

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



MAY 1943
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David Bayne



Pot Luck, 1943

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OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Hello Americans!

MOTHER'S DAY:

"Not for the star-crowned heroes,
The men who conquer and slay,
But a song for those that bore them,
The mothers braver than they."

The observance of Mother's Day by Elk lodges is a ceremony of idealism and reverence. In all the world there is no fount so deep, so strong and so deathless as that of a Mother's heart. Her breast was the pillow of your infancy. Oft at night did she keep her vigils by your fevered couch till the last pale star had set and dazzling morn broke on her weary eyes. With fondest care she hung over your troubled sleep and was there to greet you at your wakening.

Your infant voice learned from her lips its first soft utterances. With your little palms pressed between her warm hands you were taught to lift your eyes unto the hills whence cometh our strength. These were your mother's tasks, and when she passed from us "it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music".

The song of devoted motherhood is ceaseless, the whole world round. And we who were lulled to sleep by her song in our infancy now hear it again. The wife of our manhood is our own mother reincarnate. With equal tenderness and patient care she now cradles God's blessed gift to our own household. The miracle of motherhood is unending.

"Motherhood is a partnership with God". What strength, what purity, what love, what wisdom, belongs to her who helps God to fashion an immortal soul.

In all ages woman has been the greatest source of man's inspiration to deeds of valor and to nobility. When the Christian church sought to civilize the pagans of western Europe she first taught the human ideal of chivalry—respect for woman, that idealism that makes chastity perfect chivalry in a boy and truest womanhood in a girl.

The measure of civilization is the estimate in which women are held. The pagans regarded their women as chattels and toys. Their women had no rights. They were entirely subject to men's will and whim.

It is in Holy Writ that history first saw the Divine seal set upon the dignity of womanhood and motherhood, proclaiming to all ages woman's inalienable rights as man's equal.

No nation has ignored the inalienable rights of womanhood or the spiritual dignity of motherhood and survived. A degraded womanhood makes for a degraded nation. The stream of human culture can never rise higher than its source. A great nation is a nation of exalted mothers of men. Woman is man's equal, spiritually and intellectually. Tennyson has defined for us this equality:

"Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain. His dearest bond is this:
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
Till at last she sets herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words."

How inspiring was the retort of one of our own countrymen to a European lady whom he met abroad when she said to him, "You have no queen in your country"; and he replied, "In your country you have one queen. In my country every woman is a queen."

In this hour I like to think of the familiar ejaculation, "God bless the mother that bore him." Apples never fall far from the tree they grow on. And likewise does the son partake of the character of his mother. Evil companions and unhappy circumstances may divert him from the straight path upon which she early set his youthful feet. But the true son of a good mother, errant though he be, will, as surely as the needle turns to the pole, at long last return to the altar of her heart, repentant and resolved to a nobler course.

She it is who understands him best. She rejoices in his triumphs, and she is his solace in his failures.

"Mother o' mine,
If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still, (Mother o' mine)
If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o' mine,
If I were damned, both body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine."

NATIONAL RITUALISTIC CONTEST: So great is the store we set by high-grade ritualistic work that it was deemed clearly unwise to omit the usual National Ritualistic Contest at the coming session of our Grand Lodge, which will convene at Boston on July 12.

An old divine once said, "The rule of praying is the rule of living." The Ritual of the Order of Elks is the ceremonial expression of the cardinal principles of Elkdom. Whenever they are formally pronounced in lodge session, they should be done with marked dignity and stateliness. The high watermark of a good lodge is perfect ritualistic work. The national contest, which has become an established practice at our Grand Lodge session, emphasizes the high value we Elks put upon the Ritual of our Order.

GRAND LODGE SESSION: There will be nothing of the holiday spirit about the coming Grand Lodge Session. There is most important work to be done by your representatives. This is the hour of national crisis. The Order of Elks will do no less to promote the great war work of our Nation at this session than that which it did, with marked distinction, in the great war session of the Grand Lodge at Boston in 1917.

Sincerely and fraternally,

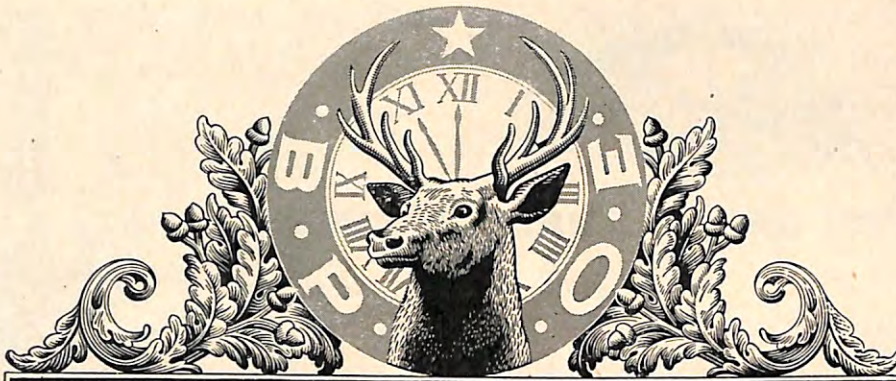
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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*Ah! dear me... a bell-jar!
Complete with garden of hand-
made flowers. Fitting
memento of your "front parlor"
of the 1880's. That, too,
was the good old ancient age!*

A is for ancient... **A** is for age...

AA is for the whiskey of the flavor years...

The leisurely pace of generations ago and old-fashioned skill in its making creates this master among whiskies. Nought else could achieve so exquisite a fusion of body to bouquet, and union with flavor. Hence, for an experience that recalls the flavor of the mellow past... hearken to the "AA" symbol... try Ancient and Honourable Ancient Age!



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*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City.
Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.*

The training of a bombardier in the refined techniques for dealing out destruction is "the most secret course of learning in the world"

The *Hell-from-Heaven* BOYS

By Kent Richards



OLD Army men, who at first viewed almost with amazement the increasing power of the bomb and the steadily mounting evidence of its lethal effect on our enemies, are beginning to realize that the triumph which President Roosevelt says may come in 1944 is now actually in the making on the huge West Texas bombing ranges where a night and day blitz of larger proportions than Europe has ever seen is steadily spelling out the dot dot dot dash of Victory.

For month after month, at three week intervals a never-ending stream of eager, alert, determined young men is pouring into Air Force schools to emerge as navigators and bombardiers, gunners and technical experts, ready to operate the vast air armada which will eventually annihilate the Nazi dreams of conquest. Whatever the peacetime pursuits of these men, their career now is war and victorious war. The education they are receiving is designed for that alone. They are students in what Dr. Umphrey Lee, President of Southern Methodist University has called the greatest schools in the world—and they are the institutions specializing in the most refined techniques for dealing out de-

struction to the enemies of freedom.

One of the newest of these army air force "war colleges" and the culmination of months of war experience and years of pre-war planning, is the San Angelo Army Air Field, considered by many as the top bombardier school in the country. Here thousands of men and their officers labor night and day to perfect even further what has been accurately described as "the most secret course of learning in the world". Using the famed Norden and Sperry bomb-sights as the instrument of combat, technicians expert in its manipulation are steadily developing refinements in procedure which already have made the Army Air Force bombardier the most feared fighting man on earth.

Only a few weeks were required to transform a cattle range deep in Texas into this institution for higher

learning which is turning out squadron after squadron of lightning calculators—young men who will soon be blasting a path of peace through the very heart of the Axis. In the beginning it was just wild range country, with good feed for sheep and cattle and, here and there, deep underneath, some oil. But overhead there were vast clear skies—skies that might go for weeks without overcast—skies with almost continuous "visibility unlimited". Then suddenly the war broke and the Army air Forces needed that sky for training airmen. The cactus and mesquite were cleared. Crews of men and machines scraped flat runways and paved them. Other groups put up buildings with green lumber and paper board. Trains hauled equipment, trucks hauled soldiers. Then the bombers circled and landed. Overnight it was a school—a school for training specially selected men in the deadly science of the bombardier.

Most of what goes on in these schools cannot be told. Tommy-guns in the hands of determined looking guards bar the entrances, visitors are not allowed and passes are issued to only a limited number of persons whose right to go on to the Field has been thoroughly in-



Courtesy Boeing

investigated. But of that which can be revealed one thing is certain, it will not give comfort to the enemy.

To every American, and to the suffering millions in Europe, it may well bring new hope.

Last January hundreds of cadets at the bombardier school in San Angelo signed their names to four New Year resolutions which were painted on a huge sign outside their operations building. Today in England, Africa, in the Solomons, Australia, India and the United States Off-shore Patrol, ninety percent of these men are already making good their resolves. This is what they pledged to do in 1943.

- 1—Block Bust Berlin.
- 2—Smash the Nip Navy.
- 3—Sink a Sub a Day.
- 4—Bomb Benito Out of the War.

Today the men who carry out such resolutions wherever an Army bomber flies are handpicked for the job. Originally the Air Force concentrated its training program almost wholly on pilots. The men who flew the planes were the vital consideration. Bombardiers and navigators were also-rans. Today each new cadet is assigned to the job which a group of Army psychologists, aided by a battery of mechanical, mental and emotional tests, decides he can do best, and the positions are re-

Sitting in the plastic nose of a Flying Fortress, the bombardier sights the target and directs the pilot on the bomb run.

garded as of equal importance. The Army isn't revealing to the Axis how this selection is made, and it is obvious, from the quality of German, Italian and Jap bombing, that they haven't learned for themselves. But the method has marked a tremendous forward stride in U.S. bombing efficiency.

Cadets come to the San Angelo Air Field after what most of them consider to be the dull grind of nine-weeks of pre-flight at Ellington Field



Wide World

Like surrealistic high chairs on wheels are these bombing trainers. By using them, the students get actual practice with the famed U. S. bombsight without leaving the ground.

near Houston. Here they receive a concentrated dose of both military and academic training. The former is necessary because without it, no man, even if he is the best bombardier

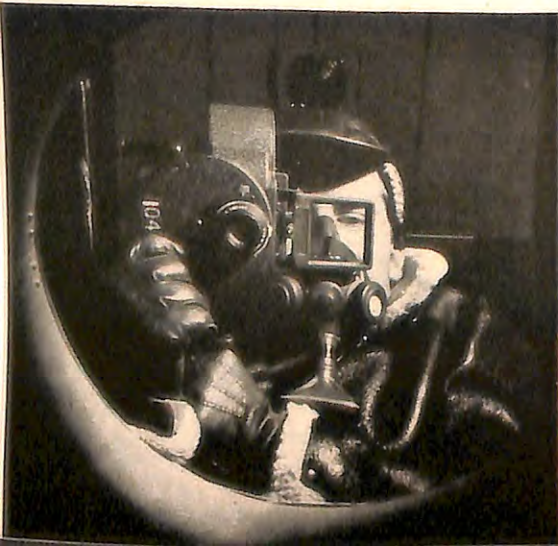
alive, can hope to fit smoothly into the disciplined orderliness which is the secret of the efficiency of U. S. Army combat crews. Close order drill, the most important ingredient in discipline is never neglected.

The academic instruction in pre-flight stresses mathematics, from simple arithmetic to trigonometry, an understanding of which is required to apply the complicated formulae to which the bombsight most accurately responds. The cadet also studies physics, map reading, cryptography, Morse and Army codes. Far from the easiest but definitely the most interesting course is the longest of them all, the identification of air, land and naval forces. This is highly important, for a split second identification of an airship diving on their bombers may some day mean the difference between life and death. Identification of war ships and merchant craft is vital to a bombardier who is expected to tell the difference

between a ten thousand-ton Jap freighter and a strikingly similar neutral or Allied ship, from a mile or two in the air. He must also be able to recognize artillery and anti-aircraft installations and to pierce any camouflage designed to mislead him in his search for important enemy concentrations. This pre-flight training is a grind to a cadet chiefly because he is rooted to the ground. Never once does he go aloft. And this is hard to take because, like all prospective members of an air crew, his principal desire is to fly.

But when he comes to San Angelo he gets his chance. There he meets the fast sleek AT11, the bomber which, along with the huge B-18, will carry him on the training missions over 18 targets, covering with those of three other nearby schools an area in this vast western country that is as large as Germany.

His first thrill however is the introduction to the secret bombsight—in Army parlance, the "Sight". This instrument of death has been more publicized than any other piece of war equipment in the world and



In heavy sheepskins and high altitude oxygen masks, cadets shoot a movie record of their bombing missions over the West Texas ranges.

its secrets more zealously guarded. So when the cadet meets it face to face the tingling he feels going up and down his spine does not come only from seeing a machine which is a veritable mechanical Einstein. He knows that the Army considers him worthy of its highest trust. It should and does give him real confidence in himself. However, the actual introduction to the sight is as matter of fact as the school can make it. There is no fanfare and no build-up. The Army wants its soldiers to know how to fight. Their emotional attitude is of secondary importance. Bombardiers aren't supposed to require inspiration to reach maximum efficiency. So there is no flag waving

or trumpet blowing at the unveiling.

The cadet is given his preliminary instruction in the use of the sight in a trainer building which resembles an ordinary airplane hangar. The bombsight trainer is a high double-decked metal sulky, a skeleton of steel tubing with four bucket seats, two below and two above, in which cadet bombardiers and their instructors ride. The trainers are equipped with airplane instruments, including the sight. Rolled around on the floor the exact conditions of a bombing mission can be accurately simulated, so that theoretically the student can learn to bomb Berlin or Tokyo, and his results can be accurately measured from any altitude

and in any weather without ever going outside the building or leaving the ground.

On their first day of school at San Angelo the cadets, whose backgrounds are always thoroughly checked by Army intelligence, are marched into the bombsight trainer hangar. Lined up against the wall are a number of the trainers each with a sight covered by a bag. An instructor directs a small group of the cadets to one of the sulkies, unzips the bag and removes it.

"This", says the instructor, "is the Norden bombsight. Here is the eyepiece, and this knob, and dial . . ." and he launches into a generalized description. That is all there is to it. Gradually the tingling goes out of the cadets' spines and their minds begin to absorb the first dose of pertinent information.

In the trainer hangar cadets begin dropping "bombs" almost at once. The damage they do to the target is recorded only as a pencil mark on a piece of paper, but those pencil marks are vitally important in de-

(Continued on page 34)



As the sun cracks the darkness on the eastern edge of the prairie at San Angelo, and the twin-engined bomber rolls to a stop on the apron of the bombardier school's landing area, a cadet climbs from his "office".

"Nor wind, nor rain, nor snow"—famous U. S. Mail slogan might apply to these determined young men who fly in shifts seven days a week, 24 hours a day, to the San Angelo target ranges.





Mr. T. bangs away at the vicious shoot-'em-for-food campaigns.

By Ray Trullinger

Rod AND Gun

DURING recent months the American sportsman has had his ears bent by a barrage of ballyhoo designed to convince him and the non-fishing, non-shooting public that our national wildlife can, to a large extent, supplement dwindling food stocks in 1943.

Some of this propaganda is child-like in its complete disregard for facts and existing conditions, and can be dismissed as harmless. Except for misleading an all too frequently gullible public, it carries no threat to the future of this country's wildlife or present conservation efforts. Apparently its sponsors still live in a happy dream world, where no war is being fought and where everyone has unlimited time and opportunity to fool around with rod and gun as of yore.

Unfortunately, however, other of these shoot-'em-for-food campaigns

are so viciously dangerous that every sportsman and conservationist should know what he stands to lose in the event they're not slapped down.

