His wife did not have time to even scream. The baby made no sound, for it was asleep. The black leather muzzle of the attacker was pressed against the broken windshield and behind the muzzle rose two sweeping horns. A buffalo—and no mistake.

The impact of the charging animal had slowed down the auto and presently the weight of the buffalo's body put such an extra burden on the car that the car staggered to a stop. Almost simultaneously, the buffalo slid from the hood down on the fender and from there to the ground. Here it picked itself up, sniffed threateningly and walked slowly off the road.

So far, so good. The buffalo was no longer a problem but now the car gave Mr. Chambers cause for worry. Water poured out of the radiator which had been pushed back into the engine and short-circuited. The car was definitely out of commission. To get home, the Chambers had the very uncomfortable experience of stumbling over a rough road through a pitch-black night, knowing all the time that somewhere in the neighborhood lurked an enraged buffalo that might attack at any moment.

Buffalo may be bad hitch-hikers

(Continued on page 52)

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

not, like most tournaments, a battle of so-called sharpshooters or "pot hunters". Truly representative of the Order, its bowling carries out fully the letter of Goodfellowship.

The Committee has again authorized the distribution of cash prizes, with 60 per cent going as Regular Prizes and 40 per cent as Goodfellowship Prizes. Diamond medals will also be awarded the winners in each event and a beautiful trophy will be given the Elk lodge represented by the team winning the Five-man Championship.

For any further information concerning the Elks National Bowling Tournament, communicate with Secretary John J. Gray, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Members of Iron Mountain Lodge Provide "Smokes for Servicemen"

Members of Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge, No. 700, including those residing in nearby Kingsford, started a special fund early in November with which to buy cigarettes for Iron Mountain-Kingsford service men. No money was accepted from other than Elk members living in either place. The accumulated volume of "smokes" was mailed from the lodge home on December 15. The list of recipients included names and addresses of men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and other branches of the service.

Distinguished Elk Officials Are Honored by Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge

Several hundred members of Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347, turned out recently for a dinner and also a regular lodge meeting coupled with an initiation. At the same time they honored Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Dr. Charles R. Logan, of Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, Clyde E. Jones, Ottumwa, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Henry D. Dukes, of Centerville Lodge, D.D. for Iowa, S. E.

E.R. William C. Brunk presided and both Mr. Dukes and Dr. Logan addressed the meeting. In honor of Dr. Logan, who heads the Elks Defense Committee of the State, graduating members of the Elks Refresher Course were guests of the lodge.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge Entertains Elks of N. E. District Association

This crisp fall weather brought a great gathering of Elks to the Fall Conference of the Northeast District Elks Association, which convened at Ashland, Pa., on Sunday afternoon, November 9. They started at Sayre, Pa., came along the Wyoming Trail to Scranton, Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, gathering more members as they went, and journeyed on to Bangor and into the Poconos, winding up with delegations from Easton, Lehighton, Lansford, Tamaqua, Pottsville, Frackville, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mount Carmel and Shamokin. One hundred and seventeen delegates attended the business session held in the home of Ashland Lodge No. 384. The presence of many ladies raised the total attendance to approximately 300. The meeting was called to order by President Thomas Giles, of Shamokin Lodge. After the Invocation, given by William Haver-

kost, Jr., of Mahanoy City Lodge, a great deal of important business was transacted, with activities in connection with national defense being given special attention.

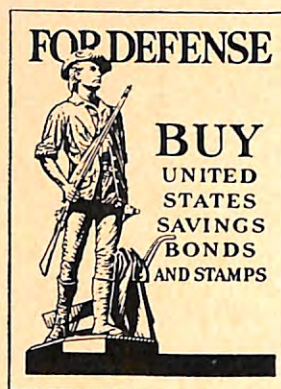
Among the distinguished visitors who registered were D.D. Frank S. La Bar, East Stroudsburg, Past State Pres.'s George J. Post, Mahanoy City, and Scott E. Drum, Hazelton, and State Inner Guard J. G. Thumm, Shenandoah. Many Past District Deputies and delegations of members from Berwick and Danville Lodges were present. A de-

licious roast beef dinner was served and the business meeting was followed by a buffet luncheon. A sightseeing tour was arranged for the ladies.

Three Generations Figure in Ceremony at Amsterdam Lodge

Of unusual interest was the initiation recently of Harold B. Schotte, Jr., into Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101. He is a son of P.E.R. Harold B. Schotte and a grandson of P.E.R. Kuno B. Schotte. During the initiation, his grandfather

Many Lodges Buy Defense Bonds—



IN THE promotion of national defense, the subordinate lodges are purchasing defense bonds with a liberality that bespeaks the patriotic devotion of their members. Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, some time ago purchased \$50,000 worth, in the desire to be of service in a time of need. With the same desire, and commensurate with its extensive activities along patriotic lines, The Dalles, Ore., Lodge, No. 303, bought \$14,000 worth of defense bonds. As one of its activities in support of the Elks National Defense Program, Oil City, Pa., Lodge, No. 344, purchased bonds in the amount of \$4,000.

Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, one of the first lodges to subscribe, bought \$10,000 worth of bonds. New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73, wrote a check for a \$1,000 defense bond, and another for \$100 which it donated to the U.S.O. On the vote of Wallingford, Conn., Lodge, No. 1365, immediate purchase of \$2,000 worth was made. Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, was all set to build an annex to its home, but voted to turn over the entire building fund of \$17,500 in exchange for a sheaf of defense bonds. The members declared that they did not want to spend the money for extra convenience when their country was asking their aid. The first large purchase

in the city of Muskegon, Mich., was made by Muskegon Lodge No. 274 in the amount of \$10,000. Some time ago, when the purchase of \$1,000 worth of bonds to be deposited to the credit of Susanville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1487, was put to a vote, the affirmative was unanimous.

At a recent meeting of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, 48 members voted to buy at least one defense bond. Every other member present had already purchased a bond, which gave the meeting a record of 100 per cent. On publication of a plea for the purchase of defense bonds, the members of Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741, immediately, through their trustees, bought \$10,000 worth to cooperate with the Government and to protect their funds in a savings program. One of the largest purchases of defense bonds by any local organization was made at the Malden Trust Company recently when officers of Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 965, bought \$6,000 worth. Malden Lodge has been actively engaged in the defense program as outlined by the Elks National Defense Commission. In connection with the Elks National Defense Program, Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, No. 896, has, for convenience, set up a U. S. Defense Bond and Stamp counter in the lobby of its home.

acted as Exalted Ruler, his father as Esteemed Loyal Knight. The other two chairs were occupied by two of the young man's uncles who had held those offices respectively at different times in the past.

Lodges Instituted

(Continued from page 33)

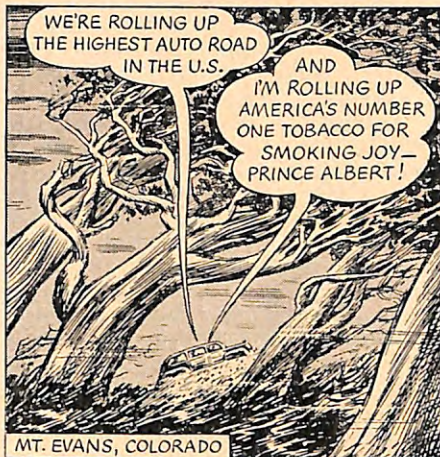
SOME time ago, Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, ever watchful for an opportunity to widen the scope of the Order's activities, suggested to Special Deputy Albert W. Jeffreys, of Herrin, Ill., Lodge, that while in Texas he visit W. R. Walker, a member of El Reno Lodge but a resident of Lufkin, Tex. Mr. Walker had evinced an interest in the organization of a lodge in Lufkin. The contact was made and as a result, due to the efforts of M. A. deBettencourt, of Houston Lodge, Pres. of the Texas State Elks Assn., D.D. Joseph J. Roberts, of Tyler Lodge, and Mr. Walker, there was instituted on November 6 a new lodge, Lufkin, Tex., No. 1027, with approximately one hundred charter members. Pitser H. Garrison and W. R. Walker were elected Exalted Ruler and Secretary respectively.

Lufkin is famed as a city of industry and education, boasting many fine schools including the Piney Woods Business College. Situated in Angelina County, in the heart of the pine timber belt of east Texas, the city is known throughout the country as the home of the Southland Newsprint Mill, the first mill of its kind in the United States to manufacture newsprint paper from southern pine lumber. The Southland plant, however, is but one of the numerous industries. For many years Lufkin has held an important place in the lumber industry, the second most important in the great State of Texas in which agriculture and the oil industry play so great a part. Small mills of the last century have been transformed into huge plants and in Angelina County today are 17 mills. Two of these, the Southern Pine Lumber Co. and the Angelina County Lumber Co., manufactured approximately 75,000,000 board feet of lumber in 1941, sixty per cent to go to the government.

