

THE MAGAZINE

Elks

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NOVEMBER 1942

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David Siqueira

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The
FIGHT for FREEDOM
CLASS



NOVEMBER 16th—30th, 1942

A PERSONAL APPEAL FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

- ★ Today—*more than ever before*—AMERICA NEEDS ELKDOM.
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- ★ *Do your share, Brother!* Bring in at least one new member or one reinstatement. Make quick use of the Special Application Blank sent you by your Exalted Ruler . . . have it filled out by a man who needs Elkdom!
- ★ The *Fight For Freedom* requires your solid support. Give it freely—Give it in abundance!

Fraternally yours,

E. Mark Sullivan

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

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

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

"THE Elks in the War" is both the title of a new feature in your Magazine and a comment on our first article. The new feature will run each month and will be devoted to the activities of our Brothers in the war effort. The article, "Home of the Brave—", is the dramatic story of the Elk-sponsored 40th Tank Company of Salinas, California, the members of which "have inscribed their names on the imperishable pages of history". It was written for us by Nelson Valjean, a Salinas newspaper man, who knew the boys of the company and knows their heroic story. We should be grateful to the Elks who had the foresight to sponsor a tank company and extremely proud of the men who fought and died in its ranks on Bataan.

"Post 2, Sector Q, Zone 3" is an air raid warden yarn by newcomer John Cameron, no mean warden himself. This civilian defense army is trained for trouble and walks the streets half expecting it, but seldom anticipating the trials and tribulations met by Squad Leader George Marshall. The main reason is that few men, much less wardens, ever anticipate meeting anyone so lovely as the Honorable Erika or as difficult as Erika's companion, the no less honorable Mrs. Gormley and her late husband's invention for a gas proof shelter.

"The Air of Democracy" is the account of an enviable day in the life of author William Fay. It was a day spent in Washington and Virginia with our Air Corps generals and their immediate subordinates. It was a day of pleasant surprises and exciting activities. Mr. Fay sat down immediately after returning home and wrote his impressions for us. Next to spending a day with our top Air Force men, we suggest you read "The Air of Democracy". You will be impressed by our leaders and more encouraged than you have been in many a month. Our Air Corps is great.

Mr. Fay is also responsible for "Don't Tell Your Troubles to Your Uncle" which involves the troops in training and a troublesome tune written by a frustrated Broadway boy. Mr. Fay's fiction is a familiar feature of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*, and, we are happy to say, with the Elks. This story is a good reason for his success.

All our regular features are ensconced in their proper places. Take your pick: football, books, dogs or guns. Each subject is competently discussed by our expert in his particular field.

Each of the following Elk activities has a full page this month: The War Commission, the National Foundation and the "Fight for Freedom Class".

This issue is filled with features, not one of which should be missed.

F.R.A.

The ARMY AIR FORCES



Need Young Men for Training as
Engineering and Meteorology Officers

THE planes and the fighting fliers of our Army Air Forces are the equal of any in the world. But to keep them flying and fighting, aircraft must be maintained in top condition, and pilots and navigators must be accurately informed of weather.

Splendid opportunities are now open for young men in both these vital services, where physical requirements are somewhat less strict than for flight training.

The Air Force Engineering Officer is responsible for all mechanical details of planes while they are on the ground, and trained enlisted men work under his command. Candidates for officer training in this field may be



18 to 26, inclusive, and must have completed at least three years of engineering in an accredited college. Aviation Cadets in engineering are given thorough instruction in airplane mechanics, airplane structure, hydraulic equipment, propellers, instruments, engines, electrical systems and other related subjects.



The Meteorology Officer has one of the most interesting tasks in modern warfare — to forecast weather conditions, not only for local areas but for routes of flights often covering thousands of miles. Candidates for this work may be from 18 to 30, inclusive. They must have completed at least three years of college, specializing in engineering or science, with specific requirements in mathematics and physics. As Aviation Cadets they will be sent to famous engineering schools.

Engineering and Meteorology Officers will be commissioned as Second Lieutenants upon successful completion of their training.

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★
★ **THE ELKS** ★
★ have given valuable co-operation to ★
★ the Army Recruiting and Induction ★
★ Service in interesting young men in ★
★ applying for Aviation Cadet train- ★
★ ing. Results have been gratifying, ★
★ and with the rapid expansion of the ★
★ Army Air Forces your continued ★
★ effort along this line will be a real ★
★ service to the nation. ★
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U.S. Army

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Or write to:
Procurement Branch, AQ-1, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.



SIXTY perspiring, red-faced young men sat fidgeting at the head of the table. Some stared glassily ahead, others studied their drumming fingers. All were visibly shy, embarrassed and a little scared.

"Salinas," the speaker was saying, with eyes upon them, "is proud of these men, proud of their patriotism and willingness to serve their country. California—even all America—some day may sit up and take notice of them."

State Senator Ralph L. Hughes spoke movingly in the Elks club-rooms at Salinas, Calif., on that night of June 18, 1924, but the restless sixty—mechanics, clerks, farmers, fellows around town—quailed under the tribute. When similar ad-

over their unsurpassed bravery on the field of battle. They were to cheer these men, weep for them, pray for them and see their names "inscribed on the imperishable pages of history". For these were some of the future Fighting Men of Bataan.

When the Salinas Elks officially sponsored the 40th Tank Company on that June night 18 years ago, none could foresee the headlines of 1941 and '42 that would relate to the hometown boys:

—The story of the three human 'possums who outwitted the Japs by feigning death while surrounded by the enemy and then, in a breath-taking dash, escaped through deadly crossfires that laced the steaming jungles of the Philippines.

joking over the sausage-skin fit of those first uniforms, but the recruits showed dignity even then as they lined up to become members of the California National Guard. Their duties were explained by Major R. W. Dusenbury of the U. S. Army, representing the War Department.

When it was over, one of the men apologized to Senator Hughes for the backwardness of company members during the banquet.

"You see," the recruit stammered, "we're sort of gun-shy of orators, though we did appreciate what you said—even if it was far-fetched. Now, if you had barked an order to 'go wipe the grease off those fenders', or 'go saddle the mare', we'd have understood, for those are our

Press Association Photo

"Home of the brave—"

The Elk-sponsored 40th Tank Company of Salinas, California, "have inscribed their names on the imperishable pages of history".

By Nelson Valjean

dresses came from Exalted Ruler E. L. VanDellen and the late George Gould, president of the Chamber of Commerce, one of the men tugged at his collar and whispered, "Wonder who they're talking about. It can't be us. Wish I was back in the garage."

"Yeah," panted a companion, "they're laying it on thick. Imagine us ever being heroes! Gosh a'mighty!"

But the whisperers were wrong. And the orators set a new mark for understatement. Not only did California and all America come to acclaim many of these men and their future buddies, but the millions of people in all the United Nations of the world were to thrill to the core

—The account of the youth who single-handedly wiped out a machine gun nest and took a toll of snipers for good measure.

—The news of the ex-bank clerk who, unable to eat, swallow or speak, because of a rivet lodged in his neck from his blasted tank, walked and crawled for five days back to his own lines so that he might fight again beside the guys from home. . . "Imagine us ever being heroes. Gosh a'mighty!"

All that has been told, and more, but not always clear is the back-home picture of such fellows. Salinas is typical.

Shyness evaporated when the Elk-sponsored tank company was mustered into service. There was

jobs and that's our language. But bouquets—ouch!"

The senator, a former officer in World War I, chuckled. "I know how you felt. I've been through it, too. Still, I wasn't exaggerating. You've got a job of soldiering to do, and no one knows how important it may become."

"But do you honestly think we'll ever get a chance to shoot even jack-rabbits or snakes?"

"Maybe some snakes," said Hughes, with an intuitive flash.

The 40th Tank Company had become a reality, largely because of a tradition. Almost continuously since 1895 Salinas had had a military unit. The city was proud of that record and of its former opportunity to serve

in emergencies. It was on August 5, 1895, that old Troop C Calvary, unattached, First Brigade, was organized in Salinas, the outfit being redesignated in 1905 as the First Squadron of Calvary. It proved an efficient troop and set the pattern for the future—patrolling the ruins of earthquake and fire-ravaged San Francisco in 1906; winning for the third time in marksmanship over 23 other military units in 1909 to take permanent possession of the State trophy; serving on the Mexican border in 1916. On August 12, 1917, 107 members of the company entrained at Salinas for a "destination unknown". Attached to the 145th Machine Gun Battalion, 40th Division, they were in World War I.

tional Guard tank unit if we go after it."

The campaign for tanks was successful. Several weeks after the mustering in ceremonies, eight of the

Right: Elk Captain "Eddie" Johnson who slipped the last message out of Cebu.

Below: Nearly 2,000 townspeople bid the men goodbye.

Bottom: 40th Tank Company members relax between classes.



From then until 1924 Salinas was without a military organization, and members of the Elks, American Legion and Chamber of Commerce sat down to discuss the oversight. Senator Hughes regretfully reported that no provision had been made in Sacramento for another cavalry unit "like in the old days".

"But that's what we want; this is horse country," protested one of his listeners.

"I know," said Hughes, "but our only offer is one of—iron horses."

"What do you mean?"

"Tanks. Army tanks. If there ever is another war—may God prevent—tanks will play an even more important role than in the last. I'm told we may be able to get a Na-





Above: The Tank Company marches to the depot, their last appearance in Salinas.

Left: George McMillan, commander of the Salinas American Legion, and Capt. F. E. Heple.

cumbersome iron steeds, spiked down to flatcars, arrived from Fort Meade, Md. They pulled into a siding at 7 o'clock in the morning before the admiring but puzzled gaze of all the guardsmen and half the town's population.

"They're your babies; take 'em away," said the station master with an airy wave. "I don't want these here toys cluttering up my yards."

"Sure. We'll have 'em out in a jiffy," coolly promised William Hansen, tank company mechanic. His



Press Association Photo

eyes ran over the bewildering lineup of six-tonners, all of the World War Renault type. Turning to his assistant, Robert L. Arnold, he said softly, "Bob, how in blazes do you suppose you run these contraptions?"

"Blamed if I know," Arnold whispered. "Didn't they send a book of instructions?"

Hansen turned back to the station master. "Remember, these babies cost twenty-five thousand bucks apiece, so we got to be pretty careful with 'em. May take us an hour or two."

Ramps were erected. Someone brought gasoline and oil.

"You fellows hurry up," impatiently shouted the station master as Hansen and Arnold climbed onto the flatcars.

The growing crowd of kibitzers joined in with a skeptical yell of, "Get 'em started!"

"Nothing to it," Hansen called back. He peered in through the turret doors, experimentally twisted one gadget after another. "Bob," he said, "I can't even find where you crank these things."

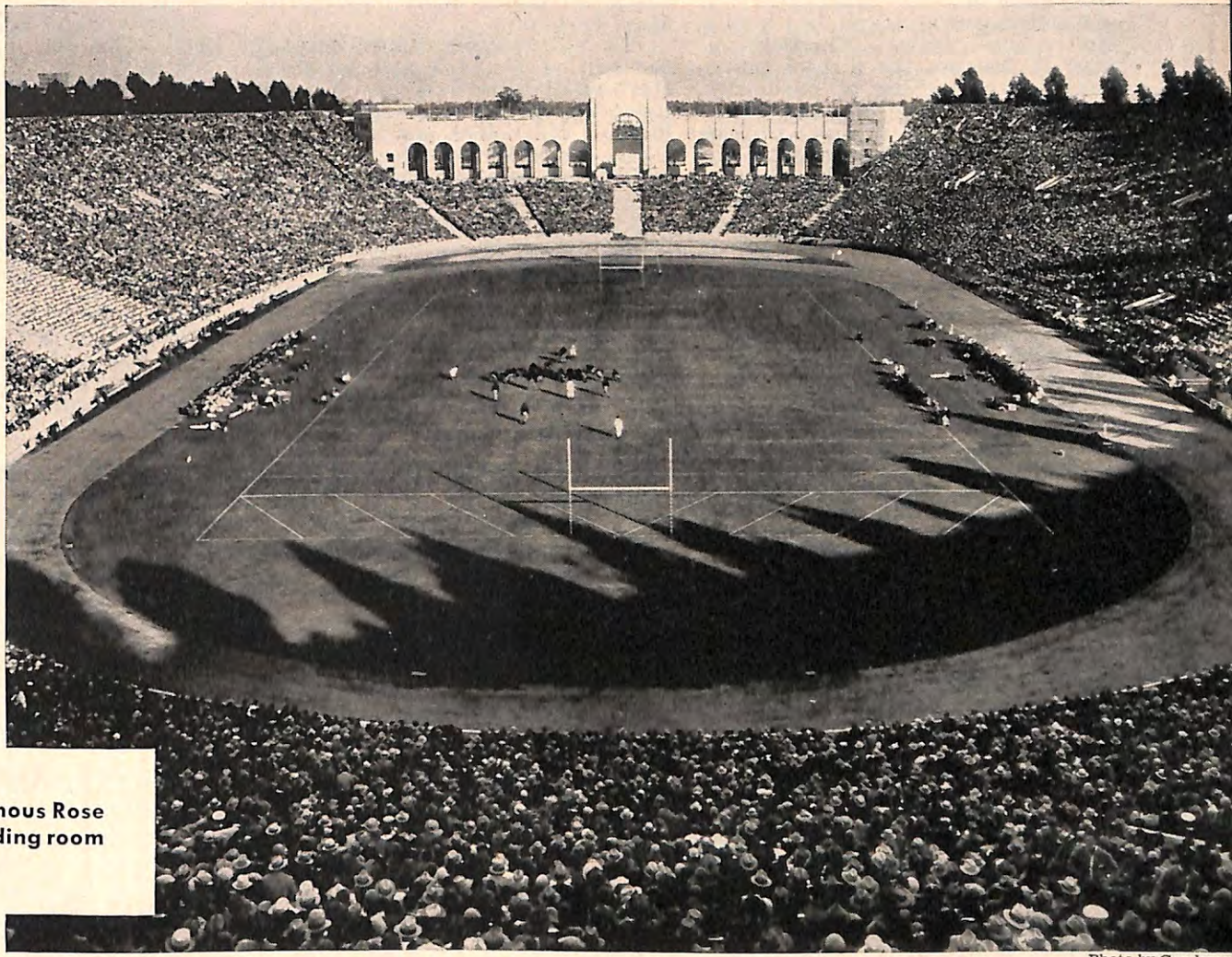
"Me, neither."

After exasperating minutes, the crank was located at the rear of the tank, but its operation required the lowering of a 200-pound tailpiece. The tail finally was dropped, Arnold mashing his thumb in the process, Hansen ripping his shirt half off. Several hours later all was in readiness. Hansen, sweating inside the tank, weakly surveyed the baffling

(Continued on page 35)

Like these men on beleaguered Bataan, the 40th Tank Company hung on doggedly.

**Mr. Frank attempts to enlighten the customers
on the great American game of football.**



California's famous Rose Bowl with standing room only.

Photo by Gendreau

Foolproof Football



**By
Stanley
Frank**

IT IS dirty pool to blow the whistle on the trade secrets of a profession that enjoys high repute and lovely salaries by reason of the classic confusion it engenders among laymen, but these are troubled times calling for forthright action and plain speaking. Normally, we would

denounce as a low trick any attempt to enlighten the customers on the great American game of football. The customers derive the pleasure of perplexity from poring over diagrams they understand no more clearly than the guy who drew same, and they seem to have a communion of interest with the heroes in the arena as long as they speak with ridiculous rote the general language of the game, which is as universal and as understandable as Esperanto.

But this is no time for comedy. It is our patriotic duty to expose fearlessly some of the more common deceptions foisted upon the public by the football coaches, in order that the citizens may save millions of work-hours this year and devote themselves to such momentous problems as second-guessing the second front and getting up the dough for

income taxes. This, admittedly, is harsh on the football coaches, but if things really get tough they always can go back to work for a living.

Although football coaching requires no proof of scholarship other than a certificate of attendance at a muscle foundry, it is nevertheless a profession. By definition, a profession is an occupation involving the use of mysterious terms and symbols understood by very few people, including those in it.

Professional people therefore regard as a serious breach of ethics any effort to smarten up the paying public, for it is obvious they will have to dream up a new dodge for avoiding manual labor if too many people are familiar with their recalcitrant phrases and symbols.

(Continued on page 37)

IT WAS one of those days that means Spring even in the canyons of New York. The English sparrows knew it. The bedraggled ivy and wilted geraniums in last year's window boxes knew it. The W. P. A. knew it, because the streets reverberated to the clang of pneumatic drills. Even George Marshall knew it, in a vague sort of way. George was walking along 89th Street ringing doorbells. This was Post 2, Sector Q, Zone 3, according to the A. R. P. designation, and George was master of all he surveyed. He was Squad Leader. He was delivering notices of a practice blackout and, being a conscientious sort of fellow, he was doing the job in person.

Between houses he wasn't thinking of anything in particular, just letting his thoughts swim around in

a pleasant hodge-podge of their own. There was really no way that George could know his Fates were rolling in the aisles at the plans they had in store for him.

His unsuspecting finger pressed the bell of No. 115 and he stood there waiting, as he'd done a dozen times before. The door opened, just like any other door, and there stood a girl—or rather, a vision. A vision made up of sunshine, the cool sweet tang in the air, the smell of new earth and fresh flowers, the lilt of a happy song—and all of it clothed in soft sea-green.

As Squad Leader, it was George's job to familiarize himself with all the occupants of his Post. By and large this had led to some pretty revolting experiences, so a deep gratefulness welled up in George as he

watched the vision smile glowingly.

Then the smile disappeared and the girl made a tentative move toward retreat.

"Say! Wait!" George said hurriedly. "Do you live here?"

"I do."

Her voice tickled George's back. His eyes began to glaze and a fatuous grin stumbled over his face.

"Squad Leader," he said, pointing to his arm band shining red, white and blue, jaunty in the sunlight. "George Marshall."

"Oh," said the vision, "I've heard of you. I'm Erika Moore."

"You have . . . I mean, you are?"

And there the conversation languished. They stood staring at each other, rapt and breathless, until another voice said, "The Honorable."

"What?" said George absently,



and then, "Oh, it's Mrs. Gormley."

Mrs. Gormley moved into the doorway with the ponderous certainty of a Clydesdale stallion. She was as British as a London fog and just as thick.

"I said, 'the Honorable'," said Mrs. Gormley, giving the 'H' a fine breathy sound.

George was conscious of a faint irritation at the woman. Couldn't she see that this was no time for interruption, that this was the moment for a discreet unobtrusiveness, a decent reticence? But to get the thing over, he asked politely, "The Honorable what?"

"The Honorable Erika Moore. What else?" said Mrs. Gormley.

George knew that this was some sort of a title, but after a fraction of a second's consideration, he dis-

missed it with a confident wave of the hand, secure in the knowledge that this was America where titles are merely things on book jackets.

"In you go, lamb," said Mrs. Gormley, "you'll catch your death without a wrap."

The Honorable Erika smiled at Mrs. Gormley and patted her large shoulder affectionately.

George found his opinions undergoing an abrupt and radical change. True, Mrs. Gormley was one of George's flock. She had applied for membership as an Air Raid Warden the week she reached New York. But hitherto she had been strictly cold haddock to him, and with reason, too. All during the Blitz she had been an Air Raid Warden in England, and if there was a thing about the business that Mrs. Gormley didn't know, George had yet to find it out.

George received his orders and instructions from Sector Headquarters, and Sector Headquarters received theirs from Zone Headquarters, and Zone Headquarters received theirs from Precinct Headquarters. Precinct Headquarters got theirs from the Mayor in his Olympian seat at City Hall. Beyond that there was nothing.

When George got an order he obeyed it. Orders are orders even

though Mrs. Gormley could prove by personal experience that whoever gave them was as mad as a March hare. Through a simple process of continually doing this, Mrs. Gormley had forced George to look upon her with furrowed brow and jaundiced eye.

But now as he saw the Honorable Erika's cool slim hand on Mrs. Gormley's shoulder he realized he had made a bitter mistake. Even the most casual observer could see that Mrs. Gormley was favored beyond most.

"A bit of tea, Mr. Marshall?" asked Mrs. Gormley, and George beamed at her.

The Honorable Erika smiled again. "Yes, do," she said.

George lunged forward before this precious invitation could be withdrawn, tripped, tottered precariously for a moment and landed on Mrs. Gormley's ample bosom.

"'Ere, 'ere," Mrs. Gormley said. "Not so fast," and led him carefully through the door.

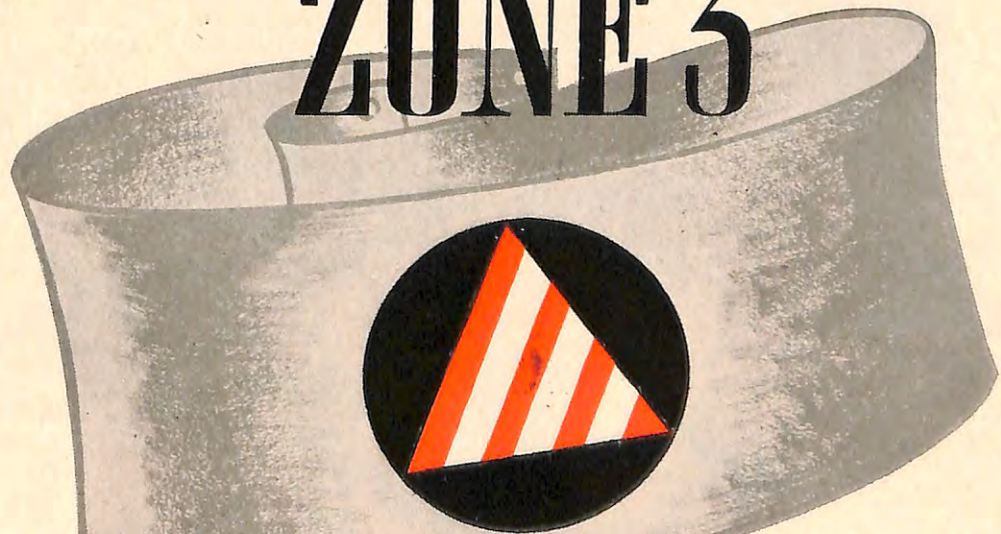
Before he knew it George was seated in a large deep chair balancing a cup of steaming tea on one knee. In front of him, so near that he could reach out and touch her dark red hair, the Honorable Erika perched on a hassock like some cool green wood-sprite on a lily pad. Mrs. Gormley had disappeared into the back of the house on some timely little errand.

"Wonderful woman," George breathed.

The Honorable Erika, misunder-

They walked south until they came to the Zoo, and laughed at the antics of the monkeys.

POST 2, SECTOR Q, ZONE 3



An Air Raid Warden expects trouble — but George's training didn't take into consideration the Honorable Ericka, et al.

By John Cameron

standing him for propriety's sake said, "Yes, she is a dear. She's taken care of me since I was a child. She was our gardener's wife."

George was about to make clear to her exactly what he had meant when Mrs. Gormley spoke from the doorway.

"'E was a fine man, my Albert was, God rest 'is soul."

George started violently. He felt his new-found regard for Mrs. Gormley slipping away from him.

"'E died for King and country, 'e did."

George experienced a stab of remorse at his own selfishness.

"I'm sorry to hear it," he said sincerely. "So many of your brave men have died in the armed forces."

"Not in the armed forces," Mrs. Gormley stated. "It were his invention did for poor Albert, you might say, in a manner of speakin'. Testin' it, 'e was."

"Mmm," said George, completely

at sea and not wishing to admit it.

Mrs. Gormley shifted her weight and looked ruminatively at him. Then her eye brightened and she slapped her thigh with a sound like a burst balloon.

"Man in your business should know something of plans," she said. "I'll get 'em for you."

George watched her this time to make sure she was gone before he started saying what was on his mind. Words filled him and popped and fizzed in his head like bubbles in a champagne bottle. Then he looked into the Honorable Erika's deep green eyes and the words slipped away from him. She looked away.

"What *do* you do?" she said.

"Do?" George said, "Do? Oh, yes. Well, I draw airplanes."

"An artist!"

"Well, no, I draw 'em for Uncle Sam to build."

"Then you're a designer."

"Mmmm," said George disconsolately. This wasn't quite what he'd planned.

"You know, it's Spring . . ." he started.

"Please," the Honorable Erika interrupted quickly. "I want to ask you a favor." She leaned toward him and put her hand on his arm. Every muscle in George's body

Illustrated By
MARIO COOPER



MARIO
COOPER

sprang to attention in readiness to serve her.

"Please," her voice was low and pleading, "please, when she comes back, don't . . . don't let her know . . ."