BEFORE examining this latter category of proposed evils, suppose we look into an amusingly naive catchum-fish drive, which recently received far more publicity in the Nation's press than it deserved. Boiled down, this plan urged fishermen—fresh-water and salt—to fill that depleted family larder with assorted brain food, caught from Nep-

tune's ocean or the Old Mill Stream. Anglers who returned with more fish than could be used at home were requested to give away or sell the surplus. And it was suggested that farmers stock ponds on their property, presumably with small fry, and later reap a finned harvest. How many years later was not stated. Apparently its sponsor is under the impression that fingerlings sprout to eating size in a season, like cucumbers.

Now it should be apparent to anyone over ten that this delightful non-

(Continued on page 38)

Courtesy Evinrude Motors



Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, a Life Member of Los Angeles, California, Lodge, No. 99, tells the story of his Pacific adventure in "Seven Came Through".

What America is reading

Press Association



Here are reviews of new books, many of them perfect gifts for men in the service.

By Harry Hansen

IT WAS characteristic that the last job of writing Alexander Woollcott did was for the troops. He planned "a portable library of American prose and poetry", which men in the services could carry in their bags or in their pockets and consult. With his interest in the Army—he was a sergeant in France in the last war—and his deep appreciation of effective American writing, Woollcott could put together a most useful and interesting book. I last saw him when he was preparing the table of contents, and he asked me what I

thought about some of the poems he had chosen and whether I knew of any that ought to be included. He had plenty to include; he was trying to get the happy mean—not to be too academic or scholarly, nor too cheap, and yet to preserve the fun and life in American writing. The little book, *As You Were* is a gem that a great many other than members of the armed services will want

Robert Traver is the author at right, whose first book, "Trouble-shooter", tells of his experience as a North woods prosecutor.

to keep. Not only does it contain Woollcott's last writing, but many bits that you have a hard time finding when you want them. It opens with "The Devil and Daniel Webster", that fine story by Stephen Vincent Benet, who only recently followed Woollcott across the dark border. It has stories from Booth Tarkington and from Ernest Hemingway, and even Poe's "The Mur-
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H. M., THE UMP

In defense of the poor maligned
umpire, the guy without a friend
in the world.



By Stanley Frank



ONCE upon a time Charley Moran, the former National League umpire who raised bird dogs as a side-line, was approached by Hughey Critz, a prospective buyer, during a ball game. Moran was umpiring behind the plate and Critz was the hitter, but that was no deterrent to trade.

"They tell me you've got some mighty fine bird dawgs," Critz remarked as he stepped into the batter's box. "What are you askin' for a good one?"

The pitcher wound up.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," Moran replied. "Ball one."

"That's a lotta money," Critz observed.

"He's the best old houn' dawg in America. Strike one."

"Is he a fast critter?"

"Fast? Rabbits climb trees when

they see him. Every time. Ball two."

"What color is he?"

"Liver and white. Sure is a handsome animal. Strike two."

"Can he retrieve?"

"Through hell and high water. Ball three."

"Okay. I'll take him."

"That's fine. Ball four."

Gabby Hartnett, the catcher and innocent bystander, whipped off his mask and turned to Moran.

"If it's all the same to you," he said icily, "don't sell any more bird dogs to two-hundred hitters up here."

The aspect of baseball least understood by the fans is the relationship between His Majesty, The Umpire, and the ball player. All the fans know is what they see on the field—and seeing always is not believing. In the curious case of the bird dawg and the .200 hitter, the folks sitting

in the stands thought they saw Moran and Critz yapping at each other and assumed they were arguing over the decisions on the ball and strikes. When Hartnett turned indignantly to Moran, the natural assumption was that the catcher was registering a bitter beef on the fourth ball. The customers only could guess what was going on, but through sheer force of habit they booed H.M., The Ump.

Right-thinking, justice-seeking Americans have so many deserving targets for the animosity and ill-will abroad that we think this an opportune time to speak a few thousand words in defense of the poor, maligned umpire, the guy without a friend in the world. Nobody loves an umpire except his immediate family and his employer. Yet a good umpire

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In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust

**If it's your duty to feed Fido news of
the new dog foods will be of interest**

IT HAPPENED back in that dear pre-gasless era when all you had to do at vacation time was to get out the family buggy and say to your local garage man, "Fillerup." (Note to Mrs. Faust: This year, please prepare for a tour on our kiddy-car.) I had arrived home one morning in

the "wee" hours from a salt-water fishing trip with an appetite that the late John D. would have given one of his millions to possess. This called for an immediate raid on the ice-box.

Now I don't count this as news of particular moment, but I do go in for corned beef hash in a big way,

whether it's hot, medium or cold, and there was a platter of it in that box. I congratulated myself for having married such a foresighted gal although I was puzzled as to how she anticipated my arrival—I hadn't named the time when I'd return. But anyway, there was that hash and the only thing the matter with it—there wasn't enough. I cleaned it up, washed the platter and put it away.

Come next morning, at the breakfast table, the lady said, as if to herself, "It's the funniest thing."

"What's the funniest thing?"

"The ice-box. I could have sworn I put it there."

"Are you going daffy?" I asked. "There it is right in the same old corner of the kitchen."

"Don't be silly. I don't mean THAT. It's some food I put in there yesterday. It's gone. I can't even find the dish."

Then a light dawned. "You don't mean that hash that you had cached there, do you?"

"Hash? Did you say hash?"

"Yes. I ate it and thanks for making it."

"You ate it? You ATE it? Don't say that *you* ate it. Oh, my goodness, and what not. How many places did you stop at before you got home?"

"Only a few, just a few," I said hurriedly. "But why the histrionics?"

"Histrionics! Brother, *you* ate Imp's breakfast."

"Don't tell me that hash was *dog* food. Holy smoke!"

"It certainly was. I took it out of the can. You know you can't leave food in tins once they're opened. Couldn't you taste the difference and how did it taste? Of all the... Why I never heard of such a..."

"Taste? Taste. By gosh, it didn't taste bad at all. To me it had a hashy flavor. Pretty good."

And it was good so far as I recall.

Now mine was not a unique experience. In the past a lot of people in the poorer sections of certain cities not only ate canned dog food but liked it. Economic necessity said, "Must." Nor were they any the worse for it; the better kinds of such foods contained all the essentials of a well-balanced meal. While the meat in them was not sirloin quality, still a body wouldn't starve to death on them. I was going to tell you that there isn't a dime's worth of difference between those canned dog foods of yesteryear and the modern packaged foods of today—but there is—not to your dog, but an important difference to your pocket-book. The same fine ingredients are retained in the dried foods now available but with this added advantage you get more for your money.

Because it is unlikely that you'll ever see dog foods in cans again, let's take a look-see at the commercial foods now on your grocers' shelves. If it's your duty to keep Fido's dinner-pail filled, this should

(Continued on page 43)

Villa from Rapho-Guillumette



Editorial

Juvenile Delinquency

THE increase in juvenile delinquency is so marked as to cause alarm and to result in a statement by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation that is deplorable, showing a lack of parental guidance and discipline in many of our homes. He attributes it in part at least to boom conditions and indulgent parents which has resulted in a let-down in moral standards among juveniles. He says that wartime recklessness should not be tolerated nor taken as an excuse for plunging into indecent activities. No man in the whole country is so intimately in touch with the facts as Mr. Hoover, nor in a position to speak with such authority on this subject. He said that he was alarmed at the increase in serious crimes committed by young people.

His report to the F. B. I. disclosed that in 1942, 55.7 percent more girls under twenty-one were arrested than in the previous year. The increase in arrests of girls under twenty-one for commercialized vice increased 64.8 percent and arrests for other related offenses increased for the year 104.7 percent. These figures are appalling. The showing with reference to boys is less disheartening but it must be remembered that many are in the service. Among them the increase in arrests of those under twenty-one for criminal assault was 10.6 percent, disorderly conduct 26.2 percent, drunkenness 30.3 percent. No actual figures on arrests were published by Mr. Hoover, but he pointed out that the F.B.I. figures—based

on fingerprint records—from which percentages were calculated were obviously low because of the number of juvenile police cases in which no fingerprinting is done.

It is understood that England is having a similar experience, but not so marked as ours, due perhaps to mothers with children under fourteen years of age not being permitted to leave their homes and engage in war work. The influence of a mother's care of youth must not be overlooked or appraised for less than it is worth.

That women can do and that they are in fact doing a great work in this war is generally realized, but that they may be able to do an even greater work in training the youth of the land is also recognized. Let those who are not mothers and mothers of children fourteen or fifteen years old serve in the war work and leave the war work to other women who have not the responsibility of shaping the lives of the men and women of tomorrow.

Politics Taboo

THIS is a year when we should be careful to avoid doing or saying that to which political significance may be attached in connection with our Order. The air is charged with politics as it always is immediately preceding a presidential year. It will not be long now until nominations are made. One or more of the nominations in all probability will be members of our Order. The temptation to speak of them in lodge meetings will be great but it must be avoided, and such temptations must be ignored for people are prone to conclusions, and whether the remarks are for or against a candidate the result is the same, so far as our protestations that we are non-political are concerned. It is not necessary to say much. Ofttimes a mere suggestion is quite sufficient to serve the purpose of throwing us head over heels into politics in contradiction of one of the principles for which we have for years stood steadfast—a principle for which we must ever stand resolute.

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.



A Change of Policy

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

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

It will be noted that the exigencies of war economy necessitate a reduction in paper consumption with a corresponding reduction in the size of our Magazine. For this we are regretful but again we feel that we need not apologize.

Books for Soldiers

HAVE you gone over the books in your library with a view to picking out those which you think might be interesting to the soldier boys in camps and arrange to have them transferred to where they will serve a useful purpose? If not, do so at once, for the call has gone out that the boys need them to pass the time when they are not engaged in the duties of camp life. Every community has some designated place where books can be deposited and from where they will be taken up and transported to where they will bring joy and satisfaction to some boy.

In making the choice choose those books which you prize as being really worth while, books which you enjoyed and which you are sure will be enjoyed by others. The books chosen should be in good condition and attractive in appearance. If they bear markings of paragraphs which impressed

you, so much the better, for in this way you not only give the books but you transmit also the impressions which were made on your mind. There are thousands of boys in the many camps with which our country is now dotted who will be more than thankful for your time and trouble.

Service Flags

THE types of official service flags which organizations and individuals may display to honor their men and women now serving with the armed forces have just been announced by the War Department.

The service flags designated for this war, under the ruling, will virtually be the same as those during the last war.

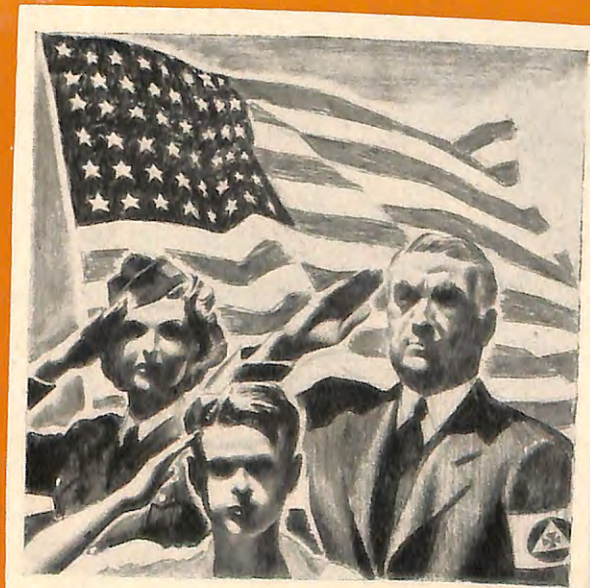
For homes and individuals, the flag will consist of a blue star in a white rectangular field with a red border. To designate a person who has died in service, a gold star of smaller size will be superimposed over the blue star, leaving a border of blue around the gold.

For organizations, lodges, churches, business houses and groups, virtually the same type of flag will be used. The commonly-accepted group service flag used thus far, has employed one blue star for each person in service, and one gold star for each one who has died in service. However, under the war department order, another type of star arrangement may be used on these flags—with one large blue star, and the number of persons in service shown beneath the star.

The shades of red, white, and blue in all service flags are to correspond to the shades of the colors of the Flag.

The War Department circular declares that display of any type of service flag other than that specifically designated by the Government, will be a violation of the law. This will require no change in most of the flags already being displayed, as virtually all service flags made to date conform to the specifications covered under the War Department order.

Advertising columns will indicate where these flags may be obtained.



THE Elks IN THE WAR

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



Above: E.R. C. Sam Dreyer, of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, presents a Flag to Msgr. Joseph F. Smith for the Servicemen's Canteen in St. John's Cathedral.



Left are "G" Boxes which were sent to the members of Nampa, Ida., Lodge who are in the Service. About 15 percent of the membership is in the armed forces.

Below are some of the servicemen who were present at the first anniversary celebration of Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Fraternal Center.





Above is the Elks Fraternal Center of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, shown as 160 members of the 314th Engineers from Camp Carson, Colo., were entertained.



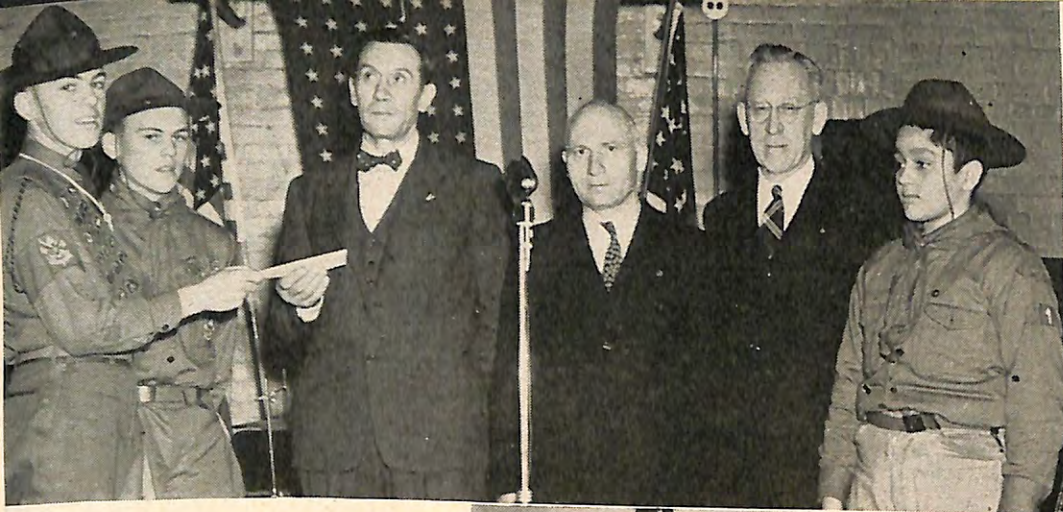
Left are members of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge with a huge number of "G" Boxes they sent out to members in the armed forces.

Right is the "Falcon Flying Squadron" group of cadets recently entertained by Faribault, Minn., Lodge.



Below are pictured some of those who attended a servicemen's dance given by Tulsa, Okla., Lodge.





Left: Officers of Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge are shown as they buy \$3,000 worth of War Bonds from members of a local troop of Boy Scouts.

Right: D.D. J. Leo Sterling is shown accepting a check for \$1,480 from the officers of Littleton, Colo., Lodge to be used for the purchase of U.S. War Bonds.



