

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

JULY 1942

20 CENTS PER COPY



Whew! 80 to 90 in an hour - and still climbing!

Bet I can bring it down in a minute - "33 to 1"



DID HE SAY "33 to 1"? THE HEAT MUST BE AFFECTING POOR BOB. HE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

OH YES HE DOES, DOCTOR. HE'S GONE TO GET YOU SOME "THIRST AID!"



WELL, IT'LL HAVE TO BE GOOD TO BRING MY TEMPERATURE DOWN.

LOOK, JOHN, IT'S OUR FAVORITE - PABST BLUE RIBBON.



KEEREECT! 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT WONDERFUL FLAVOR!

FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED "33 to 1!"



M-MM... DELIGHTFUL! THE MERCURY'S STILL CLIMBING BUT YOU WIN YOUR BET, BOB - "33 to 1!"

NOTHING LIKE IT TO BRING DOWN A TEMPERATURE, EH DOCTOR?



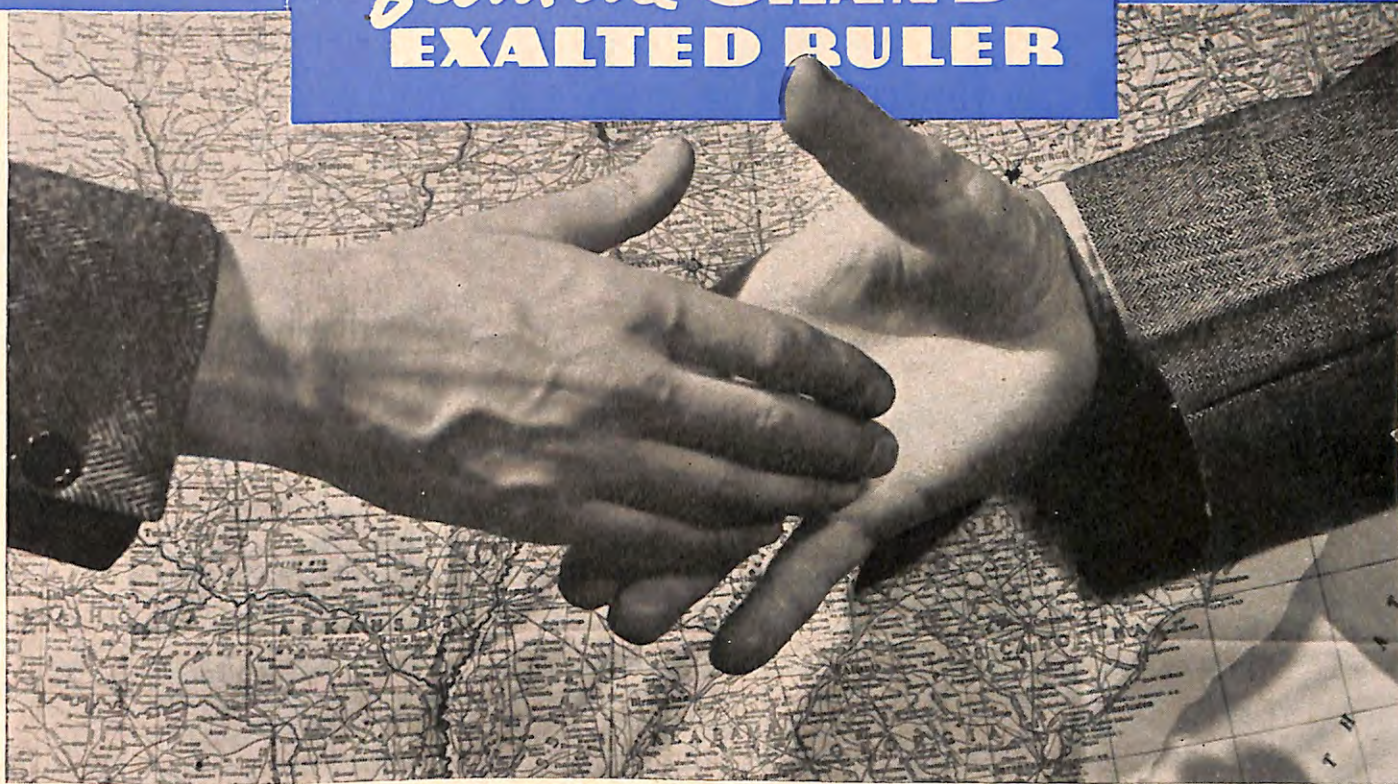
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You'll find the flavor of this great beer exceptionally refreshing. Because blending "33 to 1" combines the smooth, mellow goodness you love to roll around your tongue... with the bright, sparkling tang no thirst can resist. Enjoy it in regular or club size bottles, and on draft at better places.



33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



Statile from Atlas

HELLO, AMERICANS!

With this month and the Grand Lodge Convention in Omaha, my period of stewardship as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks comes to a close. Also, these monthly talks I have had with you through the medium of *The Elks Magazine* will be finished. We ring down the curtain on a period fraught with high emergency and great deeds; a time of world upheaval such as has never been witnessed before in the history of mankind.

Despite global war of such extraordinary proportions as to confound the imagination, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has come through with spirits high and banners flying. It affords me great satisfaction to report that during the last twelve months our Order has enjoyed the greatest increase in membership in the last two decades. We have changed our tempo from one of armed expectancy to total war with the accompanying shift in viewpoint and firmer determination of purpose.

During these epochal twelve months, the Elks War Commission has made notable contributions; the Elks' "Defend America" highway signs have made their appearance all over the nation; the "October Round-Up" was conducted with significant success; the great "I Am An American" and "Win the War" classes have been initiated, with all subordinate lodges participating wholeheartedly; the Elks "G" boxes have been making their appearance in ever-increasing numbers in Uncle Sam's service camps; the "Write 'Em a Letter" campaign is sending a steady and inspiring stream of mail to the men who are fighting America's battle of survival—and our Brotherhood is otherwise inspiring higher morale among the military and civilian populations.

These and other accomplishments of the last year are highly gratifying to me as your Grand Exalted Ruler because they are the fruits of your great spirit and cooperation. These things could have been done by no one man or any small group of men. No, they are the result of all our membership playing their individual parts with zeal and purpose. And it is with deep appreciation that I extend thanks to the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the Grand Lodge officers, the District Deputies, the subordinate lodge officers and the membership as a whole for doing so magnificent a job.

It has been my high privilege to travel thousands of miles during the year now closing to visit with Elks in every part of the United States and to observe the healthy and determined condition of many of our 1,400 lodges. In my visits with you and from communications received I have felt the steady heartbeat of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and it has been a grand experience.

No one, naturally, knows the ultimate problems that remain to be solved as the result of warfare that blazes from horizon to horizon, but your present Elk leadership has no doubt that your manhood and high brotherly resolve will be equal to any emergency just as they have met the changed conditions that have followed the treachery at Pearl Harbor and the resultant embroilment of the United States in world conflict.

In this final message to you as Grand Exalted Ruler I salute you from a heart brimming with appreciation for your friendship and cooperation. You have been magnificent in performing the tasks assigned you and in maintaining the very highest standards of brotherhood and patriotism. You have been a constant inspiration and I shall never forget the glorious though troubled days in which Elkdom has been put to the grim test of war and not being found wanting.

As I take official leave of you it is with the exhilarating confidence that you are prepared for the future with ability, determination and vision, plus those priceless ingredients of loyalty, friendship and brotherly love inspired by Benevolent Elkdom.

Carry on, Americans, for the glory and survival of mankind, free and unafraid. Under the banner of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks march forward shoulder to shoulder in majestic brotherhood to those heights of service which our founders dreamed and which you can bring to full fruition.

May God's richest blessings be with you—now and evermore.

John S. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

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

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

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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Courtesy of American Women's Voluntary Services

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 21, No. 2, July, 1942. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please send notice of a change in your address to the Circulation Department, *The Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., with the following information: 1. Your name and the name of your lodge; 2. Your membership number; 3. The new address; 4. The old address. Your lodge Secretary also should be informed of the change. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.
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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

ANYONE who writes as well and as prolifically as Eldon Roark, author of "Crazy Like a Fox", should be permitted to tell a little about himself in his own words. So, here goes:

"For the past nine years I have written a human-interest column—about 1400 words, six days a week—for the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*. I write about everything under the sun. One day you meet the world's champion chicken thief in my column—we really have him here in Memphis—and the next day you meet a social regitrite. I especially like to interview itinerant bums, goofs, screwballs and philosophers, and I believe I know more than any other newspaper man in the country. That's why I am sometimes known as the bum editor. It isn't because of the quality of my work at all. Really, it isn't."

We know that it isn't the quality of his fiction that has earned him this dubious honor. We also know, as you will, that the greatest screwball in his repertoire is Dick Lane, of "Crazy Like a Fox".

Dickson Hartwell gives you the history and training program for the use of Army dogs in "Dogs in the War". Canine soldiers are nothing new to many armies, but this is the first time we have carried out a program for their use as messengers and sentries. It is no easy task to train a pup to race through fire, smoke and gunfire, but it is being done today on an ever increasing scale.

We have another story by D. D. Beauchamp, who was the author of last month's "Man About a Dog". This one is "I Pledge Allegiance" and seems to us a timely and well-told tale for this month. It's about a young boy and his fight to be a good American.

We would like to remind you that it is likely that your August copy of the Magazine will be late. The reason: last-minute news of the Convention, which necessitates a later press date than usual. News of this year's Grand Lodge Convention will be found on page 22.

Those members who are on service with the Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marines need only shout a command to us and we'll see that their copy of the Magazine follows them to their new post. We'll need their complete address and their lodge—also the address to which the last copy was mailed.

You will find all the regular features in this issue, including the War Commission's page, "Aces in the Rough". The services of the USO are described and an appeal is made for your cooperation on page 24.

See you in Omaha!

F. R.A.

Are YOU the skeptical type?



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

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

Then convince yourself that

Cream of Kentucky

is the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbon



Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copyright 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Taste the Flavor! It's the original "double-rich" Bourbon—the only Bourbon made with the unexcelled limestone water of Cove Spring.

Consider the Maker! It's the one and only Bourbon made by Colonel Albert B. Blanton, the acknowledged dean of Kentucky distillers.

We don't advise Dick Lane's procedure for all prospective draftees, but it would be fun.

By Eldon Roark

WHEN I saw Al Hinkley, our columnist, heading toward my desk with a little grin on his horse face, I knew he either wanted to tell me a *double-entendre* joke or offer me a tip on a screwy story he was too lazy to run down himself.

And I was right. It was a story. "A scout just phoned in something that I'll pass on to you if you want to work on it," he said. He always refers to anybody who gives him a tip as a scout. "I'm snowed under myself."

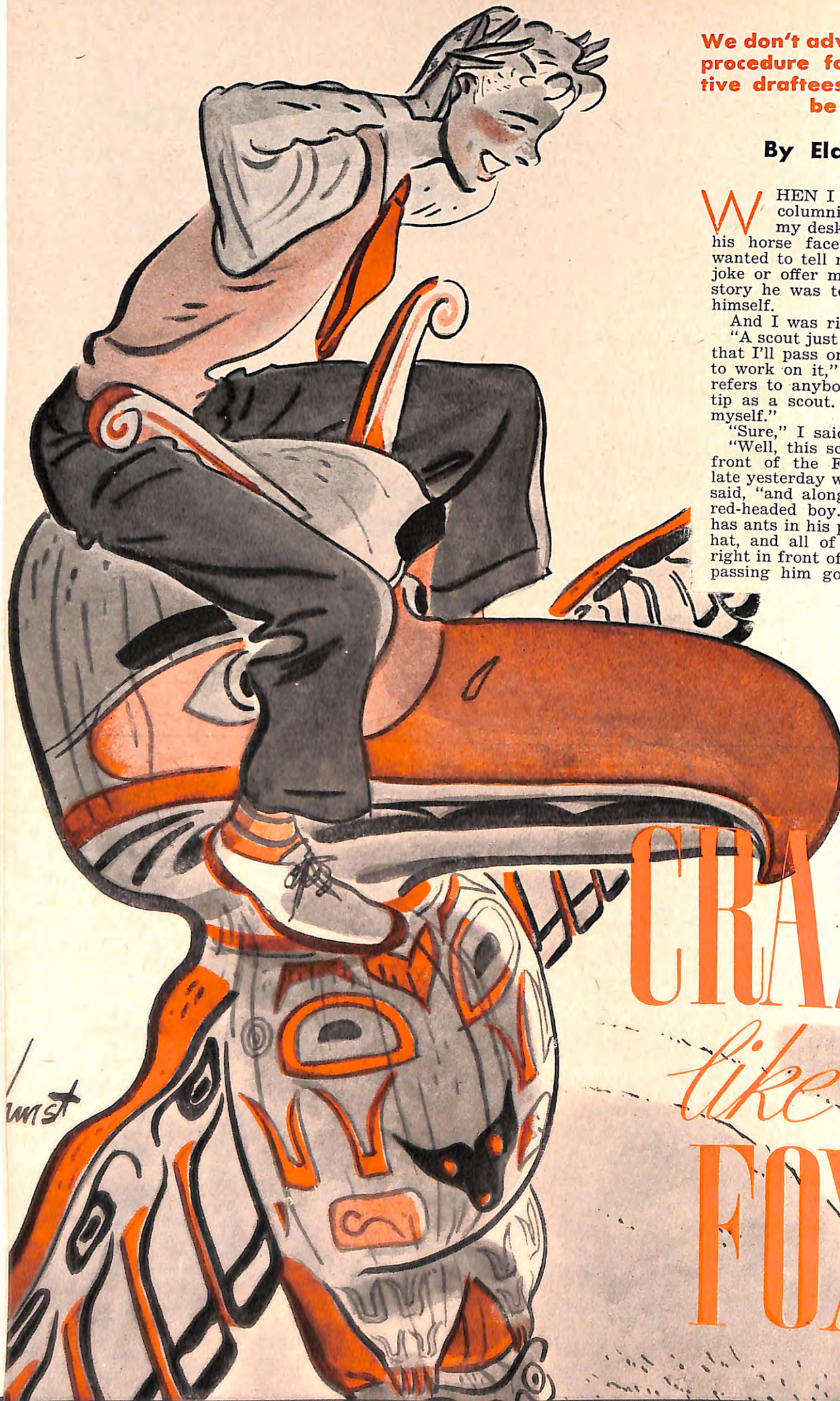
"Sure," I said. "What is it?"

"Well, this scout was standing in front of the First National Bank late yesterday waiting for a bus," Al said, "and along comes a tall, lean, red-headed boy. He looks as if he has ants in his pants and bees in his hat, and all of a sudden he jumps right in front of a pretty girl who is passing him going in the opposite

CRAZY

like a

FOX



direction, head up, eyes front.

"It all happens right close to this scout, and he hears most of the conversation. This red-headed boy blurts out that he is leaving for the Army, and that he has just gotta meet her before he leaves. It seems they had been passing each other on the street often and had been doing a little ogling, and this bird had been wanting to meet her. But he didn't know anybody he could get to introduce them.

"If I don't meet you before I go," he stammers, blushing like a red neon sign, "I won't be able to keep my mind on my fighting."

"And then she laughs and says, well, she certainly doesn't want to be the cause of a soldier's going into battle without his mind on his business, so come on and let's find somebody to introduce us. And off they go together."

"Yeah," I said. "Sounds like a story, all right, but how the heck am I gonna follow it up? Who are they?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that," Al said. "This scout heard the boy tell her his name was Dick Lane, but he didn't hear the girl say what hers was. You might check the Dick Lanes in the city directory."

"Okay," I said. "Maybe I can get on it this afternoon—just maybe."

I went on with the story I was writing about the USO opening a recreation center, and about twenty minutes later Ben Gaines, the city editor, called me. "Take this call," he said, holding his hand over the telephone. "This girl is all excited over something about a stuffed shirt, as if that were something rare."

So I took the call. "Hello," I said. "This is Chuck Willins speaking. Now, will you please give me the story?"

"Listen," a drawly little voice answered, "something happened down here that's just too funny for words. I don't know whether it'll be anything for the paper or not, but we'd all get a big kick out of seeing it in print."

"All right," I said. "Tell me about it."

"Well, now, listen," she said. "I don't want to be known in this, so just leave me out of it. Anyway, there's a boy working down here who's leaving for the Army, see? Yesterday was his last day, but he came in this morning with a big bundle under his arm. And almost before we realized what was happening, he was up on a desk yelling for everybody to give him their attention. We nearly died, because it just didn't sound like him at all. He's

always been so quiet and rather dignified—even a little timid."

"What was he saying—his farewell address?" I asked.

She giggled. "No, that's the funny part," she said. "He just said he was leaving for the Army, as we all knew, and he had decided that he just couldn't go without doing something that had needed doing a long time. Then he unwrapped his bundle and held up an old shirt stuffed with excelsior."

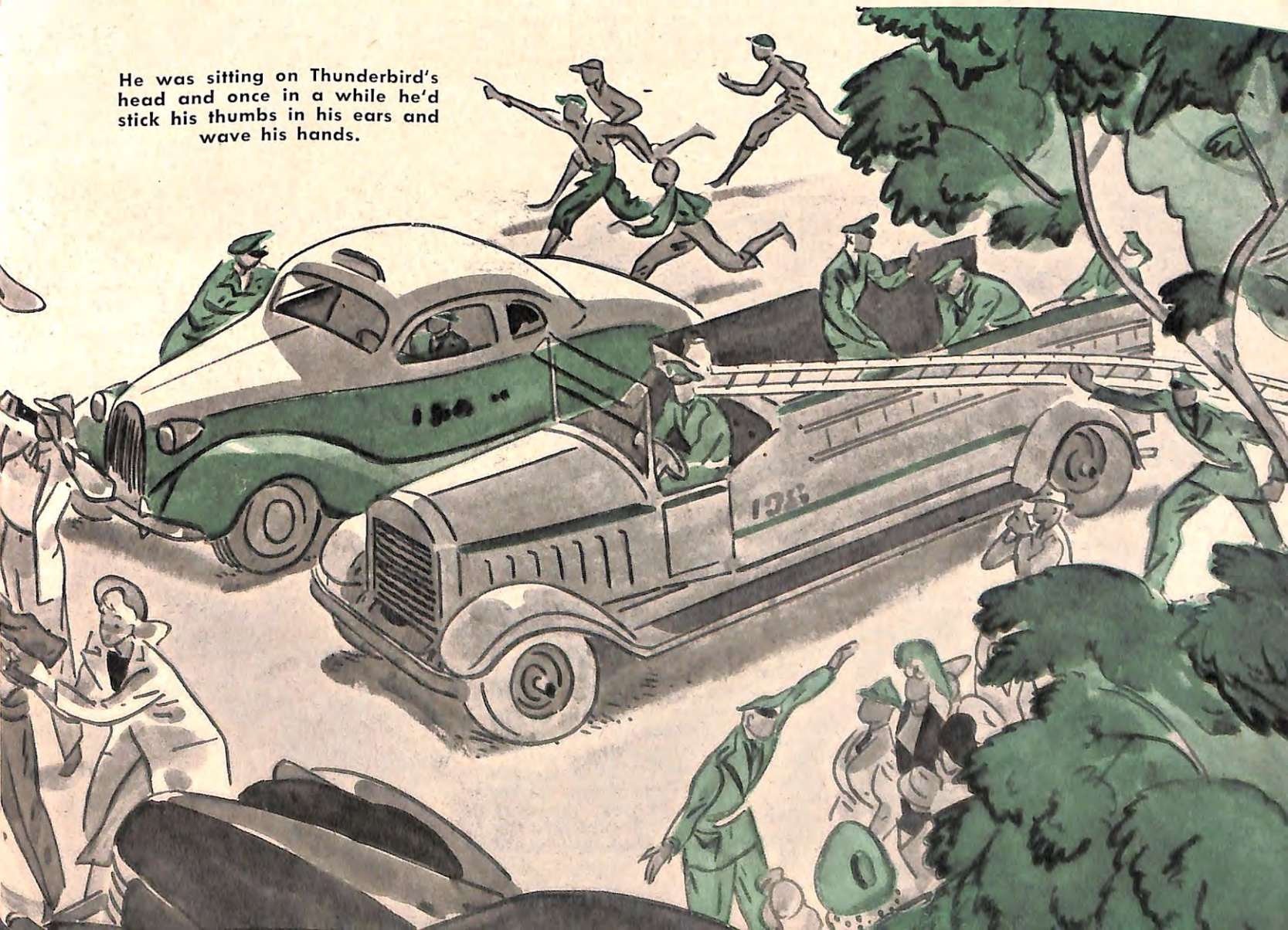
"He asked if we knew what it was, and somebody said it looked like a stuffed shirt. 'That's right!' he shouted. And then he looked across the office at—well, at a fellow we call the unofficial snitch and self-appointed big shot—looked right at him. 'And now,' he said, 'I'll proceed to unstuff a stuffed shirt.' He started pulling out the excelsior and throwing it all over the place, and, I declare, I thought everybody would die."

"What about the self-appointed big shot?" I asked. "How'd he take it?"

"Oh, he took it on the lam," she said. "He went flying upstairs to the big boss."

"Well, that's a good one," I said, laughing. "Might use it myself sometime. Where did this happen, and

He was sitting on Thunderbird's head and once in a while he'd stick his thumbs in his ears and wave his hands.



who was the young unstuffer of stuffed shirts?"

"This is Hollis & Co.," she said, "and the boy's name—don't you dare say where you got this—his name is Dick Lane."

I perked up. Dick Lane! "Is he still there?" I asked. "I want to talk to him."

"He left over an hour ago," she said. "But you might catch him at home. He boards at 1024 Chester."

I ran over and told Ben, and he laughed. "That's funny as hell," he said, "but I don't see how we can use that. We can't hold that other bird up to ridicule."

Then I told him about the tip Al Hinkley had given me. "Must be the same Dick Lane," I said. "Maybe the boy has a couple of screws loose."

"See if you can run him down later," he said. "Right now, though, I want that USO story."

I finished knocking it out and turned it in. Just as I was heading for the city directory to see whose home 1024 Chester was, Ben yelled for me to take a little story from Sam Forges for the first edition. Sam is our courthouse reporter.

"Just bumped into a screwball," he said.

"Why, that ain't no news, Sam," I said. "The town's full of 'em."

"Not this kind," he shot back. "A few minutes ago this bird shows up over here, and he goes up to the second floor, straddles the banister and comes sliding down—zip!—just like a kid. Then, right back up he goes again and does it all over, only the second time he doesn't stop at the end of the banister. He zips right on out into space and nearly busts his differential. But he hops up and starts on out, trying to look nonchalant with about a dozen goggle-eyed people watching him."

"Some fun, eh?" I said. "But what was the big idea?"

"I overtook him just as he was going out the door, but I couldn't get much out of him," Ben said. "Just said it was something he had been wanting to do a long time, and he had finally got around to it."

And then I really woke up. "Did he says his name was Lane—Dick Lane?" I asked. "And was he a tall, red-headed boy?"

"Sa-a-y, how'd you find out?" Sam said. "This just happened a minute ago."

"You're right about his being an unusual screwball," I said. "Tell you about it later."

"Make it short and let's have it!" Ben yelled.

"It's that same goof," I answered. "Now he's sliding down the banisters at the courthouse."

Ben ran over, chuckling, and stood by me as I threw a sheet of paper into my typewriter, and together we wrote a little box for the first edition.

I wanted to add a paragraph or two about the stuffed shirt and the romance, but Ben grabbed the copy and ran. "Haven't got time for any more," he said. "Give us a better

story for the home edition."

I went to the city directory and learned that a Mrs. Grant lived at 1024 Chester, and I called her and asked if Dick Lane boarded there. She said yes, but he wasn't home.

"Where does he work?" I asked, just as a further check on him.

"Well, he did work at Hollis & Co., she said, "but he quit yesterday. He's leaving for the Army soon."

"Yes, I heard he was," I said, "and I thought it would be nice for us to get a little interview with him. Have any idea where I can reach him?"

"He left early this morning and said he didn't know when he would be back," she said. "He had a lot of things to do."

"Well, thanks a lot," I said. "If he comes in, will you please ask him to call Chuck Willins at the Press?"

Then I sauntered over to the city desk, shaking my head. "Up against it on our screwball story, Ben," I said. "Can't get in touch with him right now. I'll just have to write what we have for the home edition and grab him the first chance I get."

"Okay," Ben said. "But don't go wild. I'm a little sceptical about all this business. I'm beginning to believe that bird is playing cuckoo to avoid the draft. It has been done, you know."

So I wrote a story telling how a red-headed young man named Dick Lane was on the loose, getting things off his mind, his chest, his heart and his so on before joining the Army, and I was just winding it up when Bert Hanes, publicity man for the Gilroy, came bustling in with a picture of the hotel's new orchestra.

"By the way," he said as he stopped at my desk, "since you like wacky stuff, something happened at the hotel just before I came out that might make you a yarn. Know the funny-looking old woman who's been selling papers at the east entrance so long? Well, a little after twelve some bird brings her into the main dining-room for lunch. Young fellow, too—a boy friend! Both of 'em looked scared to death."

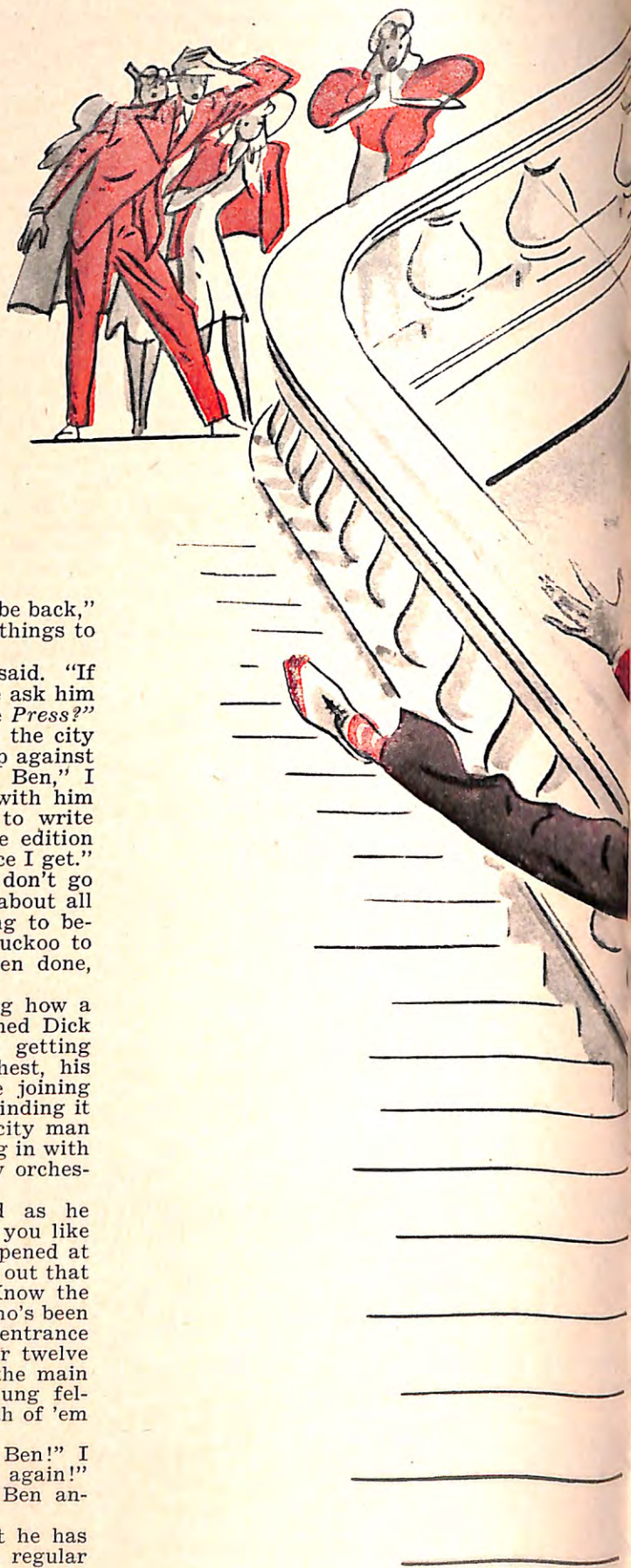
I let out a yell. "Hey, Ben!" I hollered. "He's busted out again!"

"What's he done now?" Ben answered. "Got married?"

"Not quite," I said. "But he has butted into another girl. A regular masher, that guy."

