

THE MAGAZINE

Elks

FEBRUARY 1942

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We Must Keep 'Em Flying



Atlas Photo

SIX months ago your Defense Commission inaugurated a campaign to establish refresher courses to assist boys who wanted to join the Air Corps. We recognized from the beginning that air power would play a dominant part in this war in which we would undoubtedly become a participant.

Events beginning with Black Sunday at Honolulu have confirmed our belief in the wisdom of establishing a program to assist in the recruiting of flying cadets.

Nearly four hundred lodges instituted refresher courses. Many other lodges have but recently organized classes for this purpose. We congratulate these lodges on their splendid achievement.

Since the declaration of war on our country by the Axis powers, the recruiting of our air forces has undergone drastic changes. The requirements of the mental examinations have been modified. Still, a certain standard of intelligence and background of education is demanded of cadets.

We are advised by the Adjutant General's Office of the War Department that the cooperation of Elks lodges in assisting candidates to meet the previous stringent examinations for our air force has been invaluable.

The obligation of our great, patriotic Order to aid the young men of America to meet the more

simple requirements of the present still remains.

Your Commission has placed in the hands of subordinate lodge committees suggestions as to how the new program under changed conditions can be carried out.

We, as Elks, are still committed to the program of "KEEP 'EM FLYING". We have made it *our* program.

We are now engaged in a great war and will continue it until final victory is achieved against the evil nations of the world. It will take us all and all we have to give to see this thing through. No effort of ours, however small, is small enough to be unimportant; no effort, however great, is too much for the cause we seek to serve. It will call for sacrifice and courage and steadfastness of purpose to keep the things we hold most dear in our democracy.

With the help of every lodge and every Elk we will continue to be an important factor in making our beloved country triumphant on land and sea, and in the air.

"Not drums and music now, not plumes and tears;
We march because we must,
Lest the incredible evil of these years
Batter our world to dust."

ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION



A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

HELLO, AMERICANS!

On December 7, 1941, the United States was struck a vicious, treacherous blow by the hosts of totalitarianism and aggression. The stunning events of that black day shook the Nation to its foundations. Uncle Sam staggered under the impact, but he was not to be knocked out with one punch. Rebounding with a cold fury that increased his determination and purpose, he immediately set about the grim business of avenging the dastardly deed and defending those precious freedoms and ideals that have been won on other battlefields in other days. America was at WAR!

Yes, fellow Americans, we have engaged the enemy. There can be no doubt concerning the ultimate victory, but the way will be hard, and heavy with hazard. It must be a battle to the death. There must be no possibility of such a thing happening again. Peace is not something that can be bought with money; the price is blood and toil, sweat and tears.

As soon as first reports were confirmed that the United States was under attack from an aggressor I, as your Grand Exalted Ruler, immediately dispatched to the President a telegram in behalf of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks pledging "the full support of the 500,000 members of the Order". At that time I was in Needles, California. Elks lodges at once began flooding my office in Atlanta with telegrams and letters expressing the same determination and purpose—the Elks of the Nation were at the disposal of the United States.

We may well be proud of the part that Elks have had in preparing America. When war was but a speck on the horizon of world affairs our leaders sensed the danger and immediately made preparedness a major program of Elkdom. More recently our "Keep 'Em Flying" program has given assistance in one of the most vital spots. Events of the first few weeks of the war demonstrated that this war will be won with airplanes. However, airplanes need men with intelligence, courage and training to man them. That is where our "Keep 'Em Flying" program can strike a mighty blow.

Do everything possible in your individual lodge to interest young men in learning to fly for freedom and victory. Now the need is for fighting men with wings, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks can stimulate interest and inspire enlistments in this branch of the service.

As your Grand Exalted Ruler I feel the greatest confidence that members of the Order will acquit themselves superbly, not only in active participation in hostilities, but in those behind-the-lines services where morale must be kept at high pitch and the business of living kept going.

The record of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the first World War is one that quickens the pulse and stimulates pride. Elks made many glorious contributions to that fight for Democracy, and in the present conflict the spirit of Elks will be found just as high; patriotism, just as intense.

We, as an Order, must pool our full strength and resources with all patriotic citizens, that American liberty shall not perish.

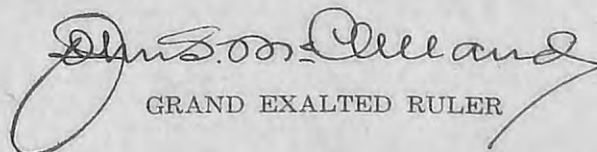
I quote from an old poem of Don Marquis:

"Too patient we have been, thou knowest, God,
thou knowest.

We have been slow as doom. Our dead
Of yesteryear lie on the ocean's bed—
We have denied each pleading ghost—
We have been slow: God, make us sure.
We have been slow. Grant we endure
Unto the uttermost, the uttermost.
Did our slow mood, O God, with Thine accord.
Then weld our diverse millions, Lord,
Into one single, swinging sword."

And one prayerful plea of Don Marquis we know has already come true. In the hot flame of the first bomb to fall on Hawaii the sharp "swinging sword" was welded, the diverse millions unified.

It may go on for years, this war, but this time there can be no pause, no armistice, no breathing spell, no end, until a savage race has been so crushed it can never rise again to break the peace of the world. And under God it shall be done.


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

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**IN THIS ISSUE
We Present—**

IN THIS case "a man is a dog's best friend". The man, Ed Faust, is a



ED FAUST

quiet, friendly chap whose knowledge of our carnivorous but domesticated friends is as endless as a spaniel's appetite. And yet Ed never "puts on the dog", which is surprising for a fellow who spends as much

time as he does "In the Doghouse".

William Fay, last heard from in November with "Call Me a Bum", is again among those present. This time with "Ponies from Heaven", a corking story of horses and romance, subjects upon which Mr. Fay appears to be an expert. He tells us that his main ambition is to own a stable, not of nags but prize fighters; I suppose because it costs less to feed and bed them down for the night.

Kent Richards is both facetious and factual in his treatment of fur-farming in "Two Fur Coats in Every Garage". Anyone interested in turning his rose garden and garage into a playground for embryo fur coats will be encouraged. Those of us who are unable to obtain new tires to keep the car on the road will find the perfect solution: Junk the car and raise mink. Just ask your wife, would she rather have the old car or a new mink coat.

Anybody who has ever lost pot after pot in a poker game, "and who hasn't?" will love "Save Your Sympathy". We feel sure that the author, Edward Stevenson, must have been inspired to write this story by the loss of more than one shirt. The tale also contains a moral for kibitzers. If you know any members of this sect, send them a copy and we promise you that they will be mute on-lookers thenceforth.

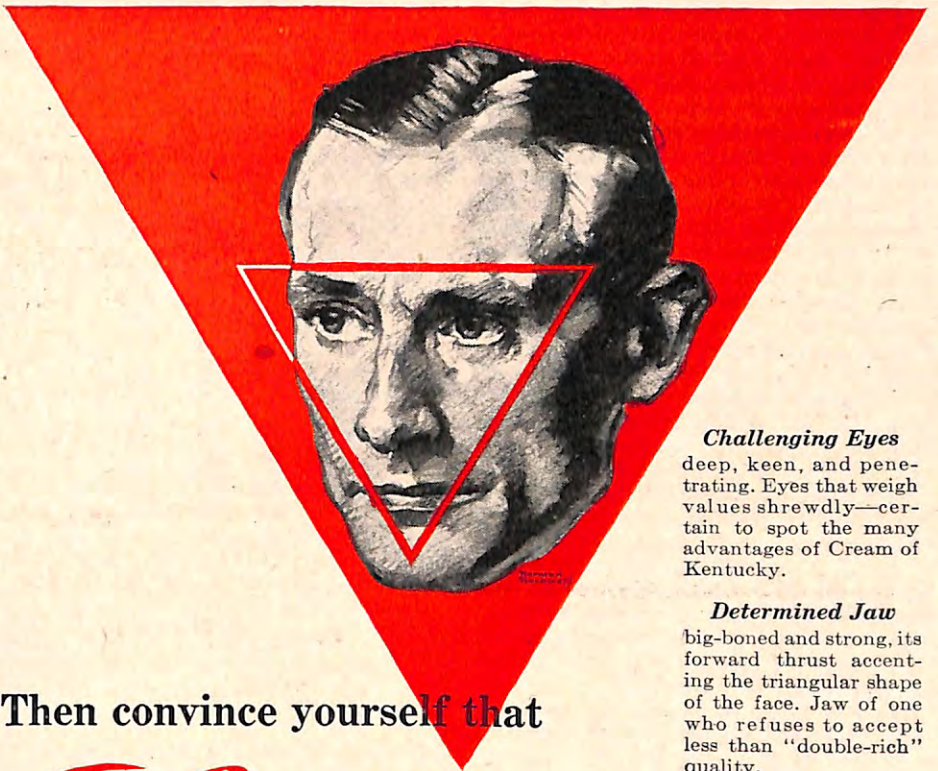
Mr. Stevenson sold his first effort for ten dollars when he was nineteen. He probably lost it all in a poker game and consequently has since had to write many articles and stories for our national magazines to keep himself in shirts. He is at present writing a novel because, as he says, "Why should I be the exception?"

John Ransom brings us up to date on winter sports in "Vacations Unlimited". The question is no longer "Do you ski?" but, "Where do you ski?" Here are a few answers.

Harry Hansen reviews, among others, a new book on Lincoln that should be of interest to all of our readers and Stanley Frank and Ray Trullinger bring us opinions and commentaries covering their respective fields.

And don't forget—"We Must Keep 'Em Flying!" F. R. A.

Are YOU the skeptical type?



Challenging Eyes

deep, keen, and penetrating. Eyes that weigh values shrewdly—certain to spot the many advantages of Cream of Kentucky.

Determined Jaw

big-boned and strong, its forward thrust accenting the triangular shape of the face. Jaw of one who refuses to accept less than "double-rich" quality.

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By William Fay

JOHNNY GORMAN leaned back against the barn, with his heels hung on a rung of his tilted chair. The air was sweet with the green and growing Maytime, and the slowly rising dust was crystal in the sun of the lazy day. Johnny pondered how a man might rise to greatness, while reclining on the sharp edge of his spine. But he didn't care too much. He had worked for many weeks without so leisurely a respite, and this stupor in the sunshine was a sedative. The rent was paid, the feed bills nearly paid, and then, to make it finally respectable, nine hundred dollars had been earned the day before.

Johnny's horses ate the green grass in the paddocks, where the apple trees were low, hoop-skirted with the burden of their blossoms. Sixteen horses ate the grass, and Johnny knew, with comfort, grass is quite the cheapest thing that you can get a horse to eat. The white mare was as big as any of the horses in the paddocks. She was seven years smart and beautiful and vain. She stood full sixteen hands and her proud head turned if you but called her "Beatrice". She was worth four thousand dollars, as she stood, if any ordinary horse was worth a dime.

Not only that, but Mr. Schwassman would arrive at two o'clock, and Mr. Schwassman was a bulky piece of freight. He would sit well on a horse as large as Beatrice, if a horse as large as Beatrice didn't sit on him, and it was Mr. Schwassman's life, his very own, to toss about the countryside by any means he chose.

Then Johnny thought about the girl he always thought about; which wasn't hard to do. Long practice made it possible for him to think about the girl and think of other things besides. She lived back in a corner of his head and had been there for seven years, or since he'd seen her last, and so it was a startling thing to hear her say, "Hello."

This was Martha in the flesh. This wasn't any noise inside his head. He sat there for a while and didn't move. The sun was in his eyes. He blinked his eyes, made faces, and he borrowed moments to corral the fragments of his blasted brain. Martha said, "This is not one of the horses speaking, Johnny."

He said, "Well, you never know. You take the taxes that we have to pay for schools up here. You'd think they'd teach the horses how to talk." He turned and saw her. He stood up. Yes, this was Martha, just the same. The seven years had touched her. Yet they hadn't spoiled her. They had left her slow and lovely smile intact, and the white flash of her teeth, and retained the tall and handsome grace of her, and given her, somewhere, a new tweed suit, a new slouch hat to hold the soft abundance of her hair.

He held her hands in his and kissed her lightly on the nose. He said,

PONIES *from* HEAVEN



All he could learn from patients' teeth was the amount owed him. Horses were different—at least you could tell their age.

"You know? I'd rather see you here than Man O'War, than a side of beef, than a case of beer—than anything!"

"Well, thanks. How are you, Johnny? You look, well, you look just wonderful."

"I'm better than I look. I got another pair of pants over at the house. I'm great. I'm happier than six pigs in a stew. Sit down. Sit down on this bale of hay. It's better than the chair. Lemme kiss you on the nose again. George wouldn't mind. How's George? You've got to tell me all about him. Sit here."

She sat down on the bale of hay, crossing her silken legs, and Johnny believed, as always, that there were no finer legs in all the world. She almost sat on the notice from DOREMUS BROTHERS, GRAIN AND FEED. But he retrieved this quickly. He said, "Heh, it's just a little mash note from a dear boy in the Army. We were keeping company, and horses, and, you know, the guy gets lonely in the Army." The notice said ". Since we have received no reply or satisfaction concerning the above, we have been

obliged to place the matter with our attorneys."

Johnny didn't like the tone of it. The bill was only six weeks overdue and he had sent a check the day before, the very moment he acquired nine hundred dollars for a horse. But he would rather Martha didn't see such things.

"George?" said Martha. She turned up her toes and looked at them. Her feet were tidy in their snakeskin shoes, expensive looking. "Why, George is as he always was—just wonderful. How would he be?"

"Like you say, I guess. There's not much chance of changing George. Hell, it makes me proud to think of him. I heard 'im on the radio the other night—on the Forum."

"Did you?"

"Sure, I wouldn't miss 'im for a chocolate nut sundae. Heard 'im the other time, too, on the Lease-Lend Bill. George is tremendous. Brains. He's a social force. It really makes you proud—the youngest Member of the House of Repre—"

"The second youngest, Johnny. There's Mr. Bartrish of Oklahoma."

"That's right, there is. Well, the hell with Mr. Bartrish. We can poison him. I want that George should be the youngest. Why, he'll be the Governor yet, a Senator or something. George, eh? I knew the bum when he was jerkin' sodas. The man's got a heart like a running

She had a dope sheet clamped between her pretty teeth and Johnny said, "I always knew you'd end up bad."



horse. Yes, sir, George has a heart!"

"That's why people love him," Martha said. "I love him, too."

"Yes," Johnny said, "I'll bet you do." Then he thought a while and he said, "Why shouldn't you?" And in his thoughts there was no valid answer to the question and he only wondered why he hadn't thought of George and Martha in that way before. George was faithful; George was steady; George was step by step and inch by inch the product of his toil and of his character, and in the heavy money now, although that wouldn't make too great a difference to George. George was more than youngest Congressman. His law firm flourished back in Tuckahoe, and real estate had served him well, and other things, all honest things that Johnny heard about, would seem to indicate that George was quite a guy.

"How's it feel to be his secretary?" Johnny asked. "You've had a cup of tea with Mrs. Roosevelt?"

"Twice, Johnny. We had biscuits too."

"No scrambled eggs?"

"No scrambled eggs."

The scrambled eggs, he thought, are me. It hurt him just to look at her. It used to be great happiness in Tuckahoe, when they were kids, the three of them. Except that Martha then did not belong to George, but himself. Not George, but horses came between them. He remembered how it was: Johnny was a dentist back in Tuckahoe, and he could not, for all the world, recall what power, what threats, what mad insanity had turned his simple head towards dentistry. Except that George had said, "When a man is twenty years old, he's got to put his toys away. You're well liked in this town, Johnny. Did you ever think of dentistry?"

To Martha, now, he said, "Well, give me credit, anyhow. I was easily the worst dentist in Westchester."

She looked at him; her face was crimson for a moment and he knew it hadn't been a tactful, kindly thing to say. She said, "We won't go into that now, Johnny—with you almost past the draft age, will we?" He looked at her and understood. They laughed.

"Still horses, isn't it?" she said.

"Still horses, yep. There something you would like to make of it? You want an argument?"

"Not if you're going to talk that way."

"Look at the horses, Martha. Ain't they the prettiest? Do you remember when I said I was the greatest horse guy in the world?"

"Uhuh." That's all she said. She kept looking at the horses.

"Well, I still am," Johnny said and hoped that Mr. Schwassman would come driving up with thousand dollar bills stuffed in his hat, so she could see.

This is the gal I used to have, he thought. Just seven years ago they were engaged and Johnny had five hundred dollars and their wedding day was scheduled for the second Saturday in May. Johnny didn't



think five hundred were enough of dollars for a married man. He didn't think that dentistry, for forty years, or so, until he died, could add to romance or to happiness. Dentists get flat feet and see the world through other people's tonsils," he had said. "A man, to free himself, must take Fate by the horns, just like a billy-goat!"

Johnny could see no way to free himself from these financial handcuffs he was wearing. Five hundred dollars would not grow to thousands

through the simple grace of wishing. But he did know of a horse, a jumping horse at Belmont Park, that he'd been watching through its early morning workouts, driving all the way to Queens in the very early morning, just to catch the swift beast's work against the clock. And he figured here was jumping flesh that couldn't lose unless somebody stole its legs.

He went to Belmont with the five hundred in his fist. He listened to the oral odds being quoted by the

bookmakers. Twenty to one. Simple mathematics. Johnny took the long bold chance.

But the horse fell at the second jump, in the water at the far side of the brush, and Johnny could see the water coming up, from the big splash the animal and rider made, then he saw the other horses going on, and Johnny's handsome gelding getting up, alone, all by itself, without its rider. Well—

George and Martha said that he was crazy, on the eve of getting mar-



ried. George said what's the use of trampling in a mess already made. George explained he had five hundred that he didn't need too badly. But Johnny said no, thanks; he'd dug his grave, he'd lie in it. And Martha said, through tears, that she admired him for that attitude, at least. They could postpone their wedding date and wait till people paid their dentist bills. If only he were not so irresponsible, if only he showed signs he really cared. Johnny said he cared, all right; he cared as much as any

man, and more, with all his heart. But dentistry was out. If dentistry is out, they said—what's in?

"Horses," Johnny said. "A man should do the things he's fit to do, and most times what he's fit to is what he wants to do. All my life I've played around horses. A man who knows as much as me about the breed can make a living. And he can keep his self-respect."

They'd argued for a while, until she said—she hadn't meant to, he was sure—"What self-respect? After all George has done for you?"—so Johnny took his hat and went away, to prove his case, and if successful, to come back again. He didn't bother to explain that he meant breeding horses, training them and buying them and loving them—not merely betting on them like the bums who hang around cigar stores. If only she had not inquired, "What self-respect?" Two words, and marred him as a traitor to his noble sponsor, George.

But Johnny wasn't then the wisest man in all the world, as far as horses were concerned. He was today, in his opinion. But he had made quite a mess of things while learning what he didn't know, and waiting for the breaks—and that was seven years ago.

This is all right, he thought. No shame in this; no shame in me. The horses merely walked around and Johnny felt like Colonel Bradley. He turned to Martha. "Anything I can do?" he said.

"Why, yes. I'd like to see a man about a horse."

"Well, take Beatrice over there. The white one. Right name is Moon Traveler, out of Syracuse III, by Happy Martian. That mare is made of gold."

"That so?"

"All gold." He was embarrassed now. He could recall that other time, a full seven years ago at Belmont, when he thought another horse was made of gold—the one that nearly drowned in the cool depths of the water hazard. "Ever bet on

Illustrated By
MALVIN SINGER

The horse fell at the second jump, in the water at the far side of the brush.

horses, Martha?" For some reason now—for some reason that he couldn't quite explain, it pleased him to remind her of that other time when she had shown so little faith. "How much money you got, Martha?" She looked at him. "I mean cash," he said. "Your own. Not the firm of Thrackman and Bolten, attorneys at law, Martha—but your very own."

"Oh, a little bit. Not much. I'm really not very prudent."

"But you used to be. You wouldn't have say five, six, seven hundred dollars that you'd like to bet on Beatrice, would you? She's practically sold, but I think the man who's buying her will let her run this Saturday

at Belmont. You remember Belmont, don't you? Remember once I went out there?"

"Johnny," she said. "Don't be so cute. Let's not make our little chat embarrassing. Yes. I remember."

"I wasn't trying to be cute. Just thought you'd like to make a sound investment. Beatrice'll be the best thing in the field if Captain Nesbitt doesn't run." But he could see that he was hurting her. "All right," he said. "I'm sorry. There must be better things to do with money, anyhow."

"Yes," she said. Her gaze was sober, level. "There are better ways, Johnny. What money I have is for my trousseau. I'm going to be married next month. We—well, we rather thought that you should know."

"George?" he said. "Is George the guy?"

"George," she said. "The same. So, you see, I couldn't bet my trousseau money on a horse—not really, could I?"

"No, darling," he said. "I—I'm sorry I was so stupid. I guess I'll have to kiss you on the nose again, and maybe kiss George, too." Don't be a slob, he told himself; don't get too sentimental over this. After all, you should have known. "Congratulations, Martha," he said then. "Say, where is George?"

"He's in Washington now. But he wanted me to come and see you. We're going to live in Purchase, Johnny. George bought some acres there, a lovely place."

"Ah, Martha—that's so nice, and so sad, too. I tell you what—"

But Mr. Schwassman's limousine, shinningly maroon, and with a horn of many notes, was on the premises. The horn blew out a hunter's call. The big car stopped and Mr. Schwassman's chauffeur let him out and Mr. Schwassman was a sporting thing to see, ascot and checkered coat, beige breeches and a riding crop and hundred-dollar Maxwell boots.

Johnny said to Martha, "Here's the National Bank." To Mr. Schwassman Johnny called, "Hello!" less loudly, to Martha, Johnny said, "This chump is precious. This is Nathan Schwassman, the contractor."

"He looks like one of his britches," Martha said. "You know, bridges?—britches? You get the joke?"

Mr. Schwassman said to Martha, "It's a pleasure meeting you," when he had been presented.

Johnny said, "I thought you were going to send a van."

"The van will come tomorrow, Johnny. First I thought I'd jump the horse a few times to get acquainted."

Johnny said, "You mean today?"

"Of course I mean today." The big man smiled to Martha. "Never buy a horse in a bag," he said. "How could I get acquainted if I didn't ride the horse?"

"You could buy her a box of candy," Johnny said. "Beatrice is apt to be tough today. You see the

(Continued on page 38)



DUST ME
OFF, EH!



Mr. Frank reminds us that
neither a war nor a ball game
is lost in the first inning.

WE PLAY TO WIN

By Stanley Frank

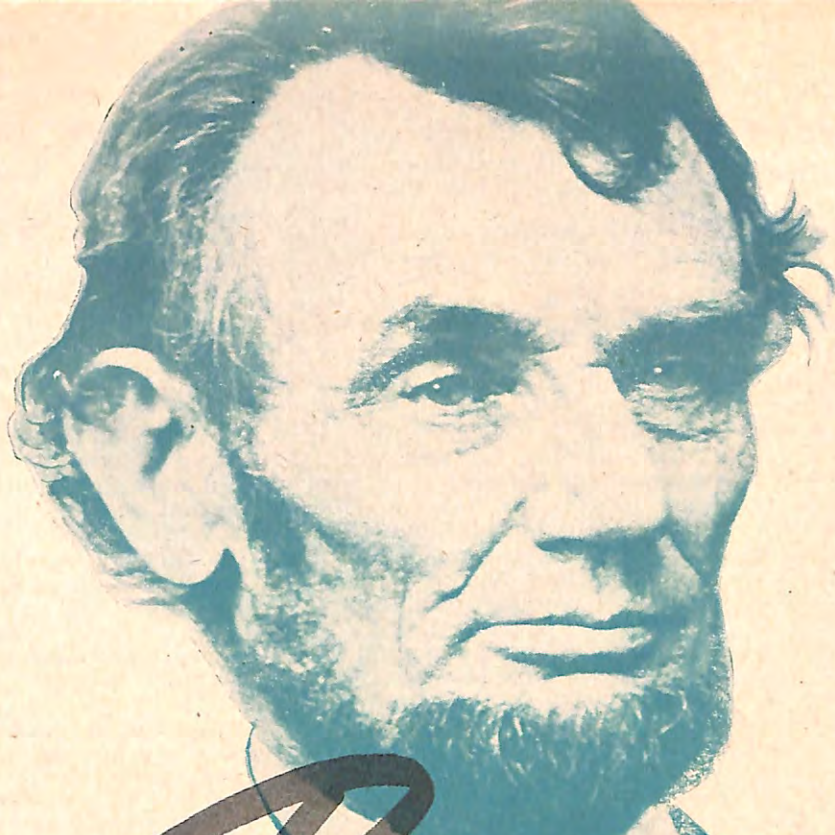
A NATION at war ponders the value and necessity of sports in a period of national crisis. In the first burst of the flood-tide of a nation's determination to win the grim game that has called all of us into the lineup, three post-season football fixtures are uprooted from the danger zone on the Pacific Coast and a sports-loving people say that is as it should be. The rosters of sport are decimated by enlistments in the armed services and the athletes move swiftly into a far greater arena of applause. Sports are for relaxation; now is the time for work, not play. Sports are for amusement; we are not amused.

A free people determined to re-

main free realizes it must junk the ideals taught us by sport, always a luxury of freedom. We, in effect, were the naive chumps who observed all the rules of fair play. We were the sporting suckers who stood on the sidelines and shrilled politely, "Well played, old chap," as bold, barbaric strokes of aggression by the common enemy brought us closer to the theatre of disaster. We were the foolish Americans—and silly-ass English—who made the noble gestures and remembered the archaic axiom which says it doesn't matter whether you win or lose, but how well you play the game. Nuts to that. You fight wars to win 'em. We're playing this one to win.

All our cherished principles were hit on the head and left for dead on that quiet Sunday morning of December 7, 1941, the date that will live in infamy. A vicious, unscrupulous enemy tore up the rule book and staggered us with a sneak punch, then gave us the boot when we were down. We quickly learned there was no referee around to banish a dirty player, to take the round away from a foul fighter, to step off a fifteen-yard penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct.