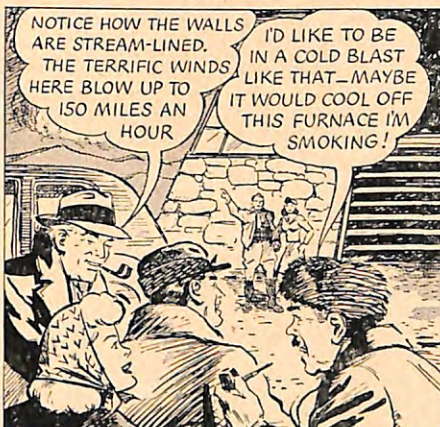
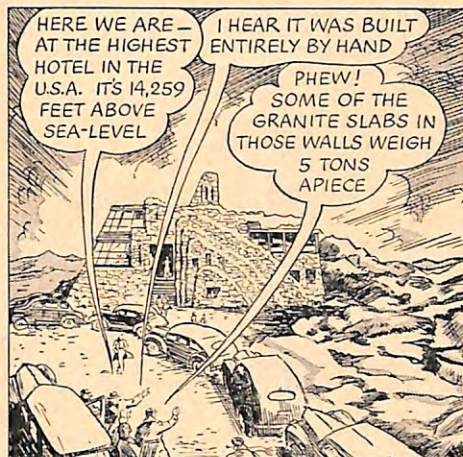
Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company, started as a manufacturer of sawmill machinery, now sends oil field equipment and machinery all over the world; this mill holds important defense contracts. Texas Foundries is the only malleable iron foundry in the State. Standard Fence Company produces all the picket fences for Sears Roebuck and miniature garden fences for four of the largest chain store organizations in the country. Also in Lufkin are two packing plants, a chair factory and numerous small industries. Defense priorities, according to a recent survey, have had no adverse effect on industrial employment which is shown to have increased in that area. A steadfast policy of employing men from the immediate area is followed, resulting in a stable economy.

The 1940 census recorded a population of 9,567 inhabitants, with 2,000 more living in Keltys and adjacent suburbs. Lufkin is the home of the Texas Forest Festival, an annual fête dedicated to the preservation of the lumber industry. It is also the site of field offices for the Texas Forest Service and the home of a half-dozen regional offices of federal organizations.

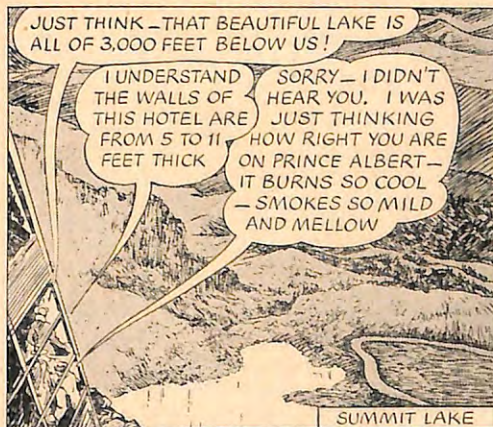
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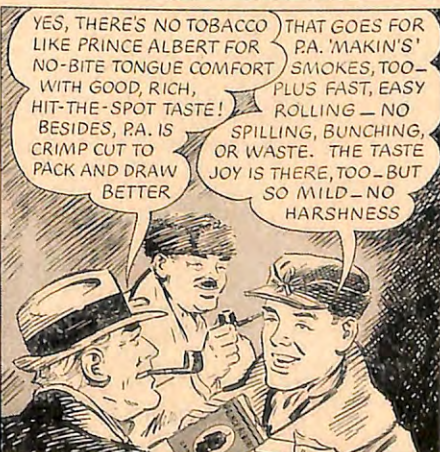
MT. EVANS, COLORADO



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!**



SUMMIT LAKE



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

The Defense Rests

(Continued from page 15)

average nose-dived from 44 to 18 percent. State's sturdy defense wrecked Long Island, accounted for a stunning 31-26 upset.

The customers? There were 14,437 and they were bored stiff. Many walked out in the middle of the second half and those who remained made raucous, ribald noises produced by placing the tongue between the lips and blowing hard upon same.

Again the non-participating coaches and officials held a post-mortem. Now they were beaming, convinced they had seen an elegant demonstration of skill and science.

"That's how basketball was meant to be played," Walsh said. "We saw smart maneuvering for openings, tricky jockeying for position, none of that aimless, harum-scarum running. You can't tell me Long Island made only 26 points because all the boys had off-nights. A tight, conscientious defense had everything to do with it.

"The crowd didn't like the game? That's because the fans haven't seen enough real basketball to appreciate it. As soon as they realize anyone can make a goal against a wide open defense, they'll want to see points earned the hard way."

Walsh is the volunteer spokesman representing the minority in the current controversy agitating the deep thinkers of basketball. For reasons not entirely divorced from sectional pride and prejudice,—as well as scrambling for top billing in this newest big-money sport—the basketball people are the most disputatious gents in the coaching profession. They always are arguing violently about something. Until a year ago the rules were a splendid spring-board for debate. Now that the rules are pretty well stabilized, the coaches have gone back to the fundamental proposition: Do you win ball games by outscoring the other side or by keeping its points down to a reasonable minimum?

Advocates of free trading of baskets leading to high scores present powerful and telling arguments. One point alone wraps up their case: The customers love to see the scores mount into big numbers. Basketball never was more popular than it is today; more than 100,000,000 spectators are drawn annually in a four-month period. In the old days, when defense was stressed, the customers were not breaking down the doors of spacious field houses and arenas. High scores make for headlines and pictures in the papers. That means more customers.

The vocal opposition plugging for more emphasis on defense is composed mainly of coaches who got their post-graduate basketball educations in the old professional leagues which flourished twenty years ago. They carry service stripes of the

time when a man who wanted to collect a hatful of points for himself had to be prepared to give up his shirts, shreds of epidermis clinging to same, and sometimes his life.

These survivors of hand-to-hand fights with devout defenders of baskets are concentrated in the East, but there are oases of agreement scattered throughout the country. Henry Iba, whose Oklahoma A. & M. teams won or shared five successive championships in the Missouri Valley Conference until Creighton squeezed through last year, says his teams will win consistently if they score only 36 to 38 points. Last season the Aggies limited the opposition to an average of 25.8 points a game. Dave MacMillan of Minnesota, Frosty Cox of Colorado, Bert Van Alstyne of Michigan State and Chuck Davies of Duquesne are other successful coaches who operate on the theory that victories must come if the opposition's scores are slapped down severely.

Led by the Eastern dissenters, the exponents of the old school insist their misguided colleagues have gone completely overboard for the false glamour of high scores, thereby transforming the game into glorified bean-bag. They go on to accuse the enemy bloc of developing half-baked scoring specialists and they contend the customers are getting only half value since half the game—defense—is ignored.

Nat Holman, coach at New York's City College and generally recognized as the greatest pro player of all time, jabs a typical Eastern needle into the stuffed shirts when he says, flatly and unequivocally, that no college man ever lived who was good enough to average 16 to 20 points a game throughout his varsity career. In recent seasons there has been a small army of collegians who have run regularly their personal totals into the telephone numbers. A once-over-lightly list would include Hank Luisetti, Stanford; Chuck Chuckovitz, Toledo; Stan Modzelowski, Rhode Island; Frank Baumholtz, Ohio U.; Ralph Vaughn, U.S.C.; Gus Broberg, Dartmouth; Bob Kinney, Rice; George Glamack, North Carolina; Laddie Gale, Oregon; Si Lobello, L.I.U.; Al Lipscomb, Vanderbilt.

"I'd like to see those kids in good company," Holman mutters darkly. "They wouldn't average three goals a night against men who really know the game."

There is no doubt that scores have skyrocketed fantastically in recent years. A decade ago 30 points were sufficient to win most major games, a score in the 50's was made only against dreadful incompetents and a point-a-minute average—40 points in 40 minutes—was sensational. Time lurches on. Today 30 points

will get a team nothing but fatigue, frustration and futility; 60, even 70, points is no guarantee of victory. The two-points-a-minute team is coming around the corner considerably faster than promised prosperity. In each of the last three seasons Rhode Island State has averaged 70, 75 and 73 points. A varsity letter is awarded annually to Rhode Island's official scorer on the tenable theory that he works harder than the players.

Three factors—technical, theatrical and psychological—are responsible for the inflation in basketball. Changes in the rules have made freer scoring inevitable. Such radical innovations as the elimination of the center jump and the adoption of the ten-second deadline for advancing the ball beyond midcourt have speeded up play tremendously. It is estimated that the ball is in actual play 38 minutes out of every 40. In other words, the boys are making more points because they're playing more.

With all the attention centered on the point-getters, every kid wants to be a home-run hitter. The great increase in intersectional games—a by-product of popularity and publicity—is bringing together teams generally unfamiliar with the opposition's offensive pattern and the slick tricks of individual stars. This enables teams and stars to get away with surprises they couldn't pull against traditional rivals.

The psychological factor is the most important. Years ago—and old-time fans will check this—there was pairing off of rival players and the box-scores were watched closely for the results of these personal contests within the game. If Team A's right forward scored 12 or 15 points, Team B's left guard immediately lost caste. He was a bum in the eyes of all people, including his close relatives.

Defensive responsibility was fixed; a player took as much pride holding down a good man as he did in his own points. Now, with zone defenses and offensive screening necessitating rapid shifting on guarding assignments, the straight man-for-man game is practically extinct. Responsibility for covering an opponent is switched constantly; there is a tendency to loaf and let George do it. Furthermore, there is no premium on possession of the ball. The elimination of the center jump, automatically awarding the ball to the team scored upon, has promoted a So What? attitude. What if the other side scores? We'll get the ball and we'll get that goal back.

It is significant that scores invariably are lower in league games and in traditional battles than they are in contests involving casual opponents. Familiarity with styles has

something to do with it, but more important is the incentive to subordinate personal glory for the greater benefit of the good old school.

In the Western Conference two seasons ago, only nine of the 60 games on the schedule resulted in scores exceeding 50 points. Last year the half-century was cracked 14 times and the last-place Chicago team, which failed to win a Conference affair, was on the receiving end on six of those occasions. On January 6, 1941, Minnesota held Wisconsin, the champion and ultimate winner of the N.C.A.A. title, scoreless from the field in the second half. That same night Illinois limited Purdue to 14 measly points in the second half.

