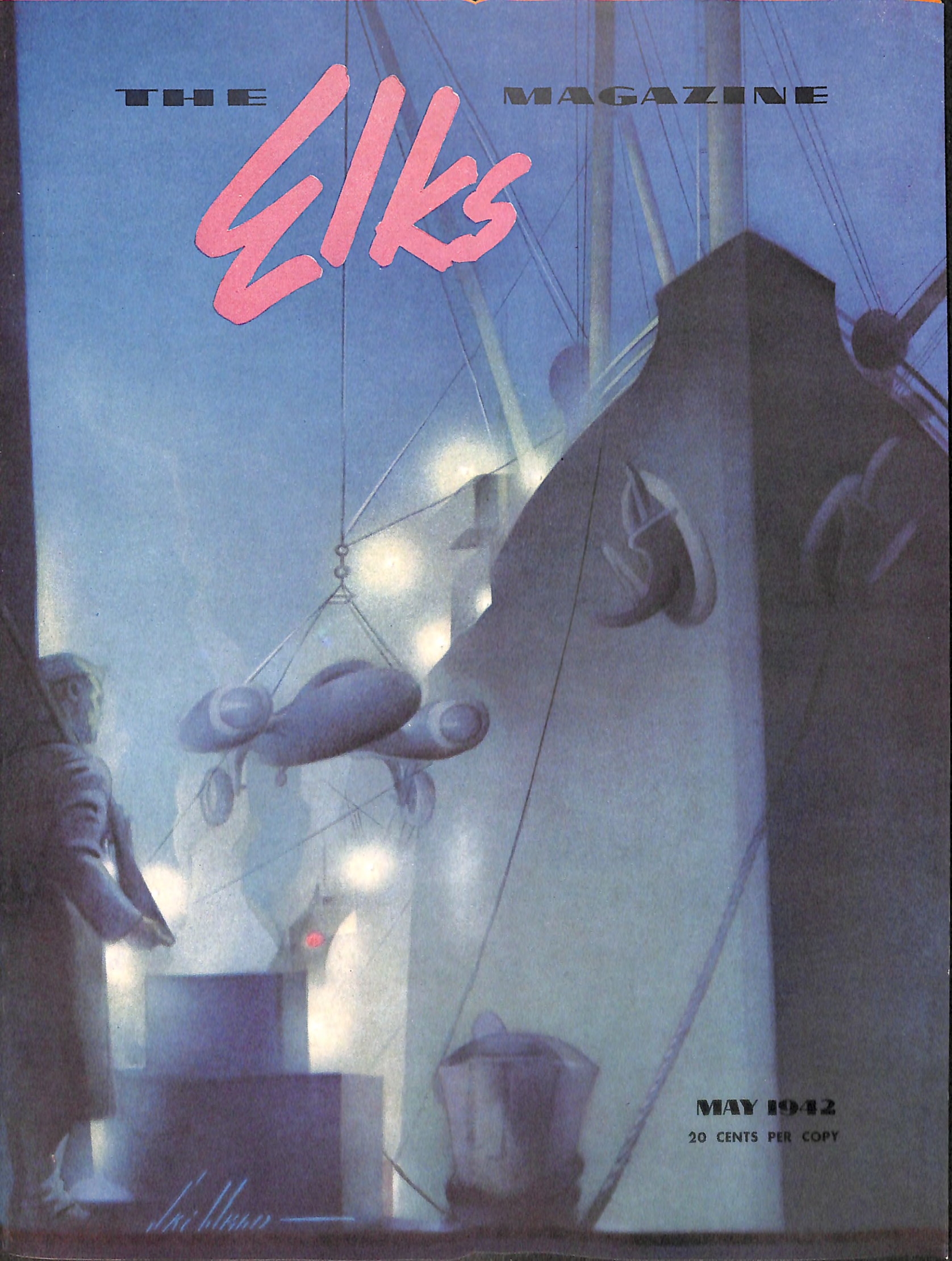


THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



MAY 1942

20 CENTS PER COPY

Richard

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



Philip Gendreau

HELLO, AMERICANS!

The Duke of Wellington, when the tide of battle was running none too well for the British at Waterloo, turned to his staff and remarked:

"Hard pounding, gentlemen. But we shall see who can pound the longest."

History has a golden page devoted to the result of that "pound party".

Today, in America and throughout the world, the forces of freedom and decency are taking one of the hardest poundings in the history of mankind; and the fate of the world depends on who can pound the longest—and hardest.

In the hearts and minds of Elks throughout the United States and in the armed forces of Uncle Sam, I know the determination is high and the purpose clear to combat with every ounce of energy and every measure of courage the hordes of savages who press at many points. Yet there is the firm conviction that there are certain agencies and organizations (notable among them the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks) on whom a definite responsibility rests to maintain morale at home and support the men in the service wherever they may be.

It is with this thought in mind that I wish to point out the importance and urgency of the Grand Lodge Convention to be held July 13-14-15-16 in Omaha, Nebraska. Beside the necessity of carrying forward those projects peculiar to our Brotherhood, the Omaha gathering will provide a meeting place for representative

citizens from every part of the Nation to exchange ideas and information and to gain inspiration to take home for the benefit of their fellow lodge members and others with whom they come in contact.

I wish to reaffirm my desire that every lodge in the United States be represented at the Omaha meeting. In these sessions will be made decisions vitally affecting the entire structure of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and its membership. Among other things, a new Grand Exalted Ruler will be installed and he must embark on that great commission with the knowledge that the full and unfaltering support of Elk manhood is behind him. The election and installation of each of the officers of the Grand Lodge at this session was never more important. Also, policies will be set which will chart the course of Elkdom for another twelve months.

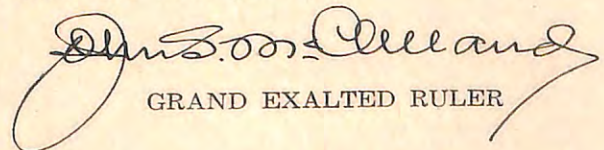
Yes, the Omaha meeting is of supreme importance and it is the duty of every lodge to be represented to look with the leaders of our vast Fraternity into the future.

Also of great importance and interest will be the reports of activities during the year that is coming to a close. Then we can take stock and see what was accomplished during a year punctuated by world upheaval and the critical entrance of the United States into the war. It should be a source of great inspiration for the assembled delegates to learn how Elks responded to a great emergency—the greatest emergency the Order and the Nation have ever been called on to face.

As I bring this message to a close, the picture of the "Iron Duke" of Wellington remains with me. He was a great soldier, a great hero, a great gentleman. In him rested the confidence that the men in his armies could withstand the shock of ruthless assault and rebound to attain victory, glorious and inspiring. As the designated leader of some 500,000 Elks under the Flag of the United States I, too, have never doubted your ability or determination to respond in your sphere even as Wellington's men did in theirs.

When the history of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is written, the days of 1941-1942 will demand close attention because they will reflect the heroism, the courage and the steadfastness of men drawn together in common brotherhood moving forward in unity and oneness of purpose. A particular page of that history will be written in Omaha.

Be there and write your part.


GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

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

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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Contents

MAY 1942

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A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler....	1
The Case of the Burgling Barber.....	4
<i>William Fay</i>	
What America Is Reading.....	8
<i>Harry Hansen</i>	
Hit and Run.....	9
<i>Stanley Frank</i>	
Japanese Pipe Dream.....	10
<i>James Monahan</i>	

Look Northward to Canada.....	14
<i>Bruce Hutchison</i>	
Write 'Em a Letter.....	15
<i>Elks War Commission</i>	
They're in the Army Now.....	16
<i>Marshall Davis</i>	
In the Doghouse.....	18
<i>Ed Faust</i>	
Rod and Gun.....	19
<i>Ray Trullinger</i>	
Wet Smack.....	20
<i>James Duncan</i>	
Editorial	22
The Grand Lodge Convention.....	24
Under the Antlers.....	26
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits.....	36

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

"THE Case of the Burgling Barber" by William Fay is excellently illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst in his truly spirited style. It is a mystery story which revolves around a tonsorial artist of unpleasant personality, and two mugs. The first mug is gleaming, diamond bedecked and of the shaving kind. The other mug is just a plain ordinary one of the kind you bump into everyday. The mug of the second part gets into numerous difficulties trying to track down the mug of the first part. Needless to say, he has a couple of close shaves.

James Monahan, whose "Any Axis to Grind" appeared in December and caused much complimentary comment, is the author of "The Japanese Pipe Dream". It is an intensely interesting account of the use of drugs by the treacherous little yellow men to "softer-up" those unfortunates under their domination. Pearl Buck in her best-seller, "Dragon Seed", tells of this tragedy.

Commissioner of Narcotics H. J. Anslinger of the Treasury Department read the article in manuscript form and liked it so well that he has ordered five thousand reprints. This is high praise which we feel you will think justified.

Speaking of reprints, a number of lodges and Civilian Defense Councils have reprinted "The Sheltered Life" which appeared in March.

Bruce Hutchison, well known Canadian author, has written a vivid word-picture of Springtime in "Look Northward to Canada". If you haven't decided where to spend your vacation turn to page 14. The problem will be solved in a matter of minutes.

Tall, blond, amiable Marshall "Jeff" Davis has just returned from a sketching tour of army camps. We reproduce nine of his drawings entitled "They're In The Army Now". We imagine that Jeff's pleasing personality plays no small part in putting the boys "at ease". You will find an eloquent argument for the War Commission's "Write 'Em a Letter" program in Jeff's drawings, as well as in the cartoons on the War Commission's page.

"Wet Smack" is a short-short by a newcomer, James Duncan. One of the most difficult types of stories to write are funny short-shorts. Mr. Duncan is both facetious and brief.

News of the Grand Lodge Convention and views of Omaha, the Convention City, will be found on pages 24 and 25. We all know it will be an important Convention and a great many of us will, for the first time, have the opportunity of visiting one of this country's most vital centers. The date is from July 13th to 17th and the place is Omaha. Don't forget.

F. R. A.

Are YOU the type who mixes well?



The Face of a Sociable Fellow

Eyelids etched with lines of merriment. Mouth, large—easily given to laughter... This type serves friends "double-rich" Cream of Kentucky, made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers

Then meet another "good mixer"

Cream of Kentucky

the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbons



If you're the congenial type with a host of friends, you'll be the kind of host who serves Cream of Kentucky and so gives his friends a "double-rich" treat... Remember, the password between "good mixers" is "make mine Cream!"

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The tale of a bungling young man, murder
and love in bloom told once over lightly.



the
**THE CASE OF
BURGLING
BARBER**

By William Fay

THE file on Harold Dunphy's strange experience has been available in Washington, but Washington, these days, is such a hurly-burly place that we'd not recommend your looking now. Perhaps when things are quieter. Perhaps some other time. Meanwhile a simple faith will help to credit what is stated here below:

"I guess," said Harold, "that when he wanted a shave, a flunkie'd bring it out to him and the king would say, 'Watch out for the fifty grand.' Except that he would say it in Austrian or Hungarian, I guess. They were that kind of kings. But just imagine that—a shaving mug worth fifty grand! Today a guy can walk into the drugstore on the corner, buy himself a dozen blades, a holder and a tube of paste for half a buck. And with some of the shaving creams

that you can buy, you don't even need a brush. I went to high school, too, Miss Beeps, but tell me more about the Hapsburgs. Were they all kings?"

"Some of them were kings," she said, "and some of them were crazy and some of them were both." Miss Beeps was an efficient one and also was a lovely one, a feast for the eyes. Miss Susan Beeps was twenty-three and Harold loved her dearly. He called her Miss Beeps only for the sake of sound. The name, to him, was like the bright note of a new horn on a new car. Beeps.

"I'm looking it up in the encyclopedia," she said. "This is an encyclopedia." She held it up to him. It weighed three pounds. "This is volume eleven. Haag to Hupte. Mmmmm, now—Charles and Ferdinand. You say they never knew to which king it belonged?"

"They never knew. Or they never told us, anyhow, if they did know. The guy who owned it had the thing insured for fifty grand. It was stolen in Milwaukee seven years ago and the company paid cash. A fellow name of Johnson had the case for us, but he died. Long time before you came here, sugar-cake. That's right. Now read me more."

She read him more. She smoked a cigarette. She turned the pages of the volume. On her left hand Susan wore a diamond ring to which Harold frequently referred as "my full life's blood and sweat. My ten years in insurance". It was a handsome ring, of quality, though not as flashy as he'd hoped that it would be. It was relatively small, and would not stand comparison with—say, the diamonds in the shaving mug that once the Hapsburgs used, which were reputed to be seven karats each. "But we have four hundred dollars' worth of furniture," he said, aloud. "I wonder what the Hapsburgs have. Now, today, I mean."

"What's that?" she said. She looked at him. She lighted a fresh cigarette with the hot stub of the one she had been smoking.

"A reverie," he said. "No more, no less than reverie. And I wish you wouldn't smoke so much," he said. "Just look at me."

"I'm looking, dear. If you would take up the vice of tobacco for a while, and give up drinking. Well . . . oh, well. . . ."

The sun came through the windows in the new, expanding Spring. The Great Eastern Indemnity's New York offices were on the thirty-second floor. The door of Harold's private cubicle had recently been lettered CHIEF CLAIM INVESTIGATOR. Harold Dunphy was a fellow who was climbing in the world.

Miss Susan Beeps, his secretary, and his faithful fiancée, had finished with her chores. "That's that," she said. "But still you haven't made it clear to me."

"Well, it's a complicated kind of case. I haven't wanted to confuse you," Harold said. "The F.B.I. is on the tail of a guy named Axel Dornthil, up in Westchester, in Cedarville, where the commuters live. They told us not to do a thing till they move in. It's the Federal case that seems to count—not ours. This Axel Dornthil is a Nazi they have long suspected but could never catch. He's a naturalized citizen."

"And now they've caught him?"

"Just about. Except that Axel doesn't know. It's all to be a big surprise. The funny thing about it is that they didn't have a thing on him until they broke a coded message down—just how or where they got the message, I don't know; they didn't tell me—but the message doesn't have to do with submarines or tossing bombs or sticking pins in babies. What the message is about—at least the piece of it they got deciphered—is this same shaving mug that I am telling you about. Some Nazi big-shot wants the thing. Don't



ask me why. It only proves the human element, you see? The Nazi element, at any rate. In time of war, when they should be digging themselves holes to hide in, this Nazi just can't wait to get the emperor's shaving mug. Just vanity, I guess. It could be Goering—no?"

"Goering? Really?" she said.
"Well, it couldn't be for Hitler. Hitler's an ascetic. Hitler shaves with broken glass. Er — I think that's what an ascetic is, isn't it?"
"Just as you say. And also sits on broken glass. Are you going up to Cedarville? Can I come, too?"

Julius grasped the young man's head and put the razors edge against his throat with one swift motion.

"Well—we have to wait until we're told. This case belongs to the F.B.I. But it seems like Axel's got the shaving mug. That's why the Bu-

reau let me know. To see if I could help them."

"Help them? The F.B.I.? I thought they gave you a strong invitation to leave them alone—to stop playing cop."

"But I'm a cop by nature. I would've been the greatest—"

"Yes. I know. Best in the world. Except for your feet."

"Not my feet. My knee. My trick knee, Beeps."

"And your trick brain. You're just too smart for them. I know."

"Never mind that now. My knee. That's all. I would've made a fancy kind of cop."

JULIUS LEEMON locked the door of his barber shop. The days were longer now because the Springtime had arrived, and longer, too, because the Government had jacked the days up sixty minutes. Julius didn't like the Government, but Julius liked his barber shop which was established in Cedarville for twenty years.

Julius wasn't popular in town, though careful of his modest trade he gave no more offense than his own brand of humor to his clientele. His was a one-chair shop. The one chair was a relic in mahogany that looked like the electric chair at Sing Sing, though it normally was sat in with a deal less apprehension, and the worst that Julius did to men was tell them dirty jokes. He purred his warm obscenities in people's ears and those who were offended did not come again. Others thought that Julius was a quaintly dirty fellow, and, for being quaint, was sinless. Thus they didn't know him well.

Julius kept his shop immaculate. His shop was his great pride. He had a feeling and a taste for ancient things, for handsome things. The bric-a-brac and candelabra and assorted shaving mugs were articles acquired with precious care and choice through Julius Leemon's lifetime. He was sixty now and mammoth-large and stood above his chair as might an elephant, and he was confident of hand, so sure of touch and craft that he could shave without a single scratch a monkey on a swing. He was a barber of such full efficiency he never let a hair go down inside of any client's shirt. He stuffed his tissue papers into collars neatly, properly, eliminating chance. He kept the papers in the pocket of his tan alpaca coat. Each day he scrubbed his own floor on his hands and knees. There never was a blemish on the fine glass of the mirror into which each customer must look, unless it was a blemish to have Julius Leemon's face, like Satan's, everlasting in the glass, the small smile holding to his face when he refrained from talking and from purring jokes, and the only sound the sound of Julius's scissors nervously a-chatter like an old man's teeth. "Weird," was all they ever said of Julius. "Very weird." And no one spoke of murder. No one had a reason to.

And Julius had never thought of

murder as a thing that he might do himself. It wasn't safe. It left a man involved. It possibly might throw a shadow on the good serenity of every day, and threaten his possessions: barber shop and little things he treasured and the ears to fill with leprous humor and his money in the bank, well grown and multiplied these many years he had been saving it. Murder was a luxury and apt to have a cost, although he knew some people he could murder with great glee. So he never thought of murder as a thing that he might do, until tonight.

Now he walked toward his little house, which wasn't far away, beyond the house where Axel Dornthil lived. Julius owned no car. The walks, he knew, were good for him. He liked to spread his strength. He didn't understand what Dornthil meant by "strength through joy", in all the thrilling talks that they had had, but Julius understood a code of "joy through strength", and felt himself to be an abler Nazi now than Dornthil was. At least a stronger one, a saner one and no such fool as would for the Fuehrer or for anyone insert his own neck in a noose. Dornthil's strength was only in his talk through all the quiet hours they'd spent together since the Nazi found political sympathy alive in the local barber shop.

In talk and in ideas they'd traveled far since then, and Julius had been useful in a lot of ways. Dornthil kept a tight lip in the town, except where Julius was concerned. He talked no politics and played an astute game of cards and thus had wide acquaintanceship with other business men in Cedarville. Julius understood that this, at least, was wise. It then did not seem strange that he and Dornthil should be friends.

THE darkness settled quickly. Julius went unseen into the house where Dornthil lived. It was a large, three-storied country house, since renovated by a Mrs. Giblin into small apartments. Axel lived in the best of the apartments.

"Why did you want me tonight?" asked Julius.

Dornthil said, "Sit down."

Dornthil's face was pasty, tired. He was asthmatic, and, with trouble and fatigue, could look and sound like a winded dog, and be so little in command of self or situation, Julius thought, as to strain one's faith in the party-line. Dornthil had been drinking, too. "What is the trouble?" Julius asked.

"It is difficult to know, for sure. But possibly there has been—a mistake. I cannot tell you more, but I am being watched, Julius."

"Watched?"

"I believe that everything will be all right. But it is wholly possible that I am being watched. The mug, Julius. It is in its regular place. I want you to keep it for a time. They would never think to suspect," he smiled, "—a barber? Too obvious."

Dornthil watched while Julius with a tender care removed the royal shaving cup from its place of concealment and placed it on the table. It was not coincidence alone that had combined a barber and a shaving article in the one conspiracy. Since Dornthil had known Julius and his love for precious objects of his trade, he'd counted on the shaving cup to win the barber's admiration and his confidence. And Dornthil now believed that he'd been right, for Julius had been useful; he had also been content and uncomplaining just to be connected with as grand a scheme, so rich a plan that it made Julius feel important—even though the barber never knew just how the mug had been procured.

"You shall keep it for me, Julius," Dornthil said. "Nothing shall happen to me, I'm fairly sure. But if it should—then you'll receive your orders. I trust you, Julius, and I intend that you shall be rewarded. They will know of you and be proud of you." But he did not know Julius very well.

Julius took the cup in hand again. It was lustrous, beautiful, and holding it he seemed to feel its history run through his veins. He coveted the chance to hold the cup. It pained him just to put it down. How greater to possess the cup. He did not fully understand the place it had in Dornthil's or the Party's plans; he only knew it was intended for a personage much greater than themselves, and that, as Axel said, the situation had its humor—that the man who wanted it was quite a fat and fancy fellow, and that the satisfaction of his whims did not deny but greatly multiplied the Party's discipline and unity. Julius, privately, did not approve of fat and fancy fellows.

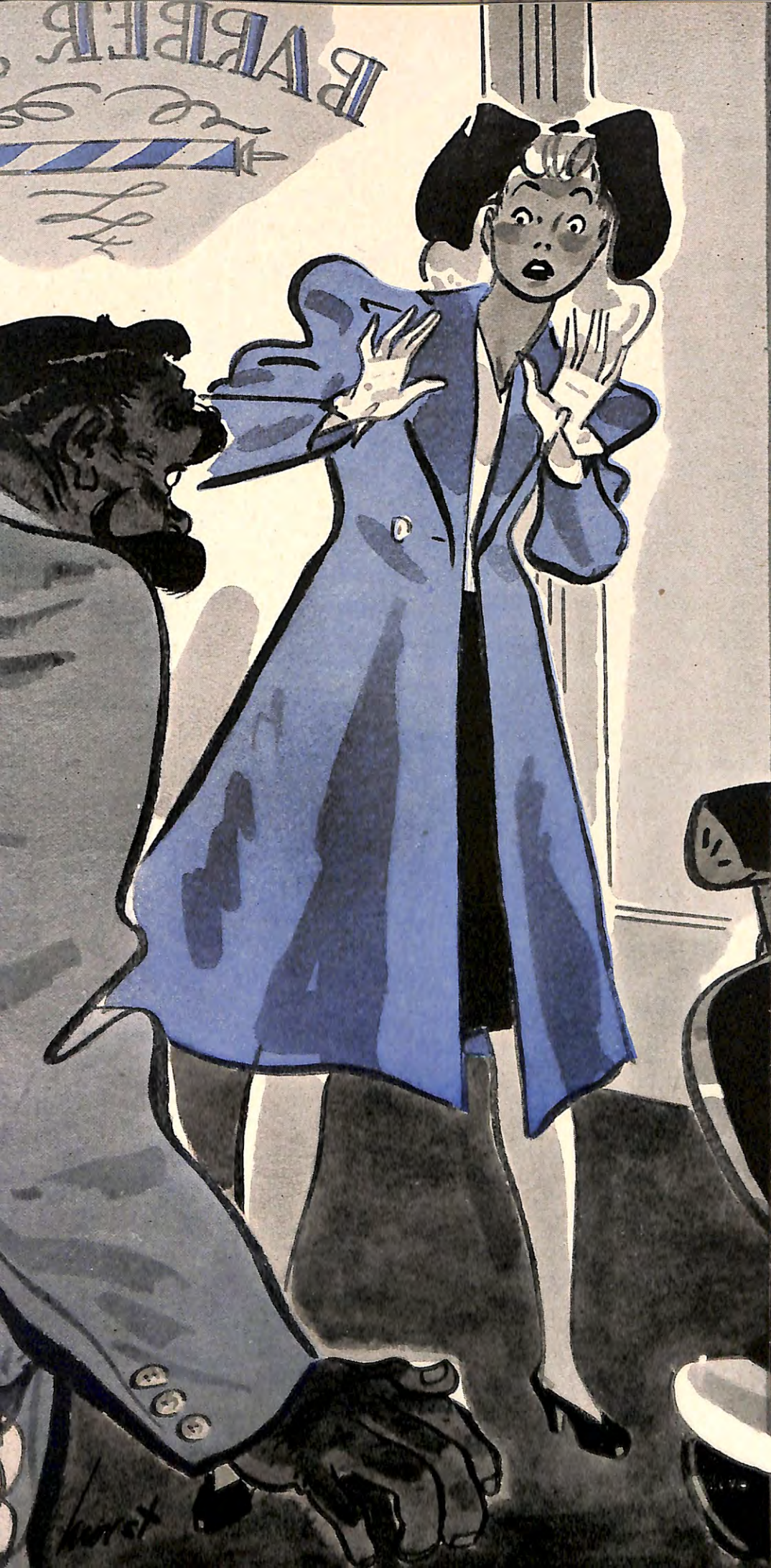
Watched, thought Julius; *he is being watched*. He looked at Dornthil. Flabby-faced. A fool. A man not forty-five years old, and yet without

She saw his face, contorting with dismay and fear. She tried to scream.

Illustrated by EARL OLIVER HURST

the strength or will to sit upright in his chair. He thought of Dornthil's promise of reward to come. Was that reward? To be commended to some others who would also soon be watched? So that in turn he would be watched himself? So that the police some day would come into his barber shop?

Dornthil's friends did not know



Julius. They didn't know him yet. No man could harm him now but Dornthil, sitting spiritless and slovenly, scarce caring what would happen to himself, to anyone. The Party? Would the Party care if Julius died in jail? In filth? Julius was no longer safe. Nor was the shaving cup a thing most sacred to him now. Not even that was safe, but could be broken with their bad mistakes, like men.

"Where are you, Julius?"

"I'm here. I'm looking at the cup."

He was in back of Dornthil. Dornthil smoked his pipe, eyes forward, unsuspecting. Now, thought Julius, now! Julius put his hands to Dornthil's throat and used his fearful strength. The pipe came out of Dornthil's mouth. The ashes and the fire burned on his chest. And Dornthil's legs came up, as might a frog's. His hands scratched with decreasing strength at Julius's hand. Then moments later he could move no more.

Julius wet a cloth with soap and water and carefully washed the dead man's throat. He fixed him properly. He knew that no loud sound was made. He hopefully believed no one had seen him entering the house. He put the wet cloth in a pocket and the shaving mug inside of his alpaca coat. He went away from Axel Dornthil's house.

MISS BEEPS watched Harold Dunphy at the telephone. Harold had a way of leaning into conversations. "You mean it? Say now, what the hell—he's dead? No shavin' jug? It's gone? Now, listen, boys, you wouldn't want to shove a guy around? So what? So I'll be there. I tell you I'm not bargin' into anybody's case. I want to find out for myself. You bet. You bet your life. And fifty grand's not paper cups." Harold put the phone down. Harold was a man who'd not be pushed around by anyone. Not even by the F.B.I.