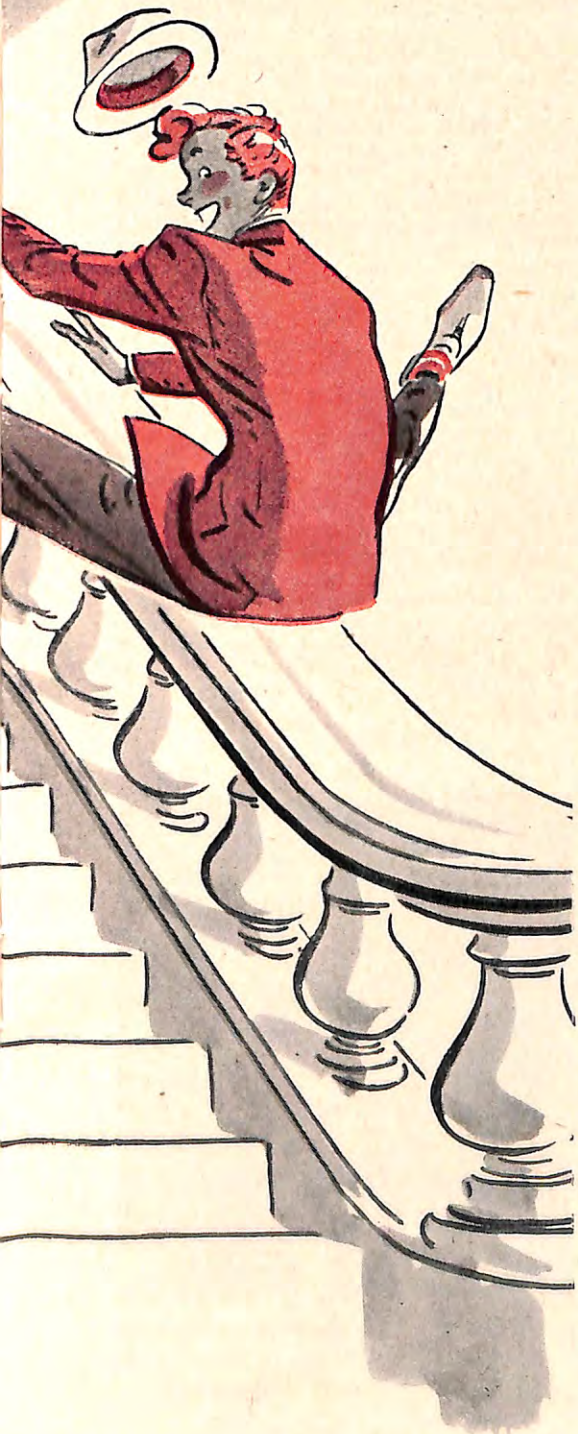
Hanes gave me a puzzled look. "What th' hell you fellows talking about, anyway?" he said.

"This young fellow—was he a tall, red-headed young man?" I asked.



Illustrated
BY EARL OLIVER HURST

"He goes up to the second floor, straddles the banister and comes sliding down—zip!"



"Yes, that's right," he said. "But what do you know about him?"

"Here, read this," I said as I pushed the carbon copy of my story toward him and reached for my hat. "Reckon he's still at the hotel?"

"He might be," Hanes said. "Anyway, you can talk to the old woman."

I was too late, though. The queer luncheon date was over, and the funny-looking old woman—she has a look of constant astonishment—was back at the entrance with her papers.

She was so excited over her adventure that she could hardly talk. The young man's name was Lane—she didn't know his first name—and he was the nicest young man in the world. He had bought a paper from her once in a while, and whenever he did they always talked. One day she told him that although she had been selling papers there fifteen years, she had never been inside the hotel.

"Well, maybe some day you and I can have a date," he had said. "We'll put on a little dog and eat in there together. I've always wanted to eat a meal at the Gilroy."

So he hadn't forgotten. And my, it was the prettiest place! Kind of like going up to heaven for lunch, and then coming back to work.

I still didn't have an interview with the boy, but there was nothing I could do about it. I went back to the office and wrote the luncheon story as an add for the final edition.

Then I checked with the boy's landlady again, but he hadn't showed up. I called Hollis & Co., to ask if he had been back there, and he hadn't. Nobody could offer a suggestion as to his whereabouts.

About that time I saw Ben talking into the phone, looking as if he were about to bust and waving frantically for me to come over. He finished his conversation as I came up, and then he slumped in his chair and nearly died laughing.

"Guess where your screwball has been now?" he said. "That was old Dean Hutchins of the Cathedral. Said he had just talked with a most unusual young man, and it occurred to him that we ought to interview the boy. He's leaving for the Army, and he has some mighty fine views on the subject of liberty."

"All together, boys!" I shouted. "He's a tall, red-headed young man, and his name is Dick Lane."

"Right!" Ben said. "But wait, you haven't heard the half of it. Our screwball goes into the Cathedral and sits there right in the middle of it, gazing up at the big east window. The janitor discovers him and watches him a while, and then he gets scared and goes running for the old Dean. He says the man ain't even twitching a muscle, just settin' there staring, and he must be daid. So the Dean investigates, and he gets to chatting with the goof. He tells the Dean he has always wanted to spend a quiet hour there alone."

"I'd better beat it out there before I miss him again," I said.

"Whoa!" Ben answered. "He's gone. But, say, this thing's getting better all the time. Keep right on it."

Late that afternoon I called the boarding house again. The boy hadn't come in, but he had phoned to see if he had any mail from the draft board, and had said he had a dinner-date downtown. By that time his landlady had read the home edition, and she was worried. Such carryings on didn't sound like Dick at all, and she feared the poor boy was sick and out of his head.

After dinner my wife and I went to a movie, and when we came out it was 10:30. So once more I checked on the boarding house, and still Dick Lane hadn't come in.

As soon as I hopped out of bed the following morning I ran to the phone.

"He just left," his landlady said. "I told him you were anxious to get in touch with him, and he said you'd probably hear from him this morning."

"Did he seem all right?" I asked.

"He looked all right," she said, "but he acted a little funny. I'm still worried about him."

Ben was waiting for me when I walked into the office, and I knew I was in a tough spot. "Get busy!" he hollered. "Let's have a good screwball story for the first edition."

"Okay," I said. "Haven't got much new stuff, though."

"What!" he exploded. "You mean to say you haven't interviewed that bird yet?"

"Well, I can't interview him till I find him," I shot back. "I kept trying till midnight, and early this morning I tried again. Just missed him, but he's gonna call me."

"Aw, hell!" Ben said, giving me that sarcastic look of his. "All right, get busy. Hash up something."

I sat down and tried to knock out a speculative lead, wondering where the impulsive red-headed young man would bob up next and what he would do, but I just couldn't write anything that suited me. I was making my fifth attempt when a commotion broke loose on the city desk. Ben started yelling into the telephone to Joe Gelp, our police reporter, and screaming for me to come quick, for Fred Dawson to get his camera, for somebody to call a taxi—all at the same time.

"What's happened?" I asked as I ran over to his desk.

"Get your hat and get going!" he shouted. "It's your screwball. He's on top the totem pole in Central Square."

Fred came running out of the photographic department with his camera, and together we charged toward the elevator. "Phone in something for the first edition," Ben yelled, "and then stay right with it."

The little downtown square looked like a movie riot scene when we arrived. Traffic was completely blocked on Second Avenue and on Firey Street, and cops were blowing their whistles and waving their arms and

(Continued on page 37)



**WHAT
AMERICA IS**

Reading

By Harry Hansen

Associated Press Photo

THERE is no reason for becoming romantic about Washington, D. C., says W. M. Kiplinger, who lives there. It is not a diamond sitting on a piece of velvet. It is the city where the routine work of the Government is carried on; where thousands of clerks and secretaries perform the prosaic work of clerks and secretaries, and where people live much as they do elsewhere. Most of those who live in it were not born in it; that's why there is so little

"concrete local enthusiasm" in Washington. Offices are crowded; boarding houses are jammed; 28 percent of the citizens are Negroes and there are ten women to every nine men. And great men are so common that they walk unmolested down the streets, while "Joe Louis draws as big a crowd as any President ever did".

The man who says Americans ought to know the plain truth about their capital city is the editor of the

The 36,000-mile odyssey of Frank Gervasi, foreign correspondent, covering battlefronts and interviewing military leaders, makes one of World War II's most exciting stories. It is told in WAR HAS SEVEN FACES. Frank Gervasi began his journalistic career when he was still in High School. His European reporting began in 1934, when he covered the Asturias Revolution in Spain.

Kiplinger Letter, which keeps business men informed about coming legislation. Insisting that he is a reporter, he gives the news Americans want to hear when they visit Washington. As many of us won't be able to visit Washington in war-time because of the scarcity of gasoline and tires, we can read Mr. Kiplinger's book, "Washington Is Like That", and make a vicarious pilgrimage. And let me add that this is not a guide-book, nor is it the usual booster's manual. It has been compiled with the help of numerous assistants and answers questions as frankly as would a confidential friend.

Washington is a gay town, says he, but it has no night life. There is a lot of drinking, because there is leisure, and it is better to sip than to gulp. Officials are neither wholly dumb nor wholly omniscient; they are hard-working men, always underpaid, making less than they would in private jobs. Negroes are better represented in Government offices than ever before, as a result of the interest taken by President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Secretary of the Interior Ickes, but their organizations still complain that they do not have enough jobs and that they are paid less than white workers.

Mr. Kiplinger also describes the activities of Jews in the Government,
(Continued on page 44)



Captain W. D. Puleston, author of Annapolis: Gangway to the Quarterdeck, recently published.

Mr. Frank has the fond notion that we can become backyard body builders. He's quite convincing.

Muscles in Your Garden

By Stanley Frank

THE man with the whiskers and the look of eagles in his eye tells you to have fun, relax and nurture your health, the Nation's most precious asset, through sports. The man pats you benignly with one hand and tells you to play hard and joyously and with the other hand he rations your gas and retires all rubber from circulation, except the bounce in bad checks. It is very confusing.

How in the world, you grouse, are

you going to play and build the body beautiful if you cannot drive to the golf course or the tennis court? And suppose you do get there, what then? You're going to look pretty silly, you reflect morosely, taking prodigious swipes at phantom golf and tennis balls in place of the genuine articles you no longer can buy. You suspect someone with a grisly sense of humor is kidding you or, maybe, has gone crazy in Washington. How are you going to play when you ain't got

where to play or what to play with?

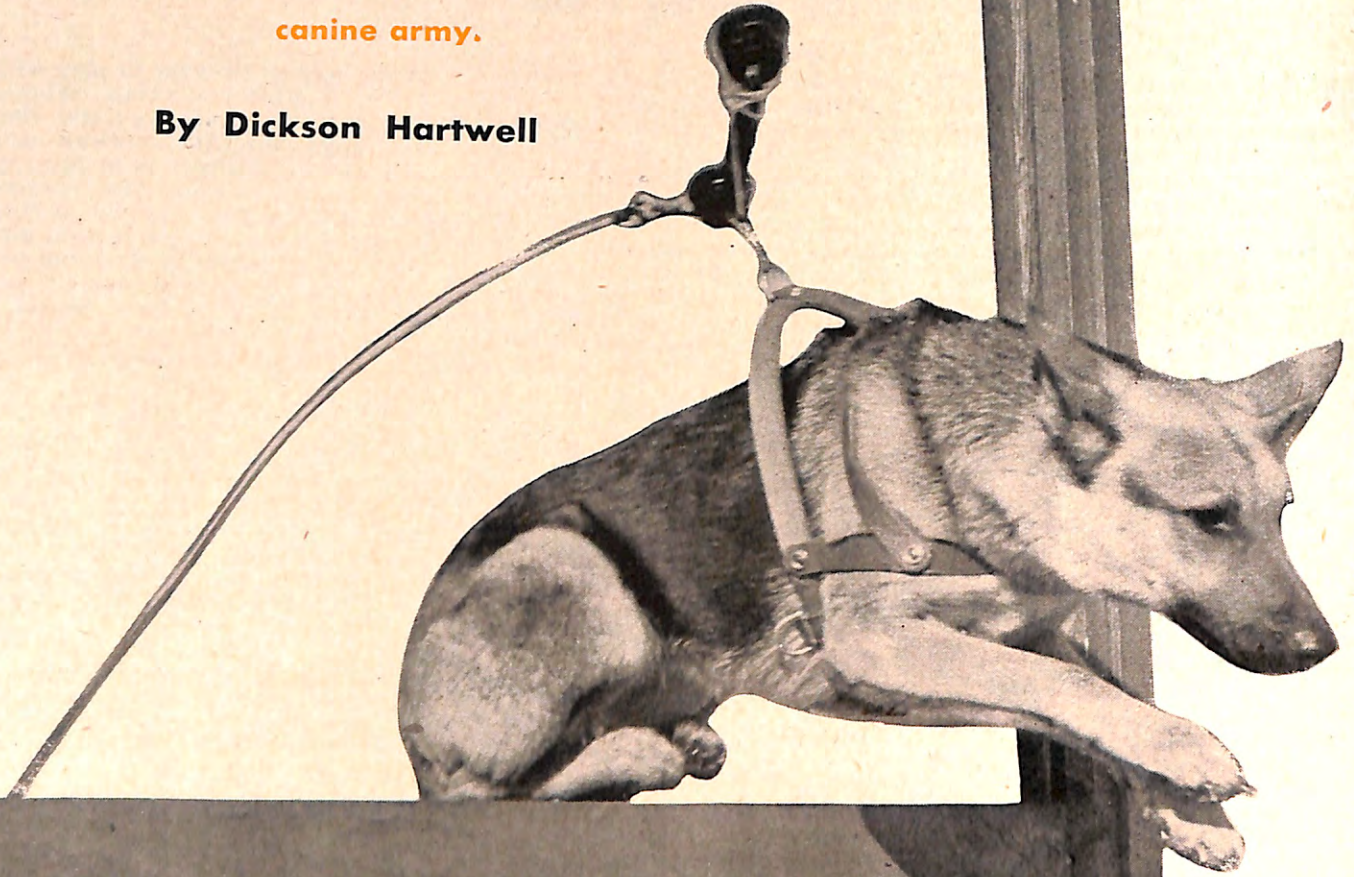
That's what you think. Whether you know it or not, you and virtually every average American can—and will—participate in more games during these next two summer months than you ever did in times of peace. The trouble is, you don't realize yet the war is changing your play habits just as profoundly as it is changing every other aspect of social life, and otherwise.

(Continued on page 48)



According to one Army official, "one well-trained dog is the equal of six guards." Here is the story of our canine army.

By Dickson Hartwell



Dogs *in the* War

THE United States has begun the mobilization of a vast dog army, the first under the American flag. Our enemies, and some of our allies, have proved the efficacy of dogs in combat service. Now, schooled and disciplined, man's best friend is to be an integral part of our all-out war effort.

Plans for the immediate training of the first contingent of 200 dogs for sentry duty have been announced by Major General Edmund Bristol Gregory. Dogs for Defense, a national volunteer organization for the selection and training of army dogs has been set up under the sponsorship of the American Kennel Club. At Ft. MacArthur an appeal for dogs for the "Canine Command" has been sent out and over thirty animals enrolled for patrol service. In Boston the first group of five fire department Dalmatians has already been trained to seek out wounded persons in wrecked buildings, to guard war factories in blackouts and to carry messages during bombings. At Wonalancet, New Hampshire, the Army Quartermaster Corps recently completed training dogs for use in Newfoundland and Alaska. At Emeryville, California, Carl Spitz, a Hollywood trainer of actor dogs, has donated his services and a group of dogs to the local Army supply depot for training as guards.

America's dogs are going to War! We aren't the first, by any means. At the end of World War I, the Germans had 25,000 dogs equipped, trained and "under arms". When the Nazis launched their attack on Russia a year ago, Hitler's dog army had

reached a peak strength of over 50,000. Six months before Pearl Harbor, Tokoku Gunyohen Kyokai Kyoi-ku Kaikan—the Imperial Army Dog Society of Japan—was feverishly training animals for war work. It had succeeded to the extent of readying 20,000 effectives. Russia, too, has built up a sizeable canine army. Last winter, with temperatures at 50 below, white-coated sled dogs silently ran light sledges across the snow to Nazi outposts. Invisible to the Germans, each white sled held a white shrouded Russian armed with a machine gun. Opening fire at point-blank range, these mysterious hit-kill-and-run attacks threw the Nazis into a panic. Before they could organize to retaliate, dogs, sleds and Russians had vanished.

The extent to which the Nazis have studied the possible wartime uses of dogs is illustrated by a charge which their propaganda machine made against the Russians. When the Soviet first began to halt the Nazi onrush, Goebbels, casting about for excuses, declared that the Russians were using dogs to decimate their tanks. Bombs were tied to the backs of dogs, Goebbels said, and the wily Russians had trained them to run alongside enemy tanks. When the bombs exploded, goodbye tanks!

Properly educated, the qualified dog is equipped to do some important war jobs better than man. It has ears that easily detect sounds man will never hear. It has a nose which enables it to understand and interpret a new world—a new dimension—the dimension of smell. And it has speed, size and agility. Running close

to the ground, messenger dogs can cut through jungle or across open prairie safely and quickly. Dogs can negotiate difficult mountain passes and silently swim lakes and streams. As guards, dogs can protect munitions plants. In advance patrol combat posts they can warn against sneak attack. Dogs can track down an enemy alien escaped from a concentration camp. They can maintain vital contact between isolated infantry, tank or artillery units and help to eliminate the most serious menace a commanding officer can face: severed communications. The jobs some dogs can do in war seem limited only to what man is able to teach them.

In World War I, two dogs trained for the Allies Red Cross service saved the lives of over 1,000 wounded soldiers. So many airedales were used for this work that they became known abroad as the war dog, just as shepherds became known here as police dogs. In 1917, when the shortage of manpower became acute in Germany, dogs were taught to guide war veterans who had been blinded in combat. This freed all human guides for essential war work, and, incidentally, served as a forerunner of the famed Seeing Eye dogs which guide the blind in America. In Europe after the war, patrol dogs were commonplace, and trained dog-man units were rated equivalent of two and one-half men.

Despite the urging of the British, in World War I the United States did not organize a dog corps. On December 7, 1941, virtually the only dogs in the nation's armed forces were mascots. The effort now suddenly to

Carl Spitz demonstrates a radio for transmitting instructions by remote control to dogs.

Dogs have long been an important part of Switzerland's army communication system.

Photos from Wide World



create a huge and effective dog army presents innumerable serious problems. Fortunately many of them can be solved as a result of the extraordinary work done by an American group which made the most extensive study in history of dog intelligence and of breeding and training methods necessary to produce the super-dog. This was the great Fortunate Fields breeding experiment which not only was parent to The Seeing Eye and a similar school for the blind in England, but which developed special dogs for the Italian Metropolitan Police, for the Swiss Army, for sentry work in American and European penitentiaries, for patrolling international borders, and for the Red Cross. This organization also studied closely what was being done in Germany and elsewhere in Europe, and the entire record of its work and findings is available to the Army for the new war dog service.

There are four specific and extremely important types of jobs for dogs in war. Each one requires specialized training or talent. Each offers infinite opportunities for adaptation to other types of service. The first of these, sentry or patrol duty, can be made effective wherever it is desirable to have advance warning of hidden danger. This goes as strongly for front line outposts as it does for army supply depots. The training is based on the method developed

for civilian police dog training.

Dogs can also act as messengers. This service was developed experimentally during the first World War. In the 1920's it was perfected by Fortunate Fields to such an extent that for two years the messenger dog service was the only communications unit in the Swiss Army which did not break down in Switzerland's extensive and realistic summer war games. The speed at which the dogs move, especially over rough country, make them valuable also for laying telephone wires—another branch of communications.

Another vital and humane service is that of the Red Cross dog. Its job is to search over a battlefield and report to a first-aid station the location of all wounded. Similarly in bombed civilian areas, such a dog would explore buildings and piles of rubble to discover and report any people who had been injured.

Trailing dogs may be used in war for hunting down saboteurs, escaped enemy aliens and other criminals who threaten national security.

These jobs call for such high qualifications as to eliminate a far larger percentage of the canine population than the proportion of men who fail to make the grade in the army of humans. First of these is, of course, intelligence, by which is meant teachability. The dog must have the mentality to learn, plus—and that plus is

important—the willingness to use his knowledge.

Dog mentality varies widely. Few, if any, accurate yardsticks have been devised by which to measure it, but the American Kennel Club's "obedience tests" have shown that insofar as obedience measures intelligence—and it certainly is not unimportant in war work—the poodle heads the list. The true poodle, incidentally, is no lap dog but is a very rare water hunter. In recent kennel club field trials, poodle scores were tops at 662 points, Doberman Pinschers second with 264, German Shepherds next with 200 and Great Danes fourth with 181. Newfoundland, Chows, Irish Setters and Chesapeake Retrievers also got into the top-ranking picture when final scores were added up. That left some 90 breeds which weren't bright enough even to make a qualifying score in this the most elementary of all tests for dog intelligence.

The second qualification is size. In patrol or sentry work or wherever the dog may be expected physically to attack an enemy, the animal must be big enough to do the job. But a dog that is too large, such as a Great Dane, might be disqualified, too. Supplying a number of such dogs with food could be a real problem.

The third qualification is a sharp nose and ears. Dogs on guard duty are expected to hear or smell danger

Canine army recruits are trained not to fear fire, smoke nor other sights and sounds of battle



they cannot see. Their sense of hearing is several times greater than a man's and covers a pitch which is beyond his range. One of the most popular and effective dog whistles makes no sound audible to the human ear when blown but it brings a dog running every time. Highly developed olfactory acuity is important in trailing and in messenger service. But a well-developed nose—better than average—is important to some degree in nearly every war job.

The United States dog population from which the new canine army will be built is approximately twenty-five million. About fifteen million of these are in some way legally tax registered or licensed. Although the American public has been spending upward of \$600,000,000 a year to maintain its canine population, most of this has been as a price paid for companionship rather than brilliance. And when it comes to intelligence, even pedigrees don't offer much of value. Today, there are about 1,250,000 pure-bred dogs recorded by the American Kennel Club, and most of these, despite their registered parentage, would be unqualified for war work. But if only one dog in 250 would make a good soldier, we could still build up an army twice the size of the Nazis' dog divisions.

How do dogs work in wartime? How are they trained? What chance has a dog against a gun? Isn't this

a will-o'-the-wisp idea blown up out of all proportion by a lot of people sticky with dog sentiment? The answer is, not at all. Or at least, not necessarily. Scientific dog education on a large scale is a highly technical business and is not to be dabbed in by the I-can-make-Fido-sit-up school of amateur trainers. Even those who ought to know better can be easily misled into costly mistakes. For example, the police department of a large city trained a group of five dogs for patrol work and spent eighteen months at the job. It was announced that a major difficulty had developed because three of the dogs required more than a year to become accustomed to gunshots and backfiring automobiles! No competent trainer would ever think of attempting to teach police work to a dog which was gun-shy. Plenty of good dogs are gun-sure. A thirty second test will determine if a dog has such a fault. But because they weren't aware of that one simple pitfall, that police department spent eighteen months doing a job that ought to take four.

But let's see what some dogs have actually done and how and why they are effective. Here is one story: It was mealtime in a large State penitentiary. Several hundred convicts filed silently into a huge, barren dining hall and took their places at row after row of long, benchlike tables. From machine-gun nests in the wall,

guards watched the prisoners and checked them in. Everything seemed to be in order. At a signal, trusties began to serve the food. The men ate. The guards at their stations looked on. It was routine.

Then, somewhere in the vast room a metal plate crashed to the floor. In an instant a hundred more plates crashed and the room became a bedlam of screaming, madding men protesting an injustice, real or imagined, with exciting, crazing noise. Food and dishes were thrown. The alert but powerless guards knew that in another minute every movable fixture in the dining room would be torn from its place. Threats of bullets and tear gas were shouted and every prisoner in the room realized that he might be shot or temporarily blinded by the dreaded vapor. Not one of them cared. They screamed their defiance. They were headed toward that most dreaded of penitentiary dangers—the riot.

Suddenly from a huge loudspeaker attached to the wall a voice boomed out loud above the pandemonium.

"Attention, men!" It was the voice of the warden.

The prisoners glanced up. There was a split-second lull, but that split-second was enough.

"Quiet," the voice said, "or I call out the dogs."

That was all. Within five minutes
(Continued on page 38)

In Switzerland's war games her dog messengers proved to be the only communication unit which did not fail.



A sentry dog is trained to attack an intruder's arm. Only its master can make it release its hold.





The German Shepherd is one of the most intelligent of all dogs.

Photo from Rapho by Ylla.

In the **DOGHOUSE** with Ed Faust

Our correspondent corrects a few popular misconceptions which have caused much fear and trembling.

SOME TIME ago I began one of these articles with a homily on the proneness of people to accept a misconception without question, or searching for the truth. In this I referred, of course, to some of the

rankiboo notions about dogs, that have been invented and nursed through the years. Not that most of these misconceptions are harmful to Fido, but some few of them are—decidedly so. In this issue we'll review one that has perhaps led to the death of more innocent dogs than has any other single cause, barring distemper. The latter hardly being a figment of human creation.

When Homo Sap grows seriously

inventive about his pooch it's usually from 'teen age onward. The opinions of the small fry seldom, if ever, become crystallized to the point of being popular misconceptions. We expect their imaginations to run rampant and willingly put no great limits on their right to illusions. After all, Robin Hood, Snow White and Santa Claus may have been inventions of grown-ups, but try to tell an average youngster that these were not real people! To carry the point further, I remember how my own puppyhood was adorned with a full quota of extraordinary notions—some absorbed from grown-ups, some of my own invention. Among these the one that stands out most clearly and which I was most reluctant to abandon in after years, had to do with my father's part in the Civil War. At an age when I was still dodging the truant officer, I would have bet all my marbles against a dose of Castor oil that his regiment did more than any other to make Mr. Lee sign on the dotted line. Further, if anyone had come along to tell me that Faust, Sr., barring some trifling assistance from those Dam-Yanks, practically won that war single-handed, I would have accepted

(Continued on page 52)

JOHN Q. PUBLIC, the guy who's keeping the home fires stoked, buying war bonds and wearing an auxiliary cop or air raid warden's brassard, is baffling his family and the office force these days with a strange new jargon. Instead of "sand traps", "approaches" and "birdies", our stay-at-home hero's conversation is salted with such words as "possibles", "nipper tens" and "flinches".

"John has joined our local home defense unit," his spouse explains to puzzled friends when the old man announces he's "beginning to group 'em better" down at the police range. "He's learning to shoot one of those dreadful revolvers and carries it with him all the time."

"Yessir!" Pop seconds. "Here, lemme show you my new gun." And with that he whips out a handgun from shoulder holster or pocket, unloads it and passes the weapon along for inspection.

"Purty, ain't it?" he beams, with something like the pride of a mother exhibiting her first-born. "Regular police model. And would I like to squirt it at a few of those little slant-eyed flower arrangers!"

In thousands of communities throughout the country civilians are rediscovering an honored old American tradition—the ability to shoot straight with a handgun. In smoky basements and on improvised outdoor ranges, men who never had handled anything more lethal than a niblick now are developing a skill with small arms which would have done credit to those rugged individualists of a bygone era. Straight shooting ability and dexterity with handguns are again considered manly accomplishments; the pistol owner no longer is suspected of criminal tendencies. It took a war to do that.

To acquaint powder burning beginners enlisted in the various home defense efforts with pistols and their safe handling, your correspondent has elected to pass along a few hints this month which might contribute to greater safety and perhaps higher scores. What follows is of course not for the expert pistoleer, who already knows all the questions and most of the answers, but for the novice handgunner who is just learning a cherished old American game. And there is a lot to learn along the rocky—but fascinating—road to firearms proficiency.

The first cardinal rule of firearms safety can be summed up in one sentence: A gun has no brains; its user is supposed to supply that deficiency. It always must be remembered that shooting accidents stem from carelessness or inexperience and frequently a combination of both. No tyro is qualified to shoot on a range or even own a gun before he's thoroughly conversant with the fundamentals of firearms safety and appreciates the fact that he's handling a deadly weapon. A gun has no conscience, plays no favorites and doesn't give a darn whom it kills.

Of all firearms, the loaded handgun—meaning a sixshooter or auto-

matic pistol—is the most dangerous to its handler and to others who might be standing nearby. The reason is the weapon's short barrel. Unlike the rifle or shotgun, the handgun's compactness makes it easy for the shooter to direct the muzzle toward himself.

Gun handling "don'ts" can be summed up as follows:

Never point a weapon at any person you don't intend to shoot. It seems almost silly to print that familiar old warning but a few nitwits still are guilty of pointing "unloaded" guns "just for laughs", as newspaper headlines testify at all too frequent intervals. Such offenders aren't funny; they're fools and as such deserve a poke in the snoot.