Of all the major conference champions in 1941, only two—Arkansas, unbeaten in the Southwestern, and North Carolina, the killer-diller in the Southern—averaged more than 50 points. Most of the other title teams led the parade with averages in the low 40's.

Another staunch supporter of old-fashioned, defensive basketball is Paul Mooney, Columbia coach. In company with his Eastern colleagues, Mooney believes the craze for points has been carried to silly extremes. He always suspected it and he was convinced on January 20, 1940.

Columbia had a league engagement coming up with Dartmouth and Gus Broberg, a tougher combination to beat than the house numbers on a crooked roulette wheel. Dartmouth had won two successive championships in the Eastern Intercollegiate League—and was destined to win

four straight—and Broberg, three-time scoring champion, was en route to an all-time record. Columbia had a weak team. It looked like a harrowing evening for the Lions.

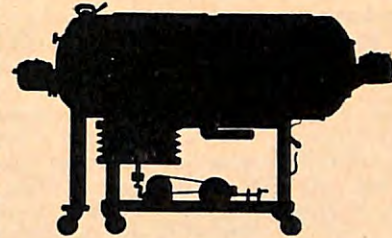
Mooney announced something would be done about Mr. Broberg and his 16-point average. His *deus ex machina* was Len Will, a sophomore with only five weeks of varsity basketball behind him. Will hardly was an artist on the court; in the language of the trade, he was strictly a "dog", an earnest plodder with nothing to recommend him but determination. Broberg was a star of the first water—but not this night. Will stuck to his man closer than Broberg's shadow. Broberg made one field goal and Columbia handed Dartmouth its only league reversal of the year, a 35-32 decision.

"Coaches are foolish to beat their brains out trying to dream up new scoring plays when it's so easy to develop a good defense," Mooney maintains. "Defense is the great leveler—it's a weak team's best bet. You can win games with ordinary personnel.

"Unconsciously, coaches fall back on defense as their only hope when they're in a jam. Suppose you're meeting a team that has a 20-point scorer. To counteract that man, do you try to build up your own player who's been averaging 12 points? Of course not. You know it can't be done. You try to stop that other fellow from getting his twenty. You know that's possible.

"I suppose I'm a sucker for giving away trade secrets, but it's all right. Those point-crazy coaches aren't listening, anyway."

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

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



"It takes Medor to drag me out of the apartment for an airing."

Fifth Column—1776

(Continued from page 13)

Tall grenadiers and stolid Hessians thrust them back at the point of the bayonet. But bitterly and stubbornly the Americans held them off, as they stumbled toward the rear.

The fierce heat smote the fighters and dropped them, gasping, exhausted, moaning for water. Among them, while bullets hummed about her, moved a woman, Molly Hays, wife of an American artilleryman. The blessed draughts she gave that day from a pitcher filled at a spring would enshrine her in history as Molly Pitcher. As she passed near the flaming cannon her husband was serving, he fell wounded. Molly grasped the rammer staff and took his place. If General Lee saw that incident, he must have altered his belief that Americans would not stand and fight. Even their women would.

But their orders were not to hold but to retreat, and the blue tide ebbed farther and faster. The red waves pressed close after it.

Bewildered, dismayed, the dashing Lafayette had watched the attack turning into a near-rout. That wasn't the way he would have led an assault. He sent a courier galloping madly back to General Washington. The Commander-in-Chief set spurs to his horse and rode hard for the front past the stragglers streaming to the rear.

Several saw the memorable meeting between Washington and the recreant Lee, engaged in his "unnecessary, disorderly and shameful retreat". Some say the immortal George called Lee a "damned poltroon", and "swore till the leaves shook on the trees". But the story of a young sergeant, trying to keep his platoon in order as they plodded back through the sandy soil, rings truest.

"I saw General Washington," said the sergeant, "coming from the rear of our column, riding very rapidly along the right flank. And as he came nearer, my attention was fixed upon him with wonder and astonishment, for he was evidently under strong emotion and excitement. I never saw such a countenance before. It was like a thunder-cloud before the flash of lightning. Just as he reached the flank of my platoon, he reined up his horse

a little and, raising his right hand high above his head, he cried out with a loud voice, 'My God! General Lee, what are you about?'

"General Lee began to make some explanation; but General Washington impatiently interrupted him, and with his hand still raised high above his head, waving it angrily, exclaimed, 'Go to the rear, sir,' spurred his horse, and rode rapidly forward."

The stirring scene that ensued had taken place in past battles and would in future ones. A great leader, trusted and beloved, by the very inspiration of his presence and the energetic orders he issued, turned the tide. It was, wrote one historian, as if the reins of a runaway team were suddenly seized by powerful hands. The weary, shattered blue lines reformed and hurled themselves on the foe. The roar of the guns rose again to a crescendo.

Yet one more inexplicable attempt to thwart Washington was made by Lee. Riding to the rear he met Steuben advancing with three brigades, as ordered. Lee halted him, declaring there must be some mistake. Whereupon the old Baron called an aide, had the orders repeated to Lee and sternly marched forward.

On until nightfall the battle raged. The day which might have been a splendid American victory, which was so nearly a disastrous American defeat, resulted in a hard-fought draw. Under cover of darkness, the redcoats, leaving many dead upon the field, escaped by sea to New York.

So through the testimony which

re-told the story of the Battle of Monmouth ran a bitter undercurrent of it-might-have-been. When all the witnesses had come and gone, General Lee took the stand in his own defense. A glib fellow, Charles Lee. He always had an answer. Indignantly he informed the court that he had retreated only to draw the enemy into a position where he could strike them overwhelmingly, which he most certainly would have done had not Washington's arrival ruined his plan. Outnumbered, out of position, he had been making the best of a bad bargain. He had flattered himself with congratulation and applause; instead of which he was accosted with the most disgraceful reproach. As for those letters to Washington, he had written them only to right a cruel injustice. He had believed that, once properly informed of the facts, His Excellency, whom he, Charles Lee, had ever loved and esteemed, would make some apology.

No, General Lee. This time you had overplayed your hand. The Americans saw through you at last. On August 12th the court passed sentence. Guilty on all three counts. The sentence was mild under the circumstances but grimly conclusive:

"The Court do sentence Major-General Lee to be suspended from any command in the armies of the United States of North America, for the term of twelve months."

The Americans had not been able to forget the services of a man who, as they still believed, had abandoned his own country to espouse their

cause wholeheartedly. Had they known of the plan for their defeat given by Lee to the British, the sentence would probably have been a firing squad. As it was, the General virtually ordered one for himself.

Reflecting on Steuben's testimony, Lee had called him a distant spectator at the battle, with only a slight part in its maneuvers. The old Baron would not take that. He asked for a meeting on the field of honor where, he remarked, General Lee would find him no distant spectator; in fact, the closer, the better. Lee managed to avoid that challenge but could not escape meeting Col. Laurens, Washing-



"Gentlemen, you can quote me as saying that every day the international situation becomes more and more of a headache."

ton's aide-de-camp, who was furiously indignant at Lee's insults to his chief.

The duel took place on the 24th of December, 1778. Laurens was seconded by Alexander Hamilton, who not so many years later would fall before Aaron Burr's smoking pistol. Lee's second was a Major Edwards.

Armed with a brace of pistols each, the combatants were to advance upon one another and fire at whatever time and distance they thought proper. They approached to within five or six paces before they fired. Laurens, unhit, was preparing for a second shot when Lee acknowledged he was wounded. Even so, he wanted to fire again—the man did not lack courage—but was dissuaded when the seconds insisted and Laurens agreed that honor had been satisfied. Lee's wound saved him from another duel which Mad Anthony Wayne was eager to fight with him.

The Revolution was not over by more than three years. Charles Lee might possibly have got himself reinstated and done the United States further harm. It was his own venomous disposition that eliminated him. A scurrilous letter he wrote to Congress caused his immediate dismissal from the Army.

Friendless and alone, he lay dying in a Philadelphia tavern, October 2nd, 1782. In his delirium he once more held a British command, and his last words were, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!"

But Charles Lee, as mortals must, marched unattended into the hereafter, there, wrote the historian John Fiske, to take station in that limbo described by Dante as reserved for caitiff souls who are too wicked for the one place, too weak for the other.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 20)

revamped exaggerations that are anything but true likenesses. But the man behind the lens isn't to blame; it's more often the breeder who wants the representation of his or her dog to come as close as possible to the standard of perfection for the breed. It's a kind of dishonesty because such pictorial falsification is nothing more or less than a commercial come-on for the prospective dog buyer.

Now, it isn't our intention to make this a dissertation on how to photograph the show-ring blueblood. Our Ouija-board tells us that most of our readers own what is known as just plain dogs. In any group of 500,000 Americans this majority naturally prevails, and our little board adds that those purps are none the less loved because of a plebeian ancestry.

Our reason for mentioning the photographing of canine big-wigs is because there are certain elementary principles employed by the experts in this field and they'll be help-



STEP 1. The composition is first blocked in with burnt umber and terre verte.



STEP 2. Highlights are painted in with tempera colors and middle tones developed.