He said to Susan Beeps, "The guy is dead. And there's no mug. Dornthil was dead when they raided the place, a half an hour ago. He was strangled. They won't tell me any more. So I'm goin' up there and be a pest."

"Maybe they'll lock you up, too."

"Oh, they're all right. I know this agent-in-charge. A guy named Faber. Nice feller, too. It's just that nowadays the F.B.I. gives you a brush-off till they're through. You'd think nobody else knew anything."

"The nerve of them. You know so much more, don't you?"

"Oh, well. Now, look. It's eleven o'clock. I can get there in an hour or so. No, you can't come. You've got work to do. We're not married yet. An' don't flash that rock at me like that. The light's dazzling. When I think of the splash I could've made on Broadway with that dough. I'll see you later, baby." Harold threw a kiss. She watched him walking through the door. She thought that he was wonderful when he was play-

(Continued on page 46)



RELEASE

WHAT
AMERICA
IS

Reading

Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., is the author of *Youth Must Fly: Gliding and Soaring for America*, published by Harper & Brothers. The book presents a solution to America's problem of training quickly and well the man-power needed to fly the 185,000 new warplanes to be built in 1942 and for our commercial needs after the war. Al Williams, Aviation Editor of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, says this is "... a book that is sorely needed in the air education of our people." The author was a lieutenant commander in the Navy in the last war, and a leader for years in developing gliding and soaring interest and activity in America.

By Harry Hansen

JOHN STEINBECK'S new story, "The Moon Is Down", isn't long, but it's effective. It is really a play with the action filled in; this accounts for the brevity of the book. Also, it is Steinbeck's idea of courage in the war, and this is excellently presented. For here are invaders trying to overcome the spirit of a little conquered town, and they can't do it. They may shoot civilians, including

the mayor, but sabotage goes right on, because the spirit of freedom is unquenchable.

The title comes from a line in "Macbeth", when Banquo, preparing to retire in the fatal castle, asks "How goes the night, boy?" and Fleance replies, "The moon is down. I have not heard the cock." In that hour murder is afoot and the consequences are not yet clear. In the story a fifth columnist has just been of great help to the invader, but the commanding officer, Col. Lanser, prefers to keep Mayor Orden in office.

Orden is quiet-spoken, confused, unable to hold his people in check. He knows that he may die, but that others will come to avenge him. The colonel—he is never called a Nazi—is a middle-aged officer who went through the last war and isn't quite convinced that any good will come of this one, but he has his duty to do and will do it. The general outlines of the story are familiar—they have been in the news, and will make an effective play. The women's parts are only auxiliary. I wouldn't call
(Continued on page 53)

Hit and Run

By Stanley Frank

Nonsense and more nonsense, says Mr. Frank. Just step up and smack the ball.

THE time has come to expose fearlessly a great American delusion which is costing us a million work-hours a year and effecting pretty profound changes in the national temperament. The 'game of golf—itself a snare and a delusion—has spawned this fallacious, fuzzy thinking on the part of the citizens and it is tempering our fine, natural impulsiveness with indecision and idiotic evasions of forthright fact-facing. No good can come of it; certainly, no good golf.

The delusion: Concentration, careful study and long periods of intense soul-searching are necessary before making a golf shot. This, gentlemen, is nonsense. The secret of living long and hitting the silly pill for distance and accuracy is to step up briskly, eliminate all the waggling, wriggling and waiting, and belabor the ball. It may even travel in the vague, general direction you wistfully hoped it would go—and look at all the emotional wear and tear you spare yourself.

"Miss 'em quick!" was the exhortation George Duncan, the celebrated English professional, always gave his pupils. The foremost exponent of the hit-and-run school is Gene Sarazen, now playing his third decade of top-flight golf. When Sarazen is hot he doesn't even appear to look down the fairway or at the pin.

"Closing the eyes helps sometimes," he admits.

Sarazen and Duncan once played an important 18-hole match in less than two hours. Walter Hagen, who has made more money and has won more championships than any golfer who ever lived, is another gent who hits the ball first, then thinks about his shot. Quite often it is unnecessary for Hagen to clutter up his mind with any thinking at all. When The Haig was at his peak, his opponents did most of the deep thinking and The Haig did practically all the shooting and winning.

"The duffer usually gives himself away by the amount of time he takes before hitting the ball," Sarazen declares. "Seems as though he's afraid to swing and, looking at the results, maybe he's got something. Thinking doesn't help in golf. If it did, Einstein would be the Open champion every year."

Not all the big-name golfers are
(Continued on page 52)



ON THE morning of June 13, 1938 the warm, brilliant sunlight flooded into the high-ceilinged conference room in the League of Nations palace in Geneva, but the mood of the men seated around the long green-baize table was as black as pitch.

Representing twenty-seven different nations, they had made the annual journey to Geneva to attend a session of the Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs, an international body which, only a half-dozen years before, had shown a high promise of successfully wiping out one of the oldest curses of civilized mankind. After their first glance at the agenda, however, they had sat hushed, solemn, expectant with the taut nerves of men who hear the ticking of a time-bomb and already anticipate the full force of its detonation.

Only the Japanese representative—sly, quick-witted Eiji Amai, one-time chattering mouthpiece of the Tokyo Foreign Office—appeared nerveless, imperturbable, frigidly calm. Actually, he needed every ounce of composure at his command.

Slowly, fact by fact, with elaborate documentation, a case was unfolding that pointed toward only one ghastly, inescapable conclusion: Japan was the author and perpetrator of a far-reaching conspiracy to enslave the Orient and “soften up” the nations of the Western world with a new, horrifying, but remarkably effective weapon—dope.

JAPAN was the master-mind, the money-grasping financier, the hard-driving promoter behind a streamlined world traffic in illicit drugs.

Japan had seized the immensely profitable dope racket from the lazy, old-fashioned opium barons of India, Persia, Turkey and Greece, and had converted Manchuria into the new narcotics arsenal of the world.

Japanese soldiers were forcing Chinese peasants, at the point of a bayonet, to cultivate the opium poppy; Japanese bankers were importing huge quantities of higher-grade opium from Persia, shipping it aboard military transports flying the Japanese flag, thence overland in China by Japanese Army trucks, and releasing it in the custody of Japanese Army and consular officers.

Japanese narcotics factories on the mainland were converting this raw material into smoking opium, heroin and morphine, and flooding the illicit markets of the world with high-tension drugs.

The systematic doping of the populations of Manchuria and Japanese-controlled China was far advanced; and in independent China, according to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, “the opium pellets long preceded the lead bullets”.

Worse still, there was clear-cut evidence that Japanese narcotics were being smuggled into the countries of Europe and North and South America on an unprecedented scale.

JAPANESE Pipe Dream

By James Monahan



The wily Jap is the first belligerent in this war to find a new but effective weapon



Japanese heroin and opium dens in Hashidote Street in Tientsin, narcotic capital of the world.



An opium addict is examined in a Chinese free clinic, the first step in a general health rehabilitation plan.



Photographs by Paul Gullumette, Inc.

This young Chinese was captured in an occupied village. He had been turned into a Japanese slave by drugs.

Citing a single instance of 650 kilograms of Japanese heroin seized by U. S. Government agents on the Pacific coast, the U. S. representative, Stuart J. Fuller, declared, "This would amount to one hundred million grains of the adulterated product, enough to supply 10,000 addicts for a whole year—ten thousand of my countrymen held for a year in a slavery worse than death."

Now the avalanche of damning evidence was too much to be met merely by the slant-eyed amazement of the Nipponese representative; he arose to protest, deny, but admitted that he would have to "investigate" in order to produce evidence to refute the facts. The Chinese representative, Dr. Hoo Chi-tsai, offered to exhibit a documentary film showing the Japanese dope syndicate actually operating in Hankow. If that film were screened, declared Eiji Amau, Japan—so sorry—would be forced to withdraw officially from the conference.

Disgusted, having heard enough, the Committee placed the evidence on record and adjourned. What could be done about it? Nothing, at the time; except to urge Japan to abide by her agreements with civilized nations and help to curb the manufacture and distribution of pernicious, soul-destroying drugs. Courteous, wind-sucking Amau San promised to go home immediately and "investigate and report". Japan had her own ideas about these international agreements.

THESE disclosures in 1938 didn't create earth-rocking news. Generally, they didn't even get headline attention. Why? Well, in 1938 the world was still "at peace". Unfortunately, these facts—well documented as they were—still sounded too much like "atrocities stories" or "war propaganda". How many people were ready to believe that Japan was scheming to dope the world? Governments of other nations, possessing the full and sordid truth, could only indulge in head-shaking. In London, Lieutenant-Commander Reginald Fletcher told the whole story to the House of Commons and added this comment, "Pestilence and war historically go together, but it has remained for the Japanese to find a way of making pestilence pay for war."

But the screen of diplomatic privilege and courtesy which served to shield Japan from her critics and accusers was blown to bits in the savage attack on Pearl Harbor last December 7th. With these peacetime restrictions lifted for the duration of the war, persons in official positions were able to speak more freely, and the whole story of the incredible ten-year world cruise of the Japanese "dream boat" became clear for the first time, supported by documentary evidence from the files of the League of Nations (many of which are now in the United States), the Bureau of Narcotics of the U. S.



Thousands like this old man find their only escape in drugs.



Exterior of typical opium den in Occupied China, showing girl addicts.



An opium addict who will go to any extreme to obtain the drug.

Treasury Department (the one Government agency which consistently foiled Japan's efforts to flood the U. S. with habit-forming drugs), and such independent organizations as the Foreign Policy Association and the Institute of Pacific Relations.

"We in the Treasury Department have been in a war against Japanese narcotics policy and practices for more than ten years," says Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger, chief of the Bureau of Narcotics. "We have experienced Pearl Harbors many times in the nature of dangerous drugs which were meant to poison the blood of the American people.

"The Treasury Department's Coast Guard for years has trailed Japanese vessels into and out of Honolulu and Pacific Coast ports to prevent dope cargoes from being thrown over the sides of vessels to smugglers. In reply to our demands that the traffic be suppressed we got only bland expressions and futile answers.

"The Japanese Concession in Tientsin had become the heroin center of China proper and of the world, and it was from here that not only the Chinese race but all other countries of the world were being weakened and debauched. We should not be far short

of the mark if we said that 90 percent of all the illicit 'white drugs' of the world are of Japanese origin, manufactured in the Japanese Concession of Tientsin, around Tientsin, in and around Dairen, or in other cities of Manchuria, Jehol and occupied China, and this always by Japanese or under Japanese supervision.

"We attacked the Japanese opium policy year after year in the Opium Advisory Committee at Geneva. Nearly all members of that Committee, representing twenty-seven nations, were of the opinion that Japan's aggressive dope-spreading policy was as definite an instrument of national policy as her military aggression."

HISTORICALLY, the background, origin and development of the Japanese dope racket have become matters of record.

Drug addiction has been a scourge of mankind, and one of the most difficult social problems of the civilized world, for more than 2,000 years. It began when the ancient Assyrian and Babylonian physicians discovered that the sticky brown juice obtained from the heart of the white poppy would kill pain. It became

acute just as soon as the first patients learned that this poppy-juice—opium—also offered an escape from reality into the realm of fantastic dreams. Thus, long ago, opium-smoking became the vice of weak-willed humans, and of unfortunates who were introduced to the deceptive magic of the poppy by accident or design, and who soon found themselves enslaved by a habit from which it was difficult to escape.

Strangely enough, and contrary to popular belief, opium smoking and cultivation of the opium poppy were virtually unknown in China until the 17th Century when the habit was introduced by white traders; then opium addiction became a problem in China until it was solved by the stern measures of the Government between 1906 and 1917. In the meantime, however, modern chemists of the Western world had discovered two more effective derivatives of opium—morphine and heroin. Generally, the drug addicts of the Orient, content with the slow but vicious magic of their opium-pipes, were spared the ravages of these "high-tension" drugs until they were introduced by Japan on a large scale in Manchuria after 1931.



Photographs by Paul Guillumette, Inc.

The poor, helpless and hopeless Chinese under Japanese rule find escape in the drugs which Japan so willingly supplies.

When, in that year, Japan began the conquest of Manchuria with the so-called "Mukden Incident", the observant Japanese generals were impressed by two significant facts. The opium-smoking troops in the Manchurian armies were the first to drop their guns and surrender or flee. In Mukden, the dope addicts among the civilian population were always the least troublesome and most tractable elements.

The drug addict cannot live without his daily dope ration—he suffers the tortures of the damned without it, and he will make any sacrifice, go to any extreme, commit any crime in order to satisfy his craving. Dopesters do not have to be conquered or enslaved: robbed of will-power, weakened morally—"people without souls", some authorities call them—they are already the creatures of a dominating force. The hand that holds the drug supply is their unquestioned master.

Here, then, was a potential military weapon for the weakening and subjugation of civilian populations, and the Japanese military seized upon it avidly.

The first reports of what was happening in Manchuria reached Geneva

in 1932, and filtered through to the outside world—almost in the nature of "horror stories"—shortly thereafter. The Japanese Imperial Army had taken matters into its own hands. Where anti-opium laws existed they were arbitrarily suspended. Peasants were forced to convert their lands to the cultivation of the opium-poppy; and when some of them stubbornly refused, the military government introduced a new type of tax law: henceforth taxes were payable in the form of so much raw opium per acre of land. The peasant either raised opium or he lost his land—for he found himself unable to pay his taxes!

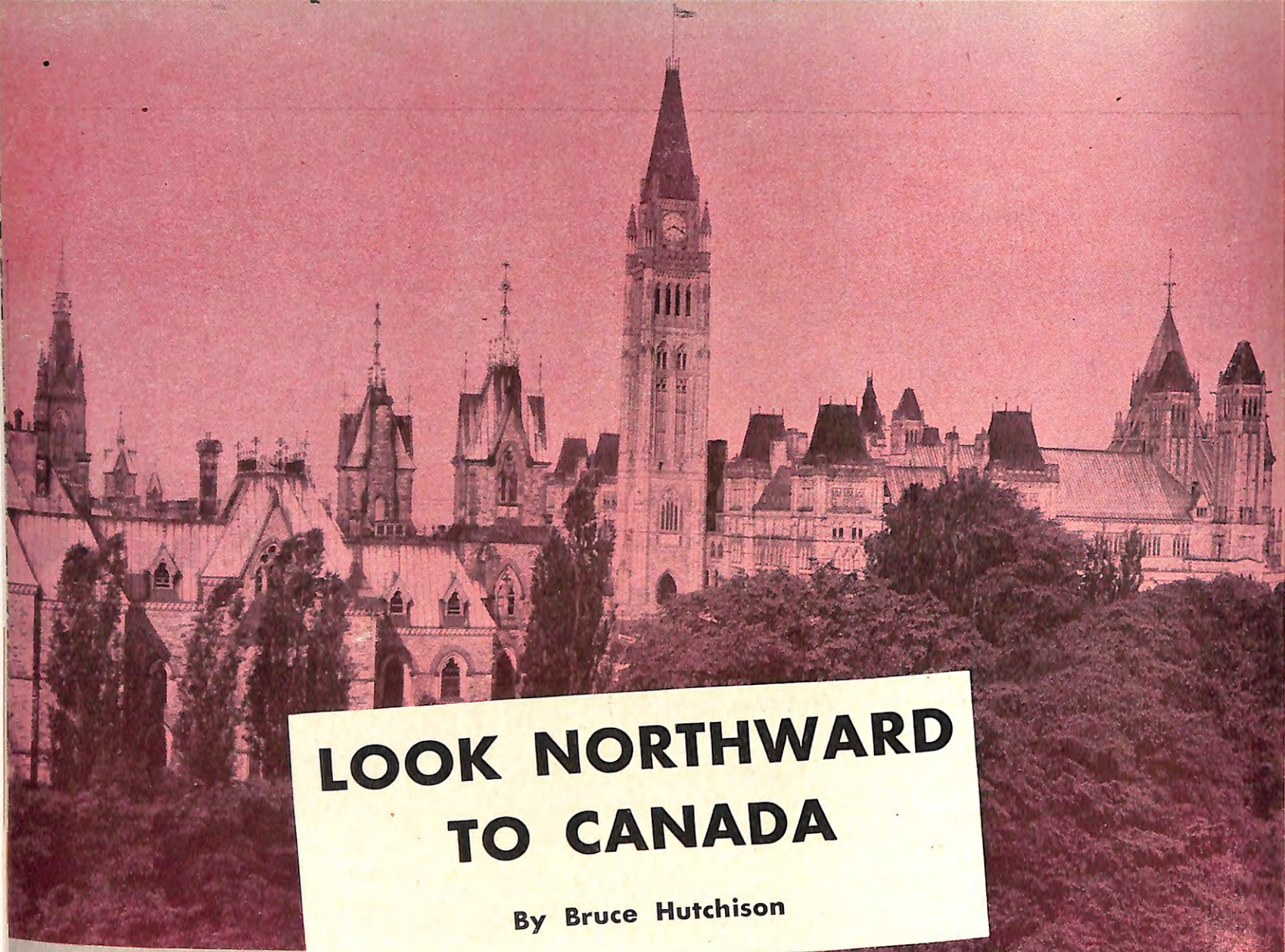
During 1931-32 the Imperial Army developed the production and sale of opium not only as a military weapon but as a highly profitable racket. The people of Manchuria literally paid in cash for their own subjugation to the opium habit. But opium-addiction moved too slowly; the Japanese generals knew that there were quicker acting, more rapidly habit-forming drugs to which the opium-smoker turns avidly and for which he will pay a higher price.

Factories were opened in Harbin and Dairen for the conversion of raw

opium into morphine and heroin. Hordes of Korean dope-peddlers were imported to operate the smoking dives which operated openly in the Japanese-controlled territory, and the street corner and market place "drug stores" which soon outnumbered the rice shops by three to one. A new brand of cigarettes, cheaper than the lowest-priced Chinese and Japanese brands, and loaded with heroin, appeared on the market. Peddlers passed out "free samples", and drug addiction spread like wildfire. Even the most rebellious elements were "pacified" within a few months' time.

The Imperial Army report concerning the drug situation in Manchuria created an inner-council sensation in Tokyo. There were, of course, conservative elements in the government who saw that the army was playing with moral dynamite, and that Japan's reputation among world powers would suffer. But the army clique in Tokyo was by no means the only one that sensed the military and economic possibilities of the illicit drug trade and wished to see it developed and widely extended under Japanese auspices.

(Continued on page 42)



LOOK NORTHWARD TO CANADA

By Bruce Hutchison

**Spring makes Canada, an already beautiful
land, almost irresistible country for travel**

Photo by Canadian National Railways.

Bruce Hutchison is the author of "The Unknown Country", a book about Canada which has been accepted by many reviewers in his own country and in the United States as the most vivid picture of the Canadian people ever written.

ON A day like this in Spring the heart of Canada suddenly starts to beat faster, after the long numbness of the winter. From one coast to the other you feel the bustle of a cold country just thawed out. And what an upsurge of fierce energy it is, of excitement, color and the stuff of human hope—the common bustle of Spring, known to all men, but here peculiarly Canadian, unlike Spring anywhere else, and varied enough in Canada's vast sweep to provide a separate Spring-time for a dozen ordinary countries.

Today, I think, I should like to travel across Canada between sunrise and sunset and see the Canadian Spring whole, at one glance, before it changes overnight into summer. Set me down, then, on the shore of Nova Scotia, in a narrow cove, where the little fishermen's houses cling to the sea rock, glistening with white paint, like dice tossed carelessly beside the beach.

The air will be full of the sound of calking hammers and the bawl of Spring lambs and the cluck of chickens. On the beach the little fishing boats are being made ready for sea, the calking will be streaming in the wind and the hammers will be pushing it into the seams. There will be Scotsmen wielding the hammers if the cove is up Antigonish way, or men of German and Dutch blood near Lunenburg, or Acadian French

The great towers of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Ontario

by Metaghan, but they will all wear the same sea look, they will have the same Nova Scotian blue noses and the hard crust of a race which has long wrung a living out of little valleys and windy fishing banks.

On every beach today the boats will be drawn up, and beside them the litter of the newly-painted lobster buoys amid a beautiful smell of paint and putty and seaweed and fish. Not far off, on the beach edge, the sheep will be grazing with the new lambs at their side, and in the streets of the Acadian village the patient oxen (for there are no horses here) will be pulling carts today instead of the bobsleds of the winter. On the

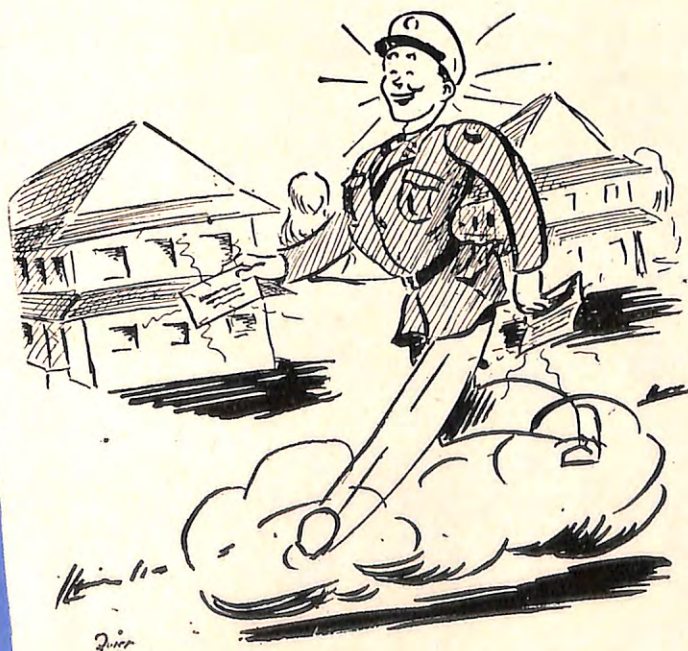
(Continued on page 49)

The War Commission's "WRITE 'EM A LETTER" Program

Reproduced on this page are two cartoons which are characteristic of a series which soon will appear in many of the leading daily and weekly newspapers throughout the country. The cartoons in the series are the work of enlisted men in the Army and Navy and have been assembled from camps and bases wherever our armed forces are stationed. Their appearance in newspapers is designed to crystallize in the public mind the need for frequent communication between the home and the front.

The War Commission is confident that the program, which has the sanction and approval of the War Department, will have a far-reaching effect upon the morale of not only our armed forces, but their families and friends back home.

Let us lead the way to results in this campaign—"WRITE 'EM A LETTER" NOW!



"All we want to know is how soon can you
bring out mail!"

They're in the Army Now

Marshall Davis has spent many weeks in army camps making sketches of our men in training. The saying, "One picture is worth a hundred words", is proven by drawings which reflect keen observation. Each tells a story. His work is most frequently seen in The Elks Magazine as illustrations.

The nine sketches on these pages are sold as postcards at many army camps.



Howdy!



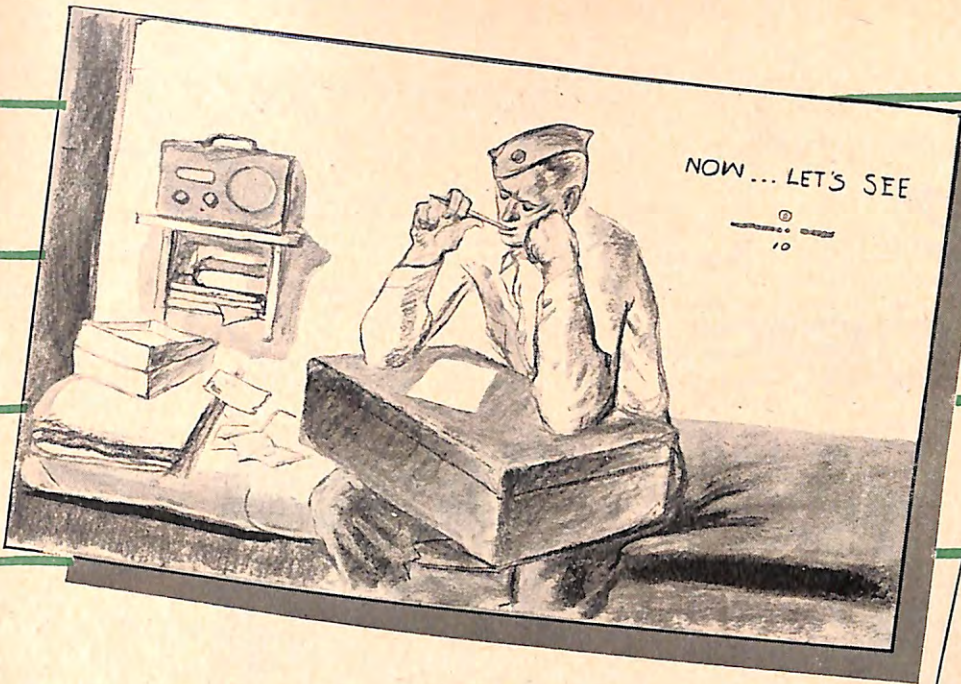
CHOW HOUND



THE SHORT SHEET



I'M NOT KICK'N



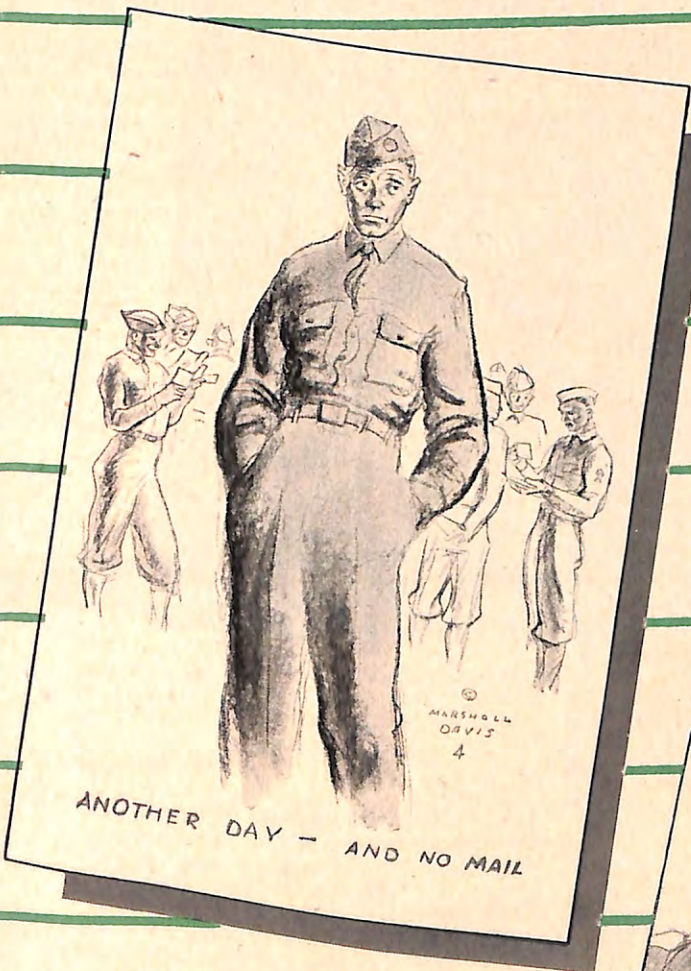
NOW... LET'S SEE

© MARSHALL DAVIS
10



© MARSHALL DAVIS

"I'M IN
THE ARMY NOW!"