We were the dopes who trusted the Japanese because we believed there was a common bond of interest in sport between us. Remember—when you remember Pearl Harbor—we
(Continued on page 43)



WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

By Harry Hansen

SOME people go fishing, and some go looking for worms and snails. Just why is not always clear. But John Steinbeck, who went fishing in the Gulf of California, had a great deal of curiosity about marine vertebrates, as well as a philosophizing disposition. All fishermen are philosophers of a kind, but Steinbeck is a most original one. He chartered a fishing boat, 76 feet long, with a 165 h.p. Diesel, for six weeks and with Edward F. Ricketts of the Pacific Biological Laboratories went on an expedition around the Gulf of California. He calls his report after the name formerly borne by that gulf—"Sea of Cortez". It falls into two parts: an interesting, informal report of fish caught, worms inspected, Indians seen and interviewed, and a scientific catalogue for which Mr. Ricketts seems to be responsible. There are also some excellent photographs.

Steinbeck did a lot of thinking about the ways of human beings while on this trip and this makes good reading. It is not the Steinbeck of "The Grapes of Wrath" nor "Of Mice and Men", in fact he has many strings to his bow. When he saw a school of fish, which submits to discipline of speed and uniformity, seeks safety in headlong flight and depends on tremendous reproduction for survival, Steinbeck thought of human beings, who often show similar characteristics, and he decided that if a thoroughly collectivized state mediocre efficiency might become very

great, but only through the elimination of the "swift, the clever and the intelligent as well as the incompetent". That's something to think about. (Viking Press, \$5)

IF "Sea of Cortez" is philosophical as well as scientific, "Forgotten Waters" by Randolph Leigh, is just plain adventure in the Gulf of California. He follows pretty much the route taken by Steinbeck and Ricketts, or vice versa. He meets the dirty Indians and worries about the effect of seepage and a great tidal wave on the lower Imperial Valley of California. He saw the occupations of the Gulf of California—fishing for sharks and pearl diving. The sharks are marketable; the sharks are suffering from the concerted attack and "we may yet hear cries of 'Save the shark and protect our vitamin supply' ". Both John Steinbeck and Randolph Leigh mention the great giant ray of these waters, and Mr. Leigh managed to kill one after a fight of two hours and five minutes, during which he had to use a shotgun. His giant ray was a 3800-pound Mobula, with a mouth a yard wide, the whole fish 21½ feet wide and 11 feet, 9 inches long, with no bones in

John Steinbeck, author, with Edward F. Ricketts, of "Sea of Cortez".

the body. This is a good account of adventuring in the Gulf of California. (Lippincott, \$3.50)

IT HAS always seemed to me that dogs ought to be studied as they are, not as we think they ought to be. Some observers ascribe too much intelligence to dogs; they do not allow for the natural reactions to food, hunger and excitement that govern a dog's actions. If they describe the intelligence of dogs they should make most careful observations and not let the imagination get in the way of facts. This will avoid sentimentalizing over dogs. I love dogs myself; I

(Continued on page 44)



The quick silver fox jumps over the lazy elk,
in this exposition of a get rich quick
scheme that almost works

By Kent Richards

RIGHT here in America, while the rest of us have been lazily sunning ourselves, a new multi-million dollar business has grown up and is about ready to cause a complete revision of the good old American standard. It is a business that almost nobody even suspects is in existence. I stepped on its tail the other day and was as startled as it was. But I investigated and it looks to me like the richest bonanza since the Comstock Lode. It's domestic fur-farming and no work and heavy pay seems to be the slogan. I'm going to tell what there is to know about it because it is the only proposition that has come along in fifty years that has more pocket-book appeal than the old "Make-Big-Money-Growing-Mushrooms" come-on which used to make my dime bank drool during the days of my youth.

Today several hundred enterprising future fur barons are already engaged in the home-grown fur business. They're so successful that they threaten soon to shove the natural or wild-life furs completely off the market. There is a rumor that the jack rabbits have already organized and

are sending a protest to Mrs. Roosevelt hoping she will do something about it in her column. Which, of course, she will. But meanwhile the backyard fur business has grown to such proportions that a Hudson sable coat no longer comes from an animal which once roamed the wilds. It comes from a muskrat which has done less roaming than Elsie the Borden cow—a muskrat which probably never even saw the outside of a picket fence until he went to the Yale-Harvard football game with fifty relatives as part of a coat.

Practically everything from the once nearly extinct chinchilla down to the cottontail is now being propagated in somebody's kitchen or garage. A fellow in a small New York apartment is supposed to have gone so far as to try to get a fur-bearing cockroach by cross mating it with a caterpillar.

But according to those who are in the business and some who will be, come next whelping day, there is plenty of money to be made with the fur-bearing animals there are now. There is no need to create new ones.

The only trick, apparently, is starting out with a pair that are not only congenial but of opposite sex. This last is quite important. My authority for this, a patient gentleman slightly off-bright, basked for two years in the illusion that he was a breeder of mink. At the end of that time he still had but two mink, both of which, he learned on investigation, were bewildered and completely frustrated females.

But though a well-mated and energetic couple is pretty essential to success, there are two or three other things which the potential breeder should know before he starts counting his fur coats. First off, it might be a good idea to decide on what kind of animals he is going to raise; otherwise he might end up with a coat a little on the patchwork side. Is he going in for such exotics as beaver, ocelot or kangaroo, or will he stick to the more orthodox mink, muskrat or silver fox? Don't pick one now—just sit back and relax, if you can, and learn something about domesticated fur and what makes it grow.

Why every worthy daughter of Eve wants a mink coat more than she wants husband, children or honor is something I can't tell you. Eve didn't have one. But the fact remains that more than anything else women want mink or something that looks like mink. Or at least something that has hide on one side and hair on the other. And on that simple, basic and perpetual urge a new industry is in the building. There are



other reasons, too, such as the fact that most fur is warmer for its weight than woven cloth, or, if you want to get technical about it, lighter per B.T.U.* of heat retained. Also some furs last so long they are more economical in the long run than cloth. But these reasons don't matter much. The future of the business would still be rosy, whatever its practical value. The unadorned fact that fifty females are born on this earth every minute, and that each one of them, the moment she gets her eyes open, starts yelling for a fur coat is convincing enough that the backyard fur industry has a glorious future for those who get started now.

Of course there is nothing new about the fur business in America. As a matter of fact it was the first commercial enterprise developed in this country to exploit a natural resource. In those days it consisted principally of beaver trapping which became so important that beaver skins were widely used as a medium of exchange. The Hudson's Bay Company even went so far in its early days as to issue a coin equivalent in value to one beaver skin, the coins becoming known as Made Beaver or M.B. Doubtless the company had its own little Ft. Knox hideaway where it hoarded enough skins to back this money—at any rate it was accepted without question.

The beaver isn't difficult to do-

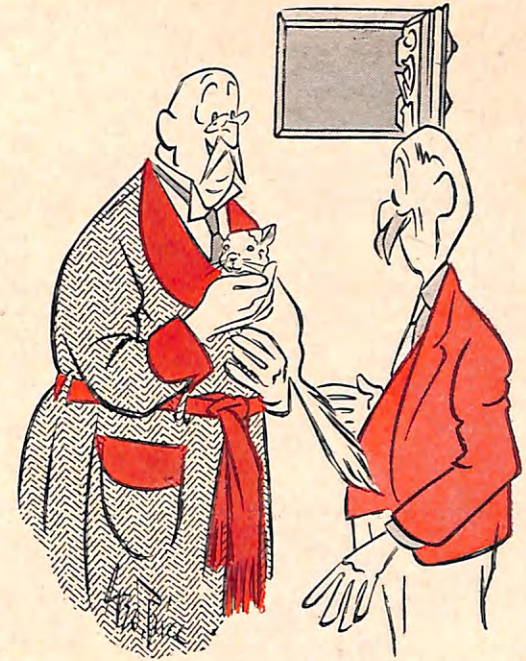
*British Thermal Unit. How many you have says how hot it will get.

You can pick up a pair of chinchillas for around \$3,000, and they won't bite.

mesticate, though they have wandering habits, and Indian squaws used to think baby beaver pleasant to have around the wigwam as pets. Baby beaver are fed skimmed milk until they are about two months old and then they go for twigs and leaves. Just think, a little skimmed milk, a few twigs and leaves and you have a start on a fur coat.

The United States Department of Agriculture says that anyone wishing to ranch one thousand head of beaver can do so nicely on 640 acres of mixed land and water, rich in aspen. But 640 acres of mixed land and water rich in aspen doesn't grow on bushes. Few enough of us have six acres, let alone 640. But somewhere between this dream and the good American back yard is a program that will fit the special needs of anyone who wants to start beaver breeding.

It takes about 11 beaver pelts to make a long coat. One pair of beaver produce usually three to four young a year. Of all the small animals beaver are probably the easiest to feed. In their natural state they live on tree bark almost altogether. They do the same in the back yard, except that if it is your back yard, you cut down the trees. Just toss into the pen a cord of poplar and wild cherry, with a little cedar to



prevent dyspepsia, and the beaver will do the rest. When that's gone another cord is thrown in and if the back holds out there will be some nice beaver pelts next spring to take to market for upwards of \$6 apiece. Top price is \$40 a pelt but this is only for beaver which produces the exceptionally beautiful pelts that command a premium. Anyone who breeds these is fixed for life.

Incidentally, don't believe all this guff about beavers being such wonderful engineers. They make dams, all right, but they can't make a tree fall in a given direction. It happens that they mostly cut down trees on the edge of water. The trees fall into the water because they have been leaning that way. Makes the beaver look good but it doesn't mean anything. Also beavers bite to beat hell. But even if there is a lot of money

IN EVERY GARAGE





Illustrated by
GEORGE PRICE

Ranch-bred silver fox will
bring close to \$10,000,000
wholesale this year.

in beaver there is more fun and more action with muskrats. Also more variety, because pretty nearly every kind of fur coat there is started out by being muskrat. Muskrats multiply so fast that they are practically in continuous straight line production, one enterprising pair turning out up to fifty pelts a year. With several pairs working, the cash register rings every few minutes. More about that in a minute.

Muskrats are easily domesticated and while they bite too, they do it without malice. They will get used to a human being in twenty-four hours, unless they are incorrigible old timers, in which case the quicker they become fur coats the better. Their natural enemies are owls, hawks, crows, coyotes and mink. A couple of belligerent mink could clean out an entire muskrat preserve in a matter of days and would, too, if they got the chance.

One great advantage in raising these babies is the fact that they can do business almost anywhere. Although the best black-furred varieties are found in New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware, good fast reproducing and profitable muskrats are found nearly everywhere from Texas and Louisiana to Alaska. Another virtue, very little appreciated as yet, is that the muskrat properly cooked is a great delicacy, sometimes served as marsh hare and, if the truth be known, as diamond-backed terrapin. If some means of overcoming the objection to the name can be found the sale of muskrat meat may become one of the most profitable ends of the business of muskrat breeding.

The economics of muskrat raising make realities out of dreams. According to experts, anyone wanting to go into it on a large but cultivated scale, can figure on fifty pelts per

year per acre. A three-thousand-acre farm would produce, then, 150,000 pelts at \$2.00 per each or \$300,000 for somebody to toss around on blondes just because he owns a three-thousand-acre muskrat ranch. All he has to do is gather in the pelts and then light out for the nearest night club. While he is busy the muskrats will be working too. It just goes on and on.

And \$2.00 isn't the only price a muskrat brings. With annual fluctuations, prices have climbed steadily for the last hundred years. A century ago pelts were worth about 8c each. In 1900 a million and a half skins sold for an average of 19c each. A few years later there were as many as 15,000,000 muskrat furs on the market in a year and as far back as twenty years ago the price for one pelt rose to the dizzy heights of \$10.50. Along about that time a functioning three-thousand-acre ranch would have been better than owning a mint. Today a low price for an average pelt is \$1.50 but better grades bring up to \$2.75.

Happily those who are going into this business don't need acres by the thousands in order to get in on these profits. The popular fallacy that a stream and burrows are essential in order to raise muskrats is just so much bunk probably circulated by those in the business who want to scare out new competition. Muskrats can be raised in wired-in pens with wooden flooring raised a few feet off the ground. They are easy to care for because they can be fed waste food, especially such unpalatable vegetables as turnips. As a matter of fact a bushel of turnips will feed one of them about ten to twelve weeks. While costs vary widely with the individual set-up, probably 50c per pair per year would be a good conservative figure on which to

base an estimate as to how long it will take to become a millionaire.

Of course, anyone going into the business just to home-grow a couple of fur coats for family use can start even less ambitiously. It takes about sixty pelts to make a full-sized coat. A few pairs of healthy muskrat with the proper glint in their eyes could turn that many out practically overnight. The stimulation of a little competitive spirit will produce a muff as well.

But if the possibilities of muskrat ranching seem alluring, be advised they are as nothing when compared with mink. Mink don't produce quite as fast as muskrat, because they have only one mating season a year, but they produce a litter of about four kittens, on the average, whose skins are worth up to \$40 each depending on the year and quality.

In the past fifteen years single mink pelts have rarely been worth less than an average price of \$10.00. It's too bad mink can't be raised like muskrat on three-thousand-acre places with a yearly pelt production of 50 per acre. That would be the millennium.

But they can't. Mink are raised in pens of various types, some of which permit the running together of up to 100 of the little darlings. One hundred of the same sex, incidentally. Mix them up and there is hell to pay. Even with a few score of very lady-like lady mink together in one pen there is apt to be a little back biting with real teeth (yes, they bite too) to the detriment of the pelt. Such a pen costs about ten or fifteen dollars to build for those who were inexpert in their grammar school manual training courses. For fancy builders the cost can run up to \$25.

With the pen built the next problem is to get hold of the papa and mama for this fur coat. It isn't necessary to have a permanently married papa and mama because mink are polygamous to a degree which doesn't make nice reading. One can start with a lady mink which is expecting what Mr. Walter Winchell nauseatingly refers to as a "blessed event" or rather six or eight blessed events all at once, you hope. Then with Mrs. Mink all safely set in her pen, all that is necessary is to sit back and await the wonders of nature. Three years later there will probably be a minimum of 70 Mrs. Minks all set and ready to do their duty. There will also be a minimum of 70 Mr. Minks who would make an

awfully good fur coat for the Mrs., yours or somebody else's. The only difference is that if it is somebody else's Mrs. who gets the coat *you*, if you were raising mink, would get somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,000.

The original Mrs. Mink we started with probably set us back somewhere around \$100 but now three years later we've got seventy of them, all just as good and raring to go. Where we go in the next three years you figure out for yourself. But it's a cinch we will need more pens.

It costs about twice as much to feed a mink as it does a muskrat, and the diet is different. As we have seen, mink love muskrat, for example. They also like clams, rabbit, fish, gophers, eggs and milk, among other things. Home-grown and fed mink are more valuable than their wilderness cousins because all they have to do is sit and preen themselves for the day when they will make some homely debutante look delectable. They don't have to forage for food and they can be neatly turned into a pelt at the exact moment their coat reaches its prime. Mink ranchers, if they are not too greedy for immediate profits, can also breed for the special and most valuable coloring and thus get themselves set for the luxury market when mink become a little more common and the price begins to break. One rancher is now trying to produce a white strain of mink. When he does he says he should sell the first white mink coat for \$25,000, which at this writing isn't hay. This same rancher is also breeding martens experiment-

ally. These are American sable. Nobody knows how he is going to make out but if he happens to get them under control he expects them to bring around \$100 a pelt.

But you can dream about that tomorrow night.

Commercial fur-farming with "wild" animals began seriously back in the 1890's with experimental breeding of silver fox. Silver fox-farming today is a stabilized multi-million-dollar business. Almost all the silver foxes sold in this country are now ranch-bred. The early history of silver fox-farming is as frenzied and romantic as a gold strike, with fantastic prices being paid by people anxious to get in on the bonanza. On one occasion breeding stock sold for as much as \$34,000 a pair and one brought \$2,700, wholesale. What some dame made some poor devil pay for that one at retail, it is pleasanter not to contemplate.

Most people don't know it, but silver fox is not silver fox at all but merely a color phase of the red fox. When red foxes got together, every once in a long while a silver fox would result, and lucky was the trapper who caught one. But the frequency of their occurrence in nature depended on the number of them which were around to keep up the blood that produced this phenomenon

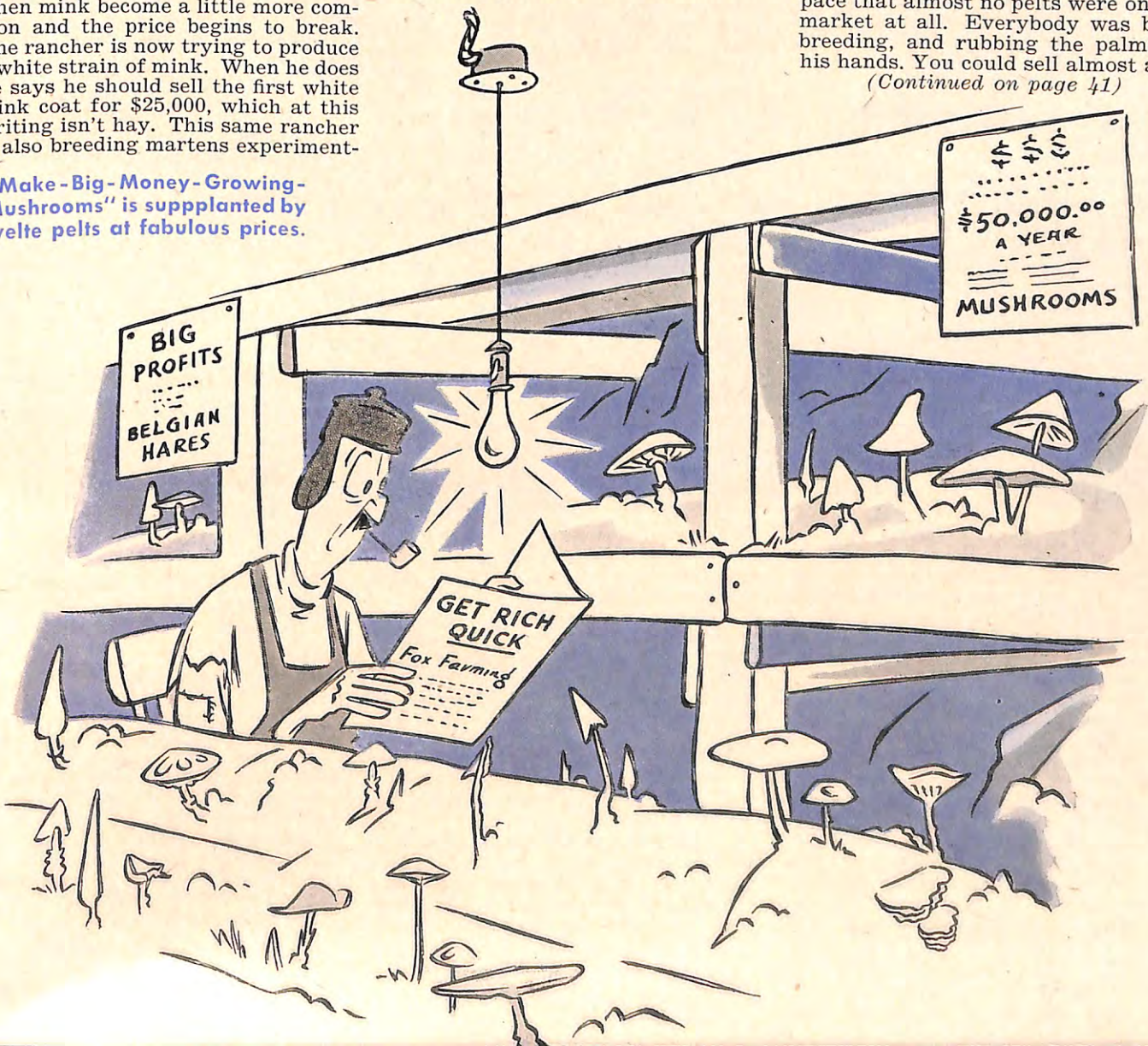
at rare intervals in the red fox.

A trapper and fur trader named Charles Dalton realized in 1887 the possibilities of extinction for this valuable fur and started trying to produce a couple of silver animals by breeding red foxes and praying for "throwbacks". Before he got anything except red foxes he located a pair of captive silver foxes and bought them. Later he teamed up with another man who had a similar idea. These two were the daddies of the present day silver fox industry.

The partnership began to make money almost at once and it wasn't long before news of their success began to leak out. First thing anybody knew there was a boom. People got into the silver fox business with the same joyous anticipation, and for a time the same happy results, with which they plunged into the stock market in 1929. Three sisters cleared \$25,000 a year. Several clerks who knew less about animal husbandry than they did about deep sea navigation got together and formed a company which cleaned up \$40,000 in four years. One lot of 25 choice skins brought over \$34,000 in the London market, an average of over \$1,300 a skin. One fox puppy sold at a frenzied auction for \$9,000. From 1910 to 1914, until the World War took over, the boom continued at such a pace that almost no pelts were on the market at all. Everybody was busy breeding, and rubbing the palms of his hands. You could sell almost any-

(Continued on page 41)

"Make-Big-Money-Growing-Mushrooms" is supplanted by svelte pelts at fabulous prices.



Herb Avery's success with women must have been terrific if you judge by his luck at cards.



EXCEPT for the intrusion of Flatbush Phil, the well known lone wolf of local stick-up circles, the poker game that night ran true to form. In other words, Herb Avery took a beating.

Not that that is news. Herb always takes a beating. The law of averages just doesn't apply to him.

"You know," I said to Doc Campbell as we got out of his car in front of Herb's apartment on Leo Durocher Terrace, "I'm beginning to dread these little get-togethers."

"What's with you?" Doc demanded. "I've never seen *you* on the short end."

"That's the trouble. I win, you

win, Wes wins, but poor Herb never wins, it gets me down."

"Herb can afford to lose. He's the only one of us that's single. Me, I got a wife and three hungry kids, and Wes has got his wife's folks living with him."

"But why should Herb foot the bills?"

"Dave," Doc said, "I think you're getting soft."

"It's darned monotonous the way he loses."

"Monotonous but nice. Like seeing the Dodgers cuff the Giants. Besides, he likes to gripe about his losses, so why shouldn't we do our best to make him happy?"

"There's the color of my money, if that's what's worrying you".


"I really feel sorry for him. No kidding."

"Save your sympathy," Doc said. "After all, nobody makes him play."

That was true enough. As a matter of fact, Herb looked forward to our Friday night sessions the way a kid looks forward to Christmas, and if anything came up to interfere with them he had a fit. Don't ask me why. Maybe, as Doc said, he got a sort of crazy pleasure out of the suffering involved in losing.

save your sympathy

By Edward Stevenson



Don't get the wrong idea about our little socials. We played plain, old-fashioned draw poker and limited bets and raises to a dime at a clip. Bush league stuff, you see. But even so, Herb generally managed to drop a ten-spot in the course of an evening; and ten dollars will buy a lot of provisions in our part of Brooklyn. I, for instance, would have had to camp in Prospect Park if my lamb ever found out I'd lost that kind of money.

"What's been keeping you?" our unlucky friend demanded as Doc and I came into his apartment. "Wes and I have been waiting for a hell of a time."

Wes Porter grinned. "Herb likes to start losing on time," he said.

"Don't kid yourself," Herb countered. "I'm taking you guys tonight. I feel lucky."

He always feels lucky before the battle. Like the guys who fight Joe Louis.

While Doc and I were stripping for action in the bedroom, our benevolent host poured four beers and counted out the chips.

"Draw for deal," he said as we sat down.

I pulled a three, Doc a seven and Wes a jack. Herb drew an ace. With a flourish.

"That's a good omen," he said. "I'm hot tonight."

He gathered up the cards and began shuffling them with his fat, stubby fingers. Herb is built pretty close to the ground but he has broad shoulders and powerful arms and is nobody's fool in a brawl. Like all little guys, though, he is addicted to loud talking and likes to wear a scowl.

There wasn't much action in the first hand. Doc and I dropped out after the draw, Herb bet a dime, and Wes called.

"Two pair," Herb said complacently. "Kings up, my friends."

"It's yours," Wes said.

"Sure, it's mine. The first of many. I'm sending you guys home in barrel-stave lingerie tonight."

He took the next two pots, but like the first they weren't very big.

"Three in a row!" he gloated. "If you guys run short of cash, I'll accept watches, gold inlays or personal notes with two co-signers."

"You're through for the night, Laughing Boy," Doc said. "I'm dealing myself a hand this time."

"Open for a dime," Herb said serenely.

My hand smelled and I dropped it. Wes, disgusted, dropped his, too.

"I'm a sucker," Doc said, "but I'll stay for a dime . . . Cards?"

"One," Herb said. He put his discard carefully to one side. "For the record, I'm splitting my openers."

"One for the honest dealer," Doc said.

Herb inspected his hand with a nonchalance as phony as a dollar ruby.

"It didn't get any worse," he said smugly. "Bet a dime."

"Your dime," Doc said, "and up a dime."

"Up again."

"And *again*."

Herb smirked. "Competition is the life blood of trade," he said. "I'm hiking you."

Doc began to look worried. "Maybe your luck's still running," he said. "I'll call."

"Tsk, tsk, just when I was beginning to have fun!"

"You're called," Doc snapped. "What have you got?"

"Just a little jack-high straight."

"Yeah? Well, I got a king-high straight. Read it and repent."

"And I filled mine in the belly!" Herb groaned. "Right smack in the belly!"

"Only a dreamer," Doc said, raking in the chips, "ever tries to fill an inside straight."

Herb assembled the cards and shuffled them savagely. "Doc," he said, "you got a rooking coming to you and it's going to give me great pleasure to see that you get it."

But he was on the receiving end of the rookings from then on. He had used up his luck on the first three hands, and the licking he took was cruel. When he had three of a

Not that I have a broken arm when it comes to raking in the chips. I like to win as well as anyone. But when I stacked up against Herb it was no contest. For six straight hands it was Herb versus me on the showdown, with me on the long end each time. That was too much of a good thing.

Herb was grim. He wasn't saying

"Me?" He'd caught me off guard. "Three—uh—nines, I think."

"Holy smokes, don't you *know*?"

He picked up my discards before I could stop him. The dawning smile froze on his lips. His complexion went Concord grape again, but this time the grapes were definitely overripe. He looked as if he were going to have a stroke.

He and Phil were locked in what looked like mortal combat to me.



kind, someone had a better three. When he had a straight, someone had a flush. When he had a flush, the competition was a full house. In no time at all he had used up his original supply of chips and was buying more.

He went right on losing. His second pile of chips vanished and was replenished, but he couldn't stem the tide. And the more he lost, the more reckless and furious he became. Instead of chucking hopeless hands and merely losing his ante, he would string along and bank on impossible draws. Once he drew two to a diamond flush, only to have Wes, who drew one to two pair, come up with a full house.