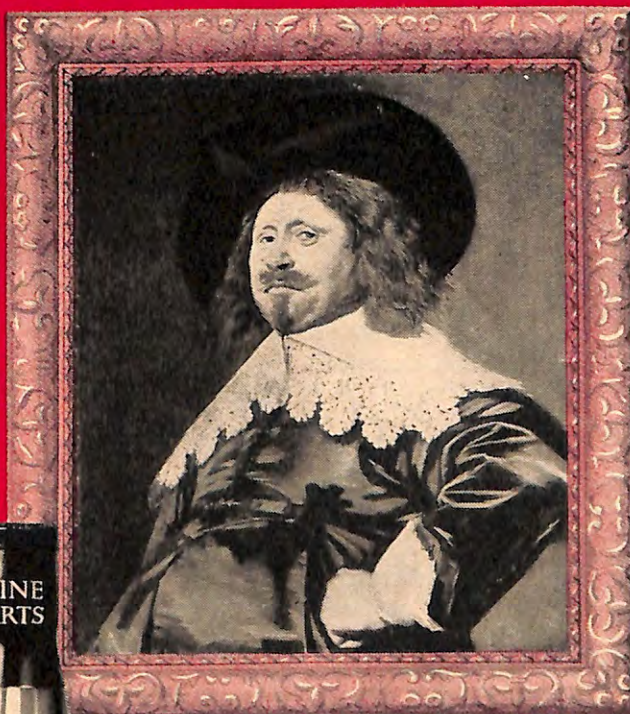


STEP 3. Then, glazes are applied and the details of the figure begin to take shape.



STEP 4. Details are refined, character notes defined and additional glazes applied.

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ful to remember when and if you want to photograph your dog.

Let's get this straight first: your reporter makes no boast at being a shark with a camera, although we've always had one or two around and have snapped a passel of pooches in our time. So, if this comes under the eye of the dyed-in-the-wool shutterbug, the kind who holds exhibitions of his or her prints, let him or her read with forbearance. Or skip this entirely. What follows is for the average reader who only uses a camera for Big Moments—to snap the new baby, or on a vacation, and other infrequent occasions.

Now, we assume that you have a camera; we know scarcely a person without one. But if you haven't, you'll find almost any kind, from the simple, modest-priced box type to the Graflex and other precision cameras, a good bet to get. Picture-taking is not only fun, but, more than that, it's the only inexpensive way of preserving pictorially records of people, places and things that may some day go out of your life forever.

Now to the business of photographing Fido:

As mentioned earlier, the two kinds of dog pictures are the formal and the sort that you can snap on the fly when Fido isn't looking. Both have their uses. We'll consider the formal sort first: Let's suppose you have a dog resembling an English bulldog—you know, that genial fraud whose face reminds you of an Indian war-mask. This chap should be photographed head-on. His forequarters are his marks of distinction. Everything is done to emphasize, pictorially, his huge head, broad shoulders and bowed legs. Dogs of this type are excellent subjects for head studies. These suggestions go also for the French bulldog, the guy with the up-standing, bat-wing ears. If not photographed head on, then very little of the caboose of these pooches should show.

All of the terriers or those of this type, look better when photographed from a three-quarters view, only partially facing the camera. Indeed, this is the way that most show specimens are taken. The reason is that the terrier type should have a short back, with so few exceptions that they're not worth mentioning. The three-quarters view fore-shortens the dog's body in the finished picture.

For the working dogs such as the Collie, the Great Dane, German Shepherd, most of these are snapped full side-view. For the Shepherd, he looks best and is always posed this way, with his tail drooped low and with one hind leg

placed in advance of the other. The idea seems to be to make him look as wolf-like as possible. The only notable exceptions in photographing working dogs side-on are the Boxer, Old English Sheepdog and possibly one or two others. These are like our terrier friends, to be mugged three-quarters-on as the standards for them call for shorter backs than the majority of workers. Dogs of the Samoyede, Spitz, Chow and the docked-tail kinds, such as Doberman Pinscher, should have their rudders erect; all others are snapped with their tails drooping.

Dogs of the Poodle and Chow type are posed three-quarters view as short backs are essential for these breeds. Both of these, as with working dogs, are excellent subjects for head studies. We'd say this is true of all dogs, with the possible exception of one or two of those tiny tykes classed as toy dogs. We've seen some splendid photo head studies, too, with plain Mr. Pooch, sans pedigree, posing for the picture.

Among purps of the sporting type—dogs used for hunting—the Pointer when possible is usually caught with one foreleg off the ground and with an eager "pointing" expression, as though he is pointing to some hidden critter. He's photographed side-on and his tail should stand out level with his back. Most dogs of the retriever breeds are photographed slightly three-quarters on. Setters or such-like are viewed side-on and with tails leveled off with their backs. Here it's important to have the steering gear extended to show the feathering on the tail. These dogs seem to look best, too, when one hind leg is—like the German Shepherd—placed before the other. Gives 'em a ready-to-go appearance. Most of the Spaniel division is photographed full side-on with tails level with top of back. A noticeable exception is the Cocker whose standard calls for a comparatively short body. Therefore this chap is more often taken from a three-quarters position.

All the houn' dawgs are glimmed side-on, with the exception of the Beagle and Norwegian Elkhound. These guys face the lens three-quarters way to fore-shorten the back. All of the hounds are posed with low-

ered tails, with the exception of the Norwegian, the Beagle, the Harrier and Foxhound.

Among the little blokes, those with profuse coats such as the Pomeranian and Pekingese (dogs of the toy department), these watch for the birdie from a three-quarters stance. This is to emphasize their manes or ruffs. The balance of the toy dogs seemed to be photographed any way—side-on, head-on or three-quarters facing the camera.

Now for a few general pointers: Hold your camera a trifle higher than the dog's head and shoot from a distance of 12 to 15 feet. Some experts, however, advise that you aim for a little below the shoulder of the dog. Try not, unless it definitely adds to the picture, to have anything else in the view except the dog (this, of course, if you are taking a formal picture of Fido). See that the background is in contrast with the dog; don't plant a dark pooch against a dark ground, nor a light-colored chap against a light ground. If posing a dog such as a Dalmatian or any kind with a coat that is mottled with light and dark colors, don't do this under broken sunlight where there are spots of light and spots of heavy shade. Bear in mind that the dark-colored dogs require a longer exposure than do the lighter kinds.

The big galoots: Shepherds, Collies, etc., always look better when snapped outdoors, but when doing this, see that they're not standing in brush or grass long enough to cover too much of their feet.

Try to shoot your picture out of direct sun; if yours is a camera with a fairly fast lens, you won't have to.

Don't try to snap the dog when he is overtired or overfrisky. This sounds like a large order but the *right* time can be found.

Don't, whatever you do, lose patience; shouting and scolding the pup will get you nowhere in a hurry. Another important thing relating to the noise factor—do your picture-taking where it is quiet, in your own backyard or out in the country. It will, however, be helpful, if someone goes along to assist you by attracting the dog's attention at the instant you are ready to press the button. It will add life to the finished

picture if the pooch looks alert.

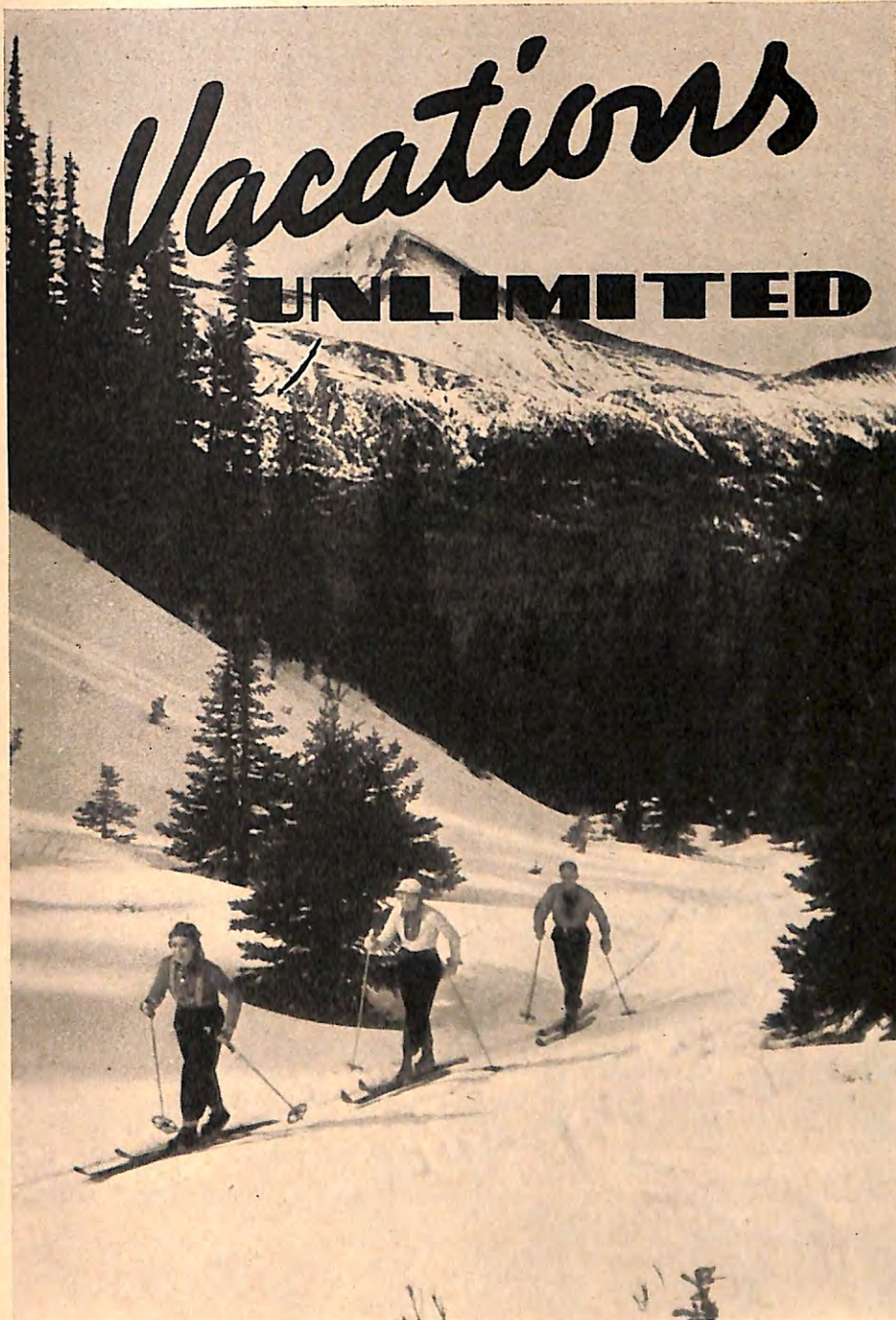
Study your dog carefully before going to work on him, then, when you're ready, *take your time* and don't rest with just one exposure—you'll be lucky if you get one really good picture out of a half-dozen poses anyway.