© MARSHALL
DAVIS
4

ANOTHER DAY - AND NO MAIL



© MARSHALL
DAVIS

HOME WUZ NEVER LIKE THIS



© MARSHALL
DAVIS

HUT! - TEW - THREE - FOUR

In the DOGHOUSE



Photo by Ylla from Rapho

with Ed Faust

**Off the beaten path with Ed Faust for
a ramble through facts and figures**

TO SEE A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, your reporter wouldn't go any farther than you could toss a Baldwin locomotive—with one exception: the dog Daisy. Daisy happens to be a "he" and you may have seen him in the "Blondie" moving pictures series. He also played in "The Women". Columbia Pictures holds his contract and so far he's made more than \$40,000 for his owner. . . . **WHEN A PURP**

MAKES THE GRADE in Hollywood the lucky master draws from \$125 to \$200 a week and, if the dog is an exceptional performer, his salary check may reach \$400, which certainly isn't hay for man or beast. . . .

IN THE OLD DAYS it was a cinch for the trainer to direct his dog during the filming of a scene but when the talkies came in, Fido had to be re-educated to respond to hand-sig-

nals. Wouldn't do to have Dora Darling's dulcet "I do" scrambled with the commands of the dog's Boss. . . . **IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED**, here's how some of the human flicker favorites line up for dogs: Joan Bennett's choice is a cocker spaniel; Olivia de Havilland's, the Russian wolfhound. Tim Holt says, "Make mine a Dobermann pinscher." Jane Frazee elects a wire-haired terrier. Errol Flynn and Robert Taylor respectively lean toward a schnauzer and a boxer, while a giant Newfoundland is the special pet of the Humphrey Bogarts. . . .

DOG OWNERSHIP among the deaf and dumb is not very widespread. The reason—it's harder to teach a dog to obey hand-signals than verbal commands. But Carl Spitz, famous
(Continued on page 55)

H-H, baby, am I excited! I haven't had so much fun since. . . . Now don't interrupt me like that. I know I'm late for supper, but you needn't get all unraveled just because the roast is dried up a little bit. It's still meat, isn't it? Besides, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse, anyway.

So you've a little surprise for me, eh? Well, that's dandy. But forget it for a minute, will you? Papa's got a little surprise of his own to spring on you. Now look, dear, you know what we're going to do? Well, we're going to take that \$100 birthday check your Uncle Abner sent you and buy us a smallbore rifle shooting outfit.

Why, darling! Your language! I'd never believe such sour words ever could come out of such a sweet face! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Cursing and swearing like that. It certainly beats hell where the modern woman learns such words. What do you mean, "constant association"? I don't use language like that. Hardly ever, that is. Anyway, there was no reason to get so huffy. All I said was. . . . Listen, will you? Can't I even get one word in edgeways? All I did was make a perfectly reasonable statement and with that you fly off the handle and say, "The hell with rifles, I'm buying a golf outfit." That's no way for a respectable woman to talk.

Well, suppose it is your birthday check from Uncle Abner. Are you going to be selfish and spend the whole blinking century on yourself? What kind of a wife are you, anyway? Spend all that money on a lot of shiny sticks!

I'm not unreasonable. Golf is an expensive game. For one thing, you've got to buy a whole slew of gadgets—drivers and putters, not to mention a leather dings to carry 'em in. That runs into money fast. Then there are other things like balls and divots to buy. Why, with this rubber shortage you'd probably have to pay \$5 for golf balls alone. And that divot replacement thing adds up, too. Two or three games and zip go all your divots.

Now in smallbore rifle shooting all you need is a couple of boxes of .22 long rifles and you're all set. Less than a dollar for a day's sport. Imagine that! Inexpensive, eh?

What do you mean "It's too late"? Let me give you the dope on this smallbore thing and then maybe you'll listen to reason. Besides, it's all part of the home defense effort. People must know how to shoot these days. You see, baby, it's like this:—

I started home from the office this afternoon and who do you suppose I ran into? Who? Mahatma. . . . What was that name again, dear? Mahatma Gandhi? No, no. Don't be silly. No, it was Joe Harris. Good old Joe, in person. Well, where do you suppose Joe was going when I met him? "Into a saloon!" Now listen, hon, lay off the catty cracks for a minute, will you? Besides, I didn't ask you to guess *where* I met him. I

**If you want to be one of the big boys
and play with a rifle, don't tell your wife.**

asked you to guess where he was going. All right, we'll let it pass. Anyway, Joe was on his way out to his rifle club and he asked me to go along.

Angel, you could have knocked me over with an income tax blank when we got out there. Talk about a slick little clubhouse! Lockers and everything! And along the back wall of the main room there's the cleverest arrangement of little trapdoors you

ever saw. You know what they're for? They're . . . what was that? "So the muggs can make a quick getaway in case the joint is raided!" Heh, heh, heh! Quite a wit, aren't you? No, honey, the boys use the little trapdoors to shoot through. Yeah, that's it. The loopholes face the targets so if it's cold or wet outside they can pop away from the shelter of a

(Continued on page 51)

Rod AND Gun

By Ray Trullinger



YOUNG Mr. James Dale was cursing in a steady stream of words which should have blistered his tongue. But he couldn't really let loose when he had to keep it all under his breath because he was surrounded by half the people in New York all trying to get into one small subway car.

Mr. Dale was cursing the crowd that pushed and battered him, he was cursing the teeming rain which had made his brand-new hat feel like a sponge-bag on his head; but above all he was cursing the six other so-and-so's who lived with him.

On sunnier days Mr. Dale had been wont to speak of his roommates as "New York's Finest". Now the words filled him with a faint nausea. Mr. Dale had carefully hand-picked his partners in domesticity with an eye to background, breeding, amiability—and above all, disposition.

How was he to suspect the homicidal mania which gripped each and every one of them at the sight of an umbrella in any shape or form?

Seven umbrellas, he thought bitterly, black ones, gray ones, blue ones—enough for all, enough to last a moderate man half a lifetime—and all of them with more holes to the square inch than a collander. And each of them he, Mr. James Dale, had personally deposited in Mr. Max Gnsbaum's "Anything Fixed" shop to be patched, vulcanized, crocheted or whatever you did to sick umbrellas. So it had to rain today when he had no umbrella.

Mr. Dale hadn't the least idea what rage was doing to his features until he caught the girl staring at him with a very real apprehension.

He managed a shamefaced smile which cost him an effort, and felt a totally unexpected thrill of pleasure when she smiled back.

Not bad, Mr. Dale thought, not bad. He was wedged in too tightly to lift his hat, so he nodded as warmly as he could over the heads of the people separating them.

The girl turned her head to stare out of the window, which pleased Mr. Dale, for the care he exercised in selecting a roommate was thoughtless as a butterfly on the wind compared to the perfection for which he sought in a member of the opposite sex.

After a moment he thought with faint annoyance: What on earth could she see out there that's so fascinating?

At that moment the train jerked and groaned to a stop and the car in a few seconds was partially emptied. There were seats available, and by dint of nice timing and the adroitness of long practice, Mr. Dale found himself sitting beside the young lady as the train got under way and the dingy lights of the station flashed kaleidoscopically by them.

From the corner of his eye he confirmed his first impression: Excellent taste in hats, a broad high brow, eyes of a mystifying blue, short straight nose, the right shade of lipstick on a God-given mouth, and the whole framed by a wealth of really

fine auburn hair.

Excellent, thought Mr. Dale.

Her mouth lifted in a smile and Mr. Dale mentally rubbed his hands. He turned over in his mind various opening gambits and decided on a simple dignified, "Good morning" followed by, "It's a *beastly* day, isn't it?" delivered with just the right shade of intimate camaraderie.

Taking a deep breath he turned toward her and opened his mouth.

At that precise instant, with a practiced gesture, the girl flipped open her newspaper in such a manner that if it had been made of firmer stuff it might well have spoiled Mr. Dale's best feature, his fine, aristocratic nose.

He found himself staring at newspaper which was blurred and distorted so close to his eyes—and then he gave an excellent imitation of a man pretending to remember something which he had forgotten.

And then, suddenly, he wondered if it *had* been a rebuff. Perhaps the girl hadn't seen him turn. Perhaps, with the vagueness of most subway travelers, she wasn't even aware that he sat next to her. It could be, thought Mr. Dale, it could be.

He wondered about it all the way to 42nd Street without nerving himself to try again, and when the train stopped he was the first one off, heading for a little-used exit which would bring him to the street.

He had passed through theturnstile before something prompted him to turn his head. He felt a sudden warmth as he saw the girl hurrying after him. Ah, he thought, I was right. She didn't know.

It came to him that it would be something new in his experience to

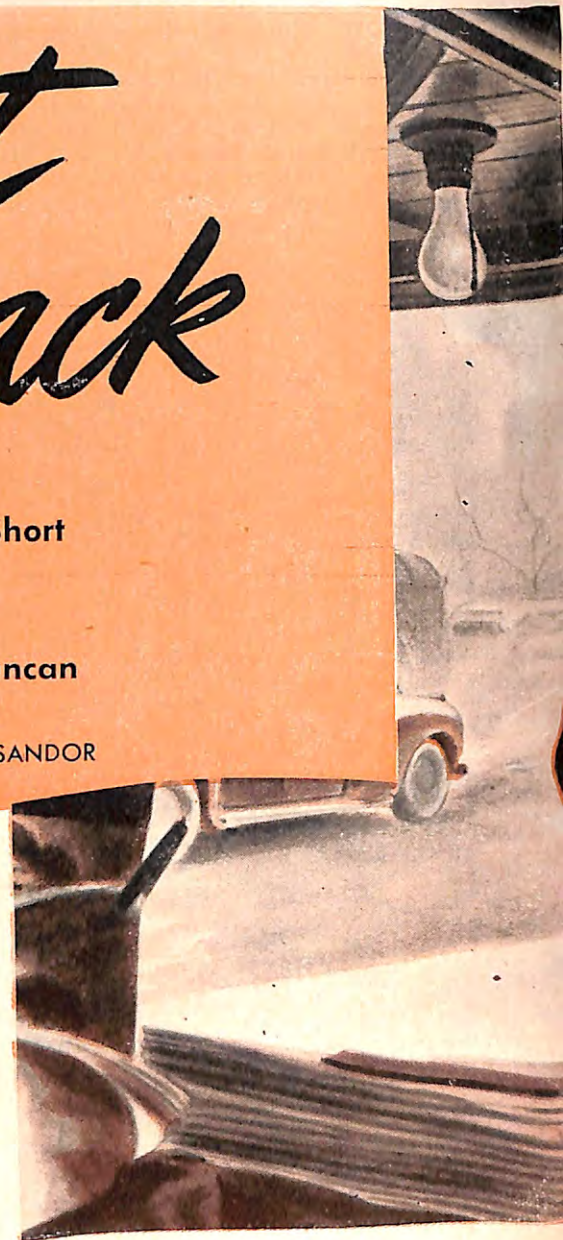
Wet Smack

A Short Short

by

James Duncan

Illustrated by SANDOR



be the accosted, so he slowed his steps and with magnificent nonchalance proceeded toward the stairway.

He heard her steps behind him and then her hand was on his arm. He allowed a nice mixture of surprise and pleasure to meld on his face as he turned.

"Pardon me," she said. "There must be some mistake."

Hum, he thought, her voice is a touch too high . . . and only then did he really hear what she was saying.

"I think you have taken my umbrella."

He looked where she was pointing and saw hanging on his arm a black umbrella, not too large, not too small—but serviceable like his own.

Without a word Mr. Dale detached the thing from his arm, thrust it at her, and fled.

THROUGHOUT the day at Lacy's Department Store, Mr. Dale tried honestly not to abuse his Olympian authority as Section Manager. He found it impossible not to brood on his humiliation of the morning. Sup-



"Pardon me," she said, "there must be some mistake."

pose one of his friends had seen the whole thing. Toward evening he had decided to make a gay and amusing little story of it. He was listening to himself tell it to a select group and savoring their laughter, when it was called to his attention by his chief that he had made an abysmal mistake in his sales checks.

This caused some delay in his departure for the day and as a consequence he had to run madly through the teeming rain in order to collect the seven umbrellas before Mr. Ginsbaum's shop closed its doors.

He breasted the wave of steaming humanity in the subway in a condition bordering on exhaustion, severely handicapped by his umbrellas which persisted in stabbing all who ventured near him.

He was thankful to the captious fate which provided him a seat. He had settled back with a sigh of relief when he saw her.

For an instant Mr. Dale felt dismayed. His eyes darted from side to side, searching for the seat she might take. And then with an abrupt about face he determined to

take command of the situation.

He got to his feet, his face stern and composed, and with a manly gesture, held the crowd so that she could slip past and take his seat.

He accepted her smiling nod of thanks with a small dignified bow and went into a deep perusal of the subway ads along the side of the car.

Yet for the life of him he couldn't keep from glancing at her from time to time. Twice she was looking at him. There was a queer expression about her eyes. The third time he could have sworn that she was about to speak to him and he quickly averted his own eyes. The last time he looked, as he was nearing his station, she was smiling a secret smile.

He couldn't make it out and it was with a beginning relief that he saw his station swim into view.

As usual he was the first one out and heading for the stairs well ahead of the crowd.

And then—he heard those footsteps. He'd know them in the midst of a stampede of elephants.

Suddenly a great light burst over Mr. Dale. Of course! The girl was

coming after him to apologize. He hadn't *meant* to take her umbrella.

She would say she was sorry, and then . . . Mr. Dale felt a slow pleasant warmth begin to creep over him. He would turn to her with a charming smile and say, "If you could only know how glad I am that it all happened." He'd take her arm, not tightly but diffidently. Perhaps after they had walked a block or so he might say, "I know a charming spot in Gramercy Park. Perhaps you'd care for a cup of tea?" And then he'd laugh softly, conspiratorially, "Or should I suggest a cocktail?"

He let his steps get slower. It seemed to take her an age to catch up. Then she was walking beside him. He didn't look down, just sauntered on, eyes fixed on nothing.

She made a small sound and he risked a quick glance at her.

Her eyes were fixed on the umbrellas under his arm—all seven of them, sticking out like a pincushion. She looked up at him and her hand went quickly to her mouth.

"Goodness," she said. "You *must* have had a busy day!"



A Change of Policy

IT IS difficult, in fact impossible, these days to plan for the future with assurance that the adopted plan can be complied with. Affairs are changing rapidly from day to day. What seems wise today is clearly unwise in the light of tomorrow's developments. We therefore make no apology for having changed our policy with reference to the publication of war items sent to us by the various lodges of our Order.

Such items have taken on a new and different significance since we got into this war, and in the future will be published within the limits of available space. That the war activities of every lodge may be published, we request that they be given expression in well chosen words direct to the point, eliminating extraneous and incidental matters and comment. Such items are of general and special interest at this time and will receive preferential consideration.

Let 'Em Roll

SPORTS as well as many other things have a way of traveling in circles. In the early days of the present century bowling was very popular. Many lodges of our Order building homes in those days considered bowling alleys a necessary attraction for members. Gradually this healthful and invigorating amusement lost its charm and for no apparent reason. Many bowling alleys were ripped up and



the space occupied by them devoted to some other use. Gradually the sport has been returning to popularity, and now bowling alleys are again in demand.

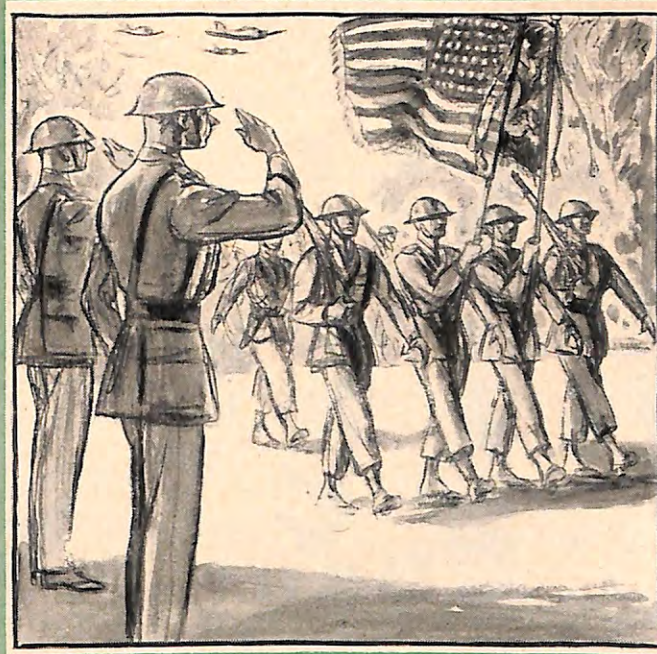
Many lodges have bowling teams and they are engaging in inter-lodge contests, which is not only creating interest in the membership but is resulting in a better fraternal feeling among the lodges. Recently a lodge in a western state challenged a sister lodge in a distant state to a telegraphic bowling contest and thus the interest is spreading. The expense of sending bowling teams long distances would be considerable and frequently prohibitive, but telegraphic contests it would seem might solve this difficulty.

National contests are suggested but have not been accepted as practical on account of the expense involved. The Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities might well give some thought to this growing activity and perhaps could work out some plan generally acceptable to those who have taken an interest in this sport, which appeals to women as well as to men. Some women have become good bowlers and are challenging the men to contests in which they frequently come out victorious. It is a character builder as well as a muscle builder and should be encouraged. Bowling-on-the-green has never caught on in this country, to any considerable extent. It is interesting and is unexcelled as outdoor exercise but bowling on maple alleys is an indoor game and during the winter months has become very popular.

A Model Family

A RECENT issue of the *Ladies Home Journal* carried an article in its series, "How America Lives", of general interest to all and of special interest to every Elk. It is a photographically illustrated sketch of A. C. Pfeiffer and his family consisting of his frugal and charming wife, Gladys, and their children, four boys and one girl. Mr. Pfeiffer, who for no known reason responds to the name Chod, is an enthusiastic member of Durango, Colorado, Elks

Editorial



drawings by Wallace Morgan

Lodge, No. 507. A social event given by his lodge was the initiation of his courtship which resulted in a happy marriage.

Chod now and for many years has been top assistant yardmaster of the D. & R. G. Ry. at Durango. As such he draws a very modest salary which, however, with the economies planned by his wife has provided them a pleasant home and sufficient funds for their family needs, with enough additional for some recreation and entertainment. The boys are all athletically inclined and are being taught to hunt and fish and generally to engage in invigorating outdoor exercises. The daughter, youngest of the children, is being reared to a life of usefulness and probably some day will follow in the footsteps of her mother by becoming a schoolma'am. What Chod and Gladys have accomplished with their limited means is indeed worthy to be noted as an incentive to others.

Merely Suggestive

IT IS said of Philip of Macedon that he commanded one of his servants in his audience room to remind him each day that he was not all wise and all powerful by saying to him, "Philip, remember that thou art mortal."

Many mistakes made by our public men might be avoided by a similar reminder communicated to them each day. This could be accomplished readily through the agency of the radio and at little or no expense. The substitution of this reminder for some of the advertising propaganda carried over the air might be productive of great good and also afford relief to the listening public. We suggest it as well worth trying. Many public officials at times seem to forget that they are not immortal and that it is possible for them to make mistakes.

The Order's War Council

CHANGING the meeting place of the Grand Lodge from Portland, Oregon, to Omaha, Nebraska, may be construed by some as indicating that it will not be an

important session. The contrary is true. The coming session is of transcendent importance and every lodge should be represented, not only in compliance with Grand Lodge law but in response to the patriotism of our great Order. The change was made in part due to the importance of the session and to insure a larger attendance than probably would have resulted had the change not been made from a coastal city to one more centrally located and the cost and time of travel thereby reduced.

War councils are being called and held in these perilous days and the July session of the Grand Lodge is the war council of our Order. There will be determined what we can do to be of assistance in winning the conflict in which all America is now engaged. All matters relating to the Order's war work will be considered. Then there is the report of our War Commission which is sure to be of great interest and importance. It is not unlikely that Grand Lodge laws will be amended and supplemented in some respects due to developments since the last session of the Grand Lodge. It is impossible to forecast in detail the important business which will be submitted for consideration and approval or disapproval. Developments will largely control and no one can foresee what they may be. Certain it is that this session will be one of the most important ever held by the Grand Lodge and every subordinate lodge should not only be represented but should make its influence felt in shaping the policy which will be the guide to us as representatives of a great patriotic Order for our future course during the trying days which unquestionably lie ahead.

Then there is the usual business to be transacted, such as the election of officers for the ensuing year, the choice of city for the next session, the consideration of reports of officers and committees which will be of greater importance than ordinarily is the case. It will be a busy session devoted almost exclusively to business, but time will be found to enjoy the hospitality of the city of Omaha and of the splendid Elks of Nebraska's capital city.



Left: Among its principal educational assets, Omaha lists Creighton University, a Jesuit institution founded in 1878. Creighton ranks high among the nation's universities.

THE GRAND LODGE *Convention*

JULY 13-17, 1942, will be days of destiny in the annals of Elksdom. The very fact that war-time conditions necessitated a change of Convention City from Portland, Oregon, to Omaha foretells the character and serious nature of this first war Convention since the historic session at Atlantic City in 1918.

Gone—until we shall have again established the rights of free people throughout the world—will be some of the symbols of jollity which, in peaceful years, have dominated our annual meetings. In their place will shine the bright spangles of our Patriotism.

For these are serious times. And it is but in keeping with conditions that we should dispense with many of the highlights which have marked the social side of Conventions in the past. Omaha, the runner-up city in the bidding for the 1942 Convention, stands ready to welcome and entertain the thousands of Elks who, this year even more so than in the past, will recognize their obligation to attend the Grand Lodge Sessions. This great hub city of the Middle West is to be congratulated for its most hospitable invitation to our Order.

Many of our Brothers who meet again in July will be reminded of the Conventions at Boston in 1917 and at Atlantic City in 1918. Then, as now, business was the order of the day—the business of rallying our own forces in a finish fight to preserve our fundamental freedoms. At Boston, the Grand Lodge, after a rousing patriotic demonstration, appointed a War Relief Commission which immediately took steps to erect, equip and operate two of the finest base hospitals in France and to build the famous Reconstruction Hospital at Boston. At Atlantic City a year later, as our forces in

France fought the great battles of Cantigny, St. Mihiel and Belleau Wood, our Order was again in the forefront through its continued efforts in behalf of war sufferers.

Again this year, after 23 years of peace during which our Order has continued its never-ending program of serving humanity unselfishly, service to our government, our armed forces and our own members who may be experiencing the acuteness of war will be the keynote of the Convention. The war program of the Grand Exalted Ruler and plans of the War Commission will occupy much of the time of the Grand Lodge. And with matters of such far-reaching importance to be brought before the Convention it behooves every subordinate lodge to send its delegation to Omaha.

The Grand Parade at Omaha will be divested of some of its usual splendor. In the place of gaily decorated floats, military organizations will lend a martial air. Bands will play, but their music will be keyed to the spirit of the times. Other "good time" features may be less prominent, but in their stead there will be activities in which Patriotism, not gaiety, will be the motif. Recreation, yes! For Omaha provides much in that field. Good fellowship, of course! For what meeting of Elks could fail to provide for the traditional heartiness and good cheer which are part and parcel of our credo? But withal, a sense of responsibility on the part of our Order for the problems which face our country will be the keynote of our 1942 Convention.

Start now, Brother Elks, to plan to take your part in what must certainly be one of the most important Grand Lodge Sessions in the great and glorious history of our Order. Be in Omaha July 13th to 17th!

Omaha, the Convention City

" 'D like to live in Omaha!"

Citizens of that city will tell you that such expressions will be commonplace when the Elks Annual Grand Lodge Convention gets under way July 13.

As a convention city, Omaha is ideal; it offers a remarkable combination of accessibility, central location and modern hotel and auditorium facilities, in addition to a friendliness famed from coast to coast.

Omaha hotel accommodations are excellent, yet rates are extremely moderate.

Key city in America's richest agricultural empire, Omaha is located in the heart of the Nation. It is easily reached by rail, air or highway. The fourth largest rail center, Omaha is the hub of ten mainline roads. It is on one of the four coast-to-coast airlines and a major stop for one running from Canada to the Gulf. Omaha is the focal point in a network of modern highways.

One of its greatest assets is that typical western hospitality for which it is nationally known.

Omaha is a pleasing blend of business, industry and agriculture. It makes more butter than any other city. It is a leading grain market and milling center—the natural channel through which the great mass of western agricultural products flows.

Products of Omaha's 275 manufacturing plants average \$200,000,000 in value annually. It is the home of one of the world's largest lead refineries. Omaha-made products are used the country over. Fifty-four foreign countries use ice machines which are made in Omaha.

Omaha is a city of beautiful homes, schools, parks and churches. Its 55 public elementary and five public high schools represent an investment of about \$15,000,000. It has more than 200 churches and missions. Its parks and golf courses are favorite recreation spots.

Omaha is easy to reach because of its splendid transportation facilities. But Convention delegates will tell you that its warmth of western hospitality makes Omaha "a city hard to leave".