Left is a partial view of the Canteen at Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge's Elks Fraternal Center where thousands of men in uniform partake of Elk hospitality each month.

Right is E.R. James F. Butterworth of Bradford, Pa., Lodge, shown with "G" Boxes and other gifts which were sent by the Lodge to members in the service.





Above is a group of servicemen who are some of those entertained every Saturday night by Shawnee, Okla., Lodge. They are shown with two American Indian entertainers.



Right is the home of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge which has turned over its entire upper floor to the U.S. Army as an Officers Club.



Left are the members of the "G" Box Committee" of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, shown with a few of the "G" Boxes which they have sent out to members in the Service.

Below are pictured some of those who attended a dinner dance held by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge recently for the entertainment of women in the Service.



Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge

RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

On this and the following pages are shown Diamond Jubilee classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order to celebrate its Seventy-Fifth Anniversary. Many are shown with their lodge officers

Owatonna, Minn., Lodge



Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge



Minot, N. D., Lodge



Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge



Fargo, N. D., Lodge



Belleville, Ill., Lodge



Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge



Anaheim, Calif., Lodge



Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge



Gardner, Mass., Lodge



Greeley, Colo., Lodge



Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge



Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge



Camden, N. J., Lodge



Newton, Kans., Lodge



Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge



Willimantic, Conn., Lodge



Dubuque, Ia., Lodge



Meriden, Conn., Lodge



San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge



Moline, Ill., Lodge



Birmingham, Ala., Lodge



Above is a picture of 33 Flags presented to Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge by Dr. Raymond H. Scofield, E.R. The group includes the 30 flags of the Allied Nations, the Navy Jack and the Elks Service Flag. They are being held by the Elks National Champion Glee Club.

Under the ANTLERS



**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**

The 1943 Elks National Ritualistic Contest

Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan has announced that the Elks National Ritualistic Contest will take place this year as usual. It will be held in conjunction with the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston on July the 12th. The Grand Lodge State Associations Committee states that the contest will be conducted under the rules as forwarded under date of November the 27th, 1942. One thousand dollars in cash prizes will be awarded to the first five teams as determined by the contest judges.

Champaign, Ill., Lodge Is Host At State Elks Midwinter Meeting

The midwinter meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association, held in conjunction with the annual round-up of Champaign Lodge No. 398, on February 6-7, was an enjoyable and worthwhile affair. Twenty-seven lodges were represented and 432 persons were registered.

Among the important business matters transacted was the adoption of a revised constitution, drafted by Vice-

Left is the Ritualistic Team of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge which recently won the contest held for lodges of the Southeast District of New York.



Right are officers of Dickinson, N. D., Lodge who recently initiated a Victory Class. Those attending honored two members, Edward Fox and Harry Binek, who had been wounded in Guadalcanal, and were home on sick leave. Mr. Fox is shown with his wife and mother.

Below, right: Members of Gilroy, Calif., Lodge receive as a gift from Lin W. Wheeler a deed to the \$40,000 building in which it holds its meetings.

President-at-Large Floyd E. Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, of Moline Lodge, in collaboration with other past and present State officers. The new constitution has since been approved by the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. President Walter E. Miller, of Elgin Lodge, reviewed the progress of the Association during past months, and proposed that to maintain the record of recent years, during which Illinois has shown a steady growth, a statewide initiation be held in March. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon Lodge, Assistant Treasurer of the Elks War Commission, told of the various phases of work which the Order, through the Commission, has undertaken. It was disclosed that 23 Illinois lodges had contributed \$8,364.58 toward the War Fund and that many of the other 58 lodges had pledged full support and were in the process of raising the money; also that 1,768 Illinois Elks were already in the U. S. Armed Forces. Past President C. E. Duff, of Lawrenceville Lodge, announced that 46 lodges had reported purchase of Defense and War Bonds in the amount of \$353,100.

Vice-President John J. O'Connor, of Bloomington Lodge, reported for the East Central District, Vice-Pres. George F. Thornton, Oak Park, for the Northeast District, Vice-Pres. H. J. Raley, Harrisburg, for the South District, and Vice-Pres. Byron Zea, Monmouth, for the West Central District; Floyd Cheney, Danville, State Interlodge Relations Chairman, Andy Faust, Lawrenceville, State Social and Community Welfare Chairman, and D.D.'s O. E. Andres, Evanston, and Edwin C. Mills, Lincoln, turned in reports. Peoria Lodge No. 20 was chosen as the place for the 1943 annual convention, to take place on

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan is shown with many members of South Florida lodges who gathered to visit him on his official visit to Fort Lauderdale Lodge.



May 22-23. It was generally agreed that the convention should be a streamlined affair, featuring business sessions and the State Ritualistic Contest, but eliminating the usual social activities.

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.

A distinguished visitor, who spoke briefly at the business session, was former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Frank J. Lonergan, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Lonergan was the principal speaker at the banquet on Saturday evening, which was attended by nearly 200. The address of welcome was made by the Exalted Ruler of the host lodge, Champaign No. 398. P.E.R. V. L. Nickell, Mayor of Champaign, acting as Toastmaster, introduced Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner, Floyd E. Thompson and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, State President Walter Miller, Past Presidents A. W. Jeffreys, Herrin, Walter J. Grant, Danville, J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, Dan T. Cloud, Jacksonville, and C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, Frank P. White, of Oak Park Lodge, Executive Secretary of





Above are officers and P.E.R.'s who were present at "Past Exalted Rulers' Night" to celebrate the 43rd Anniversary of Brockton, Mass., Lodge.



Left are some of those who attended a dinner at Sturgis, Mich., Lodge. Gus Dorais, newly signed gridiron mentor for the Detroit Lions, was principal speaker.

the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, State Treasurer Fred P. Hill, Danville, State Secretary Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, and Mr. Lonergan whose inspiring patriotic address will long be remembered by all who were present. Mr. Warner, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Masters, the visiting Past Grand Exalted Rulers, spoke briefly. Their talks were received with acclaim.

Death Takes Dr. Louis Fenimore, P.E.R. of Sayre, Penna., Lodge

Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, reports the death of Dr. Louis Fenimore, Past Exalted Ruler, who passed away on December 13, 1942, in the Tioga County General Hospital at the age of forty-nine. Dr. Fenimore was a prominent dentist in Sayre for twenty-six years.

Longview Lodge's Diamond Jubilee Class Brings In 79 New Members

Observing the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Order, Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, initiated a Diamond Jubilee Class of 79 members on February 9. This was the largest class initiated by the lodge since its institution in 1925. The ritualistic work was performed by a group of Past Exalted Rulers headed by W. J. Murphy, Pres. of the Longview P.E.R.'s Assn., who acted as Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. R. M. Anderson addressed the new members. Response for the Class was made by R. G. Armstrong. Special entertainment was presented and refreshments were served after the meeting, which attracted a capacity attendance.

Longview Lodge is enjoying the greatest increase in membership, with the largest number of reinstatements and dimitts, since it received its charter. It was announced that another class of approximately 30 candidates would be initiated before the close of the fiscal year. Carl Fahlstrom is the present Chairman of the lodge's Membership Committee.

Left are nurses taking blood donations at the Red Cross Blood Bank in the home of Gardner, Mass., Lodge.



Below are members of Littleton, Colo., Lodge and their friends at a mountain picnic party.





Above are members of Marshfield, Ore., Lodge, shown in their fire-scorched home. The small matter of a \$10,000 fire did not stop the lodge from holding its regular meetings.

Right: Charter members and P.E.R.'s of Sidney, Ohio, Lodge are assisted by the officers at the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home.



Taunton, Mass., Lodge Honors Its Tiler With a Class Initiation

The James P. Callahan Class of 19 candidates was initiated by Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150, on February 23, at one of the most impressive and well attended meetings of recent years. E.R. Charles A. Perry and his officers discharged their duties in a finished and highly satisfactory manner. The Class was named and initiated in honor of the Tiler of the lodge, as a tribute to his long and faithful service. Mr. Callahan was presented with a 20-year gold diamond-set pin, a personal gift from the Exalted Ruler. Mr. Perry also complimented Mr. Callahan on his work as an Elk and an officer. Gabriel J. Vieira presided at the organ during the ritualistic ceremony. Joseph W. McGlynn, Jr., and Walter W. Pelczarski, entitled to the degree as members of the Class, had entered the Service, and each was to be initiated into the Order by a lodge nearest his station or camp.

At the same meeting, the lodge observed its annual Old Timers Night. Twelve of the 21 living Past Exalted Rulers, including Richard P. Coughlin,

Below: Members of Rahway, N. J., Lodge are shown when they gathered to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home.

the oldest, were present. An excellent luncheon was served and entertainment was featured. P.E.R. Charles L. Galligan, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, announced that the lodge had purchased \$2,400 worth of War Bonds.

A Mortgage-Burning Celebration Is Held by Beatrice, Neb., Lodge

The \$35,950 mortgage on the home of Beatrice, Neb., Lodge, No. 619, was burned recently in the presence of 175 members and a number of out-of-town

guests. Ceremonies were held, suitable to the occasion which commemorated as well the 43rd anniversary of the lodge's institution. Representatives of the Nebraska State Elks Association and three of the four resident charter members of No. 619, P.E.R. Channing G. Baker, J. C. Scott and P.E.R. K. C. Koons, attended. A delegation from Lincoln Lodge No. 80 represented the group which sponsored the organization of Beatrice Lodge in 1900.

Preceded by a dinner in the Elks' dining room, the formal ceremony climaxed the program of the evening. The mortgage was carried on a special tray by P.E.R. Charles Fowble, and the match was applied by Mr. Baker. The address of the evening was delivered by Fulton Jack. E.R. L. C. McEwen reviewed the lodge's history. State President Carl Bintz, State Trustee T. J. Connelly, Exalted Ruler H. R. Kelso and Esteemed Leading Knight Coburn Campbell, all of Lincoln Lodge, were guests of honor.

Beatrice Lodge has one of the most attractive homes in the State. The mortgage-burning exercises were held to celebrate the cancellation of the final indebtedness on the building. The total cost was \$60,000.

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.





Above is shown D.D. Thomas J. McCaffrey of the Mass. Central District with 15 P.E.R.'s of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge who assisted him on the occasion of his recent visitations to the subordinate lodges in his District.



Left: Members of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Lodge are shown on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on their lodge home.

\$3,000 in cash to equip the laboratory. In 1928, Miami Lodge was host to the Grand Lodge at the 64th Grand Lodge Convention, one of the most enjoyable and successful of all the annual reunions.

"Diamond Jubilee Night" Is Celebrated by Miami Lodge

An appropriate program and a large attendance of Elks marked the celebration held by Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, on February 17, in observance of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Order. The Diamond Jubilee Class initiated during the meeting was one of the largest ever assembled by the lodge. P.D.D. L. F. Chapman, of De Land

Lodge, Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., was the speaker of the evening. Edgar L. Keuling served as Diamond Jubilee Chairman.

Miami Lodge, instituted in 1905, ranks high among the leading lodges of the Order in the field of charitable expenditures. During the past ten years, it has spent more than \$270,000 for charity alone. One of the chief sponsors of the Blood Bank of Dade County, established in 1941, the lodge immediately donated

Apollo, Penna., Lodge Gives a Banquet on "Old Timers Night"

The banquet given by Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386, on "Old Timers Night", Saturday, March 6, was attended by old and new members alike. Two charter members, Dr. Colin Cameron and Harry Kinter, were present. The banquet, which was served by the Women's Auxiliary, was followed by a fine floor show. A large Victory Class was initiated by Apollo Lodge on February 26.

Left: Among those who were present at the banquet given during the midwinter meeting of the Illinois State Elks Assn. at Champaign were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd Thompson, Henry Warner and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters who are shown with prominent Illinois Elks.



Below are Old Timers of Appleton, Wis., Lodge who have been members for more than 25 years and recently attended a meeting in honor of officers and P.E.R.'s present. Nineteen new members were initiated.



Right are members of Beatrice, Neb., Lodge who were present at a dinner to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home.

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.

Boy Scouts, Sponsored by Bellows Falls Lodge, Assist in Bond Sale

Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge, No. 1619, is proud of the part played by Boy Scout Troop No. 1, Calvin Coolidge Council, in the Bond Carnival held recently in the local Armory. The lodge took over sponsorship of the Troop a few months ago.

On the night of the Carnival, a parade marched into the public square at 8:15. In the center of a circle of Scouts holding torches, a giant service flag was raised. The quota for the sale of War Bonds, placed at \$10,000, was exceeded by more than five times that amount and Bellows Falls Lodge was one of the larger purchasers. Trustees Edward Zeno, Antonio Andosca and Thomas Fitzgerald acted for the lodge in buying a three thousand dollar War Bond

from members of the Scout Troop. Bellows Falls Lodge, the youngest in Vermont, is now in its fourth year, and a fourth of the membership is serving in the U. S. Armed Forces. Many communications have been received by the lodge from the members in the Service. All who have had a chance to visit other

lodges of the Order write of the friendly welcome they have received.

Alliance, Neb., Elks Honor Percy Cogswell, Secretary Since 1908

Alliance, Neb., Lodge, No. 961, gave a dinner on Sunday night, February 21, in

Right: Officers of Owego, N. Y., Lodge are shown as they welcomed into membership Chief Water Tender Edward Stanley Wolslegel of the U. S. Navy, one of the 18 Naval heroes who escaped from Corregidor.

Below are some of those who attended the 75th Anniversary Banquet held by New York Lodge No. 1. A great group of Grand Lodge Officers is shown at the speakers' table. Representative Clare Boothe Luce was one of the speakers of the evening.





Left: Some of those who were present at the Old Timers' Dinner held by Decatur, Ill., Lodge. The Lodge officers also were present.

honor of P.E.R. Percy H. Cogswell, Secretary since 1908 and a charter member. The lodge home was crowded with Elks and their ladies. Practically the entire membership was present. Music was furnished by soloists and an orchestra, and tricks of magic were performed.

Judge P. E. Romig recounted the services rendered by Mr. Cogswell through whose wisdom and application to duty the lodge has grown and prospered. In the early days, meetings were held in a back room on a second floor. Now the lodge occupies and owns a beautifully furnished modern structure on the main business thoroughfare of the city. At the end of Judge Romig's tribute, a diamond ring, bearing the Elk insignia, and also a life membership card were presented to Mr. Cogswell on behalf of the lodge.

Shenandoah, Pa., Elks Celebrate Three Events With Victory Dinner

The termination of a successful "Burn the Mortgage Drive" was celebrated with

a victory dinner by Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, in conjunction with the observance of the 38th anniversary of the lodge and the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Order.

John J. Downey, Chairman of the Drive, acting as Toastmaster, introduced those who appeared on an unusually fine speaking program. The main talks were made by D. J. Ferguson, the oldest Past Exalted Ruler of the lodge in point of service, the present Exalted Ruler, Paul A. White, who made the final check presentation to the mortgagor, John J. Miller, who held the mortgage, and P.E.R. John J. Conway, who played an important part in raising the fund. A substantial contribution was made by the Ladies Card Committee and many personal donations were received. The Elks Chorus, under the leadership of Thomas R. Frye, raised \$140.

The "Burn the Mortgage Drive" was not held until some time after Shenandoah Lodge had completed an intensive War Bond Campaign. The first quota, set at \$600, was reached in a short time



Littleton, Colo., Lodge, a Year Old, Makes a Splendid Showing

The first anniversary of the institution of Littleton, Colo., Lodge, No. 1650, was celebrated on March 12 on a large scale. Members of every lodge in the State were invited to participate in the festivities and to witness the formal presentation of the charter. More than 400 Elks responded. The presentation ceremony was followed by entertainment and a barbecue supper.