"Tough," Wes said sympathetically.

"*Tough!*" Herb's face was the color of a Concord grape. "*He* thinks it's tough! And what does he suppose *I* think it is?" His words were addressed to Doc and me, but their pitiful appeal seemed to be directed to the great heart of all Brooklyn.

By the end of an hour he was out close to ten dollars, and during that entire time he won exactly four hands—the three he took at the start and one other which he got practically by default. Even when they let him win, the gods of chance couldn't resist giving him a kick in the shins.

It began to get me, especially when I ran into a streak of luck and became the principal obstacle in Herb's path to happiness and prosperity.

a word, and that was a bad sign. I had a feeling he would explode if he lost another hand. Something had to be done.

Wes dealt. I had two aces.

"Open for a dime," Doc said.

"Stay," Herb said through his teeth.

"I'm in," I said.

"Out," Wes said. "Cards?"

"Two," Doc said.

"Three," Herb said.

"Same dose," I said. Herb worried me. He was too quiet.

"Bet a dime," Doc said.

"Up a dime," Herb said.

I looked at my hand. I had landed another ace.

"I'll look," I said.

"Okay," Doc said. "I'll call too."

"Kings," Herb said. "In triplicate."

"Damn!" Doc said. "I got jacks."

"Kings take it," I said, tossing in my cards face down.

Herb almost smiled. "What'd you have?" he said to me eagerly.

Illustrated By

L. R. GUSTAVSON

"Damn you!" he yelled.

All of his suppressed fury was behind the words. He got to his feet and crouched over the table. The knuckles of his clenched fists stood out white under tight skin. For a minute I thought he was going to jump on me.

"What's eating you?" Doc said. "You won, didn't you?"

"Won, hell!" Herb spluttered. "He had three aces!"

Doc and Wes stared at me. I felt pretty foolish.

"What're you getting steamed up about?" I said defensively. "I was just trying to give you a break."

"Break!" Herb screamed. "Who asked for a break?"

"Nobody. I—I—I just—"

"Nobody is right. When I want charity—"

"It wasn't charity."

"Big-Hearted Dave, the Friend of the Poor!"

"Oh, cut it out!"

"Listen," he said, shaking a stubby finger in my face, "have you ever seen me welsh on a gambling debt?"

"Who said I have?"

He dug his hand into his pocket and produced a roll of bills. "There's the color of my money, if that's what's worrying you," he said.

"All right," I said, getting fed up. "All right."

"Let's have a beer," Wes said diplomatically. "My tonsils got moss on 'em."

"I don't want no charity," Herb said.

"Hush," Doc said. "Time's a-wasting."

"I just want this guy—"

"Sure," Doc said soothingly.

"Sure, I know."

"Go to hell!" Herb said, sitting down and glowering at me.

Wes was just coming in with the beer when there was a series of sharp reports from somewhere close at hand.

"Hey, what's that?" he said.

"Could be backfire," Doc said.

"Sounded like shots to me," I said.

"The philanthropist thinks it's shots," Herb said. "Some rifle club practicing by moonlight, I suppose."

"Very funny," I said.

"Let's see," Doc interposed hastily. "It's my deal, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Wes said. "I dealt the hand that started the war."

Doc was just finishing the deal when the window behind him was thrown up and Flatbush Phil, brandishing a gun that looked like one of those secret weapons you are always reading about, stepped off the fire-escape and into our midst. The four of us stared at him as if he were a fugitive from an Orson Welles broadcast.

"What's the big idea?" Herb demanded, finally. After all, it was his apartment.

"Take it easy, friends," Phil said. He waved the gun in an eccentric arc, covering us all with a fine impartiality.

"What do you want?"

Without answering, Phil strode past us and peered into the dark bedroom. He was a thick-set man, with a wide, low brow, mean little eyes and a face that looked like a relief map of the Bad Lands.

"Look, friends," he said, "I'm expectin' some company I don't want nothin' to do wit'. Coppers, see? So if dey drop in, ya ain't seen me. Get it? Ya been playin' poker an' ain't seen nothin'."

He made emphatic gestures with the gun.

"I'm in the bedroom," he went on, "an' if you guys try any funny stuff, I come out blastin', see?"

We saw.

"So be nice," he concluded.

Flatbush Phil retired to the bedroom and the four of us glanced at

each other uneasily, seeking inspiration and finding none.

"So it was shots, after all," Wes sighed. "You were right, Dave."

"For my money," Doc said, "I wish he was wrong."

"Start playin', friends," Phil advised us from the bedroom. "An' do your talkin' out loud."

Herb swore under his breath but dutifully picked up his cards along with the rest of us.

We had just finished a hand when the police arrived. They announced their presence with a couple of loud raps on the door, and a voice shouted, "Open up, it's the Law!"

"Come in!" Herb cried peevishly. "The door's unlocked."

A couple of red-faced cops with drawn guns burst into the room. They seemed a little embarrassed by their own ferocity.

"Sorry, gents," the first cop said, after looking us over. "I guess we're in the wrong pew."

"Gee," Doc said, pretending relief. "At first I thought you were raiding our little game."

"Naw," the cop said. "We're after a stick-up gent. We chased him into the place next door but he cut across the roof. We figure he come down a fire-escape and holed up somewhere."

The second cop went over to the window through which Phil had made his entrance. "He'd have to come in here," the cop said. "There ain't no other way off the fire-escape."

"Nobody's come in here," I said quickly.

I wanted to get rid of the cops before one of us betrayed Phil's presence and brought him out of the bedroom with that howitzer of his. I didn't like the look on Herb's face. A guy who played poker like him wasn't to be trusted in an emergency.

After assuring us, without too much confidence, it seemed, that the place was surrounded and their quarry as good as caught, the cops took their departure.

As soon as the cops had gone, Phil emerged from the bedroom. He appeared quite pleased but you couldn't be sure, because, rain or shine, his face looked like stormy weather.

"Nice goin', friends," he said. "Nice goin'."

"Nice going, hell!" Herb flared. "We should have turned you in."

"No," Phil said. "That would of been very dumb."

He dropped into an armchair and lighted a cigarette.

"Wait a minute," Herb protested. "You can't hang around here."

"I like it here," Phil said.

"Well, that's just too bad. Come on, blow."

Phil looked distressed. "Friend," he said, "ya sound like ya don't care for me."

"Friend," Herb flung back at him, "I don't!"

"Now, Herb," Doc said nervously, "there's no sense getting excited."

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Here are suggestions for making our sometimes ferocious or facetious canine friends law-abiding citizens

SELDOM does the opening of our screed strike the high note of tragedy and when it does it is only because the Muse is in keeping with what follows.

This time our beginning shows a sombre scene withal it marks a story as strange as anything ever revealed in the annals of the police. And so, if your bank balance is low or your blood pressure high, both undeniably depressing, you'd best not go any farther with this, because to you it may be a desponding diatribe.

We quote from a press release recently issued by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs: "The love of dogs and other animals that advances beyond average reason must be viewed with suspicion. It sometimes is an indica-

tion of an abnormal mind, as a New York City detective shrewdly guessed not long ago when he brought about a confession of murder when he threatened to have the murderer's dog shot."

The details of this story were amply covered by the press and it is only necessary here to sketch briefly the circumstances surrounding it. The culprit, a violent individual, took the life of the wife of a friend. It was the usual tale: the lady, a wayfarer from the connubial fireside, got herself a particularly jealous boy friend. The pay-off, while not the usual thing, could have been expected. Every clue pointed to the erstwhile friend but not a shred of evidence warranting an indictment was developed. Time and again the

man was grilled and for a while it looked as though this, at last, was going to be the perfect crime. Accompanied by two fellow officers, the detective in charge of the case made a final visit to the home of the suspect whose only companion, a dog, viciously resented the intrusion of the police. It was this that provided the happy hunch that broke the case. After interminable questioning punctuated by annoying interruptions by the dog, the detective's patience was worn thread-bare. There was a pause, then he suddenly said, turning to one of his co-workers, "Take that dog outside. Use your gun on him." The bland self-confidence of the dog's owner vanished. Frantically he pleaded for his dog's life, offering in exchange a confession of his crime, thus not only providing, as the press release pointed out, an example of love for an animal carried to an abnormal extreme, but one of those rare instances of a man giving his life for his dog.

Now we're not going to get slushy about Fido, but self-sacrifice to life itself in his master's defense is nothing novel to him. More than this, records show dog after dog having been beaten to death by a brutal owner without reprisal by the animal. How many dogs will lick the hand of a sadistic master nobody knows, although nobody who really understands dogs has trouble in believing that there are many, very

(Continued on page 52)

Photo by Ylla from Rapho

In the **DOGHOUSE**

with Ed Faust



Preston Jennings, author and entomologist, tying a fly.

BY THIS time fly fishermen throughout the country are aware they're the goats of a Grade A pushing around by conservation's heretofore sacred cow, the National Audubon Society. It all started in New York State last spring following passage of the so-called "Feather Law". Now the ruckus has become a nationwide fight to prevent the Audubons from hamstringing fly fishing everywhere in the United States.

What these zealots are seeking, of course, is enactment of federal legislation which would ban importation of "wild bird" plumage used in the manufacture of artificial flies, as well as foreign-tied artificials. This crusade is so completely without justification and so shot full of obvious baloney it's difficult to understand how any intelligent person could be deceived. However, the campaign went over in New York, which is no credit to that state's sportsmen, and it could be eeled through other state legislatures or even Congress.

Actually, the fishermen's latest headache stems from the female population's recent disposition to adorn its amusing headgear with the plumage of imported dickey birds of one kind or another. The Audubons, who worked themselves out of a job years ago, saw in this style trend an opportunity for an oldtime, save-our-feathered-friends drive. The fact that all birdlife in this country already is protected by stringent regulation and in no way threatened, did not discourage conservation's flails. They knew a good thing when they saw it—a sure-fire chance for favorable nationwide publicity. Besides, it was rumored the Audubons weren't receiving the fat donations of yore, what with jolting income taxes and such, and a "whoop 'em up" campaign could help that distressing situation.

So the crusade to ban feathers on gal's skimmers got under way, and almost before you could have dropped a feather boa, the Audubons had the opposition draped over the ropes. The nation's press gave the campaign enthusiastic plugs; in no time at all feathers on women's hats were passé, my deah, but definitely. Perhaps one of the reasons for the success of this campaign was that newspapermen, like other males, were becoming a bit irked by their wives' screwy looking hats. The vegetables and fruit baskets which had been adorning female heads were bad enough. When the gals blossomed out with birds' nests on their noggins, complete with birds, the boys of the Fourth Estate decided it was time to lend a hand. It's doubtful if the conservation angle ever entered their minds.

The upshot of all this was that before New York's anglers knew what it was all about, State Senator Thomas C. Desmond, of the 27th District, sponsored an act banning the sale of



Red AND Gun

Mr. Trullinger gets out his little gun and takes a few shots.

By Ray Trullinger

bird plumage after 1947, and tangled things up beautifully for feather dealers, fly-tyers and Joe Doak, the streamside fly dunker, during the intervening period. This act became law on April 18, 1941, in New York, and the Audubons declared it a good one. How good it is has been a matter of considerable debate ever since. Senator Desmond, its sponsor, later announced the law "unfair and unjust", and further stated he'd be glad to sponsor an amendment to the law satisfactory to anglers. Apparently another case of not knowing the gun was loaded.

What really brought the wrath of this country's fishermen down on the Audubons' heads was Circular No. 47, titled "Wild Birds and Fly Fishing", filled with some of the most amusing rubbish ever printed. Some of this bunk was lifted and reprinted by papers and magazines, one of the latter even stating in an editorial that the Orillard pheasant, Bali duck, red ibis, snowy egret and Tragopan pheasants were being driven to extinction by the demands of fly-tyers. Rube Cross, one of New York's best-known professional tyers and a man
(Continued on page 46)



John E. Sheridan

Editorial

Frank L. Rain

ONCE again the Angel Death has spread his dark pinions and this time has borne away our dear friend Frank L. Rain. Brother Rain was stricken with a fatal illness many months ago.

"And over him triumphant Death his dart

"Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked" until the approach of Christmas Eve when the blow descended and his earthly career was ended.

In his death the Order has lost one of its most devoted members whose life was an inspiration to all who were privileged to know him well. He served not only acceptably but efficiently and faithfully in every task assigned to him in the Order. His record as Grand Exalted Ruler was outstanding. With well-chosen words he welcomed on behalf of our Fraternity General Pershing on his return from overseas at the termination of World War I. He left his imprint on our membership in every section of the country and there will be wide-spread and genuine sorrow at his passing. He always was sincere and ever held the banner of Elkdom aloft, living his life in keeping with its purposes and ideals.

From its organization he had been a member of the Publication Commission and for many years its Secretary and Treasurer. His every act as an important member of this Commission was characterized with that same devotion to the discharge of his duties that marked all of his life as an Elk and as a patriotic American citizen. The remaining members of the Commission mourn his loss and extend their heartfelt sympathy to his wife, his son and daughter who survive him and to whom he was always a devoted husband and father. Death has ended his career but the beautiful example of his life will live on as an inspiration to those who knew him and worked with him for the uplift of our Fraternity.

Japan an Outcast

THE Secretary of State Cordell Hull is a mild-mannered, mild-spoken southern gentleman not given to dramatics.

His language in characterizing the diabolical act of Japan in attacking Pearl Harbor while that country's representatives were at least pretending to be here in an effort to work out a peaceful solution, and the bombing of the open city of Manila, makes the perfidy of Japan plain and complete. He left little to be said in condemnation of the dastardly and cowardly act which is without counterpart except in the annals of savages and infrequently even there.

Japan can no longer lay claim to being a civilized nation and is entitled to no consideration at our hands in conducting the war. Such is the verdict of the world except as to those nations engaged with her in waging war against the United States. In fact she has lost respect even among the peoples of such nations. She is an outcast and will be so recorded in history. Nothing can save her from this stigma nor from the defeat for which her treachery marks her.

Aid to Foreigners

THE manner in which our subordinate lodges are responding to the suggestions of the National Defense Commission must be gratifying to the Commission as well as to our entire membership. It is another evidence of the patriotic sentiment which prompts every Elk and results in a practical demonstration of his desire to be of assistance to our Government whenever the need arises.

Many months ago we called attention to the importance of assisting foreigners in their efforts to comply with our naturalization laws and thus to become American citizens. In most cases this necessitates the establishment and maintenance of schools of instruction. In that article we complimented a southern lodge for its activity in this field of endeavor. It had appointed a committee from its membership whose duty it was to be of assistance to those of foreign birth who had taken out their first papers and to encourage



others to do so. This committee also attended all naturalization proceedings and decorated the room with flowers, streamers and flags. This had the effect of making those applying for citizenship feel that they are really welcome to the land of their adoption but it also created interest in the community and enhanced the standing of the lodge as a worthy representative of a great American Order.

We are pleased that a pamphlet recently issued by the Elks National Defense Commission calls on lodges to make this one of their undertakings and in which it points to other lodges engaged in an effort similar to that which we have commended. At least one lodge has conducted a school of instruction and issued diplomas to those who have completed the course. It has arranged graduation exercises at which diplomas are presented at a meeting open to the public. These public exercises have resulted in much interest and in publicizing this activity to the general benefit of the lodge in the community which it serves. It does not stop there, however, but extends throughout the Order.

Post-War Activity

ELK lodges active in securing aviation cadets are not only aiding the Government in preparing our defense against the war of aggression which has been thrust upon us, but at the same time are assisting young men in fitting themselves for service in a field of useful endeavor in post-war days when victory again perches on our banners and peace comes to the world as it eventually must.

With the arrival of those happy days the airplane will come more and more into use for the handling of both freight and passengers, and skilled aviators will be in demand. What better schooling for the future can be obtained than to take advantage of the exceptional opportunity now afforded by the Government, supplemented as it is by the Order of Elks in arranging for the education and training of young men for this service. Refresher courses have been arranged with many educational institutions of which advantage can be taken with-

out cost or expense to young men willing to enter this service.

In addition the Government furnishes them board, lodging, medical care, uniforms and \$75.00 a month for practically eight months of the training period. When commissioned a Second Lieutenant they are paid \$245.50 a month, are allowed \$150.00 for officer's uniform, and when returned to civil life are given a cash bonus of \$500.00 for each year of service under a reserve commission. No other branch of the service offers such an opportunity for free education and training for employment in post-war activities. So when a young man enlists in the aviation corps he is not only serving his country but laying the foundation for employment in the future.

Favorable Comment

THE *Boston Herald* prints a laudatory editorial on the Order of Elks which predicates on the following statement by Charles S. O'Connor of Boston Lodge No. 10:

"This great fraternal Order of ours was founded on a firm basis, one of its chief pillars being Patriotism or Love of Country. Let us thank God that it is so—but you have a definite place in its maintenance. Your Lodge has entered wholeheartedly into the sacred work of National Defense. If this is your Country and mine, your Order and mine, your Lodge and mine, then this is your work and mine. It admits of no proxies."

Mr. Buxton, the editor-in-chief, comments as follows:

"They are good folks, the Elks. No organization excels them in mutual helpfulness among members, in community service and in devotion to sturdy Americanism, regardless of race, religion and politics. They are now engaged wholeheartedly in what Mr. O'Connor calls 'direct, intimate and honest propaganda'. It is at the direct and urgent request of Washington that they will try to have qualified young men between the ages of 18 and 26 enlist in the flying corps. The Boston Lodge is going at the job with the energy and enthusiasm which we have come to regard as typical of it once it starts anything."



FRANK LEWIS RAIN

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

PAST Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Lewis Rain, of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203, Secretary and Treasurer of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, died at his home in Fairbury on December 24, 1941. His death occurred on the thirty-fourth anniversary of his wedding.

Mr. Rain was born in Marshall, Texas, on August 5, 1877. As a boy, he lived in Las Vegas, N. M., and Blue Island, Ill., but from 1893 until the time of his death, he resided in Fairbury. During his boyhood he was manager of a Chautauqua Circuit, and later he was manager of the Fairbury Opera House. He graduated from the Fairbury High School in 1895, from the University of Nebraska in 1899, and from the Law School of the University of Michigan in 1904. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi social fraternity and Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity. He engaged in the practice of law at Fairbury until his last illness. He served as President of the Outdoor Advertising Association of Nebraska and also as a Director of the National Organization. He was City Attorney of Fairbury from 1906 to 1908, and County Attorney of Jefferson County from 1908 to 1914 and from 1917 to 1922. He was Mayor of Fairbury in 1924-1925 and in that position was one of those largely responsible for the city's splendid and beautiful park.

Mr. Rain was one of the founders of Fairbury Lodge of Elks. He was its first Exalted Ruler, serving two terms in that capacity. One of the proudest moments of his life was when he installed his son, Frank M. Rain, as Exalted Ruler of the lodge. Mr. Rain first attended Grand Lodge in 1911 at Atlantic City, and every Grand Lodge thereafter with but two exceptions; illness prevented his attendance at St. Louis in 1939 and Philadelphia in 1941. He was District Deputy for Nebraska East in 1912-1913, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, 1913-1915, and Chairman of that committee from 1915 to 1918. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler

at Atlantic City in July, 1919, serving until 1920.

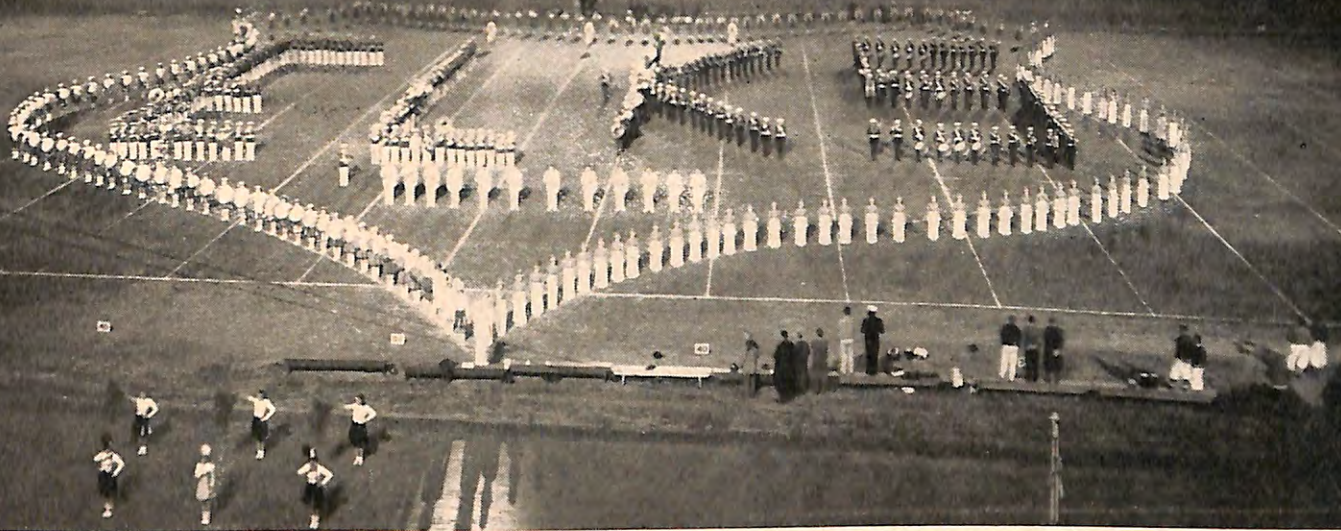
Mr. Rain's administration as Grand Exalted Ruler was most successful. During his year the increase in membership in the Order was one of the largest in its history. General Pershing, in recognition of the war work of the Order, chose the Elks as the first organization to receive him upon his return from France, and Mr. Rain officiated at that reception. It is interesting to note that Mr. Rain was a member of the famous "Pershing Rifles" under the General when he was a Captain and Commandant at the University of Nebraska.

In his report at the Chicago Grand Lodge in 1920, Mr. Rain recommended the appointment of a special committee to investigate the advisability of erecting a memorial building to the Elks who served in the first World War, and also the advisability of establishing a national publication. The Elks Memorial Building at Chicago and *The Elks Magazine* are the direct result of that action. Mr. Rain served as a member of the National Memorial and Publication Commission and its predecessor body from 1921 until his death. From 1938 to the time of his passing he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Commission.

Mr. Rain was very active in the establishment of the Nebraska State Elks Association and served one term as President. In addition to his membership in the Order of Elks, he was a Master Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner. He was also a member of the local bar association, the Nebraska State Bar Association and the American Bar Association.

Funeral services were held at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, December 26, at the Presbyterian Church in Fairbury. The Rev. A. J. Smith of Emanuel Episcopal Church, of which Mr. Rain was a member, officiated. Because of a blizzard, with heavy snow and extremely cold weather, Fairbury Lodge conducted the ritualistic commitment service at the Church instead of at the (Continued on page 55)

Under the ANTLERS



Above: Formation of the word "ELKS" in a shield during the half-time show at the 12th charity football game sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge.

Entries Close February 15 For 1942 Elks National Bowling Tournament

Entries for the twenty-fifth annual (Silver Jubilee) Elks National Tournament conducted by the Elks' Bowling Association of America under the auspices of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, will positively close on February 15, 1942. In order to receive any consideration, all entries must be postmarked before midnight on that date.

The tournament will open on Saturday, March 14, when a squad composed of City, State and County officials will fire the mineralite bowling balls down the glossy planks to attack the tenpins

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

at the other end. The tournament will continue until Monday, April 27, 1942. Already over 300 five-man teams, representing many Elk lodges, have reserved space in the coming event. Among these are included lodges in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado and California.

The games in the tournament will be contested at the Fifth Avenue Recreation, equipped with twenty modern tournament alleys, ten alleys each on the first and second floors. Diamond medals will again be awarded the winners in each event and a beautiful trophy will be given the Elk Lodge represented by the five-man team winning the team championship. All Elk bowlers who expect to enter the Elks National Tournament will be required to carry their paid-up membership cards, showing them to be in good standing in the Order of Elks. Without them, they will not be able to participate. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

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

Several Items of Interest from Oil City, Pennsylvania, Lodge

The recent visit to Oil City, Pa., Lodge, No. 344, of the District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Northwest, Clark H. Buell of New Castle, was successful from every standpoint. The lodge room was filled to capacity with members and visitors. Five Past District Deputies and Exalted Rulers from many of the district lodges were present.

The Northwest District Meeting, held in the home of Oil City Lodge, was attended by nearly 500 Elks and their ladies. After the business session, dur-



Left is a float entered by Palatka, Fla., Lodge in a recent patriotic parade.



Left: Justice John C. Wheeler, of Corning, N. Y., Lodge, presents awards in the Elks Navy Day Poster Contest.

Above is a float entered by Ontario, Calif., Lodge in an Armistice Day parade.

ing which the ladies were entertained at cards, a fine turkey dinner was served.

Members of the squadron of Flying Cadets sponsored by the lodge, who took their physical examinations in Pittsburgh, are receiving refresher course instruction in Oil City High School. The unit will be known as the Flying Cadets Squadron of Oil City Lodge of Elks.

Elks' Observance of Navy Day As Held at Missoula, Montana

Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge, No. 383, observed Navy Day in collaboration with the Navy League of the U. S., the Navy Club, the Navy Recruiting Service and the U. S. Navy. The address of welcome was made by Mayor Dwight N. Mason. E.R. D. F. Pleasant was Toastmaster. A dinner for members and guests was followed by fine speeches and splendid entertainment. The lodge home was beautifully and appropriately decorated. Three hundred persons attended.

Commander Bert H. Creighton, U. S. N. R., spoke on the Navy, devoting a portion of his address to naval aviation. Lieutenant Ben F. Hardin, U. S. N. R., State Vice-Pres. of the Navy League, also spoke on the Navy and described the work of the League. Talented musicians took part in the entertainment program which was planned in keeping with the patriotic nature of the occasion as was the presentation of several specialty numbers. Miss Madge Root, a daughter of P.E.R. H. F. Root, impersonated "Miss Liberty". Dancing concluded the evening.

Mendota, Ill., Lodge Observes Its Thirty-First Anniversary

Mendota, Ill., Lodge, No. 1212, celebrated its 31st anniversary on October 22 with one of the best meetings of the

year. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles R. Logan, of Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, delivered the principal address and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, gave a brief but thoroughly enjoyable talk.