Don't try to pose puppies or very young dogs. It can't be done—they're too lively.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—*The Elks Magazine*—50 East 42nd Street, New York.

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Vacations UNLIMITED

A Trail into Trappers Valley, Maligne Lake area, Jasper National Park, Alberta.

By John Ransom

THERE was a time when the term "winter sports" brought to the average American mind only a rather vague notion of St. Moritz and other Alpine resorts, most likely accompanied by a subconscious shiver. Of course, men and women who had been brought up in the country had childhood memories of skating and tobogganing, perhaps also of snowshoeing and skiing if they had lived far enough north to be accustomed to good snow.

But the union of organized winter sports with the sort of fun which too many people left behind with their childhood is a comparatively recent development, and a significant one in America's increasing recreation-consciousness. In the last twenty-five years the development of the winter carnival, begun by the colleges and taken up by resorts and communities, has interested more people yearly in winter sports. Until now this form of recreation, whether it be cham-

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pionship ski tournaments or informal winter weekends spent on snowshoes, has taken its definite place on the recreational calendar.

New England, particularly in its northern and mountain regions, seems to have been designed by nature as a perfect winter sports playground, and the facilities for such amusements have increased proportionately with their growing popularity. Landscape and climate create satisfactory conditions for skiing, skating, snowshoeing and tobogganing. Towns, organizations and private enterprises provide improvements, shelter and festivity to attract further the winter sports enthusiast.

People are accepting in increasing numbers the fact that outdoor fun, adequately prepared for, is just as potent a health measure in winter as in summer. They are finding that keen, invigorating air and sunshine and the crisp scent of pines are conducive to recreation in its best sense. They are learning that cold weather is agreeable instead of appalling, when adequate, warm, simple clothing is worn, and sane physical activity is carried on. They are getting used to the idea that, snow or no snow, winter in the out-of-doors has its own definite charm.

In recent years the development of winter carnivals has done much to stimulate this appreciation of New England's winter attractions. Despite some unusual seasons, which on occasion have found winter sport managers praying for snow, the carnivals have flourished and have provided lots of fun both for the communities holding the festivals and for their increasing throngs of visitors.

Picturesque and colorful, a winter carnival seems far removed from prosaic modern days and that drab industrial civilization of which we hear so much and for which winter sports are so satisfactory an antidote.

Twenty-one years after the first Dartmouth Winter Carnival, the first snow-train in this country was run as an historical experiment by the Boston and Maine Railroad into the snow fields of New England. This snow-train—in 1931—carried 197 winter sports enthusiasts who were frankly regarded as freaks by all who saw them. Considerable publicity in newspapers and magazines was received by this original snow-train. It even made the movies. The widespread news play given to such an unusual venture helped to popularize the idea and to make it the success it now has become. From 197 pioneers, the figure jumped during one year to 3,000 people carried on one Sunday snow-train. Now the number carried in one season approaches the size of the national debt.

Roads through New England in winter are kept so well cleared that they are as passable as in summer. Numerous hotels, inns and farmhouses cater to the New England

winter vacationist and his family.

New England has developed its naturally rugged terrain into a winter playground that is now unsurpassed by any area in the world. Ski trails and runs, both down-mountains and cross-country, have been carefully cut and charted until well over 1000 miles of them criss-cross the six states of New England like a network. This network—the frame of New England's huge winter sports plant—has been fully supplemented by close to 200 ski tows and more than 100 ski jumps. Practice slopes of all degrees of difficulty exist in the hundreds.

Work is under way on a magnificent new ski tramway up Mount Mansfield in Vermont, where an extensive system of downhill ski runs and touring trails is already serviced by a 1000-foot rope tow. The new lift, to be built at a cost of \$76,000, will be ready before winter. Eighty-six hangers or individual chairs, spaced at intervals of 147 feet, will be suspended from a cable supported by 23 steel towers and two terminals. Moving at a speed of 500 feet a minute, the lift will have a capacity of 203 riders an hour in each direction. It is to run from the foot of the Nose Dive Trail to Stonehouse, near the top. The tow will be the largest of its kind in the country and will be eagerly awaited by all New England skiers.

Meanwhile, the Cannon Mountain Aerial Tramway in Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, still remains the only passenger serial tramway on the North American Continent. Since its completion many thousand persons have made the ascents of 2,022 feet, a trip of less than eight minutes. Not only does the tram provide a scenic ride of great beauty, but it also makes possible an extended skiing season since the tram services trails and slopes between altitudes of 2,000 and 4,000 feet. Ten trails and a number of practice slopes nearby are favorites with the New England skiers.

In Maine, a new development is ready at Bingham, near Skowhegan. Here on Baker Mountain an open slope has been cleared with grades for all classes. Two tows service the slope. A downhill trail of one and a half miles awaits intermediate skiers. Babbit Ridge Ski Trail of five miles and Baker Mountain Trail of almost one mile in length are prepared for cross-country skiing. Additional facilities include an adequate parking area, a public skating rink and a cabin. Scores of back country and logging roads are nearby for snowshoeing.

Not ready for use until well into last winter and therefore new to many skiers is the area at Aroostock County State Park in Presque Isle, Maine. Traffic on Quoggy Joe Trail is hauled up by a 1000-foot tow of the sled type. There is also a practice jump of 20 meters. New slopes have been added in Maine at Bangor, Lewiston-Auburn, Norway-South Paris, and new trails at Casco and

Rumford, that should be tried.

The popular Skimobile tramway on Cranmore Mountain in North Conway, New Hampshire, has been extended to the top of the mountain and its capacity has thus been doubled. Little rubber-tired automobiles, 180 of them, carry the skiers to the start of the trails and slopes in Rattlesnake Ravine. North Cranmore Slope is new this year. It extends the length of Cranmore Mountain.

Monroe is a new New Hampshire town to enter the skiing picture. It offers trails, open slopes and a ski jump in addition to skating facilities. Another new development in Derry offers several trails of varying difficulty, combined with an open slope area and a jump of 20 meters. A tow may be installed shortly.

The Gorham Ski Club has prepared a new slope which is to be night-lighted. The Ferncroft Slope in Wonalancet, New Hampshire, is also new this season and will be served by a 600-foot tow. Novices will like Ferncroft. Grandview Mountain Trail in Woodstock will be ready for intermediate skiers this winter.

Two more trails have been added to the network that surrounds Moosilauke Mountain in Warren, New Hampshire. The Little Dipper Trail, replacing the Blue Ridge run, is classed as intermediate.

The much-heralded Mansfield tramway is not Vermont's only new contribution to New England skiers this winter. At Pico Peak, Rutland, where snow comes early and stays late, open slope acreage has been doubled. A unique addition to the variety of ski tows that are now about in New England is the new Pico Peak cable sled.

Baldwin Run is a new one-mile trail at Wells River, Vermont. Bristol has added several trails, cross-country and downhill, as have Chester, Putney and Waterbury. New tows are finished and waiting for skiers at Brandon, Burke Mountain, East Dorset, Montpelier, Springfield and Rutland.

Slaloms are rapidly achieving prominence. New ones have been built at Bromley Mountain and Woodstock. Ski Bowl Slope in Montpelier and Dick's Open Slope in Rutland are both new developments, night-lighted and equipped with tows.

Bee Hill in Williamstown, Massachusetts, is a new development of the Williams College Outing Club. The slope is graded for intermediate skiers and experts. A tow of 1100 feet has been built at Goodrich Hollow in Williamstown. Lowell is another Massachusetts town that has added a tow to its facilities. Greenhill Park in Worcester will night-light one of its several open slopes for novices during the winter.

The excellent facilities of the Massachusetts Berkshires have been improved in many places. Tows have been regraded, slopes smoothed and trails cleared of all hurricane debris. These refinements have not, of

course, been limited to the Bay State.

In addition to this profusion of excellent skiing facilities, New England offers to the winter sports addict hundreds of miles of back-country and logging roads, ideal for snowshoeing and hiking; and thousands of frozen ponds and lakes for ice-boating, ice-fishing and skating. Old-fashioned sleigh rides by frosty moonlight and ski-joring with horses or automobile are other pleasure attractions of New England in winter. For the camera enthusiast, whether partial to color or "black and white", New England winter is a challenge.

With winter sports now come of age, the universal question has ceased to be "Do you ski?" and becomes, "Where do you ski?" To the latter question, Easterners answer, "New England."

The Canadian hill country, until recently frequented only in the summertime by cottagers, anglers, campers, canoeists and hikers, no longer lies dormant under its snowy blankets. The skier has transformed it by broadcasting the pleasure, the health and happiness which can be had there by following trails up over wind-swept heights, down slopes of every degree and along sheltered valleys. By train or by bus, by car or on skis the winter sport fans invade the land of King Winter. The inns and lodges which used to put up shutters in the Fall now keep open house and a cheery log on the fire to welcome winter guests.