Delegates attending this year's Elks Grand Lodge Convention July 13 to 17 in Omaha are invited to visit the Union Pacific Historical Museum, among the many other sites of interest. The Museum contains one of

the most complete exhibits of its kind in the Middle West. The hundreds of pieces on display present an intensely interesting and authentic record of the settling of the West.

Fontenelle Forest is a rare treat for city folk. The largest tract of unbroken native forest in Nebraska, it has more species of bird life than any other single locality in the country. Comprising more than 1,800 acres, it remains today as it was in the days when Red Men built their signal fires on the bluffs high above the broad Missouri. Named for the famed Indian chief, Logan Fontenelle, legend has it that his ghost may be seen roaming the rolling hills on moonlit summer nights.

Omaha's Joslyn Memorial Art Museum will be a favorite spot for delegates attending the Convention.

Per capita, it is the country's second most popular art center and houses a wealth of notable permanent and guest exhibits. This majestic structure, two blocks long and a block wide, is modern Egyptian in type and has no windows to mar the broad expanse of marble.

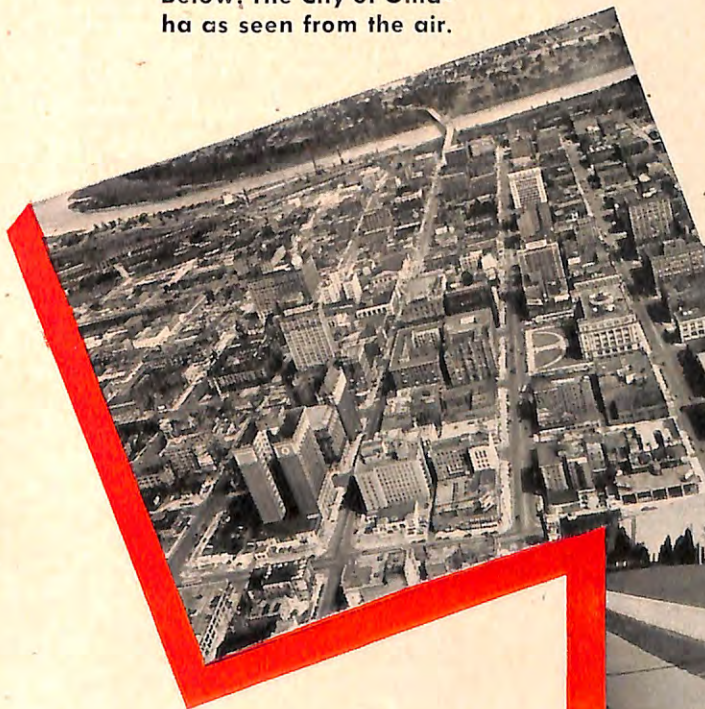
A year-round cultural program of plays, lectures and concerts, plus art treasures in ten galleries attract thousands annually.

Of national interest, and particularly of interest to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is Boys Town, Father Flanagan's internationally famous boys' home, located just ten miles west of Omaha. Called the "City of Little Men", Boys Town is the subject of two films starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney.

Boys Town is an incorporated village. It has its own post office; city officials, elected by and from the boys; a municipal court—in fact, everything that a regular town has, except a jail. Father Flanagan says, "There is no such thing as a bad boy." Cases of discipline are handled by the boys' court, and penalties are restricted privileges and added duties.

These and many other features make Omaha an ideal convention city.

Below: The City of Omaha as seen from the air.



Below: Center of Omaha's cultural life is the beautiful Joslyn Memorial, America's second most popular art museum in attendance.



Above: A typical Nebraska countryside is this panorama of rolling farm land, golden grain and sleek cattle.



Above: Commissioner Oscar Hewitt congratulates Chicago, Ill., Elks for their part in the city-wide war salvaging campaign.

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Disburses Huge Sum at Meeting

In one of the most outstanding "open house" meetings in its history, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, a few weeks ago disbursed the record-breaking sum of \$95,550 for the Nation's defense and for the upkeep of charity and community welfare in its County. Religious leaders of all faiths, city and county officials and a large group of lodge members and officers were present at the ceremonies which were presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 878.

The largest check, for \$50,000, went for the purchase of United States Defense Bonds, but probably the most outstanding contribution to the County's welfare was the presentation of a Drinker-Collins Iron Lung to each of the nine hospitals in Queens County. The nine respirators, which were received by the Superintendents of the hospitals to which they were presented, are the new type Duplex Lungs which permit the hospitals to take care of two children at any one time should this become necessary.

A wartime gift was a check for \$10,000 for the relief of families of Elks in the armed forces, and an additional \$2,500 was made available for the purchase of cigarettes, tobacco and other gifts for men from the county now serving in the armed forces of our nation. Checks for \$1,000 each were presented to the Protestant, Jewish and

Above, left: Lynn Stambaugh, National Commander of the American Legion; his aide, Jack Williams; Floyd Harpence, State Commander and member of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, and John Tomlinson, E.R. of Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge, are shown at a joint Elks and Legion patriotic banquet held at Chillicothe recently.

Left: Governor Coke Stevenson, of Texas, left, is shown receiving the congratulations of Governor Leon C. Phillips of Oklahoma on the occasion of the initiation of the "Coke Stevenson Class" of 100 candidates into Houston, Tex., Lodge.



Right: Officials of Danville, Pa., Lodge are shown at the time the Secretary presented to the Trustees the Lodge's purchase of a \$10,000 War Bond.

Below, right: Governor Colgate W. Darden is shown with members of Norfolk, Va., Lodge at a meeting held recently in his honor.

Catholic Charities of the County and to the American Red Cross.

A contribution of \$5,000 was made to the Elks National War Fund and additional gifts in varying amounts were made to the Greater New York Fund, the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts campaign, the Y.W.C.A. and other local welfare and child service leagues. The lodge set aside \$12,000 for Christmas Dinner Baskets and will continue its annual Orphan's Day expenditures, as well as a \$2,000 annual rental of the Elks' room at St. John's Hospital.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge Initiates a Record Class

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, increased its membership materially when E.R. Harold J. Curry, and his officers initiated a class of 98 candidates. With 22 additional applicants approved, the lodge more than fulfilled its campaign promise of 100 new members at the conclusion of the drive. E. J. Downs, captain of the winning membership team, was presented with an Elk charm by Ed K. Williamson, leader of the losing team. D.D. John J. Albiez, of Union Lodge, in whose honor the class was named and initiated, was the principal speaker.

Refreshments were served after the ceremonies and entertainment was presented by musicians and vaudeville performers from Philadelphia. Among the 350 Elks present were visiting members from Easton and Bangor, Pa., and representatives of the 16 lodges of the New Jersey, Central, District, including all of the Past District Deputies. State Pres. August F. Greiner, of Perth

Right are members of the Examining Board who passed on the 700-odd candidates of the U. S. Army Air Corps in the home of Minot, N. D., Lodge, in the program sponsored by the Minot Elks War Commission.

Below is P.D.D. L. L. Anderson with the Secretary and Exalted Ruler of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, surrounded by officers, shown as they burned the mortgage on Cocoa Lodge's home.



Amboy, State Vice-Pres. Claude E. Herbert, Asbury Park, Past State Pres.'s John H. Cose, Plainfield, Charles Wibi-ralski, Perth Amboy, Nicholas Albano, Newark, and George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, D.D.'s John H. Killeen, Weehawken, and Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair, and William J. Leslie, senior P.E.R. of Phillipsburg Lodge and one of the oldest members of the order, were among the distinguished New Jersey Elks in attendance.

Colorado Springs Lodge Burns the Mortgage on Its Magnificent Home

Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 309, burned the mortgage on its home some weeks ago. Ceremonies were held in celebration of the event which closely followed the final payment on the indebtedness against the building, one of the finest in the city. Exalted Ruler John T. Daughaday presided. Charter member W. Arthur Perkins set fire to





Above are members who attended the Old Timers' and Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Appleton, Wis., Lodge.

Right are Lodge officers and members of Leominster, Mass., Lodge's Flying Cadet Class.



the mortgage and also reviewed the early history of the lodge. A formal address was delivered by the Mayor of Colorado Springs, George G. Birdsall, a member of No. 309. An entertainment program was presented after the ceremonies and refreshments were served. The lodge is in an excellent financial condition. It is entirely free of debt and has a sizable trust fund for charitable purposes.

On January 21, 1903, the cornerstone of the new \$120,000 home was laid. It was an occasion looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by the membership of nearly 1,000. The presiding officer at the ceremonies was Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland who afterward became Grand Exalted Ruler and is at present Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission. The building was completed and occupied the same year.

Thomas Reid, P.E.R. of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, Dies in Illinois

Thomas R. Reid, the first Exalted Ruler of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, a Past District Deputy and a Past President of the State Elks Association, passed away at Shawneetown, Ill., on March 19. He had been a member of El Reno Lodge for more than 40 years and was one of its organizers, holding Card No. 3.

Mr. Reid was a prominent attorney of El Reno in the pioneer days. About 35 years ago, he returned to Illinois where his boyhood had been spent. He entered the ministry and became an outstanding Presbyterian preacher. Mr. Reid kept in close touch with his home lodge and his frequent visits to Oklahoma will be missed by members of the Order in every part of the State.

Old Timers of Boise, Idaho, Lodge Are Fêted at Meeting

Members of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, for 20 years or more were entertained by the younger members of the lodge not long ago. More than 300 Elks,

Above, right: Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Lakeland, Fla., Lodge who officiated at the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

mostly old timers, attended the reception and meeting. Boise Lodge, 47 years old, has but four charter members on the active list, one of whom, E. J. Frawley, was present.

A skit, portraying the lodge and its first officers in session, was presented. Mr. Frawley was awarded a prize as the oldest member in terms of membership years; E. W. Little received the prize given the youngest old timer present.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Honors State Pres. Warner at a Dinner-Meeting

Wilbur G. Warner of Lehighton, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, when the lodge initiated its "I Am an American Class". The ritualistic ceremonies were in charge of E.R. Arthur J. Frey, D.D. John S. Brobst, of Allentown, State Vice-Pres. K. L. Shirk, Lancaster,



Right are those who took part in a Minstrel Show staged by the members of Reading, Pa., Lodge for the entertainment of the patients of local hospitals.





P.D.D. G. Russell Bender, of Pottstown Lodge, and Mr. Warner were speakers.

The minstrel show, staged by members of Reading Lodge under the auspices of the Boosters' Club, was a complete sell-out at each of the performances. The show was presented afterwards for the entertainment of patients at the Berks County and State Tuberculosis Sanatoriums and inmates of the County Prison. A performance was also scheduled to be given for Pottstown, Pa., Lodge.

Four Pennsylvania Lodges Cooperate Successfully

Four lodges in Pennsylvania, Rochester, Ambridge, Coraopolis and Woodlawn (Aliquippa), have been closely associated for several years. As the "R.A.C.A.", they began with one lodge entertaining the other three. The custom was socially successful and also of great benefit in lodge problems. Two of the lodges had lost their homes; the other two were in financial difficulties. At the present time, all have larger memberships and money in the bank.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1942

Association	City	Date
Oklahoma	Sapulpa	May 9-10
Alabama	Florence	May 10-11-12
North Carolina	Winston-Salem	May 15-16-17-18
Kansas	Salina	May 16-17-18
Georgia	Gainesville	May 17-18-19
Arizona	Bisbee	May 21-22-23
Illinois	Rockford	May 22-23-24
West Virginia	Morgantown	May 24-25-26
Texas	Corpus Christi	May 28-29-30
North Dakota	Fargo	May 31, June 1-2
New Jersey	Elizabeth	June *
Idaho	Boise	June 4-5-6
New York	Niagara Falls	June 4-5-6
Utah	Provo	June 5-6
Wyoming	Cody	June 5-6
South Dakota	Madison	June 7-8
Indiana	Fort Wayne	June 6-7-8-9
Kentucky	Ashland	June 7-8-9
Minnesota	Winona	June 13-14
Nebraska	Kearney	June 13-14-15
Iowa	Pontiac	June 13-14-15
Michigan	St. Louis	June 18-19-20-21
Washington	Walla Walla	June 18-19-20
Montana	Butte	July 2-3-4
Wisconsin	Ashland	Aug. 13-14-15
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 23 to 28
Pennsylvania	Erie	Aug. 24-25-26-27
Colorado	Grand Junction	Sept. 4-5-6
California	Fresno	Sept. 24-25-26

*Date not yet set.

Above are members of a large class of candidates recently initiated into State College, Pa., Lodge.

Rochester and Woodlawn Lodges have remodeled their homes. Coraopolis Lodge has built an addition to its building and Ambridge Lodge has acquired new quarters. At the monthly meeting, a small charge is made and the money goes into the annual Family Picnic Fund. Dinner is served and there is a floor show and dancing. During the lodge session the ladies play cards.

Elks War Commission of Minot, N. D., Sponsors Unique Program

More than 70 candidates for the United States Army Air Corps passed the examinations held March 10 in the home of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, as a result of the work done by the Minot Elks War Commission. About 225 men from all parts of North Dakota participated, and some came from Montana and South Dakota. Special arrangements were necessary to bring the air corps examining board from Minneapolis, Minn., for the occasion, as no other examinations of the type were scheduled for North Dakota. Many of the lodges chartered buses to transport their candidates to Minot.

Due to the close cooperation of P.E.R.'s Robert W. Palda, head of the State Commission, and T. J. McGrath, head of the Elks Commission of No.

Left are speakers and prominent guests present at a testimonial dinner tendered the state championship Bulkeley School Football Team by New London, Conn., Lodge.

Below are those who were present at the first annual banquet of Cut Bank, Mont., Lodge. Approximately 350 people attended.





Left is a photograph taken during the burning of the bond of indebtedness on the home of Bowling Green, Ky., Lodge.



Below, left: John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, accepts the final payment of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge's subscription to the Foundation from P.E.R. Charles T. Durell.

1089, W. E. Balsukot, Secretary of Minot Lodge, and heads of the war commissions of the other lodges of the State, the examinations were entirely successful. The physical examinations were conducted in the lodge home, while the mental tests were given in the high school. The candidates who passed the examinations were recommended by the Board for enlistment in the Air Corps and for appointment as Air Corps Cadets. Minot Lodge served meals for the candidates during the noon hour and in the evening without charge.

Initiation at Houston, Tex., Lodge Honors Governor Coke Stevenson

One of the greatest subordinate lodge gatherings ever assembled in the southwest attended the initiation of a special class of 100 candidates honoring Governor Coke Stevenson of Texas, held recently in the home of Houston Lodge No. 151. More than 900 Elks were present. In addition to Governor Stevenson, for whom the class was named, the meeting was attended by P.E.R. Leon C. Phillips of Bristow Lodge, Governor

of Oklahoma, Federal Judge James V. Allred, of Houston Lodge, a former Governor of Texas, and Gene Autry, screen and radio star. More than 150 visitors came from all parts of Texas, some from as far distant as Amarillo which is some 700 miles from Houston. The meeting was preceded by a concert by the Houston Elks Ranger Band followed by a special number given by the 100 members of the colorful Elkadette Corps sponsored by No. 151.

Eighty-four of the candidates were initiated into Houston Lodge and 16 into the new Tri-Cities, Tex., Lodge, No. 1649. Addresses were delivered by Governor Stevenson, Governor Phillips and Judge Allred. Approximately 500 ladies were entertained at a party in the club rooms during the lodge session which was followed by a barbecue supper.

Apollo, Pa., Lodge Gives a Banquet on Old Timers Night

Old Timers of Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386, were honored recently at a banquet served in the lodge hall by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Two hundred and fifteen members attended.

P.D.D. W. C. Kipp, introduced by E.R. Leonard F. Mangus who presided, was the Toastmaster. Appropriate speeches and singing added to the pleasure of the evening and a floor show was presented.

Gulfport, Miss., Lodge Initiates a Class at Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge

During the past few months, Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge, No. 977, has taken in a large number of young members. Since its organization in 1905, the lodge has held hundreds of initiations, but never one more appreciated and enjoyed by members and candidates than that conducted on March 10 of this year



Left: Elk officials and part of the "Flying Cadet Refresher Class" sponsored by Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge.

Below is a photograph of the Lewistown, Mont., Lodge Band, which actively participates in the "send-off" given to every man leaving that area to join our armed forces.





Above is the famous Glee Club of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge which broadcasts its concerts regularly.

by Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978. The visiting officers were letter perfect in their impressive exemplification of the Ritual.

The Gulfport team journeyed approximately 350 miles to perform the ceremonies. After the meeting a barbecue supper was served.

Gov. Colgate Darden Is Honored By His Home Lodge, Norfolk, Va.

Shortly after his election to the highest office in the State of Virginia, Governor Colgate W. Darden, Jr., was tendered a banquet by his lodge, Norfolk, Va., No. 38. More than 400 members of the Order attended the banquet and the lodge meeting at which E.R. Llewelyn S. Richardson presided. P.E.R. O. W. Story, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was Toastmaster at the banquet.

During the meeting Mr. Darden was presented with a gold key to the front door of the lodge home, which he declared he would cherish always as a symbol of fraternal friendship and good wishes.

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, Inaugurates Salvage Campaign

A drive to collect rags, paper, rubber and all kinds of metal scrap from Elks and their friends was inaugurated some time ago by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. Trucks for semi-weekly calls were provided by three business houses, the collected materials to be massed in a warehouse, then sold and the pro-

At right is the cast of a Minstrel Show which was part of the 52nd Anniversary celebration of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge.

Below: Members of a large class of candidates of Huron, S. D., Lodge are photographed with the Lodge officers.

ceeds given to the American Red Cross and kindred organizations. The entire city has been zoned. Mayor Edward J. Kelly is the honorary chairman of the Salvage Committee. The campaign was launched at ceremonies in front of the City Hall. Mayor Kelly was represented by Oscar Hewitt, the War Production Board by Ben Regan, and Chicago Lodge by E.R. Judge Joseph Burke and Herman O. Roberts, Chairman of the Drive.

A weekly noonday Elks Luncheon Club meets every Wednesday. Discussion of business is limited to suggestions for the good of the Order.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Presents a Resuscitator to Fire Department

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, has presented the Holyoke Fire Department with a new resuscitator. The presentation ceremonies were conducted by a delegation from the lodge headed by E.R. Dr. Joseph A. Starzyk and including P. J. Cadigan, Chairman of the

Board of Trustees, Inner Guard Theodore C. Kedzierski and Horace Honey, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee which raised the money for the purchase. The resuscitator is a combined respirator, inhalator and aspirator and can be operated by one person.

Polish Night was held by Holyoke Lodge in February and Irish Night on March 17. For each event the menu and entertainment were selected in keeping with the occasion.

North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Its Service Flag

North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860, dedicated a service flag on March 6 in honor of nine of its members who were in the U. S. armed forces at that time. The flag bore nine stars symbolizing their service, but the addition of 20 more in the near future was expected.

The ceremony was held in the lobby of the lodge home, with E.R. J. O. Duffney presiding. To charter member Michael Niland was given the honor of pulling the red, white and blue cord which unfurled the flag. Mr. Niland has four sons in the service, three of whom





Above is the Camden, N. J., Elks Band which entertained delegates to the New Jersey Elks quarterly meeting held at their Lodge recently.



Left: Members of Kendallville, Ind., Lodge burn the \$40,000 mortgage on the Lodge home.

are members of No. 860. A silk service flag bearing four stars was presented to Mr. Niland for his own home by William Ramsey, chairman of the local draft board, acting on behalf of North Tonawanda Lodge of which he is himself a member. The Reverend Clarence L. Braun, Honorary Chaplain of No. 860, was a speaker, and P.E.R. Roy C. Glawf was in charge of arrangements. A social hour followed the exercises.

Wapakoneta, O., Elks Entertain Many Guests at Baseball Dinner

More than 300 local members and visiting Elks from nearby lodges attended a baseball banquet given by Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170. P.D.D. Harry Kahn was Toastmaster; E.R. Carl A. Abe presided.

Waite Hoyt, Cincinnati sports announcer, former pitcher of the New

York Yankees, headed an array of league stars of other days, several of whom accompanied a delegation of Elks from Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, headed by J. R. Lear who was once a resident of Wapakoneta. Attorney Walter S. Jackson, of Lima, and the Reverend Father Michael Hinssen, Catholic Chaplain at the National Military Home at Dayton, spoke on Americanism. Waite Hoyt, the principal speaker, was joined in a quiz program by Pie Traynor, former national league third sacker.

Elks and Legionnaires Sponsor an Americanism Banquet at Chillicothe

A banquet and a patriotic meeting, sponsored by Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52, and Ross County Post 62, honoring Lynn U. Stambaugh, National Commander of the American Legion, and a member of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, was attended by more than 300 Elks and Legionnaires and their guests. State leaders of both organizations participated.

Mr. Stambaugh delivered a stirring patriotic address. National Vice-Commander Charles Boothe, State Com-



Left are the Past Exalted Rulers of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge who were honored recently on the Lodge's 36th Anniversary.

Below are 24 of 30 aviation cadets sponsored by Frederick, Md., Lodge at a dinner given by the Lodge in their honor.





mander Floyd Hartpence and District Commander Gus Boop, of Portsmouth, also spoke. Russell Batteiger, Secretary of Chillicothe Lodge and Pres. of the Ohio P.E.R.'s Assn., and John Six, Commander of Post 62, arranged the affair. The Elks Chorus and the Columbus American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps played several marches.

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge Sponsors Program Stressing Safe Bicycling

Sponsored by Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, Bicycle Safety Day was a great success. More than 500 turned out for a safety program held on the public square, bringing their bicycles with them. Boys and girls from all parts of the city were there, and bicycles of all brands and colors were arranged in rows on a section of the street which had been roped off.

Scouts of Troop 23 and members of the police department supervised the meeting. E.R. H. J. Raley, city defense coordinator, explained the purpose of the meeting over a loud-speaker hookup from the courthouse steps. Police Commissioner Elmer Gibbons and Chief of Police Walter Jackson also addressed the gathering. Both promised the police department's cooperation in supervising the registration of bicycles and the handling of cases that might come up later involving problems relating to bicycles and traffic.

Patriotic Activities Predominate At Leominster, Mass., Lodge

At a meeting held on Past Exalted Rulers Night by Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, it was announced that the Trustees had purchased an additional \$5,000 worth of defense bonds, bringing the total to \$13,000. The goal was set for \$25,000. Sponsorship of a

Above is a group of northern Indiana and southern Michigan Elks at a banquet held by Kendallville, Ind., Lodge.

Leominster Lodge Night at the USO Building at Shirley for the soldiers at Fort Devens was voted that evening. The Exalted Ruler's Chair was occupied at the meeting by District Deputy J. Henry Goguen. Francis Lynch, Exalted Ruler of the lodge, is serving the Government in Puerto Rico. A gift was presented to Lieutenant Mercier, the first member of Leominster Lodge called to service in the armed forces of the United States.

A dinner was given the next week for the eleven Flying Cadets, sponsored by No. 1237, and their parents. Captain Robert S. Fogg, pioneer New England aviator, on leave of absence as Chief of the Seaplane Unit of the Civil Aeronautics Administration to serve on the Army Aviation Cadet Board, was the speaker. The Captain presented a film, "Wings of Steel", depicting the life of an aviation cadet from the beginning of his training until the time he is commissioned.

Orange, N. J., Lodge Observes Past Exalted Rulers Night

Fourteen Past Exalted Rulers of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, occupied the Chairs and acted as Grand Lodge officers at the meeting held by the lodge on Past Exalted Rulers Night. Among the many distinguished New Jersey Elks in attendance were Henry A. Guenther, Newark, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, August F. Greiner, Perth Amboy, Pres.,

and Lambert C. Schoof, Bloomfield, Vice-Pres., of the N. J. State Elks Assn., D.D. Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair, Past State Pres. Charles Wibiral-ski, Perth Amboy, Past State Vice-Pres.'s Floyd W. Tredway, Boonton, and James H. Driscoll, Orange, and P.D.D. Andrew F. Polite, Madison.

The meeting was one of the largest held by the lodge in a number of years. As Past District Deputy, P.E.R. William J. McCormack installed the Exalted Ruler of Orange Lodge, Charles F. Werner. During the 52 years of his membership, Mr. Werner has rendered faithful and devoted service. He was Chaplain of Orange Lodge for a quarter of a century.

Below are those who attended the banquet held during the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Assn. at Camden.

Progress of Danville, Pa., Lodge Is Reflected in Its Activities

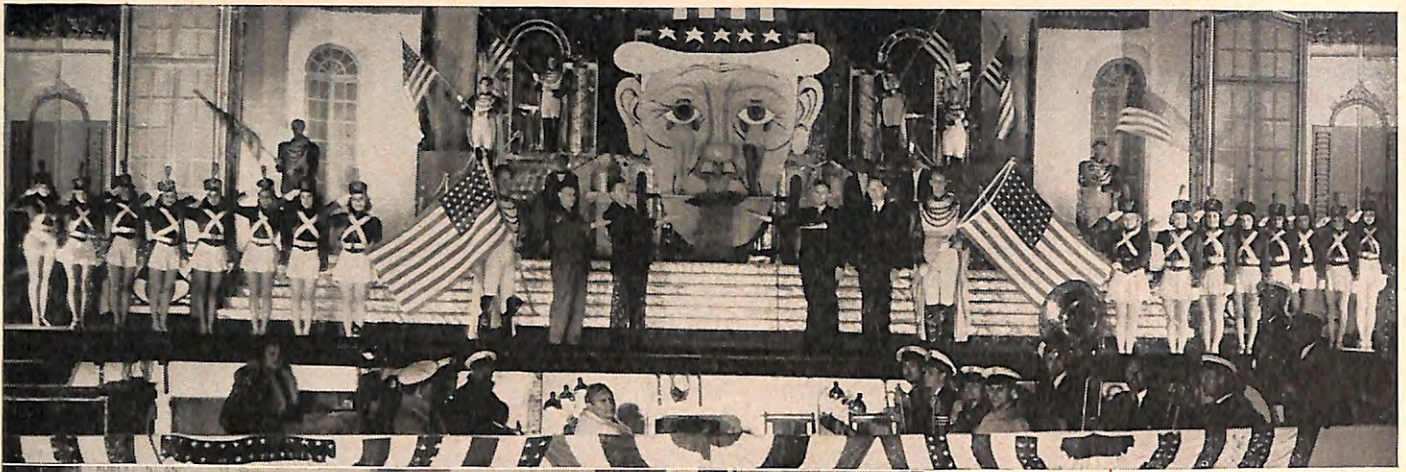
During the past several years, Danville, Pa., Lodge, No. 754, has enjoyed tremendous progress. Not only has the mortgage on the fine new home of the lodge been burned, but purchase has been made of the Montgomery Home next door at a cost of \$7,500. The lodge presented the building, the oldest in the city, to the County of Montour to be used as a shrine under the direction of the County Historical Society.