Never assume a gun to be unloaded—it only takes a second to look and make certain. And before shooting any weapon, cultivate the habit of squinting through the barrel to see

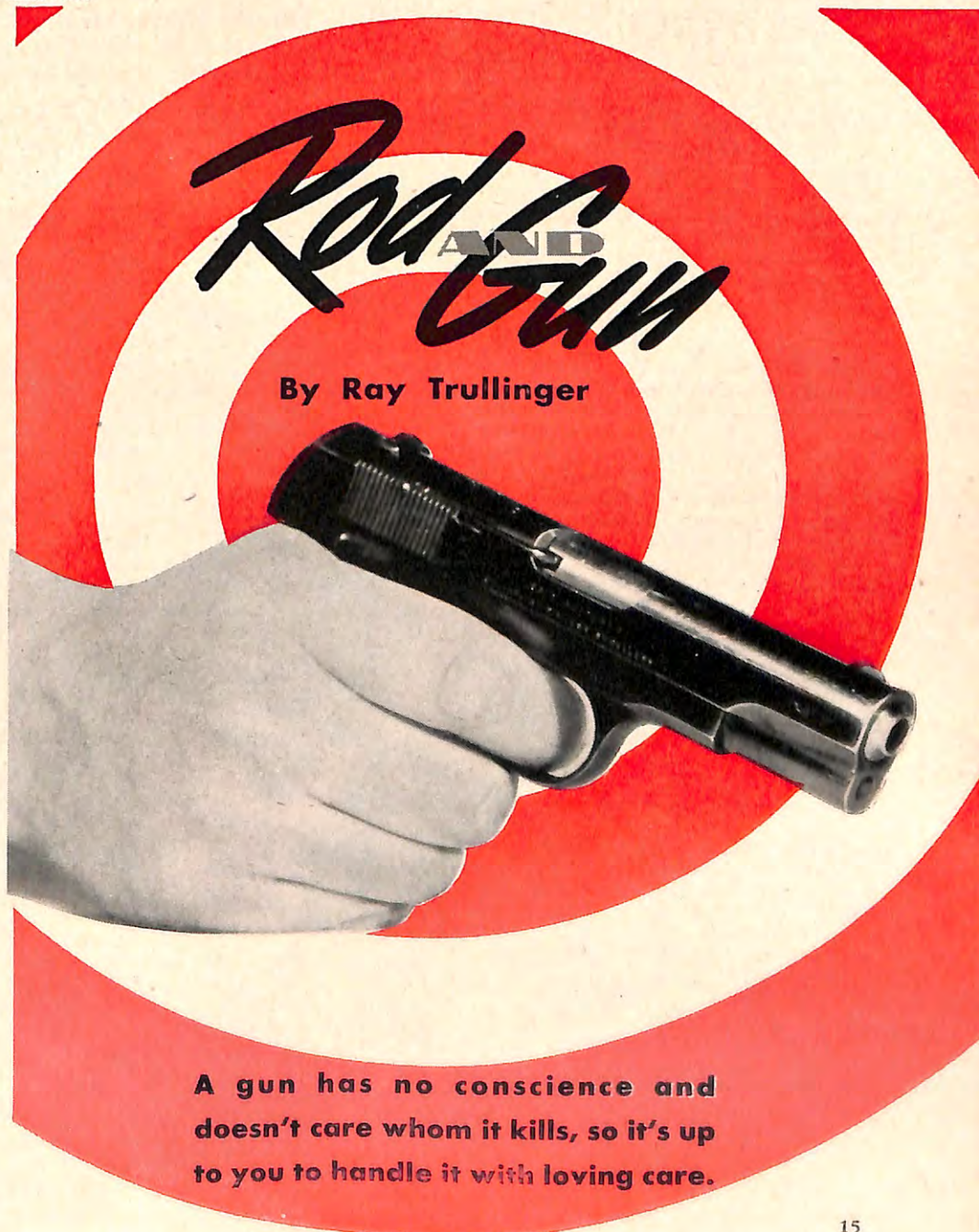
that nothing is obstructing the bore. Obstructions cause bursts, and a burst barrel can do a lot of things to the careless shooter, all of them unpleasant.

When not actually in use, all firearms around a range or gun club should be visibly "on safe" in gunracks or on tables. This is accomplished not by a flick of the weapon's safety catch, but by leaving the action of the gun open for all to see. When other shooters see a swung-out revolver cylinder and empty chambers or a pulled-back rifle bolt, they know the owner is observing the rules and is no green hand with firearms.

Under no circumstances should a weapon be loaded before the shooter is on the firing line. And once the gun is loaded, it never should point anywhere but at the target.

Practice "snapping" or gun flour—
(Continued on page 50)

Atlas Photo



THE alarm clock rang at seven forty-five, and Jody Ritter sat up in bed. Ordinarily Pop would have been calling him for breakfast at this hour but there were no sounds coming from the kitchen or the bathroom, and that meant that Pop hadn't come home last night. Gone to another of those meetings, Jody thought. There was nothing unusual in that either, but it took all the pleasure out of the day before it had even started.

There still were things a person had to do, though. Jody Ritter was thirteen years old, and when you got that old you had responsibilities. He wasn't exactly a kid any longer, and he wasn't exactly a man either, although some of the problems he had were a man's problems. That was a result of circumstance. His mother's death had left him with a certain seriousness of mind that was beyond his years, and recently he'd been left to do things for himself, since his father was seldom there to do things for him.

Jody got out of bed, and dressed, and tidied up the room. That was one thing Mom had taught him. Pajamas folded and put under the pillow, the covers and spread pulled up, and his dirty clothes put in the laundry hamper. It helped occupy his mind, and he tried whistling when he was pulling the bed together, but there wasn't any use in kidding himself, he was worried about Pop.

It seemed that Pop was gone on one of those trips most of the time these days, and even when he was home he didn't act the way he used to. Not the way a father should act. These days he was sort of cold and distant, like his mind was on something else, and a kid couldn't talk to him. If he only understood how tough the other kids could make it on a guy he might change, Jody thought; but he didn't seem to understand anything any more. Or maybe he just didn't care. Some day, Jody hoped, he'd get over all that, but he didn't know just what was going to bring it about. It didn't hurt to hope anyway; although it didn't seem to do much good either.

Jody started whistling again, but it was just making a noise in the dark. The milk was still out on the back porch, and there was no fire in the kitchen stove. Jody ate a cold breakfast, dry cereal and milk, and when he got through he stacked his dishes in the sink and let the water run over them, and put his wind-breaker on. Outside he dropped the key in the mail box where Pop could find it when he came home. If he came home.

It was bad weather for the first of

May. Sunlight lay pale and cold in Chestnut Street, and the trees weren't budded out yet. We used to be playing ball this time of year, Jody thought, and then he suddenly remembered that he wouldn't be playing ball at all this year, by popular request. That thought depressed him. A dog fight in the vacant lot by the Apperson's house took his interest for a moment, and five blocks away the school bell started ringing.

Jody went down Maple Street at a trot. All up and down the length of the street kids were coming out of houses, and Moran, the cop on duty at the crossing, was escorting them across traffic. Jody greeted him, man to man. "How are you, Mr. Moran?"

"I'm all right, Jody," Moran said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," Jody said. "I feel just fine."

He kept on walking. Once, a long time ago, he had aspired to be a

policeman when he grew up, and he used to talk to Mr. Moran about it, but lately he got nervous around cops. He knew why it was, too. Any day now he expected them to come up in a patrol wagon and take Pop away. And no matter what he was, he was still Jody's father, and he was Jody's whole world. 'Honor thy Father and thy Mother.' That was another thing that Mom had taught him.

A horn blared at him in the school driveway, and Jody looked up. Miss Pettis, his eighth grade teacher, swung her little coupe out of traffic and waved to him. Jody nodded his head, not exactly at her. You had to be careful of those things. If any of the kids saw him getting clubby with Miss Pettis they'd start calling him teacher's pet. And then he knew that a name like that couldn't hurt him any more, because they were already calling him things that were a lot

It was a Grade A fight. It was fought without benefit of seconds, referees or rules, and it went twenty-two minutes by the courthouse clock.



**The story of a boy and his fight
for peace in a world of hatred
and war.**

worse than teacher's pet ever could be. Bad news travels the fastest, Jody thought. It was only a rumor now, but unfortunately it happened to be based on fact, even if he was the only one who really knew it. There was nothing he could do about that either.

It turned out to be one of those days when nothing went right. The fog of gossip and his own unhappiness shut him in completely, taking his mind away from everyday things. Inside the schoolroom he stood up with the rest of the class, and saluted, and started reciting, "I pledge allegiance to the Flag. . . ." but the words weren't bright and keen in his mind the way they usually were. That was a bad sign. In arithmetic he was a blank, and even in American

history his mind kept slipping away, no matter how hard he tried to keep it focused. At noontime Pop hadn't come home, and at afternoon recess Jody stayed in the schoolroom. Miss Pettis stared at him, puzzled, and Jody got his head down in a geography book. He didn't see the print though. Staying in was simply easier than being given the freeze-out by a gang of kids that he used to play with. The climax came when Miss Pettis asked him to stay after school.

Jody sat at his desk feeling the other kids looking at him, hearing the whispering that went on, and his anger flared suddenly. As if he wasn't as good an American as the rest of them, just because he had a German name. In all justice though, he had to admit that the name wasn't

the only reason. A lump came up in his throat and he bit his lip, forcing the tears back. When the room was quiet Miss Pettis called to him.

"Come here, Jody."

He stood there with his back straight, feeling unsure of himself, and she came around the desk to lay her arm across his shoulders. "Are you sick, Jody?"

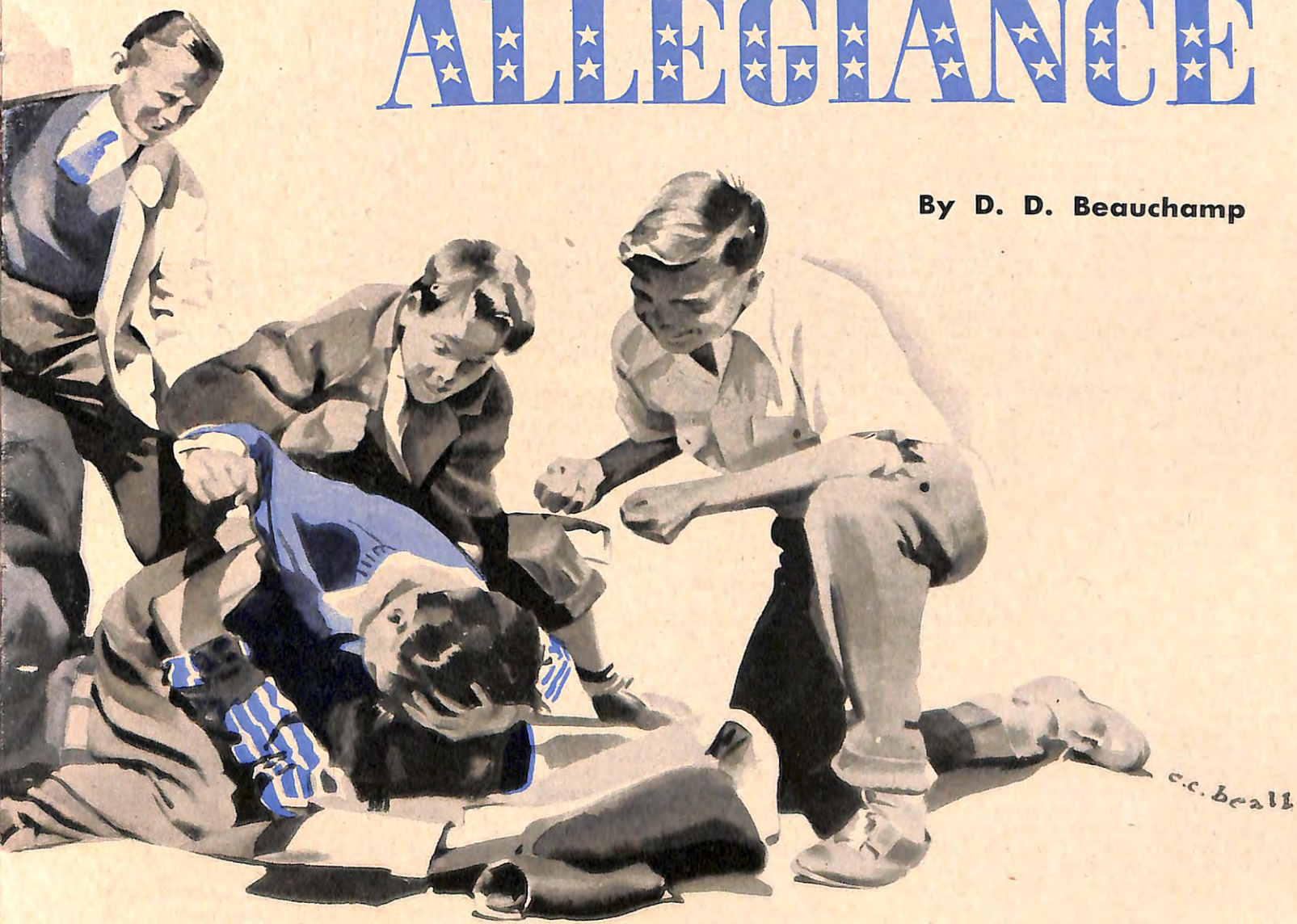
He shook his head. "No, ma'am."

Miss Pettis nodded. "I see." Her arm tightened around his shoulders, and he didn't dare look up at her, but he could hear her voice. "Maybe if you told me what's wrong it'd help some," she said.

It took all the manhood he had to refuse her. Her arm was strong and comforting on his shoulders. She was blonde and pretty, the way Mom had

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE

By D. D. Beauchamp



been, what he could remember of her, and he was only thirteen years old, but he had to be a man. If he was ever going to be a man he had to be one now.

"No, ma'am," Jody said. "There ain't . . . isn't anything wrong with me."

Miss Pettis said, "I see," again. She was smiling at him, the way Mom might have smiled at him, Jody thought, and suddenly he was remembering how all the trouble had started.

It had all started on a cold afternoon in early Spring, in the middle of a rainstorm, when he was prowling in the back end of his father's closet in search of a pair of rubber boots. He hadn't found the boots, but he had found something else that made him forget all about the boots. Sitting there in that dark, stuffy closet his world had collapsed.

He knew what it was, all right. Pictures of the gang fights they had had in New York over a year ago had been splashed all over the front pages and in the picture magazines, and you couldn't mistake that uniform with the black swastika on the arm band, and you couldn't deny the fact that it belonged to your father. Jody Ritter was thirteen years old and he could read the papers. After Norway there was lots of talk of the Fifth Column in America, and subversive activities. All right then, they taught you one thing at school, and at home you got something else again. At school he'd read the Declaration of Independence, and he could recite Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. He thought of it now: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . ." The fine, sonorous quality of those words lingered in his mind, and that was what patriotism had meant to him, the fine sound of words. It was something more than that now. It was as unreal and as elusive as moonlight, but it was real enough to separate him from his father, or his father from him. Patriotism. That was something that Miss Pettis couldn't explain to him, and it was something that as yet he couldn't explain to himself.

Jody shrugged his shoulders. "There isn't anything wrong with me," he said. "I'm all right."

Miss Pettis took her arm away, but she was still smiling at him. "Yes, Jody," she said, "You're all right." And maybe she understood something of his problem because she said, "You have to know your own mind, Jody, and then do what you think is right. And if you're right nobody can hurt you."

"Yes, ma'am," Jody said.

She was still smiling at him when he went out the door.

The stairway to the side door was gloomy and there were no kids hanging around the schoolyard at that entrance. Walking gave him time to think. He vaulted the wall and felt

his heels jar on the pavement on Detroit Avenue. The conflict was still fresh in his mind, and there was no solution to it. His throat was dry and tight. He turned the corner into Maple Street scuffing his shoes on the sidewalk. His father and his country, and he owed some loyalty to each. It was a decision he couldn't make for himself, and one that nobody else could make for him. He was lost and alone, and it was like walking through a fog.

His confusion increased as the days went by. The persecution of his schoolmates he ignored, although it bewildered him. He had earned their respect once the hard way, and to have lost it through no fault of his own was perplexing. That persecution ended the way he had known it would end, when a gang of kids caught him in back of the courthouse on his way home from school. Jody had seen it coming. The only thing that surprised him was that it hadn't come sooner, and now that it was here he made what preparations he could by taking up a strategic position in an angle of the wall where they could only come at him one at a time.

Bill Merritt, the minister's son, was the leader of the gang. Religion wasn't like patriotism then, Jody thought, if you could put it aside for your own convenience, because God said, 'Love thy neighbor', and there wasn't anything God-loving in Bill Merritt's attitude. He stood with his feet wide apart, and his face thrust forward, his eyes small and ugly.

"Why don't you go back where you belong, you dirty little Nazi?"

The gang howled. Jody's lips were pressed together thin and tight and his voice was a croak.

"I ain't a Nazi," he said.

Bill Merritt yelled at his gang, laughing. "He says he ain't a Nazi. Well, his old man is. Everybody knows his old man is a dirty Nazi son of a"

Jody hit him in the face. He was going to take a licking, and he knew it, but he found a purchase with his heels and let drive with everything he had at that ugly sneering face.

It was a Grade A fight. It was fought without benefit of seconds, referees or rules, and it went twenty-two minutes by the courthouse clock, and it was good all the way. Bill Merritt was heavier by fifteen pounds, and he was supposed to be tough, but Jody showed him how to fight for a few minutes. He wasn't afraid, and that was important, and it made the battle last longer.

The preacher's son got in close to use his weight, and Jody tripped him. They went down in a milling tangle. Jody was on top, whaling away with both hands, but after a while Bill got a leg hold and turned him. Then Jody began to take his beating.

He took it slowly at first. He was fresh and strong, and he wasn't afraid, and that was fine. But there wasn't any conviction behind him, and when you fought you had to have something to fight for. The confusion

was still in his mind, and the fight had no meaning, but he fought the best he knew how anyway. He was aware of yelling somewhere, and he knew the gallery was against him. He wasn't a game little guy putting up a good scrap against a bigger guy, he was something they wanted to see stamped in the dirt. Maybe that was patriotism, Jody thought. Maybe it was big, fine-sounding words, and hating somebody till you wanted to kill him, but that idea

Illustrated by C. C. BEALL

It didn't hurt to hope; although it didn't seem to do much good either, Jody thought.

A
C.C. Beall

didn't satisfy him—not at all. Bill Merritt stood back from him, panting. "You had enough?"

Jody put his head down and rushed. His breath was coming hard now in short gasps that burned his lungs. One eye was closed and his nose was bleeding and his mouth was gritty with dust. He went down, and got up, and went down, and got up again, and then he fought Bill for a

long time, and finally he was on the ground again, and someone was saying, "Aw, leave him alone, Bill. Why waste your time fightin' with a dirty little Nazi anyhow?"

It was quite a while before he got up the last time, and when he did he was all alone. The doubt and confusion was still in his mind, and that was odd. He had fought for his father, hadn't he? And that ought to prove something. Only it didn't. Jody beat the dust out of his pants,

difference, and there was no necessity for being a man.

There had always been the hope that something—he wasn't quite sure what it would be—might happen to change things, but even that hope was disappearing. May faded into June, and the hot weather came, and the war got worse. There were new words in the newspapers now, 'blitzkrieg', 'mechanized warfare', 'panzer divisions', and what had been an impersonal and detached interest in

He could conceal his bewilderment from outsiders, but he couldn't conceal it from himself. School was out, and it was summer, and he had more time on his hands. There were daily ball games down at American Legion Park, but he wasn't fielding any hot ones down the third base line. He watched sometimes, unnoticed and high up in the deserted grandstand. Most of the time he stayed home.

He had his chores to do, and there was always the war to occupy his



and wiped his nose on the sleeve of his windbreaker. "Darn you," he said. "I ain't licked, and I ain't a Nazi either."

They left him strictly alone after that, which hurt as much as taking a beating did, except that it wasn't as hard on the face. Jody pretended an indifference and made it stick, but at night, lying on his bed in the darkness, there was no need for that in-

other people's troubles became a feeling of near panic as the threat of war drew closer. What had been a mild annoyance at radicals and subversive groups became an active resentment. Men yelled about it in the streets, at parties and over bars. Jody heard the talk down at the corner drug store where he went for an occasional soda or a coke. It didn't help his state of mind any.

interest. It was his war now, and it was a part of his bewilderment. The sudden capitulation of Belgium banged into headlines, and the radio blared foreign reports. The British evacuated Dunkerque, Italy declared war, Paris fell and France shocked the world by surrendering. Magazines and newspapers carried stories and articles of the Third Reich under

(Continued on page 42)



A Year's Work Well Done

IT HAS been only a little short of a year since the Grand Lodge drafted John S. McClelland for its Grand Exalted Ruler and gave him the difficult assignment of serving the Order as its chief executive during the trying times which proved to be the beginning of the most destructive, devastating, cruel and heartless war of all time. In the city of Omaha he will appear before the Grand Lodge this month to render an account of his stewardship and well may he do so with pardonable pride looking to what the Order has accomplished under his direction. The war has brought to his office many difficult problems, all of which have been met with resourcefulness and courage which reflects credit on our Order and brings pride to its entire membership. The record speaks for itself, it being impossible to recount in detail in available space all that has transpired since we were precipitated into this conflict. In general it may be stated that no opportunity was overlooked to do all in our power to assist our Government in prosecuting the war to a victorious termination. Much yet remains to be done and to his successor is left the responsibility of carrying on to the end that the Order of Elks may serve the Nation in the discharge of its full duty in

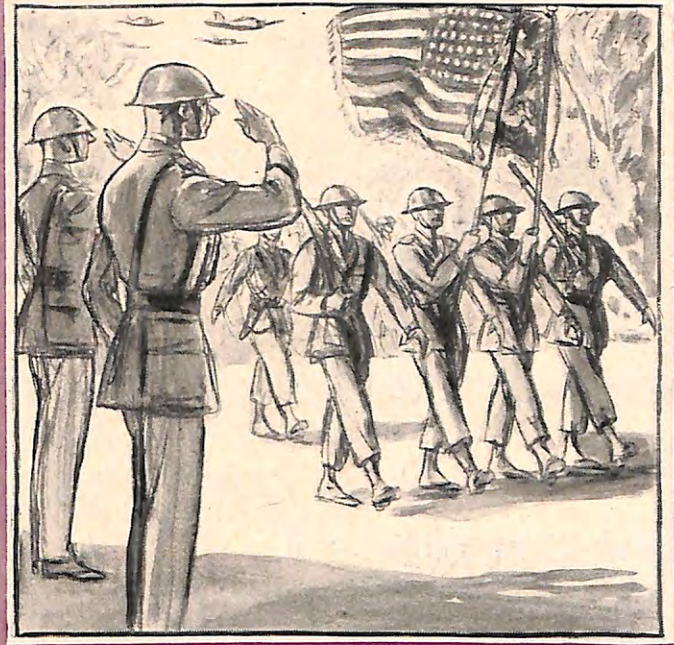
preserving our beloved country from the danger which threatens it.

Among other things which Brother McClelland has proposed and fostered may be mentioned subscriptions to the Elks War Fund; obtaining recruits for the Flying Cadet Corps; plans for the care at the Elks National Home of children of Elks evacuated from their homes to avoid the dangers of war; the extension of hospitality by subordinate lodges to members in the armed forces; sponsoring the writing of letters to the soldier boys; the sending of gift boxes to them; urging the purchase of war stamps and bonds; the listing of all members of the Order for possible service; cooperation with the United Service Organizations. In many other ways the Elks are lending assistance, such, for example, as conserving rubber and gasoline, assisting in arranging black-outs and gathering waste material for war purposes.

During his year in office the Grand Exalted Ruler has traveled nearly seventy thousand miles and visited many lodges, spreading the patriotic principles of our Order in inspired addresses which have been received with enthusiastic approval. He has builded the Order for even greater accomplishments and has strengthened it for the ordeal through which it is now passing. During his term of office he has granted dispensations for nineteen new lodges with an average membership of seventy and has added to our membership the largest number in recent years. The exact increase must await his report to the Grand Lodge, but it seems reasonably certain that it will not be less than 15,000—an accomplishment which will bring joy and satisfaction to every Elk.

Brother McClelland is closing a most successful year, and we congratulate him on what he has accomplished. His success has very largely been due to his intimate knowledge of the problems of subordinate lodges. He has devoted a year of earnest endeavor to the Order and necessarily has neglected his professional duties to which he will soon return. It is with sincere regret that we say goodbye to him as Grand

Editorial



drawings by Wallace Morgan

Exalted Ruler. We welcome him to the group of Past Grand Exalted Rulers where he will continue to give of his talents and sound judgment for the further upbuilding of our Fraternity.

You Buy 'Em—We'll Fly 'Em

THE caption is supplied by Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7 of our Order. It resulted from a war activity which so far as we know this lodge is first to adopt and which is passed along to all lodges with the recommendation that it be followed.

A short time since, Baltimore Lodge became sponsor for one hundred flying cadets who were paraded, toasted and sent merrily on their way to Alabama where they are to receive intensive training. Each cadet was sponsored by a member of the lodge who presented him with a war saving stamp of one dollar and obligated himself to send an additional stamp each week for eighteen weeks or until the equivalent of a bond is so represented, and further to write a letter with each stamp to keep him posted as to what is going on at home. The reception attendant on this exercise was attended by six hundred members and by many public officials some of whom spoke to the boys. In his address Mayor Jackson said:

"The price you are willing to pay is for the preservation of those American ideals and institutions that were your inheritances and which you shall seek to preserve for generations yet to come."

Lieutenant Corbin, Assistant Recruiting Officer for the Baltimore District, stated:

"Service clubs throughout the Nation, as well as all civilians, could do well to follow the lead of Baltimore's Lodge of Elks. This is the first occasion of sending boys out by buying bonds, illustrating concretely the slogan, 'You buy 'em—We'll fly 'em!'"

The Baltimore papers commented at length on the demonstration and highly complimented the lodge.

An Active Committee

AMONG the agencies of the Grand Lodge which have functioned well and ably during the year is the Lodge Activities Committee under the direction of its capable chairman Bert A. Thompson.

As an incentive and a stimulating influence it has sent to the various lodges a handbook for the use of Exalted Rulers which has been most helpful. It has also prepared, printed and widely distributed a statement of the activities of various lodges, setting forth programs showing how and in what manner they have been engaged in doing their work to assist our government in carrying on successfully to the end that we may continue to enjoy the privileges which have been handed down to us.

This Committee has been alert and active. It has done a constructive job and is entitled to congratulations on what it has accomplished. It is work of this kind that keeps the Order on its toes and is largely responsible for what has been and is being accomplished in these times when it is necessary for us all to pull together and pull hard.

Children at the Home

THE Board of Grand Trustees has made declaration of policy with respect to the reception and care of children of Elks at the National Home which will serve to clarify the announcement made some time ago which resulted in a misconception on the part of some members. For example, one brother has expressed a desire to send two of his sons to the Home to spend their vacation. The Home is opened for the temporary care of the children of Elks to the number of two hundred who have been evacuated from their homes in war areas. It is not opened as a vacation place for children differently situated.

THE GRAND LODGE Convention

OFFICIAL PROGRAM 78TH GRAND LODGE CONVENTION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, JULY, 1942

Friday, July 10

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, with parade from station to Elks Building, headed by Omaha Elks Band. Remainder of day devoted to conferences of Grand Lodge Officers.

Saturday, July 11

Grand Lodge Officers Conferences at Headquarters Hotel, the Fontenelle, northeast corner of Eighteenth and Douglas Streets.

Registration of Grand Lodge Members opens at Hotel Fontenelle under direction of Grand Secretary J. E. Masters.

Sunday, July 12

Grand Lodge Members' Registration continues, Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration opens at Elks Building, southwest corner of Eighteenth and Dodge Streets (just north of Hotel Fontenelle).

Ladies' Headquarters open in Parlor C, second floor, Elks Building, with four o'clock tea each day.

Morning—Special Church Services.

Afternoon—Sightseeing Trips.

GOLF every day at Omaha Field Club, where National Amateur Tournament was held last year.

TRAPSHOOTING every day at Omaha Skeet Club, East Omaha.

Monday, July 13

Grand Lodge Members' Registration continues, Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration continues at Elks Building.

10:00 A. M.—Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room, Elks Building.

1:30 P. M.—Visit to Father Flanagan's Boys' Town.

8:00 P. M.—Public Exercises opening the Convention at Paramount Theatre, 20th and Farnam Streets. Special Music.

Tuesday, July 14

Grand Lodge Members' Registration continues, Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration continues at Elks Building.

10:00 A. M.—First Session of Grand Lodge at Hotel Fontenelle Ball Room (air-conditioned).

Noon—Exalted Rulers' Luncheon by incoming Grand Exalted Ruler.

1:00 P. M.—Ladies' Luncheon and Style Show at Omaha Athletic Club (air-conditioned).

8:00 P. M.—Special Ak-Sar-Ben Den Show.

Wednesday, July 15

Grand Lodge Members' Registration continues, Hotel Fontenelle.

General Registration continues at Elks Building.

10:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session, Fontenelle Ball Room.

10:00 A. M.—Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room, Elks Building.

11:00 A. M.—Memorial Services, Special Music.

2:00 P. M.—Grand Lodge Session, Fontenelle Ball Room.

6:00 P. M.—State Associations Night, with dinners.

9:30 P. M.—Dancing under the stars and entertainment at Peony Park.

Thursday, July 16

10:00 A. M.—Final Grand Lodge Session, Fontenelle Ball Room.

10:00 A. M.—Ladies' Trip to Council Bluffs, Ia., as Guests of Council Bluffs Lodge No. 531 with luncheon at Elks Club. Visits to many points of historical and scenic interest.

2:00 P. M.—PATRIOTIC PARADE, the first section of which is planned to be of military character.

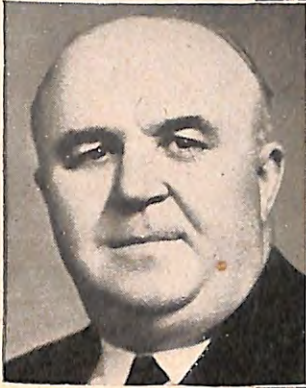
* * *

Sightseeing Trips

to Joslyn Memorial, Fort Omaha, Pioneer Mormon Cemetery, Fort Crook, Martin Bomber Plant, South Omaha Stock Yards, Municipal Airport, Carter Lake and other points of interest will be provided—subject, of course, to such transportation regulations as may then be in effect.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS will be made on request in advance for breakfasts, luncheons and dinners for groups of any size. Address the Elks 1942 Convention Corporation, 108 South 18th St., Omaha, Nebr.



Mayor Dan B. Butler
Omaha, Neb.