Although a deluge of rain threatened the success of the meeting, which is an annual Mendota interlodge event, 300 Elks attended. Of these 81 were from

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.

out of town. Dixon, Sterling, Moline, Rockford, DeKalb, Sycamore, LaSalle-Peru, Ottawa, Streator, Kewanee, Elgin and South Chicago, Ill., Lodges were represented. National League Umpire George Magerkurth, of Moline, Lodge, was among those who came early and stayed late. P.E.R. O. J. Ellingen, of Mendota Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, presided. A social session, with entertainment and a "knackwurst plate" lunch, followed the meeting.

The lodge observed Navy Day by holding a patriotic meeting open to the public. More than 400 attended. Com-

Right and on opposite page are members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, who were present at a dinner tendered to retiring Secretary William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Many Grand Lodge members attended.

mander L. E. Dockry, of the Great Lakes Training Station, was the speaker. Mendota is one of the representative lodges of Illinois. It has no debts, has purchased more than \$22,000 worth of Government, Defense and Baby Bonds, and has a beautiful building which it keeps in fine repair.

District Deputy Visit and Class Initiation at Sandusky, O., Lodge

Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285, initiated a class of 40 candidates in November at a special meeting called for the purpose of inspection by Clyde G. Church of Mount Vernon Lodge, D.D. for Ohio, North Central. A turkey dinner, with covers for 200 members of Sandusky Lodge and other lodges in the vicinity, was followed by the initiatory ceremonies. A pleasing innovation in the work was effected by the presentation to each attending member of an American Flag mounted on a staff. The flags were held at attention during the administration of the obligation and during the final instructions delivered by E.R. Carl W. Voltz.

Special tribute was paid P.D.D. Michael R. Herb, Chaplain of No. 285, for whom the occasion marked the 30th anniversary of his own affiliation with the lodge. As Chairman of the Membership Committee, Mr. Herb's efforts were largely responsible for the assembling of the class initiated that night and also for the class of fifty-two initiated on June the 10th, 1941. During his chairmanship in the nineteen-twenties, Mr. Herb brought more than 200 members into the lodge within one twelve-month period. After a long retirement, he is again working enthusiastically to increase the membership. Sandusky Lodge is in an excellent financial condition, due in a large measure to the effective efforts of P.E.R. Joseph P. Welter, Jr.



Right: On the occasion of the visit of D.D. J. Henry Goguen to Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, many distinguished Elks were present. Seated left is Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and standing to left behind him is E. Mark Sullivan, a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler.



D. D. Ross Wilson Pays Official Visit to Allegheny, Pa., Lodge

The initiation of a large class on the evening of the official visit of D.D. Ross S. Wilson, of Braddock, to Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339, completed a series of initiations honoring P.E.R. F. J. Schrader, Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. The class included 32 candidates, two new members by transfer dimit and four reinstatements, bringing the total number of members brought into the Order through the F. J. Schrader Classes to 180. At the close of the lodge session, a demonstration was given of the E. & J. Resuscitator, Inhalator and Aspirator purchased for presentation to the St. John's General Hospital, N.S. Pittsburgh.

The more than 200 Elks in attendance were joined by their ladies after the meeting. A fried chicken supper was served and a program of entertainment presented which included a half dozen fine vaudeville acts, a floor show and music furnished by a well-known orchestra.



Death of P. E. R. W. T. Seeger, Active Elk of Rutherford, N. J.

With deep regret, Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547, reports the death of P.E.R. William T. Seeger who passed away on October 10, 1941. Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers and a large delegation of members attended services on Sunday, the 12th, and eight Past Exalted Rulers acted as pallbearers at the funeral. A Lodge of Sorrow was held on the next regular meeting night.

Mr. Seeger was initiated in 1906. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1913-1914,

was a member of the Board of Trustees for several terms and was a Past President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association. He served on the Membership Investigating Committee for more than 20 years.

Redlands, Calif., Lodge Presents A Flag to Women's Defense Unit

The beautiful American Flag, used by the Redlands unit of the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps of America as its marching colors, is the gift of Redlands Lodge of Elks. The official presentation was made by P.E.R. Guy

Above is a photograph taken when members of Olympia, Wash., Lodge presented 30 cots, mattresses and blankets to the Olympia Army and Navy Club.

A. Daniels, D.D. for Calif., South, representing his home lodge, Redlands No. 583, in a ceremony held at the Women's Armory. Captain Byrdeen Hughes accepted the colors for her company.

The ceremony was attended by officers of the lodge headed by E.R. George N. King. Mayor Frank S. Gunter and many other prominent citizens were present. The program was arranged by H. Cleo Burris, Secy. of Redlands Lodge.





Above is a picture of the speakers' table at Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge when the local Elks observed Navy Day.



Left are 24 selectees who were feted at an elaborate breakfast as guests of Logan, Ohio, Lodge.

The Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps, with approximately 6,000 members in Southern California, is strictly a volunteer military organization, formed for the purpose of giving patriotic women an opportunity to prepare for national defense.

Hibbing, Minn., Lodge Honors A. L. Egge, as "Citizen No. 1"

"Elks Honor Night" is an event held annually by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022. So far, eight "Honor Citizens" have been selected and feted by the

lodge. Arthur L. Egge, local banker, booster for good roads in the Hibbing area and outstanding for his efforts in civic projects for the betterment of the community, was the member selected by the lodge as Hibbing's No. 1 citizen for 1941.

More than 300 friends of Mr. Egge gathered at the lodge home for the annual Honor Night Banquet to show their appreciation of the fine qualities of his character as well as the value of his public achievements. His portrait was hung with those of his predecessors, five of whom were present. Mr.

Egge was escorted to his place at the head table by E.R. William Knudsen. P.E.R. Ernest Messner, acting for the lodge, presented him with gifts, and a beautiful program of music was provided by talented soloists and groups. P.E.R. John P. Murphy, Past Pres. of the Minn. State Elks Assn., himself an "Honor Citizen", gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. W. I. Nolan, a member of Minneapolis Lodge, former Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota and speaker of the State House of Representatives, delivered the principal address. Judge Mark Nolan acted as Toastmaster and P.E.R. George M. Fisher, of Hibbing Lodge, was General Chairman.

Ranchers and Their Families Enjoy A Party at Dillon, Mont., Lodge

Dillon, Mont., Lodge, No. 1554, entertained more than 300 ranchers and their families in the lodge home on the first evening of the annual Dillon Hereford Futurity Sale and Show held in Dillon on October 26-27. E.R. Homer Faust presided and Jennings Mayland, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, welcomed the guests. Bernard Williams, secretary of the sale and show, introduced the speakers.

Cooperating with the Chamber of Commerce, Dillon Lodge sponsored an interesting program which included amateur movies of ranching scenes, dance numbers, talks by leading Hereford breeders and the awarding of prizes won at the show that afternoon. At the conclusion of the program, refreshments were served by members of the lodge.

Above left are several guests who were present at the dedication of Lakewood, N. J., Lodge's new home. Third from left is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and fifth from left is Congressman William H. Sutphin who is on the House Naval Committee.

Left are some of the guests who were present when Major Charles A. Green, one of the oldest members of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, was honored at "Major Green Night". Standing behind Major Green are D.D. Dr. A. V. Delmore and State Pres. Dr. C. O. Fillinger.





Catskill, N. Y., Lodge Observes Its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

The 25th anniversary of the institution of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1341, was celebrated by the membership with an appropriate program. More than 150 Elks attended the banquet and participated in the festivities.

Catskill Lodge was instituted on October 5, 1916. Under the administration of the first Exalted Ruler, Thomas Conerty, who was elected to a second term, the new lodge progressed rapidly. Among those who occupied places of honor at the banquet tables were Mr. Conerty, the lodge officers including E.R. Claude H. Heath, former Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and Secy. Bert Hayes, P.D.D., and Past District Deputy P. A. Buchheim of Albany Lodge, present Chairman of the State Board of Trustees.

The Vermont State Elks Association Meets at White River Junction

Nearly 200 delegates and members from the 11 lodges in the Green Mountain State attended the 1941 Convention of the Vermont State Elks Association at White River Junction. President Alfred E. Watson, of Hartford Lodge, presided. The State officers and dis-

Above is a class of 66 candidates recently initiated into Chester, Ill., Lodge. Chester Lodge is only a little over a year old and already has 160 members.

tinguished guests in attendance were taken to the Dartmouth-Colgate football game at Hanover, N. H. A complimentary dinner was given that evening at the Hotel Coolidge at White River Junction. The guest of honor and principal speaker was Governor William H. Wills, a member of Bennington, Vt., Lodge.

At the afternoon business session the next day, P.D.D. John T. Nelson, P.E.R. of Barre Lodge, was elected President. Alfred Guarino, of Hartford Lodge, is Secretary; Oscar E. Back, St. Johnsbury, is Treasurer. Of special interest among the various committee reports was that of Charles F. Mann, of Brattleboro Lodge, Chairman of the Committee on the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children. Mr. Mann reported that all the Vermont lodges had made generous contributions which, with the addition of \$500 given to the State Association by the Elks National Foundation, totaled \$5,000. An exceptional group of speakers included Past Grand

Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Mass., former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, P. J. Garvey, Holyoke, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and Joseph Collette, Claremont, Past Pres. of the N. H. State Elks Assn.

D. D. W. P. Faley Pays Official Visit to Winona, Minn., Lodge

About 250 Elks attended the banquet which preceded the meeting held by Winona, Minn., Lodge, No. 327, on District Deputy Night. E.R. Bernard Kalmes presided as Toastmaster and D.D. William P. Faley, of St. Paul, spoke on Americanism and present world conditions. Guest members were present from Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester, La Crosse and Antigo, Wis., Jerseyville, Ill., and Decorah, Iowa.

The ritualistic team of Winona Lodge initiated 22 members of the "I Am an American Class". Special music was presented during the social part of the evening by the Sleepy Valley Cowboy Orchestra of Rochester Lodge and the Elks' Little Swiss Band from La Crosse.

Left: At a dinner and initiatory meeting of Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge were Clyde E. Jones, of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; D.D. Henry D. Dukes; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Dr. Chas. R. Logan, and E.R. W. C. Brunk.



Below is the famous band of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge which will make its annual trip to the Grand Lodge Convention. The band is seeking bookings for concert engagements on its trip across the country.





Above are Elks of Minot, N.D., Lodge who were present when D.D. John A. Graham paid his official visit. Eleven candidates from Westhope were initiated into the Order.

Right: Former All-American Russell F. Stein, left, of Warren, Ohio, Lodge, presents Warren Lodge's trophy to Warren High School Coach Pierre Hill, at a banquet honoring the football squad.



D. D. Patrick J. Foley Visits Quincy, Massachusetts, Lodge

On his official visit to Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, D.D. Patrick J. Foley, of Boston, was accompanied by a large suite of distinguished Elks from various Massachusetts lodges. The guests were welcomed by E.R. Fred N. Krim; Past Exalted Rulers of No. 943 acted as members of the reception committee.

The work of the local officers in conducting the initiation of candidates reached a high state of perfection. Appropriate solos were rendered by Edward J. Downey, with Fred T. Strachan at the piano. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Lieutenant John G. Nicklas, P.E.R., presented one of the men who is in the Navy with an Elk emblem, a gift from his shipmates. A salad luncheon was served after the meeting which was held in the ballroom of the lodge home.

Regional Meeting Is Held by Texas State Elks Association at Brenham

Brenham, Tex., Lodge, No. 979, was host last November to the Texas State Elks Association, holding its Regional Meeting in Brenham. Delegates from the lodges in the south and central parts of the State began to register at the lodge home at 10 a.m. Houston Lodge

No. 151 was represented by a large delegation of members, accompanied by their ladies.

The business session was opened at two o'clock in the afternoon by State Pres. M. A. deBettencourt, of Houston. Past State Pres. H. S. Rubenstein, of Brenham, was General Chairman. Problems confronting the Texas lodges were discussed and constructive legislation was enacted. Two distinctive features of the lodge meeting held at 8 p.m. were the official visitation of D.D. A. C. Huwieler, of Houston Lodge, and the initiation of a class by Brenham Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers Degree Team.

Among the many active and prominent Elks who attended the meeting were Special Deputy A. W. Jeffreys, of Herrin, Ill., Lodge, D.D. A. C. Linne, Seguin, and a number of Past Presidents of the State Association. The local committee members, appointed by E.R. Alvin A. Behrens, functioned splendidly. For the entertainment of the ladies, a style show in the lobby of the

St. Anthony Hotel during the business session, an automobile tour of the city and the historic county of Washington, and a theatre party were held. Competition was afforded visiting bowlers, who were entertained by Brenham's B and C teams. A barbecue for Elks and ladies preceded the lodge meeting which was followed by a Dutch Lunch for members only and the celebration of Elks' Night at the Wagon Wheel.

Fraternal and Social Activities Of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Elks

Direction of a campaign for an "I Am an American Class", a Fall project of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, was placed in the capable hands of Esquire Charles A. Landis by E.R. Earl V. Stauffer. The result was the initiation of the Class on November 20. Fifty-three names were added to the lodge's rolls by initiation and reinstatement. D.D. Herman A. Earley, of Harrisburg Lodge, delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message. K. L. Shirk of Lancaster, Vice-Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., Thomas Minehart, Chambersburg, Chairman of the State Student Aid Committee of the Pa. S. Cent. Dis-

Below: A class recently initiated into Decatur, Ill., Lodge.





Left, are the officers of Redlands, Calif., Lodge and a class of candidates which was initiated when D.D. G. A. Daniels, seated center, paid his official visit to the Lodge.



Below, left, E.R. Frank Chamlee, D.D. Albert G. Heins and State Pres. J. W. Anderson are shown on the occasion of Mr. Heins' official visit to Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, when a large class of candidates was initiated in his honor.

Est. Loyal Knight William Brunson has acted as General Chairman for the past six years. Participating in the opening ceremonies and the half-time show were the U. S. Marine Band, the Bonham Brothers Boys Band, the Merkleley-Austin Girls Band, the drill teams of the San Diego and Herbert Hoover Senior High Schools and the Elks Patrol.

San Jose, Calif., Lodge Sponsors School for Underprivileged Boys

The Elks of San Jose, Calif., interested in a boys' project for the past two years, have found what they have been looking for in the Los Gatos Mountain School for Boys, which needs a lift. They are not taking it over, but are sponsoring it as their major welfare project. An electric lighting system had been installed, and work in providing stock for the school farm, athletic equipment and furnishings for the main building and schoolroom is progressing. The boys have built their own desks and have started a weekly newspaper, having earned the money to pay for their mimeograph machine. A teacher, a cook and a handyman are employed. Outside of that, the boys do the work.

The Elks expect to make possible the accommodation of 40 boys, to install a carpenter shop and a dark room for those interested in photographic work, and to provide other needed facilities. When the lodge took over the sponsorship, there were 26 boys between the ages of seven and sixteen. The 72-acre site offers every advantage for farm work and wholesome sports. The big white building is well constructed and in good repair.

trict, Ellwood S. Grimm, Middletown, Chairman of the District Membership Committee, and H. Earl Pitzer, Gettysburg, President of the District, also spoke. Midwinter activities are in full swing. More than 100 team members are bowling; card, pool and billiard tournaments, stag parties, benefit open house parties and formal dances, all have their place on the social program.

The group of young men sponsored by the lodge, who pass the final entrance examinations this month for service as air pilots, will be known as the "Lancaster Elks Squadron".

San Diego, Calif., Elks Sponsor Annual Charity Football Game

San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168, derives its charity fund from an outstanding football game held in December of each year. E.R. Y. A. Jacques reports a successful 1941 game played between the College of the Pacific, coached by that "grand old man of football", Amos Alonzo Stagg, and the San Diego State College squad under the coaching of Leo Calland. San Diego won by a score of 12 to 6. The game was witnessed by approximately 10,000 people.



Left: Photographed on the occasion of the visit of D.D. Thomas Callahan to Ossining, N. Y., Lodge are State Vice-Pres. Dr. Milton Shafer, D.D. Callahan, E.R. Clem Slattery, Grand Tiler Michael Gilday and P.D.D. Frank McGuire.

Below is a class of candidates initiated into Oelwein, Iowa, Lodge, shown with the Lodge officers.





Above are officers and newly initiated Elks of Bristol, Tenn., Lodge, photographed on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Albert G. Heins.



Right: The "Fall Round-Up" at Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge. The entertainers are shown in the upper panel of the photograph.



Albert J. Page, E.R. of San Jose Lodge No. 522, heads the General Committee; P.E.R. Roy P. Emerson is Chairman of the Project Committee. Several committees are working with them and cooperating with the headmaster and his wife who started the school two months before the Elks took over. A caravan of 100 San Jose Elks, on a recent visit, treated the boys to a bountiful turkey dinner.

Testimonial Banquet at Appleton, Wis., Lodge, Honors Major Green

"Major Green Night", held by Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, in honor of Major Charles A. Green, one of its oldest members in point of service as well as age, was attended by more than 300 Elks and friends including State Secy. Lou Uecker, of Two Rivers, several other State officers and a number of visiting Exalted Rulers. P.E.R. A. W. Parnell, Vice-Pres.-at-Large of the Wis. State Elks Assn., introduced by E.R. Glenn Arthur, acted as Toastmaster at the banquet. D.D. A. V. Delmore, of Two Rivers Lodge, State Pres. Dr. C. O. Fillingier, of Marinette Lodge, and P.E.R. John Goodland, Jr., Mayor of Appleton, were speakers. Dancing concluded the program.

Major Green served several terms as Treasurer of Appleton Lodge and was Chairman of the House Committee for 16 years. The committee in charge of arrangements for the evening obtained and presented to the lodge a tinted picture of Major Green, appropriately framed and inscribed. The picture was hung in the new social room, the "Major Green Room", which was dedicated that night by J. W. Lawlor, Chairman of the House Committee. The Major was presented by the lodge with an electric combination clock and barometer, and also a handsome scrap book containing an autographed picture of the Grand Exalted Ruler and letters from more than a hundred distinguished Elks and personal friends.

Mrs. Green was presented with a crystal rosary. Major Green, who was born in 1861, joined the Wisconsin National Guard in 1880 as a private, saw active service in Puerto Rico, and served in the Philippine Islands. Having served overseas, he retired in 1918, at which time he received from France a letter from Commander in Chief John J. Pershing, praising his long and honorable service as an officer of the National Guard and extolling the zeal and efficiency with which he and his colleagues had carried on the training of Wisconsin troops.

Loveland, Colo., Lodge Adopts a Practical Student Loan Program

Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, has adopted a student loan plan and established a revolving fund in order to aid

worthy boys in completing their college educations. Plans were taken under advisement by a group of members and a program was worked out, presented to the lodge, approved and duly adopted.

The Fund, for which \$500 was set aside for the year, was made available to boys living in the area under the jurisdiction of Loveland Lodge who had completed one and one-half years of college work, loans to be made solely on the character and scholastic ability of the students. Each could borrow up to \$100 a year on his signature. In this way a boy who had proved to be sufficiently interested in a college education, finding himself in need of financial assistance, could borrow a maximum of \$250 without having to furnish security or ask someone to go on his note.

Repayment may be made in monthly



Right are members of the 51st Mechanized Infantry Division from Pine Camp, N. Y., for whom the club rooms of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge were thrown open.



instalments, to begin six months after the student has finished his college course, thus giving him time to secure a position and to acquire the means with which to meet his obligations. The lodge is planning to set aside another sum this year for the same purpose. A committee to handle the funds, investigate applicants and pass on their applications, has been appointed by E.R. Edwin S. Anderson.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Honors Memory of Two Distinguished Elks

More than 100 members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, with their families and friends, assembled at the lodge home on the last Sunday of last November and proceeded in a body to Elmwood Cemetery where annual memorial services were held for two former Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manley Allen and Past Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin. The ceremonies were attended by close relatives of the deceased Grand Lodge officers, including the daughters and sons of Captain McCrossin.

The Elks Patrol acted as Guard of Honor. Members of the committee in charge of the pilgrimage were P.E.R.'s John W. O'Neill, Chairman, Harry K. Reid, Dan A. Hogan, Dr. J. W. Perkins, John F. Antwine and Albert Boutwell. In separate ceremonies, the Invocations and Benedictions were given by Dr. I. Silverman, P.E.R. Judge Allen was eulogized by Mr. Boutwell, Captain McCrossin by Colonel W. S. Pritchard. Wreaths were placed on the graves by

Right are three "Flying Cadets", shown with officials of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge. The Cadets were given a testimonial.

Below is a class of candidates initiated into Lancaster, Pa., Lodge. D.D. Herman A. Earley was present.

Above is a class of candidates initiated into Columbus, Ind., Lodge on the occasion of D.D. S. M. Stoner's visit.

D.D. Harry K. Reid. Vocal selections were rendered by the Propst Elks Quartette. Living elsewhere and unable to attend were the two oldest living members of the lodge, Gus D. Lebolt and Charles W. Boyers, both initiated in 1888, Mr. Lebolt in May, Mr. Boyers the following September.

Social and Fraternal Activities Of Elks at Albany, New York

A large "I Am an American Class" was initiated in December by Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49. The impressive ceremonies were followed by an elaborate supper and entertainment.

Plans were formulated before the close of the year by various committees of Albany Lodge for a busy midwinter season, the first to be a "Meet the Manager" party staged in honor of James (Rip) Collins, former major league first baseman, who has been named manager of the Albany Senators of the Eastern League for this year. The second event planned was Old Timers Night, featuring the presentation of Elk pins to the

more than 200 members of over 25 years' standing.

The lodge's Charity Minstrel Show was a huge success. Capacity houses greeted the players at all three performances. George W. Decker, a member of No. 49, directed the Show; Floyd Walter, also a member, directed the music, with Francis Murphy and his 12-piece orchestra in the pit.

Spacious New Home of Lakewood, New Jersey, Lodge Is Dedicated

Elaborate ceremonies on the front lawn marked the dedication in November of the beautiful colonial home of Lakewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1432, with an estimated attendance of 300. Stirring selections by the Freehold and Trenton Elks' Bands opened the program. D.D. James A. MacMillan, of Camden, was the principal speaker. Other New Jersey Elks who figured prominently were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton Lodge, August F. Greiner, of Perth Amboy Lodge, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, P.D.D. Harold Wertheimer, Atlantic City, and John Mitchell, Mount Holly.





Above are some of the prominent Danville, Va., Elks who were present at a dinner in honor of D.D. Charles D. Fox, Jr., and State Pres. John L. Walker.

Representatives of the township committee, county officials, patriotic and fraternal groups, officers of the Lakehurst Naval Air Station and Congressman William H. Sutphin were among the guests of honor. Following the flag-raising by a marine detachment from the Naval Air Station, the guests were welcomed to the new home by John M. Huss, E.R. of Lakewood Lodge of Elks. The building was visited by more than

600 persons. Formerly the quarters occupied by the lodge, the structure has been remodeled both inside and out. A buffet supper and dancing followed the ceremonies.

Newton, Mass., Lodge Burns Its Mortgage on District Deputy Night

On the occasion of the official visit of the District Deputy for Massachusetts,

Central, Ormsby L. Court, of Somerville, Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, burned the mortgage on its home. The gratifying financial condition of the lodge was further evidenced by the presentation of two \$200 checks to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. One check was a payment to the Foundation, the other a payment to Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc.

Figuring prominently in the ceremonies were Bernard T. Haffey, E.R. of Newton Lodge, and the following members of the Board of Trustees: Robert A. Vachon, Chairman, Stephen B. Hughes, Secy., William U. Fogwill, William A. Sproat and William E. Earle, Past President of the Mass. State Elks Assn. Both Mr. Malley and Mr. Court addressed the meeting.

Middlesboro, Ky., Lodge Initiates A Class on District Deputy Night

Uninterrupted progress has been enjoyed by Middlesboro, Ky., Lodge, No. 119, during the past several years. E.R. Alva Ball brought in more than 50 new members within 18 months and a class of candidates was initiated when D.D. of candidates was initiated when D.D. William H. White, of Ashland Lodge, paid his official visit. The purchase of \$2,000 worth of Defense Bonds has been voted by the Middlesboro membership.

(Continued on page 49)

Below are well-known Elks of Winona, Minn., Lodge who were present when D.D. W. P. Faley made his official visit.

Columbus, O., Lodge Seeks Concert Bookings on Convention Trip

IN ACCORDANCE with an annual custom, Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, will take its magnificent band to the Grand Lodge Convention this coming July. With a personnel of from 65 to 100 men, the band has led every convention parade in recent years. At the Denver reunion in 1937, at Atlantic City in 1938, St. Louis in 1939, Houston in 1940 and Philadelphia in 1941, the band captured all of the prizes offered large bands covering a distance. In every convention city, during their four-day stay, members of the band have been the recipients of many fine compliments not only for their attractive appearance and the quality of their music, but for their readiness and willingness to assist the Grand Lodge and the various convention committees in every way.

Columbus Lodge has applied for and received permission from

the Grand Exalted Ruler to take on concert bookings on the trip to Portland and back to Columbus, the lodge sponsoring a concert or perhaps a concert and dance, to sell admission tickets and then to make a contribution toward the expense of taking the band to Portland and back. Columbus Lodge will send pictures of the band, together with descriptive matter outlining its experiences and qualifications, to interested lodges in cities where stops can be made conveniently either on the journey out or on the return trip. An orchestra of twenty-one members of the band, or less, would be selected for each concert.

Columbus Lodge announces that inquiries from interested lodges will receive immediate attention through the office of Secretary C. W. Wallace at the lodge home, 256 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.





Above are the officers of Spokane, Wash., Lodge when visited by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland. Among those accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler were J. Ford Ziellow, of the Board of Grand Trustees, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight E. D. Baird and Grand Esquire John E. Drumme.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S Visits

GRAND Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland was met at the railroad station in Columbus, O., on November 7, by a delegation of Ohio Elks headed by E.R. George O. Henry, Est. Lead. Knight Frank Luckshaw, Esq. Dr. Francis Keck, and P.E.R.'s Charles Fast, Dr. Earlin J. Simms, Secretary C. W. Wallace, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and Leslie G. Scrimger, Trustee of the O. State Elks Assn., all of Columbus Lodge No. 37, and including Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and D.D.'s Clyde G. Church, Mount Vernon, and Ray Mitchell, Newark. Judge McClelland was escorted through the city with motorcycle escort to the beautiful home of Columbus Lodge where he was presented to a large number of local and visiting Elks during an informal reception. After a luncheon

given in his honor, the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken on a motor tour to many interesting places in Columbus, including a visit to the campus of Ohio State University. At 6:30 p.m., accompanied by a delegation which included the officers of Columbus Lodge and the State Association, he was escorted to the lodge home by the famous Elks Patrol and the Elks National Championship Band of Columbus Lodge. Upon his arrival, he was greeted by

Mayor Floyd F. Green, a member of the Antlers Council. Judge McClelland addressed the assembled Elks upon the aims of the Order; State President Schmidt, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Church and Mr. Scrimger also spoke.