The present membership is the largest in years. The lodge has contributed heavily to the American Red Cross and the Crippled Children's Clinic. It sponsors a Flying Cadet squad which will be named for Danville Lodge.

Elks Victory Carnival at Greeley, Colo., Aids War and Charity Funds

Twenty-four hundred tickets with four admissions each were sold for the three-night charity Victory Carnival held some weeks ago by Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809. Net proceeds, amount-





Above is a scene from a patriotic show held in Tampa, Fla., in which the local Elks participated.



Left are shown prominent members of North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge at the dedication of the Lodge's "Service Flag".

fied Army Air Corps representatives. Among the several speakers were Mayor W. J. Tonkin and Robert Jackson, Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission. Splendid publicity aided the Elks in their campaign. The local radio station, theatre and newspapers cooperated wholeheartedly.

ing to approximately \$2,000, will be used for the lodge's war service and its charity and community welfare work during the present year.

On the night preceding the first public performance, a preview was held at a well attended inter-lodge meeting. Increased facilities for handling large crowds in comfort and safety have been installed during the past few years by the House Committee, headed by Chairman Arthur E. Paugh. The Carnival was staged in the lodge hall; the ballroom was reserved for dancing.

Success Attends Patriotic Campaign Staged by Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge

A month-old drive for United States Army Flying Cadet applicants, staged by Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, in cooperation with the Army Recruiting Service, culminated with an organization rally held in the lodge room. The occasion afforded an opportunity for the many local young men who had expressed interest in this important branch of the service to obtain first-hand information from quali-

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Institutes a Campaign for Huge Supply of Plasma

Responding to the plea made by the American Red Cross, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, through its Emergency Defense Committee, is engaged in enlisting an army of blood donors for the American Red Cross Service. In its weekly bulletin an appeal is made to members, their families and friends, subject to health examinations, for voluntary donations. Men and women between the ages of 21 and 60 are requested to send in their applications. The Committee is at their service and any doubtful points are explained at the lodge home or at the home of the volunteer.

The plan was introduced to the lodge by P.E.R. Jack N. Cooper. The call for large supplies of plasma is more urgent than ever before.

Left: Members of Clifton Forge, Va., Lodge purchase \$4,000 worth of U. S. War Bonds.

Below: Photographed with the Lodge officers is a large class of candidates recently initiated into Shreveport, La., Lodge.





Above are Elk and Army officials pictured at the patriotic booth in the Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge home as part of the Lodge's successful campaign for "Flying Cadet" recruits.

Right: Sixteen young men, sponsored by Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, are sworn in as Aviation Cadets.



EXECUTIVE ORDER

WHEREAS, Agana (Guam) Lodge, No. 1281, and Manila (Philippine Islands) Lodge, No. 761, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, are located in territories which are temporarily in the possession and control of the enemy; and

WHEREAS, members of Agana and Manila Lodges, residing on the mainland and elsewhere, and desiring to continue their membership in good standing in the Order, are deprived of normal means of communication with their respective Lodges;

THEREFORE, I, John S. McClelland, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, do hereby authorize the Grand Secretary to receive from such members of Agana and Manila Lodges payments of dues in such amounts as would have been payable to their respective Lodges, and to issue to them membership cards for the appropriate period;

PROVIDED, that the sums so paid to the Grand Secretary, less the amount of Grand Lodge dues, shall be held by the Grand Secretary in trust for the account of the respective Lodges;

PROVIDED FURTHER, that members accepting the privilege afforded them by this Executive Order shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the Lodge of the Order in the community, or nearest the community, in which they reside.

THIS EXECUTIVE ORDER shall be effective as of February 1, 1942, and shall continue in full force and effect for the duration of the war in which the United States is now engaged.

John S. McClelland

Grand Exalted Ruler, B. P. O. ELKS

ATTEST:

J. E. Masters

Grand Secretary.

Meeting Is Held at Waycross, Ga., To Welcome Aviation Cadet Board

At a recent meeting of the National Defense Committee of Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, arranged by C. W. Deming, Exec. Secy., and presided over by P.E.R. R. Sam Monroe, Chairman of the Committee, members of the Aviation Cadet Board were presented to a large gathering of public officials and civic

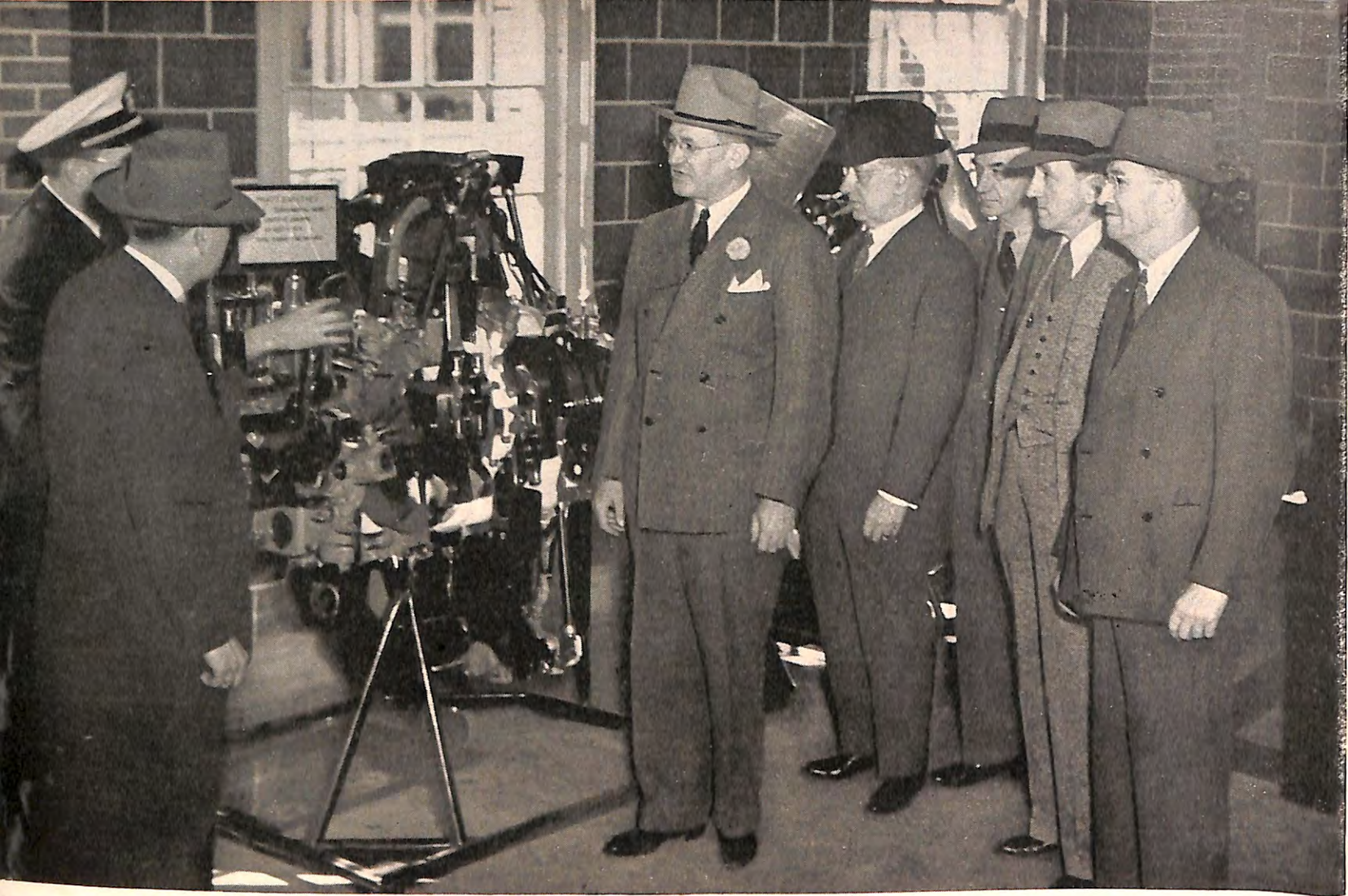
workers of the city and county. The meeting was held on the eve of the formal launching of the Board's activities, an office having been opened in the post office at Waycross, one of the few key cities in the Southeast where Aviation Cadet offices have been established.

The chair officers of Waycross Lodge were hosts to the officers of the Board at a chicken dinner. Exalted Ruler Walter Thomas presided.



Above, right, are pictured the Past Exalted Rulers of Longview, Wash., Lodge and a class of candidates they recently initiated into the Order.

Right are Elk officials who attended a dinner in honor of the Past Exalted Rulers of Mandan, N. D., Lodge. Among those pictured is Gov. John Moses of North Dakota.



Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland is photographed with other dignitaries of the Order at the U. S. Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Fla.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



UPON his arrival in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the morning of February 10, Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland was met at the station by a delegation headed by F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and escorted to his suite of rooms in the William Penn Hotel. During the day, which was spent in conference with leading Elks of the State, Judge McClelland was the guest of the Pennsylvania Southwest District Elks Association. The Grand Exalted Ruler and other distinguished Grand Lodge officers present, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., and Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla., J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va., were tendered a reception at 6:30 p.m. in the spacious ballroom of the hotel, after which they attended the annual banquet given by the Pennsylvania Southwest District Association, also held at the William Penn Hotel. Seated at the speakers' table with the Grand Exalted Ruler and the above named distinguished Elks were the President of the Southwest District Association, W. C. Westcoat, of Brownsville Lodge, D.D. Ross S. Wilson, Braddock, State Pres. Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh, Past State

Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Florida Elk officials are pictured at Wakulla Springs, Fla., recently.

Pres.'s John F. Nugent, Braddock, Max L. Lindheimer and Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, E. L. Davis, Berwick, and F. J. Schrader, State Trustees Thomas Z. Minehart, Chambersburg, and Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville, and State Vice-Pres. Kenelm L. Shirk, Lancaster. Also present were D.D.'s John F. Wilson, Johnstown, Clark H. Buell, New Castle, Frank D. Croop, Berwick, and Herman A. Earley, Harrisburg. Mrs. Warner, wife of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, attended with Mr. Warner. More than 1,300 Elks and their ladies were present. Past President Schrader was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements; Past President Nugent was Toastmaster. The addresses of welcome were made by Mr. Westcoat, President of the Southwest District Association, and Mr. Warner, President of the State Elks Association. Inspiring talks were made by Mr. Tener, Mr. Masters and Mr. Grakelow. The Grand Exalted Ruler set forth the program of the Order and recalled the great work performed by the Elks during the first world war. On behalf of the Southwest District Association, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow presented Judge McClelland with two U. S. defense bonds, one for Mrs. McClelland and one for himself. At the conclusion of the banquet, tables were removed and the floor was cleared for dancing.

The next afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Mrs. Warner, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer George M. McLean and Chair-

Right are Judge McClelland and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters during their visit to Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge.

Below are those who attended the dinner given by the Southwest District Pennsylvania Elks in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Many Grand Lodge officers were present.

man of the Board of Grand Trustees J. Ford Zietlow, were met at the Bay Station in Boston, Mass., by a large delegation headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, Arthur J. Harty, Winchester, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., E.R. John H. Howard, of Boston Lodge No. 10, Chairman of the Reception Committee, D. D. Patrick J. Foley, of Boston Lodge, and Past State Pres. Michael H. McCarron, Woburn, and escorted to their rooms in the Copley-Plaza Hotel, where Judge McClelland held conferences with his District Deputies from Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine. At six p.m. a reception was held by the Massachusetts State Elks Association in the ballroom of the hotel, and the visiting Grand Lodge officers were introduced to members of the Order and their ladies. Afterward more than 600 Elks and ladies were guests at a dinner given by the State Association in celebration of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to the State of Massachusetts. Toastmaster John E. Fenton, P.E.R. of Lawrence Lodge No. 65, presided. The invocation was given by P.E.R. John A.

O'Brien, Chaplain of Cambridge Lodge No. 839. At the speakers' table with Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and his party were, in addition to the members of the welcoming delegation heretofore mentioned, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, and Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, John E. Mullen, of Providence, R. I., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Dwight Stevens, Portland, Me., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Edward H. Lutsky, of Marlborough, Mass., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., and the Honorable Leverett Saltonstall, of Newton Lodge, Governor of Massachusetts. Also present at the reception and dinner were the District Deputies of Massachusetts, Edward A. Coffey, Salem Lodge, P. J. Foley, Boston, J. Henry Goguen, Leominster, and Ormsby L. Court, Somerville, and D.D.'s Gordon W. Drew, Augusta, Me., and Dominic F. Flory, Rutland, Vt. Governor Saltonstall delivered the address of welcome



on behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and State President Harty welcomed the visitors and guests, speaking for the State Association. Introduced by the Toastmaster, Judge McClelland spoke eloquently on patriotic and fraternal subjects. In his opening remarks, he praised highly the contributions rendered the Order by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission. At the conclusion of his address Judge McClelland was presented by Past State Pres. Daniel J. Honan, of Winthrop Lodge, with a gift from the Massachusetts State Elks Association, a leather billfold containing two U. S. defense bonds, and, by Secretary Edward Carpenter, a gift from Gloucester Lodge No. 892, a beautiful painting, "Man at the Wheel". Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner presented to J. Harold McMahon, Exalted Ruler of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276, the Northeast Ritualistic Cup won by Wakefield Lodge, which was also the winner of the Nicholson Ritualistic Cup for the State. To John F. Carr, Exalted Ruler of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, Mr. Warner presented the runner-up cup for the State championship, and to Arsene F. Pelletier, Exalted Ruler of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, he presented the trophy awarded the winner in the State District Ritualistic Contest, West District. State Pres. Arthur J. Harty presented a ritualistic cup to Dr. Joseph L. Brown, of Sanford Lodge, Pres. of the Maine State Elks Assn. Maine was the winner in the

Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire Ritualistic Contest. W. Lee Costigan, Exalted Ruler of Springfield Lodge No. 61, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The ceremonies were followed by a dance.

On February 14 the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at the Seventy-fourth Anniversary Banquet held by New York Lodge No. 1, reported in our April issue.

Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and Grand Secretary Masters arrived in Pensacola, Fla., on the afternoon of February 20. They were met by a large delegation of members of Pensacola Lodge No. 497 which included P.E.R. A. E. Langford, Chairman of the Reception Committee, Major J. J. Maher, J. A. Alvarez, Forsyth Caro, Dr. E. J. Keefe, Martin Sullivan, George Earl Hoffman, Philip D. Beall, Howard Humphries, William Fisher, Sr., and T. M. Lloyd, and Robert L. Bohon, present District Deputy for Florida, North, and Past State Pres. M. Frank O'Brien, both of whom are Past Exalted Rulers of Jacksonville Lodge No. 221, and escorted to the Hotel San Carlos. A special meeting was held at the home of the lodge at seven p.m., presided over by E.R. L. L. Borrás. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary spoke at the meeting, after which a banquet was held in their honor at the San Carlos attended by 150 Elks of Pensacola and other lodges of the district accompanied by their ladies. Philip D. Beall, President of the State Senate, was Toastmaster. At the speakers' table with Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters were Mr. Borrás, Exalted Ruler

of the host lodge, Edward P. Preston, Secretary of Pensacola Lodge, Mr. Bohon, Mr. O'Brien and Mayor L. C. Hagler, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Many prominent Elks of the State were present including a large delegation from Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, headed by E.R. W. W. Sizemore. Mayor Hagler delivered an address of welcome and Mr. Borrás also welcomed the visitors. Toastmaster Philip Beall introduced Grand Secretary Masters, who made a short talk, and then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who presented his program for the year, recalled the activities of the Order in the first world war, and outlined the aims and purposes of the Order in the present crisis. Adjutant Railton F. Sprake, of the Salvation Army, opened and closed the banquet with prayer. A delightful dance was held later in the San Carlos Hotel ballroom.

On Saturday morning, February 21, Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Bohon and Mr. O'Brien were taken to the Naval Air Station by Mayor Hagler and Mr. Alvarez, where they were guests of Captain A. C. Read. From there they were escorted to Fort Barrancas where they were guests of Colonel L. B. Magruder and taken on a tour of the Fort. Upon their return to the city, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests at a luncheon given by Mayor Hagler at the Hotel San Carlos. After the luncheon Fred Phillips, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of Panama City Lodge No. 1598, and Fletcher Block, also a member, escorted Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Bohon and Mr. O'Brien to Panama City. The trip was made by automobile over the beautiful highway along the beach of the Gulf of Mexico.

Upon their arrival at Panama City, the visitors enjoyed a brief rest in their rooms at the Dixie Sherman Hotel, after which they repaired to the beautiful home of Panama City Lodge which overlooks the Gulf. A delicious seafood dinner was served at seven p.m., followed by a lodge meeting presided over by E.R. Harry Harris. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Masters addressed the meeting. P.D.D. Irvin Gates and P.E.R. J. R. Jinks, of Tallahassee, Fla.,

Left: D. D. James A. Dunn greets the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary Masters on their arrival at Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge.

Below are Elks from eight northern Florida lodges who gathered at Orlando Lodge to honor Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters.





Lodge, were among those present.

On Sunday morning, February 22, after a tour of Panama City, the Grand Exalted Ruler and members of his party were taken to the Wakulla Springs Hotel, 28 miles from Tallahassee, where they were met by a large delegation of members of Tallahassee Lodge No. 937 and their wives, headed by E.R. K. D. Bliss, and also Judge Alto Adams of Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. A delightful luncheon was served in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and Grand Secretary Masters after which the visitors were shown about the beautiful grounds at Wakulla Springs, with its famous Marine Gardens and glass bottom boats. At Tallahassee the distinguished visitors were escorted to their rooms in the Hotel Floridan. At five p.m. Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters attended a meeting of Tallahassee Lodge after an inspection had been made of the beautifully appointed lodge home. The meeting was opened by E.R. K. D. Bliss and turned over to P.D.D. Irvin Gates, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Judge McClelland delivered a fine speech which was enthusiastically received, and Mr. Masters gave an interesting talk. After the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary were taken on a tour of the

Above is a view of the dinner held in honor of Judge McClelland by Boston, Mass., Lodge at which many dignitaries of the Order were present.

city and the beautiful campus of the Florida State Women's College.

Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and Grand Secretary Masters were escorted from Tallahassee to Gainesville, Fla., on February 23 by E.R. R. G. Zeigler and P.E.R. E. F. Beville of Gainesville Lodge No. 990, and established in their suite in the Thomas Hotel, being taken later in the afternoon on a sightseeing tour. At 6:30 p.m. Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters attended a meeting in the magnificent home of Gainesville Lodge. A delightful concert was given by the Gainesville High School Band. Members of the band were wearing for the first time the handsome new uniforms presented by Gainesville Lodge. The concert was followed by a turkey dinner prepared under the direction of P.E.R. J. B. Clements, Chief of Police. Among the many distinguished Elks

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary are shown with the Gainesville, Fla., High School Band, whose uniforms were furnished by the members of Gainesville Lodge.

present at the meeting, which was addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, were D.D.'s Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville, and Allen C. Altvater of Sebring, Fla., Lodge, and Past State Pres. M. Frank O'Brien.

The next morning, Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters and Mr. Altvater were joined by E.R. L. L. Lanier and Russell Hughes of Orlando Lodge No. 1079 and escorted by automobile to the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, sponsored and operated by the Florida State Elks Association. The visitors were welcomed by the Superintendent, J. Edwin Baker, Past State Pres. and P.E.R. of West Palm Beach Lodge, and conducted through the home. They enjoyed particularly their visit with the children. After a delicious fried chicken luncheon at which they were guests of Mr. Baker, members of the party, which had been joined by E.R. S. E. Bailes of Custis Lodge No. 1578, proceeded to Orlando. At 6:30 the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at the beautiful home of Orlando Lodge, and a meeting was held later, presided over by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Lanier. Mr. Altvater introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered the principal address of the evening. Grand Secretary Masters was also introduced and made a few

(Continued on page 41)



A New Lodge Is Instituted in Littleton, Colorado No. 1650

Colorado's thirty-sixth lodge of the Order of Elks, Littleton Lodge No. 1650, was formally instituted on the evening of March 12, 1942, in the presence of 500 Elks representing all of the lodges in the State and several in Wyoming and New Mexico. A class of 89 was initiated at the lodge's new quarters in Littleton in a solemn ceremony sponsored and conducted by Denver Lodge No. 17, after which the charter members held their first meeting and elected the following officers: Exalted Ruler, Richard H. Simon; Esteemed Leading Knight, Louis Moore; Esteemed Loyal Knight, Fred Tucker; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Clifford E. Funk; Secretary, Ivan J. Joss; Treasurer, W. E. Goddard; Tiler, Max J. Ivey; Trustees, Robert B. Lee, Leslie Abbot Jull, Norman H. Granes, E. D. Candler and Daniel Cameron Lohead. Organization of the lodge at Littleton was brought about primarily through the zealous efforts of Secretary Joss.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, delivered an inspiring address. Mr. Coen traced the history of the Or-

der and emphasized the important position that an Elk lodge holds in its community at all times, and especially during a period of war.

The membership of the new lodge represents all walks of life; among the charter members are tradesmen, farmers, government employees, merchants and professional men. Littleton is located twelve miles south of Denver in the Valley of the South Platte River. It is the County Seat of Arapahoe County, the tenth most populous county and one of the richest rural districts in the State. Littleton proper has a population of approximately 2,500 and until recently might have been described as a typical rural county seat, but with the metropolitan growth of Denver, the State capital, it has assumed the suburban characteristics typical of the greater population centers of the country. To the east lie the great plains of Colorado with their vast ranches and wheat farms; to the west majestic Mount Evans rises to a height of more than 14,000 feet; to the north and south stretches the front range of the Rocky Mountains.

Littleton is served by the four-lane U. S. Highway No. 85 and by three railroads, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Colorado and Southern. Recreational advantages in its environs are superlative. The Cherry Hills golf course, as well as Overland, Wellshire, Cresthaven and Evergreen, are all within easy reach of the town. A ten mile ride brings one into the heart of those great "hills", the Rockies, where enjoyment can be found in fishing, hunting, horseback riding, mountaineering or "just looking". The winter season permits iceskating and skiing.

The new lodge is located in a prosperous community. Within its area are the incorporated communities of Englewood, Deer Trail, Parker, Castle Rock, Mount Morrison, Bailey, Fort Logan, Sheridan and Aurora, with a combined population of approximately 40,000 from which to draw members. From the spirit manifested by the charter members in preparing their lodge room and club hall, indications point to a future Elks' organization comparable to the best in the State.

Many Lodges Buy Defense Bonds

Published in the official organ of the Illinois State Elks Association is the following list of 24 member lodges and their respective purchases of defense bonds within the first ten weeks of a special drive conducted among the lodges of the State, aggregating \$191,000:

"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"

Defense Bond Honor Roll

Lodge	Number	Amount
Jacksonville	682	\$50,000
Mendota	1212	22,500
Springfield	158	20,000
Pontiac	1019	19,200
Carbondale	1243	10,000
Paris	812	10,000
Marion	800	8,500
Mt. Carmel	715	7,500
Lawrenceville	1208	7,000
Murphysboro	572	6,000
Herrin	1146	5,000
Lincoln	914	4,700
Champaign	398	4,000
Anna-Jonesboro	1641	3,000
Benton	1234	2,500
Chester	1629	2,000
Blue Island	1331	2,000
Bloomington	281	2,000
Cairo	651	1,500
Robinson	1188	1,500
Mt. Vernon	819	1,000
Sycamore	1392	500
Monmouth	397	300
Harvey	1242	300

Four Illinois lodges, Streator No. 591, Monmouth No. 397, Des Plaines No. 1526 and Dixon No. 779, are pledged to purchase one bond or more each month for the duration.

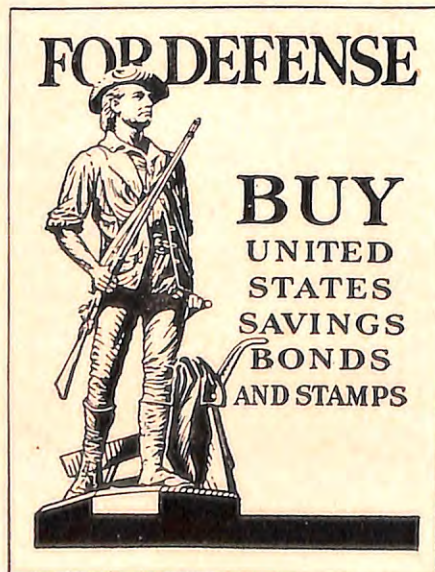
The \$50,000 mark has already been passed in the purchase of bonds by the members of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, erected a Treasury House on its grounds for the

sale of defense bonds and stamps and \$50,000 worth have been sold. The building is open at all times for member service. Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, has purchased \$5,000 worth of bonds and contributed \$250 to the Grand Lodge National Defense Program.

The members of Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, decided to dispense with their 48th annual birthday party this year and to use the amount set aside for the elaborate celebration, together with money from the lodge fund, for the purchase of a \$500 defense bond. Ontario, Calif., Lodge, No. 1419, reported a \$500 purchase of bonds some time ago. Buckhead, Ga., Lodge, No. 1635, subscribed for a \$1,000 defense bond and also presented Colors to the local Defense Band.

Between April and November, in 1941, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, bought \$50,000 worth of defense bonds, the quota for one organization in one year. Employees of the lodge have contracted to purchase a minimum of \$130 worth of defense stamps, with every employee participating in the program. Recently Houston Lodge mailed the Elks War Commission a check for \$1,000 as its first contribution to that fund. The lodge has also made several contributions to the Red Cross, the largest being \$250. Early in March, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, reported a total investment of \$63,000 in bonds and stamps, well over the half-way mark of the goal set for \$100,000 by April 1 of this year. Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, also an early buyer, bought bonds in the Fall of 1941 with a maturity value of \$20,000. At a February meeting of Danville, Pa., Lodge, No. 754, the purchase of \$10,000 worth of bonds was authorized.