State President
Walter L. Pierpoint

The Home of Omaha, Neb., Lodge

FASTEST growing lodge in the Order—that's the aim and perhaps the achievement of Omaha, Nebraska, Lodge, No. 39. Between March 31, 1941, and March 31, 1942, the lodge advanced from 1,063 members to 1,628 members, a gain of more than 53%. And the lodge is still growing!

Omaha Lodge occupies its own eight-story clubhouse in the heart of downtown Omaha. In addition to the lodge and club-rooms, it has hotel and restaurant facilities. The building was erected at a cost of more than a million dollars and opened in 1924. It is still one of the largest and finest Elk homes in the country. Fred W. Evinger, Union Pacific railroader, is the Exalted Ruler and Penn. P. Fodrea is the veteran Secretary, now in his eleventh year in that capacity. Other elective officers are: George A. Keefe, Esteemed Leading Knight; Dr. J. Whitney Kelley, Esteemed Loyal Knight; C. N. Ogden, Jr., Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Henry J. Schneiders, P.E.R., Treasurer, and A. H. Wagner, Jr., Tiler.

To handle the 78th Grand Lodge Convention, Omaha Lodge formed the Elks 1942 Convention Corporation. Chairman of the Advisory Committee is Omaha's long-time Mayor, Dan B. Butler, who has just been re-elected. Mayor Butler is a loyal veteran Elk and a Past Exalted Ruler. Active head of the Convention Corporation is Walter L. Pierpoint, President of the Association of Omaha Taxpayers, Past Exalted Ruler of Omaha Lodge, past president of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce and winner of many civic accolades in Omaha. Vice-presidents of the Corporation are Judge James M. Fitzgerald, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and J. C. Travis, Forrest N. Crosson, Harley G. Moorhead and Raymond G. Young, all Past Exalted Rulers. These vice-presidents, plus Comptroller Leonard Bergman, Treasurer Frederick L. Wolff and Executive Secretary Penn. P. Fodrea constitute the Executive Council.

THE home of Omaha Lodge is ideally suited for convention purposes. The eight-story fireproof building of concrete, stone, brick and steel is located at the southwest corner of Eighteenth and Dodge streets. With the exception of the businesses in the leased store rooms on the first floor, everything within the building is operated by the lodge. The Board of Trustees is in charge of the building and of the Elks Club Hotel.

Just to the left is the Hotel Fontenelle, which is Convention Headquarters. To the right is St. Mary Magdalene's Church, the only church in downtown Omaha.

In the spacious main lobby on the first floor of the Elks building are the hotel desk, cigar stand, public phone, etc. Just off the lobby are the Coffee Shop and Antler Grill, both leased. The Grill is air-conditioned by a forced circulation, washed-air system. In the lower lobby are ten fine bowling alleys, which are not open during the summer. However, air-conditioned alleys are available within two blocks of the Elks building.

On the second floor is the Lodge Room, where the Ritualistic Contest will be held. The floor space is 66 by 40 feet, not including the surrounding tiers upon which cushioned benches are located. The Lodge Room is air-conditioned by a forced circulation, washed-air system.

The hotel department operates a cocktail salon on the second floor, which has been newly air-conditioned. Parlor C on this floor will be Ladies' Headquarters and especially equipped for their convenience and comfort. The Library and Men's Lounge are also on this floor, as well as the office of the Convention Hotels and Housing Committee.

The greater part of the third floor is taken up by the Club, Card, Pool and Billiard Rooms under management of the House Committee. All of this space is air-conditioned and well-equipped. The offices of the lodge Secretary and of the Convention Executive Secretary are also on this floor.

The fourth, fifth and sixth floors are operated by the hotel department, with 35 bedrooms on each floor, a total of 105 rooms, each having a private lavatory. Thirteen rooms on each floor have private baths. There are public shower baths on each of the three hotel floors.

On the seventh and eighth floors are the Ballroom and Auditorium on the Eighteenth Street side, and the Gymnasium on the Dodge Street side. During the Convention the Activities Committee of the lodge will conduct a dance each evening in the Ball Room. For the benefit of those Brothers who want a taste of the "wild and woolly west", the Committee will have a "Buffalo Gulch" activity each evening in the Gymnasium, which will be especially fitted up for the purpose. Only members of the Order in good standing will be admitted.

A first-aid room under direction of the Red Cross will be maintained in the lower lobby of the Elks Building.

Registration of Grand Lodge Members opens on Saturday, July 11, at Hotel Fontenelle, Convention Headquarters.

General registration opens on Sunday, July 12, at the Elks building.



USO

The continued success of the USO depends on your support and cooperation. What are you doing to help?

THE fighting forces of this Nation—the uniformed men of the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard—are dependent upon USO services to meet their off-duty needs of relaxation, entertainment and morale-strengthening recreation.

Responsibility for these services was vested in USO by the President of the United States and the Secretaries of War and Navy. It is the one officially authorized civilian agency wholly dedicated to this task.

Subordinate lodges and individual members of our Order have cooperated with USO from the start: in last year's and in the current nation-wide campaign, in volunteer work in programs for the servicemen, and, in many cases, even through turning over their lodges for use as USO clubhouses.

Typical is the Elks Lodge No. 720, in Long Branch, New Jersey, which has retained only the second floor of its building for its own use, making the rest available to the servicemen as a USO Clubhouse.

These Are USO's Services

Services to our fighting men in 940 USO Clubs and other service units adjacent to military camps and naval stations in the United States	\$15,466,046
Operation of more than 40 USO Clubs and services for armed forces overseas.....	1,876,518
Service to troops on maneuvers.....	250,000
Service to troops in transit in terminals and stations	350,000
USO-Camp Shows, Inc.—professional theatrical entertainment within the camps and naval stations, free to the men.....	4,000,000
Mobile units serving task forces on detached duty	684,636
Services to troops on leave in large metropolitan areas	1,000,000
Development of USO Citizens Committees throughout the United States to serve men in uniform in communities where no USO Clubs are in operation.....	94,558
Enlargement, alteration, repair and equipment of USO Clubs, Centers and rented quarters	910,000
Administration and development of USO program activities	660,000
USO national services; supervision, planning, accounting, records and control.....	362,594
National campaign services to 6,000 communities (2.3%)	735,800
Emergency Fund, to meet future requests from the War and Navy Departments, which will make increasing demands on the USO as the war expands.....	5,609,848
Total.....	\$32,000,000



JOHN S. MCCLELLAND
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Rooms 1113-1114, First National Bank Building
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

April 28, 1942.

TO THE EXALTED RULERS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES:

Hello, Americans!

The campaign of the United Service Organizations, operating for the purpose of providing recreational facilities to American boys and men in the armed forces, has the sympathetic approval of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

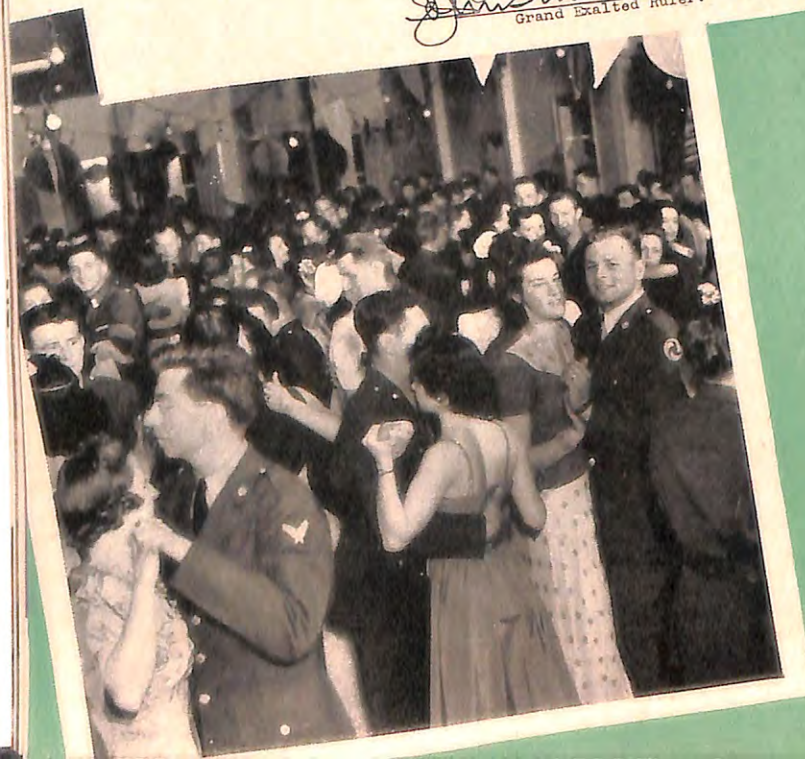
Many of our members are in the armed service of the United States; many more are contributing to civilian activities, and the great heart of our Order is in accord with those who hold that American freedom is worth any price we are called upon to pay.

We, as an Order, have pooled our full strength and resources with all patriotic citizens in a unified effort to sustain our Government in this critical period.

We commend to the members and lodges of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks the appeal being made by the United Service Organizations for \$32,000,000.00 to carry on this necessary service. And this is to request the subordinate lodges of our Order to appoint a representative from each lodge to cooperate with the heads of the local United Service Organizations' offices to the full extent of their ability.

Respectfully,

James E. Nicholson
Chairman Elks War Commission.
John S. McClelland
Grand Exalted Ruler.



Right: Members of the Massachusetts State Elks Assn. present a Flag and flagpole to the Buddies Club on Boston Common in the presence of 50,000 people. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley fastens the halyards, while E. Mark Sullivan salutes.

**Notice Regarding
Applications For Residence
At Elks National Home**

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

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

**Mass. State Elks Assn. Presents
Flag and Pole to Buddies' Club**

The Massachusetts State Elks Association, with a membership of 22,000, was one of the first organizations to make a donation to the Buddies Club, the recreation center for service men on Boston Common. On Sunday, April 19—Patriots' Day, a fitting historical date for such a ceremony—the Association presented the clubhouse with a 22-foot Oregon pine flag pole and a beautiful American Flag, made to order. The Buddies Club, first of its kind in the country, is the largest building ever erected on historic Boston Common and will be used for the duration by men of the armed forces of the United States. It was built with funds donated by the readers of the Hearst newspapers in Boston. Other organizations and many individuals followed the Elks in donating gifts with which to furnish the building.

Members of the State Elks Association played a prominent part in the memorable dedicatory exercises held at Parkman Bandstand, 75 yards from the Colonial clubhouse. Escorted by detachments from the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, the guests adjourned to the front of the clubhouse where the program closed with a brilliant military spectacle marked by the raising of the Flag as the troops presented arms, the band played The Star-Spangled Banner and the entire gathering joined in the singing. The exercises were attended by more than 50,000 men, women and children of many creeds and races, an impressive cross-section of American life.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, delivered a patriotic address after which he handed the halyards to Mayor Maurice J. Tobin, a member of Boston Lodge, who assisted in the raising of Old Glory. Assisting in the presentation ceremonies were State President Arthur J. Harty, Winchester; E. Mark Sullivan, of Boston Lodge, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; District Deputies Patrick J. Foley, of Boston, Massachusetts, Southeast, and Ormsby L. Court, Somerville, Massachusetts, Central; Thomas J. McCaffrey, Cambridge, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees; State Secretary-Treasurer Thomas F. Coppinger, Newton; Past President Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop; State Chaplain William O'Brien and scores of Elks from the

Right: Jim Jeffries, former boxing champion, and Barney Oldfield, champion automobile driver, are shown with P.E.R. Jack Doyle of Los Angeles Lodge on a recent visit to Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge.



Under the
ANTLERS

**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**



Right is the bowling team of Bellefonte, Pa., Lodge, champion of the Y. M. C. A. League.



Below, right, are members of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, as they burned the mortgage on their home.

various lodges of the State headed by Past President John F. Burke, of Boston Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. E.R. John I. Marshall, Jr., notified the Buddies Club that at a recent meeting Cambridge Lodge had voted to donate 300 books to the clubhouse library.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Elks Stage a Successful Charity Minstrel Show

The Welfare Committee of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, put on an old time minstrel show on April the 30th. Approximately 900 persons attended the performance which was held in the Strand Theatre. The cast was made up principally of members of the lodge and their wives.

The Welfare Committee, headed by Trustee Walter J. Ott, reported that approximately \$400 was realized for the charity fund. The show was directed by Esquire John F. Schoonmaker and Esteemed Lecturing Knight Arthur V. Kuenzel, members of the committee. The lodge's genial secretary, Peter L. May, was the interlocutor. Treasurer Vincent Hauber, P.E.R., was a hit as a black-face comedian. The Elks' Tribute to the American Flag was given by E.R. Philip Parker. Headlining the production was radio announcer Jimmy Wallington, who acted as Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Wallington is a member of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge.

The circle was seated in front of a white spangled back drop. End men, soloists and dancers performed like professionals. Stage settings and costumes were typically "minstrel". The finale closed with The Star-Spangled Banner. Although the show was presented during a test blackout, preventing wardens and many others who had expected to attend from being present, the cast played to a capacity audience.

Eugene Gallaher, of Millville, N. J., Lodge, Is Honored

Residents of Millville, N. J., and a host of visitors assembled in Trinity Social

Right are Evening Times carrier boys, delivering \$20,000 in war savings bonds to Sayre, Pa., Lodge officers. The boys then sold \$20,000 more in bonds to bring the local Lodge's purchases to \$40,000.

Below is the Ritualistic Team of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, which won the Florida State Elks Association Ritualistic Contest in April.



Hall on the evening of April 13 to pay tribute to Eugene Gallaher, selected as Millville's outstanding citizen for 1941. For the past twenty years, during which time more than 20,000 cases have been handled, Mr. Gallaher has headed the Crippled Children Committee of Millville Lodge No. 580. His kindly interest in afflicted children and his untiring efforts in their behalf have inspired all who have worked with him.

About 225 persons attended the dinner given in Mr. Gallaher's honor. A delightful entertainment program was

presented. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, Chairman of the N. J. Crippled Children Commission, was the principal speaker. Foster V. Mitchell was Toastmaster. Presentation of the Board of Trade plaque, awarded Mr. Gallaher as Millville's outstanding citizen, was made by J. Roy Oliver, who also presented Mrs. Gallaher with a huge basket of flowers. Gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Gallaher by Bert Keen, representing Millville Lodge of Elks, and Mrs. Allen J. Corson acting on behalf of the Elks'





Above: Dr. Roy French Kidd, Balboa District Commissioner for the local Scout Council, presents an eagle badge to former Scoutmaster Charles Schmidt, at a meeting attended by 200 Elks and their families.



The huge pile of magazines shown left is only one of the many which have been collected by McCook, Neb., Elks, to be sent to the armed forces.

ladies. Dr. F. Muriel Ramsey, President of the Millville Hospital Staff, Dr. Harris K. Cohan, Superintendent of Hasbrouck Heights Hospital, and J. G. Gill, Dean of Rider College, were among others who spoke during the evening.

Reception Center for Selectees Is Opened by Tulsa, Okla., Lodge

A large basement room in the home of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, is now serving as a reception center where

selectees may while away the hours until train time or until buses arrive to take them to Fort Sill. Heretofore the men have pitched horseshoes or played baseball at the examining station, but only in fair weather. The new center offers recreation and many conveniences. The room, which is managed by the Red Cross, is supplied with bridge tables, writing materials, pencils, phonographs and records, sheet music and magazines. The Red Cross, aided by merchants, churches and welfare groups, began to

serve coffee and doughnuts on the afternoon of the opening.

The new Exalted Ruler of Tulsa Lodge, P. E. Sisney, a reserve officer, was ordered to Fort Sill shortly after his election, there to be examined for active service. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Sisney was elected Exalted Ruler of Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, No. 29, but before he could be installed, he was called into service in the World War.

Monmouth, Ill., Elks Destroy Last Evidence of Lodge Debt

Valued at \$75,000, the building owned by Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, No. 397, is now entirely free of debt. Mortgage-burning ceremonies, held on April the 23rd, were attended by nearly 200 Elks. P.E.R. Dr. F. C. Winters, Trustee of No. 397 for many years and a Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association, touched a match to the document which was held by E. J. Shunick, who served as Chairman of the Board of Trustees throughout the period during which the mortgage was paid off. Used during the ceremonies as a receptacle for the mortgage was the large cup presented many years ago by the late Charles White of Chicago Lodge No. 4 for a prize in State ritualistic contests. With three consecutive victories Monmouth Lodge became the permanent possessor of the trophy.

The building, purchased by the lodge in 1922, was remodeled in 1925 at a cost of \$30,000, at which time the mortgage in that amount was placed. Before he



Above, left, are distinguished Connecticut Elks who were present at the Victory Drive Rally at Meriden, Conn., Lodge, commemorating the purchase by Connecticut Elks of war bonds in the value of \$1,650,000.



Left are shown some of those distinguished Illinois Elks who were present at the South District initiation of a "Win the War Class" into Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell is shown center.

ACES

IN THE ROUGH

**Eaglets Today—Tomorrow They Fly!
Here's an Elk-Recruited, Refresher
Course-Trained Group in Primary
Training at Kelly Field, Texas**

When these Aviation Cadets begin actual flight training, formations will feature planes—not muscles!



PARADE REST! During their stay at Kelly Field these "Elk" cadets learn Army routine. A parade a day, classes, drills and sports keep them plenty busy!



Here they're studying aircraft recognition. Scale models of Allied and Axis airplanes are used to teach quick recognition. A few more months—then a real chance at the enemy!



This Elk-enlisted group has borrowed a "jeep", and is holding a brief gabfest between drill periods. Soon they'll trade "jeeps" for bombers!

Helping young men become Aviation Cadets has been one of the War Commission's biggest, most successful programs. More than 450 lodges—in every section of the country—have cooperated with recruiting offices in attracting young men to this most vital arm of our war machine. Cadet rallies at the Elks Clubs make them want wings and then classes are formed to give intensive "refresher course" or pre-pilot training which not only enables them to pass the rigid educational requirements for enlistment, but helps them over many a

high hurdle in ground school work. Physics, math and then more math are coupled with history, current events and English in the Elks "refresher courses".

The Aviation Cadets pictured on this page were recruited and given "refresher courses" by Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, and entered training as a group at Kelly Field. Thousands more like these will always remember that it was the Elks' part in the great "Keep 'Em Flying" program that enabled them to spread their wings and fly to Victory.

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Right: Officers of the 78th Coast Artillery unit stationed at Huntington Park, Calif., present to E.R. Max Miller the insignia of their outfit as a token of their appreciation for Army welfare work carried on by the Lodge.

Below, right, is a photograph of a recently enlisted group of Army Flying Cadets which was sponsored by Devils Lake, N.D., Lodge.

applied the match to the paper, Dr. Winters stated that never during the seventeen years had the interest been forfeited or paid late. Dinner was served before the ceremonies. E.R. Joseph H. Burkhard made a brief speech after which he introduced Chairman of the Mortgage-Burning Committee Byron Zea, immediate Past Exalted Ruler. Frank P. White, of Oak Park Lodge, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children Commission, and James O'Brien, co-chairman of the Interlodge Relations Committee of the State Association, made short talks. Messages of commendation were read from Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Charles McKown, former officer of the lodge, now in the U. S. Navy at Key West, Fla. A social hour concluded the evening.

Winona, Minn., Lodge Presents a Resuscitator to Fire Department

An Emerson combination resuscitator, aspirator and respirator was presented recently by Winona, Minn., Lodge, No. 327, to the city fire department. At a dinner held in the lodge home, attended by members of the lodge and city officials, E.R. Bernard Kalmes handed the letter of presentation to Mayor Floyd R. Simon. Formal acceptance was made by Fire Chief H. G. Putnam.

Purchase of the resuscitator was authorized by unanimous vote at a regular meeting of the lodge in March.

Past Exalted Rulers of Natchez, Miss., Lodge Form Association

A Past Exalted Rulers Association was organized recently in Natchez, Miss., Lodge, No. 553, with the purpose of aiding the lodge in the launching of an effective and comprehensive patriotic program. Suitable resolutions were adopted at the meeting which was called to order by P.E.R. John V. Haley.

P.E.R. Oliver M. Hornsby was elected Chairman. Mr. Haley is the Vice-Chairman and P.E.R. W. H. Berdon, Jr., is Secretary-Treasurer. Many invited guests were included in the large attendance. Supper was served after the business session.

Elks of Tri-State Association Meet at Cumberland, Maryland

The Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association held its annual Spring Meeting at Cumberland, Md., the weekend of May the 2nd. Every

Above, right, are shown Edgar Bergen, E.R. Logan R. Cotton of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, and Irvin S. Cobb, nationally known humorist, when they attended a gala meeting at Redondo Beach Lodge.

Right is the Welfare Committee of Port Jervis, N.Y., Lodge, shown with Jimmy Wallington of radio fame. Mr. Wallington contributed largely to the success of the Lodge's recent "Old Time Minstrel".



lodge in the district was amply represented and great enthusiasm prevailed in the taking up of the patriotic business at hand. President John E. Lynch, of Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15, presided at all of the sessions, held in the spacious lodge room of Cumberland Lodge No. 63. During the progress of the meeting the delegates were addressed by D.D. Charles G. Hawthorne, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, N. J., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee,

and A. Charles Stewart, Frostburg, Md., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Their inspiring messages were warmly received.

Supplementing the business sessions, lavish entertainment was furnished by Cumberland Lodge for the enjoyment of the wives and friends of the visitors. A dance was given on Saturday evening. An elaborate banquet on Sunday night concluded the program.

In conjunction with the Spring Meeting, the annual Association Bowling





Above is the Women's Canteen Unit of wives of Springfield, Ohio, Elks. This is an extremely well organized and educated canteen unit, one of the first organized in this State.



Left, shown with E.R. Fay W. Scofield, is the "Win the War Class" of Melrose, Mass., Lodge.

Tournament was conducted. Cumberland Lodge was the winner in the team events. As a result of its victory, the lodge holds the Association trophy for the twelve-month period. Teams from the lodges at Baltimore, Hagerstown and Annapolis, Md., and Washington, D. C., also participated.

Old Timers of Delta, Colo., Lodge Are Presented with Service Pins

Twenty-five-year service pins were presented by E.R. Milton W. Crawford recently to members of Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235, initiated a quarter of a century ago or more. The ceremonies were preceded by a dinner given in their honor. At the first meeting in April, charter member C. E. Mower, a former Trustee of No. 1235, was present to witness a ceremony of unusual interest. E.R. Clarence Gallup was installed by his father, P.E.R. Montford Gallup. The new Exalted Ruler is Mr. Mower's grandson.

Boy Scout Ceremony Is Held In San Diego, Calif., Lodge Home

In a ceremony held recently in the home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, Charles Schmidt, former Scoutmaster of Troop 168, was presented with an eagle badge by Dr. Roy French Kidd, Balboa District Commissioner for the local Scout Council. Mr. Schmidt, now

serving in the U. S. Marine Corps, had just returned from Iceland.

The ceremony was witnessed by more than 200 Elks and their families. An entertainment program was presented by the Boy Scouts under the supervision of Frank Lewis, originator of the amateur police shows in San Diego. E.R. Lester Peitzke presided during the evening. Mr. Schmidt gave an interesting talk on Scouting in Iceland. The parents of the local Scouts were guests of the lodge at a dinner held before the ceremony.

Elks of Pennsylvania, Northeast, Hold Quarterly Meeting at Sayre

The Northeast District Association of Pennsylvania Elks held its 19th quarterly meeting on Sunday, May 3, in the home of Sayre Lodge No. 1148. Roll Call revealed an attendance of 150 members representing 14 lodges and including nine Past District Deputies.

The visitors were entertained delightfully by the host lodge. The many Elks and their wives who arrived on Saturday attended an indoor clambake. The Robert Packer Hospital was inspected the next day.

The business meeting, conducted by

Below: Members of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge burn their \$30,000 mortgage before prominent Illinois Elks.

the retiring president, Thomas Giles of Shamokin, followed a Sunday noon dinner at the Wilbur Hotel. The Invocation was given by P.D.D. Joseph Neary, of Shamokin Lodge. The Association voted to increase its scholarship activities through the sponsorship of two college students each year instead of one. P.D.D. Robert W. Davies, of Bangor Lodge, installed the new officers who were elected as follows: Pres., Robert F. Adam, Sayre; Vice-Pres., Alfred A. McCabe, Easton; Secy., Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton; Treas., Kline S. Wernert, Lansford; member of the Executive Committee, Harold Bookman, Mount Carmel. The next quarterly meeting will be held on August 9 at Shamokin.

Army Welfare Work of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Is Appreciated

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, has been presented by officers of the 78th Coast Artillery anti-aircraft unit stationed at Huntington Park, vital war industry area, with the insignia of their outfit as a token of their appreciation of the army welfare work carried on by the lodge. Realizing that every army unit is faced with the problems of morale, recreation and entertainment, the membership appointed an Army Activities Committee whose purpose is to make the soldiers in the area as comfortable as possible. Dan Carlin is Chairman of the Committee which is under the general direction of E.R. Max E. Miller.

The Elks have provided the men of the 78th with athletic equipment and a



Before President Leo Carroll of the New Hampshire State Elks Association, officers of Concord, N.H., Lodge burn their mortgage.

Below, right, is the float entered by Rome, Ga., Lodge in the Southern Memorial Day Parade. On the float are a soldier, a sailor and a marine.



variety of personal articles. The facilities of the lodge home are at the disposal of all uniformed men. Special programs are staged for officers and enlisted men.

Taking part in the presentation of the handsome, handmade plaque, bearing the famous insignia of the 78th, were Colonel W. H. Stark, who is in charge of the unit, Captain William F. Krabel, supply officer, Captain W. K. McDonald, adjutant, Mr. Carlin and Mr. Miller.

Construction of Burlington, Iowa, Lodge Home Nears Completion

Burlington, Ia., Lodge, No. 84, has taken in more than 100 new members under the leadership of E.R. Dale O. Logan. The rolls are closed at 500. Mr. Logan was reelected for a second term to complete the construction of the new three-story lodge home. The building, erected at a cost of \$137,500, is air-conditioned and modern in every detail.

The members of No. 84 believe that theirs is the first lodge to have sent to the Grand Secretary a letter from a soldier in service who had received one of their war-time gift boxes.

Muskegon, Mich., Elks Hold Their Annual Spring Frolic

Five Hundred Elks and ladies attended the annual Spring Frolic held by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, at which the lodge also observed the 28th anniversary of the dedication of its beautiful home. Eddy Howard and his orchestra furnished the music for dancing and played during the dinner which preceded the evening festivities. Mr. Howard's songs featured a delightful program.

The rooms were decorated with spring

Right: Prominent civil officials of Winston-Salem, N.C., are shown with a safety sign presented to the city by Winston-Salem Lodge.



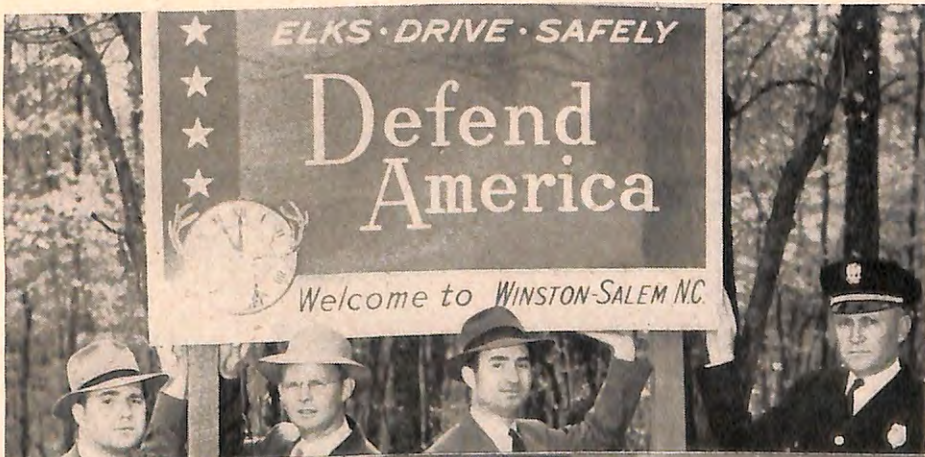
flowers and a profusion of roses. Apple blossoms were used as a background for the bandstand. Capt. Arthur J. Siplon, P.E.R., headed the committee in charge.

Members of the Fourth Estate Are Guests of Glendale, Calif., Lodge

Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, held its annual Press Night recently. The affair proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the series. An address of welcome delivered by Exalted Ruler Wil-

lard W. Hunt opened the meeting which was presided over by Roy N. Clayton, Glendale Lodge's veteran publicity director. Mr. Clayton has handled the Elks' Press Night entertainments for the past ten years.