Her hand was abruptly withdrawn. She leaned back hurriedly and began to smooth her hair with careful unconcern. George felt like a man left on the brink of an abyss. He was about to saw the heck with it and dive over when Mrs. Gormley put her hand on his shoulder.

"'Ere it is, Mr. Marshall, my Albert's invention."

George found the transition from Erika's eyes to Albert's invention a hard one to make. For a long moment he stared at the paper Mrs. Gormley had put in his hands without seeing it. Somehow he knew that what Erika had been trying to tell him concerned this paper. Gradually the lines and figures began to take shape. George turned it this way and that, studying it carefully. He pursed his lips in a soundless whistle. He cocked his head on one side and raised his eyebrows. He ran his finger around his collar. He rumbled up his hair and scratched his head.

Finally, he said, "What is it?"

The Honorable Erika gave a small gasp.

George glanced up but not quickly enough. Mrs. Gormley's tones compelled him to look at her.

"H'it's a Gas Proof Shelter, that's what!"

George stared at her, fascinated, as she moved ponderously toward him.

"'Ere!" Mrs. Gormley's finger stabbed at the paper. "That's where

you go in. An' then 'ere." The finger moved inexorably on. "An' 'ere . . . an' there you are, snug as a bug. The gas'll never touch you."

"What . . . what's it made of?" George asked feebly.

"Cartons," said the Honorable Erika brightly. "Tin cartons."

"Wait a minute," said George slowly, "you mean tin cans?"

"Took brains, it did" Mrs. Gormley remarked. "An' my Albert had 'em!"

All George's sense of the fitness of things was outraged. He had a deep pride in his profession. To George a design was a thing of beauty to be spoken of in a hushed voice and with proper reverence.

"Why, whoever . . ." he started, and stopped abruptly. He had been about to suggest that whoever tried to foist this fraud on an unsuspecting public should be sued for plagiarizing Rube Goldberg, but he caught the Honorable Erika's eye fixed on him. Her face was undergoing contortions that a moment ago he would never have thought possible. She was making violent gestures of entreaty with her hands. With a sinking sensation George realized that she wanted this thing hushed up. She was trying to make him understand that he shouldn't tell Mrs. Gormley that this idiotic invention belonged somewhere between the covers of "Confessions of An Opium Eater".

It was hard—but with George Love was All. After a moment he said, "Hmm, yes."

"Well, what abahit it?" asked Mrs. Gormley.

George swallowed and looked

again at the Honorable Erika. What he saw there made him turn quickly away. And at that moment an idea was born in him—a perfect idea, beautiful in its simplicity. He turned to Mrs. Gormley with a glad smile.

"Why, it's great!" he said enthusiastically, "great! I know just what to do. You write a letter and send the plans straight to Sector Headquarters! They'll know what to do with it! Of course," he added hastily, "you'd better not use my name. It will be better coming straight from you."

He beamed contentedly from ear to ear waiting for their approval.

The Honorable Erika said, "She did," in a small discouraged voice.

"An' not a peep out of 'em since," said Mrs. Gormley.

George's smile slipped. He could feel the closing of the trap.

"Well, then . . . perhaps Zone Headquarters . . ."

"Them, too," said Mrs. Gormley remorselessly. "And the Mayor."

"No answer?" said George, hoping against hope.

"Not a peep."

George felt like a hunted thing. Desperately his eyes swung to the Honorable Erika in a fruitless search for help. Her lovely face was clouded and it mirrored all the sympathy a man could want, but not a bit of help.

"But the newspapers—that's different," said Mrs. Gormley with satisfaction.

"What!"

George jumped like a startled stag. He felt that stab of horror common to all well-trained Air Raid Wardens at the mention of The Press.

"But, you can't do that!" His eyes
(Continued on page 42)



She sailed across the room and embraced the man with the gun in a grip that left him limp.

THE general stood in line with everybody else and bought a six-cent piece of pie. We could see the star on his shoulder and we could see the wings on his chest. He chose the apple pie. We took the peach. We said, "Hello, General." We had seen him but a little while before in his official elegance. He grinned. He said, "It's hot as the deuce. The apple pie's not bad."

We watched him find a seat amid the clatter and confusion of the crowded cafeteria. There was a sergeant next to him. There was a little colored boy not far away. The general waved to a non-commissioned officer who walked past with a tray.

We thought of Hitler. We thought, "Hitler, dig a hole and hide yourself,

because Democracy is in the air."

Perhaps it's possible to show you what we mean. We started in the morning, at the tortuous hour of seven. They don't waste time in the Air Force. They get the wings on you and then the wings, somehow, have soon replaced your feet.

There was an officer assigned to meet our train. This was an officer named Charlie, who owned a Hemingway moustache and wore a uniform as tailored as the skin around a pear, and you would sing, "This is the Army," as you walked along behind him to the click of Charlie's footsteps for a quick look at the war.

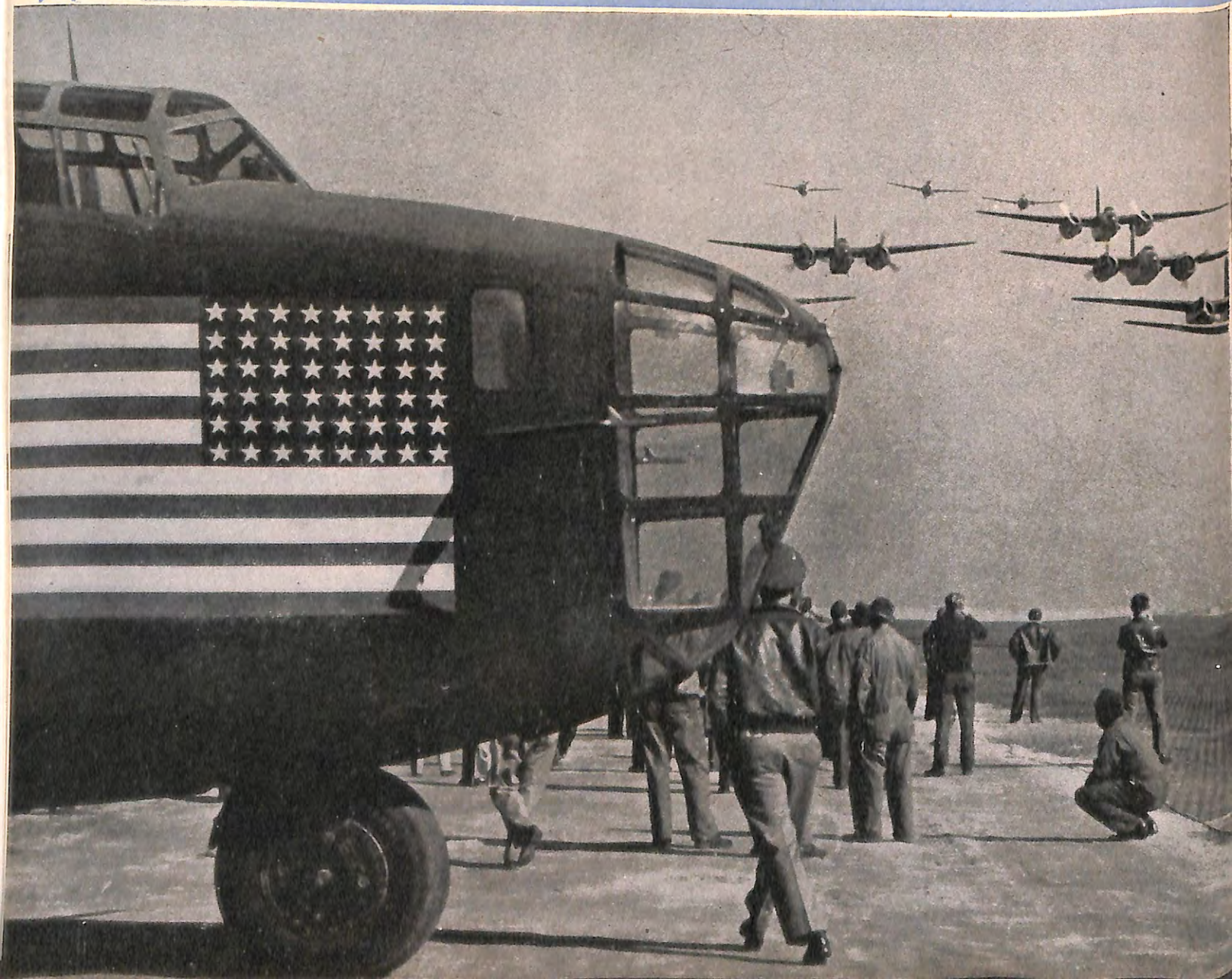
We walked in sloppy file, the rest of us—a group of fiction writers handicapped by innocence the

Army's airmen hoped to cure. They have a stubborn theory that a fiction writer ought to know the nature of his little dreams. They are weary of the stories and the novels wherein airplanes might be flying cows, for all the writer knows of them. Therefore this trip to Washington—to tell us why and show us how. Therefore eleven of us stumbling in civilian disarray. But the pace of Captain Charlie took the glue out of our veins. The martial stride became the common thing. Our civil lethargies were thawed. The captain consulted the watch on his wrist. We had not had breakfast yet. We had, in our accustomed ways, slept all the moments we could sleep.

"God," somebody said, "if we only

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES.

The AIR of DEMOCRACY



had some coffee," our sentiments, too. "Sorry, but there isn't time for coffee."

He was cordial, Captain Charlie, and a sympathetic fellow. But as determined as a billy-goat. We butted through the heat of Washington. We checked our bags. We climbed into the taxicabs. We sat

back. "Munitions Building, please."

They didn't take our fingerprints. We were a little disappointed. We are simple people, easily impressed. But they gave us badges and they checked our names. They made us feel important. We were concerned with our importance, for a while. "General Arnold will see you now."

Well, that's nice. That's upper crust. The general's countenance is an item we know well from gazing in the papers and the magazines. We had learned about him in the pages we had read. The general has three stars to fit each shoulder and the stars proclaim his rank. He is the boss.

But the gentleman who shook our hands and spoke to each of us in turn seemed more like a big league

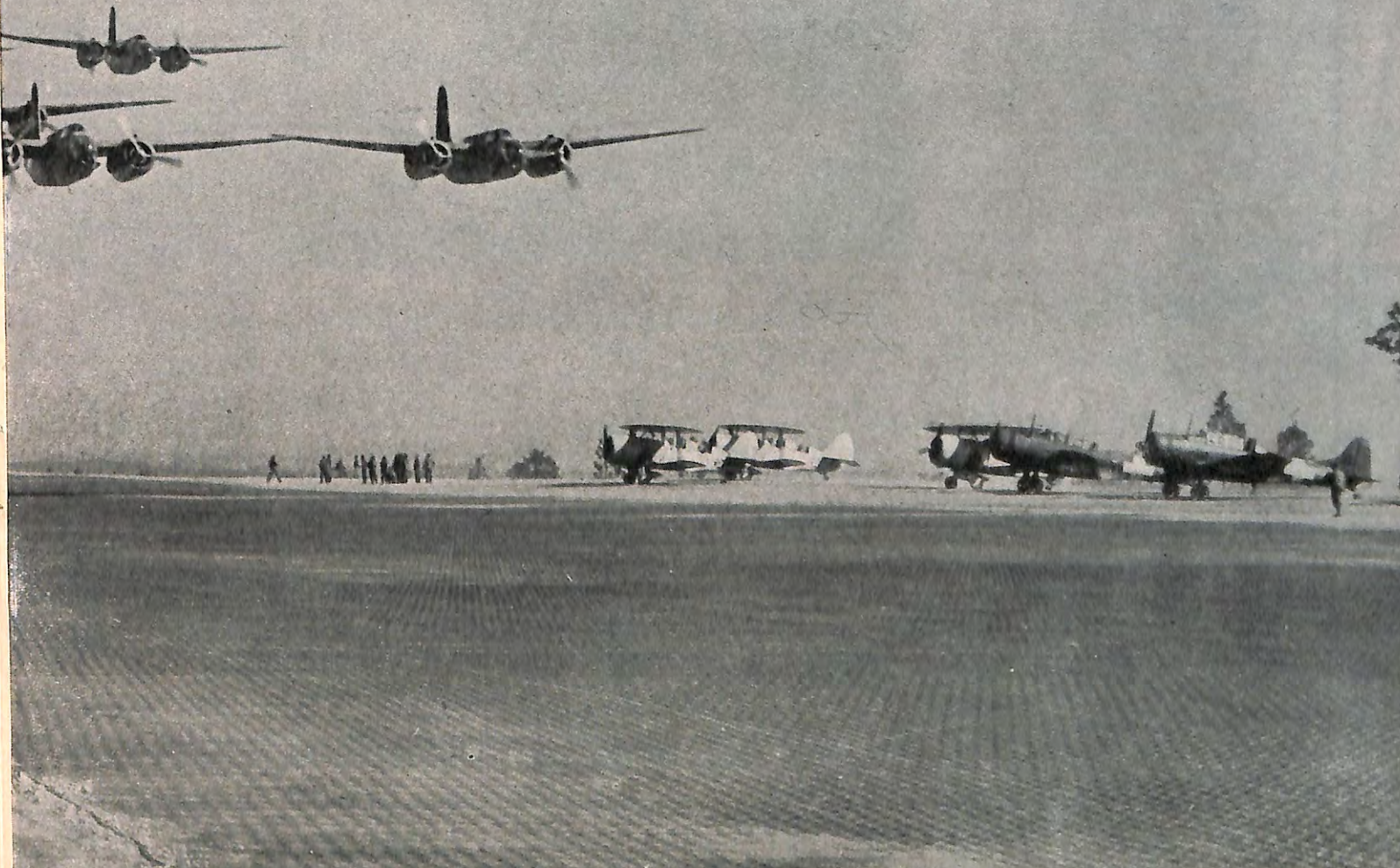
Press Association, Inc.



Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the U. S. Army Air Corps, "was easy with his dignity and casual with strength, and both these qualities were multiplied in him for the simplicity of their display".

"Hitler, dig a hole and hide yourself, because Democracy is in the air."

By William Fay





Wide World

man. Before our scrutiny made sense to us, his smiling sleight-of-hand removed a blue pin we were not supposed to see.

We thought, "Doolittle."

We thought, "Shangri-la."

The general grinned. The pin was in his hand. The hand was in his pocket. None of us was sure of what he'd seen.

"We've got the best club," General Arnold said. "Our kids are the best kids in the world. I'll tell you why they are."

He told us why. The "whys" were made of reason. There were no clichés that we had heard before. There was no weary waving of a flag to lift the spirits of the ignorant.

Left: Maj. General George E. Stratemeyer's attitude makes you realize, "This is Democracy".

written words can scarce convey the deep affection of the man for those who labor under him. "We are only interested," he said, "in quality."

The essence of his words conveyed "This is Democracy", and that we take our national nourishment from men and not from lineage. We could hear lieutenants calling colonels, "Joe". We saw the work move on. We had a scientific demonstration of the use of "time".

It's good we saw the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces first. General Arnold is the rock on which the birds are perched, from whence they fly, to where they may return.

One of our lady colleagues, most distinguished in her field, asked General Arnold quite a five-star, gold and platinum absurdity about a point we were discussing. The snickers came from us, not from the gen-

baseball manager. True, he was as handsomely attired as Captain Charlie, and as clean scrubbed as a copper five-inch shell. But he was easy with his dignity and casual with strength and both these qualities were multiplied in him for the simplicity of their display.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the general.

His office and the walls that flanked the office were of moving picture stature. Along the broadest wall the map of the world was stretched. We concentrated on the eastern theatre of the war. "Now, here," the general said.

The large heads of the pins that had been stuck into the map gave designation to the powers that occupied these points. The blue pins meant United States; the yellow pins said Japanese; the Russians and their bases to the north were represented by the green.

We looked and found more blue pins than we expected would be there. General Arnold is an artful

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.



Wide World

Above: Pilots leaving on the double quick after receiving an alert signal.

Maj. General Harold L. George: "You know that he has done the things he asks other men to do."

"Our kids are better trained. Their eyes are open, and there's nothing in God's world that is too good for them. Nor is there any job these kids consider to be too tough for them."

Perhaps from the general's lips to this recording of his words on paper, we have slipped and changed a verb or two. This transcription is free-style and not verbatim. But this is the text of the general's faith and

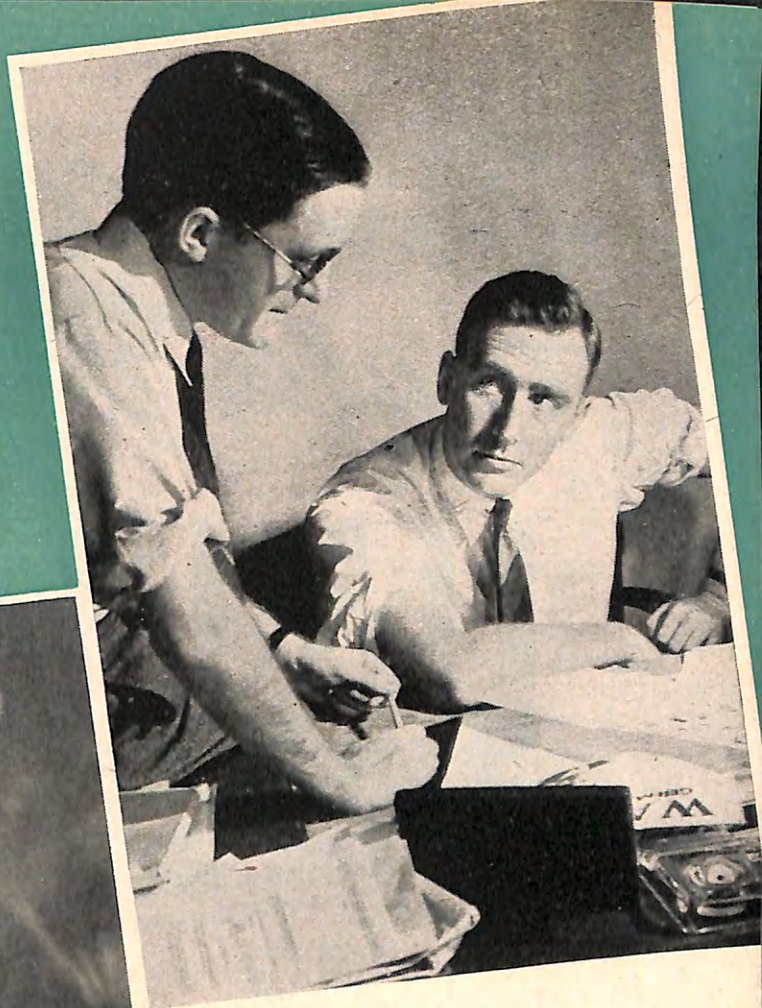
eral. Much more sanely, very patiently, he set the lady right. If he heard our snickering he gave it no acknowledgment. He was a bigger man, a wiser man than we.

We learned of "time" from Captain Charlie's watch. We learned the value of a schedule. We went marching down the corridors. We felt that if the boss of all the Army's power in the air could be discovered at his work before the doleful hour of 8 A.M. we, at least, should lift our feet and stop our aimless shuffling.

One of our number is a diabetes victim. "I took my shot this morning," he explained. He meant the insulin that diabetics need to combat all the sweet teeth of their youth. "I'm supposed to eat within an hour of the shot," he said, "or else—" He

(Continued on page 38)

What America is reading



The authors of "Sabotage: The Secret War Against America". Michael Sayers (left) widely known as a short story writer and Albert E. Kahn who was the Executive Secretary of the American Council Against Nazi Propaganda.



Delar

Douglas Gilbert has written the story of American popular songs in "Lost Chords". It is at once a nostalgic and a rambunctious panorama.



**By
Harry
Hansen**

IF YOUR pulse doesn't beat faster when you read "They Were Expendable," see your doctor; something's wrong. For this account of how the sturdy PT boats took Gen. MacArthur and a lot of other generals, colonels, majors and even an admiral or two out of Manila Bay to safety is tops for thrills. And Bill White—that's William L. White—knows how to get the story out of the four men who commanded the

motor torpedo boats—Lieut. Commander John Bulkeley, the squadron commander; Lieut. Robert Bolling Kelly, Ensign Anthony Akers and Ensign George E. Cox. He met them in New London and pumped them dry. And what an experience they had!

The PT boats are plywood speedboats, 70 feet long, 20 feet wide, powered by three motors, carrying four torpedo tubes each and four 50-calibre machine guns. When they open up they streak across the ocean at high speed, burning only 100 percent octane gas. And their sting is fatal. Bulkeley sank a cruiser before they left Manila Bay; Kelly sank another Jap cruiser off Mindanao. If the waters of the Philippines had been full of PT boats it would now be clear of Japs.

You get a glimpse of the fighting on Bataan before the boats leave, and you observe the irony of fate when a steamer laden with Ameri-

cans hits an American mine in the bay, and then Bulkeley and Kelly describe the flight in the dark, with dead reckoning mostly—not even a pelorus aboard. The admiral on Kelly's boat, soaked by salt water and shaken, asked, "How in hell do you navigate?" "By guess and by God, sir," replied Kelly.

But they reached their rendezvous, although it seemed unlikely. They hit coral rock and had a lot of repairs made by the local blacksmith. They stalked the Japanese cruiser and sank it under the glare of searchlights from Japanese destroyers. They were attacked by hostile planes and either blew up their own boats or saw them destroyed. With difficulty they managed to get away. Now they are back, laden with medals, with a difficult story to tell. We were beaten because we didn't have enough men, guns or ships on the islands—but whenever our men met

(Continued on page 49)

"Don't tell your troubles to your
UNCLE"

GEORGIE SWEENEY walked on Fordham Road, the Bronx, toward Giltman's Restaurant and Bar, singing to himself a ditty that proceeded in this way:

Don't tell your troubles to your Uncle;
Uncle's got enough to do—
Da-daaa-dahdee-ahdee-dahdee—
The ol' Red, White and Blue!

Georgie would be the first to tell you that the tune was better than the lyric. Such a tune was nothing but a miracle the autumn spawned and slipped into his ears—"To Georgie Sweeney, from the autumn"—as a gift.

If he could put the tune on paper he could show it to his brother Vic, the Broadway guy, a true professional, the emcee at the Club Petite Parisien, on 52nd Street, once known in vaudeville as "That Sentimental



BECKHOFF

Gentleman of Moonlight Melody".

This melody in Georgie's head commanded Georgie's feet. It lifted him. It was a martial tune, all right, but brittle, merry, rolling on like marbles in his military hat. Georgie's khaki elegance revealed itself as he went by a haberdasher's window, and the contacts of his shoes against the pavement were as soap flakes dropping gently into snow.

It was after midnight when he got to Giltman's, but in Giltman's you will find a place where smart-talk doesn't watch the clock. What makes it such a high-class place in Giltman's is not just alone the tablecloths changed twice a day, the soup de jour, the Fromage de Pont l'Evêque, the Try A Zombie, like they've got downtown in more expensive places, but the type of cosmopolitan that you will meet at Giltman's is highly representative of better Uptown, Bronx, New York.

"Georgie, my boy!—*wie gehts?*"

"Hello, Max."

Max Giltman asked, "Was you downtown?" and Georgie said he was. Max said, "I figured you would be. Listen—where was Vic? I was lookin' for Vic. I thought he had a number in the show."

"You didn't see him?"

"I kept looking."

"He was in the quartet. They sang that smart little piece—that 'All the monkeys in the trees are brothers of the Japanese.' You didn't hear that?"

"That was Vic? I remember the song, but for a benefit like that they're hanging from the ceiling. I never see so many people in the Garden. I was back a ways. I didn't have my glasses or I would've seen him."

"You see Whiteman?"

"Whiteman I saw."

"Well, Vic was standin' next to him."

"No—you mean it?" Max Giltman shook his head. "Well, like I say, there was too many people there and Vic is so short. In the lobby I walk into Lana Turner, just like this. It's cheek to cheek." Max smiled.

Archie, the cashier, joined the dreaming. "Mr. Giltman, please—which cheek?"

"Never mind which cheek. Just give the man his cigarettes. Bob Hope I saw and Georgie Jessel, Betty Grable, everybody, Georgie, but I don't remember Vic. You say he had that song? The song I can't forget, except, as you say, he was in the quartet. That was a great song."

"Vic wrote the song."

"He wrote it?"

"He says it just came to him while he was at a newsreel."

"Can you beat it?" Max inquired.

He blew a blast. His trumpet was an article that Felix should have left at home.

Georgie's tune was good—and it ought to be—but the lyrics were better.

by William Fay

"That's the way those things happen," Georgie said. He snapped his fingers. "That's show business for you every time."