Claremont, N. H., Lodge, No. 879, voted to sponsor a \$10,000 issue of defense bonds through its members and their families. Between January 1 and March 7 the lodge sold \$33,000 worth. Pledges on hand raised the amount to \$41,000. Having already bought \$25,000 worth of defense bonds, Mandan, N. D., Lodge, No. 1256, authorized the Trustees to make an additional purchase in the amount of \$5,000. The home of Rockland, Me., Lodge, No. 1008, has been turned over to the Rockland War Disaster Committee to be used as an emergency hospital for possible victims of air raids or ocean war disasters. Medical supplies and hospital equipment are being installed. Equipment costs will be defrayed by voluntary subscriptions and proceeds from public entertainments held under the auspices of the Elks War Disaster Committee which is headed by Chairman Fred C. Black.



G. E. R.'s Visits

(Continued from page 39)

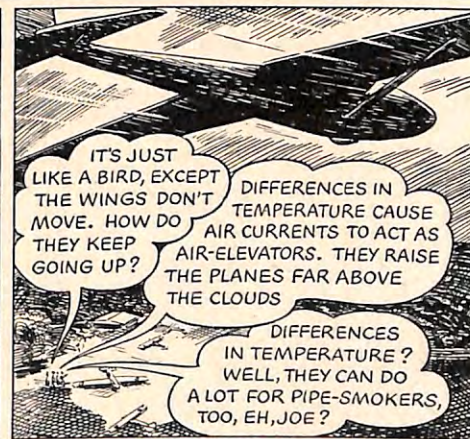
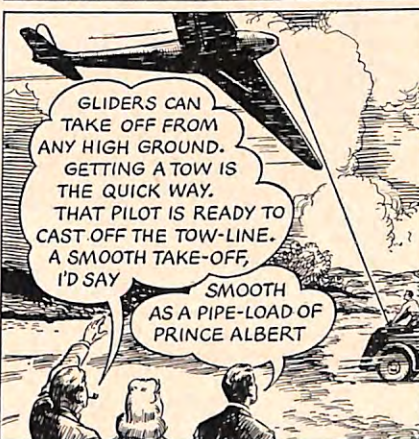
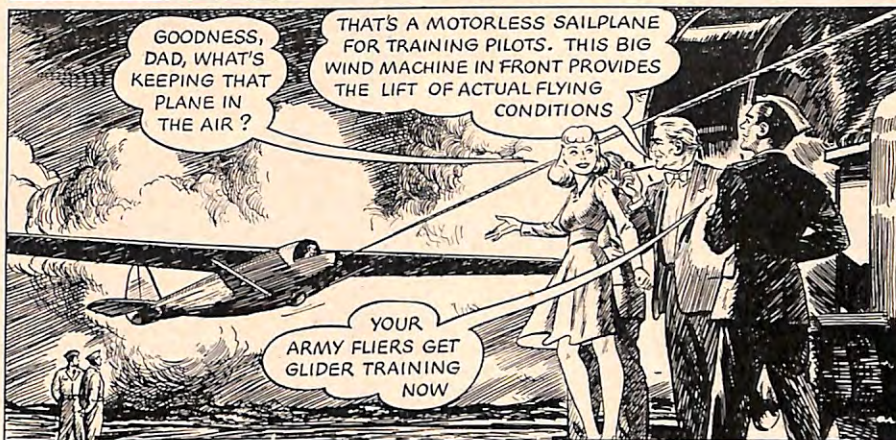
pertinent remarks. Among the many leading Florida Elks present was State Pres. L. B. Sparkman, of Tampa Lodge. As this was a district meeting, delegations from Cocoa, Sanford, DeLand, Tampa, Lakeland, New Smyrna and Sebring Lodges attended.

On Wednesday morning, February 25, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary were escorted by Mr. Altvater and Mr. Sparkman to the home of Lakeland Lodge No. 1291, where they were met by a large delegation headed by E.R. Lon D. Oxford and Secy. William Steitz. P.D.D.'s Nick Carter and Dr. W. S. Irvin were members of the welcoming party. After an inspection of the lodge home and an informal get-together with the members, Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Altvater and Mr. Sparkman proceeded to Tampa where they lunched at the Las Novedades Restaurant, famous for its Spanish cooking. E.R. P. J. Harvey, of Tampa Lodge No. 708, presided, and Mayor R. E. Lee Chancey welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler to Tampa. Judge McClelland responded, expressing his pleasure at the wonderful hospitality extended him by the Elks of Florida, and Mr. Masters made a short talk. Other prominent Elks in attendance at the luncheon were former Governor Doyle Carlton and P.E.R.'s James J. Fernandez, P.D.D., Ernest Maas, Sr., Charles I. Campbell, Walter Campbell, Judge T. O. Watkins, former Mayor D. B. McKay and Dan Galvin, all of Tampa Lodge. Also present were E.R. Victor W. Kuhl, of St. Petersburg Lodge No. 1224, and Captain D. F. Stephenson, of Atlanta Lodge No. 78 who is stationed in Florida. After the luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were escorted to the home of Tampa Lodge where a reception was held and an inspection made of the lodge home, after which, in company with Mr. Altvater and Mr. Kuhl, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Masters were escorted to their suite in the Suwanee Hotel in St. Petersburg. Here they were joined by Grand Trustee Dr. Robert South Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., whose winter home is in St. Petersburg. That evening a dinner at the Suwanee Hotel, attended by the officers of the lodge and their wives, was tendered the Grand Lodge officers by St. Petersburg Lodge. Exalted Ruler Victor W. Kuhl, who presided, presented Dr. Barrett who introduced Judge McClelland. At the meeting held later in the home of St. Petersburg Lodge, Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Barrett and Mr. Kuhl were speakers. Among other distinguished Elks present at the meeting were D.D. Allen C. Altvater, P.D.D. James J. Fernandez, State President L. B. Sparkman, E.R. H. T. Derington and Frank Bell of Fort Myers Lodge, and Est. Loyal Knight Leonard Harris, of Miami Beach Lodge, who is serving in the armed forces of the United States. Later the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Radio Station WSUN where he delivered a public address in which he outlined the activities of the Order during the present crisis.

On February 26 the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary were called for at their hotel in St. Petersburg by Mr. Derington and Mr. Bell and escorted by automobile to Fort Myers, Fla. Inspection was made of the magnificent new home of Fort Myers

(Continued on page 56)

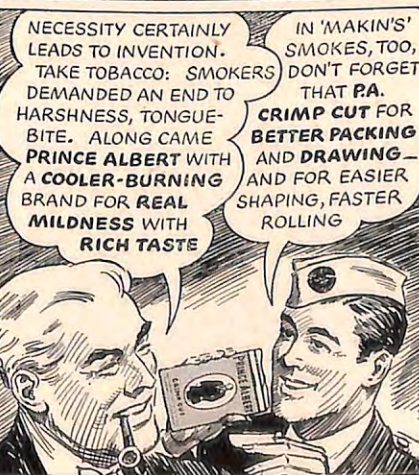
WONDERS OF AMERICA Silent Warbirds



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

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PRINCE ALBERT

CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Japanese Pipe Dream

(Continued from page 13)

The Suzuki and Mitsui banking firms had provided the capital which built the narcotics factories in Harbin and Dairen and imported the fine German machinery to equip them. Elated by the high and rapid return from these investments, the bankers had investigated the business more thoroughly. Now they had surveys to convince the government that the once huge and profitable world traffic in narcotics was in a bad way indeed, and could do with a little Nipponese streamlining and efficiency.

Ever since the Hague Convention of 1912, and the subsequent League of Nations agreement in 1928 (to both of which Japan was a signatory power), the nations of the civilized world had made sincere and effective efforts to curtail the production of opium and to stamp out the illicit traffic in drugs. China had done a notable job, second only to that of Turkey; and Iran, source of the high-grade opium which is to the Oriental variety what vintage champagne is to *vin ordinaire*, had been brought into line. The once powerful Levantine narcotics barons were twiddling their thumbs, living on their accumulated capital, because more and more their sources of manufactured drugs—prepared opium, morphine, heroin—were drying up and disappearing as the years went by.

Still, the world market for narcotics was there as always, and always would be so long as the human flesh is heir to vice. It merely needed supplying, and perhaps a little systematic cultivation. And there was always China.

The lure of the combined military and economic possibilities proved irresistible to the Tokyo masterminds. Full authority for the production and distribution of opium and high-powered drugs was turned over to the Imperial Army. Acreage devoted to the cultivation of the poppy in Manchuria doubled in 1934, increased threefold in 1936, doubled again in 1937. The League of Nations Opium Advisory Committee obtained a copy of a proclamation posted in the North China provinces after the invasion in 1937. Translated, it reads:

As it is now autumn, the season for sowing opium-poppy seed, villagers are hereby informed that they must sow the seed in good time. When the poppy is ripe it may, after passage of the statu-

tory taxes, be sold at the current rate freely and without restrictions. It is important to sow the seed immediately and not miss the season.

The Pacification Detachment of The Japanese Army at Shuwei

"Obviously," said Dr. Hoo Chitsai, "Japan considers that the best way of 'pacifying' a district is to drug the whole population."

But now the Japanese narcotics factories were stepping up the production of "high-tension" drugs, and the Oriental opium is notoriously low in morphine content. This meant the importation of higher grade opium from Persia, which called for large scale activities outside Japanese-controlled territory where detection would be easy. The Japanese army, pursuing a bold course, nevertheless sent its ships and agents across the seas.

Stuart J. Fuller, the U. S. representative, reported specific instances of these Japanese imports to the Opium Advisory Committee:

"More than 1,000 chests (about 160,000 pounds) of Iranian opium are reported as being held in Macao to the order of the Japanese army and Japanese firms, intended eventually for sale in South China or in Shanghai.

"On December 29, 1937, the Japanese S. S. *Muko Maru* is reliably reported to have left Bushire, Iran, for the Far East carrying 1,500 chests (240,000 pounds) of Iranian opium shipped by Japanese interests.

"I am reliably informed that, during the first three months of 1938, orders were placed in Iran by Japanese interests for 2,900 chests of Iranian opium, including 428 chests (over 31 tons) shipped from Bushire to Tangku aboard the Japanese S. S. *Singapore Maru*, flying the Japanese military transport flag.

"The lot of 428 chests from the *Singapore Maru* is reported to have arrived in Tangku and to have been distributed under the control of a Japanese army officer at Tientsin."

What was happening to all this opium, pouring into the Japanese-controlled narcotics mills, and then out of them in the form of smoking opium, red pills, decks of heroin and doped cigarettes?

"Morphine and heroin were used by the Japanese army as a means of destroying the bodies and souls of the people in the areas which that army occupied," says Commissioner Anslinger. "This is another form of chemical warfare against the Chinese people as deadly as that of the prohibited gases. It is not only a violation of the international opium conventions to which Japan is a party, but also a diabolical method of killing off the Chinese population in the occupied areas by slow poisoning."

This eye-witness account came to the Opium Advisory Committee from the Nantao section of Shanghai:

Every day after dusk one can find lurking in the dark alleyways between the French Concession and Nantao the skeleton figures of miserable, pale-faced Chinese addicts. They sit down, wrap a little white powder in a cigarette paper, light it at one end and take a few puffs. These miserable victims of Japan's narcotic invasion are doomed to die. Their death rate in Shanghai is already estimated at several hundred a month.

Yet the Japanese are not content. We have just had the news that they are planning to establish a big factory in Shanghai and engage in the manufacture of narcotics on a mass scale.

IN the four northeastern provinces of China the number of known drug addicts increased from 585,627 in 1936 to over 13,000,000 in 1939. In the occupied portions of Kiangsu, Anhwei and Chekiang provinces, the Executive Yuan



"Fix glasses—fix cameras—bare teeth—charge!"

of the Reformed Government, which conducted its opium business openly, was collecting \$3,000,000 per month in taxes alone on the sale of 1,000,000 ounces of opium, which had a "basic price" of \$8.00 per ounce. If you would care to reckon the profits split up by the middle-men of the Japanese army, just consider that "basic price" as against the \$19.00 per ounce charged by wholesalers, and the \$22.00 per ounce listed by the Korean operators of the "public stores"!

In Shansi, a city of only 30,000 population, the retail sales of Japanese narcotics shops ran in excess of \$5,000 daily. The Japanese Concession of Tientsin, hotbed of the manufacturing and distributing activities by 1939, had 1,000 retail stores which sold dope as openly as rice or kerosene, 200 heroin factories each producing from 25 to 100 pounds per day, and over 5,000 Japanese and Korean workers engaged exclusively in the production or sale of dope!

Nanking, where the Chinese government had completely wiped out drug addiction, was a complete shambles within three months after the Japanese occupation of the city. By 1940 it contained 32 wholesale establishments where sales ran over \$75,000 per day, 340 opium-smoking dens and 120 hotels licensed to sell drugs.

Dr. Searles Bates, vice president of the University of Nanking, in November, 1939, reported to the Opium Advisory Committee:

An experienced dealer in Nanking says that supplies come from Dairen and Tientsin by the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad, escorted by Japanese 'ronin' and fully protected by the military until they reach distribution centers in Nanking. The chief merchants here are well known, four of them under the title 'great kings of heroin'. Their selling organization includes some 2,400 persons and the number of addicts is well up in the tens of thousands. A humane Japanese official has testified to his astonishment at seeing young boys and girls in jail, already ruined by heroin.

OBVIOUSLY, China was being devastated by the systematic development of the Japanese dope racket, but the rest of the world was not left untouched by the torrent of drugs pouring from the Japanese narcotics foundries. In Tientsin, Shanghai, Portuguese Macao and other ports, a new type of "big business man"—Japanese, or someone closely associated with Japanese interests—had begun operations, and shady characters from the underworlds of Paris, London, Bucharest, Chicago and New York were among his most frequent and honored visitors. Narcotics smuggling, always a highly lucrative although sordid and dangerous business, had shifted solidly to the Chinese ports and was boom-



STEP 1. Composition is outlined with umber and white oil paint on a toned canvas.



STEP 2. Larger masses and forms are tonally intensified; color values mildly introduced.



STEP 3. Beginning of application of color in free, direct manner. Sitter's character evolves.



STEP 4. Details are introduced and colors blended to bring painting to final state.

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ing under the impetus of Japanese production and distribution methods.

The United States was hearing the death-rattle of Prohibition's last days. In some of the larger cities, the "smart set" which was always seeking new thrills and bigger "kicks" than those afforded by bootleg liquor in more and more powerful concoctions, had already taken a fling at the opium pipe, or tried such "exhilarating" cocktails as "hero gin" (which contained a powerful shot of heroin) or "rum cokes" (which were liberally spiked with cocaine). Rum-runners, bootleggers, mobsters, well aware of the fact that the days of illicit booze were numbered, were quick to notice the possibilities of these exciting novelties, and planned to make even bigger killings in a new racket—dope. The stuff actually was easy to get again, they had heard.

But the U. S. Government had "heard" also. In 1931 the Treasury Department reshuffled its agencies, created a new one—the Bureau of Narcotics—and chose as its chief Harry J. Anslinger, a veteran of the State Department's foreign service. Commissioner Anslinger and his mere handful of agents were handed the tough assignment of plugging up every possible loophole along our vast ocean fronts which might conceivably serve the sordid purposes of the new Japanese-dominated dope smuggling combines operating out of the Far East.

Unfortunately, the smuggling of narcotics is child's play compared to the task of detecting and foiling it. A powerful shipment of heroin, for instance, which can be increased tenfold in volume by "cutting" after it is received, can be hidden away in small space and the business of searching for it is rather like trying to find the needle in the haystack. One veteran Chinese opium baron in Macao, who later went over to the Japanese drug trust, used to boast that "ways of smuggling opium are limited only by the ingenuity of man".

BUT the Japanese opium smugglers soon learned, to their dismay, that the Americans had started out by mastering the old Oriental trick of finding the needle in the haystack—casting aside the straws, one by one, until only the needle remained. The Japanese, and their polyglot confederates, practically exhausted human ingenuity, but the American "Federal men" continued to turn up their caches of opium, morphine and heroin in the most improbable places.

Aboard vessels docking in American ports, agents of the Bureau of Narcotics uncovered sizable shipments of narcotics disguised in forms that sometimes made the courts suspect that they were endowed with almost clairvoyant powers.

They stopped a shipment of Oriental furniture, consigned to a prominent and wealthy citizen of the

United States, and by ruthlessly prying apart joints and peeling off priceless lacquer, proved that it concealed a shipment of narcotics worth a hundred times its own high value.

They stopped a teary-eyed Chinese woman, wailing over a mewling mother cat and a basket filled with nine dead kittens, and proved that each of the dead kittens was stuffed with a high-priced haul of pure heroin. On the same ship they confiscated a bird cage inhabited by one lonely, trilling canary—over a false-bottom which concealed a shipment of drugs worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A prominent antique dealer yelled for his lawyers and the aid of the courts when the Treasury men confiscated a large and beautiful Japanese rug—until the Government agents showed him that the fibres of the warp were actually thin paper cylinders filled with pure heroin.

One favorite trick of the smugglers was the use of bags of sugar or salt which acted as weights to sink packages of drugs tossed over the sides of ships entering U. S. harbors. After a time the sugar or salt dissolved in the water, and the packages floated to the surface to be picked up by confederates in small boats.

BUT Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger's "thin line of determined men", safeguarding the American people against the generally unsuspected Japanese dope menace, extended not only across the continent and along the borders of the United States, but into the Asiatic ports where the sources of the new drug traffic operated. They knew the men, the ships and the destinations; and coded wireless messages to West Coast headquarters often enabled the agents in San Francisco or Seattle to get on the trail of the most surprising hauls.

For instance, on April 3, 1937, when the Japanese S. S. *Heian Maru* docked at Seattle, Washington, there was a most dignified body of U. S. State Department officials, and a resplendent delegation from the Japanese Embassy, on hand to meet her. That most august person, the brother of the Emperor of Japan, Prince Chichibu, and his imperial party, were aboard on their way to the Coronation in London.

But on the dock, also, there was a group of grim-faced plain-clothes men, agents of the Bureau of Narcotics, ready to board the ship with the Customs men. The diplomatic officials, prim and stand-offish in their spats and toppers, were horrified: imagine searching for narcotics on a ship that carried the exalted personage of the brother of the Emperor himself!

Said a Seattle newspaperman, "If these babies have taken the trouble to come here looking for dope, you can lay a safe bet of ten to one that they'll find it. So far as the Son of Heaven is concerned, these Japs would even hide the dope in the Em-

peror's socks if they thought they could get it by that way."

Aboard the ship that was honored by the Heavenly Presence of Prince Chichibu, the Treasury agents found their haul, although not exactly in the Emperor's socks. After they had unsuccessfully combed the ship and descended into the hold, they were confronted with a shipment of 100 huge tubs of soybean paste, consigned from Yokohama to a firm of Japanese commission agents in Seattle. They took off their coats, called for hammers and scoops, and—to the horror and amazement of the Nipponese crew—proceeded to plow through the sticky mess tub by tub. Ninety-five of the tubs were exonerated; but the other five contained air-tight tins, soldered to the bottoms, and each tin contained approximately 250 ounces of pure morphine.

The Japanese diplomats were aghast, and claimed that the sacred name of the Imperial House had been desecrated by some rascal in Yokohama. The Japanese ring in Seattle was fined \$6,000 per man and clapped into a Federal penitentiary. But at the last reporting, their accomplices were merely "still under investigation" in Japan.

Or take the case of Lum Wah, a weary little Chinese, who made the sad mistake of selling two pounds of Japanese morphine to a man he encountered lounging along the San Francisco waterfront. The man paid ready cash, but turned out to be an agent of the California State Narcotic Enforcement Division. Lum Wah was pretty well fed up with the Japanese by this time, and decided to tell his story. The California officers turned him over to the Federal men.

Lum Wah, it seemed, had run into a Jap named Shigeo Shiraishi, who told him about a marvelous business. All he had to do was meet the ships, get a certain number of packages, and then take the packages to a certain number of friends of Shiraishi's, the most important of whom was Mrs. Mineko Ogata, a very respectable little Japanese wife and mother. Shiraishi went back to Japan, but he became Lum Wah's most devoted correspondent. Lum Wah met all the ships, and took all the packages to the specified parties, and made a tidy sum of money—until the day when he decided that there was nothing wrong with making a little money on the side and peddled that one package to a stranger on the San Francisco waterfront.

The Federal men decided to look up little Mrs. Ogata. For a quiet wife and mother she did a considerable amount of traveling—although she usually took the baby with her. Trailing her from San Francisco to Seattle, they saw her board the steamship *Hie Maru*, just arrived from Japan, bring ashore a sizable shipment of morphine concealed in her clothing and in the baby's diapers, hide away that haul and then proceed to Vancouver by auto-stage.

In Vancouver she picked up another large quantity of morphine which she brought back into the United States in a shopping bag covered with a number of her baby's soiled diapers.

The agents thereupon took the incredible Mrs. Ogata into custody, and, through her, rounded up a gang of her Japanese and Chinese confederates. In their small and unobtrusive ways they were responsible for smuggling hundreds of thousands of ounces of pure morphine and heroin into the United States and Canada every year.

Louis (Lepke) Buchalter and his pals, Maxie Schmuckler and Irving (Little Itch) Halper, of course, were notorious narcotics smugglers. In their time these so-called "big shots" had felt something like \$10,000,000 of dope-money pass between their finger-tips; then, as every newspaper-reader will recall, the U. S. Government caught up with the boys in 1939, so Maxie and Little Itch now are serving long prison terms and Lepke's "stretch" will be interrupted soon by his scheduled electrocution at Sing Sing for his part in another little matter called Murder, Inc.

But this is what now has Lepke and Maxie and the Little Itch howling with rage: since the first of the year the boys in the Federal pen have been riding them because they never were such big shots or smart guys at all, but suckers, fall guys—Japanese agents, in fact. And they never knew what was cooking all the time.

The boys in New York say that when Lepke and Maxie and the Little Itch are reminded that they helped to make hopheads out of honest Americans so that they could no longer fight, and that their dope-peddling helped to buy the Japanese bombs and bullets that are now raining down on General MacArthur and his gallant men—well, Lepke and Maxie and the Little Itch get so hopping mad that they just about gnaw their way through the steel bars.

The Federal prisons are full of Lepkes and Maxies and dupes like the Little Itch, which is perhaps the best evidence of the grand job which the Bureau of Narcotics men did—quietly, and without benefit of headlines or public applause—in foiling the Jap dope menace, so far as the American public was concerned, at least.

But elsewhere—quite aside from China—the dope went through and the harm was done. France, for instance, felt the impact of Japanese narcotics in 1939; the report to the Opium Advisory Committee stated: "The consumption of heroin is rapidly increasing in France, and is causing great concern to the Government. The reason to which it is attributed is a general let-down in morale."

There is even greater concern today over what may happen in the far greater area of the western Pacific now under Japanese control.

"Wherever the Japanese army

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can. "In there," said Julius. "There. There. That is where it is!"

Harold passed out limper than the towel that had been on his face.

Julius moved him quickly into the back of the store. Harold stirred. Julius beat him twice in back of the ear with his fists. Harold didn't move again. Julius thought of strangling him, but Julius lost control, did not for moments have possession of himself. Julius wept from consternation, heard the opening of the front door of his shop, a person coming in. He placed a roll of gauze in Harold's mouth. He stood erect and gained his voice. He looked outside. It was a customer he knew. "In just one moment," Julius said. "I have to fix the fire."

Julius hastily arranged a rag around the gauze-filled mouth of Harold. He tied his victim's hands and legs as well as it was possible for him to do the job in a minute's time. He walked outside to face his customer.

THE only sign of Harold that Susan Beeps was able to locate was Harold's car. She waited twenty minutes, half an hour. Mr. Bolten, waiting, and impatient, said, "Good Lord, the man just couldn't disappear. Are you sure that this is where we were to meet?"

"By his car," she said.

"I don't believe he's drunk," said Mr. Bolten. "After all, there isn't a saloon around. Not that I—I didn't mean by that that Harold is a tank. You understand, of course."

She understood. She tapped her foot against the curb. No Harold, for another half-hour. Mr. Bolten said, "I'll walk around. I'll see if I can dig up any trace of him."

Susan worried now. She always did when Harold disappeared. The grocery man rolled out a barrel to the street. "I wonder could you tell me—" Susan said. She told of Harold.

Yes, there was a man like that. At noon. "He bought a bottle of beer. He wore a grayish suit." But the grocery man could not report where Harold had gone.

She tried a few stores where they hadn't seen him, then the drugstore where she learned that he had eaten tuna fish. She walked along. She couldn't understand this thing. It seemed so strange. It was two o'clock. A barber shop.

A customer was leaving. "Take it easy, Julius," said the customer. Susan walked inside. "Er—pardon me, I wonder did you see a man—"

Who is she? thought Julius; who is she? This girl. What does she want? Be careful now; don't say a foolish thing—"a grayish suit. I thought perhaps he might have stopped in for a shave."

Someone might have seen him coming in, thought Julius; someone might have seen him coming in, and if you say that he did not come in—

"The young man came in for a shave and left about an hour ago. He was a lovely fellow, miss," said

Julius. Julius felt that he was doing fine. The sweat did not run quite so freely as it had. But how much did this lady know? How could he find that out? Did she know too about the papers in the young man's pockets? Julius walked around in front of her. "You're worried," Julius said.

"Well, no—I guess that he will be all right." This man, to her, did not seem right. He was so vast, so strange. The way he looked at her. "I'll keep on looking up the street," she said.

Julius saw her ring. "I notice your ring," he said. "You—you are engaged to the young man?"

She might have asked what business was that of his. But this barber was a frightening kind of fellow. "Yes. We are engaged."

"I hope that you will be happy."

"Thank you," Susan said. "I have a daughter your age myself," said Julius. Julius was a liar. "So I hope that you are very happy." He loomed over her. His presence seemed hot and possessing. "He was a very nice young man. He spoke of you. We had a nice talk. We smoked a cigarette. We—"

"Why—he doesn't smoke," she said. She had said it automatically.