The lodge is affiliated with the Colorado State Elks Association. During the first year, 122 new members were initiated. The lodge room is entirely adequate for business and ritualistic requirements and the pleasant club room is under the supervision of a competent steward. Flags have been presented to the War Mothers and to three Boy Scout Troops. Members of No. 1650 have attended several sessions of the Scouts' Court of Honor, while others are serving as counselors and on the Board of Review. One member has been active in aiding in the formation of a new troop of Air Scouts.

On a beautiful marker in the lodge room are placed the names of those members who are serving in the Nation's Armed Forces. From the funds of this young lodge, the sum of \$4,000 was taken for the purchase of War Bonds. As a further aid in the war effort, the lodge gave two parties at which Bonds and Stamps were sold in the amount of \$18,-

(Continued on page 47)

Above, left: Watertown, N. Y., Lodge celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the Order by burning the mortgage on its \$75,000 home and initiating a class of candidates.

Left are those who attended a dinner held at Fort Scott, Kans., Lodge to celebrate the presentation of an elk's head with magnificent pair of antlers given the Lodge by Dr. Claud Young.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan visits the Mile O' Dimes enclosure which the Elks, the Salvation Army and the Houston American Legion Post sponsored.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits



GRAND Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan, left Boston on February 22 for a tour of southern lodges. On the 23rd, they were guests of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91.

The Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79. He arrived in the city about noon on Wednesday, the 24th, and after a broadcast over Station WBRC and luncheon with a number of the lodge officers, he visited the burial place of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen, P.E.R., of No. 79, and placed a wreath on the grave. He then witnessed the initiation of a Diamond Jubilee Class of 40 new members. Figuring prominently in the Grand activities in connection with the Grand Exalted Ruler's visitation were E.R. Exalted Ruler's visitation were Harry Maurice M. Walsh and his officers, Harry K. Reid, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., and State Secretary-Treasurer John F. Antwine, all of Birmingham Lodge, and D.D. Gilbert R. Mayer, of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge. The meeting was followed by a dinner-dance in the Peacock Ballroom of the Tutwiler Hotel, attended by approximately 400 Elks and their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were accompanied to Atlanta, Ga., by Mr. Walsh and Mr. Antwine. Upon their arrival, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were welcomed by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Atlanta Lodge No. 78, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, and entertained at a luncheon, after which he paid a visit to the Elks' Convalescent Crippled Children's Home, Aidmore, and visited East Point, Ga., Lodge, No. 1617.

Left: Mr. Sullivan is shown at Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge with prominent Tennessee Elk officials and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.



Above: Mr. Sullivan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Murray Hulbert are shown with distinguished Florida Elks at the home of West Palm Beach Lodge.

Right: Mr. Sullivan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland are pictured at Camp Gordon, Ga., with Major General R. O. Barton, C.O., of the Fourth Motorized Division and Col. H. W. Schmid, Post Commander.



Mr. Sullivan officiated as Exalted Ruler in the initiation of No. 78's Diamond Jubilee Class. The Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge, Lieutenant Colonel Luther P. Call, Jr., presided. The ceremonies were held on February 25 at the Ansley Hotel. Sixty-four candidates were initiated into Atlanta Lodge; four were initiated for East Point Lodge, one for Americus, Ga., Lodge, No. 752, and one for San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge, No. 972. The meeting was followed by the Diamond Jubilee Banquet and a dance. At the banquet, Mr. Sullivan delivered an inspiring address on patriotism, linking it with the observance of the Order's 75th Anniversary. During her stay in Atlanta, Mrs. Sullivan was entertained by the Kle Club, whose membership is composed of the Elks' ladies of Atlanta, East Point, Decatur and Buckhead.

On the afternoon of February 26, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan

and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Mrs. McClelland were welcomed and entertained by Augusta Lodge No. 205. Thirty-seven candidates were initiated at a special Diamond Jubilee Celebration during which the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the members and guests. The visitors had been met by E.R. Warren Walker and

P.E.R.'s C. Wesley Killebrew, Past Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., Tim J. Kearns and John W. Brittingham and other members of the lodge. Mr. Sullivan and his party visited Camp Gordon, where they were greeted by Major General Raymond O. Barton, commanding officer of the Fourth Motorized Division, and Colonel H. W. Schmid, post com-

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan are pictured with members of the Lodge during his visit to Tampa, Fla.



Below: Members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge with the Diamond Jubilee Class initiated recently. Mr. Sullivan attended.





Portland, Oregon, Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

THE candidacy of Past Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan for election to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks will be submitted by officers of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, at the 79th Session of the Grand Lodge at Boston this coming July. A Resolution to that effect, introduced by P.E.R. Ralph E. Moody at a regular meeting of the lodge on Thursday, February 18, was duly seconded and carried by unanimous acclamation.

To the Resolution were affixed the names of Exalted Ruler Robert S. Farrell, Jr., and Secretary J. B. Rhodes. The officers of the lodge were instructed to arrange for Mr. Lonergan's nomination at Boston, and the Exalted Ruler was directed to appoint a committee of members of No. 142 for the purpose of effectuating the aforesaid Resolution.

Mr. Lonergan is a former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum. He served as Exalted Ruler of Port-

land Lodge in 1927-28. He represented his lodge at the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, Fla., in 1928 and at the 1929 Convention held in Los Angeles, Calif. He was appointed District Deputy for Oregon, North, in 1928 and in 1929. In 1934, he became a member of the Grand Forum, being appointed Chief Justice the following year. Once more Mr. Lonergan represented his lodge at a national convention of the Order, this time at Atlantic City in 1938. In 1939-40, he served another term as District Deputy.

BENEVOLENT and patriotic service on behalf of the Order has been rendered continuously by Mr. Lonergan with exceptional ability, thoughtfulness and judgment. Portland Lodge will, therefore, present his candidacy for Grand Exalted Ruler, confident that his admirable qualifications are especially adapted to the administration of the duties of the office.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

THE candidacy of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for reelection to the office in which he has served so successfully for the past fifteen years, will be presented at the 79th Session of the Grand Lodge this coming July by Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494.

In 1903 Mr. Masters became a member of Charleroi Lodge; he was elected to the office of Exalted Ruler of that lodge in 1908. Since 1911, when he was

Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, he has served on various Grand Lodge Committees, including the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was Chairman for three years of the Board of Grand Trustees. From 1923, when his term as Grand Exalted Ruler expired, until he became Grand Secretary, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for four years and was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Mr. Masters was elected Grand Secretary in 1927. He has been reelected at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention. His administration of the duties of his office has been consistently courteous, dignified and efficient.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

mander, and also visited Daniel Field, inspecting the day room furnished at the Air Base by Augusta Lodge. Following the program, more than 500 members with their wives and friends were entertained at a reception.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan traveled by automobile to Jacksonville, Fla., and from there they journeyed by rail to West Palm Beach. Through March 2 they were guests of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a meeting of the lodge, attended by approximately 200 members and visiting Elks. Twenty-eight lodges in various parts of the country were represented, and a large delegation was present from Lake Worth, Fla. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, of New York Lodge No. 1, visiting in Palm Beach, was introduced by W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach, Pres. of

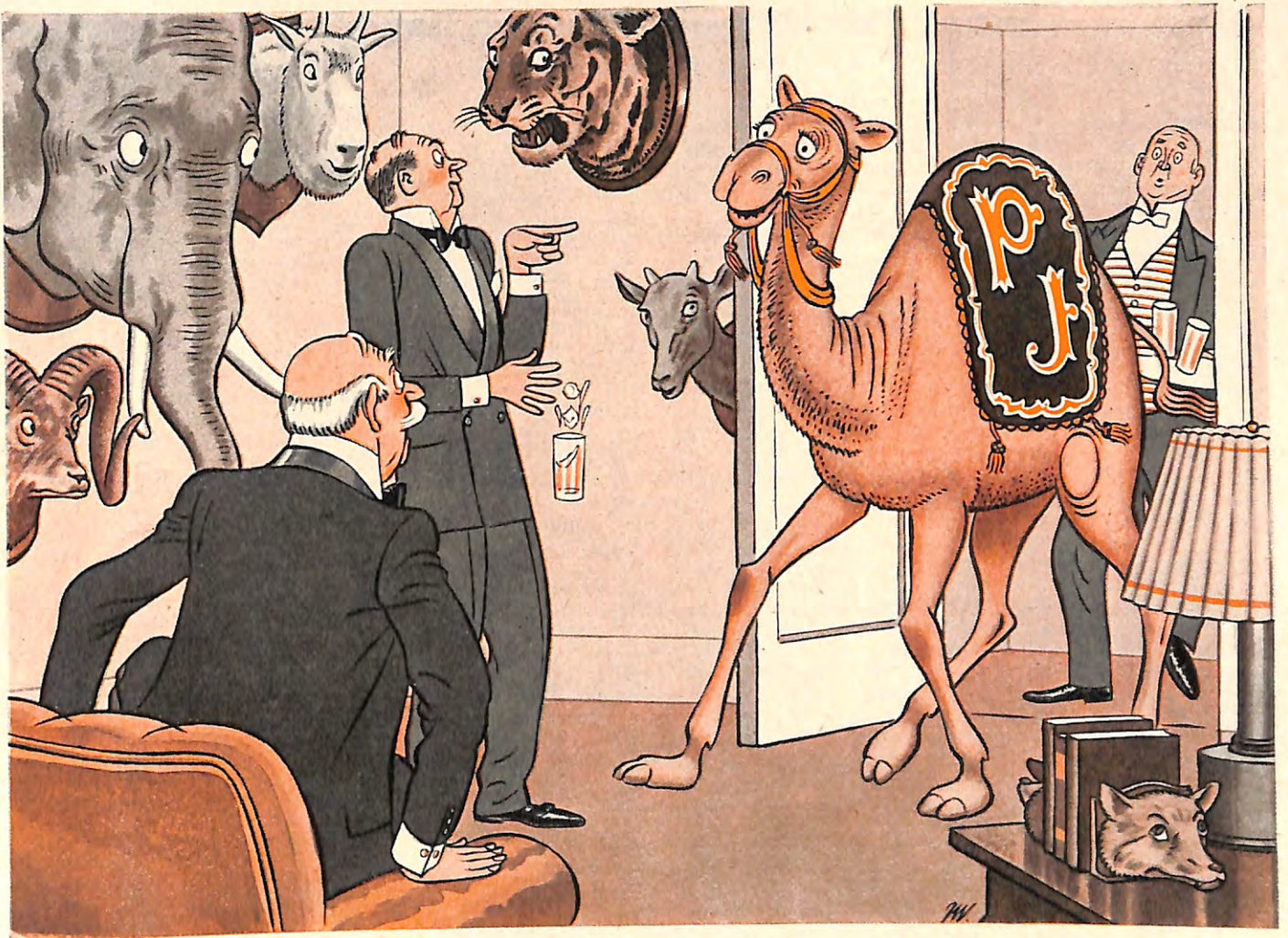
the Fla. State Elks Assn. Judge Hulbert, Mr. Wall, and J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla., were speakers. E.R. James L. Turnage, of West Palm Beach Lodge, conducted the meeting. D.D. M. R. Buckalew, Jr., of Cocoa Lodge, was introduced. Mr. Baker presented Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan with an engraved traveling clock on behalf of the host lodge. A stag dinner at the Hotel George Washington preceded the meeting. P.E.R. J. O. Bowen, Mayor of West Palm Beach, presided. James M. Owens, Jr., Mayor of Palm Beach, extended a welcome to Mr. Sullivan. Covers were laid for 100.

On Wednesday, March 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan were driven from West Palm Beach to Miami, where they were met by Judge James A. Dunn, Past Exalted Ruler of Miami,

Fla., Lodge, No. 948, and a committee of Miami Elks. The ladies entertained Mrs. Sullivan during the afternoon and evening. The Grand Exalted Ruler paid an afternoon visit to Miami Beach Lodge No. 1601. Miami Lodge held a meeting that evening at which a large class of candidates was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by members of Miami Lodge, drove to Fort Lauderdale the next day. There they were guests at a dinner given by Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, in Mr. Sullivan's honor.

On March 5, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan traveled to the west coast of Florida. At West Lake Wales, they were met by D.D. L. L. Lanier, of Orlando Lodge, and were driven by him to St. Petersburg. During their stay, they were guests of St. Petersburg Lodge

(Continued on page 45)



“Egad, Colonel, the one that got away!”



COLONEL: Zounds. Camel! How dare you come charging in here like this?

CAMEL: But, *Sahib!* Are you not that celebrated sportsman, that King of Connoisseurs, that World-

Famous Host . . . J. SANFORD NORRIS, *ESQUIRE?*

COLONEL: Ah-hhhh! Hmmm! Well, now! I mean, by Jove, m'friend, I—

CAMEL: Exactly. Effendi! And I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey! The—

COLONEL: Fap! Faugh, you ignorant beast! Don't you know that this *dryness* you're talking about is a quality of champagne?

CAMEL: Pardon, Terror of the Jungle. But had you ever tasted the superb Paul Jones. You would know that it, too, has this quality of *dryness*, or lack of sweetness. For *Sahib*, it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones which permits you to enjoy *all* of its flavor and mellowness!

COLONEL: Hold, Camel! Stop it, Beast! My palate fairly twitches for a taste of this expensive whiskey. But . . . well . . . my dividends falling off, I—

CAMEL: Ah, Mighty Hunter, but the superlative *dry* Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

COLONEL: Eh? Oh, well now! Sit down, my friend! Sit down, Camel, while I order up a round of this fine *dry* Paul Jones! And say! Did I ever tell you how I was once trapped by twelve man-eating tigers? Well, Sir . . .

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



The Hell-from-Heaven Boys

(Continued from page 7)

termining whether they will make the grade as bombardiers. Every "bomb" they drop, theoretical and actual, goes into a day by day progress record.

For three weeks the cadet remains on the ground, attending classes, working out on the trainer, taking a vigorous program of daily physical training and eating the best food in the best fed Army in the world. He learns about the dropping angle of bombs, about drift, about computers and about a complicated phantasmagoria of mechanisms which, if he were not driven by the fervor which will make him a top bombardier, would smother him with their complications. Then in the fourth week he reaches the second high point in his course. He goes on his first bombing mission.

To say that cadets are excited on their initial mission is to put the case mildly. To deny that they usually flagrantly violate the primary rule of good bombing—that of calm and deliberate action—would be to distort the truth. For the first time they climb into the greenhouse in the nose of an AT-11 they are as nervous as a mink. They are all fingers and thumbs and their manipulation of the bombsight is guaranteed to give their instructors considerable pain. But whatever the results, they go through the complete routine.

IN HIS greenhouse the cadet bombardier has an unobstructed view of everything which lies in front and below him. The bombsight is between his knees attached to a mount and ready for use. To his left are an altimeter and an air speed indicator. Around him on the floor are charts and data sheets in readiness for inspection. At around 180 miles an hour, flying time to the target is about fifteen minutes. It is during that time that he makes his preliminary setting of the sight, and then sits waiting, wringing his hands in terrified but pleasurable anticipation.