"Get out! You don't mean it. How do you like that?" Max asked. Max liked it very much. Max was a man devoted to show business. You could see the pictures on the walls. You could see about the premises six pictures of Vic Sweeney, Georgie's brother, all inscribed, "To mine host," and "A glass of beer and a word of cheer—the best of Life's moments were enjoyed by me here", or better yet, "There are many queer fish in the Stream of Life, but Max Giltman's fish, etc." Comedy, philosophy, each had its place with Vic.

"Well, Georgie, anyway," said Max, "it's good to see you. You're on furlough from the Army?"

"Just tonight. I had to see some people at the benefit. I'm putting on a show myself, at the camp."

"Yourself?"

Georgie swayed with modesty. He held the buttons of his tunic. "I was elected, Max, by the committee. They know about Vic, of course, and they figure I'm his brother I can get a lot of talent. With me, well, frankly, you might say that it's an accident of birth—you understand? But I got Tommy Dorsey signed. A regular fellow if I ever—"

"Dorsey!"

"Dorsey I can count on. It's a dance and show, at the new sports center at the camp. But wait a minute, Max—I also got Glenn Mason—two bands I got."

"Mason? You got Glenn Mason?"

"Complete I got the band, with the Bluebirds of the Blues, the sextet, the whole Glenn Mason company."

"You was *talking* to Glenn Mason?"

"Like I'm talking to you. He's there, I'm here."

"Well—" Max turned to Archie.

"How do you like that?"

"The boy," said Archie, "should be in show business for himself. I'm right? I'm wrong? It's in the blood!"

"I—well, I—"

"What, Georgie? You what?" Max asked.

"I was gonna say something but I won't."

"You're among strangers? We're spies?"

"Cat's got your tongue?" asked Archie. Archie pulled his tongue out half a foot. "Make like a cat," he said.

"Well, what I was gonna say was I kind of wrote a tune myself, that maybe Mason will introduce at the dance, but I said maybe, Archie. Just maybe, Max. You understand?"

Max smiled his blessing. Archie said, "It's in the blood." He spread his hands. "What else?"

"And Vic," said Georgie, "will emcee the show."

Georgie did not go to his mother's, in the Bronx, to spend the night, for who could sleep at such a time as this? Besides, she'd only worry for his health. She'd ask him, had he

seen a Japanese. In *Jersey*—had he seen a Japanese.

He took the subway all the way downtown and then the tubes. The motion of the subway and the tubes repeated and repeated both the melody and lyric of "Don't Tell Your Troubles To Your Uncle, dahdaa-daadee-ahdee-ah..."

It's mine, he thought; my own. But did I have to tell them that I wrote a song? Suppose the song is lousy. Just suppose. All I asked Glenn Mason was would Mason play another benefit. Did I say song to him?

There'd been no need tonight for going up to Giltman's, but—well, Georgie knew it had been vanity; he had to tell somebody, and he knew if he told Max and Archie they would tell his friends, and friends would tell their relatives and other friends about the big-name people he'd been talking to. He flushed with shame. He didn't want to be a show-off guy.

But the tune. The tune was good. He'd be a Broadway guy himself. He'd be like brother Vic. He would get the tune on paper. He would get a friend to help him put it down, in *do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-ti-do*. He found that he was singing audibly, that people in the train were turning heads toward him. The people smiled, and Georgie blushed. Georgie crossed his legs and folded hands tight at his waist. He hummed his tune to the time of the train. Last stop. The train let Georgie out. Then Georgie took a bus.

Georgie didn't have much sleep, but when he awoke in the barracks-room, he wasn't very tired. He was afraid. The tune would not come back to him. The lyric would, but not the tune. His own among the fourteen cots, he lay in rigid and fretful review of all the tunes that were in his head, and every time he felt that he was getting warm, the tune that came in clear detail was, "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kitbag." It killed him; it was terrible.

"Georgie. C'mon. Get up."

But stiff as stone he lay on the cot. His fingers drummed the mattress. Dah-da-dadee-ahdee... Ah!—then he relaxed. His own, come back to him. He stretched and smiled. The sunlight came in through the window; it warmed his face. He got up willingly.

The chores of day were done by supertime. The time remaining was his own. There was a lot to do. Camp Duffield's Recreation Center, brightly new, of corrugated tin and shingles, sprawling nearly to an armory's size, would be the scene of Georgie's triumph on the evening of the seventeenth. As chairman of the dance committee, Georgie pasted up the news of Tommy Dorsey's and Glenn Mason's Guaranteed Appearances, plus Noted Stars of Stage and Screen, plus Georgie's brother, Vic.

With the warmth of his comrades' gratitude still burning brightly, Georgie, by himself, located Felix Krug, a pleasant and apprentice

Illustrated
By
HARRY BECKHOFF



trumpeteer. Selectee Krug was eating ice cream from a paper cup and looking at sheet-music on display in the canteen.

"Felix," Georgie said, "I got to see you. Can you write music?"

"You mean like Irving Berlin? Now, Georgie, after all, I'm just beginning. I got a tough time blowin' that trumpet without writin' music, Georgie."

"I mean write music like *cee-dee-ee-eff-gee-aye-bee-cee*. Write notes. Like that."

"Oh, that. I guess so. Sure. But why?"

"I wrote a song. I mean I thought one up. I can play it on the piano by ear, but I don't know how to write it down."

"It's good?"

"I'll play it, then you'll see. We

need a piano. Get your trumpet, Felix, but promise you will take it easy, not too loud. The song is kind of secret. Not the recreation center, no—too many people there. They got a piano in the whatsis over there."

"Oh, over there. I'll get the horn an' I better bring some stuff to write the notes on. Imagine you, Georgie. Songs!"

There was an upright in an old messhall, converted since to cultural pursuits. Georgie set his hands on the keys with studied care. His hands pressed down, evoked a chord. "Good," said Felix.

"Good, sure, but I got to figure each one out. I can't put 'em together, unless I play with one finger."

Felix liked this being pals with

Georgie posted news of Tommy Dorsey's and Glenn Mason's Guaranteed Appearance.



Georgie. Georgie was a big guy at the camp. Felix put one of his lessons on the music rack. He took a look, as though to sight along the barrel of a gun. He blew a blast, a quick succession he'd rehearsed. His trumpet was an article that Felix should have left at home.

"Later," Georgie said. "Later we can have fun. Now, listen, here's the tune."

Felix placed his trumpet at his side and chewed his upper lip. He had, at least, a trumpet player's lip. Georgie picked his tune out on the upright with the lone assistance of his fingers and his ear. Each now and then, at natural stops, he'd dare a chord. It surely sounded good.

"Well?" he said to Felix.

"Play it again," said Felix. "Play

it again." Which Georgie did, softly, looking up at Felix, seeing and hearing Felix go *da-da-da* in an accompaniment purely vocal, with no trumpet to defile the melody. Felix said, "Georgie, you got a hit."

"Felix—don't try being nice to me. Be frank."

"From here," said Felix. Felix held his hand above his heart. "You got a hit. You say it's patriotic? It's a natchrel. How's the lyric go?"

"First we'll get the music down," said Georgie.

Felix dumped the contents of a large portfolio. "I got paper an' I got pencils, but I haven't got a ruler. You need a ruler for the staff. You know what a staff is?"

"I know that much."

"What junk I got." Felix fum-

bled through his files. "My father used to play a trumpet, too. I got his junk besides my own. You got to have a staff and you got to have the clef. You know what a clef is?"

"Like a big ess turned around."

"Right. You know as much as I do. Lemme see. First we make the staff." Felix looked through sheets of music. "This," he said. "Who ever heard of this?—Tschaikovsky's Treasure For Trumpet And Flute." He held it, print forward, against the light. "See? You just trace the lines on the empty side. That's good enough?" He traced the lines. "Then I put in the G-clef. That tells you where 'G' is. From where 'G' is you figure out where 'C' is. Okay?"

"Okay."

Georgie, with one finger, tapped the piano patiently, while Felix made mistakes and then corrected them. Felix surely was a friend.

As the melody progressed, Georgie could not help but think in terms of glory. This talent coming to the fore was natural enough. He was the same age now as Vic had been when fifteen years before Vic penned his first and greatest hit, "When That Man In The Moon Is Juneing, I'll Be Mooning Over You"—a smash. He wouldn't go so far as to say that "Don't Tell Your Troubles To Your Uncle" would be quite so big a thing, but surely it compared well with Vic's recent, "All The Monkeys In The Trees". With Vic, with your own brother, you would not be rivals. But—and Georgie let the dream seep in—perhaps they could be partners when the war was over, like the Gershwin Brothers, like Rodgers and Hart, like many other teams that he could name. Sweeney and Sweeney they would be—a label the public would never forget.

"There you are," said Felix. "There's your song."

"I won't forget this," Georgie said. "You hear? I won't forget this, pal." He mailed the manuscript to Vic. He wrote:

Dear Frere:

Pardon my French, but here's a little tune I thought that you might like to introduce with Glenn Mason on the 17th. It just came to me, like that. Your little brother, Georgie. As they say, it's in the blood. Seriously, you don't know what this means to me. As you can see, it is a patriotic tune. Everything is ready for the 17th. Camp Duffield awaits its favorite M.C.

As ever,

Georgie

Next day in the canteen, Adelaide, the girl who sold the razor blades, said, "Georgie, aren't you thrilled?"

"Thrilled? About what?"

"Don't be so modest, Georgie. A song-writer and all. Just like your brother. I could die."

"Who told you that?"

"A boid."

Georgie couldn't eat his chocolate

(Continued on page 47)

In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



This canine Veronica Lake is one of the new glamour dogs, an Afghan hound.

Photo by Ylla



Mr. Faust comes out of a musty pile of books just long enough to carry on his history of dogs.

NOT long ago I was in a life-saving station (all right, lady, call it a man-trap) with another scribbler, bemoaning this business of writing. The consensus of opinion was that it was just plain hell and a very tough business indeed. But try to tell this to the chap whose sole literary effort is the vacation postcard bearing the classic "X marks my room. Wish you were here". "Work? Do you call that

work to sit down and annoy a typewriter for a spell?" Among some of my non-writing acquaintances the notion is that anyone who breaks into print and gets paid for it, yes, actually paid, earns a mighty easy living. Now I'll admit that it does look easy. For some gifted individuals it probably is easy. But not for me. Being bereft of the slightest spark of genius, writing is hard work for me. Being a chronic putter-offer makes it harder. As editor of a dog magazine and contributor to other publications, I live surrounded by deadlines. A deadline as you probably know, is that last minute left to get copy into the hands of the editor (or printer). And so I'm either put-

ting the editorial squeeze on some other poor wretch or playing-hide-and-go-seek with an irate editor. Say, who asked me to talk so much about me? (Ed., "Nobody".) What I'm wandering into is a mention of the headache I inflicted upon myself because of my article in this magazine last month. If you have been following this department you may remember that the sermon for October was one of those to-be-continued things. I was brash enough to begin a series attempting to tell about the various uses of dogs. This has grown into a large order—larger than I realized when I began. Right now it looks as though before I get through the subject, I will have tried to write the entire history of Fido ever since he became associated with Homo Sap.

In the event that you are new to
(Continued on page 52)

IT'S your agent's firm conviction that more amusing nonsense is written about shotguns and wingshooting than any other hook and bullet sport. If some wack isn't trying to mount a 1-X 'scope sight on your pet shotgun via the printed word, another is batting out an essay which will prove—at least on paper—that ducks should be shot with a skeet-bored weapon at 25-yard range.

Not so long ago, for instance, we chanced on a deathless bit of prose which revealed—in the author's opinion—the correct duck shooting technique. The gentleman was in something of a dither about the duck hunting situation in this fair land; was convinced he had the proper solution to the difficulty and used up several hundred words setting forth his argument which is covered in the following paragraph:—

Nothing, he revealed, actually is wrong with duck hunting that close shots, open-bored guns and small pellets won't cure. There is too much wild shooting; under no circumstances should a hunter accept chances beyond 40 yards. The trick is to restrain one's boyish enthusiasm until the unsuspecting birds are fanning over the decoys for a landing, feet spraddled out. Then and only then is it permissible to blast 'em at close range with a load of fine shot. That way no birds are crippled; the other guy's shooting isn't spoiled, and meat in the pot is assured.

That sound gunning advice recalls an even more effective duck-getting method, disclosed to your correspondent by a French-Canuck farmer several seasons ago up in Quebec. We'd been ramming around that province, looking for new fields of shotgun endeavor, when late afternoon caught us out on Orleans Island. A few straggling flocks of black ducks, winging up the St. Lawrence, attracted our attention and we pulled up to question the aforementioned native.

Was there any duck shooting in the neighborhood?

Oh, oui, Monsieur! There was truly magnificent duck shooting. Was Monsieur the American by any chance a hunter of ducks?

Monsieur admitted he was.

Would Monsieur care to dust off a few of those beautiful black ducks, with his magnificent gun, that very evening?

Monsieur was entirely agreeable and a half-hour later we were squishing across a gooey tideflat, with our new-found chum bringing up the rear and dragging a dozen-odd squawking, live decoys. These he pegged out in two parallel rows, about four yards apart, after which we retired to a leaky box, sunk in the mud.

Intrigued by his unorthodox decoy arrangement, we questioned him as to the reason.

"That," he explained, like a patient parent, "is so that you do not shoot my callers."

"Eh?"

"When the wild ones arrive," he



H. Armstrong Robe

A clear, cold November morning—the fragrant odor of good, hot coffee—a day's shooting ahead.

Rod Gun

Shotguns, wingshooting and duck hunting are targets for a shot or two by Mr. T.

By Ray Trullinger

continued in the same quiet voice, "they will settle down between those two rows of callers. When they are nicely bunched with their heads raised, you will go kapow! with your magnificent gun, and with luck we will pick up eight to a dozen of those beautiful wild ducks. Very simple, non? You kill lots of wild ducks, but you do not shoot my tame ones."

Now, we have no quarrel with any hunter who prefers to pot-shoot ducks. As an old acquaintance once remarked, "It's duck shootin', but it ain't art." After all, what is there to wingshooting if nothing but the easiest sort of setups are accepted? That sort of thing calls for a half-ounce .410 load, or, better still, a camera.

(Continued on page 54)



Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, celebrates the opening of its Elks Fraternal Center with a gala reception and dance.



Another feature of Columbia's Elks Fraternal Center—the outdoor kitchen for barbecues and the succulent hot dogs.

Elks War Commission Programs at Work



In this official U. S. Navy photograph, Naval Aviation Cadets are absorbing knowledge about the ships they'll soon be flying. Elk-recruited Cadets are helping fill the Navy's demand for 30,000 flying officers.



Here are three children of Elks evacuated from war zones to the National Home. With them are their mother and P. G. E. R.'s. McClelland, Nicholson and Sholtz, members of the Elks War Commission.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, Lodge, No. 306, entertains two groups of candidates for the Army Air Force prior to their departure. "Keep 'Em Flying!"





"If I did not already realize the seriousness of the duties with which I have been entrusted, the ritual in which I have just participated, the words I have just heard would cause me to do so."—Admiral E. J. King

Above, center, is Admiral Ernest J. King who was recently initiated into Lorain, Ohio, Lodge during a city-wide celebration. Admiral King is shown with officers of Lorain Lodge.

THE

ELKS IN THE WAR

ADMIRAL ERNEST J. KING, Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, the first man in history to serve in this dual capacity, was initiated into the Order of Elks in a special ceremony on the morning of August 30. A few minutes after he had been initiated, the Admiral addressed the meeting, speaking in the lodge room of Lorain Lodge No. 1301 in his home town, Lorain, Ohio. Present were dozens of old friends and associates, men with whom he went to school and played football in Lorain more than forty years ago.

The initiation was a highlight of a homecoming for the Admiral, a homecoming to take part in a three-day

"Home Front" observance in the northern Ohio steelmaking and shipbuilding center. It was one of the big events of a day that saw the tall, slender, stern head of the Nation's naval forces address workers in the Lorain Steel Mills and National Tube Company, largest shipyards on the Great Lakes, speak at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, review the largest parade in Lorain history and lay the corner stone of what is to be a testimonial shaft honoring Lorain men and women in the U. S. Service.

In the initiatory ceremony, the Admiral was escorted by an old friend, E. A. Braun, former Mayor of Lorain. Members of the Reception Committee were Past Exalted Rulers Harry Van Wagnen,

Mayor of Lorain, and George Canalos, Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, and E. M. Wickens and Frank Sanford, members of No. 1301. Exalted Ruler William H. Knerim, assisted by the officers of Lorain Lodge, officiated at the ceremony.

The "Home Front" observance, a "Blast the Enemy" celebration dedicated to Lorain's native born Admiral King, took place on August 28-29-30. On the final day, a parade was held in his honor, witnessed by upwards of 100,000 people in that thriving steel city of 45,000 population. The parade took over two hours to pass a given point. During the three days, more than \$400,000 worth of War Bonds and Stamps were sold.

THE ELKS IN THE WAR



Left: Albert T. Levine makes the first subscription on behalf of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge in buying \$5,000 worth of war bonds to help fill Davidson County's bond quota for the month of September.



Below: A group of Naval Aviation Cadets are shown in the Mankato, Minn. Armory preparing for their examinations to enter the Armed Forces. Mankato Lodge, cooperating with the Navy, has completed a successful V-5 Naval Aviation Recruiting Drive.

Above is a group of selectees at the home of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge prior to entering the U. S. Armed Forces. They were guests at a breakfast given by the Lodge.

Below are those who were present on the speakers' dais when Columbia, S. C., Lodge's new "Elks Fraternal Center" was dedicated. Gen. Royden Bebee, Commanding Officer at Fort Jackson, S. C., is shown speaking. Also among those present were Capt. Needham, Naval Commander of the University of South Carolina NROTC unit; Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, and Senator James Hammond.





Above: Chairman Arthur Kuenzel of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge's War Committee purchases a \$500 bond from the motion picture industry's motor caravan, on behalf of the Lodge. Other prominent Elks are shown with Mr. Kuenzel.



Above: E.R. Cranston Pearce of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge presents to Col. Duncan Richart, Commanding Officer at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., a key to the Officers' Lounge sponsored by the Elks War Commission and Chattanooga Lodge.



Left is a group of privates and non-commissioned officers from Camp Peetree who were entertained by St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge as part of the Lodge's contribution to the war effort.



Right are members of Glendive, Mont., Lodge, shown as they went about collecting 65 tons of scrap to be contributed to the war effort.

THE **ELKS** IN THE **WAR**

Editorial

A Bad Influence

FOR some time we have had it in mind to give expression to our views with reference to the morals of our troops but the difficulty of choosing language adequate to give concrete expression to our views without giving offense to some of our readers has deterred us from saying anything on the subject. We are making bold, however, to express the thought that we stay-at-homes are not without blame for the condition which obtains. The printing of pictures of girls dressed so thinly as to leave little to the imagination tends to emotional entanglement. This criticism applies not only to the manner of dress but to the poses which frequently are little, if any, short of vulgar. The fault, if such it be, and we think it decidedly is a fault, is quite common to newspapers and periodicals in their news columns and in advertisements as well. The probable excuse is that the public demands and enjoys this sort of publicity and many girls apparently enjoy it, too. That the effect is bad all around cannot be denied. It must lessen a girl's respect for herself, and the satisfaction of looking at her figure as thus produced for the general public's gaze must be accompanied by at least a tinge of shame to all girls who have even the slightest conception of what is proper.

We have spoken only of girls, but the criticism goes also to women old enough to know better, who, posing forms which they think are attractive, seem anxious to have them-

selves displayed in poses calculated and arranged so as to magnify, if possible, their feminine charms. Publications carrying such pictures find their way into camps where they are carefully examined by soldier boys of impressionable ages and are passed from one to another with pertinent comment. That this tends to break down the morals of the boys there can be no doubt. The practice should be discontinued in the interest of good morals and for the general good.

Which Day is Sunday?

THE familiar line "Every day will be Sunday bye and bye" must have been first written in ignorance of the fact that already each day is observed as Sunday by some peoples, depending on nationality and religious beliefs:

Sunday by the Christians,
Monday by Greeks,
Tuesday by Persians,
Wednesday by Assyrians,
Thursday by Egyptians,
Friday by Mohammedans,
Saturday by Jews and Seventh-Day Adventists.

Words of Encouragement

OUR National War Commission has been and still is carrying on its work in an intelligent, comprehensive and effective manner so as to merit the approval of our entire membership. Its activities are so pronounced as to have enlisted the support and commendation of those who as officials are charged with the duty and responsibility of defending us against those misguided and misdirected nations massing their men and military might for our destruction.

Major General J. A. Ulio, the Adjutant General of the War Department, has written a letter to the Chairman of our War Commission which is of transcendent importance to our Order and in which he calls attention to how we may be of further service to our armed forces. The letter, which must

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.



fill us with pride and spur us to the discharge of our full duty in these trying times, follows:

"The War Department has long appreciated the generous and patriotic assistance given by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in recruiting aviation cadets. Your collaboration has been an important factor in the enlargement of our Air Force.

"Today, industrial production is out-distancing the Army's ability to maintain the planes in service. Therefore, the Army must secure, without delay, a large number of mechanics and technicians in order that these planes may be kept flying. We must, therefore, supplement our aviation cadet recruiting program, which the Elks has sponsored by securing specialists to keep these cadets, and former cadets, in the air until such time as schools now in operation can turn out sufficient service technicians.

"Effective immediately, a nationwide campaign to obtain mechanics, radio operators, radio repairmen and certain other specialists is being inaugurated. This campaign will be supported nationally by advertising in newspapers in major cities and in certain specialized publications. The advertising will be supplemented by direct mailing of thousands of posters. Recruiting field forces are being augmented and the personnel thereof will make every effort to contact desirable prospects in every city and town in the United States.

"It is contemplated that our recruiting personnel will organize, wherever practicable, a local committee to assist in this program. The Army is anxious to have at least one Elk on each committee, preferably one familiar with mechanics or radio. To accomplish this, we ask that you outline the purpose of this letter to each Benev-

olent and Protective Order of Elks lodge throughout the country.

"It is not the plan or desire of the War Department to accept for enlistment any man holding a key position in any essential industry. To insure against the possibility of enlisting such key men, all applicants for enlistment must be cleared by their local Selective Service boards before the Army recruiting and induction stations concerned will accept them.

"I feel sure that you and your entire organization will extend the same unselfish cooperation in this campaign that has been given us in the past.

"If any of your lodges desire further information, please ask them to contact local recruiting and induction personnel, or write to the Enlisted Branch, AGO, Washington, D. C. 'KEEP 'EM FLYING!'"

Not only has the War Department referred to us in commendation but the Navy Department through its Secretary Frank Knox, has the following to say in a letter to the Chairman:

"The Navy Department is extremely gratified that the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks is in a position to offer their cooperation with the Navy in its procurement of aviation cadets. A well-organized Order such as the B. P. O. Elks will prove invaluable in making known to the boys throughout the country that Naval Aviation is in need of their services. For the most part, this is an educational program and one in which the Training Division of the Bureau of Aeronautics will provide assistance in this work. The Elks always have stood in front in their war efforts, and it is a pleasure to know that again they are showing the way."



Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST



THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1943 Grand Lodge Convention. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. For the past nine years our awards have made it possible for many superior young students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are as follows:

First Prize	\$600
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	400
Fourth Prize	300
Fifth Prize	200
Five Honorable Mention awards of \$100 each	500

Eligibility

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, may enter this contest.

Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism, exceptional courage and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Applications

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by neat, orderly, concise, direct and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business letter size) bound in the form of a brief or prospectus. Neat heavy paper bindings can be procured at any stationery store.

We suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, giving name, address, age and place of birth, and presenting reasons which applicant thinks entitle him to one of the awards.
3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or guardian, stating size of family, financial condition and other facts showing applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. A concise statement of applicant's educational history from first year of high or preparatory school to the date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority showing the courses taken, the grades received and the standing of the applicant with relation to other students in the class.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of applicant from at least one person in authority in each school.

6. Two or three comprehensive letters of endorsement from responsible persons, not related to applicant, who have had an opportunity personally to observe applicant and who can give worth-while opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

8. Remove all letters from envelopes and bind the letters flat.

9. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, leadership, athletics or other activities may be attached, but applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

Only students of outstanding merit, who show a high appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of B plus or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

The application must be filed on or before March 1, 1943, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association in the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be passed upon and, if approved, come in with the quota of applications from that State and be received by Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than April 1, 1943.

The officers of the subordinate lodges are requested to give notice of this contest to the principals of the high and preparatory schools and the deans of the colleges in their vicinity, and to cause this announcement to be published in the lodge bulletin.