The principal speaker, Edward Davenport, advertising director for the *News-Press*, related anecdotes and described episodes in the lives of great newspapermen. P.E.R. Archie L. Walters, Mayor of Glendale, also spoke. Alden C. Waite, Editor of the *News-Press*, introduced

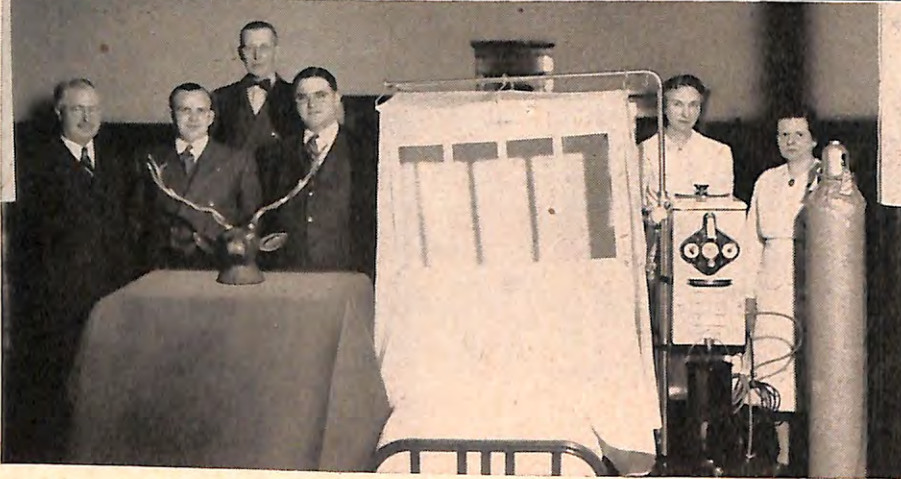


Below: Officers and trustees of Burbank, Calif., Lodge, photographed on the occasion of the dedication of their new lodge room. The presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George Hastings augmented one of the largest attendances in the history of the Lodge.





Above is shown the second class of Flying Cadets sponsored by Leominster, Mass., Lodge.



Left is an oxygen tent which was presented to the local Medical Association by Donora, Pa., Lodge.

Mr. Davenport. Among the representatives of various newspapers introduced, who in turn presented members of their staffs, were Thomas D. Watson, publisher of the *Glendale Star*, H. C. Burkheimer, publisher of the *News-Press*, Al Santoro of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, Darsie L. Darsie of the *Herald-Express*, Harold Hubbard of the *Hollywood Citizen-News* and Jerry Rambow of the *Los Angeles Daily News*. The lodge entertained the members of the Fourth Estate, from publishers to office lads, with a fine program including a vaudeville show and served special refreshments.

Wives of Springfield, Ohio, Elks Organize a Women's Canteen Unit

At the beginning of the year, the Ohio State Elks Association requested all of the lodges to organize Ladies' Emergency Units. At the District Meeting of the Association at Portsmouth in April, the Elks' ladies met to hear a report on what had been done.

Ready to go to work when called was the Women's Social Club of Springfield, O., Lodge, No. 51, organized by wives of Springfield members several years ago. Members of the Club started classes in nutrition immediately, following with a class on "canteen". On March 1 they were ready to work, with a canteen unit fully equipped to function in one place or to be moved on call, the first made ready for active service in the city. Many members of the group have finished courses in home nursing and are now enrolled in a course on "motor corps".

Muskogee, Okla., Elks Hold Open House Programs for Service Men

Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517, held its eighth Open House for flying students at the Spartan School of Aeronautics recently. The Muskogee entertainment and recreational project for men in the

Below: Flying Cadets of Scranton, Pa., Lodge, with Lodge officers and Instructor Mrs. Gertrude Reif.

service is sponsored by the local lodge of Elks and the Ladies Auxiliary. Chaperonage is provided and members of the various girls clubs act as hostesses.

Approximately 100 members of local girls clubs attend each weekend. One hundred and ninety-four cadets representing 37 States signed the registration book on Easter Sunday. All of the recreational facilities of the lodge home are turned over to the service men, including those from Hatbox Field, from seven p.m. until midnight on Saturdays and from four to nine on Sundays. Dancing and swimming are popular diversions. Refreshments are served.

Red Oak, Iowa, Lodge Presents Fracture Table to New Hospital

On the occasion of the opening of the new \$100,000 Murphy Memorial Hospital at Red Oak, Ia., a Hawley-Scanlan fracture table was presented to the hospital by Red Oak Lodge No. 1304. The official presentation was made by a committee, the members of which were Horace S. Cloud, Exalted Ruler-elect, R. A. Rickelton, the retiring Exalted Ruler, P.E.R. Dr. W. S. Reiley, Chairman of the Elks Committee, and P.E.R.'s Frank Stout and Robert Reiley.

The table, costing more than \$800, is of the latest type, enabling the surgeon setting the broken bone to watch the adjustment through the fluoroscope and to pour the cast while the bone is held securely in place by devices with which the table is equipped. The lodge's interest in the national crippled children program prompted the gift.

(Continued on page 55)



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



Above: The Drum and Fife Corps, sponsored by Dallas, Tex., Lodge, which was prominent in the Victory Rally at the Fair Grounds in Dallas recently.

GRAND Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland arrived in New York City on Tuesday morning, March 24, and was met at the Pennsylvania Station by P.E.R. F. William Wolters, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and escorted to the Biltmore Hotel where they were joined by Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough Lodge. That afternoon Judge Hallinan, George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and James A. Spargo, P.E.R. of Rome Lodge No. 96, escorted Judge McClelland to the home of Queens Borough Lodge where they were joined by many prominent members of the Order. Among the visitors were E.R. Charles Scott, and P.E.R. F. Schrecker, of Gloversville Lodge No. 226. An inspection of the spacious and beautiful home of No. 878 was made prior to the banquet held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. At 8 o'clock the regular meeting of Queens Borough Lodge was called to order by E.R. Charles O. Lawson, and a large class of candidates in the Win the War Class was initiated into the lodge. Borough President James Burke, a former resident of Atlanta, the Grand Exalted Ruler's home city, delivered the address of welcome. Judge McClelland thanked the lodge for its support of his year's program and pointed out that Queens Borough Lodge is not only the largest lodge in the Order, but that its charitable contributions are the largest and its contribution of \$5,000 to the Elks War Fund led all others. At the conclusion of his speech, D.D. John F. Scileppi presented him with a set of cut glass of 144 pieces, a gift from No. 878.

Distinguished members of the Order were present in large numbers. In addition to those heretofore mentioned, Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge; Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., of Queens Borough Lodge, member of the Grand Forum; Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, N. J., member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Joseph J. Haggerty, Huntington, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Secy. James D. Moran, Queens Borough, and P.E.R.'s James W. Walsh, John G. Toomey, F. William Wolters, John L. Frank, William P. Schmitt, Raymond A. McCourt, Otto P. Burkard, George A. Burden, Frank J. Rauch, James D. Hampton, Eugene E. Navin and John E. Kiffin, Queens Borough, were among those who were introduced.

En route to Omaha, Nebraska, for a meeting with other Grand Lodge officers and members of the Convention Committee, there to plan the forthcoming Grand Lodge Convention at Omaha the week of July 12th, the Grand Ex-

alted Ruler was joined at Chicago by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. On the 26th, they were met at the station by a large delegation of members of Omaha Lodge No. 39, headed by P.E.R.'s Walter L. Pierpoint, Chairman of the Convention Committee, and Judge James M. Fitzgerald, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; P.E.R. Dr. Herbert B. Kennedy, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, now located in Omaha, and J. C. Travis, First Vice-Chairman of the Convention Committee, Deputy Grand Esquire and P.E.R. of Omaha Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge officers were escorted to the Omaha lodge room, lodge being in session at the time. E. R. Henry J. Schneiders welcomed the distinguished Elks and introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who expressed appreciation of the fine spirit manifested by the members of No. 39 in inviting the Order to hold its seventy-eighth convention as guests of their lodge, and the enthusiastic manner in which they had gone about making preparations. After the meeting the Grand Lodge officers addressed the second class of Aviation Cadets organized by Omaha Lodge. The members of the class had been given refresher courses and were then graduating. The speakers complimented them on their patriotism and foresight in entering this important arm of the American forces. They also commended the lodge for its full cooperation in the program, evidenced by the fact that its second Aviation Cadet Class had been graduated and a third was being organized.

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

Association	City	Date
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



Above are shown officers of Redlands, Calif., Lodge whooping it up a little with three soldiers in the Lodge's Service Men's Club.



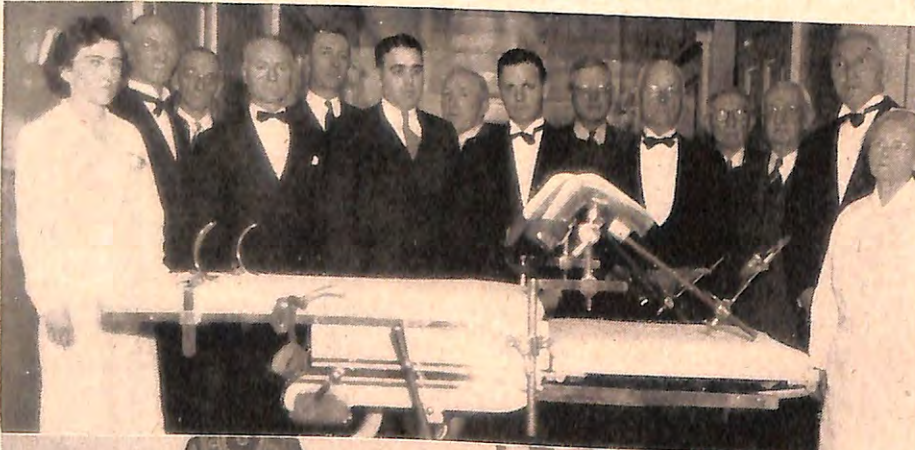
Left: Red Oak, Ia., Elks present a fracture table costing more than \$800 to the local hospital.

The next morning was spent by the Grand Lodge officers in the inspection of hotels and in meetings with various committees in connection with the arrangements for the Reunion. At 12:30 p.m., Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. McLean, Mr. Zietlow and Grand Esquire John E. Drummey, of Seattle, Wash.,

were guests of Station WOW, operated by the Woodmen of the World, at a luncheon at the Hotel Fontenelle. Broadcasting over the station at 12:45, the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined the principles of the Order, and its present activities and also spoke of the forthcoming convention. Another meeting was

held after the luncheon and the afternoon was spent in conferences with the Convention Committee and the various sub-committees. At 6:30 the Grand Lodge officers were guests of the Convention Committee and the one hundred members serving on the sub-committees, together with the Purple and White Club, an organization devoted entirely to the promotion of the Convention, at a dinner. The Grand Exalted Ruler made an impressive and instructive talk. Others who addressed the meeting were Mr. Masters, Mr. Drummey, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. McLean, Judge Fitzgerald, Mr. Travis, Mr. Schneiders and Secretary Penn. P. Fodrea, of Omaha Lodge. P.E.R. Dan B. Butler, Mayor of Omaha, welcomed the Grand Lodge officers and assured them that all Elks attending the Convention would be received by the city and by the people of Omaha with the finest kind of hospitality. Also present at the dinner was A. H. Clark, President of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce.

On Saturday, the Grand Lodge officers made inspections of places of meeting and committee rooms and were guests of Omaha Lodge at a luncheon after



Left: Officers of Woburn, Mass., Lodge present to the Charles Choate Memorial Hospital in Woburn a maternity bed.

Below: Members of Fort Scott, Kans., Lodge are shown as they set a light to the mortgage on the Lodge home.





Above: Officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. are shown on the occasion of a special dinner and initiatory meeting held by Marinette, Wis., Lodge.

Right: E.R. John Sieber of Lima, Ohio, Lodge is shown with local officials on the occasion of the presentation of an inhalator for the use of the Fire and Police Departments.



which they were taken on a sightseeing tour. Places of interest were visited, including Father Flanagan's Boys Town. That evening Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. McLean and Mr. Drummey were guests of Judge Fitzgerald at a dinner at the Omaha City Club.

On the evening of April 9, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, accompanied by Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie, of East Point, Ga., Lodge, visited Newnan, Ga., Lodge, No. 1220. A reception was held in the lodge home after which a general meeting, presided over by the newly elected Exalted Ruler, Dr. A. B. White, Jr., was held. Among those present were immediate Past Exalted Ruler Rudolph Aebi, Jr., and Stonewall Dyer, first Exalted Ruler of Newnan Lodge after it was reorganized. Mr. White outlined his program for the ensuing year and then presented Mr. Dyer who introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Judge McClelland delivered the principal address of the evening. A delicious dinner was served after the meeting.

Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland was the guest of Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231, on April the 11th. An account of his visit, which highlighted the celebration of the lodge's Golden Anniversary, was published in the "Under the Antlers" department of the June issue of The Elks Magazine.

Accompanied by Special Deputy J. Clayton Burke, of Atlanta Lodge, Past Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., and Mr. McDuffie, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Albany, Ga., at noon on April 17. The visitors were met by Exalted Ruler-elect J. N. Peacock, Jr., of Albany Lodge No. 713, and P.E.R. H. B. Roberts,

P.D.D., and escorted to the New Albany Hotel. At 3:00 p.m., Judge McClelland spoke from Station WALB on "The Elks in the War", and at six-thirty the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were tendered a banquet by the officers of Albany Lodge. A number of the officers' wives were present. Purple and white predominated in the color scheme used in the decorations. The tables were ar-

ranged to form the V for victory. After the banquet, the distinguished visitors attended the lodge meeting, during which the newly elected officers were installed. The stations were filled temporarily by P.E.R.'s Henry T. McIntosh, R. L. Jones, C. W. Thomas, D. W. Brosnan, Mallory Lippitt, Henry Kieve, A. T. Spies and H. B. Roberts. The Grand
(Continued on page 51)



Above, right, are members of Jennings, La., Lodge who were present to celebrate the visit of Special Deputy A. W. Jeffreys.

Right are some of the members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge who offered blood to the Red Cross Blood Procurement Center. Nearly 200 San Francisco Elks gave a pint of blood each.

New Lodges Are Instituted In Montana and Tennessee

A NEW lodge of the Order, Hamilton, Montana, No. 1651, was formerly instituted on April 18. The District Deputy for Montana, West, Carl A. Nyman of Helena Lodge, was the officiating officer, assisted by George L. Steinbrenner, Missoula, and State Trustee Leon Choquette, Havre, Past Pres.'s of the Mont. State Elks Assn.; State Vice-Pres. J. F. Higgins, Helena; Past State Secy. Judge Frank L. Riley, Butte; P.D.D. C. E. Johnson, Missoula; P.D.D. H. F. Root, Missoula; E.R.'s Robert H. Dunn, Wallace, and Kenneth Swift, Salmon, and P.E.R.'s Hugh Adair, Helena, and Paul Wilcox, W. J. McCormick, Guy E. Tren-

ary and E. L. Marlenee, Missoula. The ceremonies were held in the new lodge's own home. Included in the initial membership of 100 were 81 new members and 19 by dimit and transfer. Frank R. Venable, of Butte Lodge, Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn. and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Nyman and D. F. Pleasant, E.R. of Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont. Lodge, figured prominently in the work of organization.

Upon the completion of the ceremonies of institution, the officers of Missoula Lodge No. 383 took charge of the ritualistic work which they performed splendidly. Election of officers resulted as follows: Exalted Ruler, H. A. Chambers, Esteemed Leading Knight, Frank J. O'Donnell, Esteemed Loyal Knight, F. Byron Thraillkill, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Jack E. Coulter, Secretary, A. L. Kleve, Treasurer, Clarence Bright, Esquire, Leo L. Carver, Tiler, Frank Taulman, Chaplain, E. K. Stewart, Sr., Organist, C. M. Buxton, Inner Guard, J. J. Vesely; Trustees: five years, Leland Harper, four years, Dr. H. H. Hayward, three years, Fred Bernatz, two years, R. G. Patton, one year, H. H. Benson. They were installed by Mr. Nyman, District Deputy.

State President Frank Venable was the principal speaker. Short talks were made by Mr. Pleasant, Mr. Adair, Mr. Choquette, Mr. Dunn and Mr. Swift. Telegrams of congratulation were read from the Montana State Elks Association, Lewistown and Dillon, Mont., Lodges, J. D. Walsh of Glendive, D.D. for Mont., East, and John W. Bonner, Attorney General of the State of Montana. Missoula Lodge was represented by its band and a delegation of 200 members and their ladies. Helena and Butte, Mont., and Wallace and Salmon, Ida., Lodges sent large delegations. A dance followed the meeting and a buffet supper was served.

Hamilton is the county seat and also the principal city of Ravalli County.

Situated in the center of the famous Bitter Root Valley, on U. S. Highway No. 3, it has a population of 2,500 and is the trading center of a prosperous farming and dairy community of more than 10,000 persons. It is a well planned, modern city, with broad, hard-surfaced streets, attractive homes and beautiful gardens. The United States Health Laboratory is located at Hamilton.

Two new lodges in Tennessee, Clarksville No. 601 and Greeneville No. 1653, were instituted in the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland. Arriving in Clarksville on April 22, Judge McClelland was welcomed at a reception after which he conferred with the many visiting Elks assembled in Clarksville for the occasion.

The ceremonies were held in the Masonic Temple. Officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Nashville Lodge No. 72 occupied the Chairs. After an impressive initiation, Past Grand Inner Guard W. Hal Mustaine introduced Judge McClelland who addressed the new members and welcomed the lodge into the Order. Short talks were made by Special Deputy William M. Frasor, of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, E.R. Frank Bassett, Hopkinsville, Ky., and E.R. O. T. Pickard, Memphis, Tenn. Delegations attended from Nashville, Tenn., and Hopkinsville, Princeton and Madisonville, Ky., Lodges. E. T. Wood was elected Exalted Ruler of the newly instituted lodge and Earl Carter was elected Secretary, with an outstanding group of Clarksville citizens occupying the other chairs and offices in the lodge. It was freely predicted by all present that the lodge would again assume its position as one of the leading Elk organizations in the South.

Judge McClelland, accompanied by a large number of Knoxville, Tenn., Elks including Daniel J. Kelly, a member of the Grand Forum, D.D. Albert G. Heins, P.D.D. D. Al White, E.R. Edward W. Ward and P.E.R. W. Hoyle Campbell, motored from Knoxville to Greeneville on April 24, being met by delegations from Bristol Lodge No. 232 and Johnson City Lodge No. 825. After a parade led by the Greeneville High School band, the Grand Exalted Ruler, the visiting Elks and the candidates to be inducted into the new lodge were guests at a banquet in the hotel ballroom.

Officers who occupied the chairs at the opening of the institution ceremonies were Albert G. Heins, acting as Grand Exalted Ruler, Joe W. Anderson, of Chattanooga Lodge, Pres. of the Tenn. State Elks Assn., Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, P.E.R. Charles G. Kelly, Knoxville, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, P.E.R. Robert E. Lavin, Knoxville, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Justice Daniel J. Kelley, Grand Esquire, W. Hoyle Campbell, Grand Chaplain, and Arthur Pierce, Knoxville, acting as Grand Inner Guard. The Officers of Knoxville Lodge No. 160 conducted the initiation led by P.E.R. W. Hoyle Campbell. At the conclusion of the initiatory work, Mr. Heins and the other officers taking part in the institution of the lodge assumed their former stations. Introduced by Mr. Heins, Judge McClelland addressed the new members and officially received the lodge into the Order. Prominent members of the Order who were introduced were Justice Kelly of the Grand Forum, who made a brief talk, State

(Continued on page 55)



C. E. "Pop" Johnson
Past District Deputy



District Deputy
Carl A. Nyman



Frank R. Venable,
President,
Montana State Elks

VISIT ELKS MEMORIAL

It is hoped the Grand Lodge Members and their friends who are planning to attend the Elks National Convention in Omaha this month will stop off at Chicago to visit the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building.

The building is one of the most beautiful memorials in America. With each passing year its grandeur becomes more impressive, and its significance more sacred. Here, in stone and marble, is an everlasting testimonial to the patriotism of those Elks who served so gallantly in that other war—the first World War.

It is possible that a great many members who attend the 78th Grand Lodge Convention will find it necessary or convenient to stop in Chicago for a few hours. They can easily arrange to spend an hour or so on a sight-seeing tour of the Memorial. The building is on the north side of Chicago, facing Lincoln Park, at 2750 Lake View Avenue. The hours for visitors during the Convention time are from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily. Special visiting hours may be arranged to suit timetables if any prospective visitors will write to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, whose office is in the Memorial Building.

Crazy Like a Fox

(Continued from page 7)

cussing. A mob, laughing and gaping, surrounded the totem pole, and scores of other spectators came running from all directions. At the base of the pole were four cops, looking up at the red-headed boy, shouting threats one moment, pleas the next.

THE boy was sitting up there on old Thunderbird's head, his long legs hanging over the stern forehead and his feet resting on the wicked-looking beak. He wasn't saying anything—he sat there, just looking down at the crowd, and then off into the distance, a silly little grin on his blushing face. Every once in a while he'd stick his thumbs in his ears and wave his hands, or he'd stretch his arms at full length in imitation of old Thunderbird.

"Listen, here!" the police sergeant barked. "We're tired of fooling with you. Come on down from there." He was very angry.

And the top man on the totem pole put his hand over his mouth and hollered like an Indian. The crowd roared, and the sergeant boiled. It was a very good show.

"What's the matter with him, officer?" I asked one of the other cops. "Is he drunk?"

"Aw, naw," he said. "Couldn't sit there like that if he was drunk. I think he's all hopped up—or else he's off his nut."

Fred kept scurrying around, clicking his camera.

"Come on down, Dick!" I shouted, cupping my hands to my mouth. "I want to talk to you. I'm Willins of the Press."

It startled him when I called his name, and he nearly lost his balance.

"Are you coming down, or do we have to send for a fire truck?" the sergeant yelled up at him.

"I'm coming down," Dick replied. "I'm through up here." And the crowd roared again.

He wrapped his legs around the pole and carefully inched himself down. As he reached the ground, the sergeant and another cop grabbed him and started hustling him toward a squad car.

"Hey!" the boy protested. "Wait a minute! What's this all about?"

"Yeah, that's what we want to know too," the sergeant snapped.

I told Fred to beat it back to the office with his pictures. "I'm going on to the police station," I said. "I'll phone from there."

I got to talk to the boy only a moment—as they

were taking him into Captain Kinney's office. "What was the idea of climbing up that pole, Dick?" I asked, quietly.

He grinned sheepishly. "Just a crazy idea," he said. "Always thought I'd like to be top man on a totem pole."

The sergeant gave a yank on the boy's belt and elbowed me out of the way, and they entered the captain's office and slammed the door.

JOE GELP watched the door, and I ran to the phone and gave Ben everything I had. "It's just like I told you," he said. "That bird's playing nuts to avoid the draft. Swell story, though. Stay right with it."

The captain and the sergeant talked to the boy about fifteen minutes and then the sergeant took him back into the jail without my getting a chance to talk to him. So I appealed to the captain.

"Just be patient," he said. "I'm gonna let you talk to him, but I want old Dr. Hall to see him first and give him the once-over. I've sent for him, and he's on his way."

"You think the boy's nuts?" I asked.

The captain went into his heavy-thinking pose. He wrinkled his brow, and he reached up and curled the four hairs sticking straight up from his bald head.

"Well, he's certainly acting crazy," he said. "I understand this is the same boy you wrote up yesterday."

"Yes," I said, "but I haven't talked to him yet. He has been traveling too fast for me."

"Maybe we'll get to the bottom of

this by the process of elimination," the captain said. "The boy isn't drunk, and he doesn't seem to be a dope. Personally, I think he's just playing crazy for some ulterior motive. Whatever it is I don't know."

"How about trying to escape the draft?" I suggested.

"Could be that—yes," he said. "About all I could get out of him was that he just always wanted to sit on top a totem pole."

Old Dr. Hall, a short little man with a basketball paunch and thick white hair, came bustling in. "Well, Captain," he said with a cheery wave, "hear you've got a human monkey for me."

"Yep, we've got one for you, Doc," the captain said. "Some say this boy is a real nut, and some think he's just playing crazy—maybe to get out of going in the Army."

HE PICKED up the phone and asked the switchboard operator to have the top man from the totem pole brought back into his office. As he hung up the receiver, a nifty, well-built girl came rushing in through the open door, her hands tightly clasped in front of her and a frightened look in her eyes.

"Pardon me, but are you Captain Kinney?" she asked, addressing the uniformed captain.

"Yes," he said, "but I'm very busy."

"I'm a friend of Dick Lane's," she said. "May I see him?"

"I'm having him brought into my office right now," the captain said. "I want the doctor here to examine him. How long has he been acting crazy?"

She had the bluest eyes I had ever seen, and they filled with tears. "Oh, he isn't crazy," she said, looking first at the captain, and then at the doctor. "He did all this just because—he did it all deliberately. He knew people might think he was crazy, but he didn't care."

The captain cut his eyes at the doctor.

"Well, that's certainly in favor of his sanity, all right," the doctor said. "Crazy people don't sit down and reason things out."

About that time a cop showed up at the door with the boy. "All right, Joe, bring him on in," the captain said.

When the boy saw the girl, he stopped short and suppressed a gasp. "Why—er—hello, Kathleen," he stammered, blushing. "Hope they haven't got you, too."



She smiled at him. "No," she said, "but if you're crazy, I am."

The captain nodded toward me. "Doctor, you want this reporter and the young lady to step outside?" he asked.

I gave the old doctor a fast frown and shook my head. I wrote a feature about his dog once, and ever since then he has been my man.

"Oh, no," he said. "Let them stay. They may be able to help me. Everybody sit down."

HE STARTED in by asking the boy a lot of simple, every-day questions, as if they were just having a little social chat. He asked where he was born, where he went to school, where he worked and how he liked his job, what he did for recreation.

And then he got around to the real subject. He supposed Dick would be leaving for the Army soon, and the boy nodded.

"Don't like the idea, do you?" the doctor asked.

"Well, no, I don't," the boy replied.

"Maybe I can help you get deferred," the doctor suggested.

The boy jumped. "Who said anything about wanting to get deferred?" he said, his dark brown eyes boring right through the doctor, and his jaw sticking out like the

front end of a tank. "I don't want any deferment."

"Why, I thought you just said you didn't much like the idea of going into the Army," the doctor replied.

"And I still say it," the boy said, biting the words out between his even teeth. "War isn't any picnic. Why should anybody like it? It's just a messy job that has to be done, and I'm ready to do my part and get it over with."

The doctor gave the captain a surprised glance.

"And I suppose you're climbing totem poles to get yourself in good trim, eh?" the captain said with a little smirk.

The boy grinned—and relaxed. "No," he said. "Not exactly. That was just one of the things I had on my list of 'musts'. Sounds crazy, I know, but I got to thinking the other night, and I decided that before I went into the Army to fight for the four freedoms for others I had better give myself some. I decided I could use some freedom from fear myself.

"So I sat down and made out a list of things I had been wanting to do a long time"—he looked at the girl and smiled, and she smiled back—"things I had been afraid to do and things I just never had got around to, and then I started out to do them."

The doctor nodded vigorously. "Yes," he said. "I understand. Go right ahead."

The boy shrugged. "Well, that's about all there is to it. I knew people would think I had gone crazy, but I told myself I was yellow if I didn't do 'em, and that I wasn't worthy of wearing the uniform. Besides, I figger that the best way to get ready to fight is to work yourself into a don't-give-a-damn mood."

He paused and looked at the doctor with a puzzled expression. "Why, doesn't everybody have crazy impulses, Doctor—things they'd do if they just had the courage?"

THE doctor jumped up, his little basketball belly shaking with laughter. "I'll say they do!" he shouted as he snatched up a pair of shears from the desk, grabbed the dumbfounded Captain around the head and snipped his four hairs. "Been wanting to do that for ten years!" he roared.

"I got another impulse!" Dick yelled. He sprang across the room, scooped the girl into his arms and ran out the door.

The doctor doubled up across the captain's desk. "Let 'em go, Cap'n," he said. "Uncle Sam's getting a helluva good soldier. And I feel at least twenty years younger."

Dogs In the War

(Continued from page 13)

the convicts filed silently out of the debris-strewn hall to their cells, their defiance quelled. The threat of the riot had passed.

Those dogs were not raging beasts. They were mild-mannered and efficient animals which once patrolled such prisons as Alcatraz, the Federal "Devil's Island" where Al Capone served his time, McNeil Island in the State of Washington, Lewisburg and Eastern in Pennsylvania, and at the U. S. Southern Reformatory in Oklahoma. These dogs daily proved that men who aren't afraid of a gun won't dare tackle a dog.

Over 500 prisoners rioted in Pennsylvania's Eastern Penitentiary at Gratesford, where a number of police-trained Fortunate Field dogs were stationed. Within a few minutes thousands of dollars worth of kitchen equipment and scores of valuable machines in a new weaving mill were demolished. The rioting prisoners were completely out of control. They smashed everything and swept like a swarm of locusts across the prison yard. Their

objective was the power house; their intention was to destroy it and cripple the entire prison.

They advanced across a rough field which ended in a slight rise in front of the prison power buildings. When the leaders reached the crest of the uneven ground, they saw the defense line—a patrol of six guards and their dogs. This patrol covered a "front" of two hundred yards—a gap of a

hundred feet between each guard and his dog. Behind those six guards lay the power house. The guards were unarmed! But not one in that madly excited five hundred would lead a rush. The mob milled there, at bay, until a detachment of state police arrived.

Suppose they had rushed the guards. What would have happened? It is probable that some would have

been severely bitten. But the dogs could quickly have been beaten into insensibility, for most of the rioters carried heavy sticks, clubs or stones.

It demonstrated the fact that even desperate criminals will not risk an encounter with an educated police dog. Had the guards tried to stop the prisoners with guns, the mob would have overpowered them in a matter of seconds. But their respect for a dog is increased a thousandfold because they cannot tell what the dog will do. The value of such a dog for army sentry or patrol duty is obvious.

The first dog guard has been mounted at Fort Hancock, N. J., and



at this time a greyhound, an elk-hound and a shepherd are posted for sentry duty at a munitions factory on the Hudson River.

Training the dog for this work is a highly technical job which varies to a large extent with the individual instructor. Some trainers believe that the dog should be constantly prodded while in training so as to be kept alert and so unrelaxed attention becomes habitual. Other trainers aim to help the dog do its own thinking. They teach principles which the dog can follow in using its own judgment. The dog is then not a robot but an independent accessory to its soldier master. The value of this method is illustrated by an incident which took place in Europe a few years ago.

ONE night two policemen were patrolling with their dogs in a tough section of the city when they heard sounds of an appalling row in a saloon. Leaving his dog, one of them went inside to investigate. As he went through the door, someone jumped on him and knocked him out with a club. The second policeman, after a minute, pushed himself in behind the two dogs. He saw his unconscious colleague lying under a table. The rest of the room was bedlam! Two score men were fighting one another in a brawl which appeared certain to destroy at least half of them, plus everything breakable in the room.

The policeman gave his dogs the command to attack and then left the saloon to turn in a riot call. By the time he returned, order was practically restored. When the riot squad arrived, he was busy reviving his colleague. Without any assistance whatever the dogs had lined every man in the room against the opposite wall.

Schooling for patrol work starts when the dogs are fully grown—from twelve to sixteen months old. In the early training periods, the selected dog is taught to do simple setting-up exercises such as to stand, sit or rest and lie down. At first, these lessons are given with a leash attached to the dog's collar. Later, however, the dog learns that he must obey commands even though there is no leash and even when his master is out of sight. This is often important. A sen-

try, after apprehending one saboteur, might need immediately to investigate the activities of another. The dog may be left on guard indefinitely with perfect assurance that the prisoner will not escape.

In the preliminary education for this work the dog is taught to remain sitting, standing or lying down while the instructor stops a few feet away. This distance gradually is increased until the instructor can go out of sight without the dog moving until commanded to do so. Dogs in training have been known to keep a single position on command for hours. Skeptics who may doubt that this is a real feat should try it with an ordinarily well-behaved youngster. Or, even better, they might try it on themselves. It may sound easy, but it really is most difficult.

THIS tedium of obedience work is relieved for the animal with exercises in jumping. A competent sentry dog must be able to scale a wall at least seven feet high and to clear ditches or obstructions over twelve feet in width.

Fetching is an important lesson because on the simple art of retrieving a stick is based the entire method of teaching a dog to search for soldiers wounded on a battlefield. It is easy to teach a dog to run after a stick thrown in the air, pick it up and bring it back. Most any dog will do it because it's a game to him. But try it with a bottle. This is a real test of a dog's willingness. No dog likes to pick up or carry a glass ob-

ject and few of them, unless specially trained, will do it.

But the sentry and Red Cross dog must be willing to fetch without hesitation anything it can carry. It learns quickly to retrieve an object which it can see thrown. Next it must be taught to find and bring back something thrown in its absence. For these lessons the instructor gives the verbal command and makes a throwing motion as usual, and the dog starts off automatically. When it has run a little way it realizes it has seen no object thrown and stops, puzzled. At this moment the instructor repeats the command "Fetch" with emphasis and intently the dog starts to use its nose to find the object.

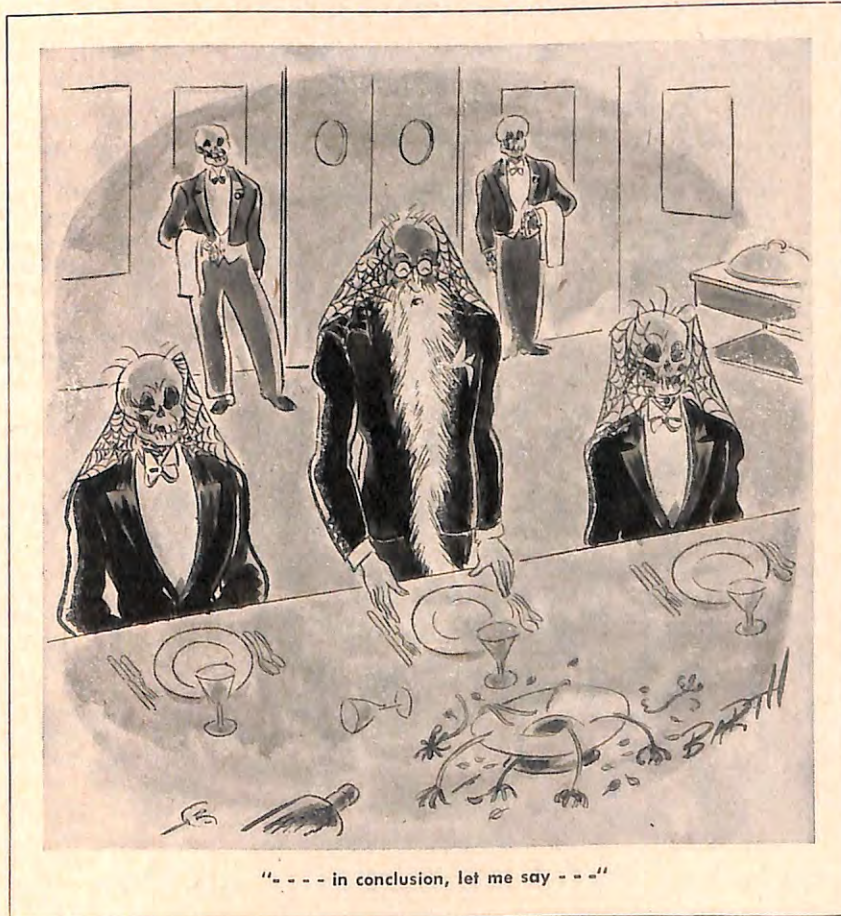
THE first lessons are simple and the animal readily discovers the object. Later, however, an extended search is required before the object can be found. The amount of scent also is diminished to the point where every faculty of patience and intelligence must be used.

Red Cross dogs were once taught to bring back to station a helmet or other evidence that they had located a wounded man. When the dogs couldn't find anything handy they often tried a shoe or a sleeve or some other object that looked movable, to the frequent discomfort and danger of the wounded. Now as part of their "uniform", the dogs carry tied around their necks a leather-covered stick called a bringsal. When it locates a man, the dog takes that in its teeth and thus reports the find. This eliminates any chance of danger to a wounded man.

The most difficult lesson to teach the average patrol dog is to attack a man. This goes against the moral and intellectual standard of most dogs. Sometimes it cannot be done at all.

In these lessons the dog is literally irritated into retaliation or attack. A person who is a stranger to the dog flaunts a piece of sacking in its face. Its master standing nearby gives the verbal command to attack. The dog is unimpressed. He doesn't know what it's all about. It is done again and again. The dog knows something is expected but cannot understand what it is.

Sometimes the performance is re-



peated at intervals for days before the animal finally, often as a last resort, grabs the sacking in its teeth. Instantly his master breaks out in exclamations of rapture. "Oh, you wonderful dog," he says in several variations, but in tones of unmistakable enthusiasm and commendation.

From that point on, the dog understands what is wanted. The next step is for him to get hold of the sacking when it is wrapped around the arm of a padded suit worn by someone who acts the part of the enemy. The dog will only guard an intruder who stands motionless and does not move a hand to his pocket. When the dog has learned to take hold firmly but without tearing it, then learns to break the hold instantly on a command "which may come verbally from the master, or be automatic when the enemy stops resisting," his training is practically completed.

ON SENTRY duty a properly educated dog doesn't bark. To do so would reveal the position to the enemy and might mean instant death. The dog is taught to growl silently. The soldier, with his hand held lightly on the animal's throat, feels the vibration of the growl and is as thoroughly warned by it as if the animal had barked loudly enough to be heard in Berlin or Tokio.

It is obviously important for a patrol or sentry dog to announce any persons, friend or foe, whom it discovers. But with hundreds of other soldiers about, this might prove confusing to the animal. To a well-trained dog, nevertheless, it is possible to be selective. For example, a Swiss policeman investigating farm country passed near a dozen or so farmers without his Fortunate Field dog taking as much as a glance in their direction. Passing by a large haystack, however, his dog suddenly bristled and growled a note of suspicion and warning. On investigation, the policeman found hidden in the haystack a notorious criminal eagerly wanted in a nearby city.

Why the dog passed members of the local community, who, after all, were also complete strangers to the animal, without so much as noticing them, and yet announced the presence of the criminal he could not see, is an interesting point for speculation. The most likely explanation, and one which seems to have some scientific support, is that a criminal, being afraid—and this presumably would apply also to an enemy soldier—perspires freely, and that fear stimulates the adrenal glands, causing some peculiar and identifiable odor to be given off.

If, as some maintain, the theory were based merely on the excess perspiration

with the resulting increase in normal body odor, then the dog most surely would have been interested in the farmers who had worked at hard physical labor all day in the fields and were doubtless reeking. All the evidence points to the special scent. This may be the reason why an animal with a tendency to bite will rarely attack a person who shows no fear and yet will almost invariably nip someone who is afraid.

We have a lot to learn about a dog's nose before we can expect to build up a good canine army. One must realize that it isn't enough that a dog should have an extremely acute nose. The animal must be willing to control his sense of smell and maintain interest in following an odor which may be much less exciting than others which cross its path. That is one reason why trailing is the most highly specialized of all jobs dogs can do.

A TRAILING dog named Wigger, developed by Fortunate Fields, performed an amazing feat merely by relying on his nose, when practically everyone in the community was certain that he was wrong. A burglary had taken place and the villagers agreed that the burglar must have passed down a certain road when he left the looted store. To have gone in any other direction seemed unreasonable.

When Wigger took up the trail by starting across open country, the kibitzers began shouting at Wigger's master to call the animal back. But the policeman trusted Wigger's nose beyond reason. After about a mile, Wigger ran off the trail into tall grass and retrieved a crumpled envelope. Coming back to the main trail, he continued along it until he

reached a main highway where he stopped. The trail was ended. Tire markings showed that a bicycle had been hidden there on which the thief had escaped. Wigger could do no more. But the crumpled envelope contained evidence which led to the final arrest and conviction of the criminal. If the reasonable deductions of the villagers had been followed, the crime might never have been solved. If Wigger had not found that envelope hidden in deep grass many feet from the path he was following, the crime might still be a mystery.

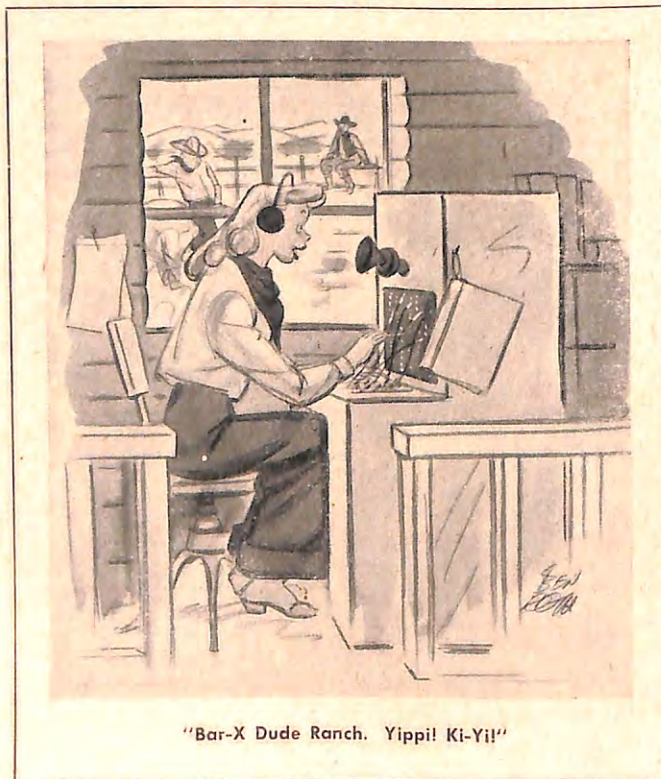
That's the kind of dog intelligence that runs down saboteurs. That's the kind of a nose that can locate a camouflaged sharpshooter or an enemy patrol.

Another time, Wigger figured in the recovery of a large sum of money. While plowing a field a Swiss farmer was carrying some valuable papers and money in his wallet. He expected to put it in a place for safe-keeping after work that day. He finished plowing and reached in his pocket for the wallet. It was gone. Frantically, he dashed back to the field, running down furrow after furrow in search of the wallet. An hour later, exhausted and distraught, he had come to the shocking realization that the wallet was doubtless plowed underground. He might plow and re-plow the field a dozen times without finding it. Out of desperate anxiety, he called the police for help and asked that the dog be brought to aid in the search.

WIGGER was taken to the field and commanded to search. Back and forth he worked his nose over the freshly turned earth. Wigger did not know what he was looking for. He only knew that he was to report anything unusual. It was twenty minutes before Wigger stopped, sniffed the ground heavily to confirm his suspicions, and then commenced to dig. Six inches under a huge clod he found the missing pocket-book. If it hadn't been for Wigger, the farmer might still be looking for his wallet.

Would that kind of nose be valuable in locating tank mines? The army may soon know. After that, the enemy will know, too.

In a mobile army, which is a modern army, dogs can be invaluable in maintaining communications. Messages sent by radio and radio-telephone are frequently intercepted by the enemy and must be used with great caution and at serious risk. By laying chemical-scented trails between the two points to be covered, a dog unit can quickly be set up to take care of a continuous flow of communication between two mobile points.



"Bar-X Dude Ranch. Yippi! Ki-Yi!"

As one unit moves from place to place, the trail is merely extended. A large number of such trails can be set up in the same territory. The possibility of confusion is eliminated by using a somewhat different scent for each trail. Specially trained animals can even be quickly flown to the scene of field operations, and, if necessary, dropped by parachute.

In some respects dogs are more valuable for carrying messages in modern warfare than pigeons. Pigeons must spend several days in a cote before they will fly back to it and then they establish communication only in one direction. Also, they cannot be used in dense fog. However, pigeons as messengers can be combined with dog messenger service to make them more effective. A dog can carry four or six of them from a headquarters cote to the front and the pigeons can be used to send messages back.

BUT one of the real advantages of using dogs as dispatch carriers under fire, is that they are more likely to arrive at their destination than are human messengers. They present a smaller target than a crawling man. Running at a great speed, they are a most difficult target under the best conditions. At night they are virtually invisible.

In the first World War, dogs maintained constant communications between front-line German units when enfilading machine-gun fire was so heavy that soldiers were unable to penetrate it alive. Today they are performing the same functions on the Russian front.

Dogs carried messages under heavy fire at the rate of about four minutes to a mile on trips up to five or six miles, or about one third the time of a human runner. One dog ran medical supplies for two days through enemy lines to an isolated unit. Another was credited with saving a company by getting through with a retreat order more than two hours before the duplicate was received by human carriers.

ONE of the problems of educating dogs for effective war work is not generally appreciated. This is a fact that before a dog can be used, one or more men have to be trained to direct him. Occasionally, this is a more difficult process than that of educating the dog itself. It is always equally important. A fully educated dog is like a machine-gun that is manufactured, set up, loaded and cooled. In the hands of a man who knows how to use it, such a gun is a highly effective weapon. In untrained hands it not only may be useless, it may be highly dangerous.

From the time the dog and soldier finish their schooling together their military careers are forever joined. The dog can be taught to work with as many as three men, and to obey them and no others. It is theoretically possible to teach the dog to obey a large number of men if all of them wear the same uniform. The



STEP 1. Composition is outlined with transparent china ink on white gesso ground.



STEP 2. Gesso ground is covered with lightly painted colors in egg tempera.



STEP 3. Oil varnish glazes are painted over tempera colors, while details are also painted.



STEP 4. Final enriching glazes with full detail painting completes the picture.

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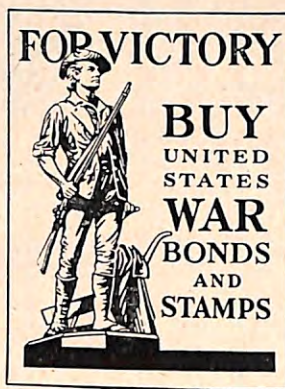
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authority then stems from the uniform and not the man who wears it. But in any case, the soldier who expects to use a dog effectively must spend weeks of study and practice with that dog or he would be incapable of efficiently directing his activities.

Sentry dogs need not be suspicious by nature, if they know their jobs well. But messenger dogs must be shy of people. They must avoid capture by anyone at all cost. Consequently, dogs are picked for this work with special consideration for their dislike of people. At each end of a communications route they find and report to the particular soldier whom



they look upon as their master and will obey.

Dogs may, if properly used, play a vital role in America's war effort. But the army must guard against half-baked amateur trainers whose intentions may be better than their technique. This is a job for experts. Nothing will irrevocably spoil a dog more quickly than improper handling.

Of this we can be sure, if we show the right dogs how to properly do the job, they won't let us down. And if our soldiers match the fidelity, sagacity and courage of our canine army, the cause of freedom will not be lost.

I Pledge Allegiance

(Continued from page 19)

Hitler, and the German way of life, and labelled the Fifth Column an active threat to liberty and freedom. Democracy was being sold down the river. The storm of it rose around Jody.

HE read everything he could get his hands on. It was a slow and laborious process, and there were parts of what he read that he couldn't understand, but somewhere in there was the answer for which he was looking. And somewhere in there he found it. He found the answer and he found the reason for it.

It was late in June and it was hot. The curtains in his room hung limp and unmoving in the still night air, and lying there alone in the darkness Jody Ritter fought his battle with himself, and won it. It was a difficult decision to make.

Mr. Moran listened to him with the exaggerated gravity that adults show toward the problems of children. It was gloomy and almost cool in the police station, and Jody stood up pale and determined and said what he had to say. It was a speech that he had rehearsed all the way downtown. It was a concise speech, and it was made up principally of phrases that he had gleaned from newspapers and article writers, and when he said it, it was like reciting a lesson that he had learned carefully.

"My father," he said, "is a member of an organization that is a menace to democratic government. He is an officer in the German-American Bund, and I felt it was my duty as a loyal citizen of the United States to report him to the authorities."

Mr. Moran jerked upright

in his chair with an expression of unspeakable shock on his face.

"What?"

"My father," Jody began, but Mr. Moran interrupted him.

"Boy, do you know what you're saying?"

"Yessir," Jody's face was wooden, but his voice was steady.

"Do you realize that you might get your father into a lot of trouble?"

"Yessir," Jody said.

Mr. Moran took a handkerchief out of his hip pocket and mopped his forehead. He was staring at Jody now with an expression of mingled amazement and sympathy.

"Son, is your daddy at home now?"

"Yessir."

"I guess maybe I'd better go have a talk with him right now."

HE stood up, a heavy bewildered man, and pushed his arms through the sleeves of his blouse. He went toward the door mumbling to himself, "Out of the mouths of babes . . ." and stopped suddenly when Jody's voice reached him. The voice wasn't very steady now, any assurance he had possessed had left him.

"You . . . You aren't gonna hurt him are you?"

Mr. Moran looked back at him. "No, son," he said. "You don't have to worry. Nobody's gonna hurt him."

Then he went out the door, leaving Jody alone.

It was late when Jody got home. Staying away, he could postpone the consequences, but he couldn't run from himself. He was shocked and a little awed by what he had done, and he still wasn't exactly sure why he had done it. Maybe he never would be. He was walking along Maple Street, and he was walking as slowly as he could and still be moving.

A thunderstorm was building in the west to put an end to the heat spell. Thunder rumbled in the distance like a train going over a bridge. The houses along Chestnut Street stood out in strong silhouette against the flare of lightning, and the street lamps were coming on in the premature dusk. Jody's heart leaped suddenly. There was a light on in his kitchen window. So they hadn't thrown Pop in the calaboose. At least, not yet. The air had cooled and the first slow, heavy drops of rain were falling. Jody wiped his feet on the doormat,



"Something is going on behind my back and I'm going to find out what it is!"

and took a deep breath. Then he opened the door and went inside.

The front room was dark and close and Pop's voice came to meet him.

"Is that you, Jody?"

"Yessir, it's me," Jody said. He went out to the kitchen.

POP was sitting at the kitchen table with a half-filled glass of beer in front of him. His hair was mussed up as though he had been running his fingers through it the way he did when he was thinking hard about something. Across the table there was an empty glass with dried beer foam still sticking to the sides. For a minute the sight of that second glass heartened him. If Mr. Moran had been drinking beer with Pop maybe things couldn't be as bad as he expected they would be; but then he knew that didn't mean anything. Even cops liked beer on hot days. Jody wiped the palms of his hands on his pants leg, straightened his shoulders and tried his voice.

"Did you want me for something?"

Pop stared up at him as though he were seeing him for the first time. After a while he said, "Sit down, Jody."

It was coming now, and he was scared. He had put it off as long as possible, but he had to take his medicine now, and it was awful. And then Jody remembered the important thing that he needed to remember. Be sure you're right, Miss Pettis had said, and then go ahead. And he was right. Even if he couldn't explain why, he knew he was right. Jody sat down.

Pop took a sip of his beer and set the glass on the table.

"A friend of yours came to see me this afternoon."

"Yessir."

Pop's voice was precise and cold. "I understand," he said, "that you reported me to the police as a spy. My own son," he said, "turned me over to the law."

Jody's voice was a croak. "Yes-sir." There was no chance to explain yet. And the slim chance that he had banked on seemed foolish now. There was no way to make Pop understand. No way ever. Perhaps he had been wrong.

"Maybe you wouldn't mind telling me why you did it?"

Jody's hands were sweating, and his mouth was dry. "Well, sir," he said, and then it all came out in a rush, all the desperation, and the hope, and the bewilderment. "That's what you believe in, isn't it? That a boy should report his father?" Jody said. He was crying now. "In school they said I was a German and a Nazi, and I tried to be a good American. In this country you have life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and the Bill of Rights and things, but in Germany boys spy on their fathers and report them to the Gestapo even if they only talk about the government. That's what you and they have been teaching, isn't it? It says so in the things I read. It says. . ."

He stopped talking suddenly. Pop

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was staring at him now, his face pale and hard, and Jody knew he had failed. Pop would never understand. He was lost now.

"I see," Pop said, and his voice was flat and dead. Then he said, "So you believe that is right."

"Nosir," Jody said. "But that's what you want, isn't it? That's what you've been teaching."

Pop said, "I see," again. Then he stood up, tall and straight, and walked out of the room.

OUTSIDE the storm had broken and there was a rolling beat of rain on the roof. In the kitchen sink a faucet was dripping. It seemed to Jody that he sat there for a very long time listening to the rain and the leaky faucet, and then he looked up because Pop was standing in the door again, and he was saying something that didn't make sense at first. "Sometimes even a man's honor can have a price tag on it," he was saying, "but, by God, there are some things money can't buy and this is one of them."

Jody understood it vaguely after

he had thought about it for a minute. They had been very poor and Pop didn't have a job when Mom had died, and that was a part of Pop's bitterness. And afterward they had still been poor, and sometimes Jody didn't get enough to eat, and then suddenly Pop had started getting money from somewhere, although he didn't seem to have a regular job. That was the part that Jody understood, and the rest of it didn't matter at the moment because Pop had taken something out of his pocket. He put it on the table, and it was the American Flag that Jody always kept on top of his bureau along side the picture of his mother.

"Maybe," Pop said, "it would simplify our lives if we both believed in the same things."

"Yessir," Jody whispered.

Pop stepped back from the table and it seemed to Jody that he stood up straighter than he had in a long time, with his chest thrown out and his chin up, sort of proud.

"It's been a long time since I've done this," Pop said, and it was like he was talking to himself, and not to

Jody. "It's easy to lose your way in the dark, and a man gets rusty at a thing if he doesn't practice it often enough."

Then Pop put his hand up in a military salute and said, "I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America. . ." He faltered there and his eyes sought out Jody's eyes. He was smiling, but it wasn't the way you smiled when you were making fun of anything. It was sort of an apologetic smile, that Jody could understand, but couldn't explain. "Maybe you'd better help me a little," Pop said.

Jody was standing then. The confusion and bewilderment was gone now. A man couldn't define patriotism, but this was a part of it, this unity and this security, and maybe that was all a man needed to know.

"And to the Republic for which it stands," Jody said, and the words were fine and grand the way they used to be. The only trouble was that it was hard talking with a lump in your throat, but he must have managed it, because Pop followed him all right, right through to the end.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

and by his frankness spikes a lot of malicious gossip. He thinks the proportion of Jews to non-Jews in the Government is not over 4 percent, but that their influence is important. They do not stick together but they are more heavily represented in some agencies than in others, thus giving a false impression to those who deal only with these offices. Their abilities are very high and they are "big-city people". Mr. Kiplinger points out that the entire New Deal "is pretty heavily manned by big-city men and big-city ways."

As for personalities, Mr. Kiplinger weighs them carefully, describing the President, the Justices of the Supreme Court and other high-placed men, with the freedom of an American citizen who wants to be fair and truthful. The result is a book that carries conviction. Since the author does not have to curry favor of anyone, or engage in the Washington practice of back-scratching, lobbying or climbing socially, he can afford to be generous. And he tells a lot of good stories. (Harper, \$3.50)

MICKEY MOUSE has donned the uniform for the duration, says Robert D. Feild, professor of art, who put in nearly a

year studying the mysteries of the Walt Disney studio in Hollywood. "As a method of visual education the animated cartoon is at last coming into its own," he writes, citing twelve films now in production behind closed doors for the Navy Department. But the Walt Disney known to the public is already indispensable; he has worked wonders with all his creations, whether

mouse, alligator, elephant or falling leaves. Mr. Feild went to Hollywood filled with admiration and eager to get at the secrets of the business—not merely the making of animated cartoons, but the psychology behind them and the attitude of their most distinguished producer. He does so in "The Art of Walt Disney". It takes many artists to make one Disney film possible, but the guiding hand of

Disney is in them all. The detail is incredible. "The animator must have a knowledge of structure and a sense of design, a psychological insight and a superb technique, but he must also have one more faculty hitherto never called into play in pictorial representation. He must be able to feel exactly how the particular character would behave under all circumstances." The slow growth of the idea, the correlation of story with effects, the actual building of the tale are here revealed. Mr. Feild praises especially the freedom for experiment to be found here—where no one looks backward or is shackled by convention. The author, born in London, served in the British Army, took a degree from Harvard in 1930 and is director of the art school at Tulane University. (Macmillan, \$3.50)



"Ach! Fritz, your hands are cold!"

How are we going to defeat Japan? By cutting the lines of supply, sinking the ships that ply between the homeland and the armies, or bombing Japan's great industrial centers? We all have cracker-barrel ideas about this, and perhaps Alexander Kiralfy, a student of naval and military affairs, is the biggest cracker-barrel expert of all.

His book, "Victory in the Pacific", discusses practically every phase of operations. It is a book that starts you thinking about possibilities, and it gives you a start when the author attacks cherished points of view. Mr. Kiralfy believes Japan must be attacked from the Vladivostok-Saghalien front; from Vladivostok all Japanese industries are within a radius of 725 miles. To prevent Hitler from overrunning Siberia, Washington must think of protecting Siberia. With a policy of dynamic offense and plenty of planes, Japan can be reached where it is most vulnerable. Thus argues Mr. Kiralfy. But there is still much to consider. Will Japan make war against Russia after subduing China? Will Russia attack Japan if it defeats Hitler?

Nations that checked each other in the past are running wild and a new balance has to be worked out. The Kiralfy book, like many others, helps the discussion; it cannot have the final word. (John Day Co., \$2.75)

If you must have a bulky book to carry around this summer, here's

Tolstoy's "War and Peace", which also satisfies the craving to read about war. This work deals with the Russian uprising against Napoleon and was written about eighty years ago, when Tolstoy had the idea that there are no heroes, and that leaders merely express the collective will. Whether or not you agree with this theory, you will find "War and Peace" well worth your attention; there is a vast amount of vitality in it, and the family life is pictured with the warmth and intimacy we also meet in "Anna Karenina" and other Russian novels. This edition has a long introduction by Clifton Fadiman, which explains the theme, the treatment, the historical background and the similarities of the Napoleonic campaign to Hitler's attack. There is also an essay by Tolstoy on his intention in writing the book. This is the Inner Sanctum edition by Simon & Schuster, and costs \$3. If you want the novel alone, without Mr. Fadiman's guidance, you can get the Modern Library edition for \$1.45. There are several other editions. It has been required reading in colleges for many years and its sales have been persistent, but at the present time interest in the issues it presents has been heightened by the Nazi-Soviet war.

NOVELS of the Hour: "The Song of Bernadette", by Franz Werfel, is an attempt, by this Australian author, to reconstruct the situation at

Lourdes when the little girl saw her "Lady" in the grotto that has since become the object of pilgrimage of thousands of the pious. Bernadette is pictured as poor, not very bright, but consistent throughout in her statements to the clergy and the civil authorities, all of whom questioned the accuracy of her testimony. The story is not that of a believer but of an observer who is generous throughout and who is thoroughly convinced of Bernadette's sincerity. (Viking Press, \$3)

"FLOODS of Spring" is Henry Belflaman's latest story of frustrated people. He wrote "Kings Row", from which the popular movie was made. The new novel, however, lacks the sensational features of "Kings Row". It deals with the hard-bitten character of Peter Ketting, a farmer in Missouri, who didn't want any contacts with neighbors and tried to dominate his sons, David and Robby. But the lads have ideas of their own and all are wounded in the conflict. There are some entertaining love passages between the lads and their girl friends, as well as some tragic moments. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

"The Edge of the Sword" by Vladimir Pozner reads more like an eyewitness account of the French retreat before the Germans than a novel, but a novel it is supposed to be. The author drove a car for

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French officers during that demoralization and tells the story of the congested roads, the bewildered soldiers and the horrified civilians in terms of individuals. Seen from the point of view of the men, there is throughout an undertone of anger and contempt for the officers and higher authorities who have made a mess of things. How great that mess really was becomes clear in this story. (Modern Age, \$2.50)

EARLY this year a large number of easterners were inspecting and buying small farms, partly with the object of reducing their outlay in rent and partly because it was fashionable. The restrictions on gasoline and tires have retarded the movement, for a motor car is definitely necessary in the country. But despite this, the farm still lures city men who feel that they are paying too much for the non-essentials of living.

Three books, recently published, deal with farm conditions. "Farm for Fortune and Vice Versa", by Ladd Haystead, is addressed to city men who have an itch for farming. (Putnam, \$2). This author knows the difficulties, but he also knows that when a man wants to buy a farm, you can't stop him. So he offers some good advice. He says, for instance, that raising chickens and having fresh eggs every morning is not as easy as it seems. He thinks "the average city man has about as much chance of success as he would have in a crooked poker game". Buying a farm and equipment and learning when and where to market products are subjects worth a life-time of study. The author enjoys farming, but thinks the prospective farmer ought to know that primroses don't grow in furrows.

"Old McDonald Had a Farm", by Angus McDonald, is just a fine, straight-forward story of how one man made a farm pay in health and fortune. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75). The son writes about the experiences of his father, whose farm was located in eastern Oklahoma. It was a run-down farm, full of gullies, misused by the tenant, when Old McDonald bought it. He had theories about making the best use of the soil, and since he was also a preacher, he aired them to the confusion of his neighbors. He saw that the land was being ruined by ignorance. He was frugal, but he was never stingy about improving his farm. And he had a capacity for working hard that helped him over many rough places. He certainly made that farm produce, and young Angus has written a lively and highly entertaining account of it here.

The third book also has its roots in Oklahoma, but

it is a work of a different character. "Forward to the Land", by Elmer T. Peterson, is a discussion of the farm problem, with consideration of social, political and economic problems associated with the soil. "The nub of the present problem is the conflict between moneyways and soilways," writes the author, "between unscientific mercantile farming and scientific, balanced, decentralized techniques of what is called live-at-home farming". He is for individual free enterprise on the farm and against the introduction of any sort of collectivism modeled on plans in use in totalitarian countries. Strongly against political devices, the author argues for constructive farm policies, developed by the men who know and love the land. (University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.75)

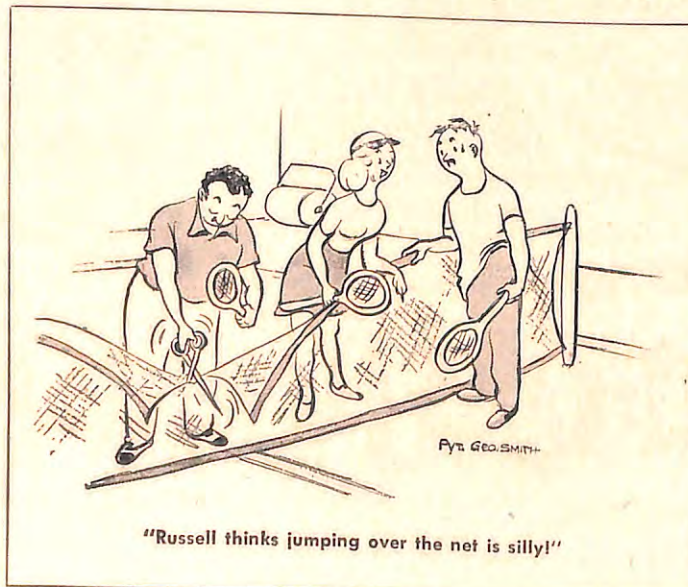
IT TAKES an impertinent and indiscreet woman to show up the vagaries of her sex. Ilka Chase, actress and radio star, is witty, impertinent and indiscreet and glories in it. She gossips outrageously in her book, "Past Imperfect", which is about herself, her career on stage and screen and as a radio star, and some others. Miss Chase had a part in Clare Boothe's play, "The Women", which brought down the house and made one of the critics say she represented the mother of vultures. On the air she interviews celebrities with a lot of bright chatter. In her book she tells some hilarious tales about life in Hollywood, describes the outlandish garb, the unconventional customs and the dull-witted executives. She gives her opinions on marriage and single life. "I married my husband for a variety of reasons," she writes, "but two of them were that he can open train windows and he is wonderful at getting taxis in front of a theatre on rainy nights." She believes that both parties to a marriage contract ought to observe the polite amenities, allow for some privacy and be considerate, and if a marriage goes sour the woman should not simply take the man's money the rest of her life.

She doesn't see why a woman should feel hurt if she has to go back to work, since people who work are invariably more interesting than those who don't.

HER experiences with the radio reveal some of its limitations. She describes the censorship of words as infantile. During our period of neutrality the radio stations went to great lengths to keep any favorable mention of countries at war off the air. Special programs also have their taboos. You can't say "you lucky boy" if you are on the air for Camels. The word "strike" can't be used, which makes it hard when interviewing baseball players, but obviously this doesn't apply to ball games. Miss Chase thinks that on the Armour program no one is swift; people are "quick, brisk or agile", while on the Swift program knights in armour are taboo. "It is a lamentable truth that a remunerative and once free element, the air, is permeated by fear," writes Miss Chase, citing the fear of the actors that they will be dismissed by the advertising agencies, and the fears of the agencies that the clients' whims will prevail and they will withdraw their accounts. In addition, there are lots of stories about celebrities in Miss Chase's book—impertinent stories, of course. Miss Chase is the daughter of Edna Woolman Chase, editor of *Vogue*, and the wife of William Murray, an advertising man. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2)

DEAR old London days, the London of Queen Victoria, live again in Doris Leslie's novel, "House in the Dust". (Macmillan, \$2.50). An old woman comes back to the house that has been demolished by a Nazi bomb and recalls the life she lived there, with an overbearing father, a lot of nurses and governesses, and how she fell in love with the gay, irresponsible, roistering Jonathan Rourke, and lived a few madcap years with him. It is the nostalgic mood of "Bitter Sweet" that gives the story its tang and makes it seem like an old melody.

A new study of Far Eastern affairs and the future role of the United States has just been written by George E. Taylor, professor of the Far Eastern department of the University of Washington and now in New York on leave to cooperate with the Institute of Pacific Relations. His book, "America in the New Pacific", surveys the future possibilities and declares that there can be no peace for the United States as long as the totalitarian states of Germany and Japan exist. If they are eradicated, good relations between the Soviet Republic and the United States will be a vital necessity. No one can tell what the direction of Soviet



policy will be, nor to what extent Russia will influence China and India in the future. But it is certainly just as easy to plan for democracy as for totalitarianism, and in this democratic process, the United States will have to take the lead. (Macmillan, \$1.75)

CLOSE your eyes and recall the last time you saw Paris, and remember, if possible, that teeming locality, the Place St. Michel, where the pulse of Paris beats. I can recall sitting once more at a marble-topped table in the Restaurant Rouzier, watching the everlasting traffic tumbling over the bridge to the Ile de la Cite. Messengers in black pedaling their bicycles; taxicabs scurrying like black beetles and yipping like pups; heavy drays rumbling by, loaded down with casks. Through the blue haze rise the towers of Notre Dame. And on the other side of the Place St. Michel is an aggregation of stone and plaster houses, tall, narrow and leaning on one another.

In those houses, which front on the Rue de la Huchette, Elliot Paul made many friends during the eighteen years, off and on, that he lived in Paris. It was a shabby neighborhood, and the people were a bit frayed around the cuffs, too, but, as he says, they were human and their hearts were sound. He parades them in his scrapbook of memories, "The Last Time I Saw Paris". (Random House, \$2.75).

It is different from any book about Paris that you have ever read. It is not sentimental, and it doesn't deal with the Louvre, the Champs Elysees, the Madeleine and the Opera. It deals with people who are poor and, to our view, sometimes a bit queer. The mailman who could repair faucets; the bureaucrat who was called the Navet, or turnip, and who poked his nose into other people's affairs; the dried-up stationer and his wife, who sometimes delivered the newspapers; the taxidermist; the hotel-keeper who ran off with a girl and left his wife, Philomele, to the attentions of a Turk; the cinema actress (Hedy Lamarr will play her part in the movies, I believe)—these and many other people are described by Mr. Paul in their various characteristic poses.

Not all the stories about them are harmless; some might well have been omitted. For the sake of our feeling about France, it would have been better to forget some of their private vices. They are a tattered lot; their opinions are highly individual, and they represent, in a way, the demoralization that was France when the Germans came. How they can be helped, in the new world of the future, I don't know.

Here is their record. Mr. Paul's book is not as good as its predecessor, "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town", but it is entertaining and tells much about homely lives. It is also, at times, disconcertingly frank and a bit tasteless.

Another good book about the past

is "Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs". Anderson, who died at Colon a little over a year ago, was an original, subjective writer, tremendously interested in his own feelings and in what went on behind the faces of quite ordinary people. In his memoirs he recalls a lot about his boyhood and youth, and salts in some preposterous tales about writers he knew during his career.

The sidelight on Ernest Hemingway, who was determined to get the influence of Anderson out of his system and ridiculed his style in a book, is most amusing. Then he describes a party at the house of Theodore Dreiser, at which F. Scott Fitzgerald knocked on the door, introduced himself and presented Dreiser with a bottle of champagne. Then Dreiser thanked him and closed the door in his face, according to Anderson, but friends of Dreiser say this never occurred; that Anderson is telling a tall story. Anderson knew he was a romancer: "Men do not exist in facts," he wrote; "they exist in dreams." There are some highly entertaining "dreams" in this book about Anderson's past. (Harcourt, \$3.75)

AMONG the new novels . . . "The Children" by Nina Federovna is a warm, charming story about Lida and her friends in Tientsin, Harbin and Shanghai. You may recall you first met her in "The Family", the Atlantic's prize-winning novel. Nothing much happens in "The Children", but Lida is on her way, getting ready to join Jimmie in the United States, and the friends she meets, the things they do and what they say, make this story entertaining. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

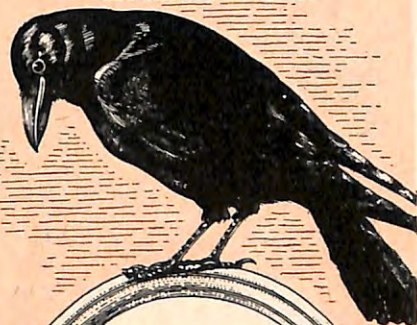
TAYLOR CALDWELL also is an old friend by now; she wrote "Dynasty of Death", that novel about the munitions plants, and she goes in for big, dramatic clashes between members of powerful families, who are fighting for position. Her new book is "The Strong City", and deals with the rise of Franz Stoessel, in a steel mill in a Pennsylvania city called Nazareth. Here the tale is about Franz' ambition, his greed for money and power, for which he is willing to sacrifice his true love; in the end, however, he loses and recognizes his misguided efforts as futile. This is a bit stagey, but entertaining. (Scribner, \$3)

The wonder and magic of youth, and youth's first love, is to be found in the pages of "Seventeenth Summer". (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50). This lovely tale is the work of a young writer who is not many years removed from the summer she writes about—Maureen Daly, student in Rosary College, Chicago. This book was awarded the first intercollegiate fellowship given by Dodd, Mead & Co. The story deals with young people and has in it the wholesome wonder and eagerness of youth. The author has a pleasing style that promises well for the future.

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Muscles in Your Garden

(Continued from page 9)

There are muscles in your garden and an athletic arena in your backyard, if you know how to make use of same. There are more opportunities for simple, basic sports—but games you can enjoy thoroughly and play pretty well—than you can find at the country club or a municipal park. This may sound a bit thick; perhaps you don't believe it. If those hoodlums in the rear will kindly desist making vulgar noises and throwing messy missiles, your quick-order professor will endeavor to elucidate on the abundant life. Now, then, here we go:

Like all substitutes evolved during periods of radical deviations from the normal routine, your sports will be the product of your ingenuity and the restrictions imposed on you. Still sounds pretty thick; even the professor is confused. Let's start all over again and go through this, step by step.

YOU are that indispensable, celebrated citizen, the man in the street. You never have been hauled into court for wife-beating, your children are cunning little rascals and bright as dollars, you are working harder and under more pressure than ever before and when you get home you want to have some fun for yourself. But gas and tire rationing or dimouts keep you pretty close to the old homestead and don't forget next year's taxes, chum. So you scout around for the entertainment possibilities of your home and neighborhood.

Prospects are bleak at first and you moon all over the place feeling sorry for yourself and bemoaning the stagnation of your athletic career. At this point trouble looms on the horizon. The little woman, jolly well fed-up with you by this time, suggests with a touch of asperity that you might do something about the incipient wilderness growing in the garden. The other side of the record has something to do with a leaky roof, an unpainted screen and a lazy lout of a man, Joe, the gardener, and Butch, the handy-man, are in the Army or are making fabulous sums in the defense plant on the other side of town. Next year you may be working for Joe and Butch.

Goaded by the little woman, you begin unconsciously to get into

better condition than you ever did by whacking an inoffensive ball. The power of persuasion wrapped up in a little woman prompts the professor to predict fearlessly that you will be playing more games more ardently than ever before. Hitherto, the chief deterrent to your active participation in sports was the inertia which grips all of us. It was pleasant to contemplate a round of golf or a swim—but it was even more pleasant to think about it while listening to the radio or dozing over the paper in a soft chair.

But Joe and Butch no longer are working for you, so you go out into the garden or putter around the house under severe protest. The digging and the bending and the stretching and unaccustomed activity with your hands involve the use of muscles you had forgotten you owned. It's awfully tough for a week, but after that you don't seem to mind it much. You're getting in shape, chum, even though you don't realize it. Presently your flower beds are blooming, the radishes are coming up like mad and the house is ship-shape.

YOU feel right chipper and ready to go four rounds with Louis when he isn't looking. It happens every time. You can make a muscle and you want to prove it in manly athletic pursuits. You look around for an outlet of your physical prowess and what do you see?

Nothing at first. Many people

have a vagrant notion that the sporting goods and game manufacturers are bursting with bright ideas to take advantage of your predicament. They are—but they cannot put them to work. Priorities have hit sports products harder than almost any other business. Rubber, a basic commodity in all ball games, is absolutely out, of course. The manufacture of equipment requiring the use of metals was stopped months ago. The only materials which can be used freely are wood and paper and, since neither bounce very high, not much of a startling nature can be done with them.

A SURVEY of the sporting goods field shows that only one new game has been put on the market since Pearl Harbor. It is an ingenious affair called "Dart-Bowl", manufactured by the Wilson Company. A set of full-sized bowling pins is printed on a board 30 inches square and the idea is to throw darts, with an underhand motion from a distance of 14 feet, at the pins. It is possible to score a strike by hitting the pockets, just as in bowling, and spares can be made after the first throw by aiming at certain prescribed areas on the board. Loads of fun for young and old.

In the main, however, you'll have to take your sports where you find them. Look around with an eye to converting your available space to sports and you'll be astonished at the possibilities.

There is, for example, badminton, a booming war-baby. There is no priority on the shuttlecocks, or birds, used in the game. Since all the action is aloft, you don't need an elaborate or carefully prepared stretch of ground. Your backyard or front lawn will do handsomely. The dimensions of a badminton court for singles are 44 x 17 feet; add three feet to the width for doubles. An entire layout—net, poles, four racquets and a half-dozen birds—won't run to more than five or six dollars and you can get a better workout in half an hour than a season of golf ever gave you.

A simpler and less expensive game is deck tennis, which gets you thoroughly pooped just by watching it. This one is played with a rope ring tossed over a net 4 feet, 8 inches high. The technique is



"Well, what's eating you now?"

not quite as easy as it looks. The ring is thrown over the net and must be returned by the opponent, without hesitation, before it touches the ground. If a rope ring is not available, a beanbag or even a piece of old cloth stuffed with grass will do. Officially, the game is played on a doubles court measuring 40 feet x 18 feet, but don't let that stop you. You can be run into the ground on a court half the size.

The tennis nut is fortunate in having paddle tennis, a satisfactory substitute for the real thing. Wooden paddles are used to bat a solid sponge-rubber ball over a 2-foot, 10-inch net. The identical strokes and strategy employed in tennis are used with the paddle. Obtaining one solid rubber ball shouldn't be too much trouble and it will last all season without losing its resiliency. The game is played on a doubles court 44 x 20 feet and getting a smooth surface may be a bit of a problem. A ready-made wooden platform costs \$500—or much too much.

Go out and pitch your court on a dead-end street. Go on, don't be reluctant. You'll have lots of company soon enough. For one of the phenomena of the war is the reawakening of community spirit.

YOU already have seen it as an air raid warden, an auxiliary policeman or a volunteer fireman. Neighbors who have been living on the same street for years without speaking have been pulled together by a common bond. They are cooperating to protect their homes and their property and they are holding meetings to discuss vital matters pertaining to civilian defense. Many Elks lodge homes are being used as A.R.P. and rationing headquarters. You are making new acquaintanceships and they'll be glad to join you in street games if you show them how.

This neighborly trend has been reflected in the boom sales of such gadgets as outdoor cooking grills. Every male American harbors three secret conceits. He firmly believes he is a whiz-bang at: (1) Driving a car; (2) Cards; (3) Cooking. The Government has cramped his style in the first conceit; the little woman probably cooled him off in the second long ago, but the necessity for remaining close to home has rekindled the third delusion of grandeur. Any day now the guy next door will be inviting you to bare a fang at a grilled steak or a roasted frankfurter. What has he got that you haven't got? Try it yourself. You have nothing to lose but your digestion.

If you revert to some of the simple joys of happy childhood, don't let it worry you. The street games you played as a kid—and those that have sprung up since you and I were young, Maggie,—are swell for present conditions.

Fun is where you find it. Rediscover your garden, your backyard and your neighborhood. You've got something there, chum.

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You don't have to drink a bitter beer. Schlitz methods of brewing control capture *only* the delicate flavor of the hops, not their harsh bitterness. That's one reason for that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. Taste Schlitz and you'll never want to go back to a bitter beer.



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

ishing in the vicinity of spectators or behind a firing line will earn well-merited disapproval in select shooting circles and very likely a profane bawling out from the range officer. Newcomers around gun clubs, frequently inexperienced with firearms and nervous before more experienced shooters and spectators, often try to camouflage their inexperience with exaggerated gun brandishing and silly posturing. The act fools no one. A green-hand with a gun is as obviously inexpert as a bachelor handling a two-weeks' old baby.

Something else to remember is that a quick snifter or two never helped anyone's shooting. Alcohol and gunpowder just don't mix; gun club and shooting range tipplers aren't popular. Aside from making nuisances of themselves when mildly potted, elbow benders become deadly menaces on a range. The writer has seen tipsy gents of this type, finger on trigger, sweep the muzzle of a loaded shotgun past an entire skeet field gallery.

Firearms ownership brings up a problem in the home where there are small boys, particularly if handguns are left in a place to which kids have access. Most boys are fascinated by revolvers and pistols—weapons no child should be permitted to touch at any time. The fact that a handgun is hidden away unloaded in a bureau drawer is no assurance something unfortunate cannot happen. Boys sometimes come across live cartridges in their neighborhood prowlings and, boys being what they are, the scene is all set for a little backlot shooting match—and perhaps a tragedy—if the cartridges happen to fit Pop's gun. Pistol owners should keep their lethal trinkets locked up and carry the key with them.

Another safety rule to remember is that experienced handgunners never load more than five cartridges into the chambers of a sixshooter, and always let the hammer down on the empty chamber. The reason is that a dropped revolver has the devilish habit of landing on the hammer spur, with frequently disastrous results to its owner or some bystander if the aforementioned precaution isn't taken.

Revolvers shooting, like pumpkin pie, is the American's particular dish. Since the six-gun was invented slightly over a century ago, our

factories have turned out the world's finest revolvers and American ranges have developed the world's most expert handgunners. The foregoing isn't chauvinism—it's all in the record book. U. S. pistoleers are tops.

American homes are cluttered with millions of these weapons, from the cap and ball Colt of Civil War and frontier days, to the latest in target revolvers, the ultimate in handgun perfection. Lucky indeed is the citizen who owns a good target revolver—a type of weapon now almost unobtainable, even in the used market. Of these, perhaps the finest revolver for handgunning beginners, is the .22 rimfire on a .38 frame, equipped with six-inch barrel and target sights.

This type of six-gun, whether it be Smith & Wesson or Colt, is tops in workmanship, accuracy and dependability, and offers many advantages to the budding shooter who aspires to higher scores. First, its weight (around 36 ounces) permits steady holding and the slight recoil and blast won't develop that hard-to-cure habit of flinching. It feels and handles exactly like a .38, hence the chap who has mastered the .22 can pick up the more powerful .38 and shoot it equally well. Matter of fact, his scores are likely to be higher because of the difference in bullet size. Where a .22 bullet might only score

a nine on a pistol target, a .38 pill, with its larger diameter, easily can clip the ten-ring for a bull's-eye.

Last but not least, .22 long rifle ammunition is inexpensive and still fairly plentiful on the market, two factors which permit a lot of practice. And practice, incidentally, is what it takes to become a pistol shot. Next to the automatic pistol, it's the most difficult of all weapons to shoot well.

If a shooter is fortunate enough to own a .22 target revolver and a matching .38, he has the ideal combination: the .22 for inexpensive practice and the .38 for auxiliary police work or other serious business.

Two main factors contribute to the difficulty of handgun marksmanship. The first is the weapon's short sighting radius—a distance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the average revolver. This short sighting radius—meaning the distance between front and rear sights—greatly increases the possibility of aiming error. The least flinch or gun wobble as the hammer falls will throw the bullet inches or even feet from the bull's-eye. The other is that the handgun, unlike the rifle or shotgun, is fired at arm's length without shoulder or two-hand support. No living person can hold a pistol's sights on the target without tremor; the short gun will wobble and wander all over the paper.

The answer to that problem is a super-educated trigger finger, an acute sense of timing, and trained muscular co-ordination.

Practice and smart coaching will develop all three, particularly the first mentioned, which is all important. Expert pistol shots are agreed it takes about two years for the average shooter to develop a good trigger finger—a good finger being one which resists that impulse to "yank" at least one shot in 10. Gradually the shooter learns to put increasing pressure on the trigger as the sights drift across the bull's-eye until the weapon "fires itself". Once he masters that knack, and also the trick of "calling" his shots—meaning the ability to tell where the bullet will strike on the target as the weapon fires—the budding handgunner is on his way to better things.

Arm steadiness and correct sight alignment can be developed, along with the trigger finger,



"I'm a taxpayer, Miss Middleton, and if I want to come here and try to catch up on my geography, who's gonna stop me?"

by "dry" firing practice. This dry or "snapping" practice is simply the business of a daily five- or ten-minute exercise period, wherein the weapon is trained on some well defined target and snapped, with particular attention paid to all the details of correct pistol-shooting technique.

Most shooters favor what is known as the "six o'clock hold" when aiming at a pistol target bull. Target shooters call their shots in relation to the face of a clock. If, for instance, a bullet lands on the top edge of the bull's-eye, it's a "12 o'clock 10". If it strikes directly to the right of the bull in, say, the 8 ring, it's a "3 o'clock 8". A 6 o'clock hold, therefore, means holding the top of the revolver's front sight on the bottom of the black bull's-eye, the meanwhile centering the front sight evenly in the notched rear sight. If the shot is gotten away perfectly and the sights are correctly adjusted,

the bullet will smack dead center.

Reason why this hold is favored by most shooters is that sharp definition is afforded, which, in turn, permits closer "holding" and closer grouping of shots on the target once some degree of skill has been attained. When a tyro begins to "group" his shots, instead of splattering them all over the paper, it's the first tipoff that progress is being made. Incidentally, the novice pistolman with a big mitt starts off with a decided advantage.

Although handgun marksmanship is the most difficult of all, any intelligent person who applies himself to mastering the short gun can become a good if not expert shot. It's a fascinating game and something that should be encouraged if for no other reason than it would be preserving an old American heritage—the ability to handle a six-gun effectively when the chips are down.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

Exalted Ruler officiated as the installing officer and also addressed the meeting. Mr. Burke, President of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia, outlined the program of the League, which is sponsored by the Georgia State Elks Association, and Mr. McDuffie gave a short talk. A delicious repast was served by the host lodge. A pleasant incident of the meeting was Judge McClelland's meeting with his old friend, Father James King, P.E.R. of Athens, Ga., Lodge, No. 790.

On April the 22nd, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at the airport at Nashville, Tennessee, en route to Clarksville, Tenn., where a new lodge was to be instituted that night. He was met by a large delegation of prominent members of Nashville Lodge No. 72, which included Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine, E.R. Harry Hite, Est. Lead. Knight Herman Millerlee, Est. Loyal Knight Edward McCabe, Est. Lect. Knight Alfred T. Levine, Secy. Harry Dahlman and Chaplain W. M. Cassety, and escorted to the Andrew Jackson Hotel where he was given a luncheon by Leon W. Womble, a member of No. 72 and Manager of the Hotel.

After the institution of the new lodge, which is reported elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Nashville. At noon on April the 23rd, he was a guest of the Nashville officers at a luncheon at the Andrew Jackson Hotel, after which he was taken on a sightseeing tour to places of interest which included the giant Vultee bomber plant and the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, being accompanied by Mr. Mustaine and Phil Sanders, a member of No. 72. At 8 p.m., Judge McClelland attended the meeting of Nashville Lodge at which the second section of the Win the War Class, composed of 170 candidates, was initiated by the lodge officers. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an inspiring address before the newly initiated class and the 700 members assembled. He complimented the lodge for its great progress in recent months, this being the second section of the Win the War Class initiated this year. The first group of 180 candidates was initiated on March

19. Alfred T. Levine, Chairman of the first Win the War Class, who conceived the idea of having the first class sponsor the second, E.R. Harry Hite who welcomed the new members into the Order, and Attorney General J. Carlton Loser, Chairman of the second Win the War Class, were speakers. Among the visiting Elks introduced were E. T. Wood, Exalted Ruler of the new lodge at Clarksville, T. B. Moore, Est. Lead. Knight, and Earl Carter, Secretary. A chicken barbecue dinner was served in the home of No. 72 after the meeting.

On April 24, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the Municipal Airport at Knoxville, Tennessee, by a large representation from Knoxville Lodge No. 160, including Daniel J. Kelly, a member of the Grand Forum, D.D. Albert G. Heins, E.R. Edward W. Ward, P.D.D. D. Al White and P.E.R. W. Hoyle Campbell. After a reception at the lodge home, the party motored to Greeneville, Tenn., for the purpose of instituting a new lodge there, Greeneville No. 1653. A report of the event is included in the account of institutions of new lodges in this issue. The next morning the Grand Exalted Ruler boarded a plane at Knoxville for the return trip to his home in Atlanta.

On May 1, in company with Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie of East Point, Ga., Lodge, Judge McClelland arrived at the home of Anniston, Ala., Lodge, No. 189, where they were met by E.R. Hugh Fitzgerald of Anniston Lodge, Special Deputy Floyd Brown of Ada, Okla., Lodge, and a party from Birmingham, Ala., which included D.D. Harry K. Reid and Mrs. Reid, P.D.D. John F. Antwine and Mrs. Antwine, Clarence M. Tardy, Past Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., and Clarence Hiltbruner. Joined by P.E.R.'s W. D. DeBardelaben, W. G. Styles and Charles O'Rourke, of Anniston Lodge, the party attended a baseball game after which a delicious southern barbecue was served at the lodge home followed by a meeting attended by many members of the host lodge and their ladies. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by the Chairman, Mr. DeBardelaben, delivered a fine patriotic speech. After the meeting, the lodge entertained the guests at a dance.



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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 14)

this as gospel. But later years led me to take my history from less biased sources and to a momentarily depressing discovery that theth New York Infantry did most of its campaigning skallyhooting one jump ahead of Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry. So busily did that military genius harry those poor Yorkers that from what I could gather, their chief danger was from malnutrition, not bullets. The prevailing question seeming to be when in hell Jackson would stop chivvying them long enough to allow them to get something to eat.

Unfortunately, Webster makes little distinction between illusion and misconception. Someone ought to do something about this. Certainly the healthy illusions of a kid add little if anything to the world's store of misinformation. But the misconceptions of a grown-up who should know better or who at least should, if the subject is important enough, search for the truth, are something else again.

In the earlier article referred to I discussed some of those wrong-headed beliefs with a cursory nod in the direction of that one which has caused our four-legged friends so much needless pain and death. I have in mind the common misunderstanding of the difference between Fido's flinging a simple fit and his agonies in the frenzy of rabies.

By the time you read this, that subject is going to appear prominently in many a newspaper. There is no more panic-provoking cry than "Mad dog" nor is there one more quickly sounded. In the minds of many, summertime is hydrophobia-time for the dog. Otherwise why would we call these the dog days? Statistics show that summer is about as safe a time of the year as any for the dog. They further reveal that when Fido does go off his trolley, he's more likely to do this in the Spring than at any other time.