The words hung in the air. She looked at Julius, and the barber's lips moved nervously. He saw her face. She saw his face, contorting with dismay and fear. She tried to scream. He lunged at her.

HAROLD came to slowly, with the weird persuasion that he had a pair of heads, one of them to remember what had happened to him in the barber's chair; the other head an article which like a bowling ball had heartlessly been rolled beneath a train. His headache wasn't aided by the roll of merchandise that had been stuffed into his mouth. His hands were bound; his legs were bound, then bonded hands and legs so joined that Harold formed a somewhat squeezed parenthesis, and try and try and try again, could do no more than swivel on his pants. Nice fix.

Is this how one becomes a cop? he thought.

The barber. Where was the barber?

Listening required the special use of still another faculty. His ears were not yet ready. They were busy with the roaring in his head.

The shaving mug. How silly seemed the shaving mug. Fantastic in the first place, making history beyond its worth—just watch the damned thing now; see history proceeding. Harold rolled around, with forehead on the floor. To make a noise might bring him aid, but to make a noise might also bring the barber. Harold thought of razors held to people's throats. He nearly fainted once again. He tried with new resolve to force the bandaging that held his limbs.

Then his ears began to work. He heard the barber mumbling some-

thing to a customer. It wasn't clear. But it was helpful, anyhow. It kept the barber at his chair. The barber's tone was friendly, conversational. There was no murder in the tone.

There must be something I can do, he thought. The right and the traditional thing to do, the only saving and heroic thing to do would be to break his bonds and go outside and beat the barber to a lather, get the mug and call the cops. But life was too realistic. What will happen, Harold thought, is that this guy will find a moment soon in which to murder me—as soon as he is free of customers. Try now, thought Harold; make a rumpus now, while there is someone in the shop. He struggled viciously. His body lurched. His forehead hit the floor a stunning blow.

Harold raised his troubled head. From where he was, between a packing case and the partition of the store, he saw a pot-bellied stove. He saw the busy glow of it and heard the sibilant hiss of it. Pot-bellied stove, of course! Hot water for the barber shop. A man must have hot water in his barber shop. His plight assumed more classical proportions. What a cop would do would be to journey on his nose and ears or along the groove of his parted hair across the floor and utilize the stove to burn the bonds that held his hands. Harold inched his way across the floor by means of pushing with his knees and lurching with his shoulders, with the penalty that his trick knee hopped out of place. He moved a dozen feet.

He learned then that the barber's customer was leaving. "Take it easy, Julius," said the voice.

Now I get it, Harold thought. Now I get it good.

But then he heard another voice. "Er—pardon me, I wonder did you see a man—" The voice of Susan! Harold lurched like a frog from grog. His wild endeavors brought him closer to the stove. In an anguished pause for breath he heard the voices talking. Then a gasp that never grew to be a scream. Then a scuffle and a body falling. Then the scream, in volume. Harold drove his weight into the stove-pipe and its angry heat. He scorched his scalp, but he drove the pipe loose from the neck of the stove. He fried the flesh of his wrists against the heat of the pipe, which would not, Harold learned, so much as singe the bandages. Harold tried again, to no avail, but through his acrobatics got himself sitting atop a lively piece of coal. No man's resolve, however great, can match the urgency of burning flesh. Julius's quickly managed bandaging could not resist the antics that ensued. Harold soon possessed a pair of hands, a pair of legs, each member independent of the rest. He rushed outside.

Harold hit Julius on the precise point of his chin, and this was not so hard to do, since Julius, frightened, semi-crazy, had his hands around the struggling girl. Harold hit him squarely once again and Julius,

reacting favorably, dropped the girl. Julius had a skill for taking punches on his chin. He rushed at Harold. Harold hit him with a chair. Harold rushed the mammoth man and drove him to the front of the shop. Harold dumped him through the front door's heavy glass into the street. Harold was what fairly can be termed as fighting mad. Mr. Bolten, Harold's boss, was standing just beyond the scattered glass. Mr. Bolten said, "Good Lord!" Harold kept on throwing punches at the air. Harold then sat down upon the outer paving, gesturing weirdly. Mr. Bolten took the gag from Harold's mouth.

"Hey, Dunphy! Do you feel all right?" asked someone else.

Harold raised his head. Restored by victory, he felt that in a little while he'd have the strength to stand. Mr. Faber, of the F.B.I. was standing over him. Harold said, as might a super-cop, "Your man's inside. I mean he's there." He pointed to the hulk of Julius on the ground.

"I know," said Faber. "You sure tried hard. But why do you have to mess up every case we get? Why can't you leave well enough alone?"

Harold said, "Listen. Don't try to hand me that. You would never have gotten this guy in a hundred years."

Faber said, "No? Well, we're here. We were going to take him out peacefully, without all this mess. Our preference was to watch him, but you spoiled all that. We knew he was the man who murdered Dornthil."

"You knew that? You knew he was the man who—all the time you knew it?"

"Not all the time. Not until we'd been at Dornthil's house for five minutes. That's why I wanted no commotion at the house. I didn't want you running up and down the stairs. Why, all we had to do to find this guy was ask Dornthil's landlady what barber Dornthil knew. She told us Julius was the boy."

"How did you know it was a barber?"

"Very simple," Faber said. "You see, when Julius strangled him, he washed Dornthil's neck to take away

the trace of fingerprints. He was very methodical. He set his stiff up in the chair just so. And then, when he was through, because he'd been a barber all his life, Julius absent-mindedly stuffed tissue papers in his collar. You know—the way a barber does—so the hair won't get inside your shirt? A simple thing like that. But you won't let the cops be cops. Not you."

"I tell you I just walked in to get a shave!"

"Now, Dunphy, take it easy. Who're you trying to kid?"

"The hell with it!" said Harold. "See? The hell with it! But have you guys got the shaving mug?"

"Oh. Well, no. We weren't really interested in that. Except as it might put us on the trail of Dornthil. I mean—well, we've got other things to do besides chase a damned fool shaving cup."

Faber turned to tell the population of Cedarville that it could not, en masse, stand on a ten-foot square of sidewalk. Harold, exercising jaws that had too long been stuffed with a roll of gauze, walked back uncertainly into the barber shop. Mr. Bolten trailed along.

"No mug?" asked Mr. Bolten. "Doesn't anybody care? We paid out fifty thousand dollars on that mug. And Dunphy—listen, man, I'm trying to be fair, but must you always be leaping into the police's business? Did you have to get into a mess like this? The blood, the broken glass and everything?"

"Mr. Bolten, I am tired," Harold said. "I've got the mug. I know where it is. And it isn't merely incidental, like Faber says. The thing's a curse."

"You have it?" Mr. Bolten said. "You know where it is? I'm sorry, Harold. Sorry, boy. You'll get a raise for this!"

"Harold, you're a darling," Susan said. "You're brave and wonderful."

Harold pointed to the talcum-powder can. "It's there," he said. "It's in that can."

He watched while Mr. Bolten took the can down from the shelf. He bit his lips and held his breath. He surely hoped that they would find it in the can.

Look Northward to Canada

(Continued from page 14)

clothes-lines hang the vivid hooked rugs of the thrifty fishermen's wives, common here but certain to excite the collector from the distant city. And out in the bay the lobster boats are dancing on their beam ends in the wild waters of Fundy.

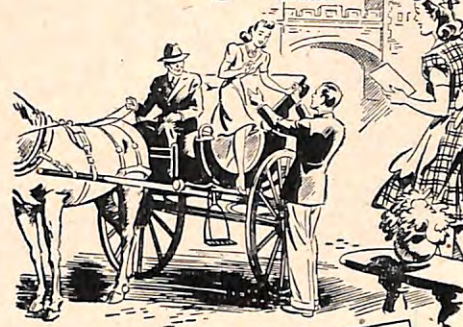
Let me spend a little while in the forests of New Brunswick, in the broad valley of the Saint John River when the birch trees are leafing out, and the great elms of lonely village churchyards; or in the placid streets of Fredericton, engulfed in the sudden burst of foliage which almost

hides the rusty dome of the parliament buildings and the lean English spire of the cathedral.

But we must hurry. It is Spring today in Quebec also and the high spirit of the French-Canadian surges up like the tree sap. The snow will be off the Plains of Abraham, beside the City of Quebec, lying now only in the little hollows of Wolfe's Cove, where the British redcoats climbed the cliffs to capture half a continent in about half an hour. A little snow left also, perhaps, in the deep canyons of Lower Town, where the curv-

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QUÉBEC - CANADA

30M

ing, cobbled streets slowly climb the ancient cliff face. But in the little squares, in the walled gardens of convents and monasteries, the trees are budding out and green is showing on the broad sweep up to the ancient Citadel, high above the river.

Already the townspeople are out of an evening, for their promenade on the Terrace, on the spot where Champlain used to walk, and Frontenac and Montcalm and the friendly English officers after the Conquest. The tourists have not come yet. Quebec still lives its natural life, apart, a French city far from home, the city where Canadian civilization began in Champlain's crazy house on the cliff. But the visitors will be here shortly and in the square, close to the brown-faced old English cathedral, the cabbies are waiting hopefully with their aged horses and open caleches, each man practising his own particular and splendid story about the history of the town, for the education of the innocent stranger.

On the river island of Orleans, Spring has awakened the peasants and stirred the little farms into life just as it has done for three centuries and more. In every stone house the good wife is hurrying to finish her hooked rugs, her spinning and weaving before the Americans arrive. When the bell of the ancient church rings out for Mass now, it is no longer dark and the townspeople trudge to service through mud instead of snowdrifts. The first sound of a wheel has been heard on the village street.

Quebec City is far north. In Montreal the Spring already has sent a billow of green up the face of Mount Royal, and in Ottawa, in a single night, the winter has ended, the ice has broken on the river, a little green is showing on Parliament Hill, and the great towers at last are free of glistening rime, and Canada's statesmen have discarded their fur coats, and the Mounties wear scarlet tunics for the first time, in place of shaggy buffalo skins. In the huge stone chamber of the House of Commons there will be a certain restiveness today, a tendency to cut speeches short, wistful glances through the high, arched windows at the Spring sky.

The little towns of Ontario, towns of gray stone houses or Victorian brick, are perfumed today with the smell of Spring rubbish fires and the first bulb shoots are showing in the gardens. Skis and children's sleighs are stored away now, and in the basement are jars of new-made maple syrup. A few weeks ago they bored holes into the trunks of the maple trees, collected the oozing sap drop by drop, boiled it hour after hour in an iron pot and spread it on the snow until it congealed and could be rolled up on a twig like an all-day sucker.

Along the North Shore, that wilderness of rock and little trees beside the Great Lakes, the Spring is slow in coming, but the myriad lakes

there are opening up and a little farther west a green water-color wash is surging across the open prairies, and thousands of plowmen are toiling day and night, and the seeders are laying the yellow grain in the rich black earth. On the wild land the prairie crocuses are snuggling among the grass, and the birds have started to move north up the great central tench of the continent. At dusk you hear the geese honking high above, and the steady whisper of wings, and the man between the plow handles looks up to see innumerable black shapes moving against the vast and flaming sunsets that come only on the prairies.

Farther west the Rockies are still white with snow, marching in steady line across the horizon beside Calgary, but in the valleys between them the first warmth has unlocked the streams. Out of the newly-freed moss the first moisture oozes, drop by drop, and, joining a billion other drops, wells into a tiny trickle which soon becomes a brook and then a river, raging down towards the Arctic. As the snow retreats, moving up the hills, the yellow avalanche lilies leap out of the cold earth, blooming six inches from the edge of a glacier. Now the giant moose finds his pond clear of ice and can wallow comfortably in the nourishing reeds, the deer emerge from the thickets where they have sheltered all winter, and the black bears, only half awake after their hibernation, wander carelessly along the park roads and pause to gossip with the passing motorist.

ON the other side of the divide the tributaries of the Fraser are starting to fill up with the snow water and soon will be surging down to the Pacific, in a brown flood heavy with clay from the canyons up north. Along the watergrade the mountain locomotives toil industriously and there seems to be in their whistle a new note of Spring cheer, echoing from hill to hill. The locomotive's partner, the immaculate stern-wheeler of the inland lakes, is back at work after the winter's idleness, and the lonely settler, icebound for months, hears her screech a shrill message and eagerly he awaits his mail and supplies.

The Spring marches with rapid stride up from the American boundary into the Dry Belt of British Columbia, up the Okanagan Valley, where the Indians made their trail long ago. In a hundred miles of orchard land the fruit-growers are working from dawn to dark to finish the last pruning, and the air is heavy with the smell of their sulphur spray. In a little while, before the green leaves appear, the valley which was once a sweep of bunch grass and sagebrush, will burst into a white foam of blossom, frothing down into the blue lake where Ogopogo, the land-locked sea serpent, is supposed to live.

A day or two later the Spring will reach the Kamloops country and all

the rounded sagebrush hills will suddenly turn a faint green as the bunch grass comes up, and over Ashcroft way the aged Chinamen will come blinking from their winter cabins and their greenhouses to thrust the young tomato plants into the warming soil, covering them with tiny tents of paper against the night frosts. Beside Al Johnson's beer parlor the green parrot will be given a daily airing in his cage, and for the first time since last Fall the sages of the village will take their chairs outside on the wooden sidewalk, and the parrot will curse them in a thoughtful way.

The country of the big ranches farther north is coming to life too. The cattle that were brought down out of the hills in the autumn and fed hay in the meadows of the home ranch are moving upland again, following the bunch grass—the scowling, white-faced steers, the cows with their new calves. The Indian ranch hands are out now with shovels clearing the irrigation ditches, for in this dry country none of the Spring run-off must be lost. Frost is coming out of the Cariboo Road, where the gold rush of '62 marched into Barkerville, and sometimes no travel is allowed during the heat of the day. The side roads are open and the remote settlers are making their first trip to town, and the Indian encampments are moving from the winter hunting grounds. On every range the shaggy mares, still wearing their winter coats, have awkward colts beside them, and in the eaves of every log barn brown swallows are building their endless apartment houses of mud, while the first bluebirds have appeared, darting out of the south.

SEEN from a pinnacle a thousand feet above, the Fraser has turned from green to brown almost overnight. Far below, the willows along the irrigation ditches of the riverbank farms seem to glow with a steady flame, and the chain of lakes in Marble Canyon lies like a necklace of amethysts thrown carelessly across the hills.

But on the coast, on the other side of the mountains, past the dark gorges of the river and the fearful surge of Hell's Gate, Spring has worked faster. The coastal woods, pushed back by men from the farm lands of the Fraser Valley, have suddenly burst into green succulence. Bracken pushes upward so fast that you can almost see it grow, the shaggy sword fern unclenches its winter fists and the delicate maidenhair timidly uncoils. From the wild currant bushes the blossoms hang like drops of blood, and in the trackless jungle of the evergreen forests the tide of sap is rising in cedar, hemlock, fir, spruce and balsam.

Now the loggers are at work, their feet sinking into the wet Spring moss, and among the deepest timber some snow still lies, hard-crusting. You can hear the clean sound of the double-bitted axe there as the fellers

balance on their springboards to make the undercut, and the rustle of saws as the buckers cut the great logs ready for yarding, and the cheerful hoot of the donkey engine's whistle and a fearful sound of torn wood and an echoing thud as another giant cedar falls.

In Vancouver the Spring bulbs are out and almost over before the first frail snowdrop has been seen in Ontario. If the Spring is early the Vancouver, crocuses will be abloom in early February and all the gardeners will be busy before the end of the month. By mid-March at latest, old men will be playing checkers in Stanley Park on checker boards twenty feet by twenty, and golf, of course, has not stopped all winter while most of Canada has lain frozen under the snow. But the boys and girls

of Vancouver are still skiing in the North Shore Mountains, only half an hour from town, and those twin peaks that look like two lions on watch together are still white with snow.

An Englishman set down on Vancouver Island would hardly know he had moved from home.

Alas, there is no magic carpet which can cover such a Spring journey in one day. It takes years to see even the outer fringe of Canada. But there is this consolation—always, no matter how far you travel here or how often, you will find something new, something surprising, a score of different languages in remote settlements, a score of different races and different living ways and all around them a vast and empty and fascinating land.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 19)

nice warm room. Pretty smart, eh?

We got out to the clubhouse before the gang got there and the first thing Joe did was open up his locker and get out a . . . he did not haul out a bottle! Quit interrupting me all the time. He got out his shooting jacket, smartly. Yes, dear, a special shooting coat. Why, darling, you've got to have a regular shooting coat! They're padded here and there—you know, just like your Aunt Minnie used to be. But not in the same places, of course. Not only that, but a rifle-shooting jacket has . . . well, do you remember those queer pants the ladies used to wear years ago? Yeah, those were the ones. Well, a shooting coat is built almost exactly the same way, only . . . no, no, darling. Don't be ridiculous! The split goes up the middle of the back and it's to keep the coat from binding.

Anyway, Joe got into his shooting coat and then got out the prettiest match rifle you ever saw. Special stock, special barrel, cheekpiece, wide forearm and . . . what say, dear? Yes, a .22 match rifle. Why, baby, you can't play the smallbore game with just any old rifle. The cost? Oh, they're dirt cheap. Sure. You can buy 'em for a song. I know where I can get a dandy, secondhand, for \$65. It's a Winchester 52.

Why, sweetheart! Don't carry on like that! Sixty-five bucks isn't much money for a good rifle. What do you mean, "the house is cluttered up with too many guns"? You must be nuts! You're kidding, aren't you? Who ever heard of anybody owning too many guns? Certainly not me. A dozen around the house and I'm supposed to have too many! I do wish you'd stop exaggerating. You must get that trait from your Aunt Minnie. I'll never forget the time she blistered herself with a curling iron. You'd have thought she was being burned at the stake. Who's off the subject? I was just telling you about Joe's match rifle.

As I was going to say, Joe then got out his two 'scopes and . . . telescopes, dear, didn't you ever hear of a target or spotting 'scope? Women certainly are dumb! Didn't they teach you *anything* in school? A target 'scope, my dear, is used to sight with and a spotting 'scope is used to verify your horrible suspicion, immediately after the shot is fired. No, I know you don't understand, but it answers your question.

Where was I? Oh, yes. About this time the rest of the boys put in their appearance, so Joe and I hung up some targets and settled down to a little shooting over the 100-yard range. And baby, was I hot! Right off the bat I scored a 77! Well, no, it isn't the highest score you can make but it isn't the lowest, either. Of course, a few of the boys at Sea Girt or Perry do a little better, but not much.

Joe? Oh, he did pretty well. Yeah, he shot a 100x100. Yeah, that's pretty good, too. But he slipped badly on the next 10-shot string. He only got a 99. Then we shot a couple of strings at 200 yards, prone, and I made out all right on that, too. A neat 155x200. Joe only got a 197.

We wound up the afternoon with an offhand match and Joe said it wasn't a minute too soon. Seems some of the club members have been doing so much prone shooting they're developing serious umbilical bunions. Oh, it's some sort of occupational ailment, like housemaid's knee, only different.

So that's the whole story. I joined Joe's rifle club this afternoon, applied for membership in the auxiliary police and sent my application to the National Rifle Association. Everything is all set. Tomorrow we'll take Uncle Abner's check and get us a smallbore outfit.

What do you mean, I'm "S.O.L." Now where did you hear *that* expression? No you didn't. And so far into the night.

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Hit and Run

(Continued from page 9)

fast shot-makers, of course and unfortunately. Ralph Guldahl, two-time winner of the National Open, is agonizingly slow. Hundreds of children, mostly Chinese, are born while Guldahl is overcoming his natural reluctance to have a swipe at the ball. The worst offender is Miss Betty Jamison, who customarily takes forty-five seconds between strokes. Say forty-five seconds quickly and it doesn't mean much, but try holding your breath for that period of watching a living statue for signs of life and you will go nuts.

As a matter of fact, Miss Dorothy Kirby did blow sky high in the final round of the National Women's Championship in 1939. Miss Kirby was the favorite to win, but La Jamison's painful deliberation upset her so grievously that she went to pieces completely. On the whole, though, the big-shot shot-makers usually take one preliminary waggle, sight their objective and fire away without too much horsing around and prayerful contemplation.

Be honest with yourself. What good did concentration and deliberation ever get you? You take three or four practice swipes at an imaginary ball and every move is a picture until you step up to threaten a young tree off the fairway or a flowering shrub in the deepest brush. You know why your practice swing is a thing of sheer beauty and rhythm? You're free and relaxed, that's why; you're not thinking of anything but a purely physical action. Trouble leaps upon your shoulders with sharp, spiked feet when you commence to think and worry about the shot. All this can be circumvented by the sly stratagem of swiping at the ball before you have a chance to think. What have you got to lose, anyway?

The professional who sternly admonishes you to relax, at five bucks per half-hour, proceeds to freeze your muscles, if any, with a good deal of hocus-pocus. He tells you to watch the position of your feet, get your arms close to your body, set your hips for the pivot, cock your head at an impossible angle, bring the club back slowly.

By the time you have obeyed all the preliminary ceremonies of the absurd ritual, rigor mortis is enveloping you. Your body is tied into tight knots like something out of a Rube Goldberg cartoon. You look and feel like a disciple of Yoga warming up for a career in suspended animation. In the meantime the pro, manfully earning his five bucks, is screaming that you must relax. You can relax—by falling into a limp swoon and letting solicitous parties apply soothing compresses to your feverish brow.

The most spectacular hole played by the master golfers on the winter circuit this year was decided in less

time than it usually takes for four confirmed duffers to bring themselves around to the painful business of addressing the ball. Lawson Little, who certainly qualifies as an authority, said it produced the greatest golf shot he ever saw. Oddly enough, Little did not refer to the 120-footer Jack Grout chipped into the can—by common consent the most astonishing stroke made by any golf gypsy during the tour. Little meant the next shot, which refused to drop for Jimmy Hines on the last green of the Miami-Biltmore four-ball matches.

Briefly, this was the situation: It was the semi-final round of the tournament and Grout and Ben Loving—a couple of youths whose names draw a blank in most 19th holes around the country—went up to the 36th all square with veterans Hines and Willie Goggin. Grout was short of the green and Hines went over it on their second shots.

Grout took a quick gander at the flag and played a pitch-and-run. Incredibly, the ball skipped coquettishly across the green and popped into the hole for an eagle three. The gallery of 1500 screamed insanely. It really was something and, besides, Loving, Grout's partner, was the assistant pro at the home course. The mob had been pulling for him all the way, especially when he and Grout were two down with four to go.

Hines stepped up to his ball with at least \$800 in prize money riding on the shot and perhaps twice as much more to be realized in endorsements and prestige. The Miami-Biltmore four-ball is one of the brighter baubles in the golf league. The winning pair can make a series of soft touches in exhibitions and life is tough enough among the golf gypsies. We mention this for the purpose of abashing those citizen duffers who go into a blue funk when they are confronted with the pay-off shot in a ten-cent Nassau epic.

Hines had a bad lie. His ball was on a path worn hard and bare by the tramping gallery. He was 40 feet from the pin and he had to sink the shot to keep the match alive and maybe himself in eating money.

He took a wedge from the caddy and hefted it once. If the weight of the world was on his shoulders he didn't give same a chance to settle there and bow him down. He hit the ball crisply and quickly. It went on a direct line for the hole; it was going to drop. It stopped four little inches short of the pot of gold.

"Grout's shot was one of those freak things," Little said. "He was a fool for luck. He wasn't trying to hole out. He was hoping to get close to the cup. Go ahead and ask him."

We asked, and Grout, a shy guy out of Texas, nodded.

"But Hines' shot was different," Little went on. "He was trying to sink the ball and he missed by four

inches. If you had a machine gauged perfectly for the hole and it threw up a dozen balls, not one would drop. None would be as close as the shot Hines made. No human being's coordination or muscular control is good enough to have made a better shot. Once he knew what he had to do, he played it fast, before he permitted himself to tighten up."

Golf is a game, perhaps the most difficult after baseball to play expertly, but still just a game. The basic principles which apply to other ball-and-bat sports hold true in golf, but they are obscured by sly propaganda calculated to befuddle and mystify the paying practitioners. When you want to hit the ball hard in baseball or tennis, your backswing is fast and decisive, almost as vigorous as the forward motion of the bat or racquet. You are, in effect, commencing the flow of coordination with a running start. There is none of this slow-motion nonsense or inhibition of the natural impulse to whip into the ball in any game except golf. It's bad enough that you have to be more or less flat-footed at the moment of impact; that's a violation of the natural laws of dynamics fostered only by golf.

Long contemplation of the ball while you are addressing it merely means that you are letting your physical machinery run down until you can get nothing but a sluggish, standing start. The ball is there waiting to be socked. You know where the hole is. What are you

waiting for? Staring morosely at the dam' thing does no good. The ball winks back at you malevolently and you wind up being intimidated by less than two ounces of rubber.

Did I say rubber? Here is another eloquent argument in favor of hit-and-run golf. You can't play without a ball—whether you can play with a ball is a dangerous question we will not investigate at this time—and a man in Washington says you cannot purchase any more. Once, it was not ethical to pick up another guy's ball before it stopped rolling, but all bets are off during the period of national emergency. Golf balls are where you find them—and you'll have to haul hips to find your own before it takes a fantastic bounce into somebody's pocket. If the situation gets tough, ball-poachers will swipe the precious pills from under the mesmerized noses of the minute-men on the tees, and they will be home free before the rightful owners come out of the coma.

As the convincer, I submit that the faster you play, the quicker you will reach the 19th hole, which seems to be the big idea of the game. Incidentally, did you ever pause to ponder how come the founding fathers of golf arrived at the strange number of 18 holes for a round of golf? Seems there are 18 medicinal doses in a bottle of Scotch and even the founding fathers, with their devotion to the game, were unable to continue unfortified by a stimulant. No extra charge for this service.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

the book a masterpiece but it is a compact piece of writing, and its timeliness will help its popularity. (Viking Press, \$2)

THE gay life of Palm Beach and Miami has nothing in common with the quiet, backwoods existence that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings lives in northern Florida and describes in "Cross Creek". Cross Creek is the name of a community of black and white people on the river that carries the water of Lochloosa Lake into Orange Lake, up near Hawthorn. Mrs. Rawlings moved there before she became successful with "The Yearling", and thoroughly enjoyed putting her ramshackle, weather-beaten house in order and discovering the delights of simple living. She didn't care exactly for the primitive sanitary arrangements she found there, and as soon as she earned a little money with her writing she put in modern plumbing. But she found many of the native dishes succulent and enjoyable.