The beauty of the Canadian countryside in Winter and its dependable snow conditions attract many visitors from the United States north across the border. Delightful terrain lies close to many American cities. There is the Eastern Township district of the province of Quebec, for instance; just a few miles away is Mount St. Castin, or perhaps one may follow for eight miles the Sky Line trail to the thrills of Mount Tourbillon. Sixty miles east of the city there is excellent ski terrain in the Baie St. Paul and Charlevoix districts. The St. Maurice country from Trois-Rivieres northward is developing its winter sports areas rapidly. Ski trains, club houses and picturesque settings add to the thrill of the downhill runs on hickory blades.

In the Laurentian country north of Montreal they take to their skiing in a big way, and no wonder, for it is a big country. Mount Tremblant Lodge at the foot of the mount and on the shores of a lake of the same name, Gray Rocks at Jovite, Laurentide Inn at Ste. Agathe, Ste. Marguerite and nearby Chalet Cochand,

Domaine d'Estrel on Lac Masson, are some of the great ski resorts where hundreds are accommodated for weekend and weekday outings. One might choose the St. Sauveur Valley, Val Morin, Ste. Adele, Piedmont. From the Vermont border is the quaint village of Abercorn where two inns offer shelter and a number of private homes accommodate those who would try the trail to Pinnacle Mountain, 1600 feet high, or take the seven-mile cross-country run to Sutton. A ski-tow, jumping hill and practice slopes, Sutton Mountain rising 2600 feet, and frequent train connections with Montreal, New York and Boston are features which make Sutton a town of some repute with skiers. North Hatley, Waterloo and other towns in this fairyland of hills and clean snow, hospitable and attractive in the Summertime are equally delightful in Winter.

A ride in an old-fashioned carriage may be added to the thrill of exploring Battlefields Park, Wolfe's cove and other parts of the ancient capital city of Quebec. Outside the old walls one may look down on the ice-covered St. Lawrence, look across the mile-wide river to Levis, downstream to that island of legend, story and old habitations and churches—Orleans. Generally popular with the winter visitors to Quebec city is Lac Beauport, nine miles to the north and linked to the city by a hundred-foot-wide highway which is kept open all winter. Here one may stay at a colorful French-Canadian inn, don ski regalia and test the slopes of Mt. Holland, Morin Heights and a score of other places with the assurance of finding comfortable housing and gorgeous skiing.

Rugged, ridged and lake-dotted is the Gatineau country which lies north of the city of Ottawa. From a window in the Chateau Laurier the skier may gaze at the blue hills in the distance and wonder what new excitement this ski paradise will give to him. It is a region as yet untouched by great winter hotels and rambling inns, doubtless because of its proximity to good accommodation in Ottawa and easy accessibility from that city. If one's companion is a member of the Ottawa Ski Club, then such names as Camp Fortune, Kingsmere, Keogan's, Welcome, Western Lodge, Death Valley, Canyon, Dome Hill and others of similar character will punctuate the conversation. Another name often mentioned when skiing de luxe is under discussion is Seigniery Club, a resort on the Ottawa River, forty-five miles east of the city and easily accessible either from Ottawa or Montreal.



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Guild of the Gun

(Continued from page 41)

on highways at night but they are even worse companions in thick bush at any time. There is, however, one saving factor, in that they seldom charge from any great distance. Also, they are big targets but they take a lot of killing. If you follow a herd of buffalo into thick bush they usually run when they get your scent or when they see you, for their sight is very sharp. But they seldom go very far. However, if you persist in stalking them, one of the bulls will quietly drop out of the herd. He will turn back on his tracks, lie in wait and attack you from his ambush. I know from experience that unless you know what to expect and are quick on the trigger, the buffalo is very apt to take the winning trick.

I was hunting Bongo in the Aberdares one time, and was following the spoor of a bull, with three natives, through some very thick jungle. Every now and then we came to small glades in the forest. Just as we crossed one of these clearings, we disturbed a sleeping herd of buffalo in a thicket. They charged us and nearly did the three of us in. I made a lucky shot from the hip and hit the leading buffalo on the tip of the nose. The bullet swept up his nostrils and into his brain, killing him instantly. That was about my closest shave. It all happened so quickly, I just pumped lead right and left. The fray was over almost as soon as it started and I called my boys to take inventory. Two of them appeared none the worse for the encounter, although one of them had been struck by a buffalo and sent sprawling into the bush. The third did not respond to my calls for some time. At last I heard him moaning some distance away in a clump of thick bamboo. When I found him I learned that a buffalo had picked him up on its horns and carried him a hundred yards before he fell off.

No story of Africa's dangerous animals can be complete without some mention of the leopard. If it

weren't for his size that handsome little Devil-In-Spots would be the riskiest of them all. Game through and through, he's a desperate fighter to the last ounce of his lithe, lightweight strength.

I never have hunted one that didn't charge after being hit. Frequently your wounded lion turns tail and tries to make a getaway, but not your wounded leopard. He comes straight at you, always at you. In leopard language there is no such word as *scram*.

He comes twice as fast as a charging lion, and his fury is fantastic. Give him the narrowest opening, then he's all over you like a quintet of Kansas cyclones—four whirlwind paws full of spikes, and a tornado of teeth. It is fortunate for us that leopards are as small as they are. The average, tipping the scales at between 90 pounds and 110, weighs quite a bit less than the average man. Therefore a big man has a fairly good chance in a hand-to-claw scrap.

Carl Akeley, famous African explorer and naturalist, once choked a wounded leopard to death, and I know at least half a dozen more of us who have saved ourselves from the spotted cat in a violent fight at close quarters. The best way to deal with a charging leopard is to stand your ground and knock out its brains with the butt of your rifle.

Like most men who belong to the guild of the gun, I derive no satisfaction from destroying the creatures I kill. On the contrary, after the exhilaration of the chase, I feel a pang of sadness every time I see a splendid elephant fall to its knees and die, or hear a lion cough out its majestic life with a bullet in its lungs.

Often I wish that I didn't have to do it.

Yet somebody must, for the law of Africa is the law of the blood—the law of *I'll finish you unless you finish me*. I respect the dangerous wild things of Africa because they make worthy enemies, magnificent in their courage, savagely honest about their hatred of all mankind. For the protection of my human clients, the sportsmen and scientists, I am obliged to shoot these African animals. I know that they deserve the favor of a quick and honorable end.

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What America is Reading

(Continued from page 14)

some poor ones do much better; how political movements and unions affect Hollywood—these are some of the subjects discussed in this interesting book, which is not based on gossip but on careful study. Hollywood is an important influence on American life—we can't know too much about it. (Harcourt, Brace, \$4)

JOHN GUNTHER'S "Inside Latin America" is an excellent introduction to the lands that lie to the south; a useful book to have at hand for consultation in the next few years. People who are apprehensive of German influences in South America will be cheered by it, for Mr. Gunther does not peddle calamity. He believes in the Good Neighbor policy and observes that we are making progress checkmating the Nazi influence. Of considerable interest is his comment on the airplane routes; when he investigated them a year ago the Germans were controlling most of the lines in Brazil and flying not far from the Panama Canal. Since then Americans have been developing parallel lines. Of importance is the Italian line that makes trips from Natal to Dakar, with only 1600 miles to fly over the Atlantic. The Falange, the Spanish Fascist organization, is active in South America and even in Puerto Rico, and its attempt to revive the old Spanish imperialism makes it antagonistic to the United States and to democracy.

Mr. Gunther is a first-rate reporter; he describes his book "as a job of reporting above all". He gives us glimpses of the rulers; describes their policies; identifies the parties; analyzes the needs and ambitions of various countries and thus gives us an idea of their relation to the United States. As we come closer together we are going to have to know more about them. It will be most useful to have this book on your table, for consultation when the news dispatches describe isolated events in South and Central American countries. Mexico is also included in the book. (Harper & Bros., \$3.50)

JOHN KIERAN'S latest accomplishment is to write a bright, scintillating text for "The American Sporting Scene", which has 80 drawings by Lieut. Commander John W. Golinkin, many of them in color. Mr. Kieran has been following sports for many years and has a vast fund of anecdote on which he draws for many amusing stories about boxers, pitchers, wrestlers and even sailing men. I don't know why men who enjoy sports are supposed to have a lot of money, but so it seems when books are aimed at them; this one sells for \$5 and there is a special edition at \$15. (Macmillan) But if you really want to read John Kieran

day by day, you can get him for 3c a day in *The New York Times*.