A large class of candidates was initiated at the meeting. At the conclusion of the speaking program, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a United States Defense Bond by Columbus Lodge in appreciation of his visitation and of his patriotic program. Past State Pres.'s E. B. LeSueur, Toledo, John F. Sherry, Bellaire, and Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville, P.E.R.'s R. P. Barthallow and Judge Dana F. Reynolds, of Columbus Lodge, Judge Clayton Rose, Columbus, and many Exalted Rulers and other officers of Ohio's 84 lodges attended. After the initiation, a social session was held in the Purple Room of No. 37's million-dollar home. The Grand Exalted Ruler was then escorted to the Deshler-Wallick Hotel where he spent some time in consultation with representatives of the various lodges.

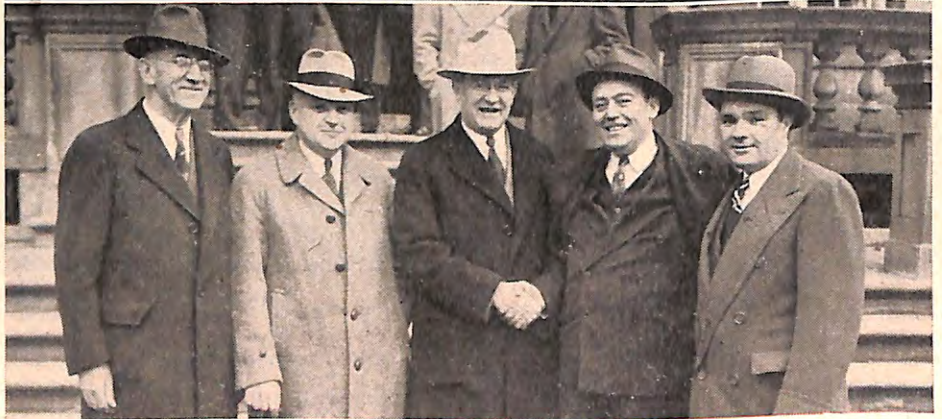
Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland is photographed at right as he was about to place a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbot. Left to right are Calif. State Pres. D. K. Quayle; D.D. E. E. Keller; Grand Secretary Masters; Judge McClelland; Fred B. Mellmann, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; J. Ford Ziellow, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Antlers Councilor Homer F. Potter.



Right: At Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with P.D.D. C. F. Eberhart, Jr., State Pres. Charles J. Schmidt, E.R. Dr. D. K. Hogg and, seated, District Deputy Edward P. Hoadley.



Below, right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is welcomed to Columbus, Ohio, by Secy. Col. C. W. Wallace, State Pres. Charles J. Schmidt, E.R. George O. Henry and Leslie G. Scrimger, Trustee of the Ohio State Elks Association.



On November 8, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Schmidt, Col. Wallace, E.R. C. W. Miner, of Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, 1st State Vice-Pres. Walter Penry of Delaware, O., and Est. Lead. Knight J. G. Mullen, Ashtabula, boarded an airliner for Cleveland, O., where they were met by a large delegation of Ashtabula Elks. Headed by D.D. Edward P. Hoadley, Mr. Miner and officers and members of Ashtabula Lodge, the motorcade was escorted by State highway patrolmen and city police to Ashtabula where a luncheon was served in Judge McClelland's honor. At 3:45 p.m., the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Miner and Mr. Hoadley spoke over Radio Station WICA. A reception was then held at the lodge home. At 7 p.m. a banquet was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Hotel Ashtabula. P.E.R. John E. Creamer was Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Hoadley described the fifty-year history of Ashtabula Lodge and its splendid service to the community. After the banquet, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the visiting Elks were escorted to the lodge home, the parade being led by the Ashtabula High School Band which also gave a short concert in front of the building. A fine class of candidates was initiated at the meeting and Judge McClelland made an inspiring address which was enthusiastically received. Among those in attendance were State Pres. Schmidt, State Chaplain the Reverend C. A. Dowell, Ashtabula, and Past State Pres.'s William G. Lambert and William F. Bruning, of Cleveland Lodge No. 18. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a United States Defense Bond by the members of Ashtabula Lodge as a token of their esteem.

On November 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven from Ashtabula to Youngstown, O. En route, the party was met by a delegation from Youngstown Lodge No. 55, and escorted to the Pick-Ohio Hotel for a luncheon which was attended by the District Deputies, present and past State officers, and officers

and trustees of Youngstown Lodge. Judge McClelland was then taken to the beautiful home of the lodge for an informal meeting with the members assembled there and then returned to the Hotel for participation in the Northeast Ohio District Elks Association Conference. The meeting was opened by P.E.R. W. D. Cole, of Lakewood, O., Lodge, and E.R. Duncan K. Hogg, of Youngstown Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Wallace were escorted to the speakers' table by D.D. Hoadley and P.D.D. C. F. Eberhart, Jr., Youngstown. Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., 3rd State Vice-Pres. V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia, O., State Trustee Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, O., D.D. Ray Mitchell, Newark, O., Chester D. Smith, Barberton, O., Chairman of the State Elks Activities Committee, and P.D.D. James

Armitage, of Elyria, O., were present in addition to the distinguished Elks heretofore mentioned. On behalf of the lodge, Mr. Eberhart thanked the Grand Exalted Ruler for the honor of his visit and presented him with a beautiful pen and pencil set. A pleasant incident for Judge McClelland was his meeting with the father of Frank Sinkwich, "All American" selection, who starred for the University of Georgia, the Grand Exalted Ruler's own Alma Mater.

Driven from Youngstown to Wheeling, W. Va., by Mr. Kepner, Judge McClelland spent the night at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Kepner. On the following morning, November 10, the two distinguished Elks paid a short visit to Wheeling Lodge No. 28. The Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by a delegation of members, headed by D.D. P. J. McGinley. An inspection of the lodge home was made and a reception was held, after which Judge McClelland and Mr. Kepner drove to Sistersville,

Below: Judge McClelland is shown with the officers of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge at their mortgage burning ceremonies.





Above are some of those who were present at the banquet held by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge in honor of Judge McClelland's visit there. At the speakers' table were many distinguished members of the Grand Lodge.

W. Va. The visitors were given a warm welcome by a group of officers and members assembled in the handsome home of Sistersville Lodge No. 333, and were guests of honor later at a luncheon held at the Hotel Wells. Among those present were E.R. Roy C. Heinlein, Secy. M. B. Wilson and S. A. Peters, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. A handsome and practical traveling kit was presented to Judge McClelland as a memento of his visit.

From Sistersville, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded in company with Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner to Parkersburg, W. Va. He was met by a delegation of members of Parkersburg Lodge No. 198, headed by P.E.R. Leslie N. Hemenway, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and E.R. Dr. Eugene Beatty, and including Donald P. Fleming, Pres. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., State Secy. Charles C. McConnell, Fred Conaway, Chairman of the State Elks Activities Committee, and charter member Edward Nelly, Secretary of the lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party then visited St. Joseph's Hospital

where, on behalf of Parkersburg Lodge, Dr. Beatty presented a plasma separator to Dr. Thomas L. Harris, president of the hospital association staff. From Parkersburg Judge McClelland and Mr. Kepner proceeded to Bedford, Va., where they attended the semiannual meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home.

On November 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler left his office in Atlanta for Chicago, Ill., where he was met by P.D.D. J. L. J. Miller and Virgil J. Huber of East Chicago Lodge No. 981, who motored the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, which included Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and also F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, to East Chicago. Here they were met by a reception committee consisting of P.E.R.'s Allen P. Twyman, Richard Davis, A. L. Zivich, H. E. Zoeger and Russell F. Robinson, Z. B. Campbell, Trustees James Johnston and Sam Sendak, Treas. of the Elks Building Board Leo McCormack, Secy. John E. O'Neil and

general chairmen and officers of the lodge. Judge McClelland and his party were escorted to a suite in the Elks Club Hotel, where conferences were held and acquaintances made prior to the banquet held later in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. At six-thirty, in the Elks' ballroom, beautifully decorated in both the National and Elks' colors, a roast squab dinner was served to a capacity crowd. The Invocation was given by Chaplain Patrick J. Shanley. "America" was sung by the assemblage, led by Louis L. Mears. At the conclusion of the banquet, General Chairman John E. O'Neil, acting as Toastmaster, introduced Judge McClelland who responded. At the speakers' table, introduced and responding briefly, were Mr. Warner and Mr. Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha, Wis., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, D.D. Roy J. Jorg, Ligonier, Ind., and E.R. Judge Joseph Burke, of Chicago Lodge No. 4. Mayor James T. McNamara, of Whiting, Ind., Lodge, Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, Past Pres. of the Ill. State



Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with J. Ford Zietlow, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Fred E. Stiles, President of the First National Bank of Aberdeen, S.D., and a member of Aberdeen Lodge, as he purchased \$50,000 of Defense Bonds, as authorized by the Grand Lodge at Philadelphia.

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with the officers of Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge when he visited there.

Below, right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with Mr. Zietlow, Grand Secretary Masters and distinguished New Mexico Elks, when he visited Albuquerque Lodge.



Elks Assn., and Lou Uecker, Two Rivers, Secy. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., were present. The banquet was followed by impressive mortgage-burning ceremonies held in the lodge room. Trustee Allen P. Twyman presided in the absence of his son, First Lieutenant John B. Twyman, the present Exalted Ruler of East Chicago Lodge. Introduced by Mr. Twyman, Sr., the Grand Exalted Ruler received an ovation. At the conclusion of his inspiring talk, he was presented by Mr. Miller with a beautiful telechron Westminster chime clock, suitably engraved, as a token of appreciation on the part of the East Chicago membership. After the meeting, the more than 450 Elks present enjoyed a magnificent floor show in the ballroom.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Chicago on November 23, accompanied by Grand Secretary and Mrs. Masters, en route to Aberdeen, S. D. There they were met at the train by P.E.R. J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, D.D. F. Web Hill, Rapid City, and a large delegation of Aberdeen members and the Aberdeen Central High School Band. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were escorted to their hotel and then to the lodge rooms where a delectable South Dakota dinner, with buffalo steak as the pièce de résistance, was served. Four hundred Elks attended. The initiation of a fine class of candidates was held later and musical selections were rendered by the Elks' Band and Chorus. The speaking program featured speeches made by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, and Grand Chaplain the Reverend Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge. Among the distinguished guests in attendance were William R. Dan-

forth, of Mitchell Lodge, Pres. of the S. D. State Elks Assn., Past State Pres. Attorney General Leo A. Temmey, of Huron Lodge, Past Pres. Dr. R. G. Mayer, Aberdeen, and F. Web Hill, D.D. While in Aberdeen, the Grand Exalted Ruler purchased for the Grand Lodge \$50,000 worth of U. S. Defense Bonds. Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and Grand Secretary Masters brought with them to Aberdeen the necessary checks

for the purchase of the bonds, authorized by the Board of Grand Trustees at its meeting in Philadelphia.

The next lodge visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler was Bismarck, N. D., No. 1199. A delicious luncheon was served at the Rendezvous Restaurant with more than 150 North Dakota Elks in attendance. Toastmaster Frank Milhollan, E.R. of No. 1199, introduced Gov-

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Right: Judge McClelland and Grand Trustee Wade Kepner were present when a blood plasma machine was presented to Dr. Thomas L. Harris of St. Joseph's Hospital by Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge.

Below is a photograph of a class of 49 candidates which was recently initiated into Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge.



New Lodges Are Instituted at Huntsville, Ala., and Tri-Cities, Tex.

DISTRICT Deputy Harry K. Reid, of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, with George A. Swim, of Tuscaloosa, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., State President Emeritus Clarence M. Tardy, of Birmingham, P.E.R. W. G. Styles, of Anniston Lodge, B. O. Hargrove, Birmingham, and George M. Mahoney, Joe Foster, Lowe Williamson and Fritz Thompson, all citizens of Huntsville, organized and participated in the institution on November 21, 1941, of a new lodge of the Order—Huntsville, Ala.,

ville, the first newspaper in the State was published there and the first bank in Alabama was Huntsville's. The first cotton gin in the State was located in Huntsville. The first flour mill in the State was located there, along with boot and shoe factories and many others. Transportation kept pace with the early development. In 1851 the Huntsville & Memphis Railway was built, to become later a division of the Memphis & Charleston Railway, one of the early transportation lines of the

ON FRIDAY, December the 12th, Tri-Cities Lodge No. 1649 was instituted at Goose Creek, Tex., in the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., and Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla. The institution was preceded by a parade through downtown Goose Creek at 5 p.m., led by the Elkadets, the Elks Ranger Band, a delegation of 150 Elks from Houston Lodge, and representatives of other lodges in southeast Texas. The distinguished visitors were joined in the parade by the Robert E. Lee Band and Brigadiers and several units of the tri-cities. Houston Lodge No. 151 was host at a barbecue for members of the new lodge and visiting Elks at the conclusion of the parade.

Officiating in the ceremonies of institution were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles R. Logan, of Keokuk, Ia., P.E.R.'s M. A. de Bettencourt, Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., Allen B. Hannay, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, A. C. Huwieler, D.D., W. B. Nolan, W. J. Quinlan, T. W. Hopkins, James H. B. House, and Don H. Getty, and R. T. Hebert, all of Houston Lodge. Officers of Tri-Cities Lodge were elected as follows: Jake E. Rutter, Exalted Ruler; Henry L. Sadik, Sr., Est. Lead. Knight; Dr. Herbert H. Duke, Est. Loyal Knight; Carl Mann, Est. Lect. Knight; A. M. Goul, Secy.; W. E. Duplantis, Treas.; Lee J. Phillips, Esquire; C. Q. Alexander, Tiler; the Rev. H. W. Goodpaster, Chaplain; George McKinney, Inner Guard; Fred Dittman, Trustee for three years; Roy E. Burnett, Sr., Trustee for two years; Judge E. W. Bruce, Trustee for one year.

The Tri-Cities is composed of Pelly, Baytown and Goose Creek. The corporate limits of these municipalities and subdivisions border each other and represent a population of approximately 30,000 people. It is an industrial area, and the payroll is approximately \$16,000,000 a year. There has just been



State Secy. H. R. Grobe
Houston, Tex., Lodge



Secretary A. M. Goul
Tri-Cities, Tex., Lodge



Exalted Ruler J. E. Rutter
Tri-Cities, Tex., Lodge

Lodge, No. 1648. The Ritual was exemplified by the State championship team from Birmingham Lodge No. 79. Grand Inner Guard Hugh W. Hicks, of Jackson, Tenn., delivered the principal address. Among the many prominent Alabama Elks in attendance were State Vice-President Gilbert R. Mayer, Sheffield Lodge, State Secretary-Treasurer John F. Antwine, Birmingham, E.R. Judge Thomas F. McDowell, Birmingham, E.R. R. B. Burt, Sheffield, E.R. P. S. Dinsmore, Decatur, Past State Pres. Sam Lefkovits, Ensley, Past District Deputy B. M. Spielberger, Sheffield, and delegates from Birmingham, Decatur, Sheffield, Anniston, Gadsden, and Bessemer Lodges.

Officers of Huntsville Lodge were elected as follows: Exalted Ruler, George M. Mahoney; Est. Lead. Knight, Joe F. Foster, Jr.; Est. Loyal Knight, F. H. Thomas; Est. Lect. Knight, Charles E. Shaver; Secy., Karl A. Waltersdorf; Treas., H. C. Laughlin; Tiler, Harry R. Taylor; Trustees: J. L. Chambers, Jack Langhorne, B. F. Giles, Robert K. Ball and Butler Ragland. Officers appointed by Exalted Ruler Mahoney were John O. Broadway, Esquire, Arnold Kay, Chaplain, and John Frazer, III, Inner Guard.

Into "Old Madison County", a part of the Mississippi Territory, came in 1804 a young man, John Hunt, seeking a site on which to build a home. He found a big flowing spring gushing from under a giant bluff surrounded by huge forest trees, and built himself a log hut on a bank of the branch flowing from the spring. Today that site is named in his honor, Huntsville.

From the beginning, the citizenry of the city and county has been of the highest type and from the section have gone many leaders of State and Nation. So rapidly did Huntsville grow in importance that the First Constitutional Convention, wherein Alabama became a State of the Union, was held in Huntsville in 1819. It is the oldest English settled village in the State. The first church in Alabama was built in Hunts-

ville. Huntsville became the gateway to the Tennessee River and much highway traffic between the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers passed through the city. Huntsville's big spring formed the nucleus for the formation of the South's first water system and its importance continued to increase with time. Huntsville became an educational center. A public library has been maintained since 1820.

Great destruction and loss of property attended the capture of Huntsville by the Federals in 1862, but with the passage of years arose a new Huntsville, typical of the New South. Returning prosperity brought greater industrialization. Steady growth, interrupted only by the World War, to which

Huntsville contributed generously in both men and money, brought the city into the present era. Today Hunt's Big Spring furnishes 24,000,000 gallons of water daily. The city is clean, paved and well lighted. With a population of more than 12,000 within her corporate limits, Huntsville is serving more than twice that number of people. Retail business is in excess of \$9,000,000 annually. The annual value of her manufactured products is placed at \$21,000,000. Her industrial payroll averages more than \$3,000,000 a year. The largest cotton warehouse facilities in Alabama are located in Huntsville. Madison county is the largest cotton-raising county in the State. The largest shipments of nursery stock in Alabama are made from Huntsville.

Added to these commercial advantages are modern churches, splendid schools, excellent hotels, a well-equipped hospital and civic organizations which are working for the good of the city.



D.D. Harry K. Reid
Birmingham, Ala., Lodge



George A. Swim
Alabama State President

completed in Baytown a \$12,000,000 toluol plant. The San Jacinto Ordnance Depot, which is being constructed on the San Jacinto River and Houston ship channel, is one of the largest of its kind in the United States. The Sheffield Steel Corporation, about 12 miles from the area, will employ 1,500 men when completed, and the San Jacinto shipyards at Highlands, a \$3,000,000 concern, will build concrete barges. Truck

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Ponies from Heaven

(Continued from page 7)

way she moves around out there? That's a lot of mare. I thought you were buying her for your son."

Mr. Schwassman said, "You think I can't handle her? I've been riding every morning for seven months. A little spirit is a nice thing in a horse. I like to know what kind of horse my son is riding."

Johnny supposed that there was nothing else to do. His thoughts were full of Martha and George and of their happiness and of his loneliness. He said, "Okay, I'll tack 'er up."

Beatrice shone with health. Her white coat glistened from her grooming. He tacked her up. Her high head fought the martingale; her ears were vertical with new expectancy. She was an animal full sound and worth the price he asked for her. She was a monument to wisdom when he bought her wholesale, in a group of seventeen—lock, stock and harness—from a weary rich man's barn. Seventeen horses for five thousand dollars, which dollars were the sum of all his striving and his saving through the years he had endeavored to acquire a barn and animals like these.

Mr. Schwassman put his left foot in the stirrup. Johnny said, "You don't have to do this, pal. People buy guns but they don't shoot themselves in the head to test a gun's effectiveness."

"Listen, friend, don't worry." Mr. Schwassman swung into the saddle. "I can take care of myself," he said.

Johnny said to Martha, "Call a doctor." Mr. Schwassman goaded Beatrice with his heels and rode her into the enclosure. He turned her at a five-foot fence. Mr. Schwassman, unaccustomed to the eager, stylish flesh he sat upon, used too heavy hands. Beatrice, however, was jumper enough to carry a piano over a fence. Successful once, the big man tried again, with Tom Mix emphasis upon the reins and Beatrice threw him twenty feet. He landed on the thick meat of his back; the green grass darkened where he slid, the blades pressed flat against the earth; the clear marks of the turf were stamped on Mr. Schwassman's haberdashery.

Mr. Schwassman wasn't hurt beyond the loss of breath and dignity. He sat until his breath returned, then Johnny helped to get him on his feet.

Mr. Schwassman said, "You call that a jumper? You call that a hunter? For four thousand dollars?"

"Wait a minute," Johnny said. "That's a horse. That's not one of these Bronx Park hacks that you've been riding. You've got to use hands on a horse like that. Here, I'll show you—"

"Never mind showing. I'll show you. I'll show you the pictures when I get the X-rays back. Call me up some time—when you got a real horse, not a kangaroo."

Johnny watched while Mr. Schwassman rode away. He saw his hopes fade with the hastening limousine. "The guy was gonna board a dozen horses with me, too," he thought. "All those goats he's picked up for his relatives to ride. They'd pay the rent and feed the other horses on the place." Which was the truth.

"The hell with it," he said aloud. "I'm sorry, Johnny," Martha said. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry."

"What are you sorry about, him? I wouldn't put a saddle on an armored tank for him."

"The big clown," she said. "If he had sense!"

"The guy was game though, wasn't he? The bum. All he figured was that he was gettin' robbed. Well, maybe that's the way a man like that gets rich." It's not the way that I get rich, he thought, but didn't wish to wear his disappointment on his face. "She's worth four thousand, anyhow," he said. "Someone will pick her up next week, after the race."

Martha said, "You really want to sell her? You're not going to keep her at the races?"

"Races? No. I'm not a race track guy. I told you, darling, that I was a trainer and a breeder. More respectable. The only reason she might run on Saturday is because I think that Captain Nesbitt will be scratched. Beatrice can beat cheap steeplechase horses, but she can't beat the Captain."

"Why?"

"Well, horses run fast and others run faster. That's form, and in a general way, the thing applies. Horses are more consistent than people. C'mon, I'll buy you a drink. I've got some lemons at the house. Like lemonade?"

"I like it very much."

Johnny's house was just across the road, three minutes' walk, a fieldstone cottage washed with blossoms that the light wind lifted from the apple trees. It once had been the gate lodge of a huge estate, before the bank and heirs decided to dissect the property, Martha said, "Oh, Johnny. It's so lovely, green and sweet, it's—"

"Wait until you see the dishes in the sink," he said.

They went inside and Johnny squeezed the lemons. He said, "I got some oatmeal if you'd like to eat it raw. All out of liquor, Martha. Didn't have a chance to order any more. A lot of pals came an' drank it up."

He raised his glass of lemonade. "Good luck," he said.

"Good luck."

"I never thought," he said, "that I would see you sitting in my house, plumb in the living room like you belonged. Oh, Martha, lemme look at you." The things he said were not deliberate things. His words not rehearsed. But when he'd said them, when he saw them hanging there be-

tween them as confession to his loneliness, as testament of his undimmed desire for her, he said, "Oh, hell, just shooting off my mouth like this. You'd think that I was talking to some college kid that I was trying to impress. Sort of a line that I've acquired, I guess. It goes with selling horses. Sorry, Martha. Well, good luck again."

Martha had been silent and a little ill-at-ease. He thought, some dope I am. It's just I can't believe she's ever been away. I should have known that she'd belong to George by now.

She looked at her watch. "Have to be getting back, Johnny," she said. "But about buying a horse. That's really why I came."

"To buy a horse? You mean you were serious? You want a horse yourself?"

"Well, George wants the horse, and perhaps we'll want another, later on. You know George and his exercise. He's so busy he has to plan it, but then, of course, he'll get it, if it kills him. He doesn't care for golf or tennis and he has been riding quite a bit. Rather likes it, too. He's often wondered what you'd say if you could see him on a horse."

"I'd say gimme a ten-cent piece of ice. Sure. Look. Tell George I'll pick one out for him and send it over for a gift. A wedding gift. I've got about six horses he could use. Nice gentle hacks. Good horses, too. I'll send 'im just the one."

"Well—you see—it's not exactly like that, Johnny. George wants a horse, but he wants a good one. He's really quite expert now, and with the new place at Purchase, with the farm and all, he wants about the best horse he can get. One that's been schooled. The mare would be exactly what he wanted. Not too expensive, either. I was almost going to kiss Beatrice when she tossed Mr. Schwassman."

"Four thousand dollars is a lot to pay," he said, "to have yourself sprawled in the middle of a hedge. I—well, frankly, Martha, I don't understand. You wouldn't do this to be good to me, would you? George wouldn't just up with another impulse to straighten out a dear but light-hearted friend. George is noble, but he can be clumsy. His kindness isn't always subtle. Listen, Martha—I wouldn't sell him that horse. It wouldn't be fair. Besides, I promised it to someone else if Schwassman didn't take it."

Martha wasn't very good at this. She was uncomfortable. She said, "After all, Johnny, it was just because he wanted a horse. There was no intention of getting this complicated. Naturally, he'd rather buy it from a friend he could trust."

Johnny said, "Yeah, sure. Of course. But how'd you know that I was in this business, Martha? How'd you know I was back in Westchester? It's more than twenty miles to Tuck-

ahoe. I haven't advertised, and George just doesn't see the few people who would know. You don't either, do you?"

"Why—we just heard—George heard, somewhere. He asked me to come because he was tied up and because, of course, we wanted so to know how you were."

Johnny said, "Excuse me." He went outside to the telephone. He took from his pocket the crumpled notice of intended legal action by DOREMUS BROTHERS, GRAIN AND FEED, BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

Bronxville is very close to Tuckahoe. He called the Doremus Brothers. One of them apologized and said they got his check this morning. Johnny asked, "Who does your legal work?"

The Doremus Brother stalled.

"Is it Thrackman and Bolten?" Johnny asked. "Listen, for God's sake, I can find out easy enough. It's Thrackman and Bolten, isn't it?"

The man said yes, it was.

Johnny returned to the living-room and set the crumpled piece of paper in Martha's lap. He said, "Baby, you kill me. Your touch is deft." She looked at the paper and the blood went out of her face.

"Why didn't you bring a basketful of groceries, Martha? Bring some vitamin pills. It was sweet, of course. Good friends. So nice. But why can't you simply leave me alone!"

She began to cry.

"All right; all right. Don't cry! Go home! Go home and ask George what's the sensible thing to do. Ask him to read a maxim off the wall. Who do you think I am, your adopted idiot? If your lousy firm was any good, had any guts, you would've started suit and written exxes on the bottom of the summons for love and kisses. I'm not starving; I don't need your help. And I paid that feed bill, anyhow. I sent a check last night."