The bull's eye of the target is called a shack. At one time it consisted of a few boards nailed together to represent a building. There are two rings, 100 and 200 feet from the center. These are made of coliche, a white sub-soil substance, highly visible from the air, found in great quantities throughout West Texas. From the ground the target appears to be huge. But at 15,000 feet it is a mighty small spot on the great Texas landscape. As the bombardier nears the target the pilot-bombardier cooperation essential to accurate bombing begins to take shape. When executed by experts it is the highest development of coordination in military maneuvering. Over the interphone they exchange data and the bombardier adjusts his sight readings accordingly. Then the pilot

signals the cadet to take over the ship and the bombing run begins. From then until the bombs are released, the bombardier really flies the plane.

In these last remaining seconds he also makes the final delicate adjustment of his sight, ordering the ship maneuvered to insure perfect accuracy. Then for a split second he finds the shack lined up dead center in the cross hairs of his eyepiece, and he presses his bomb release.

Back in the innards of the bomber, above the roar of wind and motors the bomb racks click, and several bombs drop silently through the open bays. For a thousand feet—for two thousand feet—they appear to be falling straight downward and almost certain to hit far behind the target. Then suddenly, as they near the earth, they seem to propel themselves forward, as though they had taken on life. For a moment they are lost from sight, then, on the target, a small red flame flashes and a bulge of grey-white smoke puffs up. There is a whirr of a movie camera as another cadet, riding in the back of the ship, records the hit through an open port in the floor of the plane.

On the first mission the bombs may fall almost anywhere. But each day thereafter there is steady improvement until that happy morning when the bombardier turns around to his instructor grinning, and with his fingers signals "on the nose". His eye is blackened from the soft rubber eyepiece of the sight but he is obviously happy. He has only one wish—that at that moment he had been over Berlin with a two-ton block buster in his ship's belly.

By the time even the first bombing missions are over several cadets have usually been marked for elimination. The extreme care in testing and selection at the aviation cadet center in recent months has greatly reduced this number but there are always a few who obviously will not make the grade. Not that they couldn't become good bombardiers eventually. But all air crew training is geared to a certain rate of progress. There is no way to provide those who assimilate a little more slowly than others the extra time they need. The personnel needed to care for them the Army believes can more effectively be used to train other and more apt pupils. Those eliminated become air force privates, though many of them because of superior talent and training receive quick promotions.

THE primary causes of failure, aside from slow thinking, have been carefully studied at the San Angelo bombardier school. A common one is nervousness. Calm, deliberate calculation is essential in a bombardier. The cadet who is easily upset in

practice will never drop bombs accurately in combat when enemy fighters, flak and blinding searchlights come at him all at once at the critical moment.

Some cadets fail because they try shortcuts to bombing perfection. The use of the bombsight involves a sequence of action which must be followed to the letter. To vary this in the slightest usually results in disastrous miscalculations. On this point San Angelo officers are adamant. "Never vary procedure," are their orders. "Procedure is the key to perfect bombing." Cadets are advised that if Joe says he has a "system" to beat the bombsight, even if he is a hot bombardier, let Joe use it. Joe can tell the elimination board all about it.

Some cadets fail because they don't get off to a running start. They loaf the first few days and then are too far behind to catch up. The fault is their own. The day they arrive they are told, "This is a tough course. To qualify, you must work like hell from the day you arrive until the day you leave. If you don't you're out." And they find out it is the truth.

Occasionally there is a personality clash between instructor and pupil. Cadets are advised to ask for new instructors if this should occur. They are told not to brood when they make mistakes, as some of them do, but to figure out the reason for the error and correct it.

Most tragic and potentially most dangerous, though fortunately rare, are the men who really don't like to fly but who have volunteered because they thought it was the thing to do. While in the air these men endure the tortures of the damned but are afraid to tell anyone for fear of being thought cowardly. To change such an attitude one pilot makes a habit of saying to his cadets, "Why, I wouldn't go down in a submarine if you gave me the thing! I'd be scared to death." A cadet doesn't mind telling him then that he isn't in the least afraid of submarines, but airplanes scare him green. The frank discussion often helps to eliminate the terror.

ASIDE from these general problems there are numerous specific requirements a cadet must meet while trying to improve his aim to the point of qualifying for his silver bomb and wing insignia. He is subject to the most rigid discipline. His personal neatness and appearance undergo the constant surveillance of his officers. Demerits, known as "gigs" each of which involves an hour of tours walking, are handed out for a list of infractions which ranges from having a necktie askew to the high crime of being late without excuse for a formation.



I'M LIGHTNESS—my thanks
To Bond-buying Yanks!

I'M FLAVOR—requesting
More War Bond investing!

I'M RICHNESS—exotic
And yet patriotic!

I'M SMOOTHNESS—commending
More Victory lending!



"WAR BONDS ROUT HITLER," SAY THE 5 CROWNS

EACH War Bond or Stamp is a thrust
Where Hitler can't take it—but *must!*
So let's sock away
A tenth of our pay—
We'll win, and the Axis will bust!

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

ONE glance at Der Fuehrer's smug phiz
Will show why he's getting the biz!...
Lend War Bonds your cash—
Help Uncle Sam smash
The worst kind of TOUGHNESS there is!

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

The turning out of qualified bombardiers is the activity at the San Angelo Army Air Field best known to the public, but there is another job being done there which is equally important in reaching the ultimate goal. This is the highly essential task of training the army of technicians needed to keep an air fleet of 150,000 planes in flying and fighting condition.

Several months ago the air forces sent out an emergency call for men with mechanical aptitudes, asking them to enlist for special training and giving them the privilege of naming the first field to which they would be assigned. Over seven hundred men, expert in keeping the tractor and ranch jalopy rolling, most of them former cowboys and ranch hands from around San Angelo, volunteered with the request that they be assigned to the bombardier school which was then building. Today, these men, who formerly improvised repairs with a strip of baling wire and a pair of pliers are working with hundreds of specialized tools and dealing with the split-hair tolerances of some of the most delicate high precision machinery in the air forces.

Pliers may have been adequate for the old jalopy. But these cowboys are now learning to use a torque wrench, measuring precisely the amount of pressure on a bolt and thereby equalizing exactly the pressure exerted by a row of bolts on a cylinder head. The cowboy-turned-mechanic no longer bestows an extra twist on the spark plug "for good luck". He gives it a measured turn which leaves the delicate gasket undamaged. With a micrometer he measures clearances up to 1/10,000 of an inch. "Purty fair shape" isn't good enough for this technician now. He has learned that some parts of a bomber need replacement when worn as little as 4/10,000 of an inch.

THE conversion of rancher into skilled mechanic is completed at San Angelo in a course of instruction which lasts nearly as long as a cadet's training—ten weeks. The first five weeks are devoted to classroom theory and the final five are spent in mechanical work on the line, repairing the planes used in the cadet's day and night bombing missions.

During the first period classroom lectures are supplemented by demonstrations on planes. An hour's lecture is followed by several hours of working demonstration, then a lecture, then more work. When he goes on the line full time, the ex-bronc buster takes part in regular checking and repair jobs. Plane repair is systematized. Every plane has a "pre-flight"—an inspection before taking off, and a "daily", a thorough check after a flight. Then at 25, 50 and 100 hour intervals of flying time a ship gets varying degrees of mechanical adjustment.

Biggest thrill to these students, and comparable to the first bombing

mission of the cadets is the engine change. In the air forces no engine is overhauled on the plane. The old engine is taken off and replaced with a new one. Under normal conditions this would take about eight hours on a bomber. But the neophyte mechanics soon learn that conditions are seldom normal in the Army. There is a constant contest on to make an engine change faster than a rival squadron or even than the rival crew within a squadron. So three hours is nearer record time, but it takes a picked crew with long experience in coordination to come anywhere near that.

When his course is completed the student is ready for a mechanics job wherever he may be needed in the air forces. He is eligible for advancement to crew chief, responsible for the upkeep of one bomber; to flight chief, in charge of several ships, and to line chief, directing the upkeep of all the ships on the field.

The transition from punching range cattle to riding herd on a bunch of bombers the cowboy-mechanics take philosophically. "There's a difference all right," they say. "But you can take care of either one, once you savvy the critter."

The directing head of this great bombardier—mechanic training installation is an Army air forces pioneer. While a non-com chasing Villa on the Mexican border back in 1916, he sewed a huge bag out of odds and ends of silk, filled it with hot air by building a fire under it and in this homemade contraption, suspended by a trapeze, he ascended some two hundred feet over the Mexican border. He is Colonel George M. Palmer—Jack, to his friends who include most of the higher ranking officers in the Army.

JACK PALMER'S ascension attracted considerable attention, some of it apparently in Washington, for when the initial Pilot School was opened at Mineola, Long Island, in 1917, he was picked for the first class, the only non-com in the Nation to be thus honored. One of the men in that class was Quentin Roosevelt, son of Theodore. Of the entire group only three men are still alive and of these only Jack Palmer is still an active flier.

Colonel Palmer was sent to Kelly Field, the great pioneer air school in Texas, when the "line" of planes there consisted of but two Curtiss Jennys. He was in New York headed for France when the Armistice was signed but he was immediately handed an assignment which made up to some extent for his disappointment in not going across.

Recognized as a pilot of outstanding ability he was picked to ferry the first of the huge Handley Page bombers from New Jersey to Ellington Field near Houston. Today this would be a routine flight about as dramatic as taking a subway to Brooklyn. But in 1919 it was a considerable adventure. There were no

airports and almost no fields big enough on which to land the huge plane. There was no reliable weather data and no means of quick repairs. So, fighting freezing sleet, wind and mud and with no radio or other guidance, Jack Palmer pushed the plane southwestward. Every time he landed it meant that something would need repair. There were always ditches or trees or fences to smash into. The trip took 54 days. The flying time was just 25 hours.

When Billy Mitchell made his demonstration off the Virginia Capes in 1921, and proved that an army bomber could sink a battleship, he had Jack Palmer as his operations officer. Mitchell also selected him to fly some of the missions and drop some of the bombs.

COLONEL PALMER has consistently adhered to a conviction that the bomb would one day be recognized as the world's most deadly weapon. For years he has endeavored to widen understanding of its use in military circles. While regular Army instructor to the 109th Observation Squadron in the Minnesota National Guard, he invented a remarkable instrument for this purpose. He designed and constructed an electrically controlled miniature practice bombing range. With his officers seated around a large table, head sets on and telegraph keys at their fingertips, he gave them code messages which were their instructions on theoretical bombing missions. On the wall at an end of the room hung a huge panel which represented the area to be bombed. Screwed into this panel were literally hundreds of Christmas tree bulbs which lighted to show objectives and bomb hits. This bombing machine is still in use, twelve years after it was built.

Colonel Palmer might be called a vertebrae in the backbone of the Army air forces. He represents an extremely small group which knows its whole story from the day the first chapter was written straight through to this moment. But it is men of his type who are really doing the job of building up the U. S. Army air forces to a size that will cast a continuous shadow over the aggressor nations—a shadow that will pour forth a never-ending stream of bombs, until they are blasted into fragments which never again can be put together to threaten the security of those who want to live in peace.

At San Angelo, Colonel Palmer feels grim satisfaction as he watches the growing list of picked young men who graduate from his "college" with the highest rating he can bestow. These are the boys who handle a bombsight the way Davy Crockett handled a rifle. These are the boys who, when they get over a target, will plant the bomb right where it will hurt Hitler the most. These young men are Colonel Palmer's boys—distinguished bombardiers, they are called—and they're probably going to save the world.

H. M., The Ump

(Continued from page 10)

is more necessary to the rigid honesty and robust health of baseball than all the .400 hitters and 30-game winning pitchers who ever lived.

It is at once baffling and unfortunate that the fans, through lack of proper education in the basic importance of His Majesty, are rougher on umpires than are the ball players. Now we are not going to stand here with our foolish face hanging wide open and tell you, in the interests of sweetness and light, that ball players are excessively fond of umpires.

It is only natural, perhaps, that they are not. Ball players are somewhat egotistical, high-spirited gents and umpires cramp their style and throw them out of games. Not all discussions between the men in blue and the heroes in short pants are violent arguments, however. Quite often ball players go wild when they honestly believe the umpire has made a bad decision. The two chief complaints, though, have little to do with the accuracy of the decision. The players really go to work when they are convinced the umpire was: (1) Loafing on the play; (2) Not in the proper position to judge a play correctly. When the umpire knows he has pulled a boner, he has to take a verbal going-over for a reasonable period before he pipes down the debating society.

THE fan never has been told what a player can say to an umpire and what will get him thrown out faster than a New Dealer in the Union League. Why can Jimmy Dykes, Joe Cronin, Leo Durocher and Casey Stengel charge an umpire with shrill screams of rage, tear at themselves in a frenzy and escape consistently from these violent demonstrations without getting the old heave-o? And why do other players and managers, who seem to be comporting themselves like perfect little gents while registering a diplomatic protest, suddenly get the thumb?

The rules governing the relationship between umpire and player are well defined. Broadly and briefly, the player must NOT:

(1) Incite the crowd with gestures.

(2) Make the umpire appear ridiculous or impugn his integrity.

(3) Use profane language the customers can hear.

Laying hands upon His Majesty is punishable by the stiffest penalty short of expulsion for life, not because Messrs. Harridge and Frick fear for the safety of their watchdogs. (Most of the younger umpires can make with the hands like Joe Louis in a passage at arms.) Striking or pushing an umpire is a cardinal crime because it may put ideas into the heads of the fans who are incensed by a decision and lead to a riot. Throwing caps, bats and gloves into the air is out of order because

FOR

MEMORABLE

EVENINGS WITH

GOOD FRIENDS



100 PROOF

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

Famous

OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

such action is calculated to emphasize to the mob that justice is both blind and cockeyed.

Baseball has risen to a position unique in sports and the public trust—did you know it is a more serious offense in several States to offer a bribe to an umpire than to a legislator?—largely because limitless authority is vested in the umpires, whose honesty rarely has been questioned and never disproved. Thus, attacking an umpire is a dangerous attack on the stability of baseball and it cannot be tolerated.

The rule of thumb applies to players even when the crowd neither sees nor hears the offenders' violation. Several years ago Fresco Thompson, now manager at Montreal and the best of the latter-day gag men, became embroiled in a bit of a tiff with Charley Moran, the dog fancier who gained prominence after the war as the coach of the Centre College football team. Known as the "Praying Colonels", Centre came out of the hills of Kentucky and proceeded to knock the patrician ears off Harvard, Indiana, Georgetown, Kentucky and Tulane.

"Now I know why they were called the Praying Colonels," Thompson barked at Moran. "If you coached like you umpire, they had to pray to win."

Out!

Most fans labor under the delusion that the use of profanity is cause for instant dismissal. If this were true, most games would be concluded with the groundkeepers, ushers and peanut butchers filling in for the banished athletes.

After all these years profanity is rooted too deeply in baseball to be eradicated. Ball players cuss, even in casual conversation, because it's part of the tradition of toughness which is to be found in such unrelated occupations as truck-driving, back-room politics, lit'rary teas and story-telling at stag parties. Profanity is an integral part of colorful, succinct expression everywhere and it can be used freely on the ball field as long as two loose restrictions are observed: The customers must not hear it. Mustn't say the nasty word so that it can be construed as applying directly to His Majesty.

There is a definite technique in telling off an umpire and calling him, by indirection, every name not listed in any book. The trick is to use profanity subjectively. Frank Frisch, who has a vocabulary in the vulgate which is truly stupendous for fluency,

range and vividness of imagery, is a master at casting the ancestral doubt by way of Cape Horn.