The term "dog days" has absolutely no bearing on the dog's health. Instead it springs from the astronomical observations of the ancient Egyptians who, among other deities, worshipped the dog as a god. In that arid land the river Nile was the all-important influence on agricultural success or failure. When the Nile overflowed to furnish irrigation, then crops were subsequently plentiful. At such times when this failed to occur the peasantry either drew, their edibles from the

royal storehouses or granaries — or just didn't eat. The Egyptians were pretty keen students of the heavenly bodies and during the course of their observations discovered that the rise of a certain star was always coincidental with the overflowing of the Nile. The star appeared with such regularity that it became associated with the faithfulness of the dog—something that could always be counted upon. And so that period from about July 3rd to August 11th has for many, many years been known as the dog days, it being at that time that the star Sirius (Canis Majorius) makes its appearance. Incidentally, it is among the brightest of all stars.

Now it usually happens that the time between those dates sees old man thermometer doing his darnedest to climb right out of the glass. Tall drinks are in order as is the right to curse the man who invented the stiff collar. It's a particularly trying time for Fido—a time when he needs access to drinking water and needs it badly. Barring a little perspiration through his foot-pads, he perspires largely through his tongue. His schnozzle plays some part, too. Just as with you and me such evaporation has to be compensated; fluids drained from the body must be restored or bodily balance goes bloeey and when that happens anything else can happen. Now the free-running dog, the masterless dog or dog denied access to water at this time is likely to become a social problem. Water-starvation just plays plain hell with the pooch and many a poor animal

has developed fits of various kinds because of this. As a matter of fact, some of the short-coated breeds are quite susceptible to heat prostration.

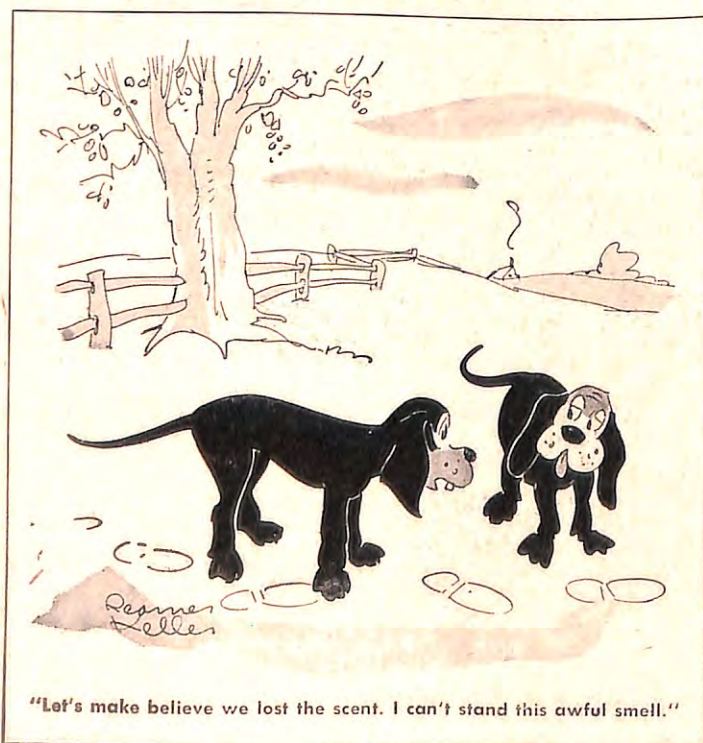
The dog that has traveled a long distance or that has indulged in violent exercise is going to pant plenty and some of them will drool at the mouth (some do this at all times). Among folks with hair-triggered imaginations, the sight of a strange dog galloping down the street exuding saliva with every jump means only one thing—mad dog. The poor pup may not have anything remotely connected with a brain-stor. But no matter; the dog days are on and that ferocious beast has hydrophobia—kill him. Perhaps the poor bloke is suffering from a fit which cannot only be brought on by excessive heat and water-starvation but also by many other things such as overwrought nerves, indigestion, shock, etc. This is still far from rabies.

A simple fit and hydrophobia are about as closely related as are a morning-after katzenjammer and a violent attack of delirium tremens.

True, in the throes of a fit, a dog may bite, but the wound is no more serious and warrants no more attention than should be given to any that merely requires to be kept clean and free from infection. For the dog, a violent fit may end in a coma from which the pooch emerges badly dazed. As a rule, the pup that gets himself a running fit gallops around looking for a quiet, shaded place.

If your dog gets a fit, don't you get one! Remember, the dog is simply hysterical, not necessarily mad.

If it is a small dog, try to throw a blanket over him so you can more easily catch him. Hold him firmly. Talk quietly to him. Put cold water applications on his head or, better still, hold a dripping cloth to his head. Do not handle him roughly. If you have a cool, dark cellar take him there and let him work off the fit which he will do in time, but if the attack continues very long, then try to get a veterinarian who will give the dog a sedative. If you cannot get a vet, then when the dog quiets, give him a dose of Syrup of Ipecac every fifteen minutes or so until he thoroughly empties his stomach. Two teaspoonfuls for a small dog—a tablespoonful for the big fellow. Don't feed him for at least 24 hours although he should have access to cool drinking water at all times. After this, for the next day or so, feed him nothing but liq-



uids, milk, beef tea, broths, etc. When he goes back on a diet of solids, feed often but in very small amounts for the next few days. After that put him back on his regular dinner-pail schedule.

Let me add here that fits are common among young dogs, puppies especially. As a rule these are due to either worms, digestive disorders or teething.

The dog that suffers persistently from fits should be taken to the veterinarian as such a condition arises from more serious causes than those I've mentioned.

In addition to running fits there are nursing fits which more often than not afflict the nervous mother that has an over-large litter. The symptoms are a kind of canine St. Vitus Dance: a halting, fumbling way of walking, rapid breathing, high temperature and collapse. Take her from the puppies as soon as you notice the beginning of the stroke. Fill a tub with cool water and keep her in it for about ten or fifteen minutes.

Bear in mind that your greatest ally in treating a dog that has one of these brain-storms, is your own handling of the matter. Keep calm, be firm, don't handle the dog roughly, use cold water (don't throw it on the dog; that will frighten him) and call your veterinarian to administer a sedative if the fit persists. The after-treatment I've already outlined for you, but let me add that in the matter of diet you can depend upon fresh, raw beef or any of the better prepared dog foods. Supplement these with liberal feedings of green, cooked vegetables.

As to hydrophobia, which I have said is an entirely different thing, I'm going to draw largely upon a learned treatment of the subject by Rudolph H. Schneider, V.M.D. Assistant Chief Veterinarian for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. at Boston. Before I do this, let me say that true rabies, as agreed among dog authorities is far more rare than the public realizes. So true is this that few people agree as to the symptoms. There's the belief that the dog always foams at the mouth. He will sometimes, in the course of a simple fit, but if rabies gets him he merely drools a string-like saliva. Then, too, some will tell you that Fido, when he's insane from hydrophobia, will tear around wildly. That's only partly true. Nor will he shun water, as is believed—as long as he can drink. That form is known as active rabies but there is another more dangerous, which is known as the inactive variety.

Rabies, in case you don't know it, can attack many animals other than dogs—horses, cats, cattle, etc. It is only communicated from animal to animal through a bite. It is caused by a specific virus, a poisonous, contagious matter of an infectious disease. It begins with a number of peculiar symptoms. The dog will seem to be unduly worried or troubled. He may even become unusually af-

fectionate and demand more than the customary attention given to him. He'll be given to excessive lapping of his master or mistress' hands. An inclination to be startled easily coupled with marked restlessness are other symptoms, and as a rule he'll very often refuse food after they appear. He'll develop a morbid appetite to chew stones, sticks or perhaps his bedding. Occasionally he'll continually lap household woodwork, sidings, furniture, floors, etc. There'll be a decided increase in his thirst although he may not absorb much of the water he laps. He'll begin to drool. At this stage his throat is paralyzed or becoming so. Following this the paralysis will affect the jaw so that it drops and remains open. The tongue protrudes, becoming dry and black. At the early stages of this, which is the inactive form, he may sulk and seek dark corners and become extremely moody. The expression of the eyes becomes fixed with an unmistakable dumb look which has also given this form of rabies the term "dumb rabies". Next comes paralysis, sometimes rapid, and then—death. With this variety of hydrophobia the dog may not go on a biting spree but is best avoided, of course, because he very likely will bite anyone or any animal that molests him.

In active rabies, which is also termed "furious rabies", the dog will snap at anything and anyone and will even attempt to bite imaginary things. Actually he is completely loco, seeing things that do not exist. He'll want to go out and will run aimlessly for long distances—sometimes he may return in a day or so, completely exhausted. He will bite ferociously but there will be no snarl accompanying the bite as in a normal dog. He'll only do this if molested or if a sudden approach is made toward him by a human being or an animal. The biting is due to his state of complete confusion and is not motivated by wanton viciousness. Such excitability is particularly manifested toward strangers and strange animals even while the dog may be still friendly toward its home folks and those he knows well. Another peculiarity is the dog's bark. It becomes a long howl and he'll bark frequently and without reason. Don't, however, confuse this with the bark of a dog in a simple fit. The pup tossing such heebie jeebies barks continually but does not employ a howling bark. The fellow that has rabies doesn't bark while he's on the move, running. This form—active—has the same results in its later stages as does the inactive variety. Complete paralysis is followed by death. For both forms, after the symptoms appear, there is no known cure.

If at any time you have reason to suspect a dog has rabies—and once again, don't confuse this with a simple fit—confine the dog where it will be quiet and comfortable and be inaccessible to other people, even those of your household, and be sure to prevent its escape. Following this,

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FOR THE CHILD'S SAKE, never permit it to become afraid of dogs. Such fear will make its after years miserable. The best way to overcome this is to get the youngster a dog and get one of the smaller, gentler breeds. . . . **DOG CATERERS**: Yes, it's a business that has sprung up in some of our larger burghs in the last few years. Certain wide-awake people conduct a house-to-house service supplying Fido's dinner pail every day. . . . **MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN IT**; I can't. The late Mickey, the whiskeriest Scottish terrier you ever saw, owned by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Major Charles S. Hart, took it into his head to accompany his master from his home in Bronxville, N. Y., down to Bronx County. They went by car. Note that. The distance is about ten miles. At their destination the dog hopped out of the machine and vanished. After a frantic search his Boss returned home. Five hours later Mickey was barking on the front steps. Bear in mind, he had no back trail to follow. . . . **THE DOG** that probably holds the world's record for homing instinct is Jiggs, who traveled from Truman, Minn., to Anaheim, Cal., a jaunt of a mere 2,000 miles. It took him 2½ years to make it but, to the amazement of Oscar Bengston, his owner, he did! Bring on your homing pigeons!

IT IS ESTIMATED that something like 400,000 dogs a year are used for vivisection or other experimental purposes in the clinical laboratories of this country. . . . **THOSE SPLENDID CANINE GRADUATES** of the Seeing Eye and other schools that teach dogs to guide the sightless, are intensively drilled for at least three months. But this may be something that many do not know—the prospective owner is likewise trained for a period of a month for the purpose of learning how to be guided by the dog and also to get both dog and owner adapted to each other. It takes about a year to train a trainer, who must spend the entire

first month blindfolded at ALL times to learn to live exactly like a blind person. . . . **IT'S A MISTAKEN KINDNESS** to stop and speak to an individual who is being guided by such a dog. The Seeing Eye asks that you who can see please observe these few rules: 1. Do not speak or call to the dog. 2. Do not whistle or make any animal sounds. 3. Do not touch the dog's harness or lead. 5. Do not ask innumerable questions. 6. Do not engage a blind person in conversation in a crowded thoroughfare, especially when he or she is about to cross a street. The blind must listen for traffic sounds. 7. Do not interfere when a blind person is correcting the dog. There should be an exception here if the person is ill-treating the dog (and that has been known). 8. Do not offer the dog anything to eat or drink. . . . **DOG MODELS DRESSES**—well, not exactly dresses, but Mary, a fox terrier owned by Antoinette Behers who specializes in making made-to-order dog apparel, is used by her owner to model the garments. Incidentally, some of that quality finery for Fido runs as high as fifteen to eighteen dollars per copy. . . . **NOSE-PRINTING THE DOG** is a growing practice in this country. Just as in the finger-printing of his Boss, the purp's schnozzle has been established as a positive means of identification. . . . **BETWEEN THEM**, England and Germany lead all other countries in developing pure-bred dogs. From the first we get 33 breeds, from the second 15. Our Ouija board, assisted by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-breds, tells me that Uncle Sam runs seventh in the race, having only four breeds to his credit. They are the Boston terrier, the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the American foxhound and the American water spaniel. The five leaders among the 109 recognized breeds on this side of the Big Splash are in order—the cocker spaniel, beagle, Boston terrier, fox terrier and Scottish terrier. The cockers lead three to one. . . . **WOMEN VETERINARIANS** are increasing and you'd be surprised to know how many there

are successfully practicing. The maternal instinct should give them an advantage over men, as most of the gals are usually more concerned and sympathetic with the helpless and the sick, whether human or animal. There are only ten veterinary schools in the United States. All of them require high-school education for entrance. There are something like 15,000 vets now practicing, many of them employed by the Government as meat inspectors at packing plants.

TO MASSACHUSETTS goes credit for the first humane legislation enacted in this country. In 1641, that Colony passed a law titled "The Liberties of the Brute Creature". In part, this was set forth: "No man shall exercise any Tyranny or Cruelty towards any Brute Creatures which are usuallie kept for man's use". . . . **NEW MEXICO** in 1941 passed a law requiring the State Board of Education to establish a course of humane education in the public schools of that State. A splendid example for other States to follow. . . . **THE FIRST SOCIETY** for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in England 112 years ago.

IN NEW GUINEA, natives regard dogs as more valuable than gold, dog-tooth jewelry being their idea of wealth.

NEW YORK CITY'S HUMANE SOCIETY gathers in some 300,000 dogs and other animals annually and among its many good works offers a standing reward of \$100 for the conviction of any animal poisoner. . . . **PATSY ANN** of Juneau, Alaska, is the only dog officially permitted to go unlicensed in that Territory. For nearly two decades she has acted as self-appointed greeter to every boat coming to one of the busier piers there. When the law was passed requiring every dog to be licensed, longshoremen took up a collection and bought her a tag and collar. No less than three times, some skallywags swiped the collar and license and each time a new one was bought. Finally, after much consultation, the officials ruled that she, a nondescript bull terrier, be allowed to go unlicensed.



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

Lodges Instituted

(Continued from page 36)

Pres. J. W. Anderson, P.D.D. D. Al White, E.R. Stanley H. Smith, of Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge, E.R. J. E. Odell, Jr., of Bristol, Tenn., Lodge, E.R. Edward W. Ward, Knoxville, State Vice-Pres. Charles G. Kelly, Knoxville, and Special Deputy Floyd Brown, of Ada, Okla., Lodge, who made a short talk. Leon E. Easterly, one of the candidates initiated at the meeting, responded for Greeneville Lodge.

At the conclusion of the speaking pro-

gram the lodge proceeded to elect its officers. They are as follows: Exalted Ruler, B. B. Fraker; Esteemed Leading Knight, Carl Johnson; Esteemed Loyal Knight, L. W. Fox; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Leon E. Easterly; Secretary, J. Ross Reed; Treasurer, H. A. Kelley; Esquire, Frank G. Yost; Tiler, J. E. Weathered; Chaplain, Floyd C. Wayland; Inner Guard, George E. Hawkins; Trustees, W. B. McSpadden, Frank T. Emerson and George R. Lane.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

Litchfield, Ill., Lodge Holds A Mortgage-Burning Celebration

The fine home of Litchfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 654, built at a cost of \$100,000, is now completely paid for. Final payment having been made, the lodge held mortgage-burning ceremonies and served dinner to 270 Elks and their ladies at tables beautifully decorated with cut flowers to celebrate the event. A floor show was presented during the evening.

The ceremonies took place in the lodge room. P.E.R. Dr. C. H. Sihler touched the match to the mortgage held by E.R. Ben I. Yaeger. Mr. Sihler was Exalted Ruler in 1934 when the bonded indebtedness on the home was refinanced at a lower rate of interest. He was paid high tribute for the part he played in the transaction by Mr. Yaeger, who also complimented the members of the Home Committee, Secretary Russell C. Roberts and J. R. Miller, Leo Schalk, Dr. C. W. Grafton, E. A. Olson and Dr. Sihler for their efficient management of the revenue producing functions of the lodge.

Monthly Service Dances Are Held In Home of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

Service Dances are given monthly at the home of Bronx (N.Y.C.), N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, cooperating with the Bronx Office of Civilian Defense. Men in all branches of the Service are welcome, but with the requirement that they be non-commissioned. They are selected from the various Army camps and Naval stations around New York City, and most of them are brought to the lodge home by bus from some central point in the city. All visiting soldiers and sailors are welcomed.

Professional entertainment, refreshments, prizes, novelty dances, contests and four hours of dancing are provided for the pleasure of the guests. The May dance was attended by about seventy-five men who, from all reports, enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Daughters of members of Bronx Lodge and also many young women of the community, who are interested in doing what they can to give these young men a pleasant afternoon or evening, act as hostesses. The girls bring cake, adding a "homey" touch. P.E.R. Albert G. Schildwachter is Chairman of the Patriotic Committee. Mrs. Lillian Patterson is Co-chairman for the O.C. D.

Many Lodges Buy War Bonds

U. S. War Bonds, whose combined value amounted to \$1,650,000, were purchased by the Elks of Connecticut during a Victory Drive of but one month's duration. The Drive was sponsored by the Connecticut State Elks Association. The enormous success of the undertaking was celebrated a few weeks ago at a Victory Drive Rally held in the home of Meriden Lodge No. 35.

Twenty thousand dollars worth of War Bonds were delivered in April to the officers of Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, by carrier boys of the *Evening Times*. This raised the lodge's total purchase of Bonds to \$40,000.

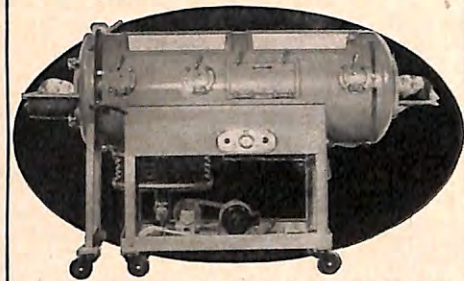
Leominster, Mass., Lodge No. 1237, voted in March to turn over an additional \$300 to the committee handling funds for aviation cadet classes, bringing the amount to a \$600 total. Twenty cadets had been accepted by the U. S. Army to date, and \$13,000 worth of War Bonds had been bought. In April the lodge voted a contribution to China Relief of \$100 and another of \$500 to the Elks War Commission.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Fêtes Celebrities at a Special Meeting

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, celebrated Motion Picture Night recently, with an attendance of more than 300, including 40 members of the Elks' defense unit. Many screen and radio stars were present as guests of honor. Irvin S. Cobb, nationally known humorist, swapped stories with Exalted Ruler Logan R. Cotton and also gave one of his characteristic talks, blending homely wisdom with wit in his own inimitable fashion. Edgar Bergen presented Ophelia in a skit that gave the audience plenty of laughs. Dick Dickson, assistant producer at Paramount, handled the "mike" and introduced the guests among whom were Preston Foster and James M. Durke, film stars, Bill Elliott, portrayer of Wild Bill Hickock, Harry Sherman, Paramount producer, Monte Montana, famous roper, and Eldon Fairbanks, head of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses.

The highly successful program was dedicated to the motion picture world and its "South Bay envoy", Mickey Eissa, actor and horseman who planned and supervised all of the arrangements. Refreshments were served after the

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS

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

meeting which was preceded by a dinner at the Wagon Wheel Café attended by the officers of the lodge and their guests. Irvin Cobb was Master of Ceremonies.

E. R. George B. Phillips, of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, Dies

George B. Phillips, Exalted Ruler of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, passed away on May 23 at the University of Michigan Hospital at Ann Arbor where he underwent an operation a few days before. He was 70 years of age.

The Ritual of the Order was exemplified during the funeral services held at the family residence. Mr. Phillips was serving as Exalted Ruler of No. 889 for the second time, having served his first term 25 years ago. He was one of the lodge's most devoted members. In business and civic life, Mr. Phillips was prominent and successful. He was a 32nd degree Mason and a charter member and former president of the Dowagiac Rotary Club.



Army Officers at Temple Are Fêted by Temple, Texas, Elks

Members of the officer personnel of the Tank Destroyer Command at Temple, Tex., have been entertained frequently by Temple Lodge No. 138. Nearly 200 attended a chicken barbecue supper given in their honor and enjoyed an evening of informal entertainment. Music was furnished by an excellent Negro orchestra.

E.R. Dr. W. H. Fischer welcomed the visiting officers and offered them the hospitality of the lodge home during their stay in Temple. The function was one of the largest given for the Army men since their arrival. T. E. Webb was Chairman of the Elks' committee in charge of arrangements.

Conneaut, O., Lodge Engages In Worthwhile Activities

A successful drive for funds for China Relief was conducted in the Spring by Conneaut, O., Lodge, No. 256. The lodge's quota of \$1,000 was over-subscribed more than 100 per cent. The total amount received was \$2,153.34. The organization was one of the first 69 in the country to go over the top and one of the first in the Ohio Valley region to exceed its quota. E.R. C. Neil Lafferty acted as Chairman.

Flag raising ceremonies were performed by the officers of the lodge recently. The occasion was the dedication of a new 45-foot flag pole at the war production plant of the Burke Machine Tool Company.

Of great interest to Conneaut Lodge was the Buckeye Boys State Citizenship Class held at Delaware, O., last month at Ohio Wesleyan University. The members voted to send two young men to the class as guests of the lodge.

Convention Information At The Elks Magazine Exhibit

This year *The Elks Magazine* in conjunction with its annual Magazine Exhibit wants to render an important service to all members attending the Grand Lodge Convention. We plan to set up a file which will supply answers to the many questions which have been put to us at previous Conventions.

If your State will have its own Convention headquarters—if your District has a special activity afoot—if your lodge has a get-together meeting place, and you want other members who might ask for it to have this information, send it to us for *The Elks Magazine* Exhibit Information Desk. We know from experience that many members will drop in and ask us about these things—they've done so many times—and we'd like to have the answers for them.

Other information that we might have on file is the hotel at which you will stay and the date of your arrival in Omaha.

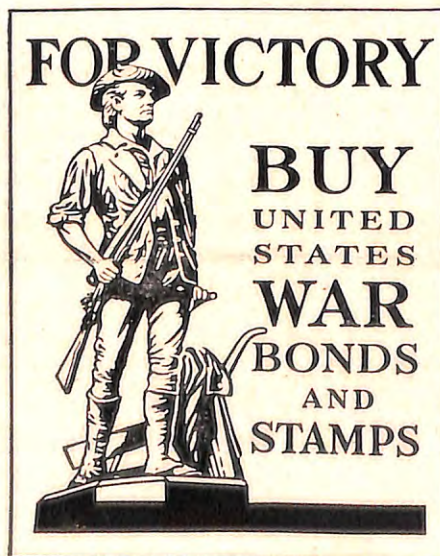
Send the information to the Magazine office *now* or plan to give it to us at the Magazine Exhibit desk at the Hotel Fontenelle, when you reach Omaha.

The Missouri State Elks Assn. Holds Its Convention at Sedalia

The Missouri State Elks Association held its annual convention at Sedalia on Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24. The first session was presided over by the retiring president, M. F. Thurston, of Columbia Lodge. Chaplain Ellsworth Green, Jr., of Sedalia, made the opening prayer, followed by a verse of "America". Mayor A. H. Wilks, introduced by E.R. Eugene J. Hansman, of Sedalia Lodge No. 125, welcomed the guests. State Vice-Pres. George Klingman, of Joplin, responded. Thirty-five Past Exalted Rulers attended the Saturday noon luncheon at the Bothwell Hotel.

The convention banquet on Saturday evening was also held at the Bothwell, attended by 225 Elks and guests. They were addressed by Claude E. Thompson, of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Mr. Thurston presided as Toastmaster. A ball at the lodge home followed the banquet.

Officers of the women's auxiliary were



in charge of entertainment for the visiting ladies. A delightful bridge-tea was given on Saturday afternoon.

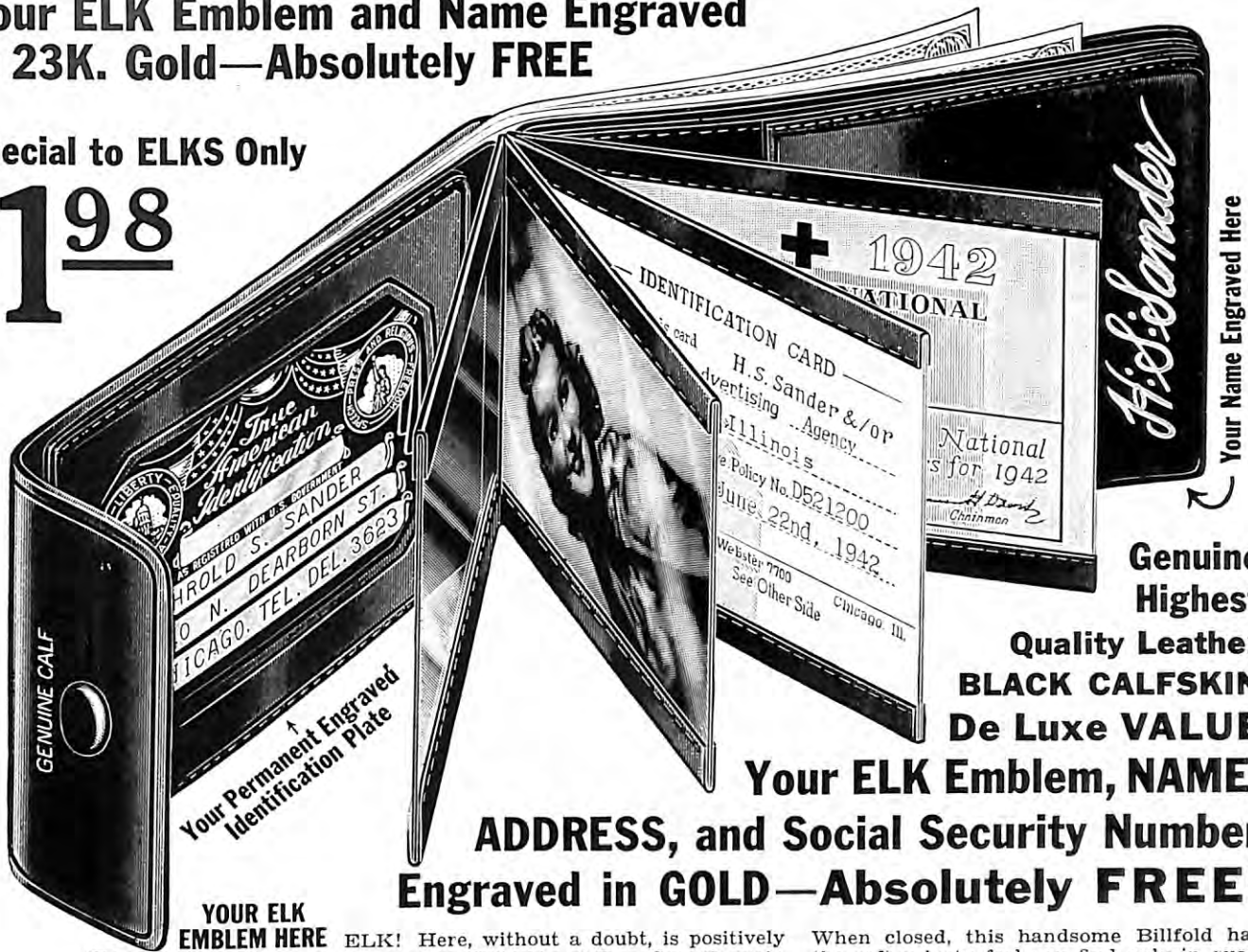
The State Association elected officers for 1942-43 as follows: Pres., Ernest W. Baker, Washington Lodge; Vice-Pres.'s: S.W., George D. Klingman, Joplin; N.E., Edward F. Immerthal, Columbia; S.E., Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis; N.W., A. O. Nilles, Kansas City; Treas., B. B. Hanis, Kansas City; Trustees: Henry C. Salveter, Sedalia, M. F. Thurston, Columbia, C. O. Harmon, Maryville. William E. Hurlbut, Jr., Sedalia, was appointed Secretary. The Bruce A. Campbell Trophy went to Warrensburg Lodge No. 673, winner of the Ritualistic Contest. Columbia Lodge No. 594 won the Dr. Don H. Silsby Trophy as the outstanding lodge in the State during the past year. The new State President, Mr. Baker, was also elected President of the Missouri Past Exalted Rulers Association; Herbert Maune, of Washington Lodge No. 1559, was elected Secretary-Treasurer. The P.E.R.'s Association voted to use its dues for optical care of underprivileged children.

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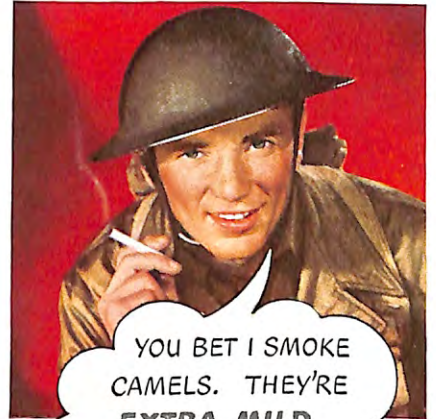
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