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to April 1, 1943, should be addressed to Chairman Malley.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman
Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary
James G. McFarland, Treasurer
Edward Rightor
Charles H. Grakelow
Murray Hulbert

CONTEST ENDS APRIL 1, 1943

10 Per Cent in War Bonds

This month's quota for NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY is \$547,200 to build 55 torpedoes



SUNBURY ELKS



Above is a billboard which has been leased by Sunbury, Pa., Lodge and placed on the heavily traveled Susquehanna Trail. E.R. Sylvester Adami stands at right.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Columbia, Tenn., Lodge Honors E.R. Frank Dunbar at Banquet

Columbia, Tenn., Lodge, No. 686, gave a banquet in honor of E.R. Frank Dunbar shortly before his departure on

September 10 to enter the Service. Also, that evening, tribute was paid 21 other members who are serving in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Practically the entire membership was in attendance. Short after-dinner addresses were made by K. M. Wishart, Chairman of the local Elks War Commission, and P.E.R. W. C. Whitthorne, a charter member of the lodge. An especially well-liked feature of the program was the showing of a moving picture of the Elks National Home. A delicious repast was served.

General Stillwell Writes Home, Addressing Palatka, Fla., Lodge

Palatka Lodge No. 1232, located in Palatka, Fla., the birthplace of Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stillwell, in command of the U.S. Forces in China, sent a cable of condolence to the General on the recent death of his mother. General Stillwell expressed his appreciation of the lodge's consideration in a letter which we are privileged to publish in the knowledge that it will be of interest to all members of the Order. Written at U. S. Headquarters in China and addressed to Palatka Lodge of Elks, General Stillwell's letter is as follows:

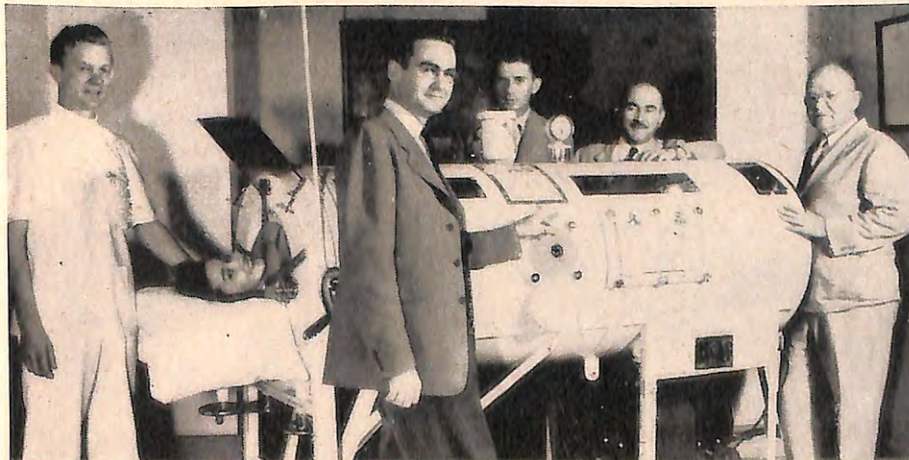
"Many thanks for your kind message of sympathy. I appreciate your thoughtfulness and hope, with luck, to some day appear in your midst and say 'thank you' personally.

"Meanwhile we are doing our best, in our small way, to try and crack a hard nut. It would be easier if we had more tools, but the demands are great, and we are the last stop on the line.

"So keep that in mind when you

Left: Officers of the City Memorial Hospital and members of Winston-Salem, N.C., Lodge are shown with the "Iron Lung" which they donated to the Hospital recently.

Under the antlers



Right is a float entered in the Plaque Parade by Chelsea, Mass., Lodge when the city presented plaques to the parents of enlisted men.

Below, right, are some of those who were at the Victory Stag party held at the home of Mrs. George S. Hamilton by Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge recently. A total of \$22,000 was sold in war bonds and stamps during the evening.

think as you must, that our performance is rather sad."

This fine and timely letter was given to the Press. It was carried in the leading newspapers of the country, released by the Associated Press to all of its member newspapers, and quoted in Time Magazine under the heading "Vinegar Joe' Writes Home". An excerpt of the letter led an article which appeared in Newsweek.

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.

Nashville, Tenn., Lodge Aids Materially in War Bond Drive

The home of Nashville Lodge No. 72 is located on Sixth Avenue in Nashville, Tenn. When the Sixth Avenue Merchants and the motion picture men took

Right: E.R. Thomas Benton Roberts of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge presents to D.D. R. Leonard Bush, on his official visit to the Lodge, a check for \$606 as a \$1 per capita contribution to the Elks War Relief Fund.

At bottom are members of Danville, Va., Lodge, photographed at a barbecue supper held to celebrate the retiring of \$20,000 in bonds which represented the entire indebtedness of the Lodge.



charge of a recent drive for the sale of War Bonds and Stamps, the lodge co-operated vigorously. Davidson County's bond quota for the month of September was over \$2,000,000.

The campaign opened on September

1. The first subscription was made by Esteemed Lecturing Knight Alfred T. Levine, acting for Nashville Lodge in the purchase of \$5,000 worth of Bonds. A check for \$275, received that day as interest on other bonds owned by No. 72,





Left is an Honor Roll presented by Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge to the city and Leon County in a public ceremony.

chairman. Plenty of "G" boxes are sent out. The lodge has furnished an attractive "Sailors' Suite" in one of its service lounges, and is preparing to place a plaque in the front hall, bearing the names of members in the Service.

Members in our armed forces are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct address.

To avoid the delay and the extra expense to your family of having your Magazine forwarded from your home, send us your address for direct mailing, together with lodge number, old address and, if convenient, member's number.

was included in the payment. The fact that its interest money is immediately reinvested by the lodge was emphasized. Present were Trustees D. D. Canfield, Chairman, Dr. Thomas Menees and William A. Roache, who gave splendid assistance and whose services in the conduct of the affairs of the lodge are invaluable. The \$5,000 purchase at the beginning of the drive brought to \$32,000 the lodge's total investment in War Bonds to date. A purchase of \$10,000 worth when the first Win the War Class

was initiated was followed by a \$5,000 purchase at a subsequent initiation. Incidentally, the two Win the War Classes brought 351 members into the lodge. In the interests of the Bond and Stamp Sale campaign, an Elks' broadcast was made daily over Station WSIX, with a different speaker for each broadcast.

Taking an active interest in the war effort, Nashville Lodge has sponsored many worthwhile projects and will continue to do so throughout the duration. D.D. W. Hal Mustaine acts as local

Newark, O., Lodge Is Praised for Relief Work after Bomber Crash

Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, has been warmly praised by officers of the U. S. Army, Red Cross officials and members of the Civilian Defense Council for its work when an army bomber crashed in the residential section of the city, little more than a block from the lodge home. The army officers pronounced it a magnificent demonstration of disaster relief.

Following the accident, in which six army men and two civilians were killed, officers and members sprang into immediate action. The lodge supplied the Red Cross canteen with more than 500 sandwiches and gallons of coffee which canteen workers dispensed to police, firemen and soldiers on duty at the scene of the crash, turned over its grill and club rooms to officers and men who came on from Wright Field at Dayton, O., the bomber's base, and served meals to citizens of Newark whose supply of gas had



Left: Officers of Houlton, Me., Lodge present the Elks National Foundation's first prize of \$600 for the Most Valuable Student Contest to Malcolm Berman at a dinner given recently in his honor.

Below are members of Columbia, Tenn., Lodge and their ladies who were present at a banquet given in honor of E.R. Frank Dunbar shortly before his departure to enter the Service.





Above: Members of the "General Douglas MacArthur Class" who were recently initiated into Decatur, Ala., Lodge.

Right: On behalf of Troy, Ohio, Lodge, E.R. L. E. Brubaker presents an "Iron Lung" to Stouder Memorial Hospital.



been cut off after the crash. The officers ate most of their meals at the lodge home. The Elks' hospitality was praised highly by the Field's commanding officer.

Boise, Idaho, Lodge Sponsors a Golf Tournament for Valley Elks

Elks of the Boise Valley broke all their previous entry records in the golf tournament sponsored by Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, on September 13 when 112 members of Nampa, Caldwell and Boise Lodges teed off at the Hillcrest Country Club. With a score of 105 for 27 holes, last year's winner, Jules Droz, enjoyed a repeat victory. Allen Shaver, of Boise Lodge, teed up on a 110-yard hole and scored a hole in one. George Penson, Boise, won the Past Exalted Rulers Flight in which fourteen competed.

Winners in other flights were Nicholas Ney, Jr., Caldwell, K. K. Kippler, Nampa, and W. A. Stevens, Ernest Diven and Jim Galloway, of Boise. Prizes were presented at a banquet held at the home of No. 310 after the tournament. P.E.R. Robert Valleau, of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, presided.

Right: The Elks Slow-pitch Softball Team of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge which enjoyed a successful season.

Grants Pass Lodge Sponsors Bond Sale at Victory Party

At a Victory Stag Party on spacious lawns at the home of George S. Hamilton, a member of the Order, Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge, No. 1584, sold \$22,000 worth of War Bonds and Stamps. The

Elks' party was elaborate and cleverly planned. Mr. Hamilton and his wife, whose turkey ranch on the Rogue River is one of the largest in the State, arranged most of the entertainment and served a fine Dutch Lunch. The locale was ideal. The badminton court was lighted and ping pong tables were set up



Below is the Owosso, Mich., Lodge All-American Minstrel Show which raised \$500 for the local chapter of the American Red Cross recently.





Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Chairman Clyde E. Jones of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee are shown with prominent Iowa guests at the dedication of new home of Burlington Lodge.

along an outdoor living room, built into a grove of trees, with a fireplace and grills, swings, lounging chairs, a long table and benches. Representatives of the local banks were on hand to take applications for Bonds of the larger denominations.

Creating much amusement were the hobby horses that had been sent on from Pasadena, those that give the riders plenty of spills. Wagers on the races were paid off in Bonds and Stamps. Interest was expressed by the administrator of the Oregon War Saving Staff at Portland in the methods used in arranging the party, regarded as one of the finest private promotions conducted so far in the State of Oregon.

Iron Lung, a Gift from Troy, O., Lodge, Is Presented to Hospital

An adult cabinet type respirator has been presented to Stouder Memorial Hospital in Troy, O., by Troy Lodge No. 833. The unit, while complete in every detail, weighs only 425 pounds and can be moved easily when needed elsewhere. The Lung was purchased by the lodge for approximately \$1,500 after it had

The Grand Exalted Ruler Congratulates General Pershing On His 82nd Birthday

Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan sent the following telegram to General Pershing on Sept. 13, the occasion of his 82nd birthday anniversary:

"General John J. Pershing, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.—In the name and on behalf of more than five hundred thousand patriotic American citizens, your brother members in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, United States of America, I salute you and pray God to spare you to celebrate many more happy anniversaries. E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Exalted Ruler"

been approved by the Elks, the Stouder Hospital staff, doctors and nurses.

The presentation ceremony was opened by Esteemed Leading Knight Craig Cairns. Harley D. Enyeart, Chairman of the Welfare Committee which promoted the purchase, read the resolution adopted by the lodge last Spring, appropriating the money. E.R. L. E. Brubaker, Secretary Frank R. Smith, L. E. Gross, J. A. McMaken, J. D. Boak and W. H. Maier, members of the Community and Welfare Committee, and Mr. Enyeart, Chairman, signed the resolution which stated that it was the desire of the Elks to aid and promote the welfare of the community. One condition was made—that the respirator be loaned to any hospital in the area when needed.

The presentation was made by Exalted Ruler Brubaker. J. C. Fullerton, Jr., President of the Hospital Board of Trustees, accepted the gift on behalf of the institution. In his presentation speech, Mr. Brubaker explained that the lodge had offered all of its facilities to Paul W. Herrlinger, coordinator of civilian defense. The fact that use of an iron lung is invaluable in an emergency at any time governed the decision to purchase one without delay. The respirator was on display at the lodge home before it was installed in the hospital. Open House was held by the Elks and hundreds of people visited the home, inspected the machine and witnessed the demonstrations made by a representative of the hospital supply corporation.

(Continued on page 40)



Left: Prominent members of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge are shown with the lake trout which they presented to Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan at a banquet in his honor at the Wisconsin State Assn. Convention at Ashland.

Below is the Kalispell, Mont., Lodge Drum and Bugle Corps which won second place in the competitive drill at the Montana State Elks Association Convention.





Above are those who were assembled to greet Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan who was the principal speaker at a banquet given at the annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. at Ashland.

WISCONSIN

For its 40th Annual Convention, held on August 13-14-15, the Wisconsin State Elks Association returned to Ashland where the Association had been formally organized at a meeting in April, 1902. The idea of forming a State Elks Association in Wisconsin originated with M. E. Dillon, Past Exalted Ruler of Ashland Lodge No. 137.

Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Captain E. A. Lofquist, U.S.N. Chief of Staff, representing Rear Admiral John Downes, Commandant, Ninth Naval District, were honored guests at the "birthday celebration" which attracted more than 200 visiting Elks and their ladies. Delegates attending numbered 223, and 32 of the 36 lodges of the State were represented. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at a banquet given for

him on Thursday evening and Captain Lofquist was the principal speaker at an outdoor patriotic rally on Friday afternoon.

On Friday evening, a class honoring Dr. C. O. Fillinger, of Marinette, retiring State President, was initiated, with the Appleton Lodge Degree Team, holder of the State championship, in charge of the ritualistic work. Also on Friday, the Past Presidents' Dinner was given. Past President Thomas McDonald, of Marshfield Lodge, was Master of Ceremonies.

At the concluding business session on Saturday morning, officers for 1942-43 were elected as follows: Pres., Andrew W. Parnell, Appleton; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Frank L. Fawcett, Milwaukee; Vice-Pres.'s: Northeast, Leo H. Schmalz, Kaukauna; Northwest, J. Edwin Johnson, Ashland; South, Norman E. Schulze, La Crosse; Secy., Lou Uecker, Two Riv-

ers Lodge; Treas., William H. Otto, Racine; Trustees: William F. Schad, Milwaukee, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, Elmer Reese, Madison, Dr. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers, and Thomas F. McDonald, Marshfield.

Frank L. Fawcett delivered the address at the Memorial Services on Saturday morning. That afternoon, one of the highlights of the meeting, the convention parade, was witnessed by Elks and hundreds of other spectators from the entire Chequamegon Bay region. The 1943 convention will be held at Janesville.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Pennsylvania State Elks Association held its 36th Annual Convention in the city of Erie on August 24-25-26. Preparations made by General Chairman Norman C. Strasser, of Erie Lodge No. 67, for the reception and entertainment of the visitors were complete in every detail, and all were delighted with the hospitality extended. A special program for the visiting ladies was provided by the Ladies Auxiliary.

On Sunday morning, August 23, the Erie Elks White Squadron assembled at Union Depot to welcome Grand Lodge and State Association officers, and a royal reception was given Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan upon his arrival. The official opening of the convention on Monday morning was held at the Hotel Lawrence. Welcoming addresses were made by Mayor Charlie Barber and James K. Shields, Secretary of the Erie Chamber of Commerce. An inspiring address was delivered by the Grand Ex-

(Continued on page 55)

News of The
state
associations

"Home of the Brave—"

(Continued from page 6)

array of levers and clutches.

"Crank her up," he shouted.

There was a deafening clank and roar, and earth-shaking vibrations. Clouds of smoke poured out. A cheer went up. The motor coughed twice and died.

"Now, what's the trouble?" Arnold gritted, looking in upon his agonized companion.

"Everything! We're outta gas already—and I lost the seat of my pants." Hansen peeked helplessly out at the grinning faces. "I can't get out now, not bare this way. Go hustle more gas, plenty this time, and hurry!"

Eternities later they tried again. The big machine lumbered slowly down the ramp and thundered through town to a garage, where the driver cautiously emerged, half-naked but triumphant. The last tank was unloaded at dusk.

"Thanks for the speedy job, fellows," said the station master. "You sure got 'em moved in a jiffy, all right. Nothing to it."

Several weeks later a tank instructor arrived to coach the key men in operation and maintenance of the equipment. When the company members had become crack drivers, they gave the station master a memorable ride over jolting boulders and logs and down dizzying, heart-stopping ravines. The busy driver, turning to his white-faced passenger, belted over the clatter, "See how easy? Really nothing to it. Hang on!"

Among the most active of those charter tank company members were L. E. "Eddie" Johnson, who later and for many years served as Secretary of the Salinas Elks Lodge, F. C. Moffitt and Floyd W. Bickmore. They were among the contingent that went to the Philippines—Johnson and Moffitt as captains, Bickmore as a staff sergeant.

From the first the Elks gave moral and financial support, donating an initial \$100 to start the mess fund, opening the lodge rooms as a meeting place for company members, assisting in many unpublicized ways. The company looked upon the lodge as its foster father, giving it allegiance second only to that of the United States.

There were occasional discouragements, but only once did the members balk at having anything to do with a tank. During maneuvers for the benefit of newsreel cameramen at nearby Gigling Reservation, now part of Fort Ord, Benjamin Gwynn and Ero "Cigar Smoking" Saccone climbed into a tank, slammed shut the heavy door, fastened themselves in—and started yelling. They came out fast.

"What's the trouble?" asked Capt. F. E. Heple, company commander.

"Snakes!" Gwynn stammered.

"There's rattlesnakes inside. Two of 'em."

"One for each of us," Saccone added.

"What you heard rattling," said Heple, "was probably a couple of loose nuts."

"Meaning us—if you think we're going back in there," Gwynn said emphatically.

With approval of the War Department, the guardsmen participated in four Hollywood movies. They made a close friend of Wallace Beery in "The Big House" and took much good-natured kidding from Will Rogers and Victor McLaglen between scenes in "Connecticut Yankee".

"You shore are a funny-looking bunch of cowhands," drawled Rogers, who annually attended the California Rodeo at Salinas and had seen these fellows in action on bucking broncos. "Right off the range, and now instead of riding wild mustangs you're driving these mechanical doodads. But at that, I guess they give you about as much action as Midnight in his cussedest days."

Late Thanksgiving afternoon, 1927, the telephone rang in the home of Captain Heple. It was Adj. Gen. Richard Mittelstaedt, ordering two tanks to proceed at once to Folsom prison, 200 miles northeast, where 1,200 convicts were defying prison officials in a murderous riot. Eleven men already had been killed, 26 wounded. Within three hours the company was mobilized, fully equipped and on its way. Moving by truck and special train, the detachment arrived ten hours later at the gates of Folsom, ready to crash through into the yards of death-dealing inmates.

Colonel Mittelstaedt sent in an ultimatum: If the rioters did not capitulate by seven a.m., the tanks would be used. The seconds dragged by. The tanks stood poised for action. Three minutes before the deadline, word of surrender came through. The bloody orgy was over.

Without sleep for two days and a night, nerves worn thin, Lieut. Eddie Johnson and Captain Heple started home that evening in a command car, sleepily aware of traffic dangers. They wisely decided to break their trip with an overnight stop in San Francisco.

"Maybe a highball will relax us," said Johnson in their hotel room as he produced a bottle. He placed two highballs, still untasted, on the dresser between the twin beds, and the men wearily flopped down, fully dressed, for a glance at newspaper headlines.

The next thing Heple knew, Johnson was shaking him.

"Quick," Johnson was saying, "get up."

Yawning, Heple looked at his wrist

watch. "Why, it's eight. We must have dozed off for a few minutes."

"You mean we slept through twenty-four hours. It's eight o'clock tomorrow night."

Heple blinked, sat up. "Good Lord, we forgot to close the hall door, and dozens of people must have passed by, seeing us. And look—the room light is still burning, papers are scattered around, highballs are on the dresser, and here we lay dead to the world in our clothes, even in our boots, a perfect picture of two drunken officers. Nobody would believe otherwise."

"We may hear about this," Johnson moaned, "and we haven't had a single drink."

Their alarm was needless. Later the adjutant general wrote: "Mobilizing, equipping and transporting a detail of such heavy, cumbersome equipment two hundred miles in less than eleven hours will, no doubt, stand as a record for some time to come, and it demonstrated the efficiency of the 40th Tank Company."

Other recognition followed. Nineteen members of the unit, including Heple and First Lieut. Harry J. King, received highly prized medals for their 100 percent attendance at field training encampments. At the time of the opening of a block-long armory in 1932, where Federal property represented a \$250,000 investment, recruiting campaigns had become virtually unknown. There was a waiting list carrying the names of the best young men of Salinas Valley.

Even though the company now had its own armory, the Elks continued actively to support the unit.

Coming as an interlude in regular drill was the summer of 1934 when the tanks patrolled the San Francisco waterfront during the violent longshoremen's strike.

But all this extra-curricular activity did not involve violence. Annually at Christmas time when the Elks collected and packaged as much as eleven tons of food for needy families, the guardsmen manned a fleet of trucks in making the hundreds of welcome, cheer-bringing deliveries. They became widely known in the role of Santa Claus.

Another Elk-promoted event in which they took part was the Colmo del Rodeo, or "end of the round-up", the California Rodeo's fun night whose highlight was a long parade of illuminated and glittering floats. The company's tanks usually appeared somewhere between the Japanese and Chinese floats, guns prophetically trained on the Nippon entry.

Two new ten-ton tanks, constructed by the ordnance department and known as the 2A2 type, arrived in 1937, firing the company with still greater enthusiasm.

"They're honeys, these babies, and no worry this time about how to start 'em."

Each of the new "babies", equipped with two-way radio, was propelled by a 250-horsepower aircraft radial engine, having five speeds forward and one reverse. Capable of doing 36 miles per hour on improved roads and 25 across country, they were vastly superior to the old six-tonners, whose maximum cruising speed was six miles an hour. Armament in the new tanks consisted of two 30-caliber and one 50-caliber machine guns, whereas the old tanks had either a 37mm. gun or the 30-caliber machine gun. Unimagined then, the new tanks were destined for duty on Bataan.

Californians first saw the new weapons during the 1937 Army Day maneuvers at Crissy Field, Presidio of San Francisco, when a conclusive demonstration was given of the tank's value as a highly mobile instrument of attack.

The fateful days of Bataan were nearing. As though from forewarning, drills were stepped up, training intensified. In August, 1937, the tanks roared down the highways to San Luis Obispo, with full crews, to participate in the fourth field maneuvers, the first time that actual operations on the field were permitted. The entire encampment, unlike a State camp, was under command of the commanding general, 40th Division, National Guard of the United States.

Training was hard and exacting. Tank members were getting the feel of real soldiering.

But there was a lighter side. Sergeants Carl Abbott and Emil Morello were chosen one day to transport a \$150,000 payroll from San Luis Obispo to camp headquarters. Suitcases jammed with money were loaded into a tank, and the pair climbed inside to pilot this improvised armored bank car.

"I suppose they picked you for this job," said Morello, nudging fifty grand out of the way, "because your father is sheriff in Salinas."

"And I guess they picked you to watch me," yawned Abbott, cocking his legs across a fortune. "Let's get going."

When they arrived in camp, their buddies besieged them "for just a few frogskins—you got plenty". But the team of Abbott and Morello, emerging from the mine of greenbacks, found it necessary to bum a dime for a couple of cokes.

During the maneuvers, tank company officers and men came in contact with eminently qualified officers of the Regular Army, and

the command as a whole learned of the speed and power of the new tanks, as well as the art of driving them over terrain that would have been impossible for the former equipment.

Similar maneuvers in 1938 and 1939 were followed in 1940 with war games of still greater magnitude near Centralia, Wash., with 40,000 men participating. Early in February, 1941, all company members, back in Salinas, sensed something momentous in the wind. Then came orders for departure.

At a farewell party given by the Elks it was reported that approximately 1,000 men had received tank company training through the years.

Down the wet streets on the rainy afternoon of February 17, 127 company members, including seven sets of brothers, marched silently to the Southern Pacific depot, re-enactment of a scene from 1917. Mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts were there to see the boys off on a special train for Fort Lewis, Wash. None knew when they would be reunited. There were smiles and tears, clinging arms and goodbye kisses, and a fleeting wave of hands from coach windows as the train pulled away in the storm.

Attached to Company C, 194th Tank Battalion, the Salinas men returned briefly to San Francisco to board a quietly departing transport. Left behind was their beloved commander of nearly two decades, Captain Heple, with a physical disability requiring hospitalization before his return to the armed forces.

Before silence closed down on the Philippines, the Elks pored over

every news dispatch for some word of the boys. It was a proud moment when they read of the ability and quick thinking of the wide-awake "Salinas 'possums". Figuring in that episode were Sergeant Emil Morello, ex-baker; Sergeant Robert H. Mitchell, ex-theater doorman; Private Joe Gillis, rancher; Private William F. Anson, railroad company office worker, and Private William F. Hall, junior college student.

Lodge members were relieved to learn how this group managed to escape from their tank when it upset in a shell crater behind the Japanese battle lines. Two of the fighters slipped into the vine-matted jungle and, by emulating the stalking traits of Indians, filtered through the front lines to rejoin the United States troops.

The other three were trapped. In front of them, around them and behind them were the slant-eyed little yellow men dealing death with bayonets, rifles and sub-machine guns.

One of the trio—it must have been one boy with a hair-trigger idea in a pinch—probably whispered, "Let's play 'possum."

Down went the trio to the ground, simulating to the best of their histrionic ability the postures of dead soldiers. Their roles as casualties saved their lives.

For twenty-eight nerve-wracking hours the trio moved not a muscle, barely daring to breathe as waves of infantry flowed by, some stepping over the bodies of the local boys, while cavalry, tanks and trucks almost ran them down. The jig was almost up once when a squad of Japanese soldiers decided to halt beside them for chow.

After a while, the Japanese went away. The trio cautiously arose, flexed stiffened muscles and stole back through the jungle, avoiding the enemy and his bullets alike, to rejoin their comrades as fighting men again.

Not many stories were so detailed. One day Mrs. Frank Di Benedetti of Salinas said she feared something had happened to her son, Ed, former local bank clerk. Every night while her son was fighting with General MacArthur's troops, she explained, she "talked" with her son in her sleep. Then on the night after Christmas her thought transference failed to reach him.

"I know something is wrong," she said tensely.

Her son, news dispatches revealed later, was struck in the neck by a hurtling tank rivet on the night of her premonition. Mrs. Di Benedetti cannot explain it.

As to the fate of the men on Bataan, none wants the answer more than the Elks. Since the days of the last



battle, the only direct word has come from their fellow lodge member, Captain "Eddie" Johnson. He slipped a message out of Cebu, since largely pounded to rubble.

But there has been indirect word. Lieut. Col. Warren J. Clear, formerly of Salinas and Monterey, and one of the last to escape from Corregidor, said there has been no greater bravery. It was Col. Roger S. Fitch, commanding officer of Fort Ord, who said, "They have inscribed their names on the imperishable pages of history."

Meanwhile, the Elks have joined the move for a mercy ship to carry medical supplies and other necessities to the American forces and civilians imprisoned in the Philippines, the possibility of such a shipment resting with the International

Red Cross. A resolution to this end, introduced by F. E. Dayton of Salinas, was unanimously adopted at the Elks Omaha Convention this year and placed the 500,000 Elks "at the disposal of the Government of the United States and the American Red Cross in any and every way they can be useful".

And a friend of many of the Salinas boys, Dora Hagemeyer of Carmel, has written:

To the Men of Bataan

Yours was a greater giving than you knew!
 You shall not die; you shall not go unsung;
 Men beyond time will lift their eyes to you,
 And young hearts flame, and slower hearts be wrung.

If times are past when courage stopped the breath,
 If now the age grows cynical and cold,
 Then pity help the world, for even death
 Surrenders when the hero's tale is told.

A hundred days of steel—and hour by hour
 Your country bled with you, awake, asleep,
 Beseeching heaven and all the hands of power
 To send you help—and could but pray and weep.

Bataan is fallen? Nay, but it shall stand
 A beacon flaming in a quickened land.

Foolproof Football

(Continued from page 7)

Thus, medical schools persevere with neophyte physicians who have dangerously legible handwriting until they have mastered the dark art of scribbling a prescription that positively cannot be read by a patient. Conversely, the most important course in schools of pharmacy is learning to decipher the cabalistic marks made by the doctor. The physician has a great advantage over the pharmacist in this battle of wits. He goes to professional school for four years against the other guy's two. That's why there are phone booths in every drug store—to enable the pill-pounder to concede defeat and inquire what in the world the doc really meant. Lawyers are no fools. They realize they would be broker than they already are if they did not use compound sentences without interest, whereas and wherefors instead of punctuation marks and Latin phrases which doubtlessly would flabbergast an old Roman ambulance chaser.

For purposes of mutual protection, football coaches have adopted certain sly trade tricks designed to keep the customers in a state of blissful bafflement. They write books, which have an extensive circulation among those who get a free copy from the author, advising spectators to watch the linemen, not the backs, for a deeper appreciation of the technique of the game.

This is silly, of course. Watch the guards and tackles and centers and you will see nothing but one muscular meatball trying to deposit another ponderous party on the seat of his pants. One quick gander is enough to last you forever. The thrill of the touchdown, the emotional wallop that comes from a long, weaving dash down the field, is not for you when you peer intently at a couple of brawny bums locked in a titanic embrace. The only time you see the ball is when the carrier uses a prostrate lineman's neck as a springboard for open territory. The coach-

es have an ulterior motive in advising you to ignore the man with the ball. They want to tell you how the game was won in syndicated articles.

Another deception practiced by the coaches is trying to plug the sale of seats behind the goal-posts. The master minds assure you these pews—the very worst in the house—are splendid vantage points for observing the blocking and noting the manner in which holes are opened in the line. They tell you the scouts always sit behind the end zone to chart the plays, but the only ones ever seen there are fellows trying to sleep off the hangovers they picked up on the train the previous night. Give a coach a ticket behind the goal-posts and he will holler bloody murder. The guy wants to sit in your lap—smack on the 50-yard line.

Perhaps the slickest piece of skull-duggery put over by the coaches to muddle and bewilder the patrons is this new passion for identifying the backs by numbers instead of the names of their positions. Not the number worn on the shirts; that would be too easy. The numbers that exist only in diagrams of plays and in mumbo-jumbo trade talk. Nobody but an immigrant fresh off the boat now refers to the players as quarterbacks, halfbacks and fullbacks. The deep thinkers pulled a quick switch and changed the designations as soon as they discovered the common customers were learning something about the racket. A deep thinker loses caste when everyone understands him.

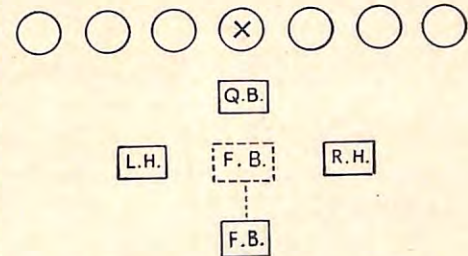
We have no desire to embarrass anyone, you understand, but is there a gent in the house who really knows what he is talking about when he speaks with such glib assurance of Number 1 backs? Or Number 2, 3 and 4 backs? Ha! We thought so!

All right, then. There are four positions in the backfield, hence four numbers you must try to remember. Sounds simple enough, doesn't it?

So you want to know where the men corresponding to these numbers

play and what they are, in beautiful theory, supposed to do? We were afraid of that, but we'll do the best we can.

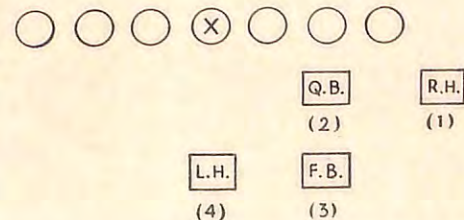
Take the four backs and line them up as God and Walter Camp intended them to play. They look like this:



The dotted lines indicate the position taken by the fullback in the orthodox T formation, before the shift. Don't leave us now. We positively will not explain the T formation. Even the guy who invented it isn't clear about the whole thing.

Commences the milling around of the backs that befuddles the customers. The backs shift into the box formation. The quarterback moves behind his tackle. The right halfback takes up a position outside his end, on a line with the quarterback. Are you there? The fullback lines up behind the quarterback, only three yards to the rear if he is a brave man. The left halfback is directly behind the center.

Now the merry Andrews look thus:



Comes the great revelation, the numbers racket. Start with the two

backs closest to the line of scrimmage and count in from the outside. The right halfback is the No. 1 back, the quarterback is No. 2. Go to the two other men, still holding their ground resolutely, and count the same way. The fullback is No. 3 and the left halfback is No. 4.

The 4 back, or tailback, is the big noise, the key man, the glamour boy of the offense. He does most of the running, kicking and passing, gets his picture in the papers. He is marvelous.

The 3 back usually handles the ball on spinners. He bucks the line. He also can run with the ball in all

directions, for all you care.

The 2 back is the dog of the team. It is a typographical error when he carries the ball. He is supposed to block and beat his brains out and he invariably does, for he backs up the line when his team is on the defense. He winds up with large lumps, welts and abrasions and gets his name in the papers on alternate Thursdays.

The 1 back is the most important youth after the tailback. He runs with the ball on deep reverses if he is a fraternity brother of the fellow who calls the signals. He should be the best pass receiver on the squad. If a man-in-motion offense is used,

the 1 back is the perplexed party who wanders around the premises as if he were in a trance, and quite often he is. When not handling the ball, he teams with his end to block the defensive tackle. Or he barges into the defense's secondary to take a solo whack at someone who doesn't look too sinister. In his spare time he also sells tickets.

Having mastered the intricacies of the numbers racket, you will do well to forget it. The identification system undoubtedly will be changed drastically as soon as this daring exposé is given wide circulation. The deep thinkers will do it every time.

The Air of Democracy

(Continued from page 14)

spread his hands, and shrugged.

"Or else what?"

"I collapse."

We thought of screaming out for ham and eggs or whistling for an ambulance. "Collapse?"

"The heck with it," said our civilian friend. He strode more sprightly still. "They can't hold up the war for me."

You understand? It gets to you.

WE saw Major General George E. Stratemeyer, the Chief of Staff for Air, and he was good to us. In the course of the interview our old pal, Captain Charlie, confidently spoke opinions of his own. The general didn't mind. He seemed to think it was a good idea. He said that it was nice to see us all and we could not help wondering why. But then we paused to think, "This is Democracy." We hadn't seen a stuffed-shirt yet. The Air—at least the Army Air—is free of that. It makes you love the sound of wings. It makes you want to get a gun.

We met the Assistant Secretary of War for Air and Mr. Lovett is a breezy gentleman whose mind works better than a hundred dollar watch. He told us many things, and we were marching off again and going strong and it was not yet half-past nine.

To learn of bombardment and anti-aircraft units, and to learn of combat training and the fine specifics of a modern war, we went to the source—to the colonels and lieutenant colonels who had done these things and taught these things.

Lieut. Colonel W. F. McKee, Executive Director of Air Defense, was speaking. He was a pretty package sitting on the desk-top, speaking quietly, informally. He was bright and he was sure, and he was good to gaze upon.

In the afternoon the Air Transport Command flew

us to Langley Field, Va. That's an hour's flight, a lot of miles. At Langley Field you see the folded fists of the Air Force, the bombers and the fighters and the sum of potent things you've read about.

But this is the story of the men and not of the equipment they must fly. This concerns the young lieutenant who, three years before, would not have been out of bed at 10 P.M. without permission from his mother, and of the colonel in that observation group, an acknowledged expert in his field, who turned to us and said, "I'll ask the lieutenant to explain it to you—he understands it better than I do."

This is the dictum they repeat, "We are interested in quality. We don't care where it comes from."

The democratic pattern seems much clearer now, since Brig. Gen. Grant, the Chief Air Surgeon, under whose auspices the air command has shaped and reshaped the entrance standards for its flying men, had this to say, "We'll take any boy who can meet our mental and physical

standards."

Did that mean college? And, if so—how many years of college?

"It means no years of college. Not any more. We have a test that we give to the applicants. I have seen Ph.D's fail miserably at this test, and I have seen young mechanics and clerks, with little or no formal education, who could meet our standards easily." He explained, in effect, that an educated boob will prosper no longer in the stead of an intelligent boy who through means financial or otherwise has not had equal advantages. It shall be a better air force, he attests. And who can quarrel with his point of view?

In the evening, at dinner, the ranking officer was Major General Harold L. George, Commanding General of the Air Transport Command.

That's a big title and a bigger job. But General George is rather modest in physique. He is a brain-bomb rather than an Atlas. He is efficiency. He is one of Billy Mitchell's boys whose faith and excellence have paid their dividends today.

We observed that officers of lesser rank addressed the general informally, without a forced familiarity, but as one of the boys. The general did not think this was unusual.

"This is everybody's war," it was explained. "We have men in the Air Forces now who rank only as captains and lieutenants. But many of them are with us voluntarily. We didn't seek them. They came to us and offered themselves, along with their special talents, for whatever work we chose to put them to. Some of them, a year ago, were bankers and lawyers and manufacturers, and many of them, a year ago, could buy and sell a lot of generals. This is everybody's war."

So that, maybe, after all, it is.

(Continued on page 42)





*All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This*

THE STORY OF BREAD may well be called **The Story of Civilization**

Bread, the most venerable of prepared foods, has helped man, and man in turn has bettered the quality of his staff of life.

YEAST is the life of bread . . . and the story of yeast is the story of scientific research, uniform quality, mammoth production, modern refrigeration . . . and daily delivery to bakers in every city, town and village throughout the land . . . even by boat, by sled and by plane when other transportation is interrupted by floods and blizzards.

Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest sources of baker's yeast.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentation and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Our plant produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.

CORN SYRUP—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

STARCH—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.



Budweiser

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Illinois State Elks Association Holds Fall Conference at Lincoln

DRAVING a siege of unseasonable weather in which rain, hail, sleet and snow prevailed throughout the greater part of the State, representatives of 26 lodges attended the Annual Fall Conference of the Illinois State Elks Association at Lincoln on Saturday and Sunday, September 26-27. The meeting was attended by many prominent Illinois Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis Lodge, and Henry C. Warner, Dixon, both of who are Past Presidents of the Association; Past Pres.'s Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville, and C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville; President Walter E. Miller, Elgin, and associate officers of the State Association; Frank P. White, of Oak Park Lodge, Executive Secretary of the Association's Crippled Children's Commission, and District Deputies Edwin C. Mills, Lincoln, O. E. Andres, Evanston, Marcus M. Archer, Rock Island, R. G. Borman, Carlinville, and Melvin D. Leach, Pekin.

President Miller presided over the business session on Sunday morning and his efficient handling of matters obviated the necessity of an afternoon session. Reports made by the various officers were interesting and instructive. Past President C. E. Duff reported that 41 Illinois lodges had invested in War Bonds in excess of \$287,000. Andy Faust, Lawrenceville, State Social and Community Welfare Chairman, reported that many Illinois lodges were spending large sums of money for charity. P.D.D. Thomas J. Walsh, of Streator Lodge, was appointed Chairman of a committee composed of Past District Deputies which will urge Illinois lodges to acquire Founder's Certificates in the Elks National Foundation, and spoke briefly but forcefully on the subject. It was announced that Rock Island Lodge No. 980 had recently subscribed for a \$1,000 certificate. An invitation from John P. McMillan, Exalted Ruler of Champaign Lodge No. 398, to hold the mid-winter meeting there was accepted, and tentative plans for a "streamlined" annual convention in May, a one-day, all-business affair, were discussed, the home of Decatur Lodge No. 401 being mentioned as a possible site.

No business sessions were scheduled for Saturday. The afternoon and evening were spent socially. Afternoon arrivals were entertained in the club rooms and at 5:30 all were invited to the Lincoln Country Club, the property of Lincoln Lodge, where a delicious buffet supper was served. The ladies then returned to the lodge home where wives of the members had arranged a card party. The winners were awarded War Savings Stamps. The men remained at the Country Club for a stag session. After the card party they were rejoined by the ladies. A fine floor show, brought from Chicago for the occasion, was presented.

A turkey dinner at the Country Club on Sunday at noon for Elks and their ladies was a delightful affair. Alvin Ahrens, Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge No. 914, welcomed the guests and introduced District Deputy Edwin C. Mills, P.E.R. of the lodge, who in turn introduced the speakers and other guests. He first introduced P.E.R. Harold Heinle, Trustee of the Association, who was General Convention Chairman and respons-

ible in a large measure for the success of the meeting. The Toastmaster then called upon Lieutenant Myron G. Busby of Chanute Field, who appeared at the banquet as the emissary of Brigadier General R. E. O'Neill. Speaking as an Elk, Lieutenant Busby, who is a member of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, expressed his personal appreciation of the two Elk G-boxes which he has received from his lodge and a sweater knitted for him by the Ladies Auxiliary.

Then introduced was President Miller who delivered a magnificent address. He traced briefly the Association's history from its inception up to the present time and paid tribute to the host lodge for having won the national ritualistic championship on two occasions, thus adding to the prestige enjoyed by the Illinois Association among the other State Elks Associations of the Order.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was introduced but was not heard until later in the afternoon when he was the principal speaker at the closing event. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, speaking as a member of the Elks War Commission, delivered a fine address along patriotic lines, outlining the work sponsored by the Order during the present conflict. Conversion of a portion of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., into a home for Elks' children orphaned by war, the establishment of Service Centers adjacent to many of the larger training camps, sponsorship of the "Write 'Em a Letter" campaign and G-boxes for Elks in the Service were cited as a part of the Elks' war-time program. The closing event of the conference was held in the 66-acre park adjoining the country club property recently acquired by Lincoln Lodge as the site of a future convalescent home for crippled children. In an impressive ceremony, the park was formally dedicated to the service of the community for the benefit of its future citizens, and for crippled children in particular. Preceded by a brief ceremony in which local Boy Scouts raised the American flag on a 110-foot flag pole, recently erected on the grounds, while the High School Band played The Star-Spangled Banner, the dedication took place in the auditorium which has a seating capacity of more than 4,000. The ceremonies were conducted by a group of Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge and were interspersed with selections by the band and a male quartette.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who is also Chairman of the Illinois Elks' Crippled Children's Commission, delivered the dedicatory address, appearing as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan. He predicted that the time was not far distant when a convalescent home, adapted to the care of crippled children during the recuperative stage following hospitalization, would be erected on the site. He lauded Illinois Elks for the magnificent job they are doing in this chosen field of community welfare and pointed out that more than 40,000 crippled children have passed through Elks' clinics in the State of Illinois, children who, due to lack of the necessary finances, would otherwise have been unable to obtain proper care. Some of these, he stated, had been sufficiently cured to take their place in the ranks of our nation's armed forces. In conclusion Mr. Campbell urged the half-million Elks of the Nation, as a cross-

section of American citizenry, to work harder for national unity, so that ultimately the American liberties and way of life might be preserved. At the close of the ceremony the assemblage joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Decatur, Ala., Lodge Initiates Class Honoring General MacArthur

A recent meeting of Decatur, Ala., Lodge, No. 655, at which the General Douglas MacArthur Class of 30 candidates was initiated into the lodge, was outstanding. The Ritual was exemplified by the Decatur officers, headed by E.R. Sherman Powell.

The ceremonies were followed by a banquet for the Elks, their wives and guests, more than 250 in all. Judge Seybourn Lynn was Master of Ceremonies. The principal address was delivered by Congressman John J. Sparkman. Harry K. Reid, of Birmingham, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Association, and John M. Nelson, representing the Chamber of Commerce, were among those seated at the speakers' table.

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Sponsors Drive for Naval Aviation Cadets

Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, cooperating with naval officers of the Wold-Chamberlain Aviation Field at Minneapolis, has completed a successful V 5 Naval Aviation Cadet recruiting drive. T. J. Snilsberg, a member of the lodge, was Chairman. More than a month was taken up with preliminary activities—the dissemination of information among young men in the area, meetings, examinations, etc.

The last tests were made at the local armory. Thirty-three members of Mankato Lodge assisted in the registration. Of the 122 young men who took the examinations, 64 were declared eligible to report to Minneapolis for final pronouncement on their applications.

Luncheons and dinners for all of the boys, as well as for the officers who officiated, were paid for by the lodge which also paid for the transportation of each candidate and provided meal tickets for fathers who brought their sons to Mankato.

Elks at Herrin, Ill., Meeting Plan Aid in Navy Enrollment

Discussion at an Elks' meeting, held at Herrin, Ill., in early September, centered around plans to meet the request made by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to the Chairman of the Elks War Commission, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, for aid in enrolling young men for training as Naval Aviation Cadets. The meeting was addressed by Special Deputy Albert W. Jeffreys, Past Exalted Ruler of Herrin Lodge No. 1146, E. R. Fichtel, Carbondale, District Deputy for the Illinois South District, and Chief Quartermaster William H. Bobbitt of the U. S. Navy Recruiting Service in Marion, Ill. Exalted Ruler H. J. Raley, of Harrisburg Lodge, District Vice-President of the Illinois State Elks Association, attended the conference.

The lodges of the South District have been provided with full information which they in turn pass on to young men interested in enrollment. At the Herrin meeting, Mr. Bobbitt stated that his station in Marion was recruiting for 12 other branches of the Navy besides aviation.

Stillwater, Minn., Elks Conduct A Successful Salvage Campaign

At a regular meeting of Stillwater, Minn., Lodge, No. 179, some weeks ago, Trustee C. F. Englin, a Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, called to attention the fact that although a recent local drive for scrap metal had resulted successfully, a second would undoubtedly turn up a great deal of scrap still available. Mr. Englin's motion that the lodge sponsor a junk rally was carried. At a subsequent meeting called by E.R. M. J. McGarry, Earl E. Webster and Ralph E. Adkins were appointed by the Exalted Ruler to act as co-chairmen in the drive. R. A. Jacobson was appointed chairman of trucks.

The city was divided into six districts with a captain assigned to each. The captain selected 25 members of the lodge to serve under him as lieutenants, thus placing in the field 150 members besides those serving on the general committee. The lieutenants made a house-to-house canvass of the entire city and visited the various business firms. They also obtained pledge cards, properly signed to the effect that all available junk would be placed in front of homes, stores, etc. Forty trucks dispatched to all parts of town picked up the scrap and hauled it to the official salvage depot. Each truck made from two to five collection trips. In the more than 150 tons obtained were iron safes weighing as much as five tons. The American Legion donated a 155-millimeter German Howitzer, weight 3,300 pounds, which had seen action in the first World War. From storage came cast iron shutters which at one time were in use at the court house. The scrap material was sold to the local junk dealer. It was expected that the gross profit would amount to at least \$1,000, as all costs of the drive were donated. Most of the money went into the funds of the USO; the balance was turned over to the gift fund for the benefit of the boys entering the Service from Washington County, Minnesota.

During the drive for metals, other articles—furniture, lamps, radios, clothing, etc.—which were of no use in one home but might possibly fill a need in another, were picked up. The farmers of the community cooperated with everything from a dozen eggs to a bushel of potatoes. All of the donations were auctioned at a later date in front of the lodge home. The street was roped off and music was provided by the Stillwater Band. The proceeds amounting to \$190, were turned over to the Stillwater USO and the American Legion's "Going Away Fund" for county inductees.

Charleston, W. Va., Elks Drill Team Aids in Lodge's War Work

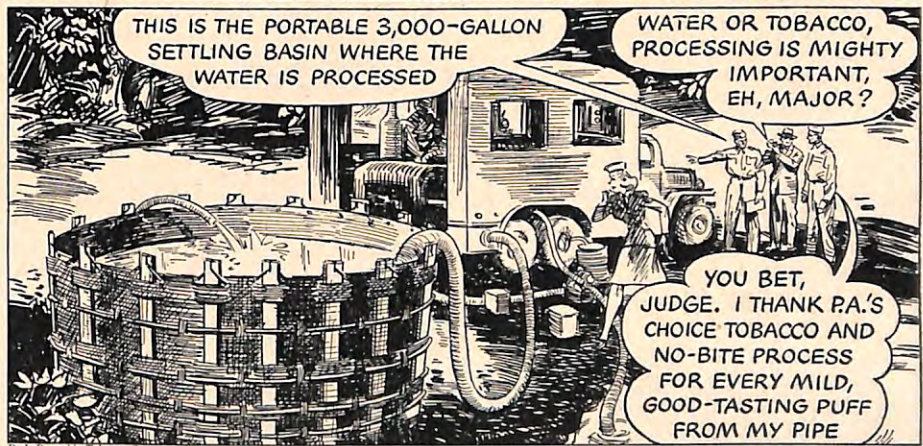
Members of the national championship Drill Team of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, withdrew funds from their treasury recently and constructed at one of the busiest intersections in the city a "Victory Hut" for the sale of War Bonds and Stamps. The Team turned the Hut over to the women's organizations of Kanawha County and joint dedicatory exercises were held. The dedication was a prelude to a huge Bond Sale Rally conducted on the following day at which Greer Garson, famous moving picture star, was the featured attraction.

The women's organization and the Elks Drill Team sold \$68,000 worth (net value) of War Bonds and Stamps, and 500 "Four Leaf Clovers", made of four 25-cent Stamps, were sold in 15 minutes.

WONDERS OF AMERICA Rolling Reservoir!



IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL SEE A SYSTEM SET-UP THAT CAN HANDLE 100 GALLONS OF DRINKING WATER A MINUTE



WATER OR TOBACCO, PROCESSING IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT, EH, MAJOR?