AMERICA'S new army is enthusiastically described by Lieut. North Callahan in a paper booklet, magazine size, called "The Army: What Soldiers and Their Families Need to Know". With numerous illustrations from photographs and a clear text it describes how the recruit joins the army, what is expected of him, what opportunities lie before him, and the training, work and recreation in the major branches of the army. The author's conviction that the army gives men a healthy, invigorating life is stressed throughout, and those who want to know what a soldier wears, what he eats and what fun he has will find these subjects fully explained here. (Dell Publishing Co., 10c)

THOSE two capital story-tellers, Charles Nordoff and James Norman Hall, have a way about them when they spin romances about the South Pacific that is incomparable. Their latest, "Botany Bay", will remind many readers of their highly successful "Mutiny on the Bounty". This time the hero is an American-born Englishman—a colonial whose family shared the fortunes of the Loyalists—who goes to London and, finding himself unemployed and on the ragged edge, yields to temptation. Hugh Tallant, who had a good record, joins Tom Oakley in highway robbery, and pays for it. For almost immediately the robbers are tracked down, and the two men are shipped off to Botany Bay in the first fleet to sail for the wilderness of New South Wales. Once on the ground, they plan their escape. The vicissitudes of their life there, the hazards they run in the forest and on water, and the love story that develops, keep this narrative moving along. These are not villains of the deepest dye but men buffeted by fate; the reader is likely to share the friendliness Hugh has for Tom Oakley, even though Tom has often broken the law. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

GOOD entertainment: "Trial by Fury" is a fast-moving mystery story by Craig Rice, with murder, embezzlement and blackmail complicating the lives of a Chicago heiress and her husband, who get involved in a murder complication in a small Wisconsin town where they have gone to take out a fishing license. (Simon & Schuster, \$2) . . . Mignon Eberhart always writes well; her mystery stories are never sketchy. Her latest, "With This Ring", is the story of a beautiful young girl from the North who marries in haste and then finds out a lot of odd things about her husband's family in the Louisiana bayou country. (Random House, \$2) . . . "Prescription for

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Murder", by Hannah Lees ought to keep the fans awake; it involves trouble in a hospital, of all things, and the hard work has to be done by an interne. (Random House, \$2)

RECORD-collecting is the new fad and I know a number of men in New York who have standing orders in music shops for the latest of the big numbers—such as Horowitz' playing of the Tchaikovsky Concerto in B-flat minor. Of course this has been going on for several years but the big popular rush is now nation-wide. If collections are made with care and foresight, books about records can be excellent guides. One is "The Record Book", by David Hall. It comes in two volumes, the first a revision of an earlier work, which was published a year ago, and the second a smaller book listing the best records of the past year. There is specific criticism of the recordings and explanatory matter. (Smith & Durrell, \$3.75 and \$1). Another good book is "Music on Records", by B. H. Haggin, a discussion of composers and evaluation of compositions, emphasizing the finest interpretations on records. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2)

AMONG the New Novels. . . "Wind-swept", by Mary Ellen Chase, is the story of a New England man who was not insular. Also it is a story of tolerance and loyalties. When Philip Marston died he had picked a spot on the Maine coast for his house; his son John, just past 15, built it there. John found himself drawn to Jan Pisek, who was a Czech, and whose fine character was a welcome addition to American life. Other foreign elements also come into the picture and the story stresses the nobler side of human relations. As always, Miss Chase writes with dignity and beauty. (Macmillan, \$2.75) . . . Quite different in style and story-telling is the prize-winner in the Latin-American novel contest, "Broad and Alien is the World", by Ciro Alegria. The author was born in Peru and lives in Chile and his story deals with the troubles of the Indians in a mountain settlement named Rumi. They have

a commune, where the land is worked by everyone, but Don Alvaro Aménabar takes it away from them by law, and nobody has a chance to testify in their favor because the poor Indians are brow-beaten and intimidated. Some become bandits and are hunted down; some work at hard labor in the coca fields; the commune moves to another plot of land. One of the most picturesque characters—there are many—is the mayor, Rosendo Maqui, who is something of a Solomon in his judgments. One of his verdicts has to do with the ownership of a foal. Two men own two black foals, and when one of the foals dies one owner accuses the other of stealing his foal and leaving the dead one in its place. Maqui ties the mares to separate parts of the field and lets the surviving foal loose; it goes to one mare and Maqui declares that the owner of the mare is also the owner of the foal. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.75)

AMATEUR photographers will welcome the 1942 issue of "U. S. Camera", edited by T. J. Maloney, with photographs chosen by Edward Steichen. There are 150 large-page reproductions of photographs in black and white and sixteen pages in full color. The pictures illustrate use of photography in advertising and news, as well as making shots for the fun of it. Mr. Steichen tries to avoid "pictorial inanities" and mere facts; he wants pictures to say something. The chief characteristics of those in this book is their clearness. The photography is excellent; nothing is blurred and there are only a few freak shots. Specific comment on how the pictures were made goes with each. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.85)

DR. ROBERT WILLIAMS WOOD of Johns Hopkins is 73, but he is still full of vitality and ideas, and it is quite likely that inventions for use in war will again capture his interest, as they did in 1917. William Seabrook, writing the story of Wood's achievements in "Doctor Wood: Modern Wizard of the Laboratory", describes Wood's experiments with secret signals which led to the in-

vention of lamps for signals that could be read only by the use of field glasses equipped with special filters. Wood also made some very interesting experiments with detecting secret writing and confounded British experts who thought they were able to detect everything. His work in optics often produces fantastic results. It is impossible here to indicate the scope of his achievements in this time of physical research; the book bears witness to them and offers most interesting reading to anyone with a scientific turn of mind. For Dr. Wood has been called in on bomb cases, mysterious deaths from explosions, and the manner in which he discovered what explosives were used and why is not the least interesting part of this chronicle.

Just a simple little incident, which shows the value of observation, may be repeated here: Dr. Wood's place in East Hampton was attracting rats and a number had been caught in basket traps and were to be released before terriers, in order to train the terriers to go after them. Wood put the rats into a barrel and saw them begin jumping up to reach the rim. "Presently some of them began running wildly around the bottom of the barrel. Soon, like motorcyclists in saucers, they were whirling around the sides of the barrel, held by centrifugal force. They ran faster and faster, spiraled up and finally came hurtling over the rim. Wood let the rats go for the fun he had watching them do it." (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75)

FOR an out and out love story, in which loyalties play a big part, there's Stuart Cloete's "The Hill of Doves". This deals with the attachment between a young Boer farmer and his girl, Lena du Toit, during the Boer uprising of 1881 in South Africa; the deep feeling for country dove-tails with the intense love of home and family, and the preoccupation of women and men for one another is portrayed with sympathy and knowledge, making it a dignified love story. By the author of "The Turning Wheels". (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75)

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 21)

back into the wet waders, and suddenly remembered the dead duck.

"Look," I remarked to the Cree, "how am I going to get a dead duck on the other side of that ditch?"

"Easy," he answered, "like this." With that he pole-vaulted the ditch with a sturdy stick he was carrying, retrieved the duck and nimbly jumped back again.

"You takum jump stick," he said, handing me the duck and improvised vaulting pole. "Me goin' back to boat."

A huge flock of blue geese, mixed with Canadas and snows, next at-

tracted my attention. They were feeding about a half-mile away on the flat marshland but there was no way of approaching within range without being seen. However it was possible to sneak a bit closer, screened by several clumps of willows, and this I did. There was always a chance others would fly past, decoyed by the large flock, or that some of the flock would pick up and come my way.

About this time I discovered I was in a fairly good duck flyway. Pintails, blacks and an occasional widg-eon whipped past and five birds soon

were added to the bag. This shooting of course spooked the geese, which took wing with noisy clamor.

The last duck to answer the shotgun's bark was a big red-legged black. It was a long shot and a clean kill, but when I splashed out for the retrieve I discovered another drain between me and the bird.

"Ah," I said to myself, "again the pole vaulting technique comes into play." This ditch, however, seemed a bit wider than the one the guide had jumped and a running start was indicated. I couldn't build up much speed owing to the bulky waders, and

perhaps it was just as well. For I miscalculated the edge of the ditch with the pole and landed in the middle of the drain with a rousing splash, only equalled by Brodie's immortal plunge from Brooklyn Bridge.

It took seven hours to cross the shallow, muddy waters of James Bay next morning in the power boats to our eventual anchorage in the Hurricanaw River, and there was hardly a minute when migrating ducks or geese weren't in sight. Willie, our Cree cook, whipped up a quick lunch after both boats were moored and within a matter of minutes all hands had eaten and were headed for shore in outboard-powered canoes. A brisk breeze was blowing and there were occasional showers, all of which kept the birds stirred up.

A quarter-mile walk over the boggy marshland frightened thousands of ducks and geese, the latter's wings sounding like distant thunder as huge flocks of blues, mixed with smatterings of Canadas and snows, took wing at our approach. Several shallow ponds, over which many black ducks and pintails were criss-crossing, was the site selected for your correspondent's first serious effort.

In less than 30 minutes the guides set up two willow bough blinds and kneaded a score of blue clay decoys, garnished with sticks and white paper, to simulate the blue goose's neck and white head. Even before the decoys and blinds were completed there were chances at passing ducks. The stiffening breeze was driving birds in from all directions and shotguns soon were popping. Four ducks, two pintails and two blacks, were spilled by my companions as we awaited completion of our leafy ambushes. After that we really smacked 'em.

Your agent's first nice chance came with a wind-driven pintail, a high straight incomer, traveling like a feathered bullet. A charge of chilled 5's folded that speedster up neatly and just then the Crees went into their super-expert goose calling act.

Now there are goose callers, good, bad and indifferent, but the Crees of northern Ontario are in a class by themselves. They really talk the honkers' lingo. I've heard some of the best performers on Currituck and elsewhere, but those lads aren't in the same league with the Crees. Not only can they imitate the Canada goose's various calls with uncanny perfection, but those of the snow and blue goose, to boot. When two of 'em start vocalizing, it's really something to listen to—and watch.

The geese, a mixed flock of all three varieties, came in high and then flared away, but a pair, still deceived by the crude "muds" and the guides' vocal efforts, angled in to about 50 yards before discovering the sham. Both were smacked down with ease.

From then on every shot in the wildfowler's book was presented, and at about five-minute intervals. Singles, doubles and flocks; black ducks, pintails and widgeon, plus geese.

They whistled past from all angles but the downwind travelers presented the sportiest chances. These birds had to be led 12 to 15 feet or more, and a number got by unscathed. Others weren't quite so lucky. The four of us whacked down a nice bag in a little over two hours.