Mrs. Rawlings doesn't favor rattlesnake steak, and she doesn't say much in favor of "white bacon"—otherwise salt pork or sow belly, which is eaten all through the South. But she finds turtle meats delicious, and although turtle eggs, "like chitt-

lings, divide friend from friend", she loves them. There is one set way of eating turtle eggs, says she. "First you tear or break off the top of the egg, holding it in your left hand as you operate with the right. You add salt, pepper and a lump of butter. You pop the yolk of the egg inside your mouth, and as you pop it, it is required that you say, solemnly, 'This is the most delicious morsel God ever gave to man.'"

She went crab fishing at night in the river, using a flashlight to spot the big crabs feeding on the river bottom. There's nothing to equal the fine flaky meat of these Florida crabs. She has cooked limpkin, the brown crane of the Ocklawaha river. Possum and raccoon are tricky—there are times when possum is inedible and raccoon "has a foolish kind of taste". When the natives go fishing they bake hush-puppies. Hush-puppies are made when the fish have been fried and there is sizzling fat left over; they are made of cornmeal, salt, soda, an egg or two and maybe some chopped onion and are fried "the color of winter oak leaves" and eaten hot.

In addition to writing about food, Mrs. Rawlings tells many good stories about her neighbors, whose

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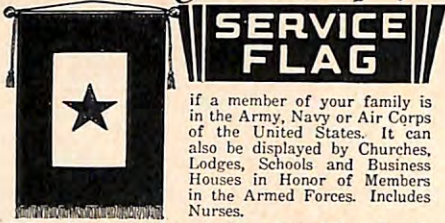
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homely wisdom she appreciates. She has recently married a hotel man and it's a question whether she will live the year around at Cross Creek. Her book reveals how much enjoyment a woman with sympathy for others and an observing eye can get out of life in a primitive community. She isn't likely to start a stampede for Cross Creek, but the book ought to interest Palm Beach as well as Miami. (Scribners, \$2.50)

SOMETIMES I wonder why so many of our stories nowadays deal with abnormal or even commonplace characters. Few have nobility of spirit or even good sense. And yet our writers expend a great deal of time on them, make readable books about them and keep us interested. Take that highly entertaining story by Patrick Hamilton, "Hangover Square". Hamilton is the author of a play that is currently giving New York the creeps—"Angel Street"—and for a very good reason. It is excellently put together, and it has some of the best character acting of recent years in it, yet it is essentially a search for a murderer, and the suspense is maddening. "Hangover Square" isn't on a par with "Angel Street", but it poses an annoying problem. Why does this story about an ordinary fellow with no backbone and a commonplace girl who has nothing to recommend her, hold my interest from beginning to end?

George Bone, the man, is supposed to have a split personality. His chief occupation is trying to make dates with Netta. Both hang around the London bars and lead inconsequential lives. Netta accepts Bone's invitations, but treats him outrageously. She shows no interest in him, yet he continues to run after her. Her attitude irritates him; he determines to kill her. But whenever he sees her he is put off; it seems she might really want him around. So there we go, for 300 pages, trying to see what will happen when George really tumbles to himself and makes up his mind. I won't tell you that, for in a mystery like this something should be left for the reader to find out. After you have read it you may ask, as I did, "What is there about such ordinary people that makes us follow their actions to the end?" Well, maybe it's the ability of the storyteller. (Random House, \$2.50)

BOOKS about the war, the Far East and the post-war issues are multiplying. The most popular book of the month is Col. W. F. Kernan's discussion, "Defense Will Not Win the War". (Little, Brown, \$1.50) I think we are all pretty well agreed on Col. Kernan's major statement, but it puts it so well that his method captivates the reader. He belongs to the writers who favor a strong air offensive, and who believe that Capt.

Mahan's theory of sea power has been strongly affected by the development of the airplane. He believes that nothing can be gained by sitting back, armed to the teeth; an offensive must be hurled direct at Germany and the challenge of the dictators must be met by taking the war to their doorstep. He warns against being diverted by Japan; the main offensive must be across the Atlantic. He believes that the way to defend Africa is to command the Mediterranean and that an American offensive aimed at Italy will do the trick. "It would take 200,000 men to start with, and another 200,000 to follow every month until victory is achieved." Italy is the Achilles heel of the Axis, says Col. Kernan. He also is contemptuous of "warfare by committee", and wants a clean-cut higher command vested in the President of the United States. His Italian suggestion is easier to read about than to put into action; no doubt strategists have discussed this often. Presumably it would be necessary first to clean up Africa and hold it as a base, and this the British have not yet succeeded in doing. Col. Kernan's book is useful chiefly for crystallizing opinion, and that seems to be what it is doing. The President is practically in charge of operations today and the whole temper of the United Nations is to attack as soon as they are able. But they cannot attack without vast preparations. (Little, Brown, \$1.50)

THE wide interest in flying continues and useful books are added to the bulging shelves on aviation. A technical book of great usefulness is "Air Pilot Training", by Bert A. Shields, instructor in charge of civilian pilot training at the Brooklyn Polytechnic institute. This 586-page book is packed with information about aircraft, navigation, meteorology, engines, etc., with numerous illustrations and diagrams. (Whittlesey House, \$4). Glider design and construction are described in "Youth Must Fly: Gliding and Soaring for America", by E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith Radio Corporation, whose hobby is gliders. (Harper, \$2.50) An interesting book about Army lingo is "Army Talk", by Elbridge Colby. A little on the scholarly side, it describes terms used in the Army and how they originated. Our new Army will create its own slang and a few new words are already gaining general currency. For instance, a zombie is a man who falls into the lowest grouping on the general classification test given all incoming soldiers. A soldier assigned to dish washing used to be called a pearl diver; now he is called a bubble dancer and a China clipper. Modern combat tanks with two turrets are being called Mae Wests. (Princeton University Press, \$2)



In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 18)

trainer of movie dogs, also schools the pooch for such afflicted folk. . . . **HERE'S THE ORIGINAL LUCKY DOG:** Li Chun Chang, a Pekingese resident of Pasadena, Calif. When that purp's owner died, our four-legged friend was left ten bucks a month for life—and then the fun began. The tax collector stepped in—not, of course, to set aside the heritage, but to demand an inheritance tax. As nobody concerned knew just how long a five-year-old dog could be expected to live, it gave all hands a variety of headaches. After a lot of calculation it was agreed that the lucky Li should lay \$30 on the line. The genius who solved this Chinese puzzle is unknown—at least to me. Another dog, this time in Chicago, a Pomeranian, inherited the income of a \$30,000 estate left by its owner, the spinster McDermott. . . . **UP TO NOW,** I always thought that the highest price ever attached to a bone-destroyer was the \$10,000 paid by the manufacturer of a well-known vacuum cleaner for the chowchow Chunam Brilliantine (imported from England). But the offer reported to have been turned down by the late Herman Mellenthin of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for his black cocker spaniel, My Own Brucie, tops this by \$5,000. In 1941 Brucie trimmed some 3,000 dogs at the Madison Square Garden show in New York City and then went on to finish ahead of more than 5,000 at the Morris & Essex show at Madison, N. J. The latter event is the largest canine clambake in the world. . . .

DOGS HAVE ALWAYS FIGURED IN HISTORY: Herodotus, Greek historian, mentions the Babylonian custom of certain cities having taxes paid in the form of food for the royal dogs. Alexander the Great thought so much of his dog, Perites, that he built and named a city for it. During the Crusades many of the boiler-plated boys brought their dogs along with them. Both Frederick the Great and Napoleon had good reason to be grateful to dogs, each owing his life to them. The

German monarch was saved by a Great Dane during an attack by Cossacks. The Little Corporal, the night he escaped from Elba, was fished by a dog out of the sea into which he'd fallen—but what kind of dog did this isn't told. Going back to the ancients again, we know by sculptures and frescoes in tombs and other ruins that Cheops, King Tut, Rameses and many of the Pharaohs were fond of dogs, some of them maintaining kennels within palace grounds. One of the earliest importers of dogs to this country was no less a person than George Washington, who brought over a number of foxhounds from England for his Mount Vernon estate. During the Revolution, in one of the engagements outside of New York City between Washington's forces and those of Lord Howe, a dog belonging to the English general was captured. The dog was later ceremoniously returned under a flag of truce with a courteous note to its owner. In these times it would probably have been sent back with a time bomb attached to its collar, were it captured by England's enemies. Favorite dog of the late Edward VII of England was a smooth fox terrier whose collar-plate carried the inscription: "I am Caesar. I belong to the King". Edward was fond of dogs—even Caesar, who had the reputation of being the orneriest purp that ever hung out in Buckingham Palace. One of the outstanding dogs of World War I was "Stubby", a no-descript bull terrier. He was in battle after battle, was wounded, decorated and, believe it or—believe it, was made a sergeant of Marines. When he died, his body was mounted and you can see it today in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington.

IN CERTAIN PARTS OF SCOTLAND the sheepdog is permitted to go to church with his master and remain there through the service. My guess is that this is because among the herders, and undoubtedly there are many in those congregations, the

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dog is the most valuable assistant a man can have. But in England some of the older churches still possess tongs for removing dogs from underneath the pews. . . . GOETHE, we learn, was notorious for his hatred of dogs, while Wagner, on the contrary, was nearly always accompanied by one. . . . TO MADAME ROLAND, guillotined during the French Revolution, is credited the saying, "The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs." . . . WHICH REMINDS ME of an amusing in-

cident relating to another native of that country: Millet, great landscape artist, owned a dog of which he was so fond that when it became sick he sent for no less a person than Dr. Louis Pasteur, discoverer of the serum that has since saved many from death by rabies. The affronted doctor later sent this note to the artist: "Dear Sir: The floor of my office needs painting. Kindly call at your earliest convenience." . . . IT WAS ROUSSEAU, who tossed off this classic about his dog Duke: "He

has rare qualities and I have made him my companion and friend; he is more worthy of this title than many of those who have taken it." . . .

FROM THE OTHER SIDE of the English Channel Lord Byron paid this tribute: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed Beauty without Vanity, Strength without Insolence, Courage without Ferocity, and all the Virtues of Man without his Vices," an epitaph to the poet's Newfoundland.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 41)

Lodge No. 1288, to be dedicated on this memorable occasion. The imposing edifice is ideally situated in Waterfront Park, surrounded by royal palms. Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters were joined by D.D. Judge James A. Dunn, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia and W. T. Harmon, all of Miami Lodge No. 948. A buffet dinner, given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was attended by many members and their ladies, and Elks from surrounding lodges. After the dinner the lodge home was dedicated. The Ritual was exemplified by E.R. Tom Derington and his officers. At the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies, the Chairman of the Building Committee presented the Exalted Ruler with the keys to the new home. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the principal address at the meeting which was followed by a delightful dance.

Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters were escorted to Miami on February 27 over the scenic Tamiami Trail by Mr. Dunn, Mr. Senerchia and Mr. Harmon. At the home of Miami Lodge the visitors were met by E.R. William Mooty and many of the members. The party then proceeded to the Columbus Hotel for a luncheon. District Deputy James A. Dunn, presiding as Toastmaster, introduced Mr. Mooty who welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary to the city. The visitation was doubly enjoyable as Judge McClelland resided in Miami for several years and was glad to meet so many of his old friends. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary addressed the luncheon-meeting which was attended by prominent Elks from various parts of the country. Among those introduced by the Toastmaster were Past Exalted Rulers C. A. Mills, Chelsie Senerchia, William M. Brown, Judge J. Wayne Allen, C. D. Van Orsdel, Hayes S. Wood, Louis J. Hamel, William Shayne, J. R. Fitzpatrick and Glenn Mincer, of Miami Lodge, Secy. R. E. Norcross, Miami, E.R. Lawrence A. McKenna, of Cleveland, O., Lodge, E.R. Joseph F. McKervey, San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge, and Charles Rosencrans, of Long Branch Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn. At the conclusion of the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary were escorted by a large delegation of Miami members to the City Hall where D.D. James A. Dunn, as City Commissioner of Miami, welcomed them to the city. Present at the ceremony were many other distinguished Elks and city officials. The party was then escorted to the City Hall at Miami Beach. There Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland and Mr. Mas-

ters were welcomed by Mayor Val Cleary, P.E.R. and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Miami Beach Lodge No. 1601, after which they were taken to their hotel where they were joined by Mrs. McClelland and Mrs. Masters.

At 5:00 p.m. Judge Dunn and Mr. Harmon called for the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary and escorted them, together with many members of Miami Lodge, to Fort Lauderdale, Fla. On the outskirts of the city, the party was greeted by a large delegation from Fort Lauderdale Lodge No. 1517 headed by E.R. Charles H. Crim, Secy. Hubert C. Smith and P.D.D. Arthur C. O'Hea, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee for the occasion. After an inspection of the commodious new home of the lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was tendered a banquet at the Governor's Club Hotel. At the speakers' table were many prominent Elks including Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami, P.D.D. W. A. Wall and E.R. Egbert Beall of West Palm Beach Lodge, E.R. Charles Crim, Secy. H. C. Smith, P.D.D. Arthur C. O'Hea, P.E.R.'s Louis F. Maire, H. S. Becker and Thomas B. Manuel, and Theodore Meyer, architect of the new building, all of Fort Lauderdale Lodge, Secy. W. F. Hurley of Daytona Beach Lodge, E.R. John H. Boyer, Miami Beach, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Mooty and former Governor General Gore of Puerto Rico, all of whom were introduced by Toastmaster Don Freeman. After a delightful banquet adjournment was made to the new home of Fort Lauderdale Lodge for the ceremonies of dedication during which the chairs were occupied by officers from neighboring lodges with D.D. James Dunn presiding as Exalted Ruler. Upon the completion of the ritualistic work, the keys of the building were delivered to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Judge Dunn. Judge McClelland complimented the lodge for its splendid accomplishment in providing an attractive and comfortable home for the membership and for its many worthwhile activities. Grand Secretary Masters also made an inspiring talk. The program was concluded with the presentation of an entertaining floor show. More than 300 Elks and their ladies were present.

ON Saturday evening, February 28, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary were escorted by Mr. Dunn to Miami Beach, where they attended a banquet as guests of the officers and members of Miami Beach

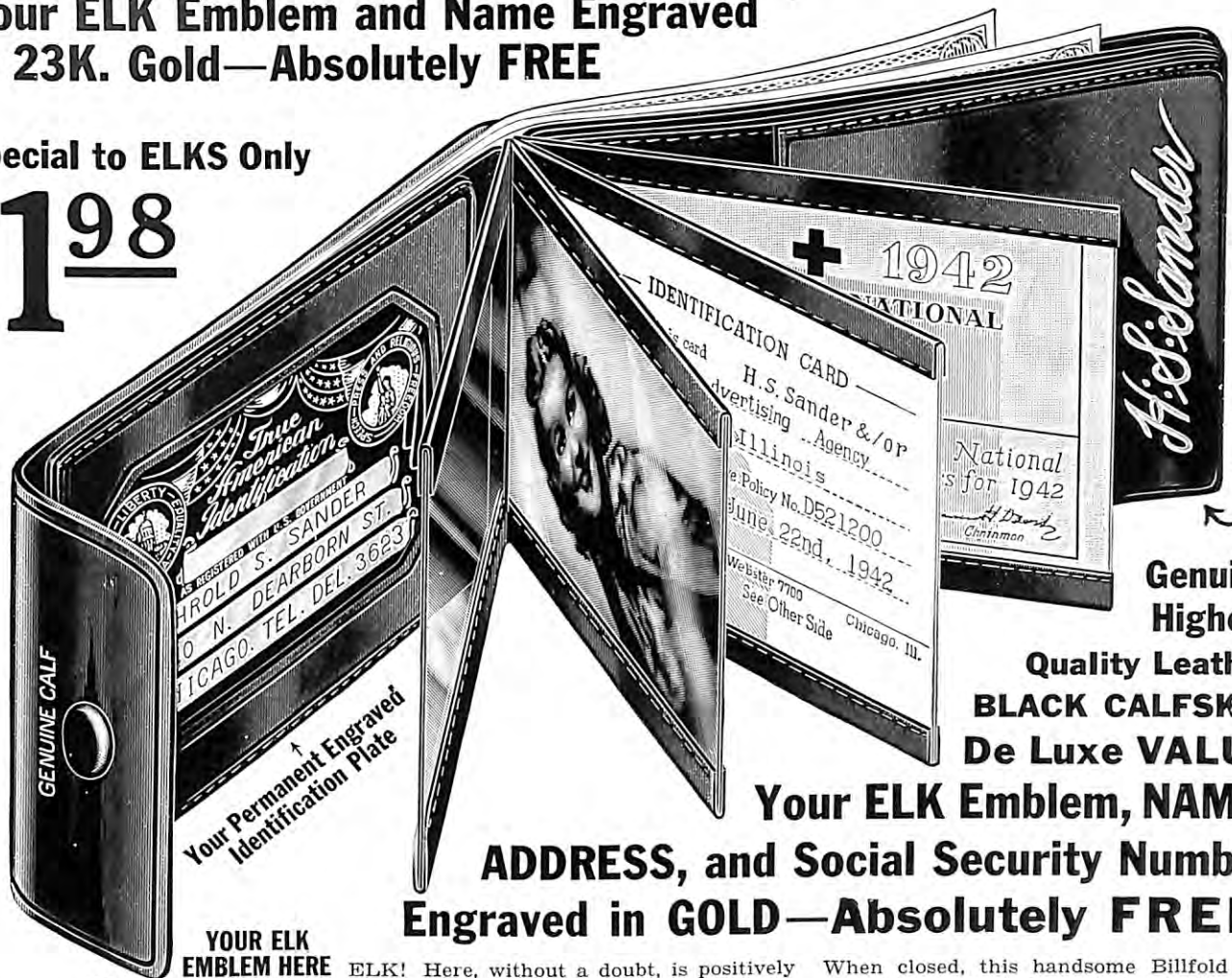
Lodge No. 1601. E.R. John H. Boyer presided. Among those present was P.E.R. Val C. Cleary, Mayor of Miami Beach. Later the Grand Exalted Ruler and a large number of the dinner guests went to the Miami Beach lodge home. While in Southern Florida, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland had the unusual experience of dedicating three beautiful new lodge homes on three consecutive nights—at Fort Myers, Fort Lauderdale and Miami Beach. Before a large gathering in the Miami Beach lodge room, District Deputy James A. Dunn, occupying the station of the Grand Exalted Ruler for the dedicatory proceedings, called the lodge to order. Chelsie J. Senerchia acted as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Arthur O'Hea as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, P.E.R. Pat C. Mays as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, P.E.R. Otto Stegemann as Grand Chaplain and Don Roth as Grand Esquire. The Grand Exalted Ruler made the principal speech of the evening. He was enthusiastic in his praise of Miami Beach Lodge, complimenting the members on the practical as well as attractive building that was being dedicated to the service of the Order. Judge McClelland, who had the pleasure of meeting the Esteemed Loyal Knight of Miami Beach Lodge on the occasion of his visit in St. Petersburg, brought a message to the home lodge of Lennie Harris, who was stationed at MacDill Field. In the audience were Colonel William H. Kelly, of East Orange, N. J., former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Mrs. Kelly, and also Richard F. Flood, Sr., of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, whose son, Richard F. Flood, Jr., is a present member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Grand Secretary Masters gave an interesting talk. Mayor Cleary, Chairman of the Building Committee, delivered the keys of the new building to P.E.R. P. R. Short. The ceremonies were followed by a dance. The Grand Exalted Ruler's party was then escorted by motorcycle patrol to the Miami Beach Kennel Club where they viewed several of the feature races, one of which was the "Grand Exalted Ruler's Special". While in the vicinity, Mrs. McClelland and Mrs. Masters were given a dinner at the famous Royal Palm Club which was followed by an entertaining floor show. Judge and Mrs. McClelland and Mr. and Mrs. Masters were guests on February 29 of an old friend, J. W. Ware, a member of Atlanta Lodge now residing in Miami Beach. After a luncheon at the Surf Club, Mr. Ware took the party on a sightseeing tour to points of interest around Miami Beach.

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This beautiful three-color life-time identification plate carries your full name, address and social security or draft number exactly the way you want it.



Also FREE— If you order at once we send you this beautiful identification key tag and gift chain to match, hand engraved with your name, address, city and state. Will last a lifetime.

ELK! Here, without a doubt, is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For a high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your ELK Emblem and Name, you would expect to pay up to \$4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only \$1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three color lifetime Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has three pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards.

When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your ELK Emblem and Initials, are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember if you send your order promptly, we will include absolutely FREE, a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gift Chain to match, all hand engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free Gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today, without fail so you won't be disappointed.

ATTENTION LODGE SECRETARIES

Write or wire us at once for special discount on quantity orders. This calfskin billfold makes the ideal prize or gift.

Rush This Coupon For This Once-In-A-Lifetime Bargain!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 213, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.98. Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and ELK Emblem engraved in 23k gold. Include absolutely free, a life-time Identification Plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number, or Draft Number. Also include FREE an Identification Key Tag and Gift Chain to match, all hand-engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

My Full Name _____ (Please print clearly)

Address _____

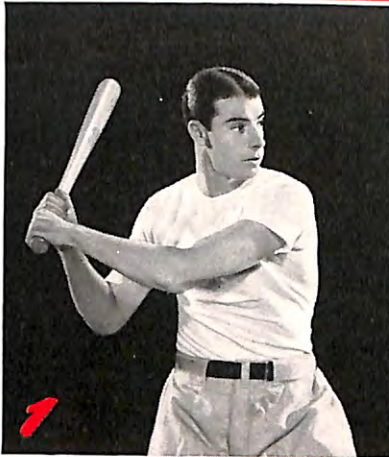
City _____ State _____

Social Security Number _____ Army Draft Number _____

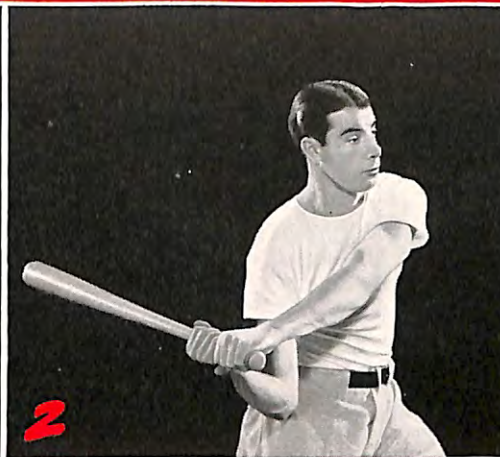
Please ship the above C.O.D. for \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C.O.D. charges.

JOE DIMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

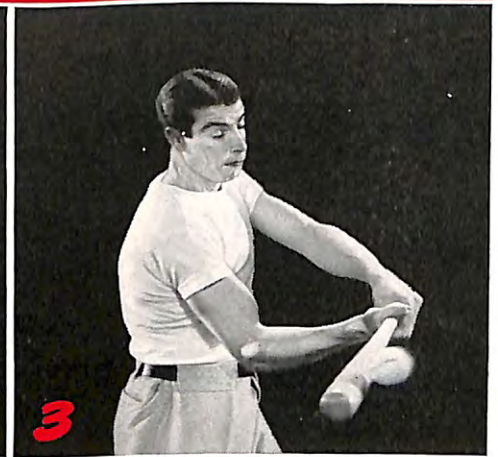
Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history



DiMaggio sizes up the pitch...



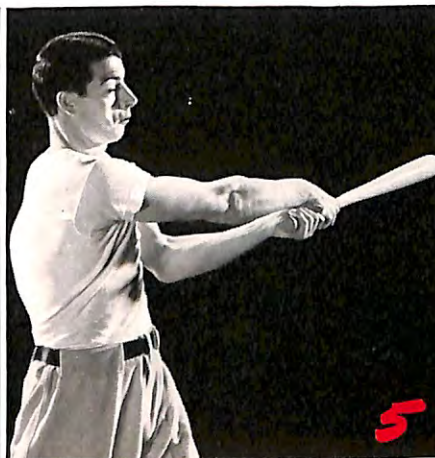
He starts that devastating swing...



Squarely...solidly...bat meets ball.



With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...



Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.

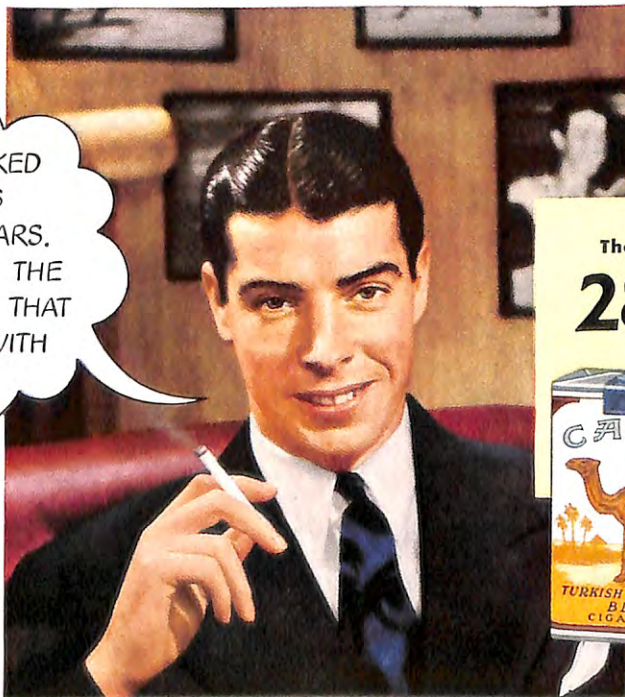


A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR 8 YEARS. THEY HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS WITH ME

Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

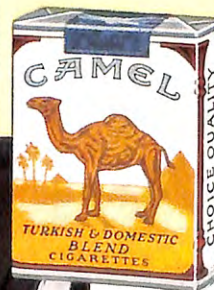
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS