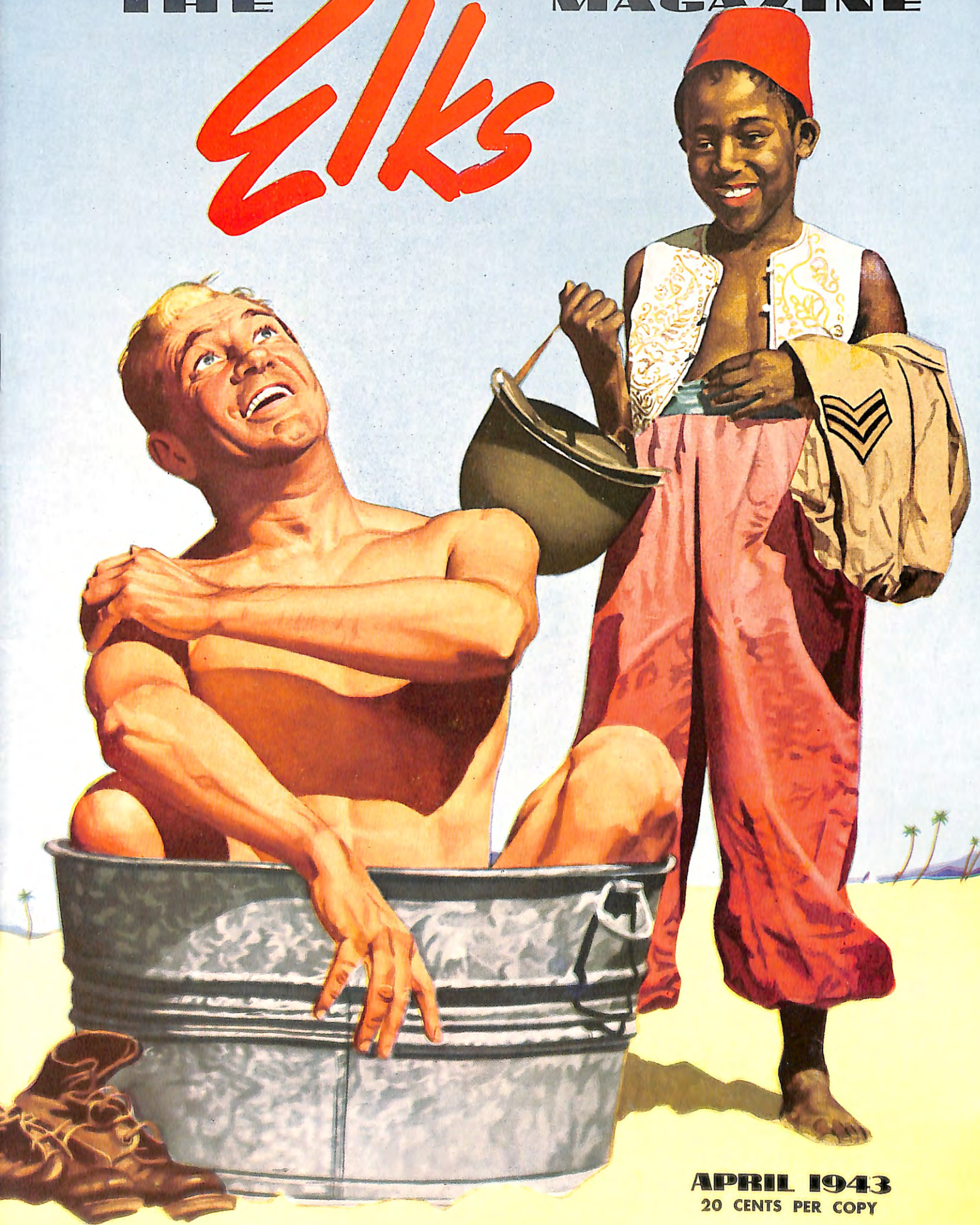


THE

MAGAZINE

# Elks



**APRIL 1943**  
20 CENTS PER COPY

JOHN HYDE  
PHILLIPS



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## "It was swell of you to invite us over" . . .

*"Say, where on earth did you get that roast beef?  
We've tried every butcher shop in town!"*

AS food shortages grow more acute—due to wartime needs—people are really beginning to practice that famous slogan, "SHARE THE MEAT."

All over America, families are reviving the half-forgotten custom of "Sunday Night Supper"—rediscovering how much fun it is to "club together" with their neighbors . . . .

*"I'll bring scalloped potatoes."  
"I'll bring the salad and rolls."  
"We'll bring coffee if you'll  
bring sugar and cream . . ."*

Yes, life these days is less pretentious—and more neighborly—as people adjust themselves to the new wartime routine.

In this wholesome revival of old-fashioned hospitality, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

The "softer" and "kindlier" taste of Pabst Blue Ribbon is achieved by a special Pabst process known as *Full-Flavor Blending*. Not just 3, nor 5, nor 7 or 8 brews—but no less than 33 delicious brews are blended into this great Pabst masterpiece.

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## OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

# Hello Americans!

**COMING GRAND LODGE SESSION:** The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Boston, commencing Monday, July 12, 1943.

This is the decision arrived at by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees acting under authority given them by the Grand Lodge Session at Omaha. The coming session of the Grand Lodge will be less of a "Convention" than a WAR SERVICE CONFERENCE. Its program must be "streamlined" to meet the exigencies of war-glutted transportation facilities and hotel accommodations. Its dominant note will be, "What further assistance can the Order of Elks give to the Nation's war effort?" The usual civic parade will be omitted as at the Omaha session. The management of this session does not look to any local convention committee for any special entertainment of delegates. Only matters of grave national importance will engross this Grand Lodge Session during the maximum of three days allowed for this WAR SERVICE CONFERENCE. Persons other than members of the Grand Lodge are respectfully requested not to attend.

**MOBILIZING THE HOME FRONT:** At this writing the national Congress is considering means for effectively mobilizing the manpower on the home front. By some such plan both men and women within prescribed age limits will be registered and assigned, as necessity requires, to work at that which they can render the greatest service to the Nation. There can be no question as to how all true Americans will react to any such system of managed manpower, if it shall come. With grim determination and generous hearts they will "put it across". The constant expanding of our armed forces obviously demands corresponding increase in munition employees. This ever-increasing demand makes heavy drafts upon the manpower of industry and agriculture. Rationing alone will not fill the gap. Increasing the work week from 40 to 48 hours will help, but we must remember that America in this war has become the arsenal and the granary, the larder and the clothier, of the United Nations. If an order to draft men and women for industry and for farm and dairy employment shall come, the Order of Elks and everyone of its members will stand firm in their support of it as of every other war effort of our Nation.

**EDDIE RICKENBACKER:** How proud the members of Los Angeles Lodge of Elks must have been to see pictured in one of the national weekly magazines the Honorary Life Membership card which their lodge conferred upon that national hero on June 18, 1919. Honors bestowed with such discrimination do honor not only to the recipient but to the bestower. How pleasing to us all it was to note among the personal effects, that survived with Eddie Rickenbacker the perils he endured, emblems of his devotion to our Order and of his abiding faith in the "Divinity that shapes our ends".

**DELINQUENCIES—THE SEEDS OF LAPSATION:** A new lodge year was begun on April 1. The Secretary and all other officers and active members of subordinate lodges should remember that delinquent members too often find lapsation the line of least resistance. And so do some Secretaries, especially those whose hours are engrossed with heavy clerical duties put upon them by both the Club and the lodge. Many Secretaries serve with very meager or no compensation. There ought to be in every lodge an active Lapsation Committee to aid

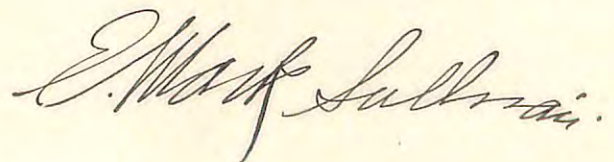
the Secretary in keeping members in good standing. Again I repeat the maxim, "Every significant institution is the lengthened shadow of some strong personality". Good lodges do not just happen. They represent the real sacrifice of the Elks who are devoted to the Order. There needs must be real "spark-plugs" in the driving motor of every successful lodge. Every lodge has plenty of potential driving force. All that most stalled or sluggish lodges need are a few new "spark-plugs". The Rock of Gibraltar, the advertising symbol of one nationally known insurance company, represents the stability of that company; but that stability was attained only by the perseverance of its premium collectors. **LAPSATION COMMITTEES, TO YOUR STATIONS AND TO THE AID OF YOUR SECRETARIES!**

**FLAG DAY AND MOTHER'S DAY:** It is not too early for subordinate lodge committees in charge of observance of these Days, prescribed by the ritual of our Order, to prepare their programs. Sunday, May 2, is Mother's Day and June 14 is Flag Day. On May 2 Elks formally pay devotion to Motherhood and pray our land may be blest to be known as "the nation of mothers of men".

Flag Day is a day of official, national observance, made such by the patriotic initiative of the Order of Elks. On that day every Elk Lodge, together with the citizens of its community, will formally celebrate the National Emblem and rededicate their lives to the preservation and defense of all it represents.

**THOMAS JEFFERSON BI-CENTENNIAL:** April 13, throughout our entire country with fitting ceremonies, hundreds of thousands of Americans will celebrate the bi-centennial of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. He was the greatest of America's constructive statesmen, author of the Declaration of American Independence and the Religious Tolerance Act of Virginia, antagonist to an established Church in the United States, father of the Virginia Bill of Rights and founder of the University of Virginia. Of him it was said, "He did more than any other man of his generation to formulate the creed of Americanism." The philosophy and teachings of the Order of Elks are the Creed of Americanism embodied by Jefferson in the American Declaration of Independence and implemented in the constitutions and bills of rights of our federal and state governments. The Order of Elks more than any other order of men has, by example and practice, made this Creed of Americanism a part of the social life of the American people. The Order of Elks stands foremost among the people of our country as an exponent of American Democracy and of political and religious liberty.

Sincerely and fraternally,



GRAND EXALTED RULER

February 18, 1943

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

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

**THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION**

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## IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

FOR the first time in our naval history we have taken the offensive, and an aggressive one, with the submarine. The Pacific is the scene of much of this action, and the shores of Japan the backdrop. Philip Harkins has talked to many of our submariners, both officers and men. He has visited our New London, Connecticut, submarine base and gone down to the sea in a training sub. He came up with "The Silent Service". Little has been told to date about the Navy's sub-surface activities, consequently we are very fortunate in having one of the first articles which presents more than fragmentary reports. Mr. Harkins tells why men want to serve on submarines, and relates many interesting facts about their training and undersea activities.

"The Duel" by Jacland Marmur is a story of barbarity and hatred on one side and a still and patient purpose on the other. This duel started on the Hwang-poo River, and it was a deadly thing, a combat fierce and personal. The opponents are a cruel Japanese naval Commander and Lieutenant-Commander Temberly, U.S.N. Each of these men reflects the teaching and philosophy of his own country's navy. The great sea battle which is the story's finale is an epic of courage and brilliant action.

ON THE humor side of this month's ledger is William Chamberlain's "I'll Betcha I Can." It's the old story of the Army private with two left feet, and the long-suffering sergeant. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has added so many new twists that we feel sure you will love both Sergeant Mulholland and Private Gilhooley. They are two characters whom men in the service will recognize among their chums and whom the rest of us will look forward to meeting.

Ed Faust takes us by the hand through the intricacies of a Westminster Kennel Club dog show at Madison Square Garden, and points to activities of interest to those inclined to show their pooches.

Stanley Frank in "Hex Marks the Spot" recognizes the unfortunate importance of baseball gremlins who shine the sun in the outfielder's eyes and give terrifying powers to second-string pitchers when they are faced by certain first-string hitters.

Harry Hansen brings us up to date on the new books, and Ray Trullinger includes, in "Rod and Gun", pertinent comments on the movement afoot to kill off great numbers of the Yellowstone Park elk herd in order to feed interned Japs nice, thick, juicy steaks.

The first reports on the Diamond Jubilee celebrations are on page 25 and the activities of the Elks War Commission are reflected in the pages entitled "The Elks in the War".

F.R.A.

# Elks Lodges Everywhere Are Sending This Inspiring Book to Their Men in the Service

WHEN you're sending "bundles" and packages to your men in the Army, Navy, and Marines—be sure to include a copy of this comforting, inspiring, powerful little book—*STRENGTH FOR SERVICE To God and Country*. Here is a book that men at war want and need. It is a testament of the bonds between you at home and your men on the firing line. It is a stout link between men at war and their God.

**Over 600,000  
Already Printed!**

*STRENGTH FOR SERVICE* is the best-selling book of its kind of the war, excepting the Bible. Business organizations, clubs, fraternal groups, church societies have sent thousands of copies to

their members now in camp or at sea. Mothers and fathers have sent it to their sons. For this book "has what it takes" to strengthen the faith and fortify the spirit of a fighting man. It has received the highest endorsements from officers, chaplains, and the men themselves.



## STRENGTH FOR SERVICE To God and Country

Edited by Chaplain Norman E. Nygaard

THIS book, handy pocket size, contains nearly 400 pages of daily devotions for men at war: a simple, two-minute message and prayer for every day in the year. Its messages have been prepared by leading American churchmen and business men. These talks are written by men for men—*real men*. Strong, courageous, fighting words spring from its pages. Printed on sturdy, thin paper. Strong, flexible binding in two colors: blue for Navy, Coast Guard, Merchant Marine; khaki for Army and Marines.

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*STRENGTH FOR SERVICE* takes almost no room at all in a package; or can be mailed for 3¢. Price per copy is only 75¢—or \$7.50 per dozen. To order, merely send coupon at right—give postman amount of your order, plus few cents postage. Your money back if book is not precisely what you want. (*A FREE SAMPLE COPY will gladly be sent to Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, or other Officers on request—please use your own Lodge letterhead when writing.*) Address: ABINGDON-COKESBURY PRESS, Dept. 424, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.



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**Y**OU'LL see an item like this in the paper: "The Navy announced today that U. S. submarines have sunk six more Jap ships." That's all; just a few laconic words. This is our silent service—matter-of-fact, devastating, magnificent.

To the average American, "submarine" has been a nasty word. It has meant first, the Huns and the *Lusitania*; second, the Nazis and the *Athenia*, not to mention hundreds of our merchantmen turned into flaming coffins. Even in time of peace the public has been horrified by submarine disasters: the S-4, the S-51, even the *Squalus*, though in the case of the *Squalus* miraculous rescues with the Navy's diving bell mitigated the horror. But the distaste for subs lingered in the mouths of too many Americans. It's time it was washed out. Yes, the submarine is a pulverizing weapon; in the hands of the Axis it is the most lethal menace to a United Nations victory. But manned by Americans the submarine is our ace in the hole against Japan.

Here is a torpedotubeful of figures: With only one-half of one per-

cent pink-cheeked fellow with a friendly smile, steered his big sub right into a Jap harbor and blew a freighter to bits with his deck guns. A few shells happened to fall on the Jap town and "Weary" was so close he could see the Emperor's subjects running like hell up the streets, dragging their furniture after them. (Imagine the effect of those big shells on Jap brains soaked in the dope dished out by Radio Tokio!)

Finally a stupefied Jap shore battery came to life and opened fire. Did "Weary" crash dive? He did not. Instead he calmly swung his deck guns around and opened up on another big Jap freighter, coolly shelled it to smoking pieces and then, giving the order "Take her down", guided his sub smoothly out of the harbor.

"Weary" Wilkins is a full commander now and he wears a Navy Cross over the gold conning tower and dolphins of his submarine pin. He certainly didn't get that nickname from the Japs!

You see a lot of Navy Crosses around New London these days. And New London is where this submarine story should begin. But before

more drama than an Ibsen play. There is the submarine school crowded with hundreds of enlisted men and officers, the sensational 100-foot "escape" tank and then, of course, the subs themselves. . . . O-boats, R-boats, S-boats and huge, sleek new subs longer than a football field with little Jap flags painted on their conning towers that mean Jap ships sent to the bottom.

There is plenty of hearty laughter in New London and there is sudden silence, too, when the ominous words come over the wire—"The submarine—is overdue and must be presumed lost." Then faces tighten, voices are lowered and that night glasses will be lifted to good friends who have gone to their deaths under

# The SILENT SERVICE

cent of the Navy's total personnel, our submariners have accounted for 40% of the Japanese ships sunk or ruined so far in this war! That's explosive news.

For months now our American subs have been slugging the Jap where it hurts, in the bloated belly of his sea-borne supply lines. They have been sailing into his very harbors, sinking Jap ships supposedly safe in coastal havens. Forget about U-boat commanders sneaking into Scapa Flow sinking ships with torpedoes—our sub skippers don't waste torpedoes even in Jap harbors—they'll use their new, powerful deck guns even though under fire from Jap shore batteries!

That's what Lt. Commander Charles W. "Weary" Wilkins, U.S.N., did. I had breakfast with "Weary" recently at New London, our booming sub base. "Weary" had just got back from Japan where he had left his calling cards in one of Hirohito's harbors. Mr. Wilkins a youthful,

it begins please bear in mind that as far as subs are concerned, this is the first time in our history that we are really pitching as well as catching.

New London today offers more excitement than a three-ring circus,

British Official Photograph



On a submarine good food is a morale builder. Bodies that don't get fresh air and sunlight need good nourishment.

the restless surface of the great Pacific.

New London is a strong heart pumping healthy new blood into our fast-growing submarine fleet, new sailors, new officers, new subs. Nearby are the clanging yards of the Electric Boat Co. which got the lion's share of the billion-dollar submarine bill passed last year by Congress. (Other sub yards are at Mare Island, Cal., Manitowoc, Wis., Portsmouth, N. H.) EBCO is an old, experienced hand at this toughest of engineering jobs. In peacetime EBCO bowed its head and built fish-skinning machines, Elco pleasure craft. Now it's back with its first and true love, submarines, trim tough subs that are given a thorough testing by

EBCO's own test crew before the new boats are turned over to the nextdoor neighbor, the Navy.

Let's begin where the new submarine sailors begin, in the office of the submarine service's psychiatrist, Doctor Calvert Stein. Stein, young and soft-voiced with a neat, black moustache, weeds out the neurotics, the surly, the morose—men who would make life miserable for the rest of the crew on a long undersea patrol. Naturally, claustrophobes don't get to first base.

Through the magical prisms of his periscope a sub skipper sights his objective.



Official U. S. Navy Photographs

**Our submariners are turning in a brilliant performance with one of war's most potent weapons. By Philip Harkins**



**Lowering a sleek torpedo into  
a British submarine at a base  
"somewhere in England".**

Submarines have no promenade decks. For weeks the men may not see the sun, get just a few whiffs of fresh air at night when the sub surfaces to charge her batteries. A man may sleep with his head a few inches away from a torpedo loaded with 600 pounds of TNT, eat standing up, constantly bump into his mates. When the depth charges start going off as they probably will, far off—close—closer with the nerve-jangling explosions underwater, beside which a heavy air raid is like a bad thunderstorm, the submariners must keep cool. That's why the Navy wants and is getting the cream of the crop for its submarine fleet.

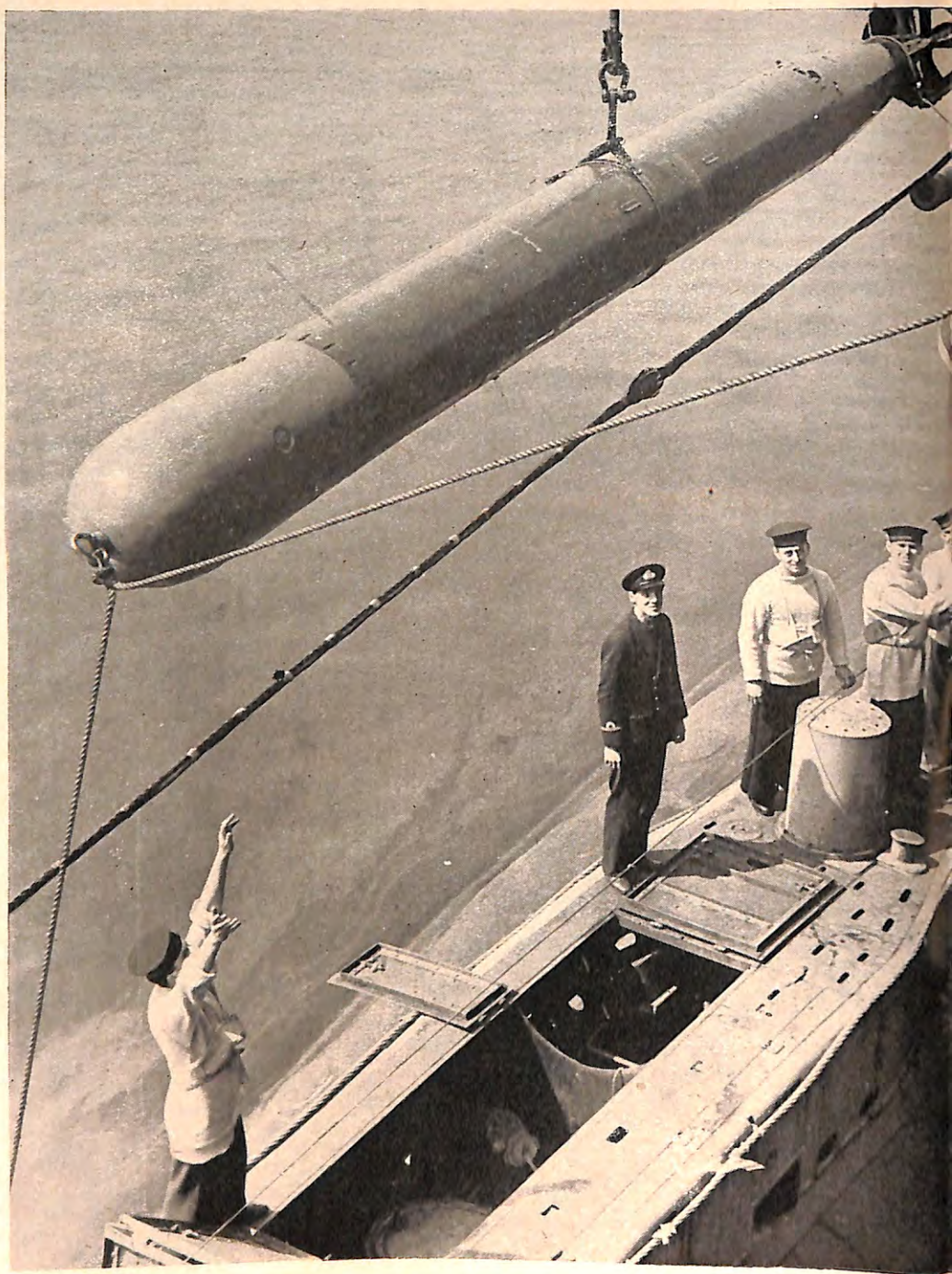
Morale is a highly important word around New London. Psychiatrist Stein might be called a super-morale officer. "As a matter of fact," he says, "the boys call me Father Flanagan." In the name of morale our sub sailors get a 50% pay boost; students in the submarine school get liberty three nights out of four. They are the Navy's elite and are treated accordingly.

What can a psychiatrist contribute to submarine morale? Things like this:

A young sailor in the sub school—call him Bill—was sent over to Stein's office because he had had fainting spells. The obvious theory was that he was nervous and frightened at the prospect of serving on a submarine. Bill stayed "on station" when his mates went on liberty, mentally he was in the dumps. Under sympathetic questioning by Dr. Stein, Bill's story came out: Bill had been on a ship at Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked. He had seen his best friend blown to bits. Worse, he had helped pick up the remains—an arm with a wrist watch on it. That wrist watch seemed to stand out in Bill's mind as a gruesome link between the living and the dead. Bill had been sickened at the treachery of the Japs. He had sweated in helpless rage over his inability to make them pay for Pearl Harbor. He had been hostile to God for letting this crime take place. On top of all this was the realization that marriage to the girl back home, contingent upon promotion, was now indefinitely postponed because Bill's promotion papers had gone down with his ship.

To get back at the Japs, Bill had volunteered for submarine service knowing that the subs were hitting the Nips harder than anything else. But at New London, Bill had gone into a psychotic tailspin—he couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat. Dr. Stein had asked for Bill's mess card and had found it practically unpanched, little wonder Bill had had fainting spells.

In Stein's office Bill got a load off



Press Association

his chest. Then the psychiatrist took him along to meet other doctors on the school's staff and they too listened sympathetically and gradually; with intelligent questions and comments they lifted the black cloud off his brain. The tangle over the lost promotion papers was unraveled; Bill was given leave to go home and marry his girl. He returned, happy and optimistic, to get very high marks at submarine school. Dr. Stein's trained, psychiatric tactics had given the U. S. submarine service another good sailor.

Dr. Stein has examined over 500 students at the submarine school. He has found only one malingerer, a sailor who was taking advantage of the good treatment to booze and snooze; the malingerer got short shrift. Few sailor students "blow

up" as psychiatrist Stein calls a sudden fear of undersea service. A "blow up" can usually be traced to emotional traumata—a childhood drowning scare—or letters from nervous relatives. Generally the blow up can be cured by a Momsen lung escape from the 100-foot deep tank (which shows that it can be done) in addition to pointing out sub safety statistics—in proportion, subs are the safest branch of the Navy.

Why do men volunteer for submarine service? Dr. Stein's records show two principal reasons: 1. To get at the Japs with a powerful weapon; 2. To study Diesel engines! (To a mechanically minded boy or adult a submarine is a marvelous laboratory.)

Psychology again is the keynote



at the sub base's tremendous "escape" tank where recruits who refuse at first to believe that anything but a fish can breathe underwater learn not only to imitate the fish with Momsen lungs but also learn the submariner's basic rule: "Keep calm—never get excited."

Young men who can swim up from the bottom of a tank 100 feet deep don't panic when a sub submerges.

The instructors are good psychologists—there is no bullying or heaving a recalcitrant sailor into the deep green well. If he balks, he is coaxed. Usually his mates do the best coaxing with some such battle cry as "Come on in, you pantywaist." No sailor can afford to be so slandered, so in he goes—Momsen lung and all.

Slowly, step by step, officers and enlisted men absorb the spirit of the submarine service in the red brick buildings of the school, in the tank and of course in the subs themselves. And from these subs come men like Harry Simon.

Harry Simon of Erie, Pa., is a gunner's mate. Harry is 26, tall, dark,

**Right: Escape compression chamber where the men undergo a pressure of 50 lbs. before attempting an underwater escape from the tank pictured below.**

**Below: A submariner making a Momsen lung escape from the 100-foot deep tank at our base in New London, Connecticut.**

and nice-looking. Like "Weary" Wilkins, Harry too has visited Japan and left a souvenir.

Not long ago Harry was on war patrol so close to Japan "you could almost spit on the beach". There had been long, quiet, monotonous weeks. Then one day, late in the afternoon, the command "Battle Surface" came over the loudspeaker. That meant a Jap ship was going to feel the full fury of this sub's new,

lethal deck guns. Harry ran to the conning tower, excited, glad to get into action, deck gun action, something to make your blood tingle. Those Japs were going to get the surprise of their lives. They were going to see what Americans can do when they want to get tough.

Standing in the conning tower, tense and impatient with the mates of the gun crew and the "ammuni-  
(Continued on page 36)

Official U. S. Navy Photographs



# Hex Marks The Spot

**A hex, jinx or whammy  
has decided more than  
one ball game**



**By Stanley Frank**

**I**N A recent nation-wide poll conducted by the Associated Press, the St. Louis Cardinals were acclaimed the team of 1942 for winning the National League pennant and ambushing the Yankees in the World Series. It is a disenchanting duty to report that the award was given for traditional reasons more romantic than realistic. Twenty-four Cardinals were fellow-travelers contributing only routine assistance, while one man was wrapping up the pennant and the prize money in three scattered games among the 154 played last season. The three games in which the Dod-

gers could not buy a run off Morton Cecil Cooper.

In those three games Cooper frustrated: (1) The team the Cardinals had to beat; (2) Whit Wyatt, Brooklyn's best pitcher; (3) His personal hex, jinx or whammy that had been the decisive factor in the disposition of the 1941 pennant.

Cooper pitched six games—and won five—against the Dodgers last year. As the boys in the dugouts say, Cooper and Wyatt “choosed” each other on five occasions. Twice the aces back-to-back were not precisely invincible. Cooper won an 8-5 affair and Wyatt worked a 4-3

decision in a contest stopped in the seventh inning by New York's dim-out regulations.

The pennant and the blue chips were squarely on the line, to be taken by the team with the better pitcher, in the three remaining games. And the Cardinals were that team strictly and only because they had Cooper on their side.

The scores of the three pay-off games were 1-0, 2-1 (fourteen innings) and 3-0. A base-hit inserted in any one of a half-dozen situations could have won every game for the Dodgers. Had Brooklyn gotten only

*(Continued on page 48)*

# What America is reading



Alice-Leone Moats  
author of one of the  
most unconventional  
accounts of the  
war, "Blind Date  
With Mars."



By Harry Hansen

WHEN the president of De-Pauw University was introducing Channing Pollock at a lecture, he said, "Pollock created *The Fool*, but it is equally true that *The Fool* created Pollock." And that play did make Mr. Pollock more than ever determined to write something that would help people, not merely entertain them. He thereupon built his plays around ideas, as formerly he had built them around situations. After twenty-two years of writing vaudeville sketches, musical comedies and "a few unimportant plays", Pollock now had a mission, and he followed "*The Fool*" with "*The Enemy*", "*Mr. Moneyppenny*" and "*The House Beautiful*", which the public approved but the critics didn't like. "My four most ambitious plays won a total of three favorable criticisms," says Channing Pollock.

He gives this look into the theater in his autobiography, "*Harvest of My Years*", a book packed with stories, anecdotes, personal philosophy, comment on how to write plays and frank, friendly estimates of men with whom he has been associated since the Twentieth Century began. Mr. Pollock is now 62 and just as eager as ever, but his interest has turned from the stage, and he is now lecturing, fighting collectivism and the curtailment of individual independence, and the limitations on free speech that are being imposed by pressure groups, who try to stop men of independent views from getting a hearing.

He began with all sorts of hack work—advance man for William A. Brady's famous "*Way Down East*", for instance, which netted Brady a fortune but paid its author, Lottie Blair Parker, exactly \$5,000. He tinkered with plays before he ever had one of his own produced, and he learned that "show business" is ruthless; it will cheat most genially if you let it. He decided that plays are best when they are written at white heat; to rewrite them is to work out their spontaneity and make them lifeless. From Eugene Walter, who wrote "*The Easiest Way*", he learned  
*(Continued on page 53)*

John Lardner, at left, author of "*Southwest Passage, The Yanks in the Pacific*", (Lippincott) lifts his voice in song during a light moment in the long journey to Australia.

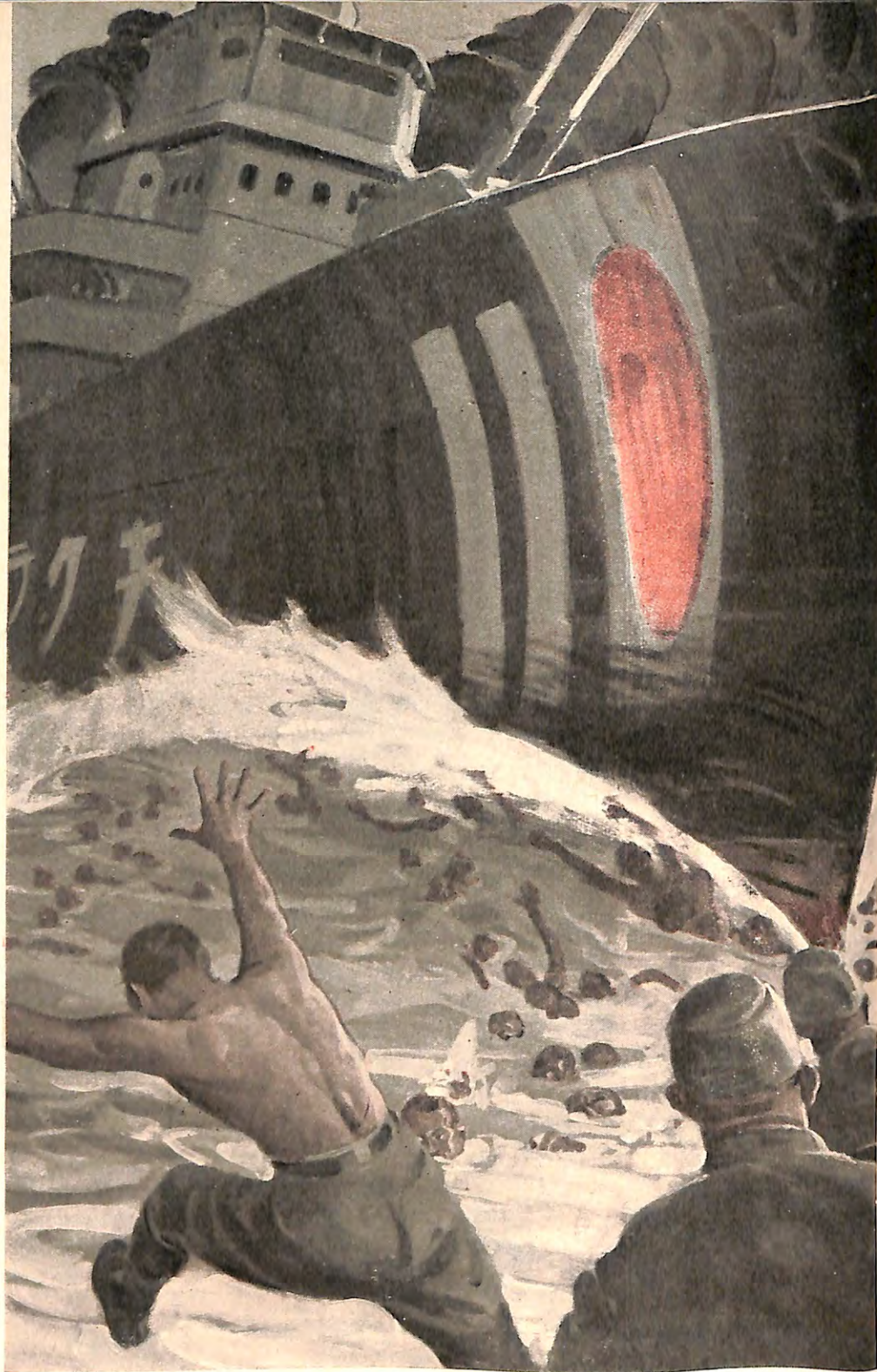
**Y**OU noticed it at once about Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Temberly in a time of sudden stress—that slow, half-smiling of his eyes. It was a troubling thing, it seemed to be such acidly ironic jocularity. But it wasn't. It was the man's essential steel, patiently holding itself in check. Mr. Barston, joining the destroyer, *USS Israel Fennel*, as Temberly's executive on the China Station just before the war, first saw it in the skipper off the *Shanghai Bund*. He remembered it—and the arrogant barbarity of the Japanese commander who was its object and its cause.

Coming up to moorings in the Hwangpoo River on an escort task, they saw him first in distance from the *Fennel's* bridge. Her men were at battle stations, gathered in unostentatious groups near the M.G. mounts, because even then it was plain to Temberly you could never tell about the Japanese, who had lately learned to fly. Pootung was in ruins across the river's reach to give it evidence; the charred remains of ancient Chapei weren't far away. And while the skipper watched, alert and quietly at ease behind the thin steel dodger of his ship, that Jap destroyer leader came knifing up from the Woosung Forts, command flags at her signal yard, an officer at her bridge wing with what looked like a crimson sash flying stiff along the wind as she sliced the mud-gray river water wide.

Barston saw the cluster of poverty-stricken sampans in her path. He saw them sculling frantically, like a covey of bedraggled ducks; heard the shrill Chinese of their excited cries. The Jap destroyer held her course at a reckless thirteen knots. With ruthless deliberation, she sliced through those harmless smallboats and kept on toward her anchorage in man-o'-war row, leaving splintered wood and floundering, half-starved coolies in her wake to save themselves as best they could. A slow murmur rose from the *Fennel's* maindeck, like an angry growl. Barston heard it plainly, frowning himself at such wanton cruelty; he saw the skipper's lips go thin.

"We must pay him an official call, Mr. Barston," said Lieutenant-Commander Temberly with that deceiving softness in his tone. "I should like you to accompany me. . . . Will you clear away the boat as soon as we are moored?"

So Barston saw that meeting; he was there while late sunlight flashed across the river on the building façades fronting Soochow Creek where the temple gongs once throbbed. He heard those two speak quietly of things professional and apparently quite commonplace. Yet underneath the thin veneer of con-



# THE DUEL

**A fierce personal combat. Barbarity and hatred on one side, a still and patient purpose on the other.**

**By Jacland Marmur**



duct it was plain the clash of wills was sharp, personal and instantaneous.

One man was lean and tall, his weathered face like teakwood, heavy brows above blue, quiet eyes beneath the cockaded naval hat. The other bowed stiffly from the waist, his little black eyes glinting with what might have been mistaken for a smile except it never reached his lips. He was small, even for a Japanese, broad-bodied, with a solid neck that gave his head a forward thrust, truculent, oblique and shrewd. When he straightened up before the wooden faces of his junior officers, Lieutenant Barston saw he wore a crim-

son silken scarf. But not about his throat. It was at his shoulder, like an aiguillette, the long, loose ends fluttering behind him, richly embroidered with a patternwork of fans in azure blue. That, he knew, was the flash of color he had seen before like a banner in the distance from the *Fennel's* bridge. It was an odd thing, he thought, and that was all. Because just then he heard his skipper speak.

"A smart anchorage, *Chu-sa*," Lieutenant-Commander Temberly was saying, quite as if he knew no better than to compliment a senior rank upon a point of seamanship.

The Japanese flashed his teeth.

**She rushed straight on with ruthless cruelty, cutting through the masses of her own men.**

"I am delighted, Lieutenant-Commander," he breathed blandly in precise university English, "to know you can appreciate so simple a manoeuvre."

A faint sigh passed along his group of juniors. It trembled for an instant on the still, clear air as if their amusement meant to burst the bounds of courtesy and show itself for what it really was—derisive insolence. But it stopped just short of that. Only their eyes, deep-fired, kept darting from one to the other,

like men keenly watching swordplay.

"Since you address me in Japanese," the senior officer went on, "and say *Chu-sa* for commander, I take it you are somewhat familiar with the Imperial Navy of Japan?"

"A little. But not nearly familiar enough, I think."

Something glittered behind the narrow eyes of the Japanese. "We have great hopes," he said instantly, the tight restraint giving his sibilants a hissing sound, "we have great hopes for early opportunities to give you that familiarity."

"It would be a pleasure, Commander. I assure you." Barston was fascinated by that gentle tone of Temberly's low voice. He stood tree-tall and carelessly at ease while this hatred and hostility kept bristling at them. "For an instance, *Chu-sa*," the skipper murmured on, "that silken shoulder scarf you wear. I am not at all familiar with its meaning."

"So? It is quite simple. The pattern is a very ancient crest. Of Ozeki. We are in direct descent from the Samurai, you see. And since I am Tomei Ozeki. I must wear it—thus!—to do honor to my family. And—" he gave that quick, stiff bow again, his fingers touching the silk with fanatical reverence—"and to assure for victory in battle."

"Interesting, Commander Ozeki. Very. But then, of course, it is a question as to what should be considered battle. We might raise the point that overrunning unarmed coolie boats might need no aid at all to give assurance of a victory." The casual, academic poise of Joseph Temberly's low voice altered not a bit. "There is a different viewpoint there, no doubt."

The thrust struck home. It caught the other underneath his guard. For that moment before he made recovery, it tore aside the thin, false mask of civil speech, baring the merciless cruelty that glowered underneath. Then instantly it passed; the smiling mask closed down again.

"You Americans have such peculiar notions about an individual man's importance," Commander Tomei Ozeki said, smiling with a care- less-veiled disdain. "A coolie is a coolie. To be sure, he has a small value. But against essential needs he is nothing. Nothing at all. We understand that in the Orient and— well, in other places too. If it were necessary or even expedient for the gain of a battle purpose, I assure you I should not hesitate a moment to let my ships overrun—as you naively call it—men of my own great race. Because—"

"I have no doubt of that, *Chu-sa*." "—because the Emperor has no need or reason ever to turn aside," the Japanese finished suavely. "As you say, there is a different viewpoint there."

Again Lieutenant Barston sensed the slow release of tension in the stiff-grouped junior officers, their scornful look of triumph, as Temberly, still calmly murmuring, paced

slowly toward the gangway with erect, unhurried dignity. The skipper never dragged his anchor. He had long training on the China Station, and he held the central purpose of his visit skillfully until the last. Not until he was almost at the bottom of the ladderway did he stop, looking up casually to where Commander Tomei Ozeki stood.

"By the way, *Chu-sa*," he said then, carelessly tossing the words aloft as a thing of small account, "my ship is here to escort the merchant steamer *Martaban* clear of these waters. She is taking a hundred or so of our nationals back home."

"Ah, yes. A wise precaution in these dangerous times, Lieutenant-Commander. The Chinese, as you know, are — ah — quite unpredictable."

"True." The skipper cleared his throat. "We will be very cautious of their sampans when we sail with tomorrow morning's tide."

Commander Ozeki drew his breath in sharply while Temberly took up again his slow descent of the ladderway. Then, "Tomorrow?" the bland voice called down. "So sorry. I shall have no opportunity to repay your pleasant call. A pity. But perhaps we will soon be fortunate enough to meet again." The voice hesitated. "Perhaps," it rushed on quickly, "perhaps at sea!"

Temberly paused on the gangway platform where his boat hung. The last bright sunlight touched his weathered cheek as he looked up from there, the slow, half-smile beginning to touch his eyes. "*Chu-sa*," he said with firmness, "I should be delighted."

The Japanese bowed stiffly in the shadow of his after guns. This would be a farcical thing, Barston could reflect, except that underneath the thin civility the hatred and the opposition throbbled like distant drumfire. When Ozeki came erect, it glowed, brutal and explosive, in his coal-black eyes. His words dropped singly now, like hailstones falling on an iron deck. "Since I wear the silken crest of my ancient family, you perhaps would recognize me. Even at some distance. It would be great pity if I failed to know your ship and we passed each other by. I should regret it most exceedingly."

That's when Barston saw that half-smile clearly on the skipper's face, the spider webs along his temples fanning from his eyes, deceptive humor flicking the taut-held edges of his mouth. "I could put a five-inch shell across your bows, *Cru-sa*," he said with gravity, "the way they used to do in twenty-pounder days. That way you'd know for sure."

Commander Tomei Ozeki of the Imperial Japanese Navy laughed at such a pleasant jest. Barston remembered that laughter. It had a grim, sardonic ring. But he remembered best the skipper's smile. That troubled him. There was no humor in it. It was made of steel and patience. He had never seen a smile

like that before in the eyes of any man. And when he saw it for the second time, some months had passed; Pearl Harbor lay between. Still, to him it seemed familiar. He thought he recognized it on the skipper's face. But that was purely an activity of the executive's subconscious mind. Because this time it was toward nightfall after battle in the Coral Sea.

The ship lay crippled on the water, swinging the wreckage of her forward battlemast like a broken pendulum in the long, slow-running hollows of the cobalt swell. Pillars of smoke soiled the horizon. Under the lip of the sea the heavy bombs still dully thundered as the action went roaring west and north from her like a sweeping flame, leaving the *Fennel* alone with sunset and her wounds in this strange stillness after fury. And the skipper, a lean tall figure with a splinter gash across his cheek, was peering steadfastly through binoculars against the quickly failing light from the twisted tangle of his bridge. He never stirred as the damage reports poured to him.

"Both forward guns washed out, sir. Fo'c's'le's smashed. I am shoring up the bulkhead just in case. Fires are under control. Forward magazine secure. Both engine telegraph cables shot away. But I think we're all right aft. Four torpedoes still unexpended. Sharkey keeps wailing he never got a chance to bear the mount. Number three. Casualties light. We were very lucky, sir. Eight men and—"

"How'd Morely make out down below?"

"Forward fire room took two shells. Steam pressure . . ." Barston thrust his fist sharply downward. "Had to stop."

**"I could put a five-inch shell across your bows, *Chu-sa*," he said with gravity. "The way they used to do in twenty-pounder days."**

*Illustrated by* COURTNEY ALLEN

"Yes, yes, I know." The skipper never moved his head. "But can we steam?"

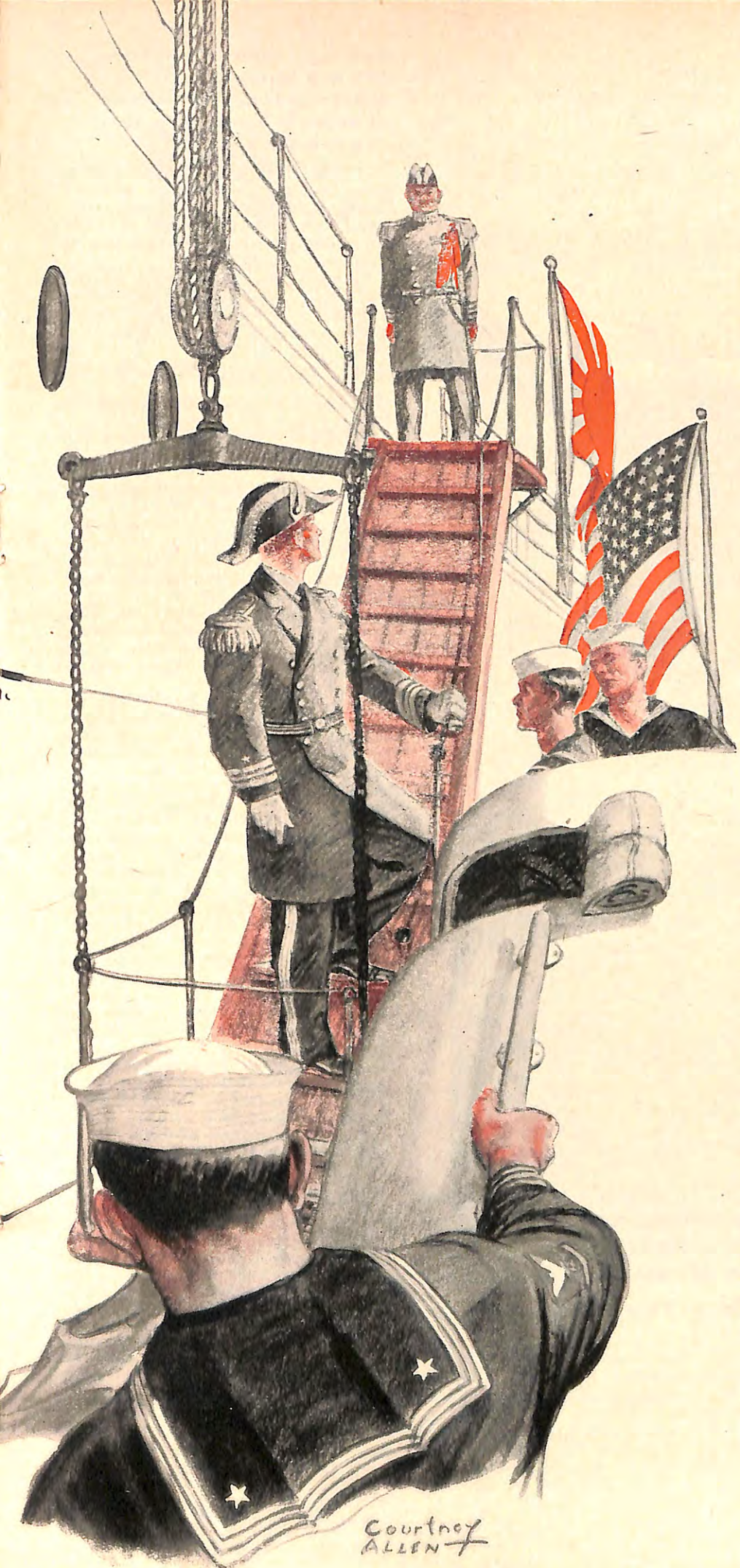
"After boilers only. Tom says he might manage two hundred turns. That means he'll give us two-twenty-five at least."

"Well, tell him to wind her up as soon as he is ready. We will con him with the voice tube."

"He says don't fret, sir." Lieutenant Barston tried to grin. "He says he'll get us home."

"Will he?" Temberly let the glasses drop against his chest at last. "Let her head come three five oh the minute she will answer," he called into the wheelhouse. "One hundred fifty turns."

"Bearing changing, sir!" the seaman in the starboard wing droned from his instrument. "Enemy destroyer at two eight three now."



Courtney  
ALLEN

"Way, sir!" The quartermaster's voice was sharp. "Way! Course three five oh."

"Ah."

That breath escaped the skipper's lips like a long, contented sigh. But he didn't stir. Against the twilight, with that wound along his cheek, he still kept peering to the north, that acidly ironic look of jocularly upon his face. It began to touch the shutters of Lieutenant Barston's memory. He put binoculars against his eyes to search the cobalt ocean, shot now with points of blue-green fire. And flaming fragments of the recent action started rushing past his mind in odd, disjointed bits. . . . The *Fennel*, racing windy corner of divisional attack, the Coral Sea erupting geysers all around. He remembered livid sheets of fire and smoke spilling across an enemy transport from two torpedo hits. Seen in distance through white walls of spray, she became a fierce, volcanic caldron before she exploded, rolling over on her side to fill the ocean with her troops. And a Jap destroyer, knifing up with all her five-inch armament ablaze. She rushed straight on with ruthless cruelty, cutting through the masses of her own men, mangling them where they struggled, frantic in the water. . . . That touched a quick, familiar thing. Barston's memory leaped at it and rushed on. He thought he could recall an instant's flash of color on her bridge. That, too, was something he had seen before. He tried to place it. But the *Fennel* took two hits just then and all the rest till now. . . .

Abruptly, Lieutenant Barston stiffened. He brought that silhouette against the darkening horizon line to clearer focus. Jap destroyer leader. Damaged. Both after turrets twisted steel, guns pointing crookedly aloft. Low in the water. Making way now to the north and east. Hunting refuge in the plundered Solomons. Barston's vision moved; it touched her bridge. And there he saw again that fleck of color fluttering an instant in the dying light. Like a crimson scarf taut out along the wind! It made him let his glasses drop. The thing rushed over him at once. And crystal clear! The Hwangpoo River and the splintered coolie boats. Commander Tomei Ozeki, doing brutal honor to his ancient family! The mailed glove of challenge flung—and Temberly, quiet in acceptance, with that slow, half-smiling in his eyes. That was the look of him off the *Shanghai Bund*. And here again! It was the same. Barston knew for certain now. It was the look of personal combat, of a duelist holding at bay a deadly foe. "Gun number three, Mr. Barston. Local control. One round. As soon as you can bear. Tell Scotty I want a five-inch shell across that fellow's bows." The executive heard that low, soft voice repeating firmly, "I said across his bows."

Barston's eyes lit up. The *Fennel* gathered way. The southern constel-

(Continued on page 32)



Chace • From Atlas Photos

# Red Gun



**Included in this month's treatise are pertinent comments on the movement afoot to kill off great numbers of the Rocky Mountain elk herds**  
**By Ray Trullinger**

IT'S now rather amusing to contemplate, in retrospect, the things we rod and gun fans said and did not too long ago. They didn't seem particularly screwy at the time, but today they'd evoke a gust of bitter,

ironic laughter. Tune in on what follows and you'll understand what we mean:—

"Look, Baby, the booby prize. . . . Yeah, I won it at the club shoot this afternoon. . . . Can you imagine it?

Here is a good look at the elk's new horns—in the velvet, as it is called—as every Fall the elk sheds its horns and grows a new set in the Spring.

. . . . Other guys grab off silver trophies, medals and sterling chutney bowls, but look what I come home with! . . . A 12-pound ham! . . . Now ain't that a heckuva prize to win at a shootin' match?"

"What, three of us drive all the way up to Quebec in one station wagon! . . . With all our guns, shells, duffel and stuff? . . . Why, you guys must be nuts! . . . Don't be crazy! . . . We'll take TWO cars and ride up in comfort!"

"You got \$10 bucks you can spare, Pete? I've a big income tax installment to pay this week. . . . Yeah, it's \$22.50 and I'm a little short."

"Look, Jack. I want a case of 12-gauge duck loads, half fives and the rest sixes. And a case of 20-gauge, number eights. Better put in about 1000 long rifles, too. Oh, yeah. And a carton of .38 wadcutters, too. I'll drop around this afternoon with the bus and pick 'em up."

"Your hip boots leakin'? . . . Why don't you do same as I do every Spring? . . . I buy a new pair just ahead of the fishin' season and it saves a lot of patchin'."

"For Pete's sake, honey, are we havin' sirloin steak for dinner again tonight? . . . Why don't we ever have something tasty for a change—say a mess of weinies and sauerkraut or some corned beef and cabbage?"

"Hello, Eastern Air Lines? . . . Look, Dave, I want a seat on tonight's plane to Miami . . . Yeah, I wanna get down there in a hurry for a little sailfishing and also to give the ponies a whirl out at Hialeah Park . . . Seat number 8? . . . That's fine! . . . Send it down to the office right away by messenger, willya? . . . Okay and thanks."

"Plastered! . . . I'll say I got in plastered last night! . . . And was the missus burned up! . . . But everything's all jake now . . . Yeah . . . I buttered her up with a half-dozen pairs of nylon stockings."

"Moose steaks? . . . Sure, I know the best way to cook 'em . . . First, you brown a pound of butter in a deep skillet and . . ."

Them were the good old days, chums!

**D**URING the last war North America's wildlife and coastal fish took a frightful beating. The West Coast salmon runs were ravaged, and ill-advised drainage projects in Canada's waterfowl nesting areas contributed directly to the great duck shortage only recently corrected by years of effort on the part of Ducks Unlimited and other conservation and restoration agencies.

Now that public attention is concerned with other matters, the same destructive forces are again in evi-

*(Continued on page 43)*





# In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust

**Mr. Faust outlines the history and activities of the Westminster Kennel Club, annual hosts to dogdom's royalty.**

ONLY twice in my life have I been a joiner, and one of those occasions had such startling results that I resigned exactly one week after becoming a member. A friend of mine—I think of him as a wolf in grey tweeds—put my name up for membership in a club to which he belonged. He didn't come right out and say so, but he gave me the impression that it was a pretty toney affair. Later, I found out that it was about as exclusive as the Book of the Month Club. It was Summer, and knowing that the boys "some dozen of them" usually vacationed together, I thought it a privilege to go along with them. The club collectively owned a strip of land bordering a lake not far from Kingston, New York. Once a year it was used by the members as a camp site. I remember the enthusiastic word-picture I was given about the fishing, the swimming and the balmy air that enabled you to sleep like a top—whatever that means. I never saw a top asleep but I know that there was little shut-eye for me until I got back to town comforts. To my inquiry as to whether there were snakes around that lake, as there often are, I was assured that it was as free from serpents as Erin. Now, I have a special, peculiar horror of anything that crawls—right down to worm-size. (All right, call me a sissy!) Vacation time found our band of nature lovers headed for the lake. It has a high-sounding Indian name, "Blue-Sky-Restful-Water". It was more than restful. It was stagnant. The only blue it ever saw came from the dye from one of my shirts. I'll add that it was infested with reptiles. To me it was Lake Heck-on-the-Nerves. The last day of the first week there my untruthful friend suggested that for variety we walk to the nearby Hudson River for a swim. "Good idea," I thought. "Anything to get away from those da. . . unchaperoned snakes."

It was a good idea. The walk was pleasant. The swim was fine, until



Ylla from Rapho

we paused to admire a huge passenger vessel bound for New York. It was closer to our shore than the opposite one, and it never occurred to us that the rollers it kicked up would reach far enough to wash away our clothes. But that's what happened. It would have only been a minor mishap had we not been swimming in the raw. After con-

siderable diving my friend recovered his shoes and pants and one sock. He literally lost his shirt. The last we saw of it, it was traveling Albany-bound in the company of my trousers too far out to risk the swift current of the Hudson at that spot. We dressed as best we could and trudged in the direction of the camp.

(Continued on page 51)

THE odds were reasonably good that Private Pete Gilhooley would never be a corporal. As a matter of fact, Pete Gilhooley would probably have made you a price of 7 to 4 against that eventuality himself—Pete being a man who would gladly make you a price on anything. Sergeant Mulholland, squad leader of Pete's squad, would have

made you an even better price. Sergeant Mulholland and Pete did not see eye to eye on several things. The latter said as much to Eddie Scanlon as the two of them whittled peelings off a sack of spuds in the rear of the company kitchen on a Saturday afternoon.

"The big moose!" Pete said disgustedly, stabbing at a fresh potato.

"He slaps me with a holiday K. P. when he knows I have got a date in town. An' because of what?"

"Because yuh went out to reveille this morning with nothin' on under your overcoat but leggins an' your underwear, for one thing," Eddie said in a philosophical voice.

"How would I know the captain would say, 'Take off them over-

**Sergeant Mulholland miscalled his shots when he selected Private Pete Gilhooley as a target**

**By William Chamberlain**

*I'll Betcha I Can*



coats? He never did before."

"An' there yuh stood in all your glory—just like Venus at the pump," Eddie said reflectively. "I could never see sleepin' in your leggins an' shoes just tuh get a couple of more winks in the morning, myself."

Pete grunted, whacked a fat peeling from a spud and tossed it into the G. I. bucket in front of him. A half-dozen soldiers, uniforms pressed and overseas caps at a lady-killing angle, went down the dusty street toward the bus stand. One of them called out to Pete.

"I'll tell your girl you ain't comin', chum. But don't worry—she ain't goin' to get lonesome."

Pete swore under his breath and his melancholy deepened. "I'll fix the big goon up one of these days—an' when I do he won't forget it. You don't kick a Gilhooley around!"

"I'll be willin' to have a try," a voice said sourly from the kitchen door. The first cook—a heavy-set man with a squint—leaned there chewing on a toothpick and looking coldly at the heap of potatoes which remained to be peeled. "In ten min-

utes them spuds will be ready tuh go on the stove—or else!"

ON Monday morning the Third Training Battalion took its turn on the known-distance range. They marched out at six o'clock, going down the road in a dusty column with the sunrise tipping the barrels of the slung rifles. Presently they deployed behind the two hundred-yard firing point while the pit detail filed off toward the target butts and squad leaders began to call off the firing orders.

"First order on Targets Ten to Fifteen—Rogers, Waleski, Vandercook, Rose an' Peterson. Second order. . . ."

Men broke off in little groups to blacken front sights or run patches through gun barrels. Across two hundred yards of dun grass the square targets began to rise raggedly from behind the butts, their bull's-eyes gleaming like black balloons in the thin air and the concentric scoring rings faintly visible.

Men were flopping down, right and left, in a long and blue-denimed line on the firing point. They adjusted slings and cradled rifle butts against their shoulders. Other men—the coaches—sprawled beside them, reviewing instructions about holding the breath and squeezing the trigger and "Keep them eyes of yours open this time, stupid!"

Then, presently, the Springfields began to WHANG cleanly in the crisp air as the distant targets slid up and down with methodical regularity. It was nine o'clock when Sergeant Mulholland pushed himself up to his knees on Number Seventeen firing point.

"Gilhooley!" he bawled.

Sergeant Mulholland was a stout and impatient man and he watched Private Gilhooley's approach with displeasure. Pete was not Sergeant Mulholland's idea of the perfect soldier. His blue denims were unbuttoned at the collar and his canvas hat, which he had folded into a weird design, was perched on the back of his red head. He carried his rifle tucked in the crook of his arm like a country squire going after quail. Such unmilitary postures distressed Sergeant Mulholland.

"Did I hear yuh callin' me, Sarge?" Pete inquired sweetly.

"You did," Mulholland told him in a grim voice. "About six times. Next time you'll be paged by an M.P. Get up here!"

"Yes, SIR!"

"Shoot five rounds prone," Sergeant Mulholland grunted, easing his bulk down into the coaching position. "An' tighten up that gun sling before your Springfield kicks yuh across a couple of counties!"

"Give yuh five bucks to two it wouldn't kick me no farther back



For a moment there was a pregnant silence. Then a voice announced solemnly, "An' he sailed through the air with the greatest of ease!"

than where the lieutenant is sitting," Pete offered.

Mulholland gave him a dirty look. "An' see if you can remember what I have been tellin' you about squeezin' the trigger."

Pete wriggled himself flat on his stomach, spread his legs—heels down—and fished a loaded clip from one of the pockets of his belt. He thumbed the brass cartridges down into the magazine of the Springfield and shoved the bolt home.

Over his shoulder he suggested, "I'll make it four to one—an' let you move the lieutenant up a couple of feet closer. How about riskin' a buck or two, Sarge?"

"There goes your target up," Mulholland said coldly. "Get shootin'. An', if you don't shoot no better than yuh did last time, you'll have a date with a bushel of spuds tomorrow."

Pete yanked his disreputable hat farther down over his eyes. He twisted his left elbow firmly under the rifle and hunched his shoulders—then took a quick breath and yanked at the trigger.

SPANG!

"Flinched," Sergeant Mulholland said in the tone of a man who has just looked on a revolting scene. "Well, call your shot!"

Two hundred yards away the target was slowly being pulled down behind the butts to be marked. Pete eased his rifle down and rubbed gingerly at his right shoulder.

"No use to call it," he said flippantly. "From the way it left here you can tell it ain't comin' back."

"Call your shot," Mulholland repeated, his eyes watching the butts. "You ain't ever goin' to be a rifle marksman until you have learned to call your shots. Where'd that one hit?"

"Nuts," Pete said, "if I knew where it hit there wouldn't be no use in havin' those birds down there in the butts."

Mulholland made strangled noises. Target Seventeen was slowly coming back into view and then a disc on the end of a long staff was thrust up from behind the butts to indicate a spot high in the target's upper left-hand corner.

"A two at eleven o'clock," Mulholland said disgustedly. "Why do I waste my time on yuh? Well, I'll go through it once again—an' see if you can get this through your thick head. First yuh line up your sights, tip of the front sight just touchin' the bottom edge of the bull. Then yuh take a deep breath, let part of it out an' start tuh squeeze the trigger, keepin' your sights lined up at the same time. You got that?"

"Sure," Pete said. "I've had it all the time."

Mulholland looked sour but went on. "If the sights pull off the bull a little yuh stop your squeeze till they come back on again—then yuh start squeezin' some more. When the piece finally fires, yuh don't flinch because yuh don't know it's goin' off."

"You find out soon afterwards," Pete mumbled under his breath, rub-

bing at his shoulder reminiscently.

"Never mind that," Mulholland said coldly. "Havin' your eyes fixed firm on your sights an' the target, when the piece goes off you know where your shot has hit. So you call your shot. When you have got so you can call it right five times out of five you have learned the rudiments of shootin'. Do yuh get it?"

"Naw," Pete said. "I got to be shown."

Sergeant Mulholland glared and then reached for Pete's rifle. "Give me that gun!"

He yanked the sling tight on his arm, scrouged himself into the dust and curled his right shoulder lovingly around the butt of the Springfield. The muzzle steadied and then spat flame.

"Pulled off to the left a little," he mumbled. "That'll be a four at nine o'clock."

Target Seventeen disappeared; then came back into view. A red disc was poked up to mark a spot in the four ring just to the left of the bull's-eye and in the place where the nine would have been had the target been a clock's face, instead.

Sergeant Mulholland shot again. "Bull at six o'clock," he said in a satisfied voice.

A white disc, spotted against the lower half of the bull, confirmed the correctness of his call. Two more

fives followed and then a four at twelve o'clock. Mulholland called them all—then reared to his knees, slipping the sling from his arm.

A voice behind him said, "Fair shootin' for an old coot with one foot in the grave, Oscar."

Mulholland turned around. A half-dozen men had gathered behind the firing point to watch the performance. It was the first sergeant—a leathery and hard-bitten man named Mike Lanihan—who had spoken. Sergeant Mulholland smirked a little and handed the rifle back to Pete.



"Aw," he said modestly, "I wasn't tryin' tuh actually put 'em in there. I was just showin' this fresh John how tuh call his shots."

Pete Gilhooley, standing behind Mulholland, mumbled under his breath but his words carried. "Imagine that big goon tryin' tuh teach anybody anything," he said.

Sergeant Mulholland jerked as though he had been kicked and

turned around. "What's that you said, Gilhooley?"

Pete smiled winningly. "Aw, I just meant I didn't see nothin' much to callin' shots. I've always been good at guessin' games."

Sergeant Mulholland choked. "Guessin' names!"

"Tch! Tch!" Sergeant Lanihan said maliciously. "Looks as though you been wastin' your time, Oscar. Private Gilhooley already knows how to call his shots."

"He couldn't call the chickens," Mulholland said grimly. "The only shots he ever called were in a pool hall."

Pete Gilhooley chewed on a match stick and pushed his hat farther back on his head as he squirmed himself into a more comfortable position on the firing point. Suddenly he grinned crookedly and there was a speculative look in his eyes.

"Sarge," he said, "I'll just bet you the fifty bucks I got comin' on pay day—even money—that I can call five shots an' not miscall a one of 'em. Are you on?"

The talk suddenly stopped behind the firing point and Sergeant Mulholland's face got redder. He started to step forward—then his lips tightened angrily and he waved an arm.

"It's a bet," he said grimly. "Get shootin'."

The quiet deepened as Pete tightened the gun sling on his arm and flopped over on his stomach again. He sighted for a brief instant; then yanked at the trigger and grunted as the rifle slammed back into his shoulder. Two hundred yards away a little spurt of yellow dust leaped up from the apron of the butts a good four feet below the bottom of the target.

Pete took the rifle down from his shoulder and stared thoughtfully in front of him for a moment. Then he spat and looked back over his shoulder at Sergeant Mulholland.

"Sarge," he said gravely, "that was a miss—at six o'clock."

Sergeant Mulholland looked like a man who has just swallowed his false teeth and someone snickered behind the firing point. Out in front Seventeen was being pulled down out of sight; it came back up again and a red flag was waved derisively across its front. Pete had been right—it WAS a miss.

He shot again and again looked back over his shoulder. "Another miss—same place. Six o'clock."

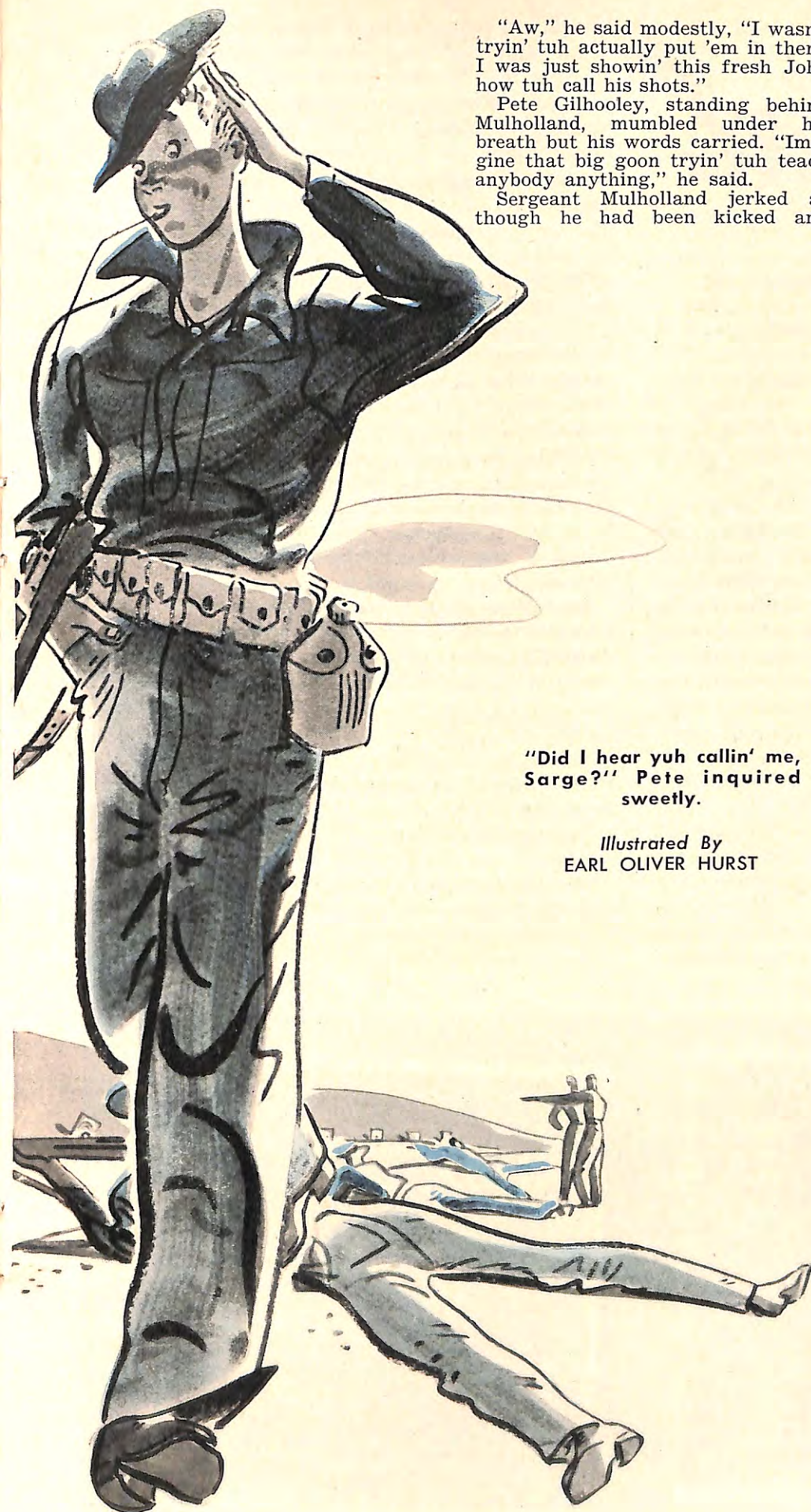
Sergeant Mulholland had no need to wait for the red flag to confirm this. The second spurt of yellow dust had told him well enough where Pete's second bullet had struck. He stood like he had been turned to stone as Pete fired his last shot, announced it to be a miss at five-thirty and stood up. The red flag wiggled across the front of the target for the fifth consecutive time as Pete brushed the dirt from the knees of his baggy blue denims.

"Well," he said, "be seein' you pay day, Sarge."

He tipped the disreputable hat  
(Continued on page 46)

"Did I hear yuh callin' me, Sarge?" Pete inquired sweetly.

Illustrated By  
EARL OLIVER HURST



# Editorial

## The Fighting McCooks

THE recent death in action of the five Sullivan brothers who gave their lives that we may live in the peace which we have been privileged to enjoy calls to mind the Fighting McCooks of the War between the States. They came from Ohio, were fourteen in number, and rendered valiant service in the army of the North. They were known as the "tribe of John", and the "tribe of Dan".

The "tribe of Dan" were nine in number, the sons of Daniel McCook who moved to Ohio from Pennsylvania and located at Carrollton. The "tribe of John", who was a brother of Daniel, hailed from Steubenville where John was a doctor with five sons. They joined the "tribe of Dan" making up the fourteen Fighting McCooks in the Union service. In fact there were fifteen, for the fourteen were joined by the 62-year-old father, Major Daniel McCook, who was killed at the battle of Buffington Island, the only Civil War action staged in Ohio.

All but one of the "tribe of Dan" became officers and that one, Charles Morris McCook, refused a commission in the Army. He was killed at the battle of Bull Run. Major General Robert L. was mortally wounded in Tennessee and Brigadier General Daniel, Jr., suffered a like fate at Kenesaw Mountain. The "tribe of John" was equally represented in the list of officers.

The U. S. Army Air Corps' first experimental air field at Dayton, Ohio, was named after General Alexander McCook

who died in Dayton in 1903. The family home of Daniel, Sr., in Carrollton, Ohio, built in 1830 has recently been acquired by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society and after being restored will be opened as a museum in honor of both families of the Fighting McCooks. They have made a record in the Buckeye State which entitles them to this recognition by a grateful and patriotic people.

## Women in Baseball

COMPARATIVELY few of our readers will be able to recall the days when female baseball clubs traveled their circuits. They drew crowds to the parks, attracted by the novelty rather than by the excellency in which played. It did not last long with those who were really lovers of the game. All thought of its revival seems to have been abandoned until the war has resulted in women taking up the work which men have been compelled to put aside for the duration. Both as a respecter of womankind and a lover of the great American sport, we express the hope that there will be no renewal of the novelty but that it will be permitted to remain as a phenomenon sacred and distinctive to the Gay Nineties.

Baseball has not been classified as essential, although its value to the American morale is undeniable. It may be doubted if women could maintain the interest, regardless of how earnestly they might try. Much of the work done by men can be equally well done by women, but baseball is not one of them.

At best, baseball is headed for a season of great difficulty with so many of the good players already in the Service and more soon to follow. It may be possible to keep the game going, regardless of the demand for manpower in the service, by selecting men less competent and yet fairly good players. Then a partial solution might be worked out by means of the furlough. We believe that baseball can and will be worked out and that this will be done without calling on women to mask and glove for the game.

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.



## A Reprint by Request

FOLLOWING an introduction in which he speaks of *The Elks Magazine* in complimentary terms, Father Rose reproduces *in extenso* a recent editorial from these pages in his paper *The Register* captioned, "A Bad Influence". His paper is a Catholic Diocesan periodical of Peoria, Illinois, where it is widely circulated. This editorial has caused considerable comment among our readers but none more pointed, or more appreciated, than that from the pen of the Reverend Father. By these comments we are encouraged to believe that this editorial may be productive of the good for which it was intended and hence it is reprinted in the hope that it will be read and commented on by those who did not read it when it was first published. It follows, agreeable to requests:

"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 slight 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 themselves 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."

## Women During and After War

WOMEN in the war! To be sure, they have had a part in all wars, but generally as nurses. Now they are engaged in war activities of all kinds except in actual fighting in the trenches. In other countries they have taken their stand by the side of men in actual combat. Here they are working in munition plants, at lathes and with hammers, with riveting machines and torches—in fact, with all sorts of tools installed in plants turning out the instruments of destruction. They learn quickly and do their work well.

To find employment for them after the war will present a new and different problem to those figuring on post-war activities. By their activities and efficiency in war work they will have acquired a new status in our economy which must be in part met. Some, of course, will wish to go back to their former way of life, but others will have become enamored of their new work and reluctantly will forsake it. As now they are replacing men for combat service, they then will be replacing men in the various fields of peace time pursuits. This will mean a larger field of unemployment and to meet it will probably tax our ingenuity to the utmost. It is coming, however. And it must not be put aside in our post-war planning.





*Above: Some of the activity at present taking place in one of the lodge rooms of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, where Red Cross workers gather to roll bandages for the aid of the men in the Service.*

# THE ELKS IN THE WAR

**These war activities reflect the extensive program of the Elks War Commission**

*Below: The lodge room of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, showing 20 cots which have been installed for the visiting lady relatives of the boys at Camp Stoneman.*





Right is an express van which contains some of the many "G" Boxes sent by Walsenburg, Colo., Lodge to members who are in the Service.



Left are some of those who foregathered at the Elks Fraternal Center of Anniston, Ala., Lodge recently in a home where all the Elks' hospitality is offered to servicemen.

Below are some of those who were present at the Elks Fraternal Center of Shreveport, La., Lodge. This Lodge is all-out for assistance to visiting relatives of boys in the armed forces.





**GRAND  
EXALTED RULER'S**  
*Visits*

**G**RAND EXALTED RULER E. Mark Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and P.E.R. John F. Burke, Boston, Executive Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were guests, on Sunday, January 10, of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014, where a regional meeting of the officers and members of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held. The Diamond Jubilee Class, the special effort to be put forth by all officers of the State Association and the various lodges in lapsation and reinstatement work, and assistance to be given the Elks War Commission, were among the more important matters considered at the conference. The meeting was followed by an elaborate buffet luncheon given by Attleboro Lodge.

On Sunday afternoon, January 17, at the Statler Hotel in Boston, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan met with the six presidents of the New England State Elks Associations and the eleven District Deputies of New England. This was a conference to promote the Diamond Jubilee Class and to consider ways and means of promoting rehabilitation work within the New England States. In ad-  
*(Continued on page 38)*

*Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Fred B. Mellmann, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home; Charles E. Broughton, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Wade H. Kepner, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Mr. Sullivan's Secretary, John F. Burke; Joseph B. Kyle, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and E.R. Max Ulin of Boston, Mass., Lodge, at the impressive ceremony when a wreath was placed on the grave of Charles Vivian, founder of the Order, on the occasion of the Order's 75th Anniversary.*

*Left are shown Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch at the dedication of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge's new home. Many distinguished Elks were present.*

*Below are officers, guests and newly initiated members of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge who were present when Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan paid an official visit to that Lodge. With him were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.*



*Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz presents to Miss Kate Smith a magnificent elk's head during the Diamond Jubilee celebration held at New York No. 1 Lodge.*



## THE ORDER'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

WITH the Nation's press and radio lending full cooperation during the week of February the 14th to the 20th, the story of the founding of the Order of Elks, highlights of its 75-year history, and the outstanding part the Order is playing in winning World War II was brought forcibly to the attention of all America.

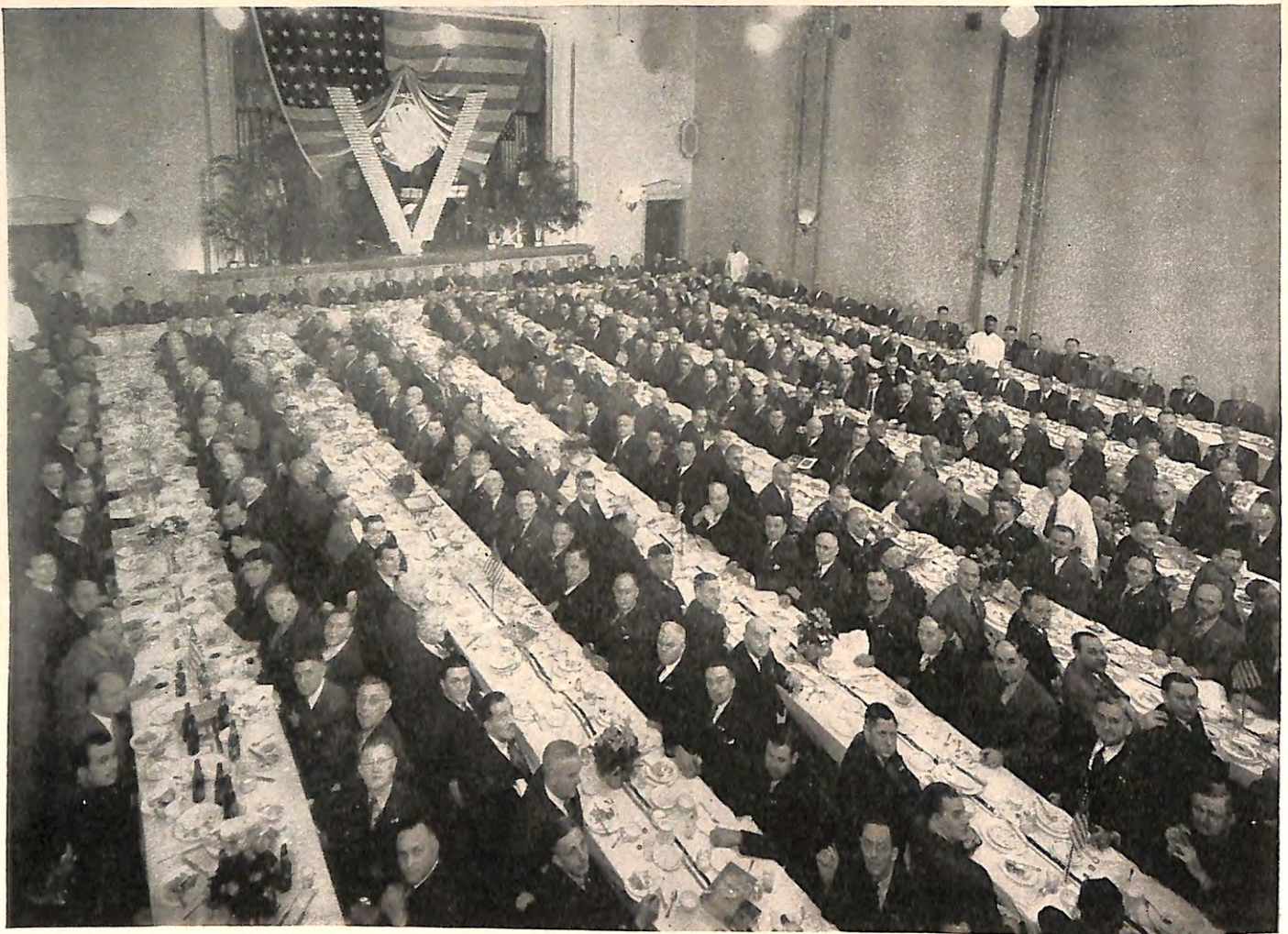
In every State in the Union, hundreds of daily and Sunday newspapers carried full articles on the origin, growth and principal functions of the Order as well as a localized résumé of the war activities.  
*(Continued on page 34)*



*Left: Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City and President Justice Pelham St. George Bissell, E.R. of New York, N. Y., Lodge, dedicate a plaque on the site where the Order was organized.*

*Below are those who took part in the Frank Crummit-Julia Sanderson Quiz Program on February 20th to commemorate the Birthday of the Order. They are, left to right, Miss Ruth Altmann, daughter of Moses Altmann, Secy. of New York Lodge No. 1; Mrs. William M. Frasar, wife of the Director of the Elks Fraternal Centers of the Elks War Commission; Mrs. Albert Short, wife of the E.R. of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge; M. B. Postlethwaite of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, whose 75 years coincide with those of the Order; George I. Hall, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and State Secretary, Thomas F. Cuite, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge.*





*Above are those who attended the Diamond Jubilee dinner which also celebrated the 53rd Anniversary of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge and the burning of the mortgage on the home.*

# *Under the* **ANTLERS**



**News of Subordinate Lodges  
Throughout the Order**



## **Mr. Sullivan Dedicates New Home Of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge**

The new home of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, was dedicated on February 5 by Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan in an elaborate setting. Close to 400 members of the lodge were present. Mr. Sullivan was assisted in the ceremonies by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, Past Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach, Atlantic City, P.E.R. Harold Wertheimer, Atlantic City, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R. John Hoffman, of Rahway, N. J., Lodge. Simon Lippman, Exalted Ruler of No. 276, presided.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the dedicatory address, which was broadcast over Station WBAB. Among the speakers were Mr. Bacharach, Commissioners P.E.R. Joseph Altman, P.E.R. William F. Casey, William Cuthbert; Senator Frank Farley, and Assemblymen Leon Leonard and Vincent Haneman. During the ceremonies, Mr. Buch presented Mr. Sullivan with a set of embossed resolutions. The Grand Exalted Ruler was also presented with a gold and blue Atlantic City detective badge by Commissioner Cuthbert, and Commissioner Casey gave him a key to the city. The occasion marked a period of 49

*Left are officers of Richmond, Va., Lodge, shown with the "Fight for Freedom" Class.*



Above are some of those who were initiated as the Diamond Jubilee Class of DeKalb, Ill., Lodge, photographed with the Lodge officers. Present was State Pres. Walter E. Miller.

Right are State Vice-Pres. J. Robert Paine, State Pres. Newton M. Todd, P.E.R. Marvin E. Thorpe and D.D. R. Leonard Bush who were present at Burbank, Calif., Lodge when Mr. Todd made his official visit to that Lodge.



years, lacking a month, since the local lodge was organized, and also the 75th birthday of the Order. George A. Kee was Chairman of the Dedication Committee. Mr. Bacharach was honorary chairman of the committee in charge, with Mr. Casey acting as co-chairman in charge of arrangements for reception and entertainment. The dedication ceremonies were preceded by a dinner held at the Penn-Atlantic Hotel in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The handsome three-story brick and stone building, with its craftexed walls and inlaid floors, makes an ideal lodge home. All of the rooms, and the foyer which has a large fireplace, are tastefully decorated. As announced by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Lippman, the facilities of the home are at the disposal of all servicemen in the area. They are invited

to use the game room on the third floor, which has table tennis equipment, two pool tables, a shuffleboard set, dart boards and a billiard table, and also open to them at all times is the club lounge on the first floor with its baby grand piano, easy chairs, radio, books, magazines and writing materials. The lodge has extended an invitation to the men in uniform to bring members of their families and

their friends to the lodge home on weekends and holidays and to use the home as a convenient meeting place. Supper parties are given and other entertainment is provided for the Coast Guardsmen and those who are in training for the Air Forces. A Turkish bath, shower room and small gymnasium, under construction for members of Post No. 276, will be open to officers of the Post.

Right: E.R. Frank Lorenzi of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge creates interest and fun in that Lodge's meetings by auctioning off such prize commodities as coffee and butter in lieu of subscriptions for war bonds and stamps. Members donate the merchandise, then buy the bonds.



Below is the 75th Anniversary Class of Red Wing, Minn., Lodge, shown with the Lodge officers.





Above are some of those who were present at the initiation of the Diamond Jubilee Class into Miami, Fla., Lodge.



Left are some of those who attended "Old Timers' Night" at Dallas, Tex., Lodge. Among those present were Past Grand Trustee Hunter A. Craycroft and Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk.

**Gala Celebration at Terre Haute Lodge Honors Captain Duddleston**

The "Captain A. C. Duddleston Class", initiated at a midwinter meeting by Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, hon-

ored the lodge's first Exalted Ruler. An active member for 51 years, Captain Duddleston played an important part in the growth of the lodge. Long after No. 86 was instituted, he served two additional terms as Exalted Ruler, being

elected in 1892 and again in 1893. He is a veteran of World War I.

A record-breaking group joined the lodge as members of the Class, which was organized to honor Captain Duddleston and was designated also as the Diamond Jubilee Class in commemoration of the Order's 75th birthday. One hundred and sixty-four were initiated; there were six affiliations. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, who came on from Chicago for the meeting, addressed the lodge, and a stirring speech on Americanism was made by P.E.R. John M. Fitzgerald. The attendance was one of the largest in many years.

Among the highlights of the evening was the presentation to Terre Haute Lodge, by Exalted Ruler R. H. Scofield, of the flags of all of the United Nations. At the close of the colorful ceremony which marked the presentation of the large flags, the emblems were placed in specially prepared holders about the bal-



Left is the Diamond Jubilee Class initiated into Chadron, Neb., Lodge.

Below is the Diamond Jubilee Class initiated by Sioux City, Ia., Lodge.





Above are officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge shown with the Diamond Jubilee Class they initiated.

conies above the main floor club rooms, the flag display being dominated by a huge American Flag and the service flag of No. 86 which now records 110 members in the Nation's Armed Forces. The singing of the Elks Chanters, under the leadership of Carl Jones, was a feature of the ceremony.

Captain Duddleston was presented with several gifts. The presentation of one from the Class was made by Colonel Forrest Braden, class orator. In his response, the Captain expressed his thanks for the gift and his appreciation, also, of the honors past and present that have been bestowed upon him by his lodge.

### Houston Lodge Holds Its Most Successful "Mile o' Dimes"

More than 3,000 school children were provided with the shoes and warm clothing which enabled them to stay in school through the winter months as a result of the Houston, Tex., Elks' fifth annual Mile o' Dimes charity project, the most successful to date. The total net proceeds amounted to \$13,815, and the lines of dimes measured more than one and a half miles in length.

The story of the Mile o' Dimes and its growth is an amazing success story of a humanitarian venture. Houston Lodge No. 151 inaugurated the activity in 1938

when M. A. deBettencourt, Past Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., was Exalted Ruler, and it netted, that year, \$5,400. The following year the total was \$7,500, and in 1940 a little more than \$8,600 was raised. In 1941, contributions leaped to \$11,530, with the still further jump the next year making evident the fact that Houston has found the activities of the Elks worthy of the finest support. The growth of the project was so great that last year the Houston Elks had it incorporated under the laws of Texas. The chief objective is school day conservation by eliminating the necessity for children of poor families to drop out of school for want of warm clothing.



Below: Some of those who were present at the initiation of the Diamond Jubilee Class of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, with the Past Exalted Rulers who initiated them.

Above are candidates of San Jose, Calif., Lodge's Diamond Jubilee Class, photographed with 35-year members who on this occasion received their 35-year pins.





From the start, the Elks have invited the local branch of the Salvation Army to act as a participating sponsor to provide experienced caseworkers. During the past three years, *The Houston Post* has joined as a third sponsor to provide promotional backing. During the years of operation, more than 12,000 children have been kept in school as a direct result of the Elks' undertaking.

As Houston Lodge pays all cost of promotion, every penny contributed goes directly and in full to the purchase of children's shoes and clothing. Foley Bros. Dry Goods Company, Houston's largest department store, furnishes all articles purchased at cost, so that the Mile o' Dimes dollar has a much greater purchasing power than the ordinary dollar. The full support of the city's public

*Above are some of those who were present at the initiation of Portland, Ore., Lodge's "Fight for Freedom" Class. Seated in the center are Frank J. Lonergan, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; D.D. Arlie G. Walker, and Secretary of State Robert S. Farrell, Jr., E.R.*



and parochial school systems has long since been earned by the "Mile". The names of underprivileged children are furnished by the schools. Distributions are begun early in November.

Last December when Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan spent two days in Houston as a guest of the lodge, he was escorted to the inclosure by D.D. W. J. Quinlan, P.E.R. of No. 151, and E.R. L. J. Kubena. There, in the heart of the downtown business district, he was treated to the sight of a spectacle he will long remember. Stretched along the curb and extending into the street was a space 125 feet in length and ten feet in width, surrounded by a white picket fence and entirely covered by a beautiful canopy furnished by W. K. Hill, a member of the lodge. At one end was a

*Left are two members of Gainesville, Fla., Lodge, Samuel W. Getzen and Neal Adams, with two eight-point buck deer which were barbecued and served to members of the Lodge and visiting dignitaries.*

*Below: Members of the "Bill Quinlan Class" initiated into Houston, Tex., Lodge in honor of D.D. W. J. Quinlan, seated in the front row.*







Above are members of Longview, Wash., Lodge, shown with the Lodge's Diamond Jubilee Class.

Right is the Jubilee Class of Grove City, Pa., Lodge, with the Lodge officers. D.D. Howard B. Brown is seated in the front row.



busy and well arranged office and at intervals of every ten feet along the curb side of the inclosure were stationed twelve students of the Stephen Austin Senior High School, resplendent in gala green and white band uniforms. Each held an enameled white basket into which coins and bills were being poured by passersby. On that particular day, the tenth of the campaign, with still more than two weeks to go, Mr. Sullivan was treated to the sight of 33,282 dimes lying on the open street. Later, on Christmas Eve, every inch of space was covered by a silver carpet made up of what was estimated to be the largest number of dimes ever laid out in an open thoroughfare in any city. This charitable activity of the Elks has become nationally known, and is believed to be the largest school day conservation project

of its kind in America. Heading the operation of the fifth Mile o' Dimes was F. S. Henshaw as executive director, with H. P. Wayman as managing director on the ground. Among other Elks who

participated were Gilmer Thompson, J. M. Everett, H. E. Durham, S. S. Strauss, John Powers, Ernest Hail, J. A. Davlin and W. H. Mason.

(Continued on page 35)

Right are members of Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, shown with D.D. R. J. Ashworth, as they burned the mortgage on their Lodge home.



Below is the "Captain A. C. Duddleston Class" of 170 men recently initiated into Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge. Captain Duddleston is seated.



# The Duel

(Continued from page 13)

lations and a pale white moon began to glisten high aloft. "Range thirteen five five oh," a voice droned deeply overhead. "Scale six four." An instant's silence. Then Scotty's gun slammed out, a single, stabbing flame-spear at the night. Far off across dark water a white plume lifted from the ocean. That sinister shape seemed startled by such personal audacity. Then suddenly her phosphorescent bow wave slashed around.

"Left full rudder," Joseph Temberly called out at once. "All engines full ahead."

The *Fennel* swung sharply, plunging to throw off the enemy's gunnery. The next moment the Jap's fore turret blazed. Two shells went singing over like enormous blue-bottle flies. And Barston's eyes began to glow. Now at last the swords were out, unsheathed. They were crossed and flashing plainly. These opponents long had gauged each other; now the ocean field was theirs and here the final issue lay. Lieutenant Barston understood that with some clarity as his head snapped up; there was exultation in his voice.

"On the director!" he cried. "Pass the word! This is the skipper's fight."

Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Temberly may have heard that, but he made no sign. He kept his eyes upon his enemy, thoughtlessly at balance on his battered bridge. He was coldly calculating fire power, judging the relative speed and armament of his adversary, testing skillfully his knowledge of Ozeki's temper and his arrogance. The Jap came rushing down the ocean swells, splin-

tering the sea to foam. He was still reckless, still full of scornful confidence; he meant to blast this through with cudgel blows. Good! The facts dropped instantly to place in Temberly's clear-searching battle brain. The *Fennel* swung over steeply while the Jap destroyer's five-inch rifles blazed again. Two shells over; two mushroomed ocean geysers spouting short. Then, overracing, she could bear no longer. Her guns were silent suddenly. That fact, too, the skipper noted, tested, gave its proper place.

"You may open fire, Mr. Barston."

Both the *Fennel's* bearing guns thundered instantly. Near miss! Then Scotty's number three at rapid fire splashed flame up on that reeling fo'c's'tle head just before the target went from sight. *Touché!* First blood for Temberly! And then the two ships sped apart, leaving great, wide paths of sea-fire on the lonely ocean's face.

That way they dueled at eleven thousand yards, leaping at each other for a lightning thrust, twisting, maneuvering for advantage, curving steeply off, their white wakes making broad, fantastic patterns on a moonlit sea. Under the glitter of pale starlight the guns cracked out, went silent, slammed their flame and thunder once again. Two fragments of the battle fleets left solitary and alone. Like two wounded sea creatures out of a dying past, determining the future in mortal combat on an empty ocean circle walled by tropic cloud.

This duel started on the Hwangpoo River, and it was a deadly thing, a combat fierce and personal. There would be no quarter here. Lieutenant

Barston knew that, but he sensed its deeper roots. Deeper than opposing fleets; deeper than the *Fennel* against that dark, war-painted silhouette; deeper than Ozeki against Joseph Temberly. One viewpoint and another—that was all: the skipper hit it true enough that evening off the *Shanghai Bund*. Barbarity and hatred on the one side, a still and patient purpose on the other. And the wounded destroyer, *USS Israel Fennel*, all mangled wreckage forward, staggered to the north, fencing with a deadly foe, fighting the skipper's fight.

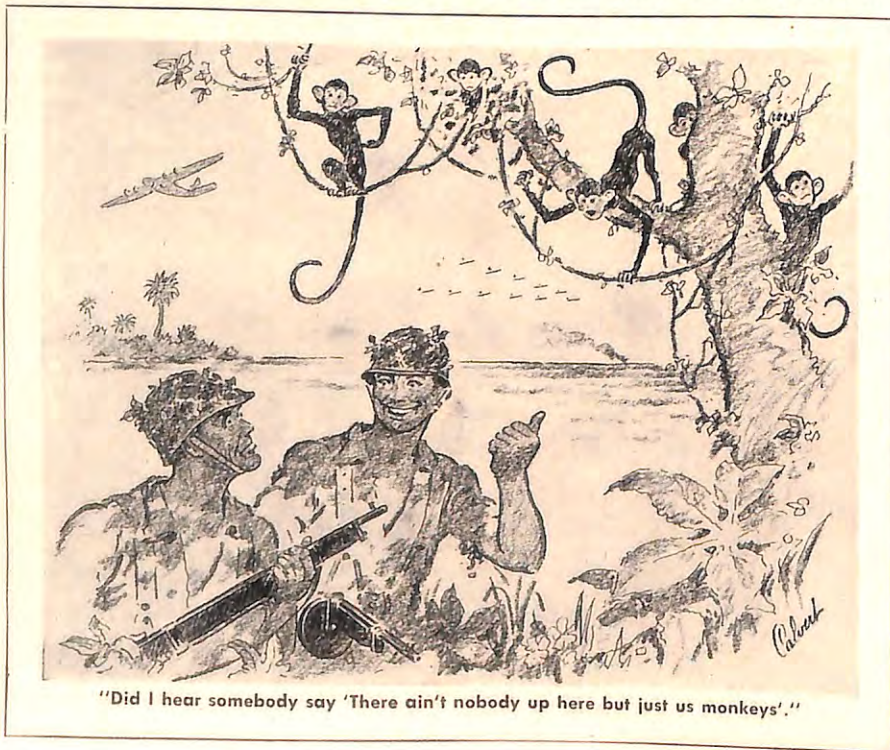
He kept his tired eyes upon his enemy. He never stirred. The red welt glowed along his cheek. That slow, half-smile never left his face. He held the swordsman's look. His after guns alone were useful; his adversary's after armament was dead. That fact was paramount and he kept gnawing at it as the Jap swung round to bring his bow guns on again. He saw them belching flame and smoke once more.

"Right rudder!" His own rifles thundered on the target. The *Fennel* shuddered with concussion as a near miss sent great sheets of spray spattering across her bridge. "Tell Morely I want smoke. And cut her down, Mr. Barston. One hundred twenty turns. Course four five. Make smoke!"

Smoke? A destroyer used her smoke to screen retreat! Did Temberly intend to break the action off? Gray troubling doubt went stumbling deep across Lieutenant Barston's mind. When he reached the open wing again he meant to cry a protest out. But he never did. He found the *Fennel* rushing north and east, the wind almost astern, her shell-pierced funnels already pouring dense, obliterating smoke. And he saw the skipper, tall, erect, unflinching in his battle place.

"Number three torpedo mount—stand by!" The voice was quiet, but now it had a hard, metallic ring. This time the steel showed plainly through! "The range will be two thousand. Tell Sharkey here's his chance to set his pickles hot!"

That clicked at once in Barston's mind. A fierce fire touched his eyes. A destroyer used her smoke to screen deployment too! If he himself had had an instant's doubt of Joseph Temberly's tenacity—what would Ozeki think? That brutal man knew only ruthless savagery; he was scornful, drunk with power. Seeing the *Fennel* pouring smoke, what other thought would strike him but his enemy at bay, hurt, perhaps helpless, hunting refuge and escape. He would leap at once, merciless and reckless for the kill! That way the skipper judged his adversary; tested it with patient skill; baited, set his battle trap. A swordsman, feeling out the wrist of his opponent, the



"Did I hear somebody say 'There ain't nobody up here but just us monkeys'."

power of his parry and his lunge. Brute force against considered strength. Saber against fine-tempered steel. Cudgel against rapier. Here it was. The decision would be soon.

So the *Fennel* held her course to leeward, belching smoke. The dense clouds tumbled to the water in a heavy, solid screen astern. The southwest wind outdistanced her, hurrying fragments of the pall ahead, shielding her from vision in the north. Temberly had his eyes upon his wrist-watch, checking off the time, estimating coldly his opponent's speed and distance. Suddenly his forearm dropped.

"Right full rudder. Course two two five. All engines full ahead. Tell Morely we need everything he's got!"

The ship's battered head dipped under, drowning her eyes in foam. Her blowers lifted up their voices in a high, steep-climbing whine. Her stern went flat. A boiling wall of sea pursued her, taller than her after rail. Straight back against the screaming wind she rushed now behind the wall of smoke she laid—her course reversed. And Barston's eyes began to glow with admiration.

If Temberly's judgment and his tactic held, where else would his opponent show his final thrust? He would come roaring down to round the windward flank of smokescreen, hurrying to clear it, racing in to bar escape, lusting for the death blow to a helpless foe. That way the skipper gauged his enemy, erect behind the twisted thin steel dodger. Well, and how would his decision go? Along the maindeck, through the sweeping sprays, the men crouched tautly at their battle posts. Except young Sharkey, riding the number three torpedo mount, his red hair vivid in the gale. In the weird glow of the dim, blue battle lamps he kept on grinning. Best pickleman in half the tin-can fleet—that's what Sharkey plainly thought, and here was time enough to test it. The tubes swung outboard; he held his eye against the instrument, straining to pry apart the spray and smoke, his fist upon the firing grip. The ship raced on, the high wind screaming past her broken battle-mast beneath the cold, pale glitter of the southern stars, commission pennant and her battle ensign iron-taut. Here was an end of fence and parry; here was the final lunge.

"Number three torpedo mount—you may fire when ready."

Barston was amazed to hear the skipper's voice so calm. What had he seen, that haggard man of steel and patience? The wall of smoke, streaming swiftly past, began to thin. Was something looming there beyond it, through it? A dark shape! A shadow rushing south. And touched with color. There it was! Ozeki's shoulder scarf stiff along the wind! The skipper judged it true. The duelists were face to face at last.

No doubt they recognized each other in that final instant. Barston

hoped they had. But it was difficult to tell in all the weltered swiftness of the end. Four sharp thuds sounded, quickly in succession; four curving arcs, glittering overside. Almost at once the Jap's guns blazed. But Temberly's audacity had taken him completely by surprise. He was looking for the *Fennel* where he thought she ought to be. Running. Crippled. Limping in the south. The shells went screaming over. Instants passed before they could depress their elevation.

"Left full rudder!"

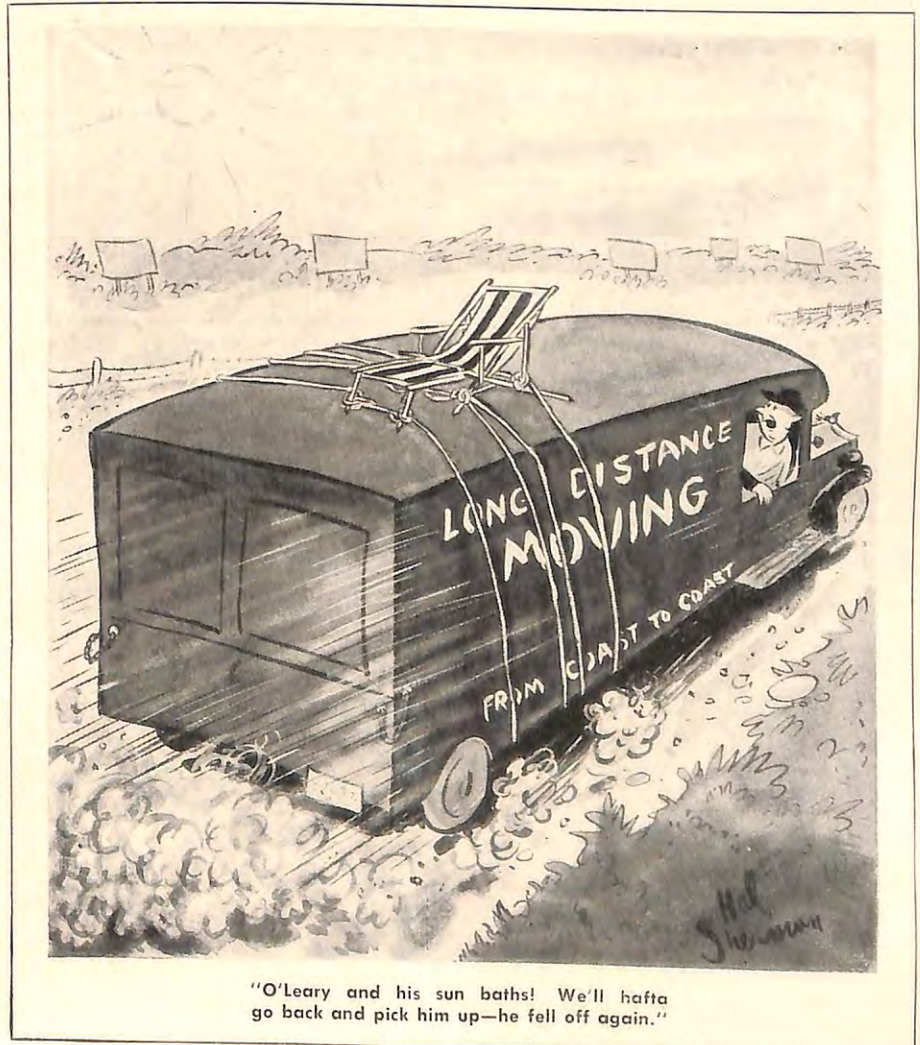
The *Fennel* spun around; her after rifles thundered. Barston could remember that. But he remembered best the way the skipper looked, hanging to the battle dodger when Sharkey's first torpedo struck, a second following almost at once. Two enormous sheets of fire leaped to heaven over there, merging instantly to one red flaming roar, a central smoking column lifting like a pillar to the sky. Stark and livid under it, the Jap destroyer burst apart like a matchwood box exploding. And Joseph Temberly was smiling! It was a most amazing thing to see. It creased and wrinkled all his battle-weary face. It was genuine this time! There was contentment in it now. He staggered, but he still hung on a moment more. Why not? He held the field alone, the battered *Fennel*

lonely in an ocean circle full of floating, fiery débris. Duel's end! Ozeki's brutal shoulder scarf was not anywhere in sight. No wonder Joseph Temberly could let his smile go full and deep at last, hearing young Sharkey bellowing his triumph halfway up the ladder to the bridge.

"Got him for you, sir! Got him with two. I knew dam' well—" He stopped abruptly, startled to find himself in officer's country where he hadn't any right to be and shouting things like that. But he saw the skipper sagging down; he saw Lieutenant Barston leaping toward him. So he chanced it and came rushing up aloft, asking anxiously, "Is he hurt bad, sir?"

"Small splinter. In the shoulder." The executive looked up, from one knee. Grinning! He couldn't help it. "He finished off the one he had to," Lieutenant Barston said. "He's just Jap-happy, Sharkey. He's okay."

Probably young Sharkey didn't fully understand Lieutenant Barton's cryptic remark. But he understood enough to let his own grin broaden swiftly till his wide mouth laughed. "I'll send a pharmacist's mate along, sir. Right away. Tell the captain for us all." The torpedoman from Kansas pushed his fist through his mop of flame-red hair. "We're glad the skipper won his fight."



"O'Leary and his sun baths! We'll hafta go back and pick him up—he fell off again."

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

February 10, 1943

Dear Brother Sullivan:

Hearty congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of the founding of the Order of Elks. I know that in time of war, as in time of peace, the members will exemplify those principles of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity on which the Order stands.

In the better world which shall succeed the present turmoil there will be ample work for the Elks to do and I have full confidence that they will discharge their responsibilities then as faithfully as they now are working for the defeat of the Axis Powers.

Fraternally yours,  
/s) Franklin D. Roosevelt

E. Mark Sullivan, Esq.,  
Grand Exalted Ruler  
Grand Lodge of the  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
209 Washington Street  
Boston, Massachusetts

## The Order's Diamond Jubilee

(Continued from page 25)

ties and programs of the subordinate lodges in their own communities. No occasion in the recent history of the Order has been so well received by the press of the country.

More than a dozen commercially sponsored radio programs—most of them nation-wide network shows—doffed their hats to the Elks on their Diamond Jubilee Anniversary, and Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan addressed Elksdom and all of America in a 15-minute speech over most of the 120 stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System on February 16th. Among those of the radio world who saluted the Order were Kate Smith and Ted Collins, Fred Waring, Harry James, Al Jolson and Monty Woolley, Marion Loveridge, the Double or Nothing quiz program with Abe Lyman, a California Elk, as guest star, the Frank Crummit-Julia Sanderson quiz show and the Isabell Manning Hewson program.

The Frank Crummit-Julia Sanderson program on Saturday evening, February 20th, had as its guests three Elks, George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Thomas F. Cuite, P.E.R. of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, and M. B. Postlethwaite, a member of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, since 1899, whose 75 years coincide with the age of the Order. Two wives of Elks and the daughter of another made up the opposing team. They were Mrs. Albert Short, wife of the Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, Miss Ruth Altmann, daughter of Moses Altmann, Secretary of New York Lodge No. 1, and Mrs. William M. Frasor, wife of William M. Frasor, Director of the Elks Fraternal Centers of the Elks War Commission.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, told the story of the Elks' participation in crippled children work in a radio interview

with Isabell Manning Hewson over 29 eastern stations of the Blue Network on Monday, February the 15th. More than 250 letters answered his offer to the radio audience to make some disposition of those cases of crippled children which were brought to his attention as a result of the broadcast.

At Boston the Grand Exalted Ruler and a number of Past Grand Exalted Rulers and members of several Grand Lodge committees placed a wreath on the tomb of Charles Vivian at Elks Rest in Mount Hope Cemetery on Tuesday, February 16th, at noon, and on the same day at New York, Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, a member of New York Lodge No. 1, and President Justice of the Municipal Courts of the City of New York Pelham St. George Bissell, Exalted Ruler of No. 1, unveiled a plaque on the building at 193 Bowery, site of Military Hall, where the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was founded.

NEW YORK Lodge No. 1, the Mother Lodge of the Order, held a Seventy-Fifth Diamond Jubilee Banquet at the Commodore Hotel on February 13. More than a thousand Elks and their ladies attended and the affair will long be remembered by all who had the good fortune to be present.

Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, in whose honor the banquet was given, and many Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge officers occupied prominent places on the dais. These included P.E.R. Charles J. Conklin, of New York Lodge, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, Pelham St. George Bissell, Exalted Ruler of No. 1, the other speakers among whom were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Murray Hulbert, of New York Lodge, and James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, District Deputy Joseph J. Haggerty, of Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, who delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, Secretary of State of New York Thomas

J. Curran and U. S. Representative from Connecticut Clare Boothe Luce, and the following distinguished guests: Past Grand Exalted Rulers, John K. Tener, Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson, Bruce A. Campbell, J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, John F. Malley, Floyd E. Thompson, David Sholtz, Charles S. Hart, Edward J. McCormick, Henry C. Warner, Joseph G. Buch, and John S. McClelland; Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; Grand Inner Guard Frederick Schrecker, Gloversville, N. Y.; Grand Trustees Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., Chairman, Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wis., and Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum; Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; George I. Hall, Lynbrook, N. Y., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; William T. Phillips, Senior Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1 and former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; President Harry R. Darling, Rochester, Vice-President Alfred Vollmer, Freeport, Secretary Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn, and Treasurer John T. Osowski, Elmira, all of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; John F. Burke, Boston, Executive Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Past District Deputy Matthew J. Merritt, Queens Borough Lodge, and the Reverend John F. White, Chaplain, Fidelity Post of the American Legion, New York.

Acting on behalf of New York Lodge, Mr. Hulbert presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful silver bowl and candlesticks. Music was furnished by Art Paulson's Orchestra. Dancing followed the banquet, continuing until an early morning hour. The initiation of No. 1's Diamond Jubilee Class was scheduled to take place on Past Exalted Rulers Night, February 24.

# Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

## Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Initiates Brigadier General Saunders

Brigadier General La Verne G. Saunders, praised throughout the Nation as one of the war's outstanding air force commanders, was initiated into Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, when he was on leave in his home city not long ago. General Saunders was "written up" in both Time and Life Magazines—in the latter case by Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, who told of meeting General Saunders—he was a Colonel then—on the tour of southwest Pacific bases which Captain Rickenbacker made after his recuperation from effects of the 21 days he spent drifting in a life raft after his plane had crashed. Captain Rickenbacker told of the General's feat in landing a burning plane after the pilot and co-pilot were killed when their Fortress was jumped by Japanese Zeros.

Time Magazine described the action of the General's bombers in sinking a Jap battleship, and also reviewed their battle record.

As related in the article, Colonel Saunders, was assigned to Hickam Field, Hawaii, and made commander of a Flying Fortress outfit. On December 7, 1941, when the attack on Pearl Harbor occurred, he was taxiing a Fortress across the Field when Jap planes shot it from under him. He tried another with the same result. Charged with forming and training a new bombardment group, he went to work to whip it into combat shape. By August, his planes were dropping down on Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, then a clearing barely big enough for a Fortress to land. He became airbase commander, quickly got the field into better condition and established air supply lines for gasoline, parts and crews. As a flying commander, Colonel Saunders led many a bombing mission. On a raid over the Shortland Islands after his pilot and co-pilot were killed, he took the controls but crash-landed on a beach from which he and other survivors were picked up later.

LAST Christmas Day, Colonel Saunders and his chief executive, Major Jack Malloy, were summoned to the headquarters of the Solomons' air commander, Major General Millard Harmon, presumably to attend a party. In the midst of the festivities, COMSOPAC Admiral William F. Halsey, of the Navy, appeared, read an order and pinned on him the stars of a brigadier general of the Army. This was an unusual and complimentary proceeding. Mindful of his bombardment group, General Saunders said, "Fifteen hundred men are pinning those stars on my shoulders."

Aberdeen Lodge has earned recognition for its various contributions to the war effort. Adding to its splendid record, the lodge arranged a bond-selling tour for February and March. Plans were made for the fifty members of the recently organized Elks' Troupe to visit all the larger towns in the county for the purpose of spurring the sale of War Bonds through the presentation of a cleverly arranged revue. Byron McElligott was General Chairman. John Hall was the auctioneer to lead the actual bond-selling part of the program, and Exalted Ruler Bart E. Archer was Master of Ceremonies. Opening Night was set for February 10 at Groton, to be featured, if possible, by a short address by Brigadier General Saunders.

## IF YOUR ELKS MAGAZINE IS LATE

Our war-time transportation facilities are doing a great job and military supplies must come first. Your Magazine is mailed in what normally would be ample time to reach you on our regular publication date. If your Elks Magazine is late, it is caused by conditions beyond our control.

## Los Angeles County Elks Spread Cheer at Rancho Los Amigos

In Los Angeles County, California, is one of the oldest county institutions in the State. The Californians call it Rancho Los Amigos—The Ranch of the Friends. To thousands of needy men and women, the Rancho is home. Many are patients in the hospital wards.

Some 25 years ago, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon became interested in the institution. The present superintendent, William H. Harriman, educated, sympathetic and understanding, had assumed the duties of resident director. Feeling that something should be done to brighten the drab lives of the inmates, Mr. Shannon originated the idea of an Elk activity which at once found favor with Mr. Harriman and two of Mr. Shannon's fellow members of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, John J. Doyle and Thomas Abbott.

The lodges of Los Angeles County cooperated wholeheartedly. First a Christmas celebration was staged. Gifts were presented to the women, but little thought was given the men. Ever since, however, the men have been taken care of with special care. Candy, tobacco, pipes, books, modish neckties and other personal gifts, and frequently some spending money or articles of clothing, help to make their Christmas merry. To quote Mr. Harriman, "knives were certainly most welcome, for a knife is as important to our men as it is to a sailor."

The project has grown so that several times a year delegations from the lodges go out with bands and entertainers. Visiting Elks, in a modest and unobtrusive way, call upon the "Hondo Elks" and others in the hospital. A little money is slipped into one man's hand, a snappy detective story is placed

## Members in service overseas

are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the magazine office informed of their correct mailing address.

Under the new postal regulations, copies of the Magazine may not be forwarded as third-class mail to A.P.O.'s overseas by the member's family.

If you are serving in our Armed Forces stationed outside continental United States, send us your complete address together with the name of your lodge, and, if possible, your membership number.

on another's bed; a good suit, just the right size, finds its way to a prospective job-hunter. On the distaff side, gardenias, gay hats and slippers, and packages of cigarettes, for those who like them, bring cheer and comfort to the lonely and afflicted. Things like this happen throughout the year.

Mr. Shannon and Mr. Doyle, Past Pres.'s of the Calif. State Elks Assn., and Mr. Abbott, who is also prominent in the State Association, have never lost interest in the project started so long ago. The men and women at the Rancho are deeply appreciative. Mr. Harriman, himself, is unselfishly grateful; year in and year out, those in his charge are made happy through the friendly benevolence of the Elks. Recently, in a letter to the District Deputy for California, South Central, R. Leonard Bush, P.E.R. of Inglewood Lodge, he wrote that "it is the wish of all at the Rancho that your organization may grow and prosper in the splendid work you are doing—to bless the needy and to bring to every member the feeling of work well done."

## Plans for Elks Fraternal Center In San Diego, Calif., Go Through

Plans were going ahead in February for the establishment in the lodge hall, by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, of a local fraternal center for members in the U. S. Armed Forces. In the meantime, clubroom courtesies were extended to servicemen belonging to any lodge in the Order, and courtesy cards were being issued to sons and brothers of Elks in the Armed Forces. A "Spirit of '43" stag party was given by the lodge on February 11 for the purpose of raising funds to provide a reading and writing room for Elk servicemen. On the beautifully mounted honor roll in the home of No. 168 are the names of more than 160 members of the lodge who are in the Service.

E.R. Lester Peitzke announces that San Diego Lodge, under the leadership of J. G. Peterson, Chairman of the Servicemen's Committee, is carrying out an extensive program of entertainment and the Committee is conducting letter-writing campaigns. Cooperating with the USO, the Elks have sponsored a series of dances. They have entertained anti-aircraft groups and employees of the Naval Hospital which they have visited many times, distributing cigarettes, candy, cards and stationery among the patients. The lodge has bought \$7,000 worth of Series F War Bonds and will continue to invest all its surplus funds in Bonds.

## Faribault Lodge Unveils Service Plaque on Diamond Jubilee Night

A full week of lodge activities, commemorating the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Order, was climaxed by Faribault, Minn., Lodge, No. 1166, on February 18, by the initiation of a Diamond Jubilee Class of eight candidates. The Ritual was exemplified by E.R. Leonard E. J. Mabbott and his officers. The dedication of a handsome service plaque, bearing the names of 33 members of the lodge serving in the U. S. Armed Forces, was a feature of the ceremonies. Arrangements for the installation of the plaque were made by the Elks War Activities Committee, the

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# The Silent Service

(Continued from page 7)

tion train", Harry felt like a football player waiting for the kickoff. He could hear the sea whooshing through the superstructure as the sub sped along just under the surface, most of the water blown out of her main ballast tanks, now held down by speed and expert juggling of the sub's trimming tanks fore and aft.

With a bounce the submarine became a surface ship, sleek, tough, menacing. "Let's go!" said the first man, throwing open a hatch. A shower of salt water struck Harry in the face. He scrambled up the steep, steel ladder up over the bridge, hands and feet expertly finding steel rungs, to hit the deck with a splashing smack. Harry blinked his eyes, took a quick breath of the fresh, sweet air as he dashed to the gun, muzzle plug out—breach cover off, the deck gun's well-oiled mechanism miraculously dry after a long underwater voyage. On the bridge the skipper standing with his hand upraised: "Range — 20.00 — scale — 9.5 — bearing — 305." The hand dropped — Fire!

A shell whistles through the twilight air, strikes a Jap patrol boat with an exploding force that rips out her vitals. Just 55 seconds has elapsed since Harry Simon scrambled out of the conning tower!

"I GUESS she was about a 500 tonner," said Harry grinning. "And when she saw us she ran up the funniest looking flag I've ever seen. It must have been made out of tin or cardboard because though it was late in the afternoon and no breeze blowing at all, that flag stood out stiff like a frozen shirt on a clothes line. It didn't stay there long though. We blew that patrol boat to smithereens. In about twenty minutes, all that was left was black heads floating around in the water. Then we dived. Boy! That made us feel good to get in close and hit 'em hard!"

"Next day we came up at the other end of the Jap beach and got another one of those patrol boats loaded with depth charges. We got that one with eleven salvoes.

"That night when we were making a surface run on the Diesels to charge the batteries, one of the mess attendants bet three men ten bucks apiece that we would get three more ships. The next day things really started to happen—we got four ships in two and a half hours!

"They were transports, about eight or ten thousand tons, guarded by patrol boats. No, they weren't loaded but I guess they were going to be. We got 'em late in the afternoon with torpedoes. Then we dived and stayed down 'til about nine P. M. While the depth charges were going off, the mess attendant went around collecting his thirty bucks. He was sore 'cause he hadn't bet another ten.

"I guess that was about all. Rest

of the time it was like peacetime operations."

THERE are other men like Harry Simon and we'll hear their stories too, but first let's learn a little more about submarines.

"I wouldn't take a ride on one of those things for a million bucks." Thus spoke a typical landlubber as I left for New London.

So I went along on a training cruise. These cruises are extremely important. We must train a lot of submariners and train them fast, in this nerve-wracking business so strange to most Americans, strange even to American sailors.

A training cruise is not without danger. Not so long ago the sister ship of the sub I went on took a deep dive somewhere off the coast and failed to come up. The famous rescue ship *Falcon* was sent out and an ensign named Metzger fought his way down to 440 feet below the ocean's surface. (The *Squalus* hit bottom at 240 feet.) Metzger found no signs of life—all hands were lost. For his daring rescue attempt Metzger got the Navy and Marine Corps Medal. He was a hero; so were all the men on that sub; so for that matter are all our submariners.

That disaster was a rare occurrence. Every other day you read about a big plane crashing and killing everybody aboard and yet when a sub goes down people are inclined to get hysterical. To the submariner who is a fatalist, Death is Death, no matter where it comes—under an oxygen tent or under the ocean's surface.

Joe Enright, the skipper of this sub (Lt. Commander J. F. Enright of Bismark, North Dakota) and I, went down to the sea early in the morning. The air was a bluish gray. As we walked out on the dock we felt the penetrating chill of dawn, breathed the salty, stimulating smell of the water. Across the river, building windows were turned to squares of flaming gold by a rising sun.

Joe Enright is an amiable extrovert like most sub skippers, good-looking and good-humored. He was wearing the latest Schiaparelli model for sub skippers—overshoes, a tight-fitting helmet with a jaunty neckflap mackinaw and pants of the same tough, soiled material called "jungle cloth". No stripes, no gold braid—typical submarine service informality. When he was a boy in North Dakota, Skipper Enright decided to try for Annapolis because an uncle in the Navy used to send postcards from picturesque ports all over the world. Joe joined the Navy to see the world and has seen mostly the inside of a submarine. Why did he volunteer for sub service back in 1936?

Joe smiled, "To get ahead in the world. You get your own boat faster

in submarine service than in any other branch. You can get lost on a battlewagon or a carrier—lost and forgotten. Not on a sub.

"Sub service gets in your blood. It's an exclusive club, but not in the stuffed shirt sense of the word. I know about eighty percent of my fellow officers by their first names. At sea it's the friendless service—if a destroyer or a plane spots us they may not take the time to ask, 'Are you Joe or Tojo?' Perhaps that's why we're so friendly among ourselves.

"There's not so much red tape in the sub surface. If I get a sailor who's a trouble maker I have the right to bounce him fast—' temperamentally unfit for submarine duty'. And if I make a mistake I'll get a fair trial if I come up. Here's an example:

"A sub skipper on maneuvers was operating at periscope depth when a destroyer did an unexpected zig instead of a zag. He crashdived but the destroyer knocked off one of his periscopes. Now a periscope costs about \$5,000 and that accident could have meant a black mark in the books. But it didn't because an understanding superior investigated, found out it was an unavoidable accident and told the skipper to forget it. All these things add up to a strong affection for the submarine service."

A SUBMARINE is not a pretty ship. Lying at her dock, Skipper Enright's sub rocked gently with all the grace and beauty of a crocodile. We went aboard over a gangplank consisting of two long boards—no hand rail—that ran from dock to conning tower some twenty feet at a steep angle, over oily green water. Fifteen students followed us aboard. Nobody fell in.

We shoved off and proceeded toward a certain spot in the Atlantic running on the Diesels. As we got into more open water the sub began to bounce like a porpoise as green waves tossed white spray over the axe-shaped decks.

I stood on the bridge with Skipper Enright. The air was salty and fresh and the wind whistled faintly through the superstructure. The bridge was a small conical crevasse encircled by a thin strip of wood. The deep hole led straight down into the mysterious interior.

Behind us on the sub's hump gleamed the polished eyes of two periscopes snugly fitted into the skin of the ship. Near them was the big air induction valve sucking air down to the hungry Diesels. (It was the failure of this valve to close which caused the *Squalus* disaster. The *Squalus* salvaged and rechristened the *Sailfish* has been on war patrol.)

"Rig for diving," said Mr. En-

(Continued on page 40)

# If they win ...only our dead are free

These are our enemies.

They have only one idea—to kill, and kill,  
and kill, until they conquer the world.

Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.

No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.

Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.  
Civilization will be set back a thousand years.

Make no mistake about it—you cannot think of this as other wars.

You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.

This time you win—or die. This time you get no second chance.

This time you free the world, or else you lose it.

Surely that is worth the best fight of your life

—worth anything that you can give or do.

Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom—now!

## EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

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Magazine Publishers of America.*



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 24)

dition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, Mr. Malley and Mr. Burke were speakers at the conference. That evening, Mr. Sullivan, accompanied by Mr. Malley, was the guest of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, when the lodge unfurled its Roll of Honor banner commemorating the enrollment of 130 members of the lodge in the U.S. Armed Forces. The meeting was presided over by Max Ulin, Exalted Ruler of No. 10.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, on January 25. Upon his arrival, he was greeted by a committee headed by E.R. Clarence Heiden and other officers and distinguished members of the lodge and members of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. A report of the event appeared in the March issue of the Magazine.

**B**EGINNING his February visitations on Tuesday, the 2nd, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Malley, was the guest of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902. Upon their arrival at Springfield, the two distinguished Elks were met by E.R. George F. Murray and other officers and members of No. 902, including P.D.D. John P. Dowling, and escorted to Holyoke. At six o'clock that evening a banquet was given in their honor at the Smith Hotel. Later, in the lodge room, a team of Past Exalted Rulers of Holyoke Lodge initiated a class of 30 candidates. A reception for the Grand Exalted Ruler followed the meeting.

On February 4, Mr. Sullivan left for New York City to confer with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson. Plans were considered for the national observance of the Order's Diamond Jubilee Anniversary. The next day, Mr. Sullivan was the guest of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. That afternoon he visited the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J., and on this occasion the lodge dedicated a room in the hospital to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The dedication of the new home of Atlantic City Lodge, which took place that evening, is reported in our "Under the Antlers" column of this issue of the Magazine. The Grand Exalted Ruler conducted the Ritual of Dedication, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, who assisted in the ceremonies, acting as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, spoke eloquently of the work being done at the Betty Bacharach Home. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the dedicatory address. Staff

officers of the Army training post at Atlantic City were among those who spoke.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, Mr. Malley and Mr. Burke were present at the celebration of the 54th Anniversary of Brockton, Mass., Lodge, No. 164, on February 8. Past Exalted Rulers Night was also observed that evening and the Chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. During the initiatory ceremonies, however, E.R. Michael J. McNamara occupied his own station. The lodge session was followed by a banquet given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor.

On Thursday, February 11, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Malley, and Mr. Burke left for New York City. A conference with Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, a meeting of the Elks War Commission and a meeting of Elks National Foundation Trustees occupied the Grand Exalted Ruler's attention for several days. On Saturday evening, Mr. Sullivan was the guest of New York Lodge No. 1 at its Diamond Jubilee Dinner, held at the Hotel Commodore and reported elsewhere in our April issue.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party returned to Boston, and on Monday evening, February 15 in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Statler, a reception and dinner was tendered Mr. Sullivan and the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of the Order was celebrated by the Elks of New England under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. More than 800 Elks and their ladies attended the affair. The program was opened by General Chairman P.D.D. George Steele, of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, who led in the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Chaplain Fred N. Krim, of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, gave the Invocation. P.D.D. Toastmaster John E. Keefe, Springfield, Mass., introduced State President Francis J. O'Neil, of Attleboro Lodge, who welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Greetings of the Commonwealth and the city of Boston were extended by Governor Leverett Saltonstall, a member of Newton Lodge, and Mayor Maurice J. Tobin, of Boston Lodge No. 10, respectively. In his response, Mr. Sullivan paid tribute to the fifty-five thousand Elks in the U.S. Armed Forces. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given Exalted Ruler Michael J. McNamara of Brockton Lodge No. 164. Guests seated at the head table with the Grand Exalted Ruler were: Past Grand Exalted Rulers, James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, J. Edgar

Masters, Grand Secretary, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, John F. Malley, Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, O., Lodge, Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, and John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge; Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, Brookline, Mass., Lodge; Grand Trustees Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., Chairman, Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wis., Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va., and Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Clyde E. Jones, Ottumwa, Ia., Chairman, and John E. Mullen, Providence, R. I., a member, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Ind., Lodge, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., and John F. Burke, Boston, Executive Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

**D**ELEGATIONS attended from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and all of the 52 Massachusetts lodges were represented. Music was furnished by Ed Hogan's Orchestra from Everett, Mass., and the dinner was followed by dancing under the direction of Floor Marshal J. Joseph Roach, Exalted Ruler of Gloucester Lodge.

At Boston, the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the Grand Trustees at their conference. The sessions were held from Monday, the 15th, to Wednesday, the 17th. On Tuesday, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in the presence of many distinguished Elks, formally placed a wreath upon the grave of Charles Vivian, one of the founders of the Order, who is buried in Elks Rest, Mount Hope Cemetery, in Boston. The ceremony was attended by a majority of the distinguished Elks who attended the dinner on the preceding evening. On Tuesday afternoon, February 16, the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan delivered a radio address from Boston over the Columbia Broadcasting System and, at that time, read a letter of congratulation from President Franklin D. Roosevelt.



## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 35)

### 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.

members of which were P.E.R. D. F. MacKenzie, Chairman, John Carlander, I. E. Wilson and E. F. MacMillen. A complimentary dinner for the candidates and the 100 Elks who attended the ceremonies preceded the meeting.

Earlier in the week, announcement was made by the lodge of sponsorship through the Elks Naval Aviation Procurement Committee, headed by John E. Coughlin and Hartley Riach, of the "Falcon Flying Squadron". Official recognition was given the Squadron on February 15 at a dinner for 16 of the 20 newly accepted cadets, held at the

Hotel Faribault. The principal speaker of the evening was Lieutenant James MacRae of the Naval Aviation Selection Board of Wold-Chamberlin Field, Minneapolis.

Mr. Coughlin presided at the dinner and gave a brief talk. Also appearing on the program were E. F. MacMillen, aviator in World War I, who recently received the Purple Heart award and two other citations, and Exalted Ruler Mabbott, who outlined the Order's history. Lieutenant MacRae commended the boys on their selection of the branch of the Service they had chosen. Older



members of the squadron are expected to take their preliminary training at St. Olaf College by mid-April or the first of May. High School student members will report for training when their present school work is concluded this spring. Special guests were H. R. Drummond, Principal of Shattuck School, and L. M. Ellingson, Principal of Faribault High School. Moving pictures, especially interesting to the young men about to enter training, were shown later at the lodge home.

### Service Banner of Butte Elks' Boy Scout Troop Bears 68 Stars

With one gold star and 67 silver stars, the service banner of Boy Scout Troop 28, sponsored by Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, is believed by local Scout officials to carry a national record of "stars" sent to armed duty by any single Troop. Sixty-seven alumni of Troop 28 are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces; one other has given his life.

Pledged to carry on at home for their "big brothers" in the Service, the young Scouts are collecting scrap, delivering bond posters, maintaining a messenger service for defense organizations and loyally performing other kinds of volunteer work important in the war effort. The Scouts are guided in their war work by their Scoutmaster, Roland Jobe, who is a member of Butte Lodge. His is a personal concern, since he also led in the initial training of each of the young men represented by the stars on the Troop's service banner.

The gold star on the banner particularly honors Ensign Frank Tammatti, who died in service in the early days of the war. Of those now on duty, almost half are serving outside the continental limits of the United States, and one, Gene Young, is with the Royal Canadian Air Force in England.

### Alameda, California, Lodge Holds Its 14th Annual Baseball Night

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, held its 14th annual Baseball Night on February 8. Approximately 900 followers of the great American sport attended. Many members of the major leagues, both past and present, including Dominic DiMaggio, Joe Marty, Dick Bartell, Joe Oringo, Eddie Joost, Jim Tobin, Augie Galan and old-timers Taylor Douthit, Gussie Suhr and Oscar Vitt were present.

The affair was a great success. Ball players and guests were treated to a good show, after which refreshments were served in the rathskeller of the lodge home by the members of the committee in charge. The opinion expressed generally during the evening was that baseball is needed and should be carried on during the present emergency if at all possible. A message to this effect was dispatched to Judge Landis, high commissioner of baseball, requesting that he do all he possibly can to keep the game going.

### Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge Honors Its 25-Year Members

Twenty-five-year members of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, were honored recently at a special meeting at the lodge home, featured by a class initiation. The ritualistic work was performed by a group of Past Exalted Rulers.

Of the forty who have been members of the lodge for twenty-five years or more, twenty were present at the meeting. They were presented with special service buttons.

(Continued on page 56)

# Winning Sea Battles On Dry Land

IN THAT TOWER, WE TEACH SUBMARINE CREWS HOW TO 'ESCAPE' FROM DEEP WATER. THE DEPTH IS 100 FEET

THE MEN ARE FIRST SUBMERGED IN THIS OXYGEN-CHARGED DIVING-BELL FOR PRACTICE FOR SHALLOW 'ESCAPES'

I'LL BET THOSE MEN WILL ENJOY A SMOKE WITH PRINCE ALBERT WHEN THEY GET THROUGH

WHO WOULDN'T? WELL, THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME LATER TO ENJOY THE COMFORT OF A P.A. SMOKE

TRAINING THE MEN TO STAND PRESSURE UNDER WATER

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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

**70** FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT

IT'S SURPRISING HOW EASY PRINCE ALBERT IS ON MY TONGUE, CONSIDERING THE GOOD, RICH TASTE. IT'S THE NO-BITE TREATMENT

THAT GOES FOR, P.A. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—PLUS FAST, EASY, NO-SPILL ROLLING

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# The Silent Service

(Continued from page 36)

right, suddenly, quietly. No matter how quietly that command is given it carries a dramatic punch. "Rig for diving" is to the submariner what "contact" is to the airplane pilot.

"We'd better go below," said Skipper Enright.

I agreed. We climbed down the steep hole and dropped into the control room. The control room was small, noisy and crowded with men and machinery: two bronze periscope shafts gleaming with grease, shiny wheels that operate the bow and stern planes which steer the sub up and down as it glides through the water—levers like big handbrakes which open the valves to the main ballast tanks, an electric board called the Christmas tree which flashes red and green lights as valves open or close. This training sub had manual controls which give the student a "feel" of the ship he would not get on a new sub run by hydraulic push-buttons.

THE scene in the control room suggested Saturday night in a frontier tavern. A hundred voices seemed to be talking at once; a hundred hands seemed to be reaching for valves and levers. The Diesels were grinding, the ocean's chop was smacking the steel hull. Skipper Enright, calm and collected, was the center of this maelstrom.

"Sailing vessel one point on the port bow, sir."

"Very well."

"Ship rigged for diving, sir."

"Very well. Take her down."

"Whoa, take it easy," said the bosun to a student apparently trying to tear one of the Kingston valves out of the main ballast tank.

"Stand by to dive."

"Stand by to dive."

"Ride the vents."

I jumped as Joe Enright reached overhead and pressed a button which filled the sub with the reverberating noise of an old-fashioned auto horn—aroooooruh—aroooooruh.

My ear drums bent as someone squirted compressed air into the sub to test its airtightness.

Sea water thundered into the main ballast tanks, through the Kingston valves. But the air vents at the top of the tanks were still closed and the compressed air held its own against the intruding water.

We "rode" those vents in the ballast tanks. We were practically water-tight, "sealed in" as my timid landlubber friend would say. There was only one square of red light left on the Christmas tree—that meant the air induction valve high on the conning tower was still sucking the last gusts of cool, fresh air into the sub. Suddenly the noise of the blower ceased, the red square clicked green, now the board was completely green—all set.

"Green board, sir" said the diving officer.

"Very well," said the skipper.

"Take her down," said Mr. Enright.

With a hiss the remaining air in the ballast tanks escaped, the sub tilted forward and with a gentle glide coasted down into the deep. On the depth gauge the needle fluttered up to "35".

"Steady at 35," said Joe Enright.

"Up periscope."

The greasy cylinder hummed up out of its well and the skipper bent over eagerly, seized his \$5,000 magic eye by the horizontal handles and turned it slowly in a narrow orbit.

The hurly burly had given way to peaceful quiet. Purring electric motors had replaced the Diesels, the ocean's thumping waves had been left behind, we sailed smoothly through the soft, placid, fantastic world of Jules Verne.

The second periscope was offered to me. Under the counsel of Mr. Glass, the engineering officer, I closed one eye and peered into the tube of mirrors and prisms.

"KEEP both eyes open," said Mr. Glass, "It lessens the strain."

The periscope turned ponderously. Through its magical prisms I could see the green waves we had left above us. Meanwhile the sound man who had been listening to the ping-ping of the sub's detector fishing for ships with sound waves which bounce back when they hit something, reported, "Ship bearing 56, sir."

Mr. Glass grabbed the handles and swung the periscope around until the line on its greasy shaft pointed to 56 on the encircling compass dial—there in the crosswires was what looked like an orange crate. Mr. Glass turned the handles from low power to high power—the orange crate became a ship.

"Stand by 2," said Mr. Enright in his quiet, firm voice.

The ship sailed serenely on her path as the periscopes gleamed at her.

"Fire 2," said Mr. Enright, pressing "the pickle", "the firing button which looks like a bedside buzzer".

I could feel a slight recoil, like the clucking of a tongue against the roof of one's mouth and through the periscope I saw a large patch of bubbles suddenly burst, foaming to the surface off the sub's bow. But the ship still sailed on because torpedo tube 2 contained nothing more than an air impulse.

Torpedoes are terrific. In their heads they carry 600 pounds of TNT. Torpedoes are miniature submarines. They can make a turn after leaving the tube, speed through the water at almost fifty knots, powered by compressed air which is squeezed into a tiny engine room through a bottleneck of flaming alcohol. Torpedoes

can be set to run at certain speeds and certain depths—for instance, they will be set to smack a battleship at about 15 feet under the water, a merchantman at 5 or 10 feet below the waves. The fire control mechanism is secret. On a British sub the skipper spins dials, twists knobs, says something like "one and one is two and eight times nine is seventy-two", pushes a button and out comes a card giving him his weight, his horoscope and the exact spot at which to aim his torpedoes. The Limeys call this thing the "fruit box". As far as I know we call it the secret fire control mechanism.

The training sub had a torpedo room and Diesels and electric motors just like the big new subs. The Diesels charge the batteries, usually at night, and the big batteries push the electric motors.

On the training cruise I met the diving officer, Mr. Proteus, who had been on the *Boise* when it sank six Jap ships off the Solomons. Asked why he had transferred to subs, Mr. Proteus, young and bespectacled, said he had always had a soft spot in his heart for the pig boats and if someone will comment, "Out of the frying pan into the fire," I'm sure Mr. Proteus won't mind. "Subs are smaller," he said, "and therefore more fun—sort of the difference between a happy-go-lucky boarding house and a formal hotel."

Compared to a training cruise sub, our new undersea craft are palatial with such luxuries as washing machines, shower baths, air conditioning and phonographs with automatic record changers. Opinions on the showers are unanimously in the affirmative but not all submariners are enthusiastic music lovers. One commander said, "You know, it's a long way over there to Japan, over 3,000 miles even from Hawaii. You can play a lot of phonograph records in 3,000 miles but the boys played just two—two honeys. One was 'Who hit Franny on the fanny with a flounder'; the other one was 'I like bananas because they got no bones'. By the time we got to Japan I wanted to hit Franny with something a good deal heavier than a flounder."

ALSO on the training sub was Lt. Sibley who had been on patrol up around the Aleutians. Joe Sibley, a New Yorker, is a young man with a soft, earnest voice. He told me about his cold cruise.

"The hunting was poor; too much fog," said Mr. Sibley glumly. "The iciness of the Bering Sea penetrated the steel hull of the sub and the men wore long underwear and gulped \$50 worth of vitamin pills in a month. Pretty monotonous, most of the time," said Mr. Sibley. "We got a couple of cargo boats that were taking food and ammunition to the Japs on Kiska. We put a spread on each;

four torpedoes at about 900 yards. You could hear the ping as the steel pin hit the ship and was driven into the percussion cap and then BOOM! We got 'em both in the morning, in a hazy, oily calm. The fog would go up and down like the curtain at the end of a play—first you see 'em, then you don't. We saw 'em and hit 'em.

"The fog's bad up there. It makes airplanes dangerous because they zoom down out of fogbanks like bats out of hell. We were riding along on our Diesels one day, one of those typically clammy Aleutian days with the fog wreathing over the gray water and the men not shivering but just feeling uncomfortably chilled, when a plane roared out of the fog, spotted us and dived for our conning tower. We got down fast and deep and took one depth charge—sounds as if someone fired a gun beside your ear. Knocked some china out of the racks. That's all. Most of the time it was pretty monotonous."

I asked, "What did you do to break the monotony?"

"We played gin rummy," said young Mr. Sibley. "And I read Bacon's essays. They kept my mind occupied. And there was a poker game going. Of course that's against the rules but the skipper allowed it this time for the sake of morale in those God-forsaken waters. I think that game set some sort of record—it ran for 28 days. Our watches were four on and four off. A lookout would come down from the bridge and take the place he had left four hours before.

"We had very short nights up there and had to stay submerged most of the time, in fact seventeen days in succession. It was very cold and monotonous. Funny thing happened one day though. The sound man was listening in and he picked up some sort of a pong-pong-pong. Those sound men have very sensitive ears. They can detect the enemy's pinging too and tell when he's getting nearer by the tone of his pinging. Anyway we closed in, got the torpedoes ready, made our approach. Then the skipper peering through the periscope suddenly burst out laughing—we had made an approach on a whale!"

MET another man in New London who had been on war patrol around the Aleutians where American subs were hacking away at the supply lines of the invading Jap forces.

Ralph Barnes of Mapleton, Oregon, is a radioman. He is rather bald and has the gray complexion, "cabaret tan," some submariners acquire after going weeks without sunshine. (Some subs now have ultra violet lamps.) Ralph also saw action in the Bering Sea and he too complained of the monotony and the cold, and a plane attack from a fogbank. "It dropped one depth charge," said Ralph. "It went off with a muffled bang, shook the plates in their racks and sent pieces of paint floating down from the overhead; bits of the

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cork that insulates the sub showered the deck.

"That plane attack broke the monotony. But not the way we wanted it broken; we wanted to sink a Jap ship. The monotony was broken again a few days later. It was in the afternoon, foggy, of course, and cold. Suddenly the sound man tuned in on something. We followed the beam and spotted a large transport and a cargo ship escorted by three destroyers. Range was about two miles. We closed in: 'Up periscope' — 'Down periscope'—'Make ready torpedoes.' We were all tense and expectant and then at the last minute these ships zigged, sterns toward us, and disappeared in a thick fogbank. No destroyer escort could have laid down a better protecting smokescreen. We all felt rotten and let down. The skipper shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Better luck next time.' You could see he was disappointed.

"A few days went by and nothing happened. Cold and fog. Then at periscope depth one morning we spotted two destroyers at 6,000 yards. We were about five miles off a barren, rocky beach. By the way they were headed, with black smoke pouring out of their funnels they were tuned in on us. Destroyers are tough, fast, can turn on a dime. We were on the spot and I thought we'd dive out of it as fast as possible. But the skipper wasn't excited. He just reached up, said calmly, 'Fire one up to six' and pressed the pickle. Then he said, 'Take her down.' We did gladly. You could hear the water thundering into the tanks and the needle on the depth gauge really moved. In less than a minute all hell broke loose. There was so much noise down there we couldn't tell whether or not our torpedoes had hit the tin cans. Anyway we counted 18 depth charges in 9 minutes.

"EVERYONE was pretty scared because this was the first time we had undergone a real attack. The order over the loudspeaker was 'Rig for depth charge attack' and those of us who weren't at battle stations were supposed to lie down in our bunks. One man crawled in and started to look at a comic magazine—it was 'Superman'. He just put it down quietly. I got out of my bunk and stood up, somehow I felt better on my feet. Like a thunderstorm? It was like a thousand thunderstorms. One of the colored mess attendants was praying. And no one laughed at him either. Then came a very loud explosion and one of the men said, 'Married men first,' and started for the conning tower. It got a very quiet laugh.

"But we survived. Our subs are tough, very tough. At last it got quiet and the men started breathing again. We figured they were picking up survivors. Then the skipper grinned and said, 'I think that's the last time I'll try to attack two destroyers.'

"That night we came up to have a run on the Diesels and we inter-

cepted a radio message from the base which said that one of our planes had spotted a big oil slick that spread five miles from the place of attack all the way to the beach—we had sunk that destroyer!

"Later, I heard from a man on another sub that one of our submarines had sailed right into the harbor at Kiska, caught four destroyers at anchor and sank three of them, then turned tail on the fourth and got away. Just in a few days up there our subs sank nine Jap destroyers!"

ON A submarine good food is a fine morale builder. Bodies that don't get fresh air and sunlight need good nourishment; a cook is an important member of the crew.

Ed Walsh of Brockton, Mass., is a submarine cook, has been one for eleven years. Ed is 33, short, soft-spoken, and, like Ralph Barnes, has a "cabaret tan".

Ed Walsh has been baking bread within hailing distance of Japan. "We were so close sometimes," said Ed, "that I'll bet those Japs could smell my bread baking in the sub's ovens; I'll bet it smelled a lot better than most things in Japan. At night, when we'd come up to charge the batteries I'd bake my bread, 24 two-pound loaves. Every night I'd bake bread, every night except two.

"We were pretty close to Japan when our sound man picked up some solid pinging. We got nearer to that noise and the skipper spotted a 10,000-ton seaplane tender guarded by two destroyers. The skipper worked us in pretty close and pressed the pickle. You could feel the recoil as three torpedoes squirted out and sped toward the Jap ship right between the two destroyers. Two of them hit. We had crash-dived by that time and you could hear the ping, then BOOM-BOOM. We got her, all right. The sound man could hear her groaning and buckling and exploding as she went down—someone said it was her requiem.

THEN those destroyers came after us. They must have been mad 'cause we had plucked that ship right out from under their noses.

"One of the fellows had won a lot of money shooting crap on his last leave. What a roll he had—about five hundred bucks. Well, there we were deep in the Pacific near Japan with those two destroyers over us dropping everything they had. The skipper was taking what is called evasive action; our sub was doing a jig down there; I was handing out gallons of coffee, the air was blue with cigaret smoke, and along comes this guy with the big wad offering twenty dollar bills for sale at a quarter apiece! He didn't sell one! Then he tried to give 'em away—no takers. Not that we were pessimistic"—here Ed Walsh smiled—"maybe we were just a little bit superstitious. Anyway we were too busy with our coffee and cigaretts.

"I didn't bake any bread that night or the next one. But we finally

shook those destroyers loose and when the skipper was sure we had got away we came up for fresh air—batteries—bread. We hadn't been up very long and I had just about got the ovens good and hot when we spotted a big freighter. 'Well,' I said, 'here we go again'.

"But we didn't have to go far that time nor stay down long. The skipper worked out the range, pushed the pickle and sent another Jap ship to the bottom. After that we had a little rest and I was able to bake my bread finally.

"A couple of nights later we chased a big freighter. No, I didn't see it but we always know what's going on—word is passed back from the conning tower or it may come over the loudspeaker. Well, this freighter was a big baby but she got away from us, too much of a head-start, and slipped into a harbor. We all felt disappointed; we figured she had escaped, but not the skipper—he took us right in the harbor after that Jap ship! It was nine o'clock in the morning—broad daylight! Boy!

"WELL, we got that freighter all right—sent it to the harbor bottom with torpedoes. Then the fun began. Some Jap radioed for the air force. First thing we knew a squadron of planes appeared, dived down over the harbor and dropped seven bombs. They shook us up a little but they didn't hurt us.

"Then two destroyers came after us as we made a beeline for the channel. The skipper got us into it and, by God, he got us out of it. He'd only navigated that channel once before—on the way in—but he steered us out without a hitch just as if he had been in and out of that Jap harbor every day of his life.

"When we cleared the channel and got out into open water where he could maneuver a little bit and shake the destroyers, he said over the loudspeaker—'Boys, that was Bull Durham navigation'.

"I guess he meant it was like making one of those cigaretts, you know, closing the tobacco bag by pulling the string with your teeth while you roll the cigaret and moisten the paper—all at the same time. You know there are a lot of things to think about on a sub—bow planes, stern planes, trimming tanks, right rudder, left rudder—it was Bull Durham navigation all right. That night I baked the usual batch of bread—24 two-pound loaves.

"We had had quite a patrol and some of the boys figured we had done enough damage—but not the skipper. He wasn't satisfied. Not until we had sunk another 10,000-ton seaplane tender. Two torpedoes sent her down in 32 seconds. That just about finished our patrol."

There are no doctors aboard submarines, and no room for surgeries. If a medical emergency arises, the skipper may put into port, as one did up around the Aleutians, but on war patrol in Japanese waters such

(Continued on page 44)

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 14)

dence. And, as usual, all are bound up in a phony wrapper labeled "national need", "defense", or other verbal camouflage. Now it develops there is a powerful movement afoot to kill off great numbers of the Rocky Mountain elk herds. The following, written by Brother William Moffat, Esteemed Lecturing Knight of Greybull, Wyoming, Lodge, No. 1431, lifts the curtain. Take a good sniff, friends, it doesn't smell so good:—

"I assure you," writes Brother Moffat, who is president of the Greybull Rod and Gun Club and also of the Big Horn Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, "that there is a definite movement afoot in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, really to cut into our elk herds in no uncertain manner. The pressure is being put on by the National Livestock Association and the different state livestock associations. The Forest Service and Grazing Service are continually under pressure from these groups to cut down on the game and increase grazing permits. I maintain that a National Forest is public property and that stockmen are very fortunate to be allowed to lease grazing land thereon.

"As an example, in 1940 it cost the Federal Government \$160,000 to run the Bighorn National Forest here in Wyoming. The stockmen contributed \$25,000 toward this and you and I and John Citizen paid the rest.

"We had an elk herd up here in the Bighorns that numbered roughly 2,000 to 2,500 animals and last season enough pressure was put on the Forest Service to make it put pressure on our Fish and Game Commission to insist on a 1,200-elk kill. That figure, of course, does not include crippled animals that got away and died.

"This sort of deal not only is taking place here but throughout the Rocky Mountain Region as a whole. The program has been laid down over the past two years through news items in the papers and also via radio commentations, all to the effect that we have too much game.

"Another sour deal is the contemplated slaughtering of 6,000 elk in Yellowstone Park, the meat to be fed to 12,000 Japs interned in an internment camp near Cody, Wyoming. What would the American public say if they knew this, especially since the public is being rationed meat?

"Of course, the ballyhoo in all big elk kills is this: 'The elk haven't enough feed—they will starve to death.' However, if one takes the trouble and time to trace the source of this propaganda, it will be found that the pressure is being applied on the Forest Service by the big livestock interests.

"My question to you is this: Who can we get to help us combat such



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"You may feel that I am excited or radical or something, but I assure you that what I have written is true. I feel that it is our duty, in the States that have big game, to holler when things go wrong and let you folks know. Maybe you can help us.

"Wyoming is the last stronghold of the elk. Don't you think we should watch things closely and ask for help from other sportsmen when we aren't strong enough to fight the forces that want this fine animal killed off?"

If what Brother Moffat writes is 100 percent true—and we have no reason to believe it isn't—then it's the duty of every sportsman in the country, and certainly every Brother Bill, to fight this evil to a standstill.

The idea of killing off thousands of Yellowstone Park's elk to feed interned Japs, when the rest of the country is living on rationed hamburger, sounds like sheer idiocy, even when the conservative angle isn't taken into consideration. The Japs hold thousands of American prisoners—fighting men and civilians—and best information is that most and perhaps all are being slowly starved to death. If even one elk is slaughtered to feed interned Japs and the American public hears of it, it's an even-money bet that the resulting blast will give Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes a bigger headache than last winter's gas and fuel oil shortage.

War requirements are stripping this country's natural resources—coal, iron, copper, lumber and petroleum, to mention a few—at a greatly accelerated rate. It's unfortunate, but it cannot be helped. It's the cost of victory. But there's no reason why our wildlife resources should suffer, particularly when wildlife destruction is actuated by the desire for private gain. Wrapping this greed up with a phony label doesn't fool anyone. Reducing this country's elk herds to the vanishing point to make room for a few more shorthorns isn't going to contribute anything to win-

ning this war, any more than destruction of vast duck nesting areas in Canada's prairie provinces helped win the last.

**A**S WE nudge another Spring fishing season, a check discloses that use of steel and other critical materials in fishing tackle, except in the instance of fishhooks, is prohibited. Over 171 firms which formerly produced fishing tackle now are turning out ski poles for our mountain troops, radio antennae, gun mounts, machine-gun parts, signal kites, percussion primers and the WPB only knows what else.

Production of fishing lines has been restricted to materials other than silk, nylon, linen and Egyptian cotton. Big concerns like Ashaway are working 100 percent on war orders. Production of fishhooks has been cut 50 percent and none can be converted into lures, baits or flies with such critical materials as metals, plastics or cork. Hip boots other than secondhand cannot be purchased and the supply of waders in sports shops is getting shorter than a mule's temper.

There are no new outboard motors available and manufacturers of more powerful engines are working almost 100 percent on Coast Guard and Navy orders. Small pleasure boats and canoes are still being made, but only a minimum of metal may be used in such craft. Only available tents are those rejected by the Army and Navy. Plenty of outdoor clothing, however, is obtainable, but good woolen stuff is expected to be on the scarce side, come Fall.

A few overly optimistic gents seem convinced that the Government will relax regulations and permit manufacture of enough shotgun shells this Summer to "harvest" this Fall's duck and upland game "crop". Your sentinel, a confirmed pessimist in this particular instance, cherishes no such happy delusions. Best information is that every shot shell manufactured is going to the Army and Navy gunnery schools; bird and duck hunters either will shoot am-

munition now on hand or none at all. Duck hunters along the East Coast—and along the Gulf—wound up the 70-day season in a blaze of excellent shooting. There weren't many of the faithful on deck, because of transportation and other problems, but those who did manage to reach the Eastern Sho' of Maryland, Back Bay, Va., and Currituck Sound and Pamlico, fell heir to some of the best gunning since muzzle-loading days.

Canvasbacks, those real gunning prizes, were unbelievably plentiful in the above-mentioned areas and straight can limits were a dime a dozen. Some shooters passed up "trash" ducks such as bluebills, etc., and concentrated on drake canvasbacks. We know of one four-man party which downed 40 canvasbacks on Currituck in a day's gunning and tabbed 37 drakes out of the 40 birds killed. That, chums, is the oldtime stuff and it's likely to be even better next Fall if there's anyone around to swing a shotgun.

**A**NOTHER conspicuously numerous duck along the Middle Atlantic coastline late last season was the widgeon. Usually this area is a pintail hotspot, but for some reason the baldpates took over and made up the bulk of most bags for marsh gunners.

Although fishing camp and Summer vacation resorts reported no great business decline last season—some, in fact, tabbed a slight increase—this year is likely to tell a different story when the final score is in. Most camp proprietors are worried, and with good reason. Guides have gone into the service and defense plants; camping equipment, outboard motors and other necessary gear are wearing out and in some instances cannot be replaced; camp help isn't too easy to hire and hold, and there's the ever-present transportation problem to complicate matters.

From this pew it looks like America's two favorite sports are scheduled for a sad kicking around.

## The Silent Service

(Continued from page 42)

ambulance service is obviously out of the question.

So far our silent service has had two medical emergencies: The victims couldn't have picked a worse place to have acute appendicitis—in submarines on war patrol near Japan.

The cases were almost identical, symptoms and treatment, time and place (in enemy waters), although they happened on different subs. Each victim was an enlisted man. In each case the pain became unbearable; the inflamed appendix had to be removed before it burst.

The "surgeons" were two pharmacist mates, Wheller Lipos of New-

castle, Virginia, and Thomas Moore of Chino Valley, Arizona. The patients were, respectively, Dean Rector of Chautauqua, Kans., and George Platter of Buffalo, N. Y. Neither surgeon had ever performed an appendectomy but both had "seen" them performed. Their operating techniques were classical with a slight touch of catch-as-catch-can.

**T**HE scenes in the subs were dramatically similar. In both cases ether was the anesthetic, dripped through a tea-strainer covered with gauze, and tablespoons, bent to shape, and sterilized in alcohol extracted from a torpedo, were used as

surgical retractors to hold back exposed muscles. Officers and crew worked together with the same cool efficiency used to approach and torpedo Jap snips.

The sub skippers gave the order to dive and provided the two pharmacist mates with stable operating tables far beneath the ocean's heaving surface. Calmly and smoothly the crews turned their subs into undersea hospitals, rigging extra lights, sterilizing tablespoons, maneuvering trimming tanks and bow and stern planes to keep the submarine level. The submariners, long trained never to get excited in their nerve-wracking trade, took it all in their stride.

It was slow, tense work for willing but inexpert hands. The crew whispered, the officers perspired, men used to breathing heavy air grew dizzy from ether fumes. In each case it took hours to remove a poisonous pouch which the average surgeon would extract in less than an hour. Finally the last stitch was taken, the patients gently carried back to their narrow bunks in the steel shells of the submarines. They both recovered, were able to stand watch again in a matter of days. Two young pharmacist mates had faced a dangerous emergency under harrowing conditions and, with the calm, cheerful competence of American submariners, had come through with flying colors.

THESE men I talked to are typical submariners: Commander Wilkins, Lt. Sibley, Gunner's Mate Simon, Radioman Barnes, First Class Cook Walsh. From time to time there are more men like them in New London—they go through fast on their way to new subs, perhaps to Portsmouth, N. H. Sometimes they leave their stories behind them and like most Americans they favor the funny ones.

Up in New London sub skippers like to tell the story about the diving officer with the Irish name like "O'Malley". During an "embarrassing barrage" or depth charge attack, imperturbable Mr. O'Malley was conversing in whispers with another officer in the sub's conning tower.

"Whew! That was a close one," whispered O'Malley's companion.

"Indeed it was," said O'Malley.

Wham! went another depth charge. "Gosh!" whispered the awed officer, "that one was even closer!"

"Yep," said O'Malley.

"Listen, O'Malley, aren't you scared?"

"Certainly not," said O'Malley, "an Irishman is never scared—but, God, am I homesick!"

Of course, mistakes will happen but sub skippers aren't ashamed to admit them. A British sub menaced by an onrushing destroyer crash-dived. But the last man down couldn't get the conning tower hatch shut tight! Like Peter at the dike he held on and saved the sub while the skipper took evasive action and the diving officer juggled the trimming tanks to compensate for the extra water taken aboard. "Imagine my embarrassment," said the skipper later, "when we surfaced and the obstacle that blocked the hatch proved to be my cushion with which I pad the little folding seat on the bridge! I felt very guilty but the crew just laughed themselves silly

—damned decent of them."

In the Southwest Pacific an American sub cruising at periscope depth sighted a ship outlined against the verdant tropical foliage of a nearby island. Over the loudspeaker came the command, "Make ready torpedoes." The sub slithered closer to its target and in the conning tower, hunched over the periscope handles the skipper crowed, "What a sitting pigeon!"—a submariner's expression for a perfect target. And then the quartermaster ruined everything by checking on the hydrographic chart, "Wait a minute, sir, that ship—she's stuck on a reef, been there over ten years!"

THERE'S another story concerning these "little people" of Japan. Surfacing off the Jap coast, an American sub ripped through some fishing nets tied to a sampan whose crew consisted of one wizened old Jap woman. As the American sailors popped up out of the conning tower to wreak havoc among Jap ships anchored nearby, the Japanese woman with a face of tanned, wrinkled leather, stood up and screamed imprecations at them—not because they were Americans—not because they had come clear across the Pacific to send Jap ships and men to the bottom of the sea—but because they had torn her fishing nets!

Submariners like amusing stories—they go well with their good-natured personalities. There are some things submariners don't like to talk about—about being heroes or about the days when submarine firms built hair-curlers. At long last submariners are getting some attention. In the old days American submarine inventors like David Bushnell and Robert Fulton had to go to Europe to get attention—and money.

A FEW years before World War I, the Kaiser's Admiral von Tirpitz enthusiastically received a visitor to the German Admiralty in Berlin. From that visit grew the idea of a U-boat campaign which in the last war and in this one is the greatest obstacle between us and victory. Unfortunately, that visitor was an American, Simon Lake.

We did not have a big submarine fleet when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. But we're improving. And fortunately we had a small but top-notch group of submariners around which to build that fleet. So now for the first time in our history we are turning in a brilliant performance with one of war's most potent weapons, a weapon perfected by such ingenious Americans as John Holland and David Bushnell, Lake and Fulton—the submarine.



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## I'll Betcha I Can

(Continued from page 19)

over one eye, slung his rifle across his shoulder and strolled back toward the cleaning racks, whistling through his teeth as he went. Sergeant Lanihan stared thoughtfully after him and then turned back to the dumb-founded Mulholland.

"Oscar," he said in the tone of a man breaking bad news gently, "you have been took—an' HOW you have been took! Furthermore, it has been in my mind for some time that you have not been calling YOUR shots—as far as Private Gilhooley is concerned."

**SERGEANT MULHOLLAND**, being an honest man withal, paid his bet on pay day but he brooded about it afterwards. He took to strolling up in the hills in the evenings after supper instead of going down to the canteen for a glass of beer. Some wit was sure to sing out, "How are yuh callin' your shots tonight, Sargint?"

"It ain't so much the money," he said one night a couple of weeks later to Sergeant Wingate. "It's the ignominy of the thing. Here I have got four hash marks on my sleeve an' this fugitive from a reform school comes along an' makes a monkey out of me. It ain't doin' me no good in the company, either. The top sergeant has me in on the carpet this morning."

"Mulholland," he says, "three men out of your squad were late at reveille this morning. If you can't get them Rip Van Winkles out of the hay on time I will find somebody that can."

"Yes, sir," I say.

"An' further," he says, "I find your barrack in a disreputable condition this A.M. The shoes under the bunk are not shined. The barrack bags are hung up any which way. The floor looks like it has not seen a broom since the carpenters left. Also, them pictures hung up on the walls had better be art."

"Humph," Sergeant Wingate said, "that don't sound like no squad of yours, Mul. I can remember the time when you would take a recruit out behind the truck shed just for comin' out to Saturday inspection with his shoes not shined. How come?"

"It's that condemned Gilhooley," Mulholland admitted gloomily. "He is as fresh as a coat of paint and gettin' so uppity that there is no living with him. Not only that but he is innoculatin' the rest of the squad with the same brand of insubordination."

"Send him to the guard house an' be done with him," Sergeant Wingate advised. "Or take him out behind the truck shed."

Mulholland shook his head. "When it comes to the truck shed I ain't a young as I used tuh be—an' this Gilhooley scourge has got red hair. An' if I slam him in the can the rest of the squad will know that he is too

tough for me to handle an' will be after me like a batch of wolves. That Simon Legree of a top sergeant would never let me put in charges on him, anyway."

"So what are you goin' tuh do, Mul?"

"Well," Mulholland said, "I ain't been in the army all these years for nothin'. I'll use strategy on him."

"What kind of strategy?"

"I ain't figured that out yet."

Sergeant Wingate stood up and pitched away his cigaret. "My guess is that yuh better throw him in the can—that strategy of yours is liable tuh back-fire on yuh. However, I wish yuh luck."

He went on down the street and the darkness swallowed him. After a moment, Sergeant Mulholland got up and went slowly across to his own barracks. He heard footsteps and paused for a moment, one foot on the stoop in front of the door.

**PETE GILHOOLEY** came around the corner, the light from a window slanting across his disreputable hat and red hair. He stopped short when he saw Sergeant Mulholland; then grinned like a pup licking a plate and came on up.

"If it ain't Sergeant Mulholland!" he said like a man greeting a long absent friend. "I wasn't expectin' to see you!"

Mulholland said sourly, "I'll bet you wasn't—after I give you orders that you would spend the evening in barracks cleanin' up that rifle of yours. So you sneaked out, did yuh?"

"Tch! Tch!" Pete said mildly. "Awful strong language, Sarge. Now you have read the Articles of War an' you know you ain't got any right to confine me to barracks. Only the captain can do that. Why, I might have got you into a lot of trouble if I had done what you told me to an' stayed in there cleanin' my rifle."

"A guardhouse lawyer!" Mulholland growled. "If I did what I ought tuh do I'd take you up in the hills and kick you around until you learned a little sense. Get up to your bunk!"

Pete lifted his hands and cowered behind them. "Don't strike me, Sarge!" he said in a falsetto voice. "Think of my chee-ild!"

He side-stepped Sergeant Mulholland and dashed for the barrack door. The latter swore feelingly at the laughter which drifted back down the stairs.

On Monday afternoon the outfit made a ten-mile hike, carrying full field equipment. One of the lieutenants, inspecting packs, found that three men in Sergeant Mulholland's squad had substituted straw for blankets, tent poles and iron rations in their packs—the straw being less useful than such items but considerably lighter to carry. It developed, on investigation, that Private Pete

Gilhooley had fathered the scheme.

The next morning after breakfast the bugler stopped Sergeant Mulholland in the company street. "The top kick wants tuh see you in the office. Better wear your high water pants—there's a storm blowin' up."

First Sergeant Lanihan sat behind the table which served him for a desk—hat on the back of his head and a cigaret in the corner of his mouth. He squinted coldly at Sergeant Mulholland.

"What the hell's come over you an' that squad of yours?" he demanded. Sergeant Lanihan was a hard man who delivered the goods himself and expected no less of the noncoms under him. "Can't you handle that bunch of monkeys?"

"Yes, sir. I can handle 'em." Lanihan's flat stare made Mulholland feel a little uneasy—a word from the first sergeant and those stripes would come off his sleeve and he'd be back doing guard duty and K. P. again. "I just ain't got 'em broke in yet."

Sergeant Lanihan looked thoughtfully at him for a moment—then pitched his cigaret away and leaned forward across the table. His voice lost some of its brittleness.

"Mulholland," he said, "there's a little lesson that you've got to learn—and I've got an idea that you're going to learn it whether you want to or not. That's this—these kids aren't the same breed of cats that recruits used to be back in the old days an' the methods that worked then won't work now. Think it over."

"Recruits are recruits," Mulholland said stubbornly. "I'll break 'em in, Sergeant."

Sergeant Lanihan shrugged and his eyes were flinty again. "Okay, Mulholland. Only don't step out of line again—or I'll tack those stripes of yours up on the barn door for good!"

**T**HE idea came to Sergeant Mulholland that afternoon.

After chow the company had marched out to the Marne Woods to take its weekly turn on the obstacle course—a three-hundred-yard run which wound uphill and downhill through the trees and was designed to teach soldiers to go places which would awe a goat.

The runner—wearing pack, rifle and tin hat—started the course by jumping off a seven-foot wall. After he picked himself up he was expected to jog at a good pace around the rest of the steeplechase, climbing walls, wriggling through culverts, crossing and re-crossing a creek on six-inch logs, crawling through barbed wire entanglements, flopping down into trenches and finally coming to the water jump.

The water jump had been devised by damming the creek to make a pool, deep and some fifteen feet wide, which lay placidly at the bottom of



eight foot banks. After climbing the last fence the runner made a final sprint, grabbed the rope which hung from the limb of a tree on the near bank and swung himself across.

Sergeant Mulholland had been stationed at the finish line to time the runners as they completed the course. He squatted on his heels, pad on his knee and a stop-watch in his hand, and watched as Private Vandercook came into view from around the bend fifty yards away and steamed into the home stretch.

Vandercook crow-hopped through a patch of old automobile tires which had been planted on stakes a foot above the ground, shinnied over the rail fence and then gathered himself as he quickened his pace for the water jump. He caught the rope low, tucked his legs up and sailed across, landing like a cat and pounding on to the finish line. Mulholland clicked the watch.

"Two minutes, fifty seconds," he said, jotting the figures down on the pad. "Not bad."

Vandercook went on up the trail toward the starting point, the trees swallowing him. Sergeant Wingate, sitting on the ground with the receiver of a field telephone to his ear, grunted.

"Your pal's about tuh take off," he said. "Ready—START!"

Mulholland clicked the watch again and wrote "Gilhooley" on his pad while he settled back to wait. Three minutes and a half was average time for the course but the watch said four minutes and five seconds before Pete appeared around the bend.

Pete was having trouble. He got tangled up in the tire patch; he lost his tin hat before he got to the fence and had to stop and retrieve it, and he slipped as he topped the fence to sprawl down in the dirt. He made the water jump with surprising ease, however, and trotted on to where Mulholland waited.

"Four minutes, thirty-five seconds," the latter said disgustedly. "A man with one leg could hop it faster than that."

Pete spat, cocked an eye impudently at Mulholland and went on off through the trees without replying. Mulholland gazed after him.

"A good half-minute slower than anybody else in the outfit," he said in a bitter voice. "Even that slab-footed Swede of Findley's can beat him. An' I have tuh post these times up on the bulletin board where everybody can see what fireballs I've got in my squad!"

"Yuh know," Wingate told him, "it's funny but I hear young Gilhooley is layin' a bet or two on himself to win the obstacle race at the company field day next week."

"Some day that lad will bet once too . . . he's bettin' WHAT?"

"That he'll win the race next week. Pederson's about tuh take off. Ready—START!"

Mulholland automatically clicked the watch and scrawled Pederson's name on the pad but his mind was not on his work. A notice on the

company bulletin board two days ago had formally announced that the outfit would hold a field day on Wednesday afternoon of the following week. Prizes would be given for the best drilled squad, for the soldier who exhibited the snappiest manual of arms, for the one who made the best time on the bayonet course. The big and concluding event of the afternoon, however, was to be the obstacle race with five cartons of cigars and a medal going to the winner.

Pederson, a lanky man with yellow hair, came around the turn and loped down the home stretch. He made an awkward grab for the rope and his grip slipped a little as he swung out—for a split second Mulholland thought that he was going into the pond. Then he was across, swearing as he went back up the hill.

Wingate said, "He's the last. The top kick says tuh come on up—we're through for the day."

Marching the two miles back to the barracks, Sergeant Mulholland turned the thing over in his mind. Pete Gilhooley was not the man to bet on a horse which, judged by past form, was due to be left at the post. Then Mulholland suddenly remembered the ease with which Pete had cleared the water jump; remembered, too, that he had not even been breathing heavily as he finished the run.

"Heck," he said disgustedly to himself, "I might have guessed it. Him doin' the course in four minutes an' thirty-five seconds—when I've seen him cover the hundred yards to the mess hall in ten seconds flat. He ain't failed yet tuh lead the field in by ten yards!"

It was plain enough now. Pete had been holding himself under wraps to fool the handicappers but next Wednesday he would romp home at the head of the field, collect most of the loose change in the outfit and start putting more grey hairs in Sergeant Mulholland's head.

Mulholland scowled—and then the idea struck him.

THE column turned into the company street, feet scraping across the gravel. It halted, closed up and faced to the right. As the ranks broke Mulholland sought out the first sergeant.

"Sergeant," he said, "what's goin' tuh be the procedure for the obstacle race next Wednesday?"

"Same as usual," Sergeant Lanihan told him. "Squads run in order—yours last. Squad leaders can have their men run in whatever order they want 'em to. Thirty seconds between each starter."

"Okay," Sergeant Mulholland said in a satisfied voice. "I just wanted to know."

The afternoon was getting well along and shadows were beginning to thicken in the Marne Woods as Sergeant Mulholland lined up his squad a dozen yards behind the starting platform. It was their turn next. Mulholland squinted at the paper in his hand.

"Vandercook goes first. Then Nel-



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son. Then Potter." He went on down the list of names. "Gilhooley will bring up the rear so as not to get run over."

"You wouldn't want to bet that I bring up the rear at the finish line, would you, Sarge?" Pete asked.

"I might do just that," Mulholland said, thrusting a hand into his pocket. The voice of Lieutenant Snavelly, who was acting as starter, interrupted him. "Last squad on the line!"

Mulholland regretfully withdrew his hand and went across to present his starting line-up. Lieutenant Snavelly glanced at it and nodded.

"Get down to the finish line," he said.

"All right, you guys," Mulholland said, "see if you can run the course without fallin' all over yourselves."

He turned and cut down through the woods to the water jump and the finish line. Men who had already completed the run were clustered thickly there and the racket boiled up as each new contestant came into view. Mulholland shouldered his way up to Sergeant Wingate who was recording the times.

"Who's got the best time so far?" Mulholland asked.

"Stanley—third squad. Two minutes, thirty-five seconds."

Mulholland grunted. He went a dozen yards up-stream, crossed and came back down the bank on the other side to squat with the little group of noncoms who waited at the foot of the tree which supported the rope. Squad leaders were permitted to steady the rope after each jump so that it would not be swinging out of reach when their next runner arrived.

The loud speaker bawled, "Last squad coming up! Vandercook running! Timers ready—START!"

Vandercook came around the turn and Mulholland reached for the rope, held it for a moment until it hung straight down and then stepped back. Vandercook took the tire patch like a hurdler, vaulted the pole fence and came pounding on. A roar went up as he cleared the jump safely and the loud speaker announced the time.

"Two minutes, thirty-three seconds!"

More of Mulholland's squad came by. Then the loud speaker said, "Gilhooley running! Timers ready—START!"

Sergeant Mulholland slipped on the gloves which he had been carrying in his pocket and stepped forward. When Pete rounded the turn he saw that he had been right—the kid was fast. Others saw it, too. For a moment there was a stunned silence from the crowd at the finish line—then an angry bellow went up. The speculators had just realized what had happened to them.

Sergeant Mulholland smiled grimly as he caught the swaying rope, ran his gloved hands caressingly down it and stepped back. Earlier, he had liberally smeared the palms of those gloves with a coating of heavy grease.

It was over quickly.

Pete bounced across the fence and sprinted with his head down. He jumped for the rope, caught it and—as he swung out—it slithered through his fingers like an eel.

For a moment there was a pregnant silence. Then a voice announced solemnly, "An' he sailed through the air with the greatest of ease!" Pandemonium broke loose.

Spectators swarmed the course as Pete came up the bank like a wet cat, spitting and snarling. He stopped in front of Sergeant Mulholland, grabbed the greased gloves out of his hands and rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet, his lips white.

"You greased that rope, you big ape! I'm going to . . ."

The loud speaker suddenly drowned out his voice. "Clear the course, everybody! Clear the course! Sergeant Lanihan is going to try to break the course record! Timers ready—START!"

The noise stopped as though it had been whacked off with a cleaver. Sergeant Mulholland blinked twice, swallowed and then a look of horror slowly spread across his face.

First Sergeant Lanihan rounded

the turn. He was a man who believed in doing everything that he required the soldiers under him to do—and doing it just a little better. The splash that he raised was higher by a foot than Pete's had been.

Sergeant Mulholland stood like a petrified man as Lanihan came toward him. Water squirted from the first sergeant's boots and trickled in little rivulets down his face.

"Who greased that rope?"

Sergeant Mulholland swallowed. This was one time that he had really stepped out of line—his stripes were as good as gone already. "Sergeant," he began faintly, "I . . ."

Pete Gilhooley was standing behind Mulholland, the offending gloves still in his hands. Suddenly, he sauntered forward, grinning.

"Sargint," he said to Lanihan, "I was wearin' gloves that got greased up some way an' I must have smeared the rope when I grabbed it."

Sergeant Lanihan turned and looked at Pete with a hard stare. His eyes didn't miss the fact that Pete was dripping and the gloves were dry—however, Sergeant Lanihan was a man who didn't believe in prying too much into the motives of other men. The corners of his mouth twitched a little as he turned away.

"Humph! Take charge of your squad, Mulholland," he said. Then added under his breath, "And Heaven have mercy on your soul."

He swung on his heel and disappeared among the trees. For a moment Sergeant Mulholland stood staring after him with his mouth open; then scratched his head and turned back to Pete Gilhooley.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he said. "How come you did that?"

Pete said, "I wouldn't want to see you get your stripes peeled off, Sarge. Besides, I couldn't afford it."

"What do yuh mean—you couldn't afford it?"

"Well," Pete told him sweetly, "if you got busted down to fifty bucks a month how could you ever get my debts paid off?"

## Hex Marks the Spot

(Continued from page 8)

one of those crucial hits, the National League race would have ended in a tie. The big hit never was delivered because Cooper had the Indian sign on Wyatt and the Dodgers—in the same mysterious maddening measure they had it on him in '41 when the identical circumstances, with reverse english, meant the pennant.

The grinning gremlins that turn ball clubs downsideup and take perverse delight in ruining painstaking strategy are capricious cusses. In 1941, as last year, St. Louis' Billy Southworth played his hand the hard, bold way by pitting Cooper, his best pitcher, against Wyatt, Brooklyn's Number 1 boy, in two "must" games for each contender. Wyatt won both with shutouts and the sec-

ond had to be accepted with a great deal of fortitude and philosophy.

On September 13, 1941, Cooper came through with a classic "clutch" performance that did not have many parallels in baseball history. With the Cardinals trailing Brooklyn by one game, Cooper proceeded to pitch seven and one-third scoreless and hitless innings. In all, he gave only three hits—and lost, 1-0. One season Cooper's colleagues cannot get a run for him off Wyatt. The next season the horsecollar is on the other, mixed metaphorical foot and 150 other games go for the indiscriminating Mr. Sweeney.

A manifestation of some strange hex or jinx invariably decides every close baseball race. Teams win pennants, it is true, but individuals win

the key games that add to the pennant. Every player has a "cousin", someone who fattens his average and puts meat on the table for the wife and kiddies. Conversely, every player and team throws a fit upon seeing a nemesis pick up a bat or a glove, and relative ranking in the profession has nothing to do with the case history.

It is hardly conceivable, for example, that the Dodgers will rig up a deal for Cincinnati's Johnny Vander Meer. The Fogging Dutchman is one of Brooklyn's most valuable men—pitching for another team. In 1941 he represented an eight-game spread by winning four games from the Cardinals and losing four to the Dodgers, and again last year he did his unwitting best to aid the cause

of the Bums by taking four games from the champions.

Joe DiMaggio doesn't feel too happy when he sees Mel Harder of Cleveland warming up, and Johnny Allen always had Jimmy Foxx on the hip—once struck him out seven times in a row. Charley Keller belabors all Red Sox pitchers and for a decade Mel Ott had been hitting Larry French "like he owns him".

Walt Judnich and Taft Wright are bad news for Ernie Bonham; the appearance of the Giants affects miraculous cures on Howie Pollet's sore arm; the Cubs have been keeping Johnny Podgajny of the Phils in the league, having contributed half his sixteen victories in three years. Tex Hughson was a first-class menace to the Yankees last year with five straight decisions and the Giants usually have a pitcher who crucifies the Reds. Mathewson, Fitzsimmons and Schumacher all went three years without losing a game to Cincinnati.

The one pennant in the last seven the Yankees failed to win was traceable directly to their inability to beat a pitcher who could not have been farther removed from the prize money if he had left the country. Until 1940, the only footnote of interest to Johnny Babich's thoroughly undistinguished career was the fact that when the Missions, of the Pacific Coast League, sold him to the Dodgers in 1934 he arrived in Cincinnati on a typical June day wearing an overcoat. Babich's concept of geography and his trade were on a par. He narrowly missed decapitation by so many line drives that the boys began to refer to him as John the Babich.

After extensive travels through the minor leagues, Babich turned up with the last-place Athletics in 1940 and, in greater measure than any star, accounted for the downfall of

the Yankees. Babich was no puzzle to the other teams in the league; the second-division Browns took four out of five from him. But against the mighty Yankees, Babich was the reincarnation of the best pitcher who ever lived. He won five games that season from the perennial champions.

The ironic part of the story is that the Yankees had Babich on their Kansas City farm in 1939 but, suspecting he had a sore arm, permitted him to be drafted by the Athletics for \$7500. Bob Feller, who was worth twenty times more on the open market, never won five games from the Yankees in any given season. No man on the staff of the winning Tigers won more than three games from the Yankees in 1940. In the usual course of events, a pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics figures to win one start in five from the Yankees. The four games beyond expectations won by Babich unquestionably balked the Yankees in their bid for the fifth straight pennant they missed by only two lengths.

(N. B.: Babich really did have a sore arm. He failed to finish the 1941 season with the A's.)

In more violent aspects of the gypsy curse, the relationship between the persecutor and the victim remains changed during the baseball life of the parties. The most conspicuous modern example is the baffling case of Carl Hubbell vs. the Dodgers. Hubbell's lifetime record shows a substantial preponderance of victories over every team in the league except the Dodgers. He has lost 35 games to them and won only 24 and the fact that there have been five complete turnovers in the Brooklyn personnel since he entered the league in 1928 has had no effect at all upon the jinx.

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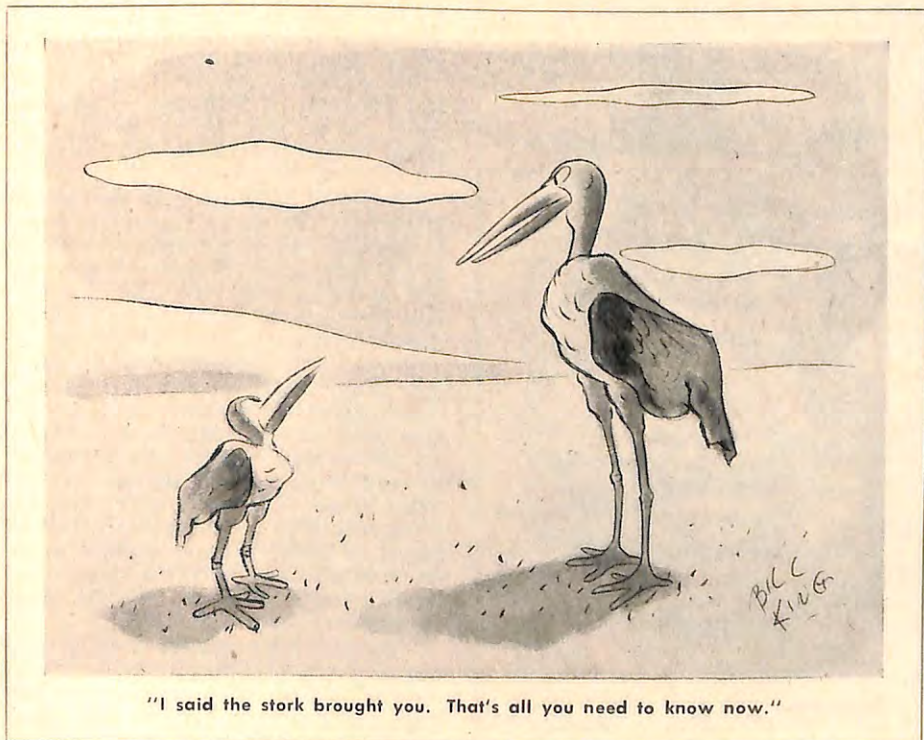


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form, from 1933 to 1937, the Dodgers had some of the worst ball clubs ever foisted upon the American public. During that period he won more than twenty games each season and the Dodgers unfailingly finished in the depths of the second division, but they gave Hub the business with regularity and relish.

Some hexes make such a profound impression upon players and fans that the perpetrator has used one freakish achievement as a springboard to a permanent niche in the annals of the game. Dr. Hubert Pruett, a successful physician today in St. Louis, lasted only two years with the Browns, but he is remembered vividly for one accomplishment that needs no embellishment. He struck out Babe Ruth thirteen times in a row. In 1922, his first and best year with the Browns, Pruett won only seven games and lost the same number, but the astonishing spell he cast over Ruth created the impression that he rode to the ball park on a broomstick and practiced black magic on the side.

Perhaps the most celebrated of all jinxes was Joe Tinker's legendary hitting against the great Christy Mathewson and, for once, the facts do not spoil a good story. Matty's fadeaway was the favorite dish of the old Cub shortstop and every other pitch thrown by Big Six evidently looked as large as a watermelon to Tinker. In 1908, when the Cubs and Giants finished in a dead heat for first place, Tinker's batting average against Mathewson for the season was .414 and the crusher that decided the famous 4-2 play-

off game was a triple by Tinker.

It is not generally known, however, that another Cub on the same team was infinitely more damaging to Mathewson and the Giants than Tinker. Matty and Mordecai "Three-Finger" Brown were the principals in a marathon rivalry that brought them together in more games than any pair in the chronicles of baseball. They launched their series of duels in 1903 and they still were battling one another in 1916. In all, they clashed in twenty-four decisions and although the recapitulation showed Brown won thirteen games to Matty's eleven, the Cub's advantage really was more pronounced. Brown was supreme when defeat in big ball games hurt the Giants where they lived—in the region of the hip pocket, which is the seat of the hip-let. He won nine successive games, including the one Matty wanted to win above all others, the post-season, sudden-death contest in 1908. Brown's domination over the Giants was so complete during the nine-game streak that they could not score more than two runs a game off him.

The literature of baseball is replete with a thousand items denoting the power of the hex, but a great many are more apocryphal than actual. It is fashionable to believe, for instance, that Lefty Grove consistently ducked assignments against the Yankees, who were supposed to knock his brains out on sight. The facts: Grove figured in 60 decisions with the Yankees—a total exceeded only by his personal appearances against the Tigers and Indians—and

won 34 games while losing 26.

It is said on thoroughly unreliable authority that Cleveland's Al Smith has the Indian sign on Joe DiMaggio. This will come as a great surprise to Mr. Smith, who had a no-hitter on June 20th last ruined by a DiMaggio double. Lip service to Smith's mythical jinx over Guiseppe stems from one incident: On the night of July 17, 1941, Smith and Jim Bagby collaborated in ending DiMaggio's hitting streak of 56 consecutive games. It so happened, however, that Ken Keltner, the Cleveland third baseman, did the best "pitching" that night with two spectacular stab-and-grab plays on drives labeled for extra-base hits.

Ball players themselves often are responsible for circulating these baseless rumors. Over the course of the years, the law of averages makes it inevitable that a lightweight hitter will get to a standout pitcher for a damaging blow and a ribbon clerk masquerading as a pitcher will strike out a mighty slugger. Players brood over occasional failures and it is human nature, perhaps, to regard frustration as an expression of cruel fate. It is not at all uncommon to find two players who are firmly and mutually convinced the other guy's purpose in life is to plague him.

While we were doing field work on this last Summer, the best pitcher and the best pitcher—of the moment—in baseball were in the Yankee Stadium on the same day. We asked Ted Williams which particular pitcher was the object of his disaffection and he gave the stock answer. All pitchers, the expurgated bums. All pitchers, he moaned. Having been tough for him, he moaned. Having been dispensed with that nonsense, we got down to specific cases. What about Ernie Bonham?

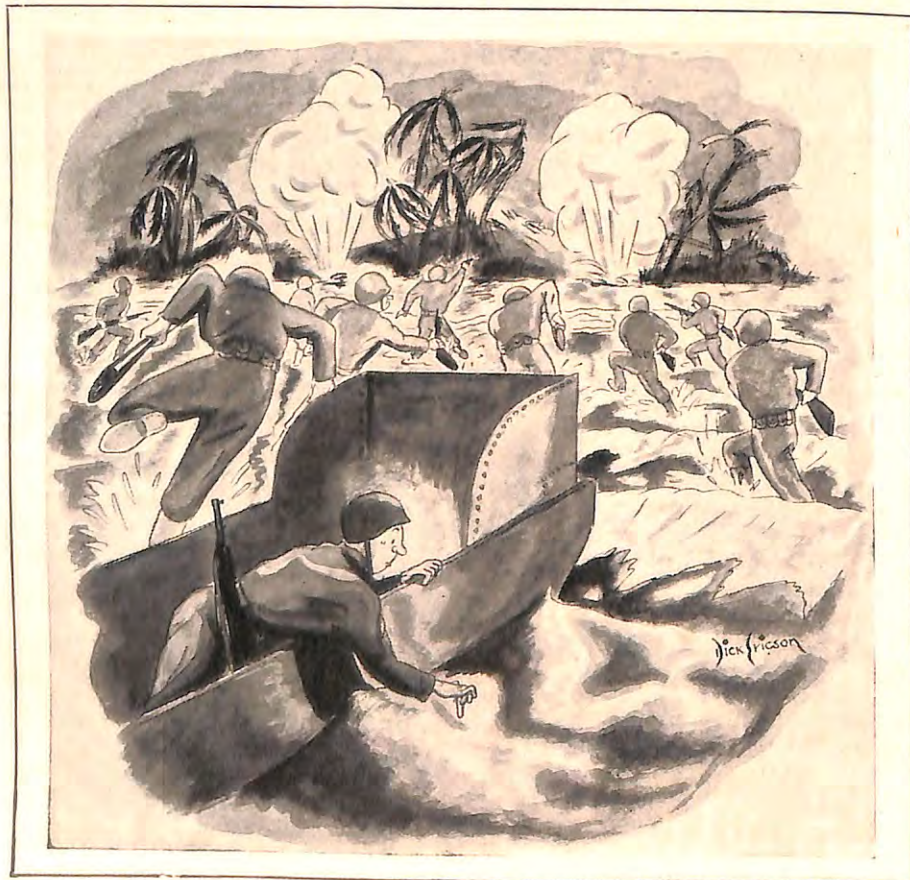
"Bonham?" Williams screamed. "He kills me! I throw my bat away when I know he's going to work. I have a great day for myself when I get a loud foul off him."

We walked across the field and put the question to Bonham. Confidentially, what was he throwing that made him so tough for Williams to hit?

"Are you kidding?" he demanded bitterly. "It doesn't matter what I throw. He murders everything. It's a moral victory when I get him out on a line drive. His batting average against me must be nine hundred something."

Psychologists who have explored the phenomenon of the jinx report it is largely the product of imagination induced by incidents, often trivial, which give men stimulating shots of confidence against certain opponents. Ball players will dispute strenuously this explanation, insisting it is founded upon factors more substantial than such an ephemeral quality as confidence, but the deep thinkers appear to be right.

First experiences, leaving lasting impressions, probably have much to do with putting the machinery of the jinx into operation. Roy Cullenbine has a strange aberration shared by



few players. He loves to hit against Bob Feller and the reason is quite understandable: In 1919, his first year in the American League, Cullenbine hit six home runs and three were struck off Feller.

Fact or fancy, the jinx is an aspect of baseball exerting increasing importance on the strategy of the game and focusing more attention on the human element. It has eliminated the concept of the "Big Four" pitching staff composed of a strong-armed quartet rotated in regular order come hell, high water and a hurricane of base-hits. Managers now manipulated pitching assignments to spot men who have two figurative strikes on certain teams and they do not hesitate to break up a winning combination if a player on the bench represents a walking Indian sign to the opposition's pitcher of the day.

The hold of the hex is so strong upon some players that they devote almost as much brooding thought to it as next year's salary. Before Ted Williams played his final game for the duration in Sportsman's Park last September, the Boston beanpole smiled morosely when he said goodbye to Johnny Niggeling, whose slow knuckle-ball had been giving him conniption fits all year.

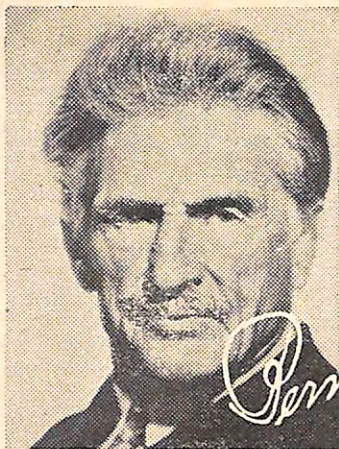
"I get one break going into the Navy," Williams snorted. "I won't have to look at your puss next year or hit at that pumpkin you throw."

"Don't be too sure of it," Niggeling answered blandly. "I'm 1-A myself, you know."

## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 15)

It was a fairly unfrequented road and I felt fairly safe even though sans pants. But Lady Luck wasn't through with me. As we approached a bend in the road, two females appeared. I dove into a patch of bushes and then immediately dove out again. Women or no women, I was not going to share that shelter with what looked to me to be the biggest black-snake in all New York. My friend said I came out of there like a jack-in-the-box. I found a better hiding place but was much, very much more careful finding it. In the words of Josh Billings, this was "Too mutch". Back in camp I handed in my resignation. For some people camping may be fine but for your reporter it's only another way to live uncomfortably. Among other jolly little things I met living Nature's Way were the mosquito conventions held in my tent every night and the food prepared by our self-appointed cook. I don't know who the first worst chef may be but I do know that ours was easily the second worst in all the world. From then on my club life has been confined to a place that serves good food, good liquids—and has no snakes. Camping? Brother, I could go on and on about this subject, but I won't. In-



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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 June issue should reach us by April 15th.



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stead I'd like to tell you something about a very different kind of club. One that doesn't go around telling fibs about itself.

It's a dog club, one of the oldest in this Country and, in point of accomplishment on behalf of dogs, perhaps one of the greatest. These facts alone very likely would not prove of special interest to anyone other than those who breed and exhibit dogs or have an interest in show affairs. But because this club stages what is now the largest dog show in the world, this spectacular event arouses considerable interest among the many who simply like dogs as dogs—and not for their pedigrees.

The name of the club is the Westminster Kennel Club; the show that it holds is popularly known as the Madison Square Garden Show. Technically it is the Westminster Kennel Club Show. No, I'm not a member of Westminster. Very few people are. It is highly exclusive with a membership limited to 65 persons and it has a waiting list which in itself would comprise a club of considerable size. Its annual fixture, as indicated above, is held at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Westminster was originally an association devoted to breeding hunting dogs, pointers and setters. It had its own clubhouse at Babylon, Long Island, and the original group then as now, numbered some of the most distinguished names in American business, professional and social life. The club was formally incorporated in 1877 and in that year held its first show. At that time dog shows were comparatively new in this Country. The success of a dog show staged at the Philadelphia Centennial World's Fair the year previous led Westminster to experiment with a similar event in New York City. At the time of the first show there were 865 entries housed in Gilmore's Garden, an old New York landmark, demolished long ago. As may be imagined, the predominant breeds were those most popular at that time and, as the club was devoted to shooting, gun dogs were in the majority.

SIX judges presided, one coming all the way from England. It was the intention of the show committee to limit the event to three days, but public response was so enthusiastic that it was extended another day and the proceeds for that final day were diverted to establish a refuge for sick and stray dogs. This perhaps marks one of the earliest organized efforts on behalf of friendless dogs, at least around New York City.

Down through the years popular enthusiasm has grown for the Garden shows. Every year sees greater attendance and up to recently when entries were limited to 3,000 dogs, the number received threatened to become too great to be housed in a place even as large as the Garden. With rare exception the show has been given at Madison Square since 1888. Up to 1926 this was the old Madison Square Garden designed by

the late Stanford White and scene of many a historic sporting event. In 1926 the show was moved to the new Madison Square Garden, the house that Tex built. Tex being the late Tex Rickard, promoter of many of Jack Dempsey's embroglios in the ring.

For the first ten years show dates see-sawed between April and May and finally, in 1888, February was fixed upon and has remained a choice ever since. I should have said earlier that until 1921 it remained a four-day show at which time it was cut to three days and then in 1940 to a two-day affair. If you have ever spent more than one day at a dog show you'll quickly see the reason for the curtailment. A show is at best a nerve-wracking ordeal for the exhibitors and most of the dogs. While the 1877 show drew entries from only a score of breeds, the 1943 event attracted 2,551 entries from more than 100 breeds. The judging panel for the first show has now expanded to no less than 67 men and women. Most of these, due to war conditions, were drawn from Eastern States but there was a time before the world turned upside down that Westminster's judging talent was drawn from the far West, Hawaii, England and some of the countries of continental Europe.

It is interesting to note that the club's Vice President and Treasurer is Mr. Harry I. Caesar who is also President of "Dogs for Defense", an organization which functions as the sole official procurement agency for dogs for our armed forces. This year's show was further enlivened by a spectacular demonstration of the work these Army and Navy dogs are trained to do. Fourteen Coast Guardsmen put as many dogs through their paces. Following this, fourteen soldiers did likewise. It was one of the most dramatic reviews in which our friend the purp has ever starred. As you may know, these service dogs are employed as sentries (the Army estimates that one dog and a man is equal to six men as sentries). Not long ago there was cabled from Honolulu an interview (*N. Y. Times special*) in which Brigadier General White stated that a considerable part of the success of American soldiers in jungle fighting in the Solomons could be credited to Service dogs' ability to detect Japanese snipers before our men could see them. Other services performed by dogs for war are to pull sleds of supplies where there is snow, to act as carriers of ammunition and small machine gun parts, to help in the laying of telephone wire to establish communications between troops, for rescue work (they can scent and hear a wounded man much more quickly than men of the Medical Corps), and their sharp hearing plus unusual intelligence very soon enables them to train themselves to detect enemy airplanes. How they do the latter I frankly don't know. It must be that the sound of certain motors differ. I do know many instances where the

dog easily recognized the motor sound of his or her master's car.

But to get back to Westminster and show matters. Perhaps you've never attended a show. Or perhaps you expect to visit one and know nothing of show procedure and would like to know what goes on. It is admittedly a complicated affair to the layman but simple when you know. Here it is: To begin with there must be by official ruling of the American Kennel Club—governing body for pure-bred dogs and matters pertaining to pedigrees, judges, exhibitors and shows—six classes. These are known as Puppy Class, Novice, American-bred, Limit, Open and Winners. This not only applies to Westminster but goes for all shows held in the United States. The Puppy Class, of course, explains itself although in certain breeds this may be divided into two classes, "Puppies 6 months and under 9 months" and "Puppies 9 months and under 12 months". A dog 12 months old ceases to be a puppy and is considered officially full-grown although physically this is not so for some of the slower maturing large breeds. The Novice Class is for dogs 6 months old or over (dogs cannot be shown under that age in a formal bench show) that have not won a first prize in any class other than the Puppy Class. The American-bred Class is for all dogs except champions, whelped in the United States. The mating must have taken place in this Country. The Limit Class is for all dogs, champions again excepted, that have never won 6 first prizes. The Open Class is for any dog six months old or over. The Winners Class I'll explain farther on. The same classes are held for each sex, separately. There may be also a Specials Class. Usually, only champions are entered in this. Unchivalrously, male dogs are shown first. The showing of their sisters comes later. After a winner is picked in each class—other than specials—all male winners are matched against each other. The same thing is done with the lady dogs. The two winners are known as "Winners Dog" and "Winners Bitch". Then these two winners are matched against each other and the winner of this event is known as "Best of Winners". This lucky purp then goes against the "Specials", the hard-boiled ring-wise champions, most of them, and the winner here is declared "Best of Breed". I need go no farther because if you're at the show and have followed this far you'll understand the rest of what you see. The ribbons given for each pooch picked by the judge are blue for first, red for second, yellow for third and white for fourth. For the Winners Class there's a purple rosette. For the Best of Winners, the rosette is blue and white, and for the Best of Breed it's a purple and gold rosette. Oh yes, there are cash prizes, some of them of fair size for special wins, but as a rule the amounts are fairly modest—\$3 to \$5 to \$10 for class wins. Amounts given depend upon

how many entries there are in a class or rather how many the show-giving club determines that there must be. What decides a winner? Your guess is as good as mine. In most animal shows and all poultry shindigs the judging is by scoring point system. But in a dog show it is one man or woman's opinion of a particular dog on a particular day at a particular time—a system of simple comparison. And of all the headachey jobs judging is about headachiest. The judge can only pick one first out of each class, which means if there are seven dogs entered, one owner (the winner) will think he's the greatest judge on earth. Six losers will pronounce him a tramp.

Now for the lighter side of a show: I've covered this once before just as I did some years back when explaining what went on at a canine clambake. But you may be a new reader or you may have forgotten. Again getting back to Westminster, let's run through the show catalog; it's a tome of 316 pages, sells for a dollar and is well worth it to the show people. There's many a chuckle in some of the names of the dogs that we find therein. For example how's this one—Pitter Patter of Piperscroft. It was this little lady, a miniature poodle, who was finally

selected as the best dog in the entire show. Then we have Head of the River Raindrop, a Dalmatian, that spotted fellow who is sometimes called the "Plum pudding pooch". Here's one, one of the few listed who goes in the simple name, Gent.

Single names are rare among these aristocrats. How do you like this?—Walsing Wishbone. Here's another—Ambassador of Elsewhere, a Scottish terrier wears this label. Walk, don't run for this one—Egton Son of Bachelor of Howtown, a Lakeland terrier. I notice a pointer, a Mrs. Fido, whose owner is right up to the times; the purp's name is Herewithem Smart Waac. Another single-named chap, a whippet, Hellzapoppin, and here's an airedale called Jam Pot. This one takes the sirloin—a bullterrier, Million Dollar Butcher Boy. This could go on for page after page, but after all there's a limit to everything, even dogs' names. Yes, there is a limit. The rules say that the name of a dog may not contain more than twenty-five letters. As for those names, you may ask why they are nearly all so fantastic. They have to be that. Simple names, in view of the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of dogs registered with the American Kennel Club, would lead to complete confusion.

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## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

how to be economical with language; from Al Woods he got the good advice that the play that succeeds has more than one idea in it; it provides surprises just when the audience is least expecting it. Mr. Pollock worked with Victor Herbert on musical numbers, and when he told Herbert, upon hearing a new composition, that he was a great musician, Herbert replied, "Don't kid the old gentleman. I'm a good tunesmith. Six months after I'm dead no one will remember my name." Mr. Pollock wrote two of the Ziegfeld Follies, introducing "My Man" in the 1921 version; he had heard it in

Paris and Fernbert wrote a new score for it for Fannie Brice to sing in the United States.

Mr. Pollock knew Clyde Fitch and describes him among his costly bric-a-brac; he worked with Rennard Wolf and saw Avery Hopwood win a fortune from the theater; both men were to die young. One season his musical play, "The Red Widow", which he had written with Wolf, ran in a theater near Hopwood's "Nobody's Widow", and neither man knew that both plays were based on an English play called "My Official Wife", for both had bought the rights separately from the Selwyns.

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Neither, for that matter, did the critics or the public find it out. Mr. Pollock has had so much experience with the vagaries of the theater that he says "theatrical production is no more a business than playing roulette". He has made a most entertaining book about his experiences and his happy married life, for his wife, too, was a press agent when he met her. (Bobbs Merrill, \$3.50)

THE tales that Ernest Poole tells about Chicago's big mercantile, industrial and cultural leaders at the turn of the century is a sort of family chronicle, for he leans heavily on personal reminiscences in "Giants Gone: Men Who Made Chicago". His father, Abram Poole, was a Board of Trade operator who often acted for P. D. Armour. His mother visited regularly with Madam McCormick, widow of Cyrus McCormick, who lived in a big brown house in the next block. When his mother drove down to Marshall Field's store with Ernest she was greeted by the owner himself, a tall, handsome man, whose enterprise made department store history, but of whom the older Ernest writes that he was hard, uncompromising, cold-souled. As a boy he had glimpses of many other "giants" and he writes about them with warmth, but also with justice. His book is packed with good stories.

The men who grew rich with Chicago were energetic and aggressive, but they had to have tenacity to hold on during the panic years. They were the beneficiaries of free enterprise, too, for there were no anti-trust laws, no wages and hours acts,

when they made their fortunes and they could buy labor in the open market and fire their help when they wished. George M. Pullman, who put all he had into the building of a sleeping car, eventually built a complete town for his employes, but when he cut wages during a depression they called a strike, and later the state took away the right to own and run a town, so that the age of complete freedom was over. P. D. Armour was noisy, liked to pass out money and made history for the packing houses; Potter Palmer gambled in real estate, built a splendid hotel, a castle for his home and loaded jewels on his beautiful wife, until he could say, "There she stands with \$200,000 on her."

But on the cultural and social side there were Theodore Thomas, who brought symphonic music to Chicago; Daniel H. Burnham, the architect, who planned the World's Fair of 1893 and many famous buildings; Julius H. Rosenwald, whose philanthropies took in men of every race, religion and color, and Jane Addams, who worked among the poor. Mr. Poole knew some of them personally and his appraisal gains by his emphasis on their human qualities. For even the ruthless "giants" had their good side. (Whittlesey House, \$2.75)

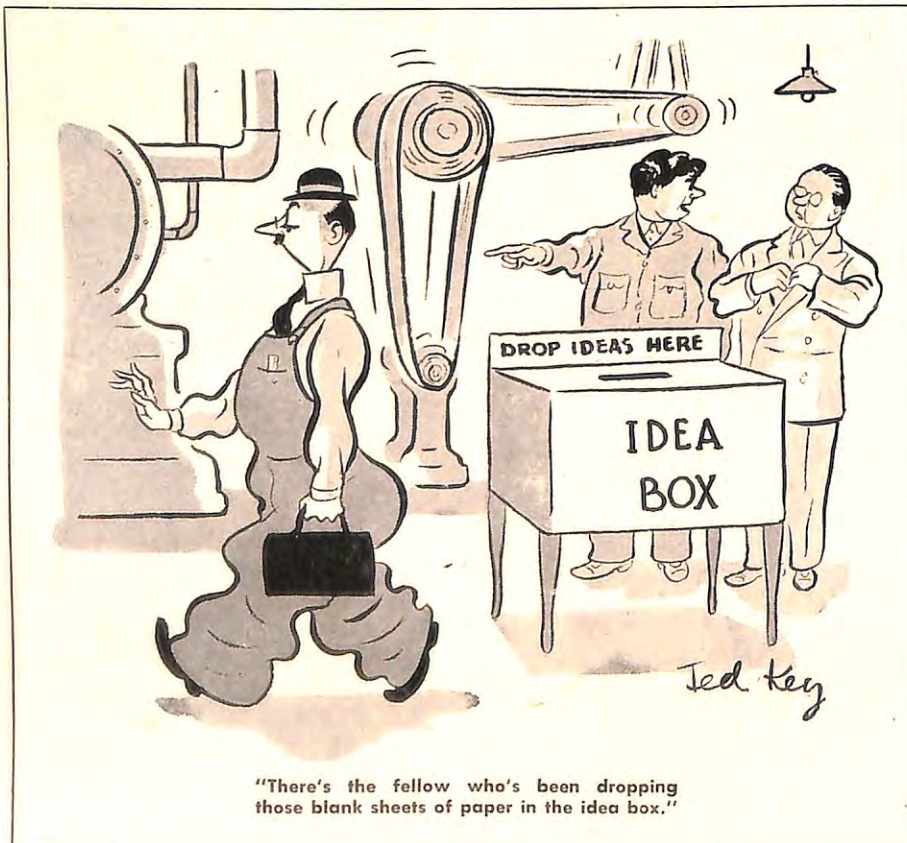
WHILE these men and women were in places of leadership in Chicago, two aldermen ran the famous First Ward—which included the wealthiest mercantile section, the Loop—pretty much as they pleased. They were John Coughlin, known as Bathhouse John, and Michael Kenna, known as Hinky Dink, and they held

power because nobody lived in the big office buildings, but a population of floaters and resort-keepers lived on the fringe of the ward and thus managed to keep the two worthies in office.

THEIR history is told in "Lords of the Levee", by two newspapermen, Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan. It is a story of brawls and ballot-box stuffing, a terrible picture of how democratic methods are abused in this country, but it is also the story of two extraordinary characters, of whom Bathhouse John was the more spectacular. Always wearing outlandish togs—he preferred mountain-green coats, blood-red vests with white buttons and similar clothes—Bathhouse John was also a sort of comedian of politics; he recited verses that he said he wrote, although later they were traced to a newspaperman. He had a zoo in Colorado Springs with an elephant that enjoyed alcohol. Whereas Hinky Dink ran saloons, and one of them, the Workingmen's Exchange, served huge "schooners" of beer for 5 cents; by measure they were 8 inches high, 16 inches around the bowl, weighed 3 pounds 8 ounces and held 1 pint, 9 ounces. The overlordship of these two men lasted until Al Capone and his henchmen took over during Prohibition. Their history demonstrates how far we are from governing justly, honestly and economically and how democracy, which is intended to safeguard the little man, can also be abused to exploit him. (Bobbs Merrill, \$3)

AMERICAN war correspondents have made a fine record for themselves. They have shown daring, enterprise, courage and reliability. They vary, of course; Quentin Reynolds is spectacular where William L. Shirer is precise; Allan A. Michie roams over the whole world while Robert J. Casey is satisfied to see the Pacific from the decks of one warship. For some writers, however, there is little justification. I am thinking of Alice Leone-Moats in this connection, for she reveals herself completely in her unconventional book, "Blind Date With Mars". Sent to Russia by *Collier's Weekly*, she took in Japan, China, Burma by the way before Japan waged war on us. Her book is wise-cracking entertainment, the story of the escapades and snappy language of a comedienne, but it is not war correspondence.

It is quite obvious that Alice-Leone Moats was a thorn in the side of the American ambassador, Steinhardt, in Moscow; he had troubles enough with legitimate correspondents without taking on a girl who had no capacity for such writing. It is amusing to learn that she cabled Averill Harriman for lipstick and perfume when she heard he was coming to Russia, and to read her retorts to members of the diplomatic circle at dinner parties, but when we remember that Russia was fighting a war with terrible losses while this



"There's the fellow who's been dropping those blank sheets of paper in the idea box."



wise-cracking was going on, we have to consider such antics out of place. Miss Moats appears on the jacket of the book dressed for a party, with high hair-do and bare shoulders; the legend says she does not wear slacks, loves clothes, jewels, furs, perfumes and bath salts. Sending her to Russia must be regarded as one of our minor mishaps. (Double-day, Doran, \$3)

**JOHN LARDNER** is the latest of American war correspondents to write a book about life with the troops "down under" in the fight to protect Australia from invasion. He crossed the Pacific in one of the first troop transports and witnessed the action in New Guinea. His book, "Southwest Passage", covers about six months of fighting. His friend, the correspondent Byron Darnton, was killed while on duty. J. B. Lippincott Co. publishes the book, priced at \$3. Lardner is a son of the late Ring Lardner and before going to the Pacific he covered sports in New York City.

**WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS** was one of the greatest poets of our time—perhaps the greatest to write in English in the Twentieth Century. His life-story has many varied chapters, for he was a romantic poet with mystical overtones; he was interested in the occult; he gave a tremendous boost to the native Irish theater by insisting on themes that came from the life of the people; he supported a national literature and was loyal to the memory of Parnell. Such an Irishman was invariably the subject of controversy, and everyone who is interested in the theater remembers the trouble caused by the Abbey Players when they appeared in this country.

Yeats wrote often about himself, but his biography, "W. B. Yeats, 1865-1939" by Joseph Hone, gives us a fine perspective on his life. Mr. Hone describes the interesting exchange of views between Yeats and his father, J. B. Yeats, which went on while the elder Yeats lived in New York for thirteen years, from 1903 on. He tells of Yeats' almost life-long devotion to Maud Gonne, who was never romantic and always politically active. Lady Gregory, Miss Horniman, Synge the dramatist, come into the chronicle. Yeats believed in his cause, but in writing, truth and beauty were paramount. "We will doubtless come more easily to truth and beauty because we love some cause," said he, "but we must remember, when truth and beauty open their mouths to speak all other mouths should be silent. Truth and beauty judge and are above judgment. They justify and have no need of justification." Yeats lectured often in the United States, and though he was considered "heretical" he was welcomed by the clergy and spoke at Notre Dame as well as at many other universities. (Macmillan, \$6)

The war lies heavily on our minds;

it inhibits the imaginative functioning of authors. It accounts for good books of action and the lack of fine novels. How few stories today rise above the commonplace. And how few men have time to think in terms of the eternal. I was greatly surprised when I discovered "The Garment of God" by John C. Merriam on my desk—surprised that a publisher should have decided to print a hymn to nature, which could hardly sell widely. The author, a regent of Smithsonian Institute in Washington and president emeritus of Carnegie Institute there, is a writer on scientific subjects, but his appreciation of nature as a refreshing spiritual influence for human beings is akin to that of the poets of another age.

Peace of mind we certainly need, and we won't get it by looking at brick houses and streets full of vehicles. The vistas of nature, for some reason, exalt the mind; they lead man to think of eternal things. Mr. Merriam is aware that "unmodified nature" is rapidly vanishing. He thinks we must plan the preservation of natural beauty, such as is found in the national parks. Man finds solitude, rest, imaginative stimulation, in the mysterious forests, on mountain heights, in contemplation of seasonal changes over a landscape. And although this seems a solitary experience, it really binds human beings together. We must be grateful for this inspiring message. (Scribner, \$2)

**THE** boys in the armed forces would welcome books of humor, but humor is on short rations these days. The antics of the draftee provide most of the fun and "See Here, Private Hargrove" remains one of the most popular books in Army camps. A new addition to the small bookshelf of fun is "The Pocket Book of War Humor", a collection of anecdotes and quips chosen by Bennett A. Cerf. Stories and pictures appear in it. Anecdotes are at the expense of the raw recruit and the Nazi gang, but Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt get off some good quips of their own.

Here are a few typical examples: "There must be some mistake in my examination marking," said the candidate for a commission in the air force. "I don't think I deserved an absolute zero."

"Neither do I," agreed the captain, "but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give you."

"Well, Jack," said the first rookie, "it looks to me like the war is going to be over soon."

"Holy smoke," said the second rookie, "I hope it doesn't finish before I get my furlough."

A sailor on a cruiser in the Midway area emerged from the mess hall patting his stomach. "Sighted grub; sank same," he reported.

This is said by a coast artillery officer to newly enlisted recruit: "Don't stand there and tell me what it costs the taxpayers to fire this

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gun. When I tell you to fire, fire!"

The virtue of Allan A. Michie's book, "The Air Offensive Against Germany," is that it concentrates our interest on the big job we have to do. Mr. Michie, an eager, ubiquitous war correspondent, has summed up an immense amount of information about air fighting and bombing, most of it gained from British sources. His argument is that we must strike hard and often at the industrial centers of Germany and thus "soften them up" before we can think of a land offensive. He discusses types of airplanes, not always to the ad-

vantage of our famous Flying Fortresses. He warns that the Germans are constantly improving their planes, and that some of them already do better shooting and higher flying than the Fortresses, while their anti-aircraft defense is steadily getting better and more dangerous. American bombing can be accurate, but the chief obstacle to precision bombing is the weather—clouds, fogs, ground mist, can obscure the target. Mr. Michie then lists the principal targets in Germany and tells how they can be attacked. He suggests that Krupp's be so reduced that when

von Rundstedt telephones for more munitions there won't be any Krupp's to answer the telephone. He is against much of the daylight raiding practiced by the American command and his views reflect the views of the R. A. F. His argument that the pictures of future airplanes drawn by Major de Seversky and William B. Ziff do not serve us today, and that we must fight with what we have available, is no doubt sound. Some of the tactics he recommends are already being used, for our air command also learns by experience. (Henry Holt & Co., \$2)

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

### Newton, Ia., Elks Celebrate the Order's Seventy-Fifth Birthday

Newton, Ia., Lodge, No. 1270, celebrated the Founding of the Order of Elks with the initiation of a Diamond Jubilee Class. After the ritualistic ceremonies, Daniel K. Brennan, nationally known newspaper and advertising man, delivered an inspiring address on Elk War Activities and Americanism. Mr. Brennan is a Past Exalted Ruler of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980. The festivities began with a social session at 5:30 p.m., followed by a dinner.

Taking into consideration the size of its membership, Newton Lodge ranks high among the lodges of the Order in the performance of wartime activities. The lodge home, which was damaged by fire last year, has been remodeled and now presents an inviting appearance.

### Webster, Mass., Lodge Receives Local Newspaper's Honor Award

It is the practice of the *Times* in Webster, Mass., to award a carnation each week to an individual or organization for the performance of exceptional service toward the advancement of the town's defense activities or for some great sacrifice for the same purpose. Webster Lodge No. 1466 was chosen to receive the citation for the last week in January, and the carnation symbolizing the award was delivered at the lodge home.

The lodge was honored for its generosity in providing a free meeting place for the various civilian defense groups. Use of the lodge hall, with no charge whatsoever, is donated for meetings, motion picture showings, socials, etc., whenever the request is made by any of the units. The invitation was extended when the defense groups were organized and the hall has been used on numerous occasions.

### Sioux City Lodge Initiates A Diamond Jubilee Class

The initiation of 41 members was the highlight of the participation of Sioux City, Ia., Lodge, No. 112, in the observance of the 75th birthday of the Order. A great deal of interest was shown by the members in the securing of new applications for the Diamond Jubilee Class, and the ceremonies were witnessed by a large gathering of local and visiting Elks.

Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles R. Logan, P.E.R. of Keokuk Lodge, and Past Pres. of the Ia. State Elks Assn., gave an inspiring talk. The program was successful from every

### 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.

standpoint. State President A. R. Perasso, Frank J. Margolin, District Deputy for Iowa, West, and Robert C. Turner, Past District Deputy, were present. All are Past Exalted Rulers of Sioux City Lodge.

### Fort Wayne Lodge Celebrates Three Outstanding Events

More than 500 members of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, gathered in the lodge home on February 11 to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Order, the fifty-third anniversary of the institution of the lodge, and the burning of the mortgage on their new golf club house. During the banquet, tribute was paid the ninety-two members of the lodge who are serving in the Armed Forces of our country. P.E.R. G. Sid Hubbard, the oldest living member of No. 151, and Edward J. Ehrman, who was secretary of the lodge for twenty-five years before his retirement, were felicitated.

The principal speakers at the banquet were P.E.R. Harry G. Hogan, Mayor Harry W. Baals, a member of the lodge, P.E.R. Hugh T. Berkey, who served as General Chairman, and Fred A. Berghoff, who presided as Toastmaster.

### MOVING PICTURE OF ELKS NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

### Speech at Sturgis, Mich., Elks' Dinner Stresses Wartime Sports

Charles (Gus) Dorais, newly signed gridiron mentor for the Detroit Lions, was a speaker at a stag dinner given recently by Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, in the Elks' dining room. Mr. Dorais, associated with football for thirty years, spoke eloquently, stressing the wisdom of maintaining athletic training as a war-winning measure.

### Princeton, W. Va., Lodge Is Active in Many Departments

The home of Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459, has been free of debt since October the 22nd, 1942, when payment of the last mortgage bonds was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. The building is beautifully and adequately furnished throughout.

Princeton Lodge has made wonderful progress during the past four years and is one of the most active lodges in the State of West Virginia. It has given moral and financial support to several civic enterprises, and has purchased \$10,000 worth of War Bonds. More than a fifth of the members are in the U. S. Armed Forces. A letter, containing news of current lodge activities and community news in general, is sent to each member in the Service twice a month. Acknowledgements and messages received by the lodge show that the letters are greatly appreciated.

### East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Is Active in War Work

Quarters in the beautiful home of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 931, donated more than a year ago, are used by the Civilian Defense Committee and the various Government Rationing Boards. The War Mothers are provided with a regular meeting place in the Ladies' Lounge, and the Elks' Ball Room has been donated and used on the past three registration days.

For much more than a year, the lodge has made a monthly purchase of a \$500 War Bond. It has contributed to the Elks War Commission and has made donations twice to Red Cross and U.S.O. campaigns for funds.

About 50 members of East Chicago Lodge are in various branches of the Service, both in this country and overseas. "G" Boxes are sent to them with regularity. The lodge's own War Commission, headed by P.E.R. Russell F. Robinson, is doing good work. P.E.R. Allen P. Twyman is Chairman of Draft Board No. 5.

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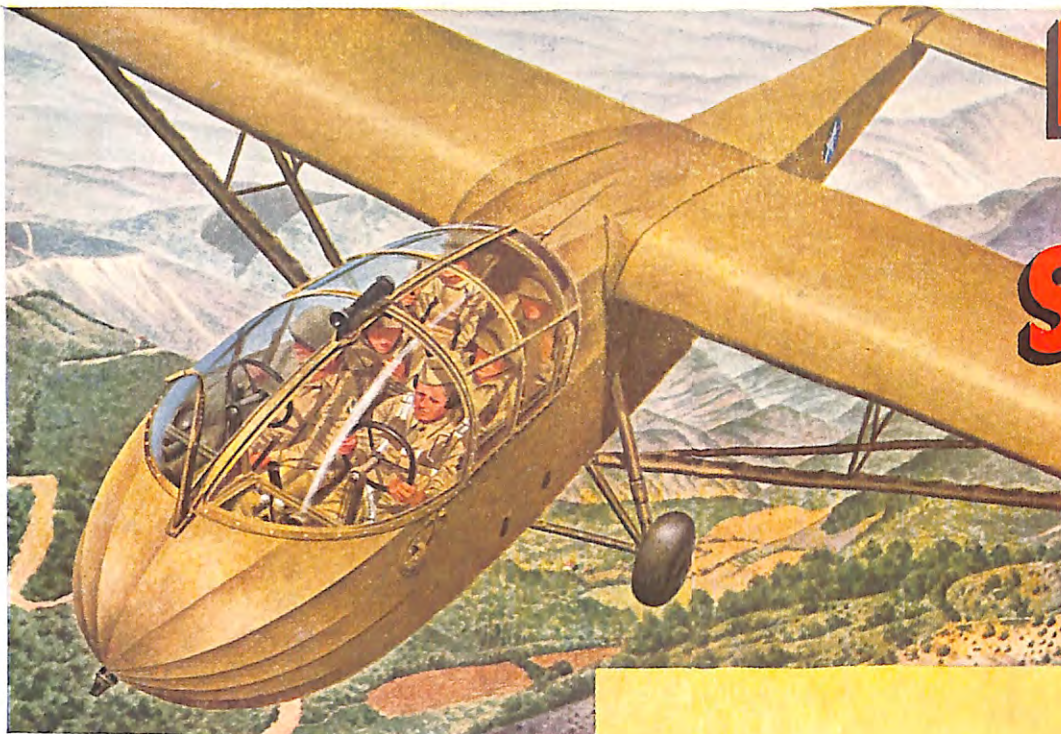
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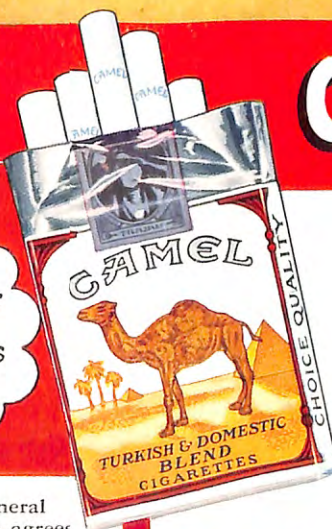
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