"Oh, Johnny—you don't understand. We didn't mean—George wouldn't have it happen for the—"

"For the world. I know. Your world. Listen, if I have to eat grass an' apples with the horses, if I have to sweep the barn out every day myself, I'm doing what I want to do. I think I've got the best barn in the country. An honest barn. I'll work it up. I'll beat it yet, and—and lookit you—just lookit you—"

She raised her eyes to meet his gaze.

"You're licked, Martha. You're not having any fun. You're dead inside. You're going through the motions. But you haven't, since I went away, done the things you wanted to do. I can tell, all right. You're beautiful enough—you're well preserved—that's a nasty phrase, and there's still enough of you left to hurt me deep inside. You know how to hurt, hurt good. One thrust, then go away. You asked me once about my self-respect. Well, my self-respect is in my hands. I've got a job to do. My hands belong on horses, and they don't belong in people's mouths. Tell George that. Tell 'im what I said.

And—oh, the hell with it, so long, goodbye. I'm sorry I've been making so much noise. Use your handkerchief."

She used her handkerchief, repaired the tears. She stood up. She was tall and poised. Her lips were red and damp where she had bit them with her teeth. Her body was as lovely as it had been in his thoughts of her. She would be soft and pliant, warm. She smiled slowly. It could have been derision. She said, "Well, thanks. Thanks, Johnny, for the tirade. I'll tell George what you said. We've never been quite catalogued before. And, Johnny, don't be angry. I was stupid. We—well, everyone admires you. Good luck, Johnny."

She offered him her gloved hand, which he took, and then he took her other hand and held both for a moment, and her eyes were soft and puzzled. He was very close to her. His hands went to her shoulders. This was all familiar. This was being home again. She was about to move away, but Johnny kissed her on the mouth and held her closer to him and her perfume was a ribbon of his memory that spanned the seven years she'd been away. "Now, Johnny," Martha said. "Now, I'd better go. This isn't just like kissing someone's cousin—some old friend."

AT BELMONT PARK, in the gay, expensive sunshine, the first race cost him twenty bucks. Johnny played a long shot, Mr. Corey's Bombing Beauty, which was fourth, and running nicely all the way, although not well enough to catch the stylish colts less than a length ahead of him, closing in a bunch as tight as fingers in a fist.

He knew about the second race. The second race was one that Johnny knew inside and out. He gained a hundred dollars for his judgment, cashed his stubs and pocketed the loot. Such prudence never bothered him before, but now, he thought, you're at the crossroads, bum. Go broke and George will send you hot food in a pail.

He walked to the paddock where his colors—"The Brightlea Farms"—a fancy name, at that, were just about to climb into the saddle in the person of a little guy named Joie Downs.

Captain Nesbitt tossed his proud head as he walked about the paddock. He had not been scratched and was, as Johnny knew too well, a stronger, faster horse than Beatrice. He was the best horse in the race.

The horses walked in single file across the tracks into the green, soft-turfed enclosure of the infield. They stood quiet at the starting flag. Steeplechase horses have much better manners; they don't kick holes in starting stalls. Indeed, there are no starting stalls for them. There's only the man who holds the flag. Two miles to go, over fences and brush. It takes a good horse and a game one, too.

They were off.

Beatrice ran well and stayed with

the leaders for the first half-mile, with Captain Nesbitt and three other horses churning the pace. The rest of the pack spread out. Johnny watched through his glasses, and, at the mile, the Captain was strong and the boss of the race. Beatrice stayed up and the white flash of her motion was precious and private to Johnny. They went at a fence. A horse named McGuire went down. Captain Nesbitt went down on top of him. Beatrice moved strongly, clear in the van of the horses remaining. She made her run as she pleased, with a very nice ride from Joie Downs.

Joie was happy in the winner's circle, while Beatrice was nervous and full of sweat. Johnny said, "Thanks, Joie. A beautiful ride, but we were lucky, boy—a beautiful ride."

"Lucky?" The voice belonged to Mr. Schwassman, the contractor. Mr. Schwassman was pleased. "You want to sell that mare?"

Johnny shrugged. He said, "you had a chance to buy her, didn't you?"

"I was foolish. I was embarrassed in front of your wife. I get temperamental in front of the ladies. Now, watching that mare, I feel like that mare is my sister."

"Maybe the mare is your sister, but the lady wasn't my wife. How's your back? You get the X-rays yet?"

"My back is all right. No damage done. It was just the indignity. I'll give you the four thousand dollars for the mare."

Johnny said, "The price is six, and I was going to ask ten. Except I'm not a race track guy. I'm a breeder and trainer of horses. That's my profession. I board horses, too. I sing 'em to sleep."

"Whatever you do, you do it all right," said Mr. Schwassman. "I got twelve horses you can board for me. And I'll give you five thousand dollars for this mare. That fair enough?"

"That's fair enough, I guess. I'll think about it. I'll let you know tomorrow."

"And, Johnny," Mr. Schwassman said. "That lady wasn't your wife? That beautiful girl at the barn?"

"No, of course not. She's another guy's wife. She will be, anyhow."

"And down by the window I'm tipping my hat to her. I'm saying, 'It's a fine day, Mrs. Gorman.' She'll think I'm crazy."

"What window are you talking about?"

"The mutuel window. You think I'm talking about Macy's window?"

"She? She's down there?"

Mr. Schwassman said, "Excuse me. I'm talking to the horse."

Martha stood outside a phone booth in the clubhouse. She held a scratch sheet and a pencil in her hands, a dope sheet clamped between her pretty teeth.

Johnny said, "I always knew you'd wind up bad. What's the idea?"

"Oh, there you are," she said. "How nice. You were doublecrossed by your horse. He won."

"She won," Johnny corrected.

"All right. *She* won. Sorry. Johnny, buy me a beer. I've been standing up too long."

"She had no right to win. The Captain was the best horse in the race. He got a stupid ride. He should have been clear of McGuire. There was plenty of room."

"Buy the beer," she said, then put her hand under his arm and moved him along. He could not, for the world, have described the warmth and comfort of her hand against his arm.

They sat down and she said, "The beer is good." The foam of the beer was on her lips. She licked it off. She said, "Let's have a hot dog, too. Be big shots, Johnny. Everyone's a huge success. The hot dogs are on me."

"You go crazy with your dimes. Where's George?"

"In Wash-ing-ton."

"Do you have to sing it, like that?"

"No. But he's in Washington. I was talking to him on the telephone."

I told him I bet all my money on a horse." Martha kept turning her glass in her hands. Her eyes were watching her hands and the glass. "I told him I bet the money because I thought I would lose it."

"That was bright. Nice trick."

"Because, if I lost it," Martha said, and still she hadn't looked at him, "I wouldn't have the money for my trousseau. Because, well, just because I didn't want to have the money for my trousseau. And George—dear George—"

"Is gonna blow his brains out. Sweet of you."

"Not George, Johnny. George sends his love. He has to make a speech tonight. He didn't want me—not this way—not until I'd seen you once again and made my own mind up. He understands."

"Understands what?"

"Oh, look at me, you goose!"

He held her hands across the table. Her eyes were wet. "I have no shame," she said. "I really think

that George was going to marry me because he worried so about my age. I'm so clumsy. I didn't even lose my money, Johnny, dear. I put it all on Beatrice."

"Beatrice didn't figure to win. It's not your fault."

"I know," she said. "But nothing's ever right. That's why I was so poor before the race."

"We'll fix that," he said. "You'll have to have more sense."

"I know, Johnny, I know. You're so smart about those things. You'll take care of me, won't you?"

"I'll take good care."

"And, Johnny, I was wrong." Martha opened her pretty mouth and probed far back with a painted nail. "Ugh!" she said. "Back here." She pointed to a tooth.

"Not a nice thing to do," he said, but he looked where she directed.

"This inlay," she said, "is new. The one you put in fell out. So, darling, you see, you were right. Tell me, who do you like in the Fourth?"

Save Your Sympathy

(Continued from page 17)

"That's right," Wes chimed in. "If we don't bother Mr.—"

"Goldboig," Phil volunteered.

"—Mr.—er—Goldboig," Wes continued, "he won't bother us."

"One hundred percent right," Phil approved.

"I'm not running a hide-out for hoodlums," Herb said.

"Herb!" Doc breathed. "Remember, I got a family."

"Speak t' him, boys," Phil said, his voice level and unpleasant. "Tell Hoib he better be nice."

"Please, Herb," Doc said. "We don't want any trouble."

"Let's play some poker," I said.

I picked up the cards and hurriedly shuffled them. Herb, muttering angrily, turned his attention to the hand I dealt him. Appeasement wasn't his dish.

"Gentlemen," Wes said with false exuberance, "I will open for ten cents, one dime, the tenth part of a dollar."

"And I," said Doc, trying to match exuberance with exuberance, "will string along like the sucker I am."

"I'll hike it a dime," Herb said.

I looked at my hand. I had jacks and deuces.

"Stay," I said.

"Not me," Wes said.

"Kick in another dime," Doc said.

"Okay," Herb said. "I don't want to scare you out, so I won't hike it this time."

"Don't strain yourself on my account," Doc said.

"Another hike," I said, putting in my chips, "and you'll lose a cash customer."

"Cards?" Wes said.

"I'm happy just like I am," Doc said complacently.

"The rat's got a pat hand," Herb said with feigned disgust. (I knew

it was feigned because I'd seen the real article too often to fall for a substitute.) "Well, let me try one."

He tossed a card aside and added the card Wes dealt him to his hand. He groaned hollowly and pretended to be displeased, but the whole thing was too elaborate. I suddenly realized what he was up to. The discard and draw were pure hocus-pocus. The faker had four of a kind! I would have bet on it. He was giving Doc and me the old come-on.

I discarded a nine and drew another. Not that it mattered. I dropped my hand.

"Looks like it's between me and you," Doc said to Herb. "Bet a dime for a starter."

"Dime better," Herb said.

"Up she goes."

"Come again."

"A pleasure. Let's repeat the process."

"Seeing and raising."

They were as bland as a couple of movie Chinamen. Back and forth they went, boosting each other's boasts until there was a young mountain of chips on the table. I had never seen Doc so reckless. He dissipated his winnings and dug into his capital without batting an eye. The fool, I thought, doesn't he know Herb has him on the hook? On and on they went, each stubbornly refusing to yield. The way things were going, Herb stood to stage a terrific comeback.

"Your dime and a dime better," he said.

"Throw another log on the fire," Doc countered.

"Hey!" Wes said. "Are you guys going on all night?"

"Don't annoy the gamblers," Herb said. "I'm raising."

"You and me both," Doc said.

Even Flatbush Phil became interested in the contest. He leaned forward and watched Doc and Herb shove in the chips.

"Somebody's gotta lose," he said philosophically. "It stands t' reason."

Herb finally exhausted all the chips in his reserve supply. His face was flushed, his eyes bright.

"Look," he said. "We're not getting anywhere with this bet-a-dime business. What say we have a showdown?"

"Okay by me," Doc said.

Herb threw a dollar in the pot.

"Showdown for a buck," he said.

"Make it two, for luck," Doc said.

I winced, Wes whistled and Phil said, "It's poker fever. I seen guys get it so bad dey break out in a rash."

"Two it is," Herb said, throwing in another dollar. "What have you got?"

"Something suitable for framing," Doc said. "A four of spades, a five of spades, a six of spades—"

The color drained from Herb's face as he watched Doc spread the cards on the table. His eyes bulged and his mouth fell open. I knew just how he felt. I felt a little sick myself.

"—a seven of spades and an eight of spades," Doc concluded. "Known in the trade as a straight flush."

"Jeepers!" Wes gasped.

Herb didn't speak. He just stared at Doc's hand. Then, as if hypnotized, he dropped his cards, one at a time. They fluttered to the table like dead leaves. Even Doc was a little staggered and made no attempt to rake in the juicy pot. Four of the cards were aces!

Overcome by curiosity, Phil got up and looked at Herb's hand.

made a hobby of studying the fascinating animals. He caught several of them and started breeding them to see what would happen. When he was ready to leave his post in 1923 he had demonstrated some success and determined to bring some of his breeding stock back to the States to see what could be done on a continuous program in America.

The first obstacle was the altitude. The animals were used to a rarified atmosphere and Chapman realized that all of them might easily die at sea level, even if the only effect was to throw them off their feed. He decided to work his way down the mountains by easy stages, acclimatizing the animals to different and steadily lower altitudes as he went along. He started with eighteen of the animals, each one as precious to him as rubies or diamonds. He treated them accordingly and reached the port with a loss of only four. That was the first hurdle. The second was the sea voyage to California. Chapman was even more lavish in his affection and care and he lost only three. And because of Chapman's skill and enterprise these eleven are now the parents of over 4,000 chinchilla which are being raised in a degree of luxury which would make the Queen of Sheba look like a sharecropper. Today Chapman's son is head of a million-dollar chinchilla ranch he and his father founded in California with the original eleven animals.

The Chapman ranch, or one of the thirty-odd other breeders established through the Chapmans, is the only source of supply for the pair needed to start chinchilla growing. If their specifications are met and the buyer joins their association, which controls marketing of pelts, a pair can be bought from them for around \$3,000. Aside from food, all that is needed in the way of equipment is a simple three-feet-by-four wooden pen with screened sides and a box which can be warmed. If a pair were acquired on the first of January and everything went according to plan, one could expect to have three litters of two young chinchilla each during the course of the first year. By that time the first litter would also be producing one of its own, and so forth.

Feeding chinchilla would ordinarily be a considerable problem. But fortunately one of the enterprising breakfast food people—which also produces food for mink and silver fox—has mixed up a special and scientific concoction which experts say has resulted in finer and stronger chinchilla skins than ever before seen in these animals when taken in their wild state. It consists of the most unappetizing mixture I ever heard of but it grows the fur on the chinchilla and in case you think it might grow

something on that bald pate here is what's in it: brewers yeast, molasses, corn meal, dehydrated alfalfa meal, peanut and soybean oil meal, irradiated yeast, wheat germ, oat middlings, treated salt, bone meal and beet pulp. A couple of ounces of that a day, supplemented with some raw carrots for the complexion, and the chinchilla waxes fat and silky.

There is one pleasant aspect about chinchilla which helps to take a little of the curse off that \$3,000 for the first pair business. They don't bite. As a matter of fact the little devils are very easily domesticated and become quite affectionate. They choose one mate for life too, which makes them a little more acceptable to the Woman's Clubs, and are as clean as a pin. They bathe in sand several times a day or rather several times a night. They are nocturnal and don't see much in the daytime. They stick to their boxes and come out at night to scamper about and have fun.

Of course chinchilla, mink, beaver and muskrat aren't the only stock that can be raised in a backyard fur ranch, not by a long shot. The possibilities are unlimited. Mr. Rockefeller has put several seal in the pool of a fountain in Rockefeller Center and some say he has more than just one eye on the possibility that nature might take its course and set him up in the seal raising business. One can also raise rabbits, and a good many people do, or sheep for lamb fur, or goats for kid or even leopard if you can get hold of a discarded circus cage. Moles most people are raising already in their lawns and I have known boy scouts who have raised raccoons. Then there are wild-cat, pony (yes, the kind children ride), zebra, coyote, squirrel, wolf, wolverine, nutria and opossum and just plain cat, to mention only the more obvious examples. Except for those who qualify as experts with an atomizer, skunk are not recommended.

Despite the war, which incidental-

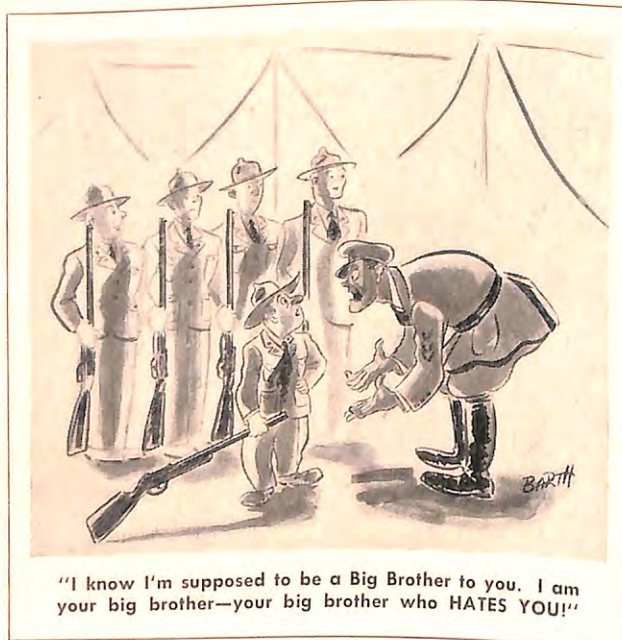
ly has transferred the greatest fur markets from London to New York, ranch-bred silver fox will bring somewhere close to \$10,000,000 wholesale this year and home grown mink right around \$3,000,000.

With everybody hard at work raising fur coats in their back yard the implications for the future social structure of America and possibly for the world are interesting to contemplate. Doubtless some years from now sociologists will look back upon the various phases in our development which, at the time they were around, each of them hailed as the final and lasting measure of our standard of living—of our American way of life. There was for example the period when we were proudest of the number of our bathtubs and the clinching argument used by every schoolteacher, politician and Fourth of July orator who wished to prove anything from the superiority of the Kansas Farmer to the foresight of the Pilgrims, was the fact that we in America—and I can just hear them say it—"We, in America have 10 times more bathtubs per capita than the British, 22 times more bathtubs than the so-called civilized people of France and 807 times more than the people of that ancient cradle of civilization, the city of Cairo, Egypt. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why I say re-elect John P. McGivney." And if it was Saturday I would go home and scrub myself down in the wash tub, proud and glad I was an American.

The period of our bathtub prosperity was followed by eras of similar pride on the number of our telephones and automobiles, the latter of course, being the current one. The fact that every Sunday the entire population of the United States can and does climb into automobiles and go some place, all at the same time, is a source of never-ending wonder even to those of us Americans who are rather used to our extraordinary accomplishments.

But unless I miss my guess the automobile phase will now rapidly recede and be supplanted by the fur period. With thousands and then millions of our little furred friends doing their level and excellent best, and stimulated by heaven knows what American genius named Einstein or Steinmetz, the American standard of tomorrow will be the fur coat standard. Then chinchilla will be as common as mink, and mink as common as muskrat and the muskrat as common as cloth. When that time comes I hope I will be old enough to run for political office because if I am I have a slogan readymade and one that would get me more votes from women than if my name was Clark Gable. It is simply: "Two Fur Coats in Every Garage."

Beat that for a platform!



We Play to Win

(Continued from page 8)

shared baseball, our national game, with the Japs, the only foreign nation to embrace it enthusiastically. We sent to Japan our best major-leaguers and they sent us their most deadly bombers. We generously admitted the Japs were the best swimmers in the world and we applauded their long-distance runners and jumpers when they licked our best at the Olympic Games. We watched with paternal interest their progress in tennis and golf; we sent them equipment and teachers and they paid us back in destruction.

We smiled happily with fresh hope when Special Envoy Kurusu delighted us by speaking our national language and said he hoped to score a touchdown. We didn't know then that he meant a touchdown on a sleeper play. We were the suckers who always tried to give the other guy an even break.

We'll have to forget most of the things sport has taught us. But not all. Sport has given us valuable experience to pad the first impact of war.

Knowledge of sport assures us that one sneak punch does not finish a fight, a touchdown on the opening kickoff is not decisive and a run in the first inning does not win the ball game. Sport fans know the percentages hold up in the long run.

And they know that class will tell.

Applying the familiar terms of the sport pages to the cruel contest forced upon us, we figure to win this one. Remember what you've been saying and hearing for years about the good, big man always licking the little man. We're bigger, stronger and faster in the machines of war. We're ten thousand deep in every position. We've got the winning tradition going for our side. Like every good champion, we're not underestimating the guy we've got to lick. This is not a short series which will be settled by a lucky bounce or one sleeper play. Everything favors us. We'll knock the ears off the guy we've got to beat—if we hustle.

In the last few months we've seen Joe Louis, the greatest champion in circulation, get up off the floor twice to win in the grand manner. Buddy Baer knocked him silly in the first round at Washington last May. Louis was hurt as badly as we were wounded at Pearl Harbor. Two minutes later Louis took the play away from Baer completely, ultimately knocked him out. Billy Conn, the pocket battleship, had Louis, the dreadnaught, going down at the stern in the twelfth round at the Polo Grounds in June. In the next round Louis sank Conn with a well-directed

bomb, even as Capt. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., sank the *Haruna*. It's good to be leading on points soon after the bell rings, but the big idea is to win the final decision.

While Japanese ships, submarines and planes were gathering for the stab in the back at Hawaii, the Bears and Packers, the strong guys of professional football, were getting pushed around in the preliminary stages of games they figured to win. The Bears trailed the Eagles, 14-0, and the Packers had a round lump on the scoreboard, assorted lumps on their bodies and the Redskins had seventeen points at the end of the first half. Form was shot full of holes—but the Bears and Packers came on to win with a rush. A few hours after Pearl Harbor, the slumbering Bears went into the last five minutes trailing the Cardinals. A stunning upset was in the making, but the form players remained calm and the Bears justified that confidence by scoring two touchdowns in the clutch. At the beginning of the second week of war, the Bears played the Packers in the game of the year. The Packers recovered a fumble on the opening kickoff, stormed through to a quick touchdown. You know how it wound up, though. The Bears won going away, 33-14.

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Baseball people, above all other sporting gents, know the folly of going off the deep end for false exuberance—or premature despair. Theirs is the longest season and they have learned the wisdom of weighing forces for the long-haul objective. The Dodgers lost their first three games of the season to the Giants; it looked bad for the Bums. They promptly got healthy again and bounced back with nine in a row—the exact number of Japanese warships and destroyers we sank in the first week of the war. The pre-season dope saw the Dodgers and Cardinals fighting for the pennant with Brooklyn's superiority in personnel and experience decisive factors when the pressure was on. That's how it worked out. The Cardinals had the early flash but Brooklyn had the solid, substantial strength. In miniature, our strength as a nation.

The great Yankees, despite their careful planning, got themselves in a fearful mess when Joe Gordon was miscast as a first baseman in the spring. As soon as the initial hysteria died down, Joe McCarthy realigned his forces, Gordon went back

to second base and the Yankees went about the methodical business of overpowering the enemy.

If ever an unexpected result was locked up by a supposedly weaker opponent, who then threw the key away, it was the last All-Star baseball game. The National League was leading, 5-4, there were two out in the ninth and Claude Passeau had two strikes on Ted Williams. Passeau made a mistake; he came through the middle with a fat invitation to disaster. You know the rest.

It is the enemy's boast that he has not lost a war in 2600 years. People in the sports business know how spectacularly phony records are made and they know how to discount them. They ask one question. Not how many the guy has won, but; Whom did he ever lick? Japan has been feasting on the soft touches. This is another league and another war.

The team that ventures out of its class quickly runs smack into a disillusioning denouement. The Seton Hall and Rhode Island State basketball teams went into the national invitation tournament in New York last year with inflated reputations.

Seton Hall had won 43 in a row and Rhode Island was the highest-scoring team in the country. They were beaten by the first good teams they met and once that aura of invincibility was shattered they were dead ducks. When the pressure was on they were something less than first class and they never did regain their ebullience.

Glenn Cunningham, the old master miler, seldom took the lead when he was cracking world records. But he always had the finishing kick that blasted his opponents out of sight and mind when he needed it; Whirlaway, the wonder horse, is content to follow the early pace, but he's hell on hoofs when the wire can be seen.

The best teams and athletes have off-days. We had ours at Pearl Harbor. The Allies had theirs at Dunkirk. If you've got to have an off-day, it's best to get it out of your system early in the game, when there is plenty of time to recoup. Pearl Harbor was a tough one to blow, but forget it. Remember Louis, the Bears, the Brooklyns, the Yankees. They came on to win ultimately.

I wonder if the Japs heard of the Statue of Liberty play . . .

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

have two collies and they are a source of continued joy, although I wish they would be able to distinguish between burglars and working-men. John Vassos is a good judge of dogs; he has written a fine account of Dingo, a German shepherd, and Rex, a setter, in "Dogs Are Like That". I think anyone interested in dogs will find this book good reading. There are some excellent illustrations from photographs, too.

Mr. Vassos describes how Dingo was trained to be a useful dog, after he had made something of a nuisance of himself. Rex needed training, too, and this was done by a man who knew all the hunting tricks and found that Rex had plenty of qualities for a bird dog. Mr. Vassos believes that a dog can be kept healthy if he does something for which he is fitted, for laziness is not part of an energetic dog's makeup. "There is no need to be sentimental or unnaturally absorbed in a dog," writes Mr. Vassos. "Accept him for what he is, don't expect more from him than he is able to give and, above all, in the words of the immortal Kipling, don't give your heart to a dog to tear, if you can help it." (Dutton, \$2.50)

If you have never heard the story of Abraham Lincoln's beard, and are sufficiently interested, you'll find its

whole history traced by photographs in a remarkable book, "Lincoln: His Life in Photographs", prepared by

Stefan Lorant, a brilliant Hungarian-born editor who was lifted out of his editorial chair in Munich by Hitler. Abe Lincoln was a smooth-shaven lawyer of the Midwest before he became president. He was still joking about growing a beard in October, 1860, after his nomination. In November, 1860, he was photographed in Chicago with a stubble on his chin, and by the time he left for Washington in February, 1861, he had a full beard, cropped fairly close. From then on he was the bearded Lincoln of the pictures, and there is no doubt that a certain amount of maturity and dignity was added to his countenance. Of the presidents who lived during Lincoln's lifetime, only Martin van Buren seems to have let the hair grow on his cheeks; however, John Quincy Adams had a suspicious growth, though he kept his chin free. After Lincoln, beards were plentiful.

Pictures out of Lincoln's time are brought together in this book and the effect is remarkable. You realize that one photograph does not give a complete like-



"Sorry to keep you waiting, Oswald. But I got to chatting with Mrs. Thomas . . . Oswald! Speak to me!"

ness of a man; many photographs, however, make him seem real. Having seen all sides of his face, and observed his stature (Lincoln was 6 feet, 4 inches) and how he wore his clothes, we are able to visualize the appearance of the man. This book is not all pictures—there is just enough explanatory matter to tell the story. Anyone interested in Lincoln will enjoy this reconstruction of a great day in American history. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3)

Americans are just beginning to think of North and South America as connected parts of the western hemisphere. Like other nations, we are accustomed to consider ourselves the center of the universe. Our look over the rim of the horizon is good for us. We ought to learn about other nations not as isolated peoples and groups but as parts of the great world family. "Lands of New World Neighbors", by Hans Christian Adamson, performs this work of integration. It is simply packed with information about South America, but it does not neglect North America. It devotes chapters to Cuba, "the queen of the Caribbean", to Mexico, "the land of golden empires", and to all the South American nations, but it also takes in Alaska, Hawaii and the St. Lawrence regions. For good measure it outlines the path of settlement in what is now the United States, from the days of French and English penetration through to the times when the covered wagons rolled westward from the Atlantic seaboard. All this information is given in a text that is easy to read. (Whittlesey House, \$3)

WAS reading Elmer Ellis' book, "Mr. Dooley's America", the other

day, when it occurred to me that political comment has very little humor in it nowadays. Mr. Ellis' book is a biography of Finley Peter Dunne, who wrote the Mr. Dooley sketches. These, as our fathers will recall, reported the talks of Mr. Dooley and Mr. Hennessy in Irish dialect, and they had all America laughing at our leading political figures. Today most of our political commentators take themselves seriously, and there is no laughter among them. Of course no one today would write in Irish dialect—that was possible in 1900, when the Irishman was still a comedy figure; today our humor is not in dialect but in irony and most of it is sophisticated.

Finley Peter Dunne did know his politics, and his essays were really critical discussions of political events. He got under the skin of Theodore Roosevelt, but he knew how to approach Roosevelt, talk things over with him, and keep him as a friend. What Mr. Ellis calls possibly the most famous of the Dooley articles dealt with Roosevelt and was prompted by the latter's book on the Rough Riders. Said Mr. Dooley, "Tis the account iv the destruction iv Spanish power in the ant hills, as it fell fr'm the lips iv Teddy Rosenfelt an' was took down be his own hands. . . If Tiddy done it all he ought to say so an' relieve the suspinse. But if I was him I'd call the book 'Alone in Cuba.'"

Both Dooley and Dunne make good stories and what Mr. Ellis writes is another report on American life that is past. I'm sorry that humor has changed so much, but then, everything has—newspaper work, political reporting and Washington itself. But "Mr. Dooley's America" makes

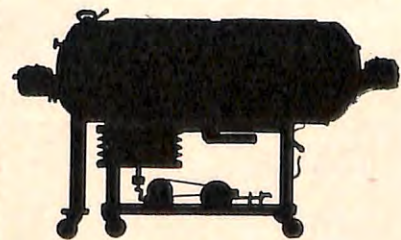


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excellent reading, especially if you recall the days of yore. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3)

Three of the Mr. Dooley sketches are reprinted in "A Sub-treasury of American Humor", edited by E. B. White and Katharine S. White. (Coward-McCann, \$3) They are the essays on the power of music, the education of the young and golf. They have their place in a book of 800 pages that reproduces humorous articles, sketches and poems from the American writings of past and present. Here we have a chance to chuckle at the particular kind of humor that strikes our funny-bone. If you find fun in the writings of Artemus Ward and not in those of Arthur Kober, exercise your judgment. If you wish to read Ring Lardner again, or Joel Chandler Harris, or that mad fellow, S. J. Perelman, here they are. Not all the humor is the kind that makes you laugh right out in meeting; some of it is subtle, and sometimes you have to be an insider—one of the New York crowd of inside insiders—to get all the cracks. Sometimes articles seem serious but are done with tongue in cheek. Maybe you will prefer the short and simple verses of Ogden Nash, of which the following is included in this book:

There was a young belle of
Natchez
Whose garments were always in
patchez.
When comment arose

On the state of her clothes,
She drawled, When ah itchez, ah
scratchez!

A QUICK GLANCE AT THE NEW FICTION.

"Genesee Fever" by Carl Carmer is a story of the Genesee country of New York in the days following the Revolutionary war, when things were mighty unsettled. It involves the fortunes of a portrait painter, farmer, teacher, Nathan Hart, and a girl with Irish and Seneca blood—Catherine O'Bail. It has a lot of action in it and it deals with the country that Mr. Carmer once described in his book about York State folks—"Listen for a Lonesome Drum". The territory has been made the background for a number of historical novels, but Mr. Carmer's moves more swiftly than most of them. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

Nevil Shute has written another of his stories about people caught on the fringe of war. You remember "Kindling" and "Ordeal" no doubt. This time, in "Pied Piper", he describes an old Englishman, who is caught in Nazi-occupied France just as he has hopes of getting out with a group of children. His plans stir up the Germans and for a time they suspect him of complicity in dark deeds. This is not as stark and cruel a tale as most of those written about the war; the appealing character of the gentle old man is central in the tale. (Morrow, \$2.50)

If you want to lose yourself in the gossip of court ladies of the days of Louis XIV, here's your chance. Arthur Meeker, Jr., has written a long novel about two sisters, Cateau and Magdelon de la Louppe, their marriages, their love affairs, their social battles. There is a great deal of information about life in the old Bourbon days here, and the author says that it's practically all true. It's called "The Ivory Mischief". (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3)

"Advance Agent", by John August, is a spy thriller. The author has made good use of possibilities—for instance, the escape of a German officer from a prison train in Ontario; his hide-out on the estate of an isolationist leader in New England; the complication that the refugee who runs the ski camp might be in cahoots with the Nazis and all sorts of doings in the dark. There's a girl in it, too. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

Another war thriller is "Air Ministry Room 28" from the pen of an accomplished fiction writer, Gilbert Frankau. This is a tale of London under the bombs, with all sorts of sinister doings being uncovered, while William Wordsworth, squadron leader of the R. A. F. is busy on two fronts, war and love. Mr. Frankau, who was a staff officer of the R. A. F., was invalidated from the service late in 1940. He writes a good yarn and asks us not to reveal it in advance. (Dutton, \$2.50)

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 19)

of thirty years experience in that art, asserts he never has used the feathers of any of those birds, and never heard of anybody who does. Your agent, being technical, and wishing to check and double check the truth of that statement, queried Jim Deren of the Angler's Roost and several other tyers, professional and amateur. All made the same reply.

The absurdity of the Audubons' campaign to blight one of this country's most popular and harmless sports is revealed in a score of other passages in Circular No. 47. You will find the following is a fair sample:

"What is true of market hunters for meat, in their assault upon America's remaining game, would tend to be similarly true if encouragement were given to the sale of feathers of wild game to meet the increasing demands of fly-tyers."

What this skeptic would like to know first is: What market hunt-

ers and where are these market hunters making their "assaults" on America's remaining game? If the Audubons will pass this interesting information along, this reporter will see that it reaches the proper authorities.

The inference that the sale of wild bird feathers for fly-tying materials might jeopardize game birds in this country is so completely idiotic it's

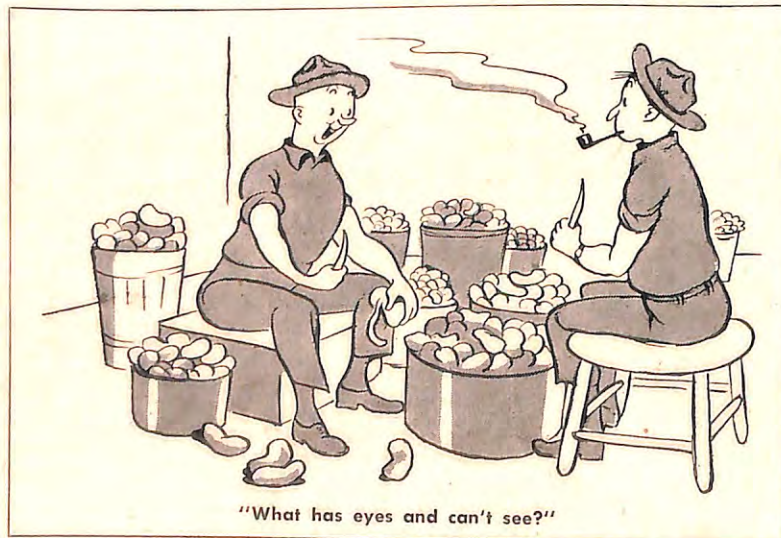
hardly worth refuting. However:

One mallard will supply material for at least 200 artificial flies, and probably more. That many flies would last the average angler about four or five years. The members of one small duck club, of which there are thousands in this country, could shoot a year's supply of duck feathers for this country's anglers in a fort-

night, and never exceed their legal limits. A fraction of the legally killed ducks in this country would supply anglers with enough feathers to last a century or more.

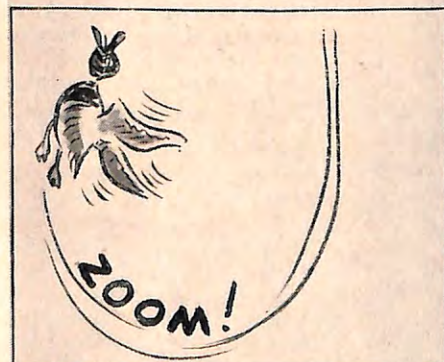
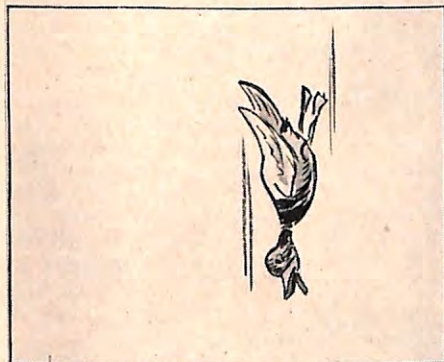
"The new wild plumage law in the State of New York . . . specifically authorizes and protects commercial dealings in the plumage of ten kinds of enumerated domestic fowl," the Audubons' circular states further, and this includes domestic ducks. Well, let's poke a stick into that:

Last October the aforementioned Rube Cross, who'd previous-



ly lost everything in a fire which destroyed his home, was visited by an inspector and a game warden, who wanted to know why he hadn't filed an inventory of his feathers to comply with New York's new law.

Cross explained that he wasn't using wild bird plumage, for which reason he didn't consider an inventory necessary. Further questioning elicited the information that Cross was using domestic barnyard mallard feathers. The inspector pounced upon that and announced the law didn't recognize mallards as domestic ducks and that Rube was a violator. This cost the surprised fly-tyer a \$10 bill, after he'd signed "civil compro-



FALSE TEETH

were Untrue to Grandma Gray

BUT THE KIDS ALL LOVE HER NOW!

*The kindness of Grandma Gray
Made kiddies all adore her.*

*No wonder she was hurt when they
Decided to ignore her.*

*The truth was that they could not stand
The odor nor the sight*

*Of Granny's FALSE TEETH;
though by hand,
She scrubbed them day and night.*



"Use POLIDENT," her dentist said,
"Its action can't be beat.

"You neither scrub nor rub; instead
You soak plates clean and sweet!"

Since Granny has, the kiddies make
Her life serene and nice.

If you wear PLATES, you too should take
This POLIDENT advice.



**Cleans, Purifies
Without Brushing**
Do this every day: Add
a little POLIDENT
Powder to half a glass
of water. Stir. Put in
plate or bridge 10 to
15 minutes. Rinse, and
it's ready to use.



POLIDENT

**CLEANS PLATES AND BRIDGES
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c**

SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

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

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

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mise papers", which seemed the easiest way out. He might easily have been plastered with a \$60 fine.

That high-handed business soured additional thousands of New York sportsmen on the New York Conservation Department, the Audubon Society and Senator Desmond's feather law.

But what surprised most of New York's license holders was the Audubons' and the Conservation Department's almost precipitate determination to protect all waterfowl, including the barnyard variety. Previously both organizations had displayed a studied lethargy when there was need for prompt but unspectacular conservation work. A season or two ago thousands of ducks, principally blacks, were starving to death on Long Island. The birds, victims of a prolonged freeze-up, were so weak from famine you could walk out on the ice and pick them up. There's something definitely wrong with a black duck when you can do that!

SPORTSMEN took alarm at this situation and requested the Conservation Department, in Albany, to do something about it. Although the Department was sitting on a surplus conservation fund which totaled somewhere around \$1,000,000, it developed there were no funds available for emergency duck feeding. However, a man was sent down to survey the situation. He looked things over for a day and returned to Albany, and that was that. The starving ducks could take care of themselves, or else.

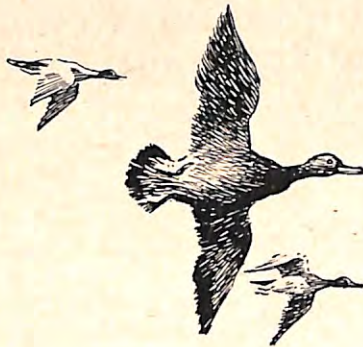
Someone next approached the Audubon Society. Those ducks had to be saved; funds were needed for corn and people were needed to tote the grain to the starving birds in near-zero weather.

The record fails to reveal that any Audubon was killed in the rush that followed this appeal. Swivel-chair conservation is one thing, and not bad when conducted from a steam-heated office, but practical conservation when the mercury is bumping the bottom of the thermometer is a different dish. All that request for help brought was a sage observation—over the phone—that "there was nothing wrong with those ducks; they were just sitting out there on the ice because they liked to". A bird walk in that kind of weather apparently had no appeal.

The ducks, however, didn't all starve to death. Members of Ducks Unlimited, members of sportsmen's clubs and a lot of guys named Joe and Pete shelled out whatever they could afford, bought tons of grain and distributed it

where it would do the most good.

The unfairness of the Audubons' new nationwide drive against this country's fishermen becomes self-evident when several factors are considered. In the first place, no bird in this country, or in any other country for that matter, is threatened by the "increasing demands of fly-tyers".



The reasons are obvious: The fly-tyers' requirements are infinitesimal and the bulk of feathers which supplies this trade comes from barnyard fowl. What small percentage of game bird feathers are used, including those of the partridge, grouse, peacock, pheasants and the like, are furnished by private game breeders in most instances. If these game breeders are to be denied the privilege of selling their product, why wouldn't it be equally sensible, by the same token, to deny fur ranchers the privilege of selling their mink and fox pelts?



"Imagine! And me thinking, all along, I was a Russian Wolfhound."

SOME consideration also should be given the fact that it's the sportsmen's money which maintains and in many instances increases this country's game crop from year to year—Despite this fact the Audubons are determined to dictate the rules by which hunters and anglers are permitted to indulge in their favorite sports. It doesn't make sense, but there it is. There never was a better instance of the tail wagging the dog.

That the master minds directing this drive are actuated by something other than a passionate love for bird-life was disclosed when Circular No. 47 was issued. In it was contained a ballot sheet, which Audubon members were urged to check, sign and return to headquarters. There is no record that many of these ballots reached the hands of fly fishermen, who were, of course, to be voted out of existence. Here's how it read:

"I approve of the protection of wild birds so far as millinery and decoration are concerned, but believe the fly fishermen should be exempted from any such legislation. (Please check.)"

"I am in general agreement with the position of the National Audubon Society as set forth in the pamphlet 'Wild Birds and Fly Fishing', and approve of uniform state legislation based on the New York law. (Please check.)"

THE above is a genteel variation of the Nazi election technique. The people most concerned have no voice in the matter and is there any doubt which of the above the Audubon would check?

The clue which might explain the zeal displayed in this drive is revealed in the next paragraph, which reads as follows:

"I wish to help the National Audubon Society in its campaign to extend the New York State law to other states and hereby subscribe..... toward the expenses of this campaign."

In short, please check and by all means send a check.

This last makes it quite obvious that anglers are the sacrificial goats in a nonsensical, but cleverly-planned campaign, the real purpose of which is the raising of funds. Audubon officials know the fly-tyers' requirements are no menace to birdlife, here or anywhere else. But they also know the public is gullible and that it's considered out of line to question any statement, however foolish, which the Audubons make.

It will be interesting to watch how this nation's anglers will take this pushing around. Perhaps, at long last, the poor worms will turn.

Lodges Instituted

(Continued from page 37)

farming and fig growing are the principal agricultural crops. The Sam Houston Farms, a government project, is seven miles from the Tri-Cities. Many denominations are represented among the 30 churches. The climate is mild, with a mean temperature of about 69 degrees as of the past 50 years. Goose Creek was founded in 1917 by former Governor Ross S. Sterling. Several famous men have made their homes near the community, including David Burnett, first president of the republic, Ashbel Smith and Anson Jones. Sam Houston had his summer home at Cedar Point, near the Tri-Cities.

The Harris County library system is operated in the Tri-Cities. One daily newspaper and two weeklies serve the area which is in the center of one of the great coastal oil and gas fields. The oil industry is the chief support. The prin-

cipal points of interest are the San Jacinto Monument and Battlegrounds, the Humble Oil and Refining Co. at Baytown, the Houston ship channel and Sylvan Beach bayshore resort nearby. The Goose Creek Independent School District includes the Robert E. Lee High School, two junior high schools and nine elementary schools. Lee Junior College and Lee Institute, which is a vocational school, are included in the system. More than 5,000 students are enrolled. The system includes 17 separate school plants. The assessed valuation of the school district for taxation is \$42,000,000. Charitable and social welfare of the Tri-Cities is provided for by the Tri-Cities Welfare League. Trunk lines of the Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific serve the area along with bus service to Houston connecting with main lines. Artesian wells are the source of water supply.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

Pontiac, Ill., Lodge Presents a Valuable Gift to Local Hospital

An obstetrical table of the newest type, donated by Pontiac, Ill., Lodge, No. 1019, was ready for use at St. James' Hospital in Pontiac early in November. The gift was selected by a committee composed of Doctor F. C. Bawden, Chairman, Doctors Otis Law, J. D. Scouler and Otto Bettag, all of Pontiac, Doctor E. V. Wilcox, Flanagan, Sister Theonilla, supervisor of obstetrics, Sister Camilla, supervisor of the hospital, the Rev. J. P. Farrell, hospital chaplain, and M. A. Nolan, Exalted Ruler of the lodge.

This was the second valuable piece of equipment donated to the hospital by the Elks of Pontiac. Presentation of an oxygen tent was made by the lodge several years ago.

Danville, Ill., Lodge Initiates A Class on District Deputy Night

D.D. William M. Dutelle, of Paris, Ill., Lodge, made his official inspection of Danville, Ill., Lodge, No. 332, in November. The meeting was preceded by a dinner and followed by the serving of refreshments in the grill room. More than 200 members attended.

A group of prominent Danville citizens was initiated into the lodge in honor of the District Deputy. Another feature of the evening was the dedication, with special music, of a beautiful memorial tablet with two ornamental bronze doors made to open like a book. The names of deceased members are recorded within.

Burning of Mortgage, by Sanford, Fla., Lodge, a Mark of Progress

During the recent celebration of its 30th anniversary, Sanford, Fla., Lodge, No. 1241, initiated several candidates and held a ceremony in which a \$3,000 mortgage on the handsome home of the lodge was burned. Elks from all over central Florida attended. Senator M. O. Overstreet, P.E.R. of Orlando, Fla., Lodge, was the principal speaker,

P.E.R. O. P. Herndon, of Sanford, spoke on the purposes of the Order, and the Rev. Father J. J. Kellaghan, P.E.R. of Sanford Lodge, acted as Master of Ceremonies during the mortgage-burning exercises. The honor of putting the lighted match to the mortgage went to Trustee W. H. Reitz, who was largely responsible for the successful handling of the lodge's funds.

Twenty years ago, Sanford Lodge was compelled to sell its magnificent stone and brick building which, incidentally, was purchased by the County Commissioners for use as a courthouse. Later, its club house on the shore of Lake Monroe was destroyed by fire, and finally the lodge was forced to fight for its existence during the post-war depression. In his address, Senator Overstreet, who assisted in the institution of No. 1241, praised the membership for terminating successfully a long but gallant struggle against numerous difficulties and set-backs.

Early Success Attends Chicago, Ill., Lodge's Rehabilitation Plan

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, has adopted a plan for rehabilitation and has elected and installed a complete set of new officers. Justice Joseph Burke of the Appellate Court is the Exalted Ruler, Attorney Harry S. Ditchburne the Esteemed Leading Knight, Senator Benjamin S. Adamowski the Esteemed Loyal Knight and Morris Neufeld the Esteemed Lecturing Knight. William R. MacMillan, former Secretary of Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, is in charge of the rehabilitation program.

Mr. Ditchburne, who was appointed chairman of the Membership Committee, brought in 25 new applications before the first of the year. Senator Adamowski, as Chairman of the Reinstatement Committee, has 56 members working on the committee and has brought back many former members of the lodge. Mr. Neufeld, Chairman of the Lapsation Committee, reports that more than 75 per cent of the delinquent members are back and in good standing.

(Continued on page 54)



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The great white way is no longer a street but a sport—skiing.

Vacations UNLIMITED

By John Ransom



" IF YOU ASK ME — SKIING ISN'T MUCH DIFFERENT FROM RIDING A HORSE. "

TWENTY years ago skiing was practically unknown in this country—except for a few kids who practiced the art on barrel-staves in the less enlightened sectors. Witness, then, a modern miracle. In that short time the sport has literally jumped its way to the top in America. More money is spent by the American fans on skiing equipment than on any other sport with the exception of golf. (And you know the crazy men who play *that* game!) Come

winter, you can't find a hedgerow within hopping distance that doesn't hide a covey of skiers. Even Central Park, that happy hunting ground of the snowballer, is infested with the breed.

There must be something to it. First New England saw the commercial possibilities of the sport—and made the most of them. Now you can hop a weekend ski-train for little more than the price of a few small beers. Next, as we see it, the

boys in the great open spaces got together and said, "Look, we got more mountains, we got more snow—so what are we waiting for—let's get more skiers. Besides, everybody knows this is God's country, anyway."

And it looks like the West did it. In the nine states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado, there are some seventy-one major winter sports resorts—not to mention countless others on less frequented by-paths.

We can give space to only one of them: Sun Valley, the greatest of them all. The place where you can ski in the summer and swim in the winter—the land of the frozen tan—the ice-bound hot-house of Idaho.

Although this mountain-sheltered retreat offers many other attractions for winter vacationists, it is to be expected that skiing would be spotlighted. Blanketed in deep powder snow, the slopes of the Sawtooth Mountain range provide long and short runs, open and partially timbered. Four mountain tops are reached by chair-type ski lifts. The Baldy Mountain lift, built in three sections and covering a total travel distance of over two miles, is the longest lift of its kind in the world. The Sun Valley Ski School with its staff of internationally known experts, headed by Friedl Pfeifer, (which is certainly a mouthful) provides excellent instruction for all classes of skiers—advanced, intermediate and beginners. But skiing is just one of the many activities. There are four ice-rinks, including one large artificially-refrigerated rink that assures outdoor ice-skating, the year 'round, regardless of temperature changes. Instruction is available for novice, junior and senior class skaters. When not skiing or skating, you can go tobogganing, dog-sledding or sleighing—yes, even swimming. Warm-water pools adjoin both Sun Valley Lodge and Challenger Inn. Glass side-walls shut out winter winds but the pools are open at the top so you may bask in the sun's rays and, although it may seem almost unbelievable, quickly acquire a becoming sun-tan. For less strenuous forms of recreation you can visit the Game Room where there are bowling alleys, pool and ping-pong tables. And everyone likes the music and dancing which enliven the evening hours. The fact is, Sun Valley is ideal not only for those who seek an active outdoor life but also for those who prefer to rest physically and mentally while finding enjoyment in observing the many activities in and around the Lodge and Inn. Sun Valley offers a wide choice of accommodations. The Lodge is one of America's finest resort hotels, with spacious, smartly appointed guest rooms, beautiful dining rooms and lounges, and the inviting Duchin Room where guests gather for after-dinner dancing. In unique Challenger Inn, with its Tyrolese atmosphere, one can find ac-

commodations at surprisingly moderate cost. Although the Inn guest rooms are not as "de luxe" in appointments as the Lodge rooms, they are attractively and comfortably furnished.

The days are filled with tobogganing, dog-sledding, tramping over the beautiful trails, riding the chair-lift to the mountains for lunch, watching others ski, and divers other practices.

Fascinating as Sun Valley is in Winter, it has an equal attraction for summer visitors. Imagine skiing on high mountain trails one day and—the very next day—going horse-back riding or playing tennis in the green valley. There is the tricky golf course . . . tennis and badminton courts . . . the outdoor artificial ice-rink . . . a stable of spirited but gentle riding horses . . . outdoor swimming pools . . . skeet and trap shooting grounds . . . trout-filled lakes and streams . . . and, as in winter, music and dancing. Add to these attractions an invigorating climate with cool nights, and you can readily understand why Sun Valley is like a seaside ranch in the mountains.

THAT'S about enough for Sun Valley. You can head straight for Canada and get the same thing—except that they don't dress it up in quite the same style.

The Highlands of Ontario, with Toronto as a focal point, is a section which is fast becoming a popular winter sports center. Skiing has made tremendous strides here and organized ski clubs grow in number each year. It is a splendid country for all-round skiing and compares favorably with the Laurentians. Hockey is a popular sport in Toronto and the Maple Leaf Gardens, home of that famous hockey team, the Toronto Maple Leafs, is packed with enthusiastic spectators every Saturday night during the hockey season.

Another center rapidly coming to the fore as a winter sports district is that which lies about Fort William and Port Arthur, on the shores of Lake Superior. The slopes of Mount McKay, in close proximity to the twin cities, furnish ideal snow conditions and other ski trails of exceptional merit.

In Manitoba one of the notable events of the winter sport season is the Winnipeg bonspiel, the biggest curling tournament in the world, which attracts competitors from all parts of

America. Winnipeg also has its ski clubs, amateur hockey and figure-skating championships, while the Pas still retains its intense interest in dog derbies where famous "mushers" of the north country vie for honors with their sturdy, fast-moving dog teams.

ALPINE skiing of limitless extent is to be had in the Canadian Rockies where the names Banff and Jasper readily come to mind. It is a region of wonderful scenery, and one where perfect skiing is to be had in some parts all year 'round and where summer sports are practicable in the winter season.

Banff National Park in Alberta is a superb location for skiing enthusiasts. Situated in the heart of the Rockies at an elevation of approximately 6,000 feet, it offers every variety of slope and run, magnificent jumps, a perfect winter climate and splendid accommodations. Jasper National Park and Edmonton are other sections of Alberta where winter sports flourish and organized clubs gladly welcome visitors to join in the pleasures of a winter vacation.

British Columbia's mountain playgrounds are particularly favored with ideal winter sports conditions and the province contributes a goodly quota of skiers of championship quality. The many meets on the Pacific coast always attract an international field and inter-club rivalry with skiers from Washington, Oregon and Idaho providing keen competition. Vancouver, Revelstoke, Camrose and Nelson are centers which furnish wonderful opportunities for western enthusiasts to indulge in their favorite sport.