Next morning I elected to shoot over the same ponds instead of following the Indians' strategy of moving out a mile or so from day to day. This decision turned out to be something of a mistake, although I didn't return to the boat skunked.

Things began auspiciously enough. I was just getting straightened out in one of the blinds when a flock of nine Canadas materialized from nowhere, headed directly toward my leafy bower. There was just time to cram two shells into the gun—6's, as I discovered later—before the big birds were directly overhead. The first shot tumbled a goose stone-dead, but the second, fired off balance and with my feet bogged in the mud, went yards wide of the mark. This off-balance shot resulted in a comic sit-fall and a pair of wet, mud-plastered pants.

After that first flurry not a goose or duck flew by within range for hours. However, there were other things which kept me busy—and interested. Black flies, for instance. You wouldn't suppose those little hellions would linger on until late September, but there they were. And all determined on a last banquet. Overhead passed a steady stream of migrating hawks. I counted over 80 in a little more than an hour. At one time 22 were in sight at the same time. Almost all were marsh hawks. Two peregrines attempted to speed past my ambush and both ran into hard luck. It would be interesting to know how much game was saved by those two shots.

Shore birds were migrating by the thousands and resting or feeding on all sides—yellowlegs, plover, curlews, jacksnipe and assorted sandpeeps. Juncos and other small songsters were flitting all over the tideland in great number. The birdlife was amazing.

Two miles away the frequent barking of shotguns was proof other members of the party had located themselves in a good spot. Once I saw four geese tumble from a flock, and seconds later the sound of the shots which brought them down was heard.

In midafternoon the tide changed and soon a few ducks were winging around. Two pintails, the most plentiful duck in the James Bay area, angled by and answered the Magnum's noisy salute. So did a lone mallard and three blacks. By that time the black flies had become so annoying I decided to quit and head back to the boat. It hadn't been a good day's shoot, according to Hannah Bay standards, but the gunning during the rest of the week compensated for that short lull. For, you see, the tail end of a twister which roared up through the States hit us the next

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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To All Members

Congress recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

Good News for Many Sufferers

The McCleary Clinic, C101 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute 122-page book on Piles (Hemorrhoids), Fistula, related ailments and colon disorders. You can have a copy of this book by asking for it on a postcard sent to the above address. It may save you much suffering and money. Write today for a Free copy.

day, and brother, we went to town. It kept more ducks and geese a-wing for three days than we'd previously seen for years. No matter in what direction you looked the sky was etched with thousands of birds.

The storm, which rode in on a high wind accompanied by driving rain, made miserable hunting conditions but it also made possible limit bags for all hands. It was a rough trip down the bay from the Hurriganaw River's more sheltered waters the first morning of the blow. Our outboard-powered canoes shipped plenty of water on the way to the shooting grounds and everyone was soaked despite slickers and "rain-repellant" parkas. I paired off with Art Harding, of Columbus, Ohio, and the guides put up two willow blinds just inside the tideland shoreline. The canoe was poled up a drain about 200 yards, beached, and turned on its side. It made an admirable rain and wind break.

Steady flights of blacks and pintails were trading up and down the shoreline and most came within nice

range—40 to 50 yards. Within an hour, limit bags of ducks and geese were in sight, so we began loading one shell at a time to make the fun last longer. So many birds were in the air it would have been easy to shoot a limit from the shelter of the beached canoe, beside which the Crees had built a smoky fire. The poorest shot in the world could have killed 100 or more birds from our blinds that day, provided he had no conscience and plenty of ammunition.

Returning that afternoon we witnessed one of the greatest flights of black ducks ever. This flight poured across the Hurriganaw River in a never-ending stream for three hours; not in small dribbles, but in countless thousands. It was something to make you marvel.

The most beautiful day's shooting, however, was reserved for the week's last session. This was back in a willow swamp, dotted with small ponds and littered with driftwood.

Our party missed high tide that morning, which necessitated beaching the canoe about two miles from

shore and slogging in over the sandy, sometimes muddy flats. And then another two miles of tough walking across boggy tideland to the even more boggy swamp. But when we finally were "set", we were in a place that duck hunters dream about. Your reporter will remember it as long as he lives, not only because it afforded one of the most glorious shoots of his life, but because, by some miracle, 12 ducks and five geese were killed with exactly 18 shells. That isn't bad shooting, considering most were difficult chances. There was no reason to accept anything else.

The party headed back to Moosonee next morning, where several hundred pounds of dry ice and husky shipping cartons were stored. Birds were packed; the Hudson's Bay Company post at Moose Factory was visited and the following morning we were southbound for Toronto, 700 miles away. And if some of you Brothers don't make that trip next September, you don't ever deserve to hold a shotgun again!

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

sided over by State President H. O. Hubert, Jr., of Decatur Lodge, and was attended by the following State Vice-Presidents: I. G. Ehrlich, Albany, Harry H. Rowling, Jr., Waycross, and J. B. Johnson, Valdosta, and also by Past Pres. F. F. Preston, of Douglas, State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta, E. R.'s Walter Thomas, Waycross, and Joe Fillingim, Douglas, and P.E.R.'s Dr. Will S. Haile, Fitzgerald, W. Wayne Hinson, Waycross, Meyer Rosenberg, Albany, and H. C. Van Horn, Valdosta. A most welcome visitor was Charles L. Haslop, of Newark, O., Lodge, a Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left by plane on October 28 for Birmingham, Ala. He was met by a delegation of Birmingham Elks headed by D.D. Harry K. Reid and Mrs. Reid and P.D.D. John F. Antwine and Mrs. Antwine, and escorted by them, after a brief reception at the home of Birmingham Lodge No. 79, to Tuscaloosa, Ala. They were welcomed by E.R. F. G. Hocutt of Tuscaloosa Lodge No. 393, and P.E.R. George A. Swim, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn. A class of 30 candidates, named in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was initiated, and Judge McClelland made a brief talk. After the meeting, a dinner was given for him at the University Men's Dining Room. State Supreme Court Justice Ed Livingston, presided as Toastmaster. Judge McClelland made a stirring address in which he stressed the part the Order is taking in the national defense movement. Among the distinguished Elks in attendance were E.R.'s T. F. McDowell, Birmingham, W. W. Sizemore, Mobile, L. J. Moeller, Montgomery, Dave Israel, Blocton, and Roland Seal, Bessemer. When the Tuscaloosa festivities came to an end, Judge McClelland returned to Birmingham for a reception given in his honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Antwine, after which he boarded a plane for Atlanta.

On October 29, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Dublin, Ga., to insti-

tute a new lodge. With the institution of Dublin Lodge No. 1646, nine new lodges of the Order had been instituted to date during the lodge year.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Atlanta the next day for Greenville, S. C. Upon his arrival at the airport, he was met by a party headed by Mayor C. Fred McCullough, P.E.R., Dr. Thomas G. Sharpe, E.R. of Greenville Lodge No. 858, and William Elliott, Jr., of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. A reception was held in his honor in the lodge room at which Dr. Sharpe acted as Toastmaster. Judge McClelland then went to Station WFBC, where he spoke on the Grand Lodge program and enjoyed the unique privilege of addressing his remarks to a studio audience made up of members of a class of Aviation Cadets sponsored by Greenville Lodge. He then returned to the lodge home where a class of 30 candidates was initiated in his honor. Among those in attendance were D.D. Paul E. Trouche, Jr., of Charleston Lodge, J. B. Roddey, Columbia, Pres. of the S. C. State Elks Assn., Past Pres. William Elliott, Jr., and P.D.D. C. Wesley Killebrew, Augusta.

Accompanied by Mr. Killebrew and Ed Sheahan of Augusta Lodge No. 205, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Augusta, Ga. On the outskirts of the city, they were met by a motorcade of more than a hundred automobiles, all displaying lodge banners, with the inscription "Hello, American!" The delegation, headed by E.R. A. Dwight Deas and Secy. T. J. Kearns, included several hundred members of the lodge. At the lodge home an informal reception was held in Judge McClelland's honor by the members and their ladies. Later in the evening, an impressive exemplification of the Ritual was given by the officers of Augusta Lodge in their initiation of a class of candidates. Judge McClelland made a brief talk.

Arriving in Newark on November 1, for a conference with officers of the New Jersey subordinate lodges and the

State Elks Association, Judge McClelland was met at the train by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, Col. William H. Kelly, of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Past State Pres. Richard F. Flood, of Bayonne Lodge, a present member of that committee. In honor of Judge McClelland, a banquet was held in the home of Newark Lodge No. 21, attended by 225 Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and officers and leaders of the Order in the State. Mr. Buch presided as Toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Mr. Buch, discussed his program and his talk was received with enthusiasm. Also on the list of speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hillinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Howard F. Lewis, of Burlington, N. J., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, P.E.R. John V. Campana, of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the State Membership Committee, Mr. Flood, and Col. Kelly. Major Shepard, representing the United States Army, spoke on the Aviation Cadet Program. Others who were introduced were A. F. Greiner, Perth Amboy, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and E.R. Joseph P. O'Toole, and Secy. Edward A. Reilly of Newark Lodge. The District Deputies of New Jersey, John H. Killeen, Weehawken, Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair, James A. MacMillan, Camden, and John J. Albiez, of Union Lodge, attended the banquet. At the conclusion of the conference, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted by Mr. Buch, Mr. Flood, Mr. Lewis, the District Deputies and several other leading New Jersey Elks, to the Robert Treat Hotel where an informal discussion of the year's program was held, after which Judge McClelland was tendered a dinner by Mr. Buch in Col. Kelly's suite.

Leaving Newark by train at 7:00 p.m., the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied as far as Trenton, N. J., by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch.



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