YOU BET, JUDGE. I THINK P.A.'S CHOICE TOBACCO AND NO-BITE PROCESS FOR EVERY MILD, GOOD-TASTING PUFF FROM MY PIPE



PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT BITE — LEAVES IN RICH TASTE

THE CRIMP CUT EASES PACKING, DRAWING

P.A. IS BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH — SMELL ITS MELLOW FRAGRANCE

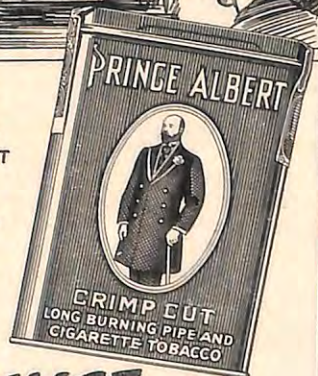
TOBACCO ISN'T A NECESSITY LIKE WATER, BUT IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTING ANY TIME TO PULL ON A LOAD OF P.A.

WE FIND IT THAT WAY, TOO, JUDGE

YOU KNOW, IT'S WONDERFUL THAT PRINCE ALBERT CAN BE SO EASY ON THE TONGUE, YET SO FULL OF GOOD TASTE

THAT'S WHAT I SAY ON ROLLED SMOKES, TOO — AND, BESIDES, P.A. IS CUT TO ALMOST ROLL ITSELF

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



PRINCE ALBERT



The Air of Democracy

(Continued from page 38)

You have heard and read of visionary plans for gigantic cargo liners that will fly the seas and all the continents and do the transport work which up till now was borne by land and sea. You may have read Mr. de Seversky's latest book. You have come to believe this war will be won by the power or powers that control the skies. We've heard it, too, and we believe it.

But it seemed more convincing when we heard it from General George. It did not seem astounding to hear from him that in July of 1942 the Air Transport Command was already vaster in its scope than were the combined commercial airlines of the world that were in service at the time we came into this

war. And you know when you speak to him that he himself has flown and charted most of the Arctic route that is so precious to ourselves and our allies. You know this little man whom his subordinates call "Hal", has done the things that he asks other men to do.

There is no editorial triteness in the words of this democratic soldier when he says, "There is one thing I can tell you, and that is that this war will not be over until the power of tyrants has been crushed and there's a place for free men on each acre of the earth."

Not trite at all, though trite in other mouths, because this soldier lives the life for which he speaks. And from his words, and from the

things that other officers had said throughout the day, you learn there is a wider, special vision given to these men who have found their homes up in the sky. No longer are the words of Billy Mitchell hushed and muted and reserved for private speech.

The war is in the hands of his defenders and his friends. You acquire the proud and somewhat frightening impression that disaster to a single one or to all of our allies has been considered soberly, but that America—alone, or with her valued friends—intends to do the job that must and will be done. You learn there is a braver, better wind that's sweeping now through all the ashes of our burning world.

Post 2, Sector Q, Zone 3

(Continued from page 11)

swung in shocked protest from one to the other. To a Squad Leader publicity is something to be avoided like the plague. In its short but hectic existence the A. R. P. has found the Press a little less than kind.

"Can't I just, though," said Mrs. Gormley strongly. "Many's the time my Albert 'as 'ad 'is letters in the *Times*. So, why not me, I sez. An' I writ 'em. All of em."

George groaned.

"Two young men they sent. Cor," said Mrs. Gormley, remembering with relish. "What a pair!"

George's eyes were clouded. He was seeing what two bright young men with a couple of million circulation could do to Mrs. Gormley's Albert—and to George's A. R. P. George believed in his organization and he was convinced of its very real need. He had tended and nourished it from its beginning, and anything that threatened it, threatened him. Public ridicule is the one thing no organization, no matter how high its purpose, can stand. George shuddered as he thought about those Bronx Wardens (and in his mind the words were inches high in bold black type) who had sent an open petition to Congress protesting the management of the A. R. P. George knew that the A. R. P. was not a perfect thing. It was still a small uncertain child. But it had a lot of possibilities and it

was going strong on a fast clear track. George was for it with everything he had, so he looked upon any stumbling block placed in its path by Bronx Wardens or anybody else as pure and simple sabotage—and punishable as such.

He waved the paper in his hand. "Did you show them this . . . this thing?" George asked her fearfully.

Mrs. Gormley's words were music in his ears. "Not I. D'you think I'd want it printed for all the world to see? Them Heinies or the Japs 'ud give a pretty piece to 'ave this in their fists!"

George's breath came out in a long and gusty sigh.

"That's fine!" he said. "That's fine, and now I'll tell you why." He leaned forward in his chair. His eyes were bright and his voice was strong and his sincerity covered him like a cloak.

"You know, both of you, just what kind of a job the A. R. P. did when the bombs were falling from the air all over England's earth. The Spitfires in the sky and the wardens on the ground between them gave a great nation time to find itself. Without the Spitfires you'd have been invaded—and without the wardens—you might have quit. It must have been a wonderful feeling, when you were over there, to know that on every corner some little man was waiting, just to see if there was something he could do—for you, and a million others like you. Not a soldier—no, his weapons were a shovel and a pail of sand and he did his fighting in the dark. I bet you never saw him much—but you could hear his voice, telling you where to go and what to do to keep yourself from harm, when the air was full of shrapnel and the fires lighted the sky.

"You saw all that on the



"Young man! Why aren't you in the army?"

other side. But the people here don't understand. It's all so far away. The Japs are in the Philippines, and Hitler's in Dakar. But who's going to bomb our town—who's going to bomb New York, they ask. They look at the arm-bands on our arms as though we're crazy—kids playing at a game. They laugh at the stories in the papers, they shake their heads and cluck when they read about some guy who broke his arm playing with a stirrup-pump.

"That's why we've got to go so slow. We've got to gain their confidence. We've got to let them know that this isn't any game or joke, that this is life or death for them. Every time they laugh at us, every time we make a break, it makes it twice as hard. That's why we've got to watch our step and be careful what we do, or say—or even think!"

"Cor!" Mrs. Gromley said, and George came down to earth.

"Gosh!" said George, "I'm sorry. I guess I talk too much."

The Honorable Erika took his hand and George looked into her eyes again and felt his heart go bump.

"George," she said without a smile, "I think you're rather fine."

George got up and fumbled with his hands. "I have to go," he said. "I've got these blackout notices to leave at every house. Of course, it's only practice, you can't stop traffic or get the people off the streets, but it's something. It's a start."

"I'm going with you, George," the Honorable Erika said. "I want to hear

some more about this thing you do."

The sun was the same old sun, and the sky was there as usual, but the clouds were tickling George behind the ear and the street was made of down.

"I want to thank you, George," Erika said. "It means so much, you see. If she were ever to know that her Albert's brain-child is an idiot, I think her heart would break. She loved him very much, and believed in him even more. She thinks he died a hero's death, and, in a way, you could say he did. Albert was in the model he'd made when a bomb hit nearby. The thing was no good for gases—even worse for bombs."

"I'm sorry," said George and meant it. "I'm glad she didn't show it to the reporters. You never can tell what they'll do with a thing like that. It might have caused a lot of harm."

They walked and talked and delivered the black-out notices. Some people asked questions and some did not. Some people were interested and some were gruff. Finally they came to the end of George's Post where Central Park begins, and they turned south until they came to the Zoo. They stood spellbound as the seals performed miracles of diving and jumping. They laughed at the antics of the grey-bearded monkeys. They stopped their ears to the macaw's raucous cry. In front of the hyena's cage, to the slithering sound of his restless pacing, George wiped chocolate from Erika's lips, and

when he had finished, kissed her.

They parted at six to meet again at eight and sit through a double feature which neither of them saw. They went to a beer hall on East 86th Street and drank huge steins of golden beer. They walked home and George wore Erika's hand on his arm like a badge for all the world to see. At the door they kissed again and when Erika left him, George stood there looking at the closed door, not thinking—just feeling.

It had been a hard day for George. Later on the Fates eased up on him and poured sleep on him like a drug—to sort of fatten him up for the kill.

GEORGE stood before the door of No. 115 on the very dot of noon. He listened to the clatter of the bell as his finger stabbed it viciously. He waited there for the answering steps and thought what he would say.

"Darling!" the Honorable Erika said. "How nice to see you here."

"Don't 'darling' me!" snarled George. "What do you say to this!" He fanned the air before her face with a large and crumpled newspaper. He put one hand upon her shoulder and steered her to the living room.

"Now," he said, "where is she? I want that woman here!"

"But," the Honorable Erika cried, "I don't know what you mean!"

"You!" said George. "You knew this all the time! You let me sit here babbling like a fool—and all



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Old TOUGHNESS has played his last game, And 5 Crown is winning new fame ... Without that crude blighter Our "5's" smooth and lighter... Just taste it and you'll say the same!

The HOST bottle's swell—Take a peek! No doubt if a bottle could speak This smart one would say "Try 5 Crown today"—It's FINER—delicious—unique!



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Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. 72 1/2% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

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the time you knew just what she'd said—just what she'd told those two reporters—the whole darned pack of lies! The *Honorable Erika!*" said George. "Honorable, phooey!"

The *Honorable Erika's* brows shot up and her shoulders squared. Her lips got thin and firm, and her eyes began to burn.

"Here!" said George and thrust the paper at her. "Here it is! As if you didn't know!"

And there it was. The headlines weren't so big, nor yet so small, but they were enough.

CONTINUED BUNGLING IN O. C. D.

A. R. P. OFFICIALS DECLINE OFFER OF VALUABLE GAS PROOF SHELTER. MAYOR'S OFFICE REFUSES COMMENT

Late yesterday the Mayor's office refused comment on highly secret Gas Proof Shelter which was offered to A. R. P. by Mrs. Albert Gormley, an Englishwoman whose late husband was the inventor of the contrivance.

Mrs. Gormley, who is herself a volunteer warden, at her home at 115 East 89th St. in this city, said she had made repeated efforts to interest both the Mayor and local A. R. P. officials in the invention, but without success. Mrs. Gormley refused to show plans of the invention to the *Chronicle's* reporter because of its highly confidential nature.

Mr. Samuel Wetstein, one of the Bronx wardens recently ousted for what the Commissioner of Police termed 'insubordination', was quoted as saying, "This is one more example of mismanagement in the Office of Civilian Defense." Mr. Wetstein further said, "I think the city council should know about this."

When Mr. Wetstein's remarks were repeated to Mr. Thomas Dugan, a member of the City Council, Councilman Dugan denied all knowledge of the affair and added, "Something should be done about these wardens."

At 8:15 P.M. the Mayor's office issued a statement to the press that an investigation would be instigated immediately and promised that the matter would be clarified for the public within forty-eight hours....

There was more, but George had no time for that. He snatched the paper back and held it like a club.

"Where is she?" he shouted. "That woman should be put away! She's a danger to the nation! She's an unexploded bomb!"

"George!" the *Honorable Erika* said, and stopped him with the

word. "You're acting like a . . . a Nazi, or something of the sort. This story is not true. You'd know, if you had stopped to think, or even read between the lines. Mrs. Gormley told them nothing that she did not say to you. I was there, you see. I know."

George's brow was bathed in sweat and his hands were icy cold.

"But . . ." he said, and stopped for lack of another word.

"There is no 'but'! The thing is plain as day. Someone doesn't like your Mayor—and took this way to show it. I've heard it said that this sort of thing is 'freedom of the press,' but I think I'll never know where legitimate criticisms end and subversive ones begin.

"Now, George," she said, "I'm not used to young men bursting in my door—nor shouting in my face. Nor saying things of me and mine that never will be true—and never should be said. But I'll say no more of this. I understand your feeling. Surely you can see an apology is needed, if not to me, then certainly to Mrs. Gormley."

"Erika . . ." George said, "I don't know what to say. I've been an ass, a stupid ass. I could knock my head against a wall—and will, if you should give the word. But . . . I've got to tell her, don't you see, that this thing from Albert's head, this heap of old tin cans, is nothing but a dream. It's fire with fire. To expose this journalistic trick I've got to tell the story from the start. And I've got to do it quick before this thing goes further. It's too important now to let one person's feelings matter."

"George," the *Honorable Erika's* voice was firm and cold, "you cannot seem to see. The thing is done. It's over now. It cannot be recalled. If you persist in telling all, they'll be laughing more and more. Be-

cause it is a funny thing that such a little bit of useless tin could cause all this to-do."

George stopped to think of this. It was not the way he saw it. To him the thing was cut and dried. It was his duty that he did—and just one way to do it.

"I'm sorry, Erika," he said. "This thing depends on me. I've got to do what I think is right. I'm sorry, but I do."

There was sadness in her eyes and a lingering regret. She said, "There's a little more to say, and I'd better get it said. Mrs. Gormley's just one woman over here—but she is thousands over there. All of them had husbands just like Albert was. Some of them died at the point of a gun when Dunkirk was aflame, some of them merely drowned. Some of them died in a bomber's nose, and others got it on the ground. There were thousands more that fought the fires and removed the bombs that were timed—too late. Each and every man of them was a hero—and a hero he'll remain. But, because Albert died in an old tin can—you want to brand him mad. Well, Mr. Marshall, I want you to know that it's over my dead body you'll destroy that woman's faith!"

She got to her feet and held out her hand, her shoulders square and straight.

"This is 'Goodbye', George," she said, "I'm afraid we never could have made a go of it."

Against his will he took her hand and she led him to the door.

"Now, look here," he said. "It's all very well for you to talk, but you can't do this! It isn't fair, or . . . just!"

"Marriage takes two to make it work," she said firmly, and closed the door in his face.

He stood there open-mouthed hearing those words in his mind and anger rose around his head like steam from a boiling pot.

"Women!" he said, "Women!" and then he shouted as loud as he could, "I haven't even asked you yet!"

Later, George stood on the sidewalk in front of Post 2 Headquarters and, for the twentieth time, turned his flashlight on his watch.

"One minute and ten seconds."

The Assistant Squad Leader by his side busily checked his own watch.

George moved out to the middle of the street and peered east toward the other two blocks in his Post to reassure himself that his wardens were in good position to check the effectiveness of the blackout.

Over him the sky was a star-studded blanket,



and all about him the lights of the city shone cheerfully and unafraid. "What a beautiful night," he said, "for bombers," and flashed his light again on his watch. He got out his whistle and held it poised.

"Get ready," he called, and then, "O.K. Let 'em have it!"

He blew short sharp blasts on his whistle and all down the Post the sound was taken up and repeated. Automobile horns blared and voices shouted. All about him the lights began to wink out, darkened windows were thrown up to allow the curious to watch and marvel that it could happen here.

"THAT'S great!" George called to the assistant senior warden. "About two minutes here. Every light out. You stay and get the reports from the watchers on the roofs in the next Post. I want to know about the backs of these buildings. I'll see how it's going down below."

He began to run, looking about him for any lights he had missed. He crossed Madison Avenue and ran on toward Park. Before he was half way down the block he could see it—one light shining bright and unconcerned over the doorway of No. 115.

"So that's it," said George. "I'm being shown where I get off." He put on a burst of speed and he could feel his heart pounding against his ribs. "Well, now we're just gonna see!" he thought furiously. "We're just gonna see!"

As he reached the doorway a man stepped out in front of him, a nicely groomed young man, and every bit as big as George. George slowed down and swerved to avoid him, but the man put out an arm and twined his fingers deep in George's flying coat.

"Just a minute," the man said pleasantly, "I don't think you'd better go in there."

"It's the light," George said breathlessly, and pointed to his arm band. "I'm an Air Raid Warden."

"That's very nice," the man said, "but all the same I wouldn't go in there."

"Look . . ." said George and tried to pull away. The man shifted his grip to George's arm and exerted firm but gentle pressure.

"Say!" said George, and felt the pressure grow.

Things had been piling up on George. He wasn't in a mood for pulling. There was a great deal on his mind and, the way he felt just then, nothing short of thousands of marines was going to stop him till he had his say.

"I'm sorry," George said gently, and swung his other arm. He felt the tingle of the blow in the muscles of his back, and the pleasant man slid slowly down and leaned against the curb.

"Well," said George, "I'll have to go." He turned and took two quick steps away. The hard edge of his shoulder met the Honorable Erika's door and he felt a vague surprise



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when the portal opened to his touch. The hall was dark but he knew his way and headed for the lighted living room. He rounded the doorway on the run, and stopped in real surprise. The room seemed full of people and a man stood by his side. The man stuck something in his ribs and said, "The hands up, please. No noise!"

George looked down and saw the thing the man held in his hand. He didn't hesitate, put his arms as high as they would go, and pulled his stomach in.

"Oh, George!" the Honorable Erika said, "Oh, George!"

She was sitting in a straight-backed chair, and she didn't move or stir. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth and tears were in her eyes.

Mrs. Gormley sat across the room and two men held her down.

"So," the man beside George said. "Too bad, there are so many people. It would save trouble for us all if you would give me now the plans."

He pushed George forward and George went without a pause, for guns, to George, were something not to question or ignore. And if ever George heard menace, it was there in this man's voice.

Mrs. Gormley made a sound like the snort of an angry bull. "I'd give you w'ot for," she said, "you fat-faced Heinie baboon, if ever I get back me 'ands!"

George was struggling manfully to make head or tail of this. The whole thing seemed to him a trifle too bizarre—something out of story books, or Hollywood, or any place but here.

The man beside him moved away and went to kneel by Mrs. Gormley's side.

"You make things very difficult," he said. "The young woman tells me lies—that this thing is but a hoax—a ridiculous mistake. Understand, I do not like what I must do, but my country needs those plans."

He leaned down and took off Mrs. Gormley's shoe. He struck a match against the blue steel of his gun.

"This will not be pleasant, but, you see, a gas-proof shelter . . . it might save so many German lives."

"Hey!" said George, and dropped his arms. A great light seemed to burst. He felt he ought to laugh, but the gun swung round and stared him in the eye.

The Honorable Erika screamed, a small, frightened scream.

"Don't! Please, don't! I'll tell you

where they are! They're in the desk, the left-hand drawer, right there on the top."

The kneeling man got up and went quickly to the desk. It took him but a breath to find the paper there. He spread it wide and gave a long and careful look. Then George could see him change. He knew just what furious thoughts went on in this man's mind.

"So!" he exclaimed. "So, this is what we came to find!"

George put himself in this man's place. He knew without a doubt if he himself had gone to all this trouble and created all this mess, and stood there holding in his hand what that man held in his—he'd feel a certain disappointment, a sense of loss, of shock. And he'd be inclined to act without the proper thought—in short, to run amok.

The man ripped up the paper in his hand and threw it on the floor, grinding it under his heel. He sputtered a word that never seemed to end and George tensed his muscles, prepared to jump, although he knew it couldn't help.

He thought of all the times he'd said to others, and himself, *If we don't watch our steps we'll have those fellows over here. Nobody believed they'd come before—and nobody believes it now. But, you watch, you'll see—if you don't take care.*

It was then that things became too much for Mrs. Gormley's temper. It was as if it were her Albert there beneath the Nazi's heel. She left her chair with a mighty heave. Like a flushed grouse she soared into the

air, and tossed her captors off. She sailed across the room with an awesome battle cry. Her mighty arms embraced the man with the gun in a grip that left him limp.

George saw this much before he jumped and then things began to blur. He was inextricably tangled up with the two men on the floor. He got a head under one arm and his legs around another. He applied the pressure until his ear drums almost burst.

Then he looked up just in time to see more men come through the door. "This is too much," he thought with half his mind, "if these guys travel in regiments we're licked before we start." He thought he'd squeeze a little more while the chance was still at hand. So he closed his eyes and clasped his teeth and let himself really go.

Then there were soft hands pulling at his arms and Erika's voice in his ear.

"George! Please! Let go! You'll kill them if you don't."

"Of course," said George, "what else?"

He opened his eyes and looked around. He saw that the pleasant young man from just outside had got up off the street. He was standing by the door and grinning down at George.

"You can let loose if you want to," he said. "We'll take over now. And, thanks, you've saved us lots of trouble, although you almost gummed the works."

George relaxed his holds reluctantly and got slowly to his feet.

"What is all this?" he said. "It doesn't make much sense."

"Well," the young man smiled and rubbed his jaw. "We keep close tabs on boys like these. We like to know where we can find 'em. We got the tip from a little bird that they were coming here, and just what they were after. We figured Uncle Sam might want to ask 'em why. We had it fixed to make the pinch when you came busting in. But it's all right now. No harm done—except perhaps to my chin."

"I think per'aps some tea," Mrs. Gormley said. "It's been a trying day."

"No thanks," the young man said, "we'd better be on our way. We have to take these birds and put 'em in their roost."

George turned to Erika, not knowing what he'd find. "You know," he said, "I never called those



"I got to day-dreaming one day last week and I doodled \$12 worth of stuff on a guy's back."

newspapers, after all. And now I'm certainly glad. This ought to make quite a splurge in every paper in the land. **AIR RAID WARDEN CAPTURES NAZI SPIES**—with some slight help from the F.B.I."

He saw her eyes begin to cloud and her brows came down in a straight tight line.

"No," he said, "you've got me wrong. It's not me I mean—it's her. She did it by herself, and she might have been killed, you know."

They stood there for a moment and he could feel his body sway. His arms went out and without a pause the Honorable Erika walked straight into them.

"Cor," Mrs. Gormley said, "it's a little thing to be killed. If I'd been

let alone for 'alf a mo' I'd 'ad that blighter wishin' 'e'd never seen a ruddy bomb—nor less a gas proof shelter! An' my Albert would 'ave been that proud. 'Op to it, old girl.' 'e'd 'ave said." Mrs. Gormley sighed a long and gusty sigh and wiped her beaded brow. "Cor!" she said with sudden heat, "w'ot a thing to 'ave 'appen—an' right in me own front room! Something should be done abah it, and I'd best get to it whiles I'm warm."

She sat down at the desk and reached for her writing pad. While George and Erika stared wordlessly she began to write with firm strokes.

"Ow do you call 'im," Mrs. Gormley asked George pleasantly, "Yer Honor? Or just plain Mr. President?"

"Don't Tell Your Troubles to Your Uncle"—

(Continued from page 19)

bar. Georgie next located Felix Krug. "It slipped my tongue, Georgie—after all, it just slipped out," his friend apologized.

"But suppose the tune's a flop? Look what a dope I'll be."

"That tune a flop? Georgie, don't be silly. That tune's got class! I never heard a better tune."

Well, Georgie surely hoped that he was right. He got a letter from his mother, which, among the things it said, remarked, ". . . have you been keeping secrets, George? A birdy by the name of Archy says we may expect something big out of you. Do not let it be an egg that comes out of you, son, because all us Sweeneys are proud. Papa says you are the whole committee, so please get us tickets for the 17th. We will try to bring Mr. & Mrs. Giltman. Love, Mama."

If only I could keep my big mouth shut, he thought. He swam in the sweat of his responsibility. Finally a letter came from brother Vic, two weeks before the 17th.

Dear Georgie:

Glenn Mason will be glad to play your tune on the 17th. Why shouldn't he? It is terrific. He will play it in a medley of famous war songs, of which yours has always been my favorite. The only trouble with your tune is that it is the same as "Goodbye, Dolly, I Must Leave You", which was a smash hit in the Spanish-American War. Georgie, you've been hearing things. That's why it came to you like that.

The lyric has possibilities, but would need professional retouching. Don't let it throw you, Georgie. I will see you faithfully on the 17th.

Got to run off now. Got to write a little tune called "Stardust". It just came to me. Like that.

With sympathy,
Vic

Georgie sat a long time on the cot. Georgie's eyes grew damp. Georgie blinked his eyes to restrain the single tear that formed. Georgie's legs

were numb, his body hollowed with despair.

"Felix," he said. Softly at first. Then "Felix!"

Felix looked up from a cot across the way. There were no others in the barracks-room. Felix backed up on the blanket where he had been squatted, reading. His lips were open and they quivered, "What'sa matter, Georgie?"

Georgie raced across the room and showed the letter from his brother. Felix read the letter. "Can you beat it?" Felix asked. "I thought it was a brand new tune myself."

Georgie stuffed the letter in a pocket and with haste went out-of-doors and Felix followed. Georgie saw Colonel Daniels, who was elderly. Saluting, Georgie said, "Excuse me, sir—but I've been working on the show—you know, the 17th, and I—I wondered if you ever heard this tune."

"What tune?"

"Da - da - dahdee - ahdee - ahdee," Georgie went.

"Goodbye, Dolly, I Must Leave You," said the Colonel. "Why?"

"Er—just checkin' reactions. Arrangin' programs, kind of. Thank you, sir."

"Not at all." The Colonel was a pleasant man. "You're Sweeney, aren't you? Heard that you were something of a tunesmith yourself, like your brother. Well—good luck."

Georgie fled. Georgie wished to hide. Felix went along with him, as though the shame belonged to both. Georgie, in the shadow of the barracks, thought he might run after Colonel Daniels and request to have himself transferred.

"You got to stick it out," said Felix. "You can't run away. The boys have too much faith in you. You're puttin' on their show. You're a big guy here."

"I was a big guy here. I'm sick."

Georgie, as the chairman of the dance committee, could not climb into the broad mouth of a cannon and explode himself. Duty guided him. Duty made him say, "My song?"

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Well, after all, I'm an amateur. Vic said the thing had possibilities, that's all."

"Mason ain't gonna play it?"

"Listen—he's got better things to do." Then he walked away and left them staring after him.

September 17th was like the month of June held over, and the recreation center had been wrapped in regimental flags and melody. The mildness of the weather made it possible to run the dance in relays, so that while two thousand soldiers and their girls jumped up and down inside, as many more strolled on the grass and primed their feet for things to come while the high-priced music filled the air.

Georgie slaved. He moved a piano for the Dorsey band at one end of the hall. He moved a piano and the music stands for Mason's band. He tried to keep away from brother Vic. He had no wish to meet celebrities. He sought to make himself obscure in work. The seating space for special guests and dignitaries was limited. The highlights of the evening would be broadcast on the air. Georgie's mother and his father had been placed in seats by Vic. Georgie saw his mother looking earnestly for him. He hid. He saw his father, smiling happily, and talking to the man who fixed the microphones, and Georgie's shame was great. He was relieved to know that the scarcity of seating space had prohibited the attendance in the flesh of Max and Mrs. Giltman and his good friends from the Bronx.

At nine o'clock he heard from them. A telegram arrived. "Georgie," said the telegram, "the eyes of Max's are upon you. Sing it, Georgie. We'll be listening on the radio. Signed. The Boys."

Brother Vic said, "Georgie, what's the matter?" Brother Vic was panicking the boys in Mason's band with private jokes. Mason's band had not played yet. Brother Vic was spilling personality. You wouldn't think that he was only five-feet-three. "Georgie," he said, "wake up. Who's the wire from?"

"Eh? Oh, this? Nothin'. Just a wire from the boys at Camp Dix. They're wishin' us luck."

"If wishes was horses," Vic began, but he could not complete the gag. "Go see Mama, Georgie. This is your night to shine. Be happy."

Georgie could see his mother waving to him. He walked over. "Hello, Mama."

"Georgie, ain't it beautiful? I want to hear—"

Glenn Mason's band began to play. The second shift of dancers made their way inside. The soldier-boys, with girls, converged upon the bandstand. "We want Georgie's tune!" they said.

Georgie said, "Excuse me," to his mother.

"Georgie!"

He did not look back. He went behind the stage, behind the scenes. He was alone. He thieved along until he was concealed among the drap-

ings of huge flags that hung down from above to form the stage's wings. From where he stood he had a good view of events.

"We want Georgie's tune!" the boys still said. They didn't dance. Georgie's hands trembled as he gripped a fold of flag.

Georgie's brother Vic, as might become the emcee from the Club Petite Parisien on 52nd Street, who once was known in vaudeville as, "That Sentimental Gentleman Of Moonlight Melody", held up his hands. He spread them wide, and then retrieved a finger which he placed against his lips. "Sh-sh-sh!" went brother Vic, then screamed with mighty power, "Quiet!" He got a laugh. He rubbed his hands. "We're going on the air," he purred, and then, to Mason, "Take it, Glenn."

You must have heard Glenn Mason. Well, you know the way it goes. It's hot or cold, it's sweet or swing; it's all the same to Glenn. He played a military medley and the microphone belonged to Vic who held it in his hands and spoke the narrative and sang the songs, marched this way, that way, up and down, saluting, charging, thrusting up the arm that he had free. Vic gave the last full measure of his sweat and Georgie could have wept with shame and screamed with pride as Vic yelled—"1898!" and marched again, his short legs like a bug's, his body rolling while he gave them, "Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go—"

He was tremendous, Vic—and Georgie sighed.

"And now," said Vic. Vic had a way with him, all right, "I will make so bold as to follow these immortal bits of Americana with a little tune you boys at Camp Duffield have been waiting to hear—"

"Georgie's tune!" somebody yelled.

"Sweeney and Sweeney, with your permission," Vic replied. Georgie held on to the drape of flag; Georgie could not breathe. "I take pleasure in introducing," Vic continued, "a song that my kid brother wrote, which I myself have set to music. My kid brother—you all know him here—but to our great and unseen audience I'd like to say that my kid brother is a soldier-boy, just like your son, or like your sweetheart, and it makes me happy to introduce tonight my little brother's song, 'Don't Tell Your Troubles To Your Uncle!' Whenever you are ready, Glenn. Here goes."

The music started. Georgie, from his grave of wonderment, could hear it. Georgie's heart began to beat again. His hands relaxed their tight and frightened grip on the flag. The song was good. The song was something he had never heard before. His brother Vic, the Broadway Guy, the wonderful and faithful, Show-Must-Go-On Guy, sang the song. The lyric. It was Georgie's. It was good. It sounded better now, much better now, with Vic onstage, delivering. That Vic! How he gave out!

Georgie retraced his steps of flight. He returned to where his parents sat. His father snook his hand. His mother said, "It's wonderful." She wiped her eyes.

Vic came across stage, took Georgie's hand. He led him out and they were singing it together. On the floor the soldiers and their girls were singing it. It ended. Vic and Georgie ran off-stage, still hand-in-hand. Vic said, "Phew! I gotta change my collar, kid. I'm soaking. Look."

Georgie squeezed his brother fondly. "Here's the dressing room," he said. He sat on a table and looked at Vic. "Vic," he said, "you are a great performer. I'm proud—you understand?"

Vic opened the back of his stiff-bosomed shirt and wiped his neck with a towel. "You liked it, kid?"

"Did I like it? What do you think, Vic? Except I've felt like such a bum. I didn't mean to steal that tune. It was my sub-conscious working, Vic. That's all. Just my sub-conscious, all the time. I wouldn't steal a tune."

"Huh? Oh, well. Well, everybody steals a tune. The thing is not to steal a tune that people know. That 'Goodbye, Dolly,' was practically a national anthem once. But you take a tune like we got now. A chance to steal a tune like that comes maybe once in a lifetime. I been tryna steal a tune like that for fifteen years."

"Steal it? Steal our tune? The one that you just sang?"

"Well, not exactly steal it, Georgie. After all, you just don't know show business so good. Some things, you see, are public property."

"I don't catch on. It's not right, Vic."

"Now listen, Georgie, you take this thing." Vic reached into an inside pocket of his tail-coat. "This," he said. "Now look. Your song. On this side of the paper you have a guy write down a tune that everybody in America but you two know. Then, in here, you write the words. The words are really wonderful, I must admit. Now, on the other side," Vic turned the piece of paper in which Felix had inscribed the notes, "is something not two people in a million know. It's Tschaikovsky's 'Treasure For Trumpet And Flute'. Guys have been cashin' in on poor Tschaikovsky like he was a ticket on a horse. Look at Freddie Martin with the 'Piano Concerto in B'; look at Larry Clinton with 'My Reverie'. His reverie, my eye—Tschaikovsky's Reverie, except, of course, that Freddie an' Larry admit it. But do I steal Tschaikovsky? No! Not on your life. Not 'V' for Victor Sweeney, chum. What 'V' for Victor Sweeney does is change the thing around a bit; it's perfect for a military tune. Besides, nobody knows Tschaikovsky's 'Treasure For Trumpet And Flute'. Well—c'mon. Upstairs. I got another number."

Georgie wearily trudged the stairs, a poor appendage to his brother, toward the haunting melody of the

purloined tune which in his innocence he had believed to be his brother's own. Georgie's pals all called to him. "Hey, Georgie! Hey! Come on! Give us a tune!" And Georgie smiled and he seemed pleased, but only because his friends were pleased. Crumpled in his hand he held the piece of paper Felix had inscribed and from which brother Vic had rifled what was rightfully Tschaikovsky's."

Where Georgie sat, in privilege, he could behold the show at ease. Down in the milling throng, and looking up, stood Felix Krug. Georgie dragged him up to the stage and gave his seat to him. Felix was timid about such preference. "You sure that it's all right?"

"Perfectly okay. Siddown." Then Georgie sat on the floor.

Felix smiled and tapped his feet. The music now was very good. The happiness spread. "You'll have your picture on the sheet-music," Felix said. "You in your uniform and your brother in that full-dress suit of his." Felix knew joy for his friend. "How's it feel to be famous, Georgie? Tell the truth."

Georgie shrugged his shoulders. "What is fame?" he asked. He gave Felix the music he held in his hand. "Read that while you listen to the music," Georgie said. "Don't read what you wrote; read the other side

—read Tschaikovsky. There."

But, thought Georgie, as the germs of fame crept over him . . . my picture on the music-sheets; my hat set at an angle in the photograph . . . and "Lyric by Georgie Sweeney", it would say. Well? After all, he wrote the lyric, didn't he?

Georgie's friends kept calling up, "Congratulations, kid." Glenn Mason smiled and waved to him. Like pals, himself and Glenn. "Greatest war lyric since George M. Cohan," Mason said. "Great night for the Irish, pal."

"Hey!" said Felix, suddenly, "Your brother's tune ain't so much like Tschaikovsky's."

"Huh? Not much?"
"Somewhat similar," said Felix, "but better. Your brother is a genius. Or maybe he don't read music so good."

"Telegram for Private Sweeney!" Georgie heard, and that would be from Max Giltman and the boys congratulating him.

Felix said, "It's kind of a lend-lease sort of thing—you know? We help the Russians; they help us."

Pals calling to him all the time, while Georgie's world expanded. He stood up. He opened the telegram. He waved a hand above his head, at all his pals.

"True," he said to Felix, "the Russians are our allies, after all."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 15)

the Japanese on equal terms we proved superior. This book is an exciting and rewarding piece of history. It is the best record of fighting that has come out of the Philippine disaster. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2)

When you read "Sabotage! The Secret War Against America", by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn, you have to agree that the F.B.I. has an excellent record. Time and again it has checkmated the best efforts of the Nazis—and they are experts. No doubt the F.B.I. men know their business, but luck also has been on their side. They were lucky when William G. Sebald, a naturalized American, had his passport stolen by the Gestapo and was pressed into the Nazi spy school. Sebald returned to the United States a full-fledged Nazi agent, became well acquainted with a lot of other Nazi agents here and delivered them all into the hands of the F.B.I. Accident helped when a taxicab driver killed the Nazi agent Von der Osten in Times Square, New York City, and the man's papers exposed another large group of agents and saboteurs. Just how the F.B.I. was able to round up the eight saboteurs who landed from submarines so quickly is not fully known, but six were executed and two are serving long sentences. The authors of this book have recapitulated most of the cases that have appeared in the newspapers, but they tell them well and also give some good pictures of

captured documents written in invisible ink. When they discuss "psychological sabotage" they group together all the organizations that were found engaged in subversive activities, but I think they make a mistake in including the leaders of the America First Committee and opponents of the administration who fought war measures. Many Americans honestly worked to keep out of war; when war came they closed ranks and faced the common enemy. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

That great gift to the blind, the Seeing Eye dog, is the subject of an eloquent and inspiring book, "Dogs Against Darkness", by Dickson Hartwell. No one can read this account without paying tribute to the imagination and resourcefulness of Mrs. Dorothy Eustis, who devoted years to developing the idea that dogs could be used to lead the blind, and to putting it into effect. She began developing dogs in Switzerland, demonstrated their great usefulness in police work, and then carried her enthusiasm and knowledge to the United States. Associated with her in the project were Elliott Humphrey, Morris Frank and Willi Ebeling, Frank being a blind man who went to Switzerland at Mrs. Eustis' invitation to learn how to use a guide dog that would free him from the need of human escort wherever he went. The project was so successful that the public rallied to the support

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

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

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of the Seeing Eye institution at Morristown, N. J., and today many blind people travel in the most congested districts of cities with the help of trained dogs. Mr. Hartwell describes in detail how the instructors learn their jobs and how the dogs are trained, and provides many anecdotes of the joy that the employment of dogs has given to blind men and women. The book is provided with excellent illustrations from photographs. (Dodd, Mead, \$3)

WHERE do popular songs come from, what makes them popular and why do we sing them? Douglas Gilbert has dug into these problems and returned with answers in his book, "Lost Chords", which he describes as "the diverting story of American popular songs". Here he tells about the vogue of Irish songs, coon songs, moon songs, songs that tell a tearful story and songs that are mostly nonsense. Here is the odd tale of how "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" became popular in the 1890s—written by a New York man and published obscurely, it swept London when a music hall singer, Lottie Collins, sang it. Then she came to the United States and sang it at Koster & Bial's music hall in New York, and after that all America sang the foolish words and some people were driven crazy by them. The music hall crowd also enjoyed such noisy songs as "Throw Him Down McCloskey," which Maggie Cline performed with a roar while men yelled and stamped their approval. Mr. Gilbert says that some songs have come and gone, but "the omnipresent Irish were neglected in no period". For a long time Americans enjoyed the sobby songs, which invariably told a story about a girl who was betrayed or a love that had grown cold, of which "The Picture That Is Turned Toward the Wall" is typical. After a time interest is exhausted and song writers turn to new themes.

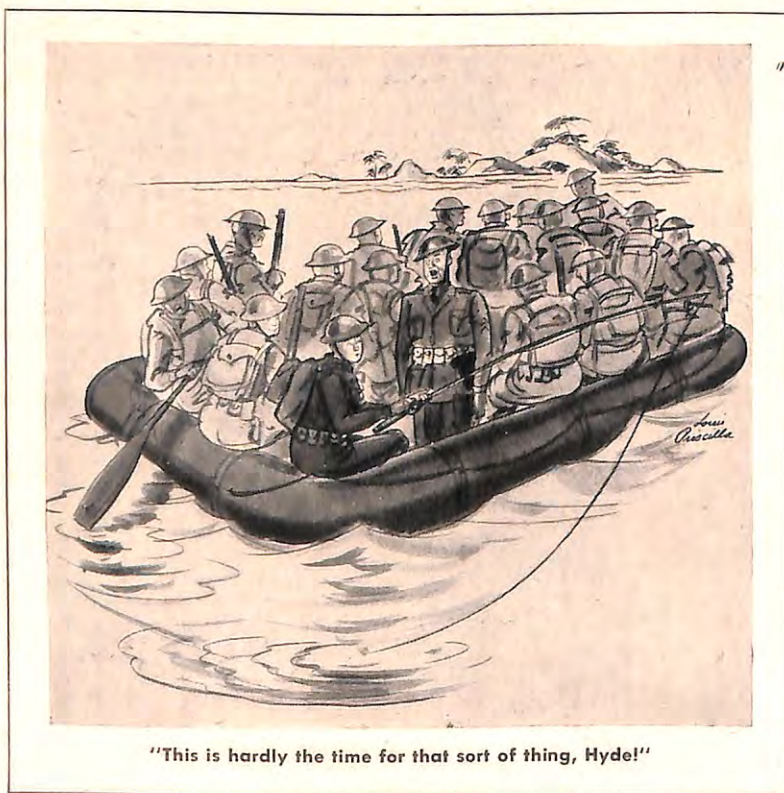
Professional song writers invariably have cashed in on popular songs. Irving Berlin is the best-known popular composer of this generation. Paul Dresser, author of "On the Banks of the Wabash", turned out numerous successful songs, including "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me". He once attended a show where a girl sang his Wabash song, and when she came to the line about the sycamores gleaming she sang, "Through the syse-a-moors the candle lights are gleaming." Dresser went backstage to remonstrate with her. "The word in that song is

sycamore," said he. "The sycamore is a tree. Try to remember it, won't you?" The girl demanded the reason for his criticism. "I wrote the song," said Dresser. "That's a good one," said the girl. "Lemme tell yuh sumpin. The publisher learnt me that song; I guess he knows his business, so beat it." Another successful song writer of this period was Ernest R. Ball, who had to thump the piano at a theater in order to make a living before his best song, "Love Me and the World is Mine", finally caught on. I gather from Mr. Gilbert's account that popular song composers are pretty close to the ground; they express the sentiment of the hour intuitively. Their fortunes are various; years ago they died in garrets, but today they seem better able to invest their royalties. "Lost Chords" is interesting reading for all who like to gossip about the old songs. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50)

MANY authors have been inspired to write novels about the theater, but they invariably use the career of an actor or an actress for their main themes. W. Somerset Maugham and Sinclair Lewis wrote such novels in recent years, and Mr. Lewis' story was based on his personal knowledge of "the road". But neither of these accomplished authors managed to weave the actual life of the theater into a story as Fitzroy Davis has done in his first novel, "Quicksilver". There is a glamorous star in the book, but the story is only partly about her; it is about all the people who make up a road company playing "Romeo and Juliet" and "Taming of the Shrew"—their aspirations, fears, anxieties, jealousies, frailties and their hard work. And quicksilver

is that volatile spirit that makes the actor—the mercurial quality that flows in his veins, that permits him to assume a character and make it convincing to the audience. Here, in minute detail, is the whole machinery of the theater: the young actors studying the stars; the stage manager trying desperately to put life into the lines; the leading men strutting, building up their publicity; the leading lady, self-assured, acting Juliet with head held high, wearing a halo of tawny hair, speaking in a vibrant voice. Can a young, unawakened woman convey the passionate tenderness of Juliet? Can decent men play louts unless they understand the indecencies of loutish lives? The stage manager will give you the answer. Of deep interest is the verdict of the company on audiences throughout the country. Chicago is the city where audiences are slow in coming; they have to be stirred by publicity; the city is "like a doughty old dame with an ear trumpet". Milwaukee is unsympathetic; the actors didn't like it—"it was like crawling off in the woods to die". Cleveland, Cincinnati, Providence, even Texas, are visited by the company and each has a special character. And all the time Mr. Davis is telling the story of the actors—the relation between life and make-believe, between acting and love. I have an idea that this is one novel that will teach as well as entertain. The author has made good use of his opportunities. He has acted in a road company with Orson Welles; he has done publicity for the theater and reviewed plays as a critic. That he knows what he writes is obvious in this engrossing story. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3)

One of the best novels ever written about the creeping Nazi horror in Germany is "The Seventh Cross", by Anna Seghers, a German novelist who escaped the Nazis and is now living in Mexico. This deals with the early period in 1930-40 when the Nazis were torturing their own compatriots in concentration camps. Seven men escape from a camp near Wiesbaden; six are caught, but the seventh man follows the difficult roads to the Rhine, always in danger of imminent discovery. We watch him on the roads and in the woods; we observe how the people of the small towns guard themselves against trouble with officials; we see the Nazis badger innocent people and abuse prisoners. But the author's command of restraint makes this an extraordinary novel; she is a



"This is hardly the time for that sort of thing, Hyde!"

master of suspense and gets her effects psychologically. It is a pleasure to find a novel so well written, so disciplined, and yet so forceful. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

AS for the other new novels, some are good and many are indifferent in quality, and all lag behind the exciting narratives that good newspapermen are sending from the front. Of the war novels that I have read in recent weeks James Aldridge's "Signed With Their Honour", a story about the British air defeat in Greece and Crete, was easily the best and most entertaining. The 23-year-old author is an Australian, a correspondent for American magazines at the front. He went through the Crete debacle and is evidently burned up about it. So he tells a story that shows influences of Hemingway, but is in itself a good yarn. The British flyer, John Quayle, gets into some of the finest dog-fights with the enemy that I have seen described in print. Just to follow Johnny around as he darts and dodges and does Immelmann turns and loops is enough to make you giddy. Aldridge is at his best here. John is assigned to fly in Greece, where the Greeks have been led by a dictator. He falls in love with a Greek girl. Eventually he marries her and gets separated from her in the retreat from Crete. He and the other fliers are filled with indignation at the mishandling of the campaign, blaming the superior officers. Throughout the book you hear this complaint—that the officers are snobs and incompetents, and that the men are going to wait patiently until they can take things into their own hands. This is a reflection of some of the comment coming from young men out of Great Britain these days. Aldridge hasn't quite mastered the novel, but he has made a good start and can describe flying like a veteran of the skies. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

ALICE TISDALE HOBART, who wrote "Oil for the Lamps of China" a few years ago, has become interested in the vineyards of California as a setting for a family story, "The Cup and the Sword". The story follows fairly conventional lines—it describes the career of an Alsatian immigrant who developed vineyards in California and then hoped his children would carry on along the lines he had laid down. The background is interesting, but the emotional conflict is not strong. (Bobbs, Merrill, \$2.75) . . . A novel with an original problem is Dorothy van Doren's "Dacey Hamilton", the story of a widow of 27, with five children, who has never really known love. She had married a painter older than herself, posed for him, but never really shared his mental life. This novel is the story of her awakening. The setting is New York City, and the life of editors and writers for a liberal weekly and newspapers gets into the narrative. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

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States, yet until the publication of his newest book, "Memories of Happy Days", he did not write in English. Born in France of American parents, he lived abroad until he came here to attend the University of Virginia; then he was again a resident of Paris until the German occupation. He is now in the United States, and he looks back on his French boyhood and young manhood with the interest of a man who has said farewell to a lost Elysium. A cultured writer, he could not make a crude chronicle of adolescence; hence his book is a welcome surprise to those who are satiated with unedifying memoirs. Mr. Green's father was European agent for the Southern Cotton Oil Company. What the author heard about the United States confused him: he thought it looked "like a jungle with gigantic rivers whose brownish waters never reflected the face of heaven . . . also I was dismayed by the fact that no building of great antiquity was to be seen in my mother's native land. My heart went out to the beautiful white churches around which the villages of France had clustered for more than ten centuries, and I wondered what a country could be without them."

HE WAS still an American who had never been in America when he joined up with the American Field Service in the World War, later transferring to the Foreign Legion and thence into the French army. But the charm of his writing is in his recollections of friends and associates during his youth, and of the pranks and mishaps of childhood,

and the whole is told with such modesty and good-nature that it becomes indeed a novelty in these days when so many authors shout at the top of their lungs to attract our attention. (Harper & Bros., \$3)

SEVERAL good mystery stories have been published in the last few weeks. "The Snake in the Grass" by James Howard Wellard, which won a Red Badge prize, is especially worth reading. Here we meet the guests of a resort hotel in Georgia, including a man named Summerhayes who has registered in the name of Hope with a lovely young woman as companion. Mrs. Summerhays arrives and demands to be taken to her husband's room, and there he is found dead. That's where the mystery begins. (Dodd, Mead, \$2) . . . Earle Stanley Gardner has written a new Perry Mason story. In "The Case of the Careless Kitten", Mason and his secretary, Della Street, are busy trying to solve a disappearance when Della is arrested on the charge of obstructing justice by hiding a witness. This diversion gives Mr. Gardner a chance to show Perry Mason at his best sparring with the district attorney. (Morrow, \$2) . . . Blackouts in an English town get into the plot of "Dead of the Night", by John Rhode. This device has been used before in a mystery, but Mr. Rhode makes an exceptionally good job of it. (Dodd, Mead, \$2) . . . "Murder at the Kentucky Derby" by Charles Farmer finds its complications in a murder that is somehow linked up with the ownership of a race horse. Things certainly keep moving in this murder story. (Crime Club, \$2)

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 20)

the dog page—and they tell me that the Order is experiencing a healthy increase—let me rehearse the six most important ways that dog serves mankind. First in that article, I listed our four-legged friend's use as a herder and guardian of livestock. This is one of the earliest uses to which dogs were put and they are still working at it. In fact in some parts of the world it would be impossible to maintain herds and flocks were it not for the dog's help. In addition to this, as a worker, another job that dogs have taken over since who knows when—and done well, too—is to guard the herdsman's home itself. Next comes the pooch's usefulness as hunting assistant. This perhaps marks the very beginning of Fido's get-together with man. The dog could locate game with his keener hearing and scenting power, than could his master. Not only this but could penetrate into places inaccessible to the man, could route out the quarry, track it and hold it at bay until the hunter arrived to make the kill. The man, of course, with his weapons, crude as they were in those primitive

times, could bring down larger animals than could the dog. All dogs can hunt just as all dogs can swim, but today we find the hunting use of the dog confined mostly to pointers, retrievers, spaniels and setters, without whose assistance certain kinds of hunting would probably be impossible. Add to the list another group of canine sportsmen, the hounds used to course (pursue) and help kill furred beasts. Still another way that the dog serves is in defense during wartime to guard and protect military stores or factories or strategic points vital to defense. The day of the dog as an active aggressor on the battlefield is gone—long ago. But there was a time when our friend was employed both for attack and defense. With the invention and development of firearms this practice was gradually discontinued. Today, the soldier dog serves mainly to carry messages between units of troops, to act as sentry (in this Fido's superior hearing and scenting powers make him invaluable) and to locate and bring assistance to the wounded. He does some few other battle chores such as carrying reels

of telephone wire between detachments, and acts as carrier of ammunition, particularly in mountainous countries.