A winter holiday in Canada need not be devoted entirely to skiing, for where skiing is to be had there also will usually be facilities for skating, tobogganing, snowshoeing, sleigh drives and other winter pastimes which used to gladden the hearts long ago when most people in this country thought skiing, when pronounced correctly, had an ambiguous sound.

At any rate we can recommend the sport wherever you practice it. Once you learn the trick of keeping your pants dry, it's great fun. As one famous expert was fond of saying, "Proficiency at the art is only attained through constant application of the seat of the pants to the side of the hill."



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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 18)

many. In forbearance, capacity to forgive, in steadfast affection unbounded by self-interest or calculation of gain, the dog sets an example that well may be followed by Homo Sap. But we're not trying to convey the idea that Fido never breaks the law, but the laws he does break are mostly man-made. His own laws he usually obeys. For example, dog-law gives no sanction for the male to attack the female, nor does it give permission to the larger dog to attack his smaller brother without serious provocation. Only the canine outcast comparable with the human murderer would violate that provision which forbids any dog to attack its master.

So much for his—the dog's—laws, and his observance of them. The rare animal that breaks those laws is the exception which proves the rule.

Now suppose we examine our four-legged friend's obedience to man-made law. Here we're on different ground. We find Fido a social problem—but not an unsolvable one. His infractions are usually minor and among most of his kind the law-breakers respond to correction.

Let's take the first and most frequently committed crime—bad manners around the house. To the person who knows how to go about it and bears in mind that patience is all-important, the business of house-breaking a dog is really very simple. By far the majority of these transgressors are juvenile delinquents—puppies which in due time can be taught to obey the law. This we begin by teaching our dog to use newspapers for his emergencies, spreading these in a corner of one of our least-used rooms. He's to be watched carefully after each meal and as soon as he shows signs of distress, on to the papers he goes—and is kept there until he does what he intended. If he's caught relieving himself elsewhere he's to be planted on the papers and sharply scolded. When replacing the papers we leave a small used portion so he'll recognize the scent and the more readily respond to nature's call.

In time he'll get the idea; it's a rare dog or pup that doesn't, and from this can graduate to the outdoors. To help things along, we try to take him out on a leash about ten minutes after he's finished eating. We make it a practice to follow the same road or street each time because there he will have made "stations" for himself, or other dogs will have done this before

him. These stations are his reminders. It doesn't take long for the average pup to learn to let his owner know when he wants to go out. This he'll do by running in little circles or trotting back and forth between his owner and the door. Woe betide the master who ignores these signals, and double trouble to the one who wallops his pooch under these circumstances. We may add that at no time should a puppy be whipped for such infractions of house rules.

Next we have that culprit who thinks car chasing is about the swellest sport in the world. This comes under the heading of disorderly conduct and warrants prompt handling. It's a dangerous habit to both dog and motorist. For this canine miscreant we prescribe a water pistol filled with a mixture of water with a liberal dash of ammonia. We'll drive our car slowly past the house allowing Fido to catch up, and when he does, Squ-i-sh, he gets his schnozzle doused. If this doesn't cure (and a few treatments should) then we'll substitute a bucket of water.

In the line-up we see that bloke who just will chew things that he shouldn't. Well, he doesn't rate the reformatory, as his lawlessness is a cinch to check. We simply take something that he's already ruined and seems to have a fondness for and sprinkle it liberally with red pepper. A nose full of that and he'll repent. Or better still, there's a powder on the market, absolutely odorless to human beings, which when spread on

furniture or other articles taboo to the dog makes him shy away from them like a skittish horse from a locomotive. To his keen nose it has the most disgusting of all smells. But we mustn't forget—be that pup a youngster or a grown-up, in fairness to him he should have his own toys, an old shoe, a rubber ball, etc.

Next case is the rascal that ignores the law about jumping up on people. He's just a petty criminal, more of a nuisance than anything else. He draws a mild sentence and for his misdeed he gets walked backwards on his hind legs. This he regards as a pain in the neck, and usually it isn't long before he's cured if the treatment is given persistently. But if he's an incorrigible he gets pinched again and this time we gently step on his hind toes while we hold his forelegs in our hands. Here we do more than ruffle his emotions; we really hurt his tootsies—not much, but enough to teach him a few lessons in deportment.

Now we deal with a real canine malefactor, the guy that declares himself at all hours—mostly at night. This bird is a hardened offender and we give him the book, as it's called in Certain Circles. True, his Boss is to blame for permitting him to keep the neighborhood in an uproar and an everlasting barking dog can do just that. In his case we make only one exception, although that won't soothe neighboring nerves. The exception is for the dog that is chained. In justice to him we overlook his crime and instead give his owner two weeks in the electric chair. That owner should have been firm in disciplining his dog if he just HAD to keep Fido parked outside. A wallop or two with a few loosely rolled sheets of newspaper on the dog's rear-end would soon instill the fear of the law in that chap. Sometimes a buzzer, easily made at home, can be installed in the dog's house. It's a mysterious, fascinating sound to the pooch and often will quiet his ructions. If this doesn't do the trick then a muzzle probably will. For the crying puppy we make due allowance; after all, he's only a baby, maybe he's lonesome and if he's in a new home he's very likely scared pink, too. Time and plenty of owner-patience and kindly understanding always works a cure. It sometimes helps to put an old, noisy clock of some kind in the youngster's bed with him. We were going to bring to book the pup that refuses to come to his master when called. But this naugh-



"Every day about this time, Doc, I get that all-gone feeling."

ty habit is the result of faulty training or none at all. The owner of such a dog has troubles enough without our censoring him. But what he should do if his runaway is still a young pooch is to take the dog out on a long rope, give him the length of the rope and call the dog to him. If Mr. Dog gets tough and decides he won't obey, then he should be hauled in hand over fist, gently but firmly, very firmly. Here a system (this goes for all training) of small rewards should be used. Fido should get a tid-bit and some praise after he's reached his master's side even though he was pulled there. In time he'll associate the command to come with the reward and if he's a half-way intelligent duck will have learned not to break the "come at command" law.

In such matters as eating unwholesome things or excessively shedding hair all over the house the dog breaks no laws laid down by his master. Far from being a scallywag, his are problems that reach back into his physical condition; both annoyances may be due to dietetic deficiency and the latter is more often than not caused by living in overheated quarters. For the first-named we recommend a veterinarian. For the second, the shedder, a daily brushing and combing and a minimum of bathing (once every month being sufficient).

For the villain that will roll on dead fish, decadent cats and other odoriferous things, we have no adequate punishment nor explanation for such conduct. Rarely is he caught committing the crime, so punishment doesn't do a bit of good—no sense in batting him around unless we catch him red-handed. Offensive as this is we have to remember that after all he's a dog with a set of likes and dislikes utterly different from ours. Those odors he enjoys, whether we like them or not, are probably roses to him.

The itinerant garbage collector belongs to the same gang of hoodlum purps that the habitual wanderer is member of and in both cases Fido's owner is partly responsible. In the first place, no dog should be allowed to wander loose unless he lives on a farm and even then his running free

can be a menace to both himself and his master. There's hardly a place where the automobile hasn't penetrated and that machine is the dog's worst enemy, more being killed or injured by cars than through any other single cause. Then, too, the canine vagabond is responsible not only for the spread of rabies but often becomes a carrier of many diseases fatal to his species. The garbage collector should be walloped—if and when he's caught at it, but then so darned few are apprehended.

Working our way up in canine criminal circles we find the egg-eater. This miscreant, of course, is either a rural or suburban bandit. His punishment and probable cure are found in filling an empty shell with syrup of ipecac, strong red pepper or ammonia. The egg to be "planted" in the nest or place he prefers to raid. A few such surprises may teach him the error of his ways.

A step upward or downward in Fido's path to crime is seen in the plug-ugly that fancies himself a scrapper and goes around looking for trouble. He can be a scourge to a community and we'd deal with him just as we would with any other footpad which as a rule he much resembles. To him all dogs look alike, big or little, and too often he's a bully that takes unfair advantage. More than this, he can keep his owner continually in hot water, reducing his popularity among his friends to an absolute zero. This kind of dog should be kept confined or, better yet, exiled to where there are no other dogs if such a place exists in civilization. If he's caught fighting he should be ducked with cold or hot water (a bucketful isn't too much), although the latter shouldn't be too hot. Pepper on his nose or eyes may reduce his enthusiasm for war too—that is, applied in the course of the battle.

Of course, the master criminal of all is the vicious dog that will indiscriminately bite anyone—sometimes his owner. There's usually a reason for this, going back to early mis-treatment or definite sickness of mind or body, but if the habit cannot be corrected within a short time, then that dog is best put out of the way before he does real damage.



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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

ernor John Moses, a member of Mandan Lodge, and Mayor N. O. Churchill. Acting for Bismarck Lodge, P.E.R. John A. Graham, D.D., presented Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland with a check for \$1,000 for an Honorary Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. Judge McClelland was presented with a personal gift, a check for the purchase of a fishing rod and reel, and invited to make a return visit and try his luck in the bountiful streams of North Dakota. Among the prominent Elks of the State present were Father McGeough, Grand Chaplain, Sam Stern, of Fargo Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, P.D.D. Jack J. Coyle, Minot, E.R. C. E. Jorde, Mandan, Justice Muessle of the Supreme Court of North Dakota, E.R. Peter B. Garberg, Fargo, and P.E.R. William R. Pearce, Valley City, Assistant Attorney General of North Dakota.

On November the 25th, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at the airport at Spokane, Wash., where he was met by a large delegation from Spokane Lodge No. 228 which included E.R. O. A. Dirkes, Cst. Lead. Knight Leslie Critzer, Est. Lect. Knight Russ O. Danielson, Tiler Art Calkins, Inner Guard W. T. Davis, Esq. L. J. Nelson, Secy. W. F. Connor, Treas. H. O. Swinford, Trustees C. Ed McMahon and Otto Mengert, and P.E.R.'s Paul F. Schiffner and Nave G. Lein. On the 26th the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a luncheon held at the Davenport Hotel. More than 200 officers and leading Elks of northern Idaho and eastern Washington were present. Among them were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Ed. D. Baird, Boise, Ida., Grand Esquire John E. Drummey, Seattle, Wash., D.D. E. B. Tobias, Saint Maries, Ida., Judge Lewis Swellenbach, U. S. District Judge for Eastern Washington, W. E. Baylis, Spokane, and P.E.R. C. E. Johnson, Missoula, Mont. While in Spokane, Judge McClelland and his party were taken on a sightseeing trip to the Grand Coulee Dam. An elaborate banquet was held prior to the evening meeting when

one of the largest gatherings of Elks ever assembled in the Pacific Northwest met in the lodge room, with all lodges of northern Idaho and eastern Washington well represented. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Mrs. Masters and Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees J. Ford Zietlow, who had arrived overland by train, again joined the Grand Exalted Ruler's party. In his address, Judge McClelland stressed the important part the Order is ready to take in the preservation of the American way of life. His speech elicited widespread praise not only from his audience but from the Press. Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. Baird and Mr. Drummey, introduced by Toastmaster Dirkes, responded.

On Wednesday morning, December 3, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and the members of his party were met at the eastern terminus of the San Francisco Bay Bridge by E.R. George Devine, Jr., and other officers of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, who conducted them across the bridge to San Francisco. Accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Mrs. Masters; Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow; Grand Trustee Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland, Calif.; Homer F. Potter, San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; D.D. Edward E. Keller, San Mateo, and Donald K. Quayle, Alameda, Joseph A. Cianciarulo, Oakland, and George Doherty, Pres., Vice-Pres. and Trustee respectively of the Calif. State Elks Assn. After luncheon, served at the lodge home, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were taken to Cypress Lawn Cemetery where, with appropriate ceremonies, Judge McClelland placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who had died only a few weeks before. The group was accompanied to the grave by Past State Pres. John J. Lermen, P.E.R. of San Francisco Lodge, who proposed Mr. Abbott for membership in the Order some forty years ago.

In the evening a banquet was ten-

dered the visiting Grand Lodge officers by San Francisco Lodge, attended by the officers and members of the 13 lodges of the California Bay District. Following the banquet, the Grand Exalted Ruler, at a special meeting of San Francisco Lodge, made a stirring and inspiring address to approximately 1,000 Elks of the District. Grand Secretary Masters, with much feeling, delivered a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott.

The next morning, the Grand Lodge officers were accompanied by the officers of San Francisco Lodge to Berkeley, where they boarded a train for Bakersfield.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Masters and Mr. Zietlow, was a guest of New Mexico Elks on December 8, with Albuquerque Lodge No. 461 acting as host. The District Deputies of the State, David S. Bonem, of Tucumcari, and C. E. Hinkle, of Roswell, were present, and Raton, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Tucumcari, Albuquerque, Gallup, Roswell, Silver City and Carlsbad were represented by delegations. E.R. George W. Jones, P.E.R. Don L. Dickason, Pres. of the N. M. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. Anthony F. Belmonte, Ashley C. Thompson and B. H. Holmes, chair officers, all of Albuquerque Lodge, were in charge of arrangements for the entertainment of the distinguished guests.

Judge McClelland addressed the Lawyers Club at a noonday luncheon. At an afternoon meeting in the lodge room, 150 Elks were addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler on patriotic subjects connected with the work of the Order, and by Grand Secretary Masters who described the activities carried on by the Elks in the first World War. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. McClelland and the other members of the traveling party were guests of honor at a dinner at the El Fidel Hotel, attended by more than 450 Elks and their ladies, and later at a dance at the lodge home.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

D. D. Clark H. Buell Is Honored By His Lodge, New Castle, Pa.

D.D. Clark H. Buell completed his schedule of visitations to the 17 lodges of the Pennsylvania Northwest District with an official visit to his home lodge, New Castle No. 69. An "I Am an American Class" of 13 candidates was initiated in his honor. A dinner for the District Deputy and other distinguished visiting Elks preceded the lodge session.

Eight of the district lodges sent delegations to the meeting. Presley N. Jones acted as spokesman for the Class. E.R. Verne R. Carr, on behalf of the membership, presented Mr. Buell with a handsome gold wrist watch.

Visiting Elks Attend Banquet and Initiation at Newton, Kans., Lodge

Newton, Kans., Lodge, No. 706, initiated 16 of the 19 members of its "I Am an American Class" in mid-December at a regular meeting, preceded by a banquet. A 450-pound deer, ordered

especially for the occasion, had been received from the South Dakota Game Preserve, and delicious venison steaks were enjoyed by the 160 Elks present. The guests of honor were S. E. Patterson, of Augusta Lodge, Pres. of the Kansas State Elks Assn., and D.D. Leo J. Piller of Great Bend. Thirteen visiting Elks, including members of lodges in Arkansas, Washington and Texas, were present.

The Class was the biggest initiated into Newton Lodge since 1934, when the home was built. The new members were addressed by Senator Edgar Bennett and Fred Puttroff, Chairman of the local Elks Defense Commission.

Council Bluffs Lodge Entertains State Elks at Midwinter Meeting

Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, No. 531, was host to the Iowa State Elks Association at its midwinter meeting on December 13-14, at which 34 lodges of the State were represented with a total registration of 138. Past Grand Exalted

Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, addressed the Sunday morning business session. Major R. E. Davis, of Omaha, Neb., Seventh Corps Area air office, answered questions concerning the Elks' program for training high school boys for the Air Corps. Professor Richard West, who conducts the Refresher Course for high school graduates selected by the Elks of Omaha for training, described the course which takes the student about eight weeks to complete. He is then eligible to enlist as a cadet in the Air Corps.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Dr. Charles R. Logan, of Keokuk, Ia., and J. C. Travis, Omaha, Past Pres. of the Neb. State Elks Assn., discussed at length the problems of Air Corps enlistments and the Refresher Course conducted by the Elks of both States. H. Stanley Woodring, E.R. of Council Bluffs Lodge, outlined plans for the special training program for high school graduates scheduled to begin early in January. The meeting was concluded with a luncheon and smoker.

**Prominent Kentucky Elks Address
A Meeting at Richmond, Ky., Lodge**

D. D. William H. White, of Ashland, Ky., Lodge, making his official visit to Richmond, Ky., Lodge, No. 581, and Paul J. Smith, of Covington, Pres. of the Ky. State Elks Assn., were warmly welcomed by approximately 150 members. Seven candidates were initiated at the meeting by the Richmond Degree Team and two former members were reinstated. The class was formed and initiated in honor of the members of Richmond Lodge who are in the United States military service.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the District Deputy delivered an instructive address, stressing the duties and obligations of the officers of the lodge and of each individual member. He was followed by President Paul Smith who told of the splendid work being done by the State Association in aiding needy people in Kentucky who are afflicted with tuberculosis and outlined plans to increase the work already under way. An elaborate banquet was served.

**Successful Membership Campaign Is
Conducted by Hamilton, O., Lodge**

The selective membership campaign conducted by Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, before the end of last year, resulted in the securing of 181 additional members, including 31 reinstatements. The mechanics of the campaign were in the capable hands of the lodge officers; P.E.R. Judge Peter Paul Boli, P.D.D., served as Chairman, assisted by P.E.R. Jack Bosch. Five groups, each headed by a Major, participated. When the drive really got under way, with 10 men working under each Major, at least 60 members of the lodge were engaged actively in the effort. The Division

Majors were Fritz Fremgen, George Smith, Stanley Wirtz, Charles Koehler and Fred Stitsinger.

The first class initiated numbered 128 candidates. E.R. Herbert J. Miller, Est. Lead. Knight Stanley G. Wirtz, Est. Loyal Knight Robert Beyke, Est. Lect. Knight Bryce Byard, Secy. J. Earl Gray and Esq. Cornelius Ernst were in charge of the initiation. D.D. John W. Schuller, of Hillsboro Lodge, D.D. for Ohio, S. W., was present. The ceremonies were followed by a banquet attended by more than 250 members. The lodge has every right to be proud of its achievement. A second initiation, of at least 50 new members, was scheduled for the near future. Twenty additional applications were received after the campaign had ended.

**Marshalltown, Ia., Elks Sponsor
A Winning Golden Gloves Team**

The Elks Golden Gloves boxing team of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312, won the Central Iowa Golden Gloves Tournament staged at Fort Dodge, scoring 21 points to bring the trophy home after the final bouts. Tied for second place were Fort Dodge and the Emmetsburg C.C.C. camp with 20 points each. Two of the Marshalltown boxers, Bob Hutchings, fighting in the 126-pound class, and Eugene Cross, the Elks' heavyweight, won individual honors and gold medals.

Four out of five of the Marshalltown boys entered in the tournament made their way into the finals. Andy Kneafsey, General Chairman of the Elks Boxing Program, pronounced this a good record for the Elks to hang up in their initial tournament venture. E.R. A. J. Hennessy, Trainer Leo Ryan, Maurice Coward, Chuck Russell and Mr. Kneafsey accompanied the fighters to Fort Dodge.



Frank L. Rain

(Continued from page 22)

cemetery. Interment took place in the beautiful Fairbury cemetery in the city, county and state which Mr. Rain so loved. No eulogy was delivered either at the church or at the cemetery, but Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, at the request of Mrs. Rain, read at the grave the short poem, "Crucifix of Tears", always a favorite with Mr. Rain. The funeral services were attended by many friends and associates, including representatives of the Nebraska lodges. Floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The National Memorial and Publication Commission was represented by its Chairman, Mr. Campbell. The Grand Exalted Ruler designated Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, James G. McFarland, Watertown, S. D., John R. Coen, of Denver, and Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., to represent him and the Order. All were present except Mr. Mc-

Farland, who could not reach Fairbury in time.

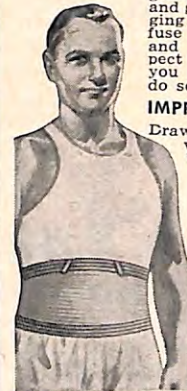
Elsewhere in this issue of *The Elks Magazine*, in the editorial column, appears an appreciation of Mr. Rain and his services to the Order. Fairbury and Lincoln newspapers commented editorially upon Mr. Rain's long and useful career.

On December 24, 1907, Mr. Rain was married to Miss Madge Merrels, of Fairbury, who survives him. Their two children, a son and a daughter, also survive. Their son, Frank M. Rain, who was his father's law partner, is a Past Exalted Ruler of Fairbury Lodge and a Past District Deputy for Nebraska East. Their daughter Maxine is now Mrs. Norman J. Gundlach of Belleville, Ill. Mr. Rain's brother, Dr. Charles Rain, of Knoxville, Tenn., and three grandchildren also survive. To the members of the family, *The Elks Magazine* extends its sincerest sympathy.

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Boston, Mass., Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

BOSTON, MASS., Lodge, No. 10, announces that on the 17th day of December, 1941, in regular session assembled, it adopted unanimously the following resolution:

Whereas the invaluable service and wise counsel continually made available, and the sound judgment and exceptional ability invariably exercised in behalf of our beloved Order, by our distinguished member, Brother E. Mark Sullivan, merit recognition by the Grand Lodge,

Now be it resolved that the officers and members of Boston Lodge No. 10 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, under the obligation of the Order, respectfully offer, and wholeheartedly endorse, as their candidate for the Office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, Brother E. Mark Sullivan, and hereby direct its officers to arrange for his nomination at the Seventy-Eighth Session of the Grand Lodge to be held in Portland, Ore., in July, 1942, and that its Exalted Ruler appoint a Committee of members of this Lodge to consummate this resolution.

Pursuant to the adoption of the resolution, a committee was appointed, consisting of the Exalted Ruler and all of the other surviving Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, to present Mr. Sullivan's candidacy.

Edward Mark Sullivan was born in Ipswich, Mass., on October 12, 1878. Having completed his preliminary education in the public schools of Ipswich, he put himself through high school and college by his work as a newspaperman. He graduated from Boston College with an A.B. Degree in 1900, and was class orator. He obtained his legal education at Harvard Law School and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1903; later he became a member of the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Sullivan is engaged in the general practice of law. He was Judge of the District Court of Essex County, 1904-1907; Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts, 1907-1913; he declined an appointment as Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts tendered by the late Governor Calvin Coolidge. He was Corporation Counsel for the City of Boston, 1922-1925; Chairman of the Finance Commission of that city, 1935-1938; and Special Counsel for the City at Washington, D. C., in Telephone, Railroad and Ocean Rate cases. Mr. Sullivan was married in 1912 to Katherine V. Hayes, of Syracuse, N. Y., a school

teacher and a graduate of Emerson College. Their family consists of three sons and two daughters, all of whom are college graduates or college students.

Mr. Sullivan was initiated into the Order of Elks in 1908. He demonstrated immediately a keen interest in the Order and has been active continuously in promoting Subordinate Lodge, State Association and Grand Lodge activities in New England. In 1910 he assisted in the reorganization of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. In 1915-1916 he was Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson. He was a member of the Boston Grand Lodge Convention Corporation in 1916-1917, and a representative of the Elks of New England at the dedication of the Elks Reconstruction Hospital in Boston in 1918. He served as Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge in 1918-1919; he is an Honorary Life Member. He acted as Grand Esquire to the District Deputy in 1919-1920, and was a member of the Boston Grand Lodge Convention Corporation in 1923-1924.

MR. SULLIVAN became a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary in 1927. As a member of the Committee, the years of his service were 1927-1930, 1931-1932; as Chairman, 1932-1936. He was the compiler of the Digest of Official Opinions and Decisions of the Grand Lodge, Edition 1936; Justice of the Grand Forum, 1936-1940, and Chief Justice, 1940-1941. Mr. Sullivan's good offices have been steadily in demand for public assemblies and meetings of Subordinate Lodges throughout New England and elsewhere. In addition to Elk activities, Mr. Sullivan served as District Chairman of the American Red Cross, Eulogist for the City of Boston at the President Harding Memorial Services, and Examiner of the Boston Public Library. He was selected by the Boston College faculty as Commencement Day representative of his class at its 25th anniversary.

Mr. Sullivan's fine ability, loyalty and devotion to the Cardinal Principles of the Order, and his willingness to sacrifice his time and energy in its interests, have earned universal respect and admiration. Boston Lodge is proud to present as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler one of its own members, one whose exceptional qualifications fit him in every way to fill that important office with honor and dignity. The lodge, therefore, will respectfully submit the name of E. Mark Sullivan, its candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler, at the Grand Lodge Convention next July.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

AS a candidate for reelection to the office of Grand Secretary, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Ore., this coming July.

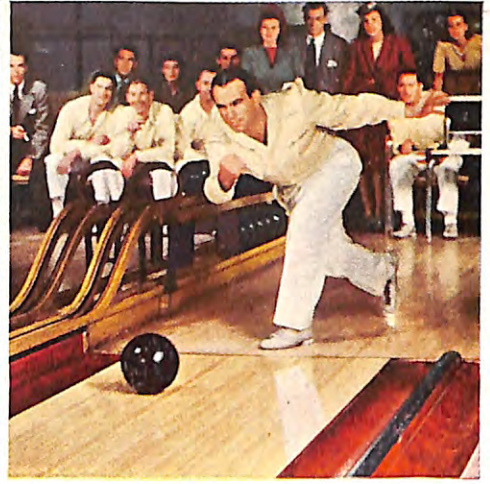
In 1903 Mr. Masters became a member of Charleroi Lodge; he was elected to the office of Exalted Ruler of that lodge in 1908. Since 1911, when he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing

Committee, he has served on various other Grand Lodge Committees, including the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was Chairman for three years of the Board of Grand Trustees. From 1923, when his term as Grand Exalted Ruler expired, until he became Grand Secretary, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commis-

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for four years and was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Mr. Masters was elected Grand Secretary in 1927. He has been reelected at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention. His administration of the duties of the office has been consistently courteous, dignified and efficient.

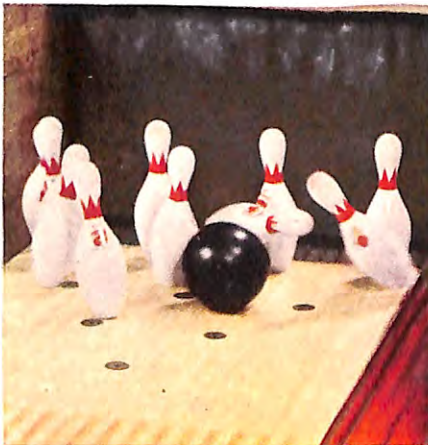
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