"I'll be a lousy, no-good, this-and-that if the pitch was a strike," is an irreproachable blast against an umpire. The disputant, you see, is not abusing the umpire; he is cussing *himself*, although one and all within the sound of his voice know perfectly well that he means nobody but the man in blue.

But the player who says, "You're a dirty name if that ball was over the plate," immediately winds up talking to himself in the solitude of the clubhouse. He has been too explicit; that's a breach of diplomacy. The knack of indirection is very useful in baseball, as in power politics.

In addition to cracking down on profanity which is more pertinent than impertinent, the umpires squelch the authors of remarks concerning their physical capability. Bill Terry was in the National League for fifteen years before he was thrown out of his first game, and then he didn't utter a word which would have been out of order at the Ladies' Auxiliary.

In 1937 Terry strolled out of the dugout at Philadelphia to lodge a protest with Bill Klem over a called strike.

"You've been working a rotten game all day," he told Klem in a normal, conversational tone. "You must be blind."

"What did you say?" Klem inquired innocently, feigning a touch of deafness.

"You've been working a rotten game," Terry repeated. "You must be blind."

Klem immediately went through the contortions of a man about to throw a safe for distance. He came out of the spasm pointing imperiously to the nearest exit. Begone! Terry did not swear or raise his voice. But he did raise the question of Klem's eyesight, a point on which all umpires are extremely touchy. A few months ago an umpire, in the Southern Association, was examined for selective service and was found to have perfect vision. He begged the doctor for a certificate attesting to same, to be used in the future when he returned to his profession.

About fifteen years ago someone invented a gadget for letting the fans listen in on the diamond dialogue. This inquisitive party rigged up an apparatus which featured a metal bar in the ground a few feet behind home plate. When the umpire stepped on the bar with his steel spikes, con-

tact was made with the public address system through a wire which ran under his trouser leg and chest protector into a microphone in his mask. The big idea was that the umpire, wired for sound, could broadcast his decisions and announce the batteries and changes in the lineups.

Ziggy Sears, now of the National League, gave the invention the first and last public trial. This transpired in the Texas League one fine afternoon in 1929 and Sears was working a nice, orderly ball game, telling the customers everything they should know and nothing they shouldn't. Presently, however, he called a strike which evoked the supreme disgust of the batter, who expressed himself, acidly and articulately, into the microphone in the mask. Sears answered in kind and one word led to another. None of the words were unknown, but many were not customarily heard in polite company. Sears neglected to remove his foot from the metal bar and every comment went out over the amplifiers clear as a bell and twice as raucous. Modern science has gone far in ripping the veil of mystery from interesting phenomena. Too far, sometimes.

On the whole, ball players are pretty tolerant, and even understanding, of umpires. They still chuckle over yarns about Old John King, a fabulous character in the minor leagues for years and a renegade if ever there was one. Old John was noted for his tempestuous fits of temper and his intense, almost pathological, hatred for left-handed pitchers whom he couldn't hit in a telephone booth with a carpet beater.

They do say Old John was walking down the street one day, feeling very mellow indeed after collecting a couple of base-hits, when he noticed a blind beggar on the avenue. He dropped a dime in the unfortunate man's cup. As he was about to turn away, Old John saw the fellow reach for the money with his left hand. Old John slapped the beggar's hand, grabbed his dime and stalked off denouncing the infinite treachery of all men.

Well, sir, Old John turned to umpiring in the Texas League after he quit playing in 1928 and, as it happens to the best, called a sour third strike one day.

"The ball was a mile high and wide," the batter yelled.

"That's what I thought for eighteen years," Old John beamed, "but they're all strikes now."

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 8)

sense just doesn't add up. To begin with, it ignores several obvious factors which can't be dismissed, and the first is that good fishing isn't usually found in the vicinity of big cities, large towns or other heavily settled regions where food and

meat shortages are bound to be felt.

The backwoods or country resident is the fellow who can fill his creel, as usual, but he doesn't happen to be the guy who will be pinched by the current hamburger shortage. He has his chickens and eggs to eat, pigs and

shoots in his pens, one or more cows to juice twice daily and all the space he can handle for garden truck.

The fellow who needs that extra fish ration to make out is the city guy, the factory worker, the man who has to travel from 100 to 200

miles before he has any assurance of hooking so much as a bullhead. And how, my little innocents, will he manage that miracle in the face of gas rationing, thinning tires and a 48-hour week plus overtime jobs in a defense plant?

And if farmers are so short-handed that regular crops are going unharvested or unplanted, is it reasonable to suppose they'd undertake fish propagation, about which they know nothing and which promises neither food nor profit within three years?

The widely publicized catch-more-fish drive obviously collapses of its own absurdity, and is somehow reminiscent of that historic "What, no bread? Well, let 'em eat cake" gag.

Until last Fall every right-thinking sportsman in the land was doing his utmost to augment the Nation's game supply. So were federal, state and private agencies. No one was concerned about a super-abundance of game; matter of fact, the general squawk was that we didn't have nearly enough to go around.

Lately, however—if we are to believe recent literary goose grease—the Nation suddenly finds itself up to its hips in elk, deer, ducks and pheasants—destructive fauna which must be "harvested" before it overruns the land, destroys crops and tosses a monkey-wrench into the gears of war production.

So far, we are happy to report, there has been no news of stampeding buffalo herds through the streets of Sioux City, Iowa, and Wisconsin has yet to announce a damaging invasion of passenger pigeons. But after reading some of the inspired baloney which has appeared in the press and magazines lately, neither would come as any great surprise.

First it develops we have too many elk in the Rocky Mountain region, and we don't mean the variety that yodels "Sweet Adeline" under the spreading antlers on Saturday nights, either. Information is that elk steaks are being served in Montana restaurants, and that more of the Yellowstone Park herd is scheduled for liquidation. A Wyoming paper even reports a Colorado game official had urged that "surplus" elk meat be tossed into the lend-lease hopper, presumably for the benefit of those charming Algerians.

It shouldn't take a superior sense of smell to identify the aroma which surrounds the current elk killing drive. The publicity has been wrapped up in a pretty package and patriotically bound with red, white and blue ribbon, but the attractive cover isn't quite airtight. You can still smell that fragrant baloney bouquet.

ACTUALLY, western elk herds no more need "thinning out" by wholesale shooting than your Aunt Minnie needs a safe-blower's kit. And as for the food value, it's doubtful if the whole Yellowstone Park herd would supply even a light snack



Lifeline to Alaska

1600 miles across rivers and through forests . . . over mountains and muskeg . . . in 9 months U. S. Engineers create the Alcan Highway . . . and Evinrudes were on the job!

"Impossible . . . fantastic . . . monstrous," said the critics. Towering mountain ranges, vast wilderness, great rivers, every obstacle known to road builders blocked the way. A fraction of the project could easily take years to complete.

In March the Corps of Engineers swung into action. Miracles were demanded — and accomplished. The world knows only the results. In December the Alcan Highway was through! The lifeline for Alaska's defense and America's safety stretched securely from Dawson to Fairbanks, and trains of freighter trucks were rolling the length of it!

Alcan is a military highway now . . . but some peaceful summer to come you may decide to try your fishing luck in sporty lakes and rivers up near the Arctic Circle! Swiftly covering these spectacular miles you'll gain fresh appreciation of the greatest road building accomplishment in history!

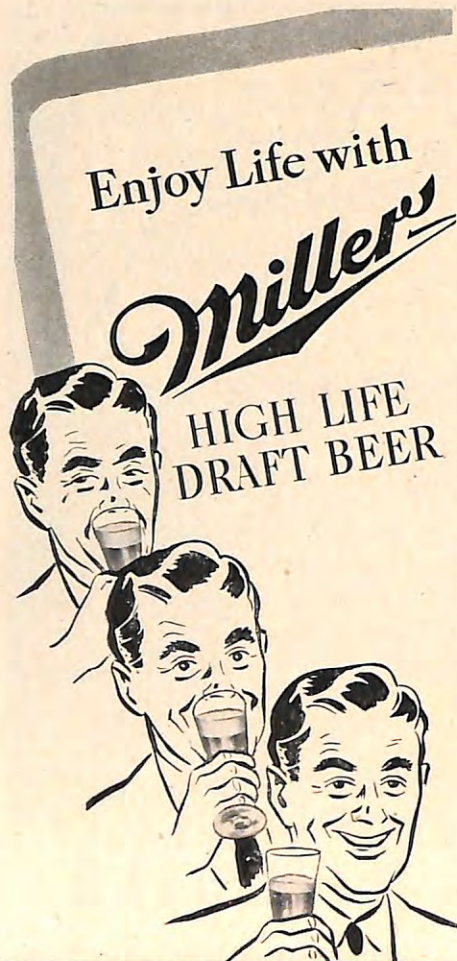
We're proud that Evinrudes served on *that* job . . . and equally proud of the Evinrudes that are performing many another task for the army, navy and marines. Until Victory, Evinrudes are being built only for the armed services . . . then there will be brilliant new Evinrudes for peacetime pleasures again!

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MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

to the curiously eccentric residents of Booklyn, N. Y.

The motive behind the elk-killing drive, once the phony wrapping is peeled, is greed. Stockmen want to graze more cattle and sheep in our national parks, and would prefer a greatly reduced elk and deer population in those coveted areas.

For a decade or more sportsmen have been laboring to restore our sadly depleted wildfowl flight, which hit an all-time low in 1937 when an estimated 40,000,000 quackers were tabbed. Last Fall, observers estimated our duck population had increased to 97,000,000, and for the first time in years it became evident that a decade of effort was beginning to bear fruit. Old-time gunners slapped each other on the back and Ducks Unlimited, an association of sportsmen which had contributed so much to this healthy gain, took a number of well deserved bows.

Now, believe it or not, a national sports magazine is sponsoring a campaign which would have the effect of diverting critical war metals to the manufacture of shotgun shells, so that next Fall's as yet non-existent "surplus duck crop" can be "harvested"! And never mind those guys overseas who might get killed because desperately needed copper and lead went into 12-gauge duck loads instead of rifle and machine gun ammunition.

But that isn't the only ironic angle to the shoot-more-ducks-for-victory ballyhoo. There are others:

In the first place, there actually is no shotgun ammunition shortage in this country, an easily verified fact which the magazine blandly chooses to ignore. Individual sportsmen, duck clubs and professional duck guides, seeing the handwriting on the wall, bought up and squirreled away one of the greatest hoards of shotgun ammunition in the history of American wildfowling last year. Stores were denuded—everything that could be fired in a shotgun was purchased and stowed away in hall closets and basements. Competent observers have estimated that enough ammunition is on hand to last two or three seasons, and even longer if the transportation situation gets worse.

What's more, only a small fraction of that great supply of shells was

fired last Fall and winter, and unless your correspondent is completely nuts, even less will be shot away in '43 and '44. With an estimated 10,000,000 men in uniform next Fall and three or four times that many people working around the clock to keep them eating, supplied and fighting, who will find time to do any serious duck shooting?

This "harvest-the-duck-crop" ballyhoo is of course more wacky than dangerous. Among other things it attempts to sell the idea that ducks can be shot at a cost of eight cents a pound—information calculated to surprise veteran wildfowlers who figured they were doing all right if the cost per duck didn't exceed five dollars.

It also expounds the unique theory that surpluses must be shot off to keep even game levels. Bend an ear:

"We all know," states an editorial, "that the principle of wildlife maintenance is a very simple thing. Briefly, it is the raising of a crop of game birds or animals in proportion to the available food supply, and the annual harvesting of that crop."

Well, brothers, game level maintenance isn't quite that simple! That theory is slightly cockeyed for the quite obvious reason that game plentitude fluctuates from year to year, and cannot be controlled—not even on a game farm. Things can happen, and often do.

How, for instance, would you go about controlling a serious drought in Canada's duck nesting areas this summer? And how do you know when you've shot off the "surplus crop" or interest, and are dipping into principal, or seed stock?

Permit this writer to quote a few brief lines from a recent edition of Ducks Unlimited Quarterly, published by an association which has all its buttons:

"Should lack of funds for ordinary wildlife conservation activities be coupled with a bad duck breeding season this summer, waterfowl accomplishments since 1937 might easily be wiped out in a single season!" In short, a bad breeding season could reduce our estimated 97,000,000 ducks to 40,000,000 before one shot is fired. A "surplus duck crop" this year is no more certain than the outcome of a hoss race.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

ders in the Rue Morgue", by crackey. You'll find in it such bits as "Little Boy Blue" of Eugene Field and "The Old Man and Jim" of James Whitcomb Riley. And there are some things that Woolcott cherished—such as a famous wedding notice from a South Carolina newspaper, in which, by using fictitious names, the reporter could say that "the bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed by every boy in

town since she was 12 years' old". There is to be found here the inscription on the Statue of Liberty, written by Emma Lazarus. It reads: Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses, yearning to be free.

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.

I lift the lamp beside the golden door.

Here, too, is the inscription on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God."

Alexander Woollcott thought all these matters would be interesting to an American fighting for the ideals of his own land. Woollcott may have given the impression that he was cynical, but cynicism never affected his patriotism. There is a little editorial in this book by Woollcott, called "For Us, the Living". In it he discusses the Gettysburg address and its meaning to us. For to Woollcott democracy was very real, and the determination that it shall not perish from the earth he shared with all his heart. (Viking Press, \$2.50)

VINCENT SHEEAN is a top-notch journalist. He is not merely a reporter; he is a writer. A man who can take facts and weave them together into something lovely and exciting. "Between the Thunder and the Sun" is his latest book and a splendid one. It is probably his best since "Personal History", though it can never equal that. It is a running account of some of the memorable events of our own times, interpreted by a man with an alert mind and access to the great.

Vincent Sheean is able to describe Winston Churchill from close range, for he has met him often. He is able to explain why a woman helped bring about the downfall of France. In the house of Maxine Elliott, who was related to his wife, he has helped entertain the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. He has met the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, in their Chungking headquarters.

These and others he characterizes as no other writer reveals them, but he also describes the meaning of the events that pass so quickly before us. He compares the attitude of the French, who deserted Paris for the thousands when the Nazis advanced, to that of the Londoners, who stayed right through the blitz, swept up their rubble, and carried on. He gives us an idea of what British stamina means. His analysis of the effect of the Nazi-Soviet pact and American isolation has the benefit of his studies both here and abroad. Sheean believes that it made the war possible. He is strongly critical of the forces that kept the United States out of the war so long, but that is past for many who are now sending their husbands and sons to the front.

To his own satisfaction Sheean proves that America is the land of the airplane; that our people can produce the best planes and our sons love to fly them; that we are not a land for ships nor for colonial possessions. A career of conquest is not ours. He was so certain of the greatness of the airplane in American defense that he enlisted and is now a major in the Army Air Corps. (Random House, \$3)

Wise Rhymes for These Times



2. His busy mate works long and late
With women's groups galore!
Enlists the skill that helps to fill
The jobs to win the War.

1. William Bear has got a flair
For helping OCD,
And as director of a sector
He knows a thing or three!

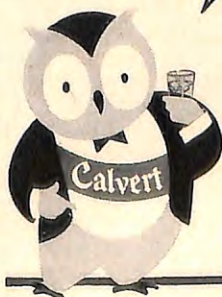


3. Because they match like key and latch,
They're perfect, happy mates.
And that's the clue to CALVERT too—
A blend of noble traits.