The fourth and widest, most valued way the dog serves is as pet and friend to millions of people. Many there are whose lives would be utterly dreary without the companionship of their dogs. Another tremendously important part played by this four-legged guy is guiding the blind. Now this is a working use but I put it in the category of companionship because the bond between the sightless person and his or her dog is very strong, the attachment very deep. It's almost needless to point out that a great many of the blind do not enjoy the social life that we fortunates are privileged to have.

Following this, I mentioned the economic value of the dog as the cause for the employment of hundreds of thousands of people, directly or indirectly engaged in providing for his wants. This spreads from farm and range to office and factory. Millions of dollars are involved. The total for pure-bred dogs alone is well over \$60,000,000. Considering that the total number of dogs has been estimated to be from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000, you begin to get some idea of Mr. and Mrs. Dog as important economic factors.

HOW many other uses for Fido there are, I don't know, but there are several other fields wherein he does play an important role. One is in police work. Here, as in war work, he can do several things, owing to superior hearing and scenting ability, that the policeman cannot do. For the benefit of those who imagine that dogs trained for this work would make fine pets, protectors and guardians in the home, let me say, "Nix." These dogs are trained for offensive work and are only safely handled by those police who use them.

In the last month's article I closed the list of the purp's services with his (or her) contribution to science. It's in the matter of vivisection, a controversial subject if ever there was one. In bringing this up, mind you, I express no personal opinion

nor commit your editors to any. I'm simply going to give the claims for each side—and you decide the worth of them, which you probably have long ago. Why the caution? Well, after all your *Elks Magazine* is the property of its readers who represent every shade of opinion. Even many of the magazines sold to the general public, when dealing with such matters as politics, religion, etc., try to present both sides and often disclaim responsibility for the statements of their writers.

Let's open the case with the plaintiff's side—the man who is against surgical or medical experiments on dogs. The charge is that the practice is not only unnecessary but barbaric in its cruelty to the one really faithful animal friend that man has. It is further held that thousands of beloved pets are stolen every year to be sold to laboratories and subjected to vivisection. Therefore, not only is this a cruel practice for the dogs but actually a cruelty to their owners. The complaint is made that many States which have otherwise humane laws legally permit such experiments. The antis claim that not a single worth-while finding, helpful to people, was ever discovered through vivisection.

There you have the case as presented by the antivivisectionists, in a nut-shell.

NOW for the defendant: It is said that rarely, if ever, are pure-bred dogs used. Their value prohibits this. It is stated that laboratories never buy dogs they know were stolen. The dogs are taken from pounds and animal shelters where they undergo, in all likelihood, more misery than vivisection or other experiments inflict. Such strays if running loose, homeless, would be half starved, forced to subsist on refuse and many would become the victims of accident or disease. Another contention is that not only have many important discoveries been thus made, beneficial to the human race, but many too have benefited all dogs. A case in point are certain valuable findings relating to black tongue, a serious dog sickness. Hookworm has been thus studied, the vivisectionists say,



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and important findings have been made. Much has been learned, it is also claimed, about certain serious dietetic disorders that man shares with the dog. The sum for the defense holds that it were better that a few dogs suffer than many human beings. Vivisectionists state that only when absolutely necessary,

which they hold isn't often, are dogs subjected to vivisection or painful medical experiment without anesthetics being first administered.

Both sides marshal important medical testimony for their respective cases.

There you have it. But I'm sure that none of the claims made for

either side is going to influence your opinion one jot or tittle. Which reminds me to look up this phrase. Hold everything; maybe you don't know a jot from a tittle any more than I do. Here it is—from dear old Webster: a jot is a small mark (you no doubt knew that). But what's a tittle? Ah! a tittle is a jot.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 21)

Actually, there are several things wrong with duck hunting as it's played in this country today. Except in remote areas, where the hunter operates on his own in the old tradition, duck shooting is largely regulated, regimented and dull as yesterday's newspaper. The game has been commercialized to such an extent that it's only a travesty of a once noble sport. If the shooter owns a gun, a pair of hip boots and has folding money in his pants, he can sally forth every weekend and come home with the limit. It would be bad business for his guide—or club—if he didn't.

The answer, of course, is that the art of wildfowling passed out in the pegtop pants era, along with the great duck shots of those happier days. Thirty years ago finished wingshots were a dime a dozen in any good shooting territory. They could kill ducks anywhere and under any and all conditions. They could smack 'em high, wide and handsome; they took pride in owning the best available equipment and knew the game from A to Z. Today the average duck gunner doesn't even own decoys and wouldn't know a good rig if he saw one.

OFFHAND, the writer can recall less than a dozen men in the last 17 years whom he considers finished performers. And of that total, at least half are professional guides. If that statement seems an exaggeration, permit us to remark that for the past eight seasons we have put in an average of five to seven weeks of almost continuous duck and goose shooting every year, from Canada to the Carolinas, during which time we have seen a lot of gunners doing their stuff.

Take today's club shooter out of his accustomed box at the Horsefeathers Gun Club and turn him loose in unfamiliar territory with a rig of decoys, a boat and gun, and it's an even money bet he won't come back with enough game to smell up the kitchen. More likely than not he won't get back at all unless someone goes out with a lantern and rows him back to camp.

How easy the private preserve or club type of shooting can be, where everything is nicely and conveniently arranged for the shooter's comfort and convenience and where the gunning calls for no particular skill or savvy, was revealed four or five seasons ago in South Carolina, where we

were invited for a week's shoot.

The first morning we were taken to a blind, spotted in the center of a two or three-acre pond. We spooked out scores of ducks, mostly widgeon, and went to work on them with a full-choked 12-gauge, picking the sportier shots. It took 19 minutes to kill a 10-duck limit, and we could have shaded that time with a little more diligent effort. Next morning, wishing to stretch the day's sport over a longer interval, we mooched somebody's 20-gauge and again picked the tougher shots. That hand-icap didn't help much; we again had a limit in one-half hour, flat.

On the third day we puttered around camp until midafternoon before heading for the rice fields, this time with a .410 and a single box of shells. At four o'clock there were nine widgeon and a gadwell in the boat, all but one smacked dead at 25 to 35-yard ranges with nothing more potent than $\frac{5}{8}$ -ounce of No. 6 shot. A later count revealed that 13 shells had been fired, one to kill a cripple. With an open-bored 12-gauge skeet gun such shooting would have been sheer murder.

CONTRAST that sort of duck hunting with another game which we play every season up on Lac St. Pierre, in Quebec. There are vast stretches of marshes, and to them wing a horde of black ducks late every afternoon. The birds come in from the open waters of the lake at varying heights, ranging from 45 to 75 yards. There are no set-up shots—you take 'em as they come, and the leads range from nine to 18 feet, depending on height and wind conditions. The gun used is a 12-gauge Winchester magnum repeater, and the load is one and $\frac{5}{8}$ ounces of chilled fours. With it a good shot can kill his limit in an hour, but it's no game for the glorified rabbit beagler and his wide open shot sprayer.

Another factor which makes this tough gunning so fascinating is the fact the hunter is on his own. There are no blinds or fixed places to shoot; the line of flight changes every day and it's entirely up to the hunter to determine where he can best do his stuff. Decoys are useless. It's pure pass shooting and the ranges are extreme. But we'd rather kill one black duck in this spot than 10 over decoys. It's the supreme test of a gunner's skill.

Another spot where today's average duck shooter is completely lost

is in a Great South Bay "scooter". This is a legal variation of the banned battery game, played in exactly the same way. Instead of gunning from a battery, where the hunter's body is below water level, the shooter guns from a "scooter", a wide, shallow, partly decked-over boat.

This craft is anchored out in the open water, usually over a diving duck feeding ground, and downwind are spotted 150 to 200 decoys. The shooter, of course, is tended by a companion or guide in a power boat, who picks up dead birds and polishes off escaping cripples.

The gunner reclines on his back and sits up to accept incoming shots and usually he's cramped, cold and wet. The boat bobs and swings with every wave on other than flat, calm days, and the hunter frequently has to tie himself in knots to get into action. The writer has known two hunters to fire 250 shots between 'em before killing a 20-bird, two-man limit. It's another tough game and an eye-opener for the gent who thinks he can shoot. But it's superb sport, a test of any shooter's skill, and there are no set-ups.

WE'VE often wondered how these advocates of partly choked duck guns would fare in a certain Pamlico Sound stake blind of fond memory, when a flight of 50 to 70-yard pin-tails and Canadas is winging past. It's a beautiful place to shoot, provided you're swinging a heavy gun and throwing a wad of heavy shot. Anything else is worthless.

If there was anything to the lightweight, open-bored shotgun thing for duck shooting, the old masters of bygone days would have used that type of weapon. None did. The greatest all-time wingshot this country ever produced shot an ounce and one-half of No. 3 shot, pushed by five drams of black powder. And the records show he killed ducks to 80 yards with that load.

So when some amateur ballisticians tries to argue that shots beyond 40 yards are hopeless and that small pellets are the McCoy for quackers, you can tab him for a swivel-chair wildfowler who has yet to learn his duck-gunning ABCs. Any gent who can't smack ducks with reasonable regularity at 50 to 55 yards with a standard 12-gauge load of fives, fired from a full-choked gun, either isn't much of a shot or was absorbing too much firewater the night before.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 34)

alted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan.

Two-hundred-dollar scholarship checks were presented to the Student Aid Committee of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge, is Chairman. The checks are given to young men who show exceptional scholastic ability. During the year 70 or 80 checks are presented. Nine were awarded at the Monday session.

State Chaplain the Reverend Leo Duerr, of Sunbury Lodge, delivered the address at the impressive Memorial Service held in the Lawrence Hotel ballroom on Tuesday morning. P.E.R. Calvin O. Althouse, of Philadelphia Lodge, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, presided. P.E.R.'s C. C. Teal and C. L. Fuessler, of Erie Lodge, served as members of the Committee. At 7 p.m., a Victory Parade and a Bond Drive were held in the Stadium. Among the prominent Elks in the automobile section which led the procession were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Grand Secretary, State Pres. Wilbur G. Warner, Lehighton, Vice-Pres. K. L. Shirk, Lancaster, Past Pres. F. J. Schrader, Allegheny, P.D.D. Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg, charter member Robert Page and William Leslie. The Grand Ball in honor of the State President was held later at the Lawrence Hotel.

The newly elected officers were installed on Wednesday as follows: Pres., Kenelm L. Shirk, Lancaster; Vice-Pres., Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg; Treas., Charles Brown, Allegheny; Trustee, John T. Lyons, Sharon. William S. Gould, of Scranton, reelected Secretary, is serving his 27th consecutive year. A Fish Fry brought the convention program to a close. Approximately 3,000 Elks and their ladies attended.

Johnstown Lodge No. 175, awarded the State championship for perfection in ritualistic work by the Ritualistic Committee, was presented with a handsome bronze trophy. The newly elected president, Mr. Shirk, marched with the championship drill team of his home lodge, Lancaster No. 134. Smartly uniformed in white and yellow, the team appeared to splendid advantage.

COLORADO

The Colorado State Elks Association held its annual convention at Grand Junction on September 4-5-6, with Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge, No. 575, acting as host at a State convention for the first time in the forty-two years since the Association was granted its charter. Enjoyed by the Elks and their families as well were free shows, swimming, dancing, a barbecue and a special feature, "Elks Stunt Night", informal and entertaining, to which the public was invited. For the best acts, first and second prizes of fifty and twenty-five

dollars respectively were given out and three fifteen-dollar prizes were awarded. Entertainment for the ladies included bridge and keno parties and a delightful luncheon.

Cheering spectators lined 30 city blocks for the outstanding event of the convention, a patriotic parade. Seated on the Elks' float, which was decorated in purple and white, were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Fred R. Dickson, of Kearney, Neb., who represented the Grand Exalted Ruler, State President Frank W. Thurman, of Boulder, Colo., E.R. Medford R. Klein, Grand Junction, and Convention Chairman Victor Demerschman. Large American Flags on each end of the float were held by attractive young ladies. In one section were 29 riders on horseback with 29 flags of the United Nations, and a "V" flag emblem, 75 feet long, carried by 12 Girl Scouts. Many floats of various designs were in line with Army and Navy units.

A program of music and patriotic singing at Lincoln Park attracted several thousands of people. Distinguished guests were introduced and an address was delivered by State Chaplain the Rev. George L. Nuckolls, of Gunnison Lodge. P.E.R. Ernest L. Milner, Montrose, D.D. for Colo., West, gave the Eleven O'clock Toast.

Attendance at the business sessions increased from day to day. George W. Bruce, Montrose, a member of the Grand Forum, Paul V. Kelly, Salt Lake City, Utah, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and H. P. Zieg, Grand Island, Secy. of the Nebraska State Elks Assn., attended the convention. Presentation was made of a \$1,000 Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation, the certificate to be placed in the office of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Greeley Lodge No. 809. Second and third honors were won by Montrose and Grand Junction Lodges respectively. Marvin Jackson was the winner of the State Golf Tournament. Jud Shimwell received the bowling awards. Plans for a convention in 1943 were left in abeyance. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Pres., Albert R. Fine, Greeley; Vice-Pres.'s: Cent., Robert W. Harvey, Idaho Springs; North, D. W. Wade, Fort Collins; South, Gordon A. Shomaker, Pueblo; West, T. J. Sardy, Aspen; Secy., Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Chaplain, Dr. George L. Nuckolls, Gunnison; Trustees: Cent., Wilbur M. Alter, Victor, and Frank J. Busch, Cripple Creek; North, O. J. Fisher, Greeley, and Francis W. Reich, Boulder; South, Lawrence Accola, Pueblo, and D. H. Brown, Pueblo; West, G. A. Franz, Jr., Ouray, and A. Wayne Luellen, Grand Junction.



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Name of Beneficiary Relationship
Are you in good health? Signature of Applicant or Parent
 Check here if double amount is wanted.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Common Ailments That Affect Health

Learn more about Colon Disorders, Piles, Fistula, Constipation, and commonly associated chronic ailments. The Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 1179, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo., will send you their new book which fully describes and contains many illustrations, charts, diagrams and X-Ray pictures of these conditions. Write today—the booklet will be sent FREE at once.



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 52-M, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE A DANGER SIGNAL

Often associated with Hardening of the Arteries, a Stroke, Paralysis, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, and other grave complications. Resultful treating methods of the Ball Clinic have proven dependable for nearly a quarter of a century. Send for FREE Blood Pressure Book—today. No obligation. Ball Clinic, Dept. 7160, Excelsior Springs, Mo.



OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

*Hello Americans!
Let's Chat a While*

ELKS WAR COMMISSION: America is the one shining hope of the world in this, the most fateful age in history.

Our involvement in this war was inevitable. Now that our country is involved, the Order of Elks, its subordinate lodges and their members are one with the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy. The Elks War Commission is directing and organizing our assistance to the Nation in its war efforts. It is either stand up and fight or lie down and be counted out. What response, Brother, has your lodge made to the Grand Lodge's call for the \$500,000 promised the Elks War Commission? What have you given to help maintain the thirty-odd Elks Fraternal Centers established throughout the country? There are many more lodges that would be glad to throw open their doors to Elks in war service and their buddies, but they need financial help to do so.

The Navy has asked the Order of Elks to do procurement work for their flying forces. This the Elks War Commission did so effectively for the Army that it is now asked to attempt similar work for the Navy.

We Elks of this generation will not fail our Government and our boys in service. We will "go over the top" as did the Elks in the first World War. From here let us go forward. What Elk would refuse to contribute a "two spot" to this patriotic fund?

THANKSGIVING DAY: The Pilgrim Fathers, after a winter of severe cold and privation that greatly depleted their numbers, gave thanks in formal celebration to God for the succeeding harvest. The deep religious sense manifest by the Pilgrims and by the Puritans was dominant in the other early colonial settlements: the Dutch in New York, the Quakers in Philadelphia, the Catholics in Maryland and the Cavaliers of Virginia. — From them all have come the rich cultural tradition and social philosophy that fashioned the thoughts and the spirit of the men who wrote our Declaration of Independence and built the Constitution of these United States and our Bill of Rights.

Thanksgiving Day should, therefore, be to us all a day of divine gratitude. In the very midst of our many sacrifices as a nation for human freedom there are many earthly and spiritual blessings that are ours. We are still free men; the outposts of our country have been assailed, but our citadel is secure; and now the would-be invaders are at bay, yes, are in retreat; our people are united as never before and their eyes are lifted up "unto the hills whence cometh their strength".

They know what "freedom" means. It is freedom from tyranny, debasement and want, and freedom for a life of

mutual service, for the undictated expressions of religious thought and for enjoyment of plenty, generously to be shared with their fellowmen. It is a freedom to do good unto others as they would it should be done unto them.

THE AMERICAN TONGUE: During the first World War it was the express wish of the Grand Lodge that no foreign language should be spoken in an Elks lodge. Such a ban as this is not born of bigotry. National loyalty and a sense of the proprieties dictate that when men address one another so as to be audible to others in their immediate presence they should be as understandable as they are audible. This is especially true in this hour of national peril. The obvious secretiveness of persons, suddenly shifting their audible exchange of thoughts from English to a tongue alien to those into whose presence they have been admitted, is an insult.

Let the practice be banned in all Elks lodges. Where men are one, as there, let the American language alone be heard.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION: The Trustees of this Foundation received a letter a few weeks ago from one of our large universities regarding the achievements of a very worthy student whose opportunity for a scholarship in that institution was made possible by the Elks National Foundation. This young man, reads the letter, "is doing the most outstanding work in the university's research laboratories". The letter invites the Foundation Trustees to give the university the names of any other such students it may discover. It is your generosity, my Brothers, that rescued this young man from a life of obscurity and placed him in a position of eminence. In this, I know, you will take much gratification. It is but one of many such achievements your contributions to the Elks National Foundation have made possible. And the principal of this Fund is still intact! Our gratitude to the men also who vigilantly and wisely administer it, with no compensation for themselves saving a consciousness of an Elk work well done.

Sincerely and fraternally,

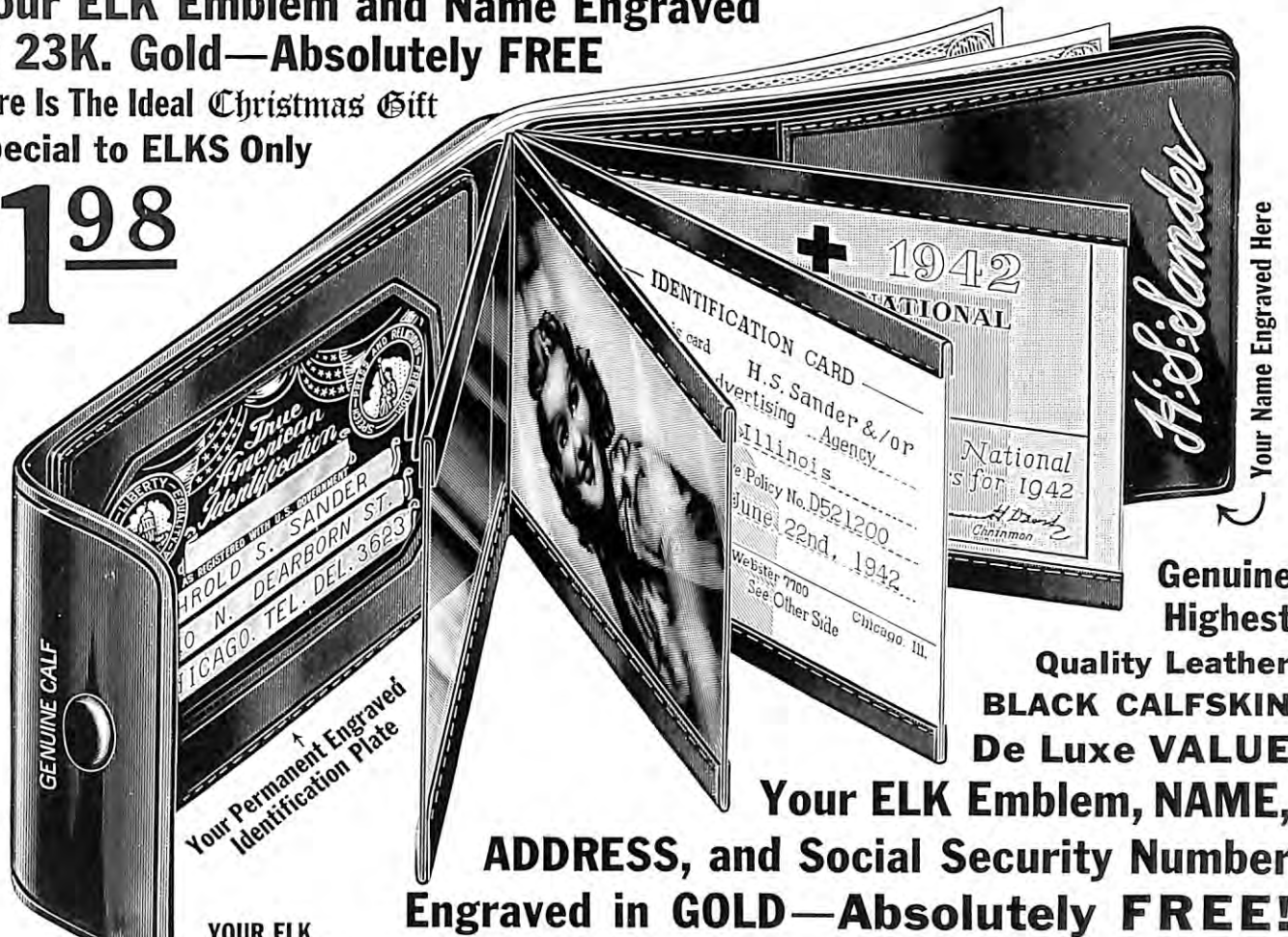
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America

Your ELK Emblem and Name Engraved
in 23K. Gold—Absolutely FREE

Here Is The Ideal Christmas Gift
Special to ELKS Only

\$1.98



Genuine Highest Quality Leather BLACK CALFSKIN De Luxe VALUE

Your ELK Emblem, NAME, ADDRESS, and Social Security Number Engraved in GOLD—Absolutely FREE!



YOUR INITIALS HERE

FREE!



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



Also FREE—If you order at once we send you this beautiful identification Key Tag and Gift Chain to match, hand engraved with your name, address, city and state. Will last a lifetime.

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

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

ATTENTION LODGE SECRETARIES

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

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

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

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

My Full Name _____ (Please print clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Social Security Number _____ Army Draft Number _____

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



YOU'RE GEARED TO
Split-Second Time

WHEN YOU'RE TRAINING
 TO WIN YOUR WINGS
 AS A BOMBARDIER

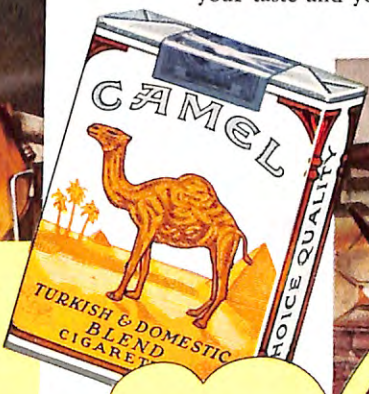
BOMBARDIER. He's the *business* man of this bomber crew. His *office* is the "greenhouse" of transparent plastic in the nose of the ship. And he works there on split-second time. But when those "officehours" are over—well, just look below and watch him enjoying a Camel—the favorite cigarette on land, sea, and in the air.

ALL America's living at split-second time today...from the bombardier at his bombsight to the men who make the bombs like Jerry Lorigan below. You....and you...and everybody!

So it's only natural that most everybody's smoking more these days. Only natural, too, that taste and throat—the "T-Zone"—are more important than ever to cigarette smokers now.

But...take no one's word for it when it comes to your own smoking. Make the "T-Zone" test described at the left below. And let your taste and your throat decide for themselves.

A PACK OF CAMELS IS STANDARD EQUIPMENT WITH ME. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'



THE "T ZONE" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

FOR TASTE,
 FOR MY THROAT,
 CAMELS
 ARE T OPS

JERRY LORIGAN, who forges bombs on a split-second schedule, is just as partial to Camels as the man who lays those bombs on the target. "I've smoked Camels for years," says Jerry. "They don't get my throat, and they don't tire my taste. They're tops!"

CAMEL

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

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