4. For you will find rare traits combined
In CALVERT Whiskey too—
The milder, lighter, smoother, righter
"Happy Blend" for you!

BE WISE!



Clear Heads Choose

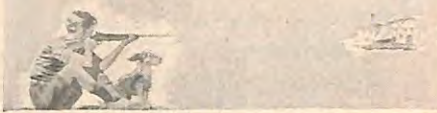
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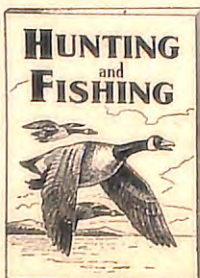
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Boston, Massachusetts

CAPT. EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER'S ordeal in the South Pacific has had pretty wide circulation, but in book form it emphasizes anew the endurance of the human body and the place that spiritual sustenance plays in keeping men alive under terrible conditions. Eight men were thrown into the Pacific when the Flying Fortress on which they rode overshot its destination, ran out of gas and had to land in the waves, and by means of the life rafts eight men kept afloat. But they had neither supplies nor protection from the broiling sun and the drenching rain, and one of them died before they were rescued. For twenty-one days they drifted about, hungry, fatigued, aching from wounds, and in the final days they were tormented even more by seeing the airplanes that were searching for them fly by without a sign.

There are two books on this expedition, almost of the same size: "Seven Came Through", by Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker (Doubleday, Doran, \$1.50) and "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing", by Lieut. James C. Whittaker, the second in command (E. P. Dutton, \$1.50). The Rickenbacker book is factual, technical and straight reporting; the Whittaker book is more impressionistic, quotes the dialogue of the men and makes much more of their spiritual experience. Reading of both books will definitely put this episode on record and make it memorable.

Most readers have learned, through the newspapers, the story of how the men ate a raw bird and a few raw fish and of how Rickenbacker caught the bird with his hand when it settled on his head. Rickenbacker calls it a sea gull; Whittaker says it was a sea swallow, about half the size of a sea gull. The men made every effort to get fresh water, soaking it up in handkerchiefs and shirts when it rained. The man who died drank sea water at different times and suffered terribly from thirst. But of considerable interest is Rickenbacker's confession that he bullied and scolded those who were wilting, finally getting them so mad that they were determined to outlive him. The Scriptural readings were an inspiration. Johnny Bartek had a Bible and at first, when he read it to himself, several of the men taunted him. Later they were happy to hear the readings. Rickenbacker relates that although he is not a church member he has always believed in the Golden Rule and "been conscious of God". When the "backsliders" whose prayers were not immediately answered condemned the Lord for his failure to rescue the men, Rickenbacker explained his philosophy. He says, "It was based on the simple observation that the longer I have had to suffer under trying circumstances, the more certain I was to appreciate my deliverance. That is part of the wisdom that comes to older men."

In addition to the story of the or-

deal in the Pacific, Rickenbacker reports on his inspection of air fields on Samoa, Australia, New Guinea and the Solomons. The conditions under which our soldiers live and fight are to him terrible, but their spirit is wonderful. It was the sight of men in these "hell-holes of heat, dust and vermin" that made him condemn those who loitered in the factories. He says that "if we were to bring the troops back from the hell-holes of the world and place them in the factories, and if we were to take the factory workers and place them in the fox holes, in the filth, vermin, diarrhea, malaria and Japanese, I will guarantee that production will be increased and in many instances doubled in thirty days". These words made Rickenbacker enemies but he says merely, "to whom the shoe fits, I say wear it".

If you enjoyed "Low Man on a Totem Pole", in which H. Allen Smith told interesting stories about his adventures with celebrities, you will want his latest refresher, "Life in a Putty Knife Factory". Smith is developing his own amiable manner of yarning about this, that and everything, and it is a relief. Instead of being impertinent or cocky, Smith is a sort of mild philosopher who looks in on people, chats with them, records something amusing and moves on. "Life in a Putty Knife Factory" is not about an essential industry, unless keeping the reading public in good humor can be called essential.

A large slice of the book is informal autobiography. In it Smith describes his father, Pop, another friendly philosopher, and digs up anecdotes about him. Then Smith recalls his newspaper days and describes some hilarious bouts with alcohol and ideologies. Then he admits that he tried to write a daily column for about six months, and it nearly finished him. "Writing a column is no job for a lazy man," says he. It may interest readers of his first book to learn that he didn't want to write it, and didn't care for the title, which Fred Allen suggested, but the book became popular and the title probably did much to lift it out of the mass of books. At any rate, H. Allen Smith is back and just as amusing as ever. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$2)

THE second annual yearbook of Facts on File, a weekly digest of world events, suggests a wide use for executives, editors, business analysts and all who need information in easily accessible form. The 1942 book is a compilation of the weekly issues, which give the essential news about the war, national affairs, finance, education and religion and general news. Hendrik van Loon, writing an introduction to the 1942 yearbook says it is like a card catalogue to everything that has happened in the previous twelve months. Facts on File is published in New York City at 41 East 42nd St., by an

organization of which Bernard Person is president and R. L. Lapica secretary-treasurer. The advisory board includes such well-known students of affairs as Prof. A. J. Barnouw, Harry D. Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, H. V. Kaltenborn, Prof. E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton, Hendrik van Loon and Dr. C. C. Williamson, director of libraries of Columbia University.

SAAC DON LEVINE'S "Mitchell: Pioneer of Air Power", is no doubt the final authoritative work on Brig. Gen. "Billy" Mitchell, who fought so hard for the air development that has since taken place in the American services. Although Emile Gauvreau, author of an earlier biography, knew Mitchell and was present at several of his bombing tests, Levine had access to Mitchell's files and his book is better organized. The general outlines of Mitchell's career are known, and we also know today that many of his contentions were right. But that he was an irate and noisy campaigner is also revealed in this book, which shows that Mitchell made no bones about displaying his contempt for those who sat in high office and made vital decisions on insufficient information. Of considerable interest just now are the judgments Mitchell formed on his trip to Hawaii, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and Japan. He recognized the beginnings of a great air power in Japan and saw the Japanese as formidable opponents; he also pointed to difficulties in defending the Philippines and in fighting on the Pacific. Much of what he foresaw in the 1920's has now come to pass. Although Mitchell was right in declaring that bombs from planes

could sink battleships it is unlikely that any nation could have made radical changes in its navy without the experience of war to guide it. The most telling point Mitchell made was that an airplane carrier is a floating coffin; the experience of our war has proved their vulnerability and increased the production of long-range planes that can use land bases. Levine cites a passage from the 1942 report of the Office of War Information on military and naval aircraft, which he suggests as suitable for Mitchell's monument. It reads, "The country paid in blood and defeat for the determined blindness of its peaceful years." (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.50)

JOHN DOS PASSOS turns to a new field in his latest novel, "Number One"—describing for his principal character a rabble-rousing southern politician who promises wealth for everyone and then does a little corrupt dealing on the side. Homer T. Crawford, known everywhere as "Chuck" Crawford, is his demagogue, a fellow whose antics resemble those of Huey Long. The story is told from the point of view of Crawford's publicity man, Tyler Spotswood, who worships Crawford, provides excuses for him to his wife and in general helps build him up, but eventually Crawford makes Spotswood the scapegoat when certain corrupt deals are exposed. Thus the book has two strong male characters, and that of Spotswood is by far the best, for at times Crawford seems a caricature of all the demagogues who have promised the moon to the poor and then lined their own pockets. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50)



In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 11)

might think that because those foods were moist and looked meaty they contained more meat than the dried foods, but this is not so. The dried dog foods—the better-known kinds—contain every bit as much meat, are just as nutritious and digestible as any that ever came in a can. As a matter of fact the drying-out process, whether dehydrating or baking, actually sterilizes the food. This is a definite help in guarding against bacterial infection that marks certain doggy sicknesses.

There are four types of dried food: First (and I'm not naming them in the order of their importance, because they all have equal rank) there's the meal type, a crumbly bran-like meal. When feeding this you only have to add sufficient water, milk or broth. This is one of the best types for you to use to get a

puppy started on grown-up rations. Next is the crushed variety. I may add that this and the meal type have for years been used with success for thousands of dogs. They, too, are excellent for puppy or grown dog. Again we have about the same meat content (recipes vary with manufacturers) and this kind of food is particularly good in helping polish puppy teeth (when fed dry) and to help harden the gums. Dog biscuits are another type. These you'll find in a variety of shapes and made by many old-line firms. In the smaller sizes or broken up—which you can easily do—they are fine for the junior dog. They're about the best tooth brushes you can get for him or her when fed dry. But the pooch will relish them the more should you add a bit of milk, water or broth. Last but not at all least is doggy's new-old friend,

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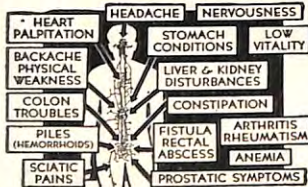
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the dehydrated food. To this type you'll have to add some moisture but this can be water or any of the other liquids mentioned above. The dehydrated foods are simply our old friends, the canned foods, with the moisture taken out.

Here is the only difference between the varied types: in the meal, bran-like sort the moisture is extracted before the ingredients are mixed. This is largely the moisture in the meat. For the crushed type and biscuits the foods are mixed, moistened to form a doughy mash and then baked in various shapes. The dehydrated foods have the moisture removed after the ingredients are combined. All of the better brands, as I've said, have ample meat content to satisfy your dog's palate and keep him or her well-nourished. None is lacking in the vitamins necessary to dog health as prescribed by Dr. H. H. Mitchell, University of Illinois, who, writing in the *North American Veterinarian*, specifies these as:

- A — 300 micrograms
- B1—324 micrograms
- B2—1,200 micrograms
- D — 81 Internal Units

Many of the present-day dog foods also contain vitamins E and F in varying quantities. The former promotes reproductive ability, the latter helps prevent eczema due to faulty nutrition. Nutritional experts are in agreement that vitamins cannot be over-fed to man or dog to the point where they become harmful. You may be interested in the purposes they serve. At present, all of the functions of vitamins are not known but here are some of the principal benefits they bestow:

VITAMIN A is necessary to eyesight. Note this, you of my readers who have difficulty, such as I have, in seeing well during a dim-out. Vitamin B1 stimulates the appetite and helps protect against infections of a bacterial nature. B2 containing nicotinic acid is a chief safeguard against that doggy sickness, black tongue, which is more prevalent in our southern states than elsewhere in this country. Fortunately, it is seldom contagious. Vitamin D wards off rickets which often afflicts dogs (and people) deficient in bone-building calcium. The chief minerals needed by your dog are pretty much those required by their masters—calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper and iodine. You'll find all of these in the better dog foods. Until it was found that iodine deficiency was a common cause of goitre (mostly in countries of central Europe), that disease flourished among human beings and dogs alike. The discovery of the beneficent influence of that mineral on human beings has been a boon to mankind. In this country goitre has not been the big problem that it was in Europe, thus our people and our dogs were not commonly afflicted. The chief effect the other minerals have on us and on our dogs is, as mentioned, that calcium builds

bone. Iron is a necessity to the blood in helping prevent anemia. Phosphorus promotes growth.

On a diet such as follows, you wouldn't think a dog would starve, would you? You'd be right. Here for example is a list of the foods that go into one of the popular brands of dog chow: Corn grains, soy beans, bone meal, liver meal, wheat flour, milk, beet pulp, alfalfa meal, wheat germ, liver oil, irradiated yeast. And these are only a few. I haven't named all of them but if a dog can't thrive on such foods, then there's something wrong with the purp. He'll need a vet more than he'll need a chef. Now, that which I've listed is only a part of the makings of one food. Every one of the better-known brands are equally good. The only difference is in the way the individual manufacturers blend their foods. For liver meal, some may substitute dried, ground meat. Equally wholesome substitutions are made for some of the other products listed.

LET'S high-light another formula (and I only cite this to emphasize my point that the reputable, modern, dry dog foods are plenty nourishing for Fido. In fact, there's more real food value in them than many people get, if we can believe our nutritional experts who claim that a majority of Americans are under-nourished, due to a badly balanced diet.) Here are just a few of the ingredients in the recipe: whole wheat flour, soy bean oil meal, bone meal, dehydrated meat, calcium phosphate, yeast, molasses, dried milk, etc.

It is interesting as well as important for you to know that formulas compiled by dog food manufacturers are not the result of hit-or-miss theory. In back of the more widely known firms are elaborate laboratories where constant scientific research is maintained. Supplementing these are experimental kennels operated by these makers of brand-name foddors for Fido. The experiments conducted on the dogs are toward constant improvement of the foods, hence *your* dog does not become a subject for experiment.

No, the substitution of the dried foods for the canned variety isn't going to make any difference in taste or nutritional value to the dog. I'll admit that none of my pups has confided to me just how the dry rations we give them taste, but the way they clean their platters is convincing enough. And not one of them shows the slightest signs of not thriving.

But, as I remarked earlier, there is a decided pocket-book difference. When in the past I so often used the moist canned foods, it never occurred to me that I was paying plenty for just water. My dog food bill today is less than it used to be even though there are a few more mouths to feed. Another thing I never thought of was the fact that I was also paying for the tin-can container, a more expensive package

than the cellophane or cardboard or other paper bag or box in which the dry foods come to us today.

NOW for a few tips on feeding. I've mentioned these before in this Department but you may be a new reader. No, I'm not going to give you feeding formulas. You don't need them with the modern dog foods available.

Begin to feed a pup these foods when it is about five weeks old. Feed the meal-like type moistened with broth or milk—or water. Vary this, however, by daily giving the youngster at least one meal of broken puppy biscuit or the crushed variety I previously referred to.

Give the dog four to five meals a day. When it is eight weeks old cut this to three meals. At six months further reduce this to two helpings. When a year old, feed only one big meal or divide this into two parts to be fed morning and evening. For the larger size dog (these mature more slowly than the pint-size purps) con-

tinue the two generous meals until it is about a year and a half old. How much to give depends entirely upon the size of the dog. You'll have to watch your dog; if it appears constantly hungry, then step up the quantities; if it leaves food in its dish, then cut down on them. You'll find that the majority of the manufacturers of dog foods today usually include feeding advice with their products—and it's a good idea to heed what they say. Feeding pups is their business.

THIS article hits only the high spots in relation to modern dog foods. I realize, of course, as does everyone who knows anything about dogs, that every dog is an individual with individual tastes and preferences for foods. If you have a problem relating to feeding, or would like to have me send you a list of recommended dog foods, just drop me a note in care of our Kennel Department and we will be very happy to help you with it.



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

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 32)

No. 1224. Among the Elks in the welcoming party was Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees. On Saturday morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife were breakfast guests of Dr. and Mrs. Barrett at their winter home, and later the two couples drove to Clearwater where the members of Clearwater Lodge No. 1525 gave a luncheon in Mr. Sullivan's honor.

Accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Barrett and Mr. Lanier, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Tampa, Fla., where on Saturday, March 6, he paid his official visit to Tampa Lodge No. 708. At six p.m., he delivered a fifteen-minute patriotic address over Station WDAE, after which he attended the banquet given by the lodge in his honor at the Hillsborough Hotel. Mr. Sullivan spoke again at the meeting held in the lodge room. A buffet supper was served later during which Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan mingled informally with the members. At eleven o'clock, the Grand Exalted Ruler went down to the ground floor where the Tampa Elks Fraternal

Center is located. About 400 servicemen were present at the time. Participating in the festivities were members of Mr. Sullivan's party including Mrs. Sullivan and Mr. Lanier, E.R. P. J. Harvey, of Tampa Lodge, and Mrs. Harvey, Est. Lead. Knight J. Frank Umstot and Mrs. Umstot. Music was furnished for dancing.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's next official visit was made at Columbia, S. C., where he was met, on March 8, by D.D. W. H. Harth and a committee of members of Columbia Lodge No. 1190. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were entertained at dinner that evening by the Elks and their ladies, and also inspected the Elks Fraternal Center maintained by the lodge. The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Governor Olin D. Johnston, a member of Columbia Lodge, at the State Capitol where he was introduced to the assembled State Senate and the House of Representatives. Mr. Sullivan spoke briefly of the war work of the Order of Elks.

On their return trip to Boston, Mr. and



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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

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

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

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Mrs. Sullivan stopped over at Washington, D. C., on March 10. The Grand Exalted Ruler conferred with a number of officials in connection with the Order's war activities and also visited Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, at his residence at the Shoreham Hotel.

MR. SULLIVAN resumed his travels on March 15 when he boarded a train for Newark, O., to take part in the 45th anniversary celebration held by Newark Lodge No. 391. He was met by a delegation of Elks, headed by E.R. William F. Winters. At the regular meeting on Thursday evening, the “Fight for Freedom” Class of 29 candidates, including seven from Lancaster, O., was initiated. At the request of the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Sullivan took part in the induction ceremony. The occasion also marked the liquidation of indebtedness on the lodge property and the formal dissolution of the Elks Home Company. Remarks were made by Walter G. Penry, of Delaware Lodge, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., Charles J. Schmidt, of Tiffin Lodge, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, D.D. Roy C. Shirley, of Athens Lodge, and Mayor Arthur D. Lockwood. Past and present Exalted Rulers, District Deputies and officers of the Ohio State Elks Association also were introduced. After the speaking program, a gift of Heisey's Table Glassware of 200 pieces was presented to Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan by Newark Lodge, with the presentation address being delivered by E. Gene Fournace, Exalted Ruler-elect. It was announced that the lodge had contributed \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation, \$600 to the Elks War Commission, \$100 to the Red Cross and \$10 to assist in conducting a school for prospective citizens. The meeting on March 16 was followed on March 18 by a banquet and dance for members and their ladies.

On March 17, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan motored to Toledo, O. En route, he visited Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76, being met by State President Walter Penry and a special committee. Late in the afternoon, he reached Toledo where he was greeted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, Mayor Lloyd Roulet and other members of Toledo Lodge No. 53. A dinner was given in his honor that evening, followed by a lodge meeting at which a large class of candidates was initiated.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler and Dr. McCormick were driven to Detroit, Mich., the next day by P.E.R. Irvine J. Unger, of Detroit Lodge No. 34, Past Pres. of the Mich., State Elks Assn. During the afternoon and evening, the two distinguished Elks were guests of the lodge which initiated a large class at the meeting. A dinner in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler preceded the meeting.

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, next entertained Mr. Sullivan who arrived on March 19 and was welcomed by a committee of members. Following a meeting on the 20th, at which a large class of candidates was initiated by the ritualistic team of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, headed by E.R. George Thorn-

ton, a dinner was given by No. 4 at the Palmer House in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, and Mrs. Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, and Mrs. Warner, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., and Mrs. Kyle, Mayor Edward J. Kelly, Chicago, D.D. O. E. Andres, Evanston, Ill., and Exalted Ruler Thornton. The members of the Dinner Committee were Harry S. Ditchburne, E.R. of Chicago Lodge, P.E.R.'s Edward J. McArdle, Jr., Archie Cohen and Joseph Burke, and Frank J. Jacobson, Trustee.

Stanley G. Wirtz, Exalted Ruler of Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, and P.E.R.'s Herbert J. Miller, J. Earl Gray, Secy., and Jack Bosch, welcomed Mr. Sullivan to Hamilton on Sunday, March 21. At a special afternoon meeting, the lodge initiated a class of 140 members. The ceremonies were followed by a dinner given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. During the dinner, two mortgages were burned, one on the lodge home, the other on the Elks' Country Club. Mr. Sullivan remained overnight and the next day visited the Country Club and also enjoyed a sightseeing trip.

HAVING returned to the East Coast, Mr. Sullivan motored from Boston to Pawtucket, R. I., accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and John F. Burke, of Boston, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Pawtucket Lodge No. 920 gave a dinner in his honor on the evening of March 23 attended by a large representation of the membership and many distinguished guests. Among the diners were Edward H. Powell, Past Pres. of the R. I. State Elks Assn., D.D. Ambrose H. Lynch, Governor J. Howard McGrath, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Judge John P. Hartigan, all of Providence Lodge No. 14, Thomas P. McCoy, Mayor of Pawtucket, Supreme Court Judge Francis Condon, Pawtucket, and David Daley, a member of Pawtucket Lodge, President of the Blackstone Valley Power Company.

AT Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, on March 25, Mr. Sullivan acted as Exalted Ruler in the initiation of a large class of candidates, with 400 members and visiting Elks in attendance. Distinguished Massachusetts Elks assisted the Grand Exalted Ruler as follows: Est. Lead. Knight, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Est. Loyal Knight, William J. Moore of Milford Lodge, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; Est. Lect. Knight, P.D.D. J. Henry Goguen, Leominster; Secy., 1st State Vice-Pres. James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg; Chaplain, Past State Pres. John F. Burke, Boston; Inner Guard, Past State Pres. Patrick J. Garvey, Holyoke; Organist, Past State Pres. William F. Hogan, Everett; Esquire, P.D.D. Harold J. Field, Brookline. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a fine edition of Webster's Dictionary. The banquet, given by Springfield Lodge in Mr. Sullivan's honor, was attended by 250 members of No. 61 and other lodges in different parts of the State.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

000 and took an active part in the scrap metal drive. Members, donating trucks as well as labor, collected more than 50,000 pounds of metal. Contributions have been made to the Elks War Commission and to the USO, the Red Cross and other organizations. Members of No. 1650 have not been satisfied to stop with financial support, but in many cases have followed through with active participation in the work of various groups.

Nampa, Ida., Lodge Sends Gifts To Members in the Armed Forces

About fifteen per cent of the membership of Nampa, Ida., Lodge, No. 1389, are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces. At an Old Timers Forty-Nine Dance, given by the lodge in late February, money was donated by the members for "G" Boxes. A billfold was sent to every Nampa Elk in the Services in addition to his "G" Box.

Treasurer Edward Miller, of Ridgefield Park Lodge, Dies

Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, reports the passing of its treasurer, Past Exalted Ruler Edward Miller, who died on February 9 at his home in Teaneck, N. J. A delegation of officers and members attended services at the family residence.

Initiated in 1925, Mr. Miller at once took an active interest in lodge affairs. He served in the Chairs and was elected Exalted Ruler in 1936. He was an honorary life member of the lodge.

Meriden Lodge Initiates the Largest Class In Its History

The Diamond Jubilee Class initiated by Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35, on Sunday, March 7, was the largest in the lodge's history. At the invitation of E.R. William M. Scully, P.D.D. Charles Carroll and P.E.R. John N. Russell, whose sons were among the 52 candidates initiated, alternated in the Exalted Ruler's Chair. Francis Danaher, Mayor of Meriden, was also a member of the Class.

P.E.R. James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and State Labor Commissioner Cornelius Danaher were the speakers. The meeting was attended by 300 members.

Plattsburg, N. Y., Elks Stage An Elaborate Jubilee Program

With everything in readiness for the celebration of the Order's 75th birthday, Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, opened the program with a reception for guests at two p.m. on Sunday, February 21. An hour later a Victory Meeting was held during which a large Diamond Jubilee Class was initiated. P.E.R. Harold A. Jerry was Toastmaster at the six o'clock banquet, and Justice O. Byron Brewster of the Supreme Court was the principal speaker.

W. S. Gould, Veteran Secretary Of Scranton Lodge, Is Reelected

W. S. Gould, of Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123, holds an enviable record for service as an Elk. Mr. Gould was elected secretary of the lodge recently for the 50th consecutive year. He is also serving his 26th term as Secretary of the

Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Mr. Gould was initiated into Scranton Lodge on April 20, 1893, elected secretary the following year and made an honorary life member of the lodge on January 12, 1911. He served as District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Northeast, in 1922-23 under Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, present Grand Secretary. He has attended all of the Grand Lodge sessions since 1917.

Lin Wheeler, Gilroy, Calif., Elk, Gives His Lodge a \$40,000 Home

Gilroy, Calif., Lodge, No. 1567, has received as a gift from one of its members, Lin W. Wheeler, the building in which it holds its meetings. The lodge occupies the second floor. The formal act of turning over the deed took place recently at a "Wheeler Night" celebration held by the lodge in honor of its benefactor. Many prominent State and County officials, who are members of the Order, took part in the program.

Mr. Wheeler presented the newly organized Elks' Hall Association with the two-story building, free of debt and valued at \$40,000, last Christmas. The town, also, has benefited frequently through Mr. Wheeler's generosity.

Freehold, N. J., Lodge Initiates Victory Class on P.E.R.'s Night

The 75th anniversary of the founding of the Order and the 20th anniversary of the institution of Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454, were observed recently at the lodge home. A Victory Class of eleven candidates was initiated by the regular officers in honor of one of the lodge's most popular members, J. Robert Kehs, Jr., Vice-Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.

Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed that evening, and an honor roll of 35 members of No 1454 who are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces was dedicated. The affair was arranged by P.E.R. Eugene S. Taft.

The Order's 75th Birthday Is Celebrated by Stockton Lodge

Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218, celebrated the Order's Diamond Jubilee Anniversary with a chicken dinner, an initiation, entertainment and an old-time social program, under the chairmanship of P.E.R. Loys T. Newton. The regular meeting was preceded by the dinner which was attended by a large crowd, served by the lodge officers in chef's caps and aprons. Twelve candidates were initiated, with P.E.R. Philip C. Kramm acting as Exalted Ruler, assisted by a staff made up of Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge.

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge Initiates A Large Diamond Jubilee Class

The celebration of the Order's 75th birthday by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, was a gala event marked by the initiation of a Diamond Jubilee Class of 28 candidates. Twenty-six new members joined Juneau Lodge. One was initiated for Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, and one for Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174.

P.E.R. M. E. Monagle spoke on the subject of the early history of the Order, and special entertainment was furnished by Buddy Rice and his Ozark Moun-

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tain Boys. Refreshments were served after the lodge session. P.E.R. E. L. Hunter, Chairman of the Diamond Jubilee Committee, was assisted by Kenyon MacLean, James Orme and Art Burke.

William J. Leslie, Widely Known Elk, Dies at Phillipsburg, N. J.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395, mourns the loss of one of its most loyal and beloved members, P.E.R. William J. Leslie, familiarly known as "Doc". Mr. Leslie died at the age of 84. Funeral services, conducted at the lodge home on Monday, March 1, were attended by representatives of the N. J. State Elks Association and neighboring lodges. Many leading Elks of the State were present. Burial took place at Trenton, N. J. At Riverview Cemetery, where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, with whom Mr. Leslie enjoyed a long, personal friendship, and the officers of Trenton Lodge were awaiting the arrival of the casket, brief services were held. The Eulogy was delivered by Albert E. Dearden, Secretary of Trenton Lodge.

Mr. Leslie was a charter member of Phillipsburg Lodge, and had completed 45 years of membership. He held a remarkable record in having attended 43 consecutive Grand Lodge Conventions. Despite his advanced age, he was right on hand for the opening of the 1942 Convention at Omaha, Neb., last summer. As usual, he was royally received and during the first business session he was introduced to the Grand Lodge officers and delegates by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.

Mr. Leslie was born in Trenton on August 15, 1858. His first position was with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a telegrapher. In 1879, he was transferred to Phillipsburg where he met with success and lived during the rest of his lifetime. Few Elks have enjoyed a wider acquaintance with members of the Order than Mr. Leslie.

Fort Scott, Kans., Lodge Is Presented With a Fine Trophy

An elk's head, with a magnificent pair of antlers, hangs in the lobby of the home of Fort Scott, Kans., Lodge, No. 579, the gift of a prominent member, Dr. Claud Young. Formal presentation was made a few weeks ago and a dinner was given, attended by 60 members and guests.

Dr. Young made his kill last October on the opening day of the hunting season in Colorado when the animal, an 800-pound bull elk, fell before his gun. The doctor, with two companions, had gone into the coal basin area by pack horse and on foot. The return trip was an arduous proceeding as the men had to carry the elk on their backs twelve miles to the place where the horses had been left. The head was placed with a taxidermist in Colorado Springs and brought on to Fort Scott when the task of mounting was completed. Dr. Young was a guest of honor at the dinner held on the evening of the presentation.

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge Gives Space To U. S. Army for Officers Club

Hilo, T. H., Lodge, No. 759, on January 1, 1943, turned over to the U. S. Army authorities the entire upper floor of its lodge home for their use as an Officers Club which was badly needed on the Island. For the duration, the lodge will occupy quarters in the rear of the building on the ground floor as a club room,

but will hold its usual meetings in the lodge room on the upper floor. The Hilo Chapter of the American Red Cross has the use of half of the lower portion of the building, using it as a work room.

All visiting Elks, especially those in the Armed Forces, are warmly welcomed by Hilo Lodge, although club activities are curtailed due to lack of employees, a one hundred per cent blackout and a ten o'clock curfew for civilians.

The Home of Duncan, Okla., Lodge Is Open to Men in Uniform

Duncan, Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, has thrown open the doors of its modern, well-furnished building to men in uniform from the various posts including Post Field at Fort Sill, Okla. The recreational facilities are available to the increasing number of soldiers visiting Duncan over weekends in search of entertainment and relaxation. Business Manager M. C. Green announces that the Elks have plenty of room to take care of a great many more men. All are welcome to use the game rooms, showers, dressing rooms and spacious lounges.

Dances are held every Saturday night in the large ball room. Attractive young dancing partners are secured through the Duncan Hostess Club and refreshments are served free to the servicemen and their dates.

The Order's 75th Anniversary Is Observed by Oconto, Wis., Lodge

Oconto, Wis., Lodge, No. 887, celebrated the initiation of its Diamond Jubilee Class by holding Open House, followed by a banquet at 6:30 p.m. One hundred and thirty-four members, the 26 candidates and a number of visiting Elks enjoyed the festivities.

The lodge is to be congratulated upon the size of the Class, assembled in wartime and in a town comparatively small. It was said to be the largest initiated in the State since the beginning of the year.

The principal speakers at the meeting were E.R. A. F. Slaney, Oconto, Andrew W. Parnell, Appleton, Pres. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., Past Pres. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette, and D.D. Ray J. Fink, Menasha. An enjoyable social session brought the program to a close.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Replaces Former Home Destroyed by Fire

The beautiful home of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, was completely destroyed by fire some time ago, but a new home, with all the facilities needed for fraternal and social purposes, has been bought. Purchase of the three-story, brick residence at 366 Harvard

Street, Cambridge, formerly the home of a Harvard University fraternity, was voted at a meeting attended by practically the entire membership of the lodge.

The property is assessed at \$26,200, of which \$11,300 is on the building and \$14,900 on the land. The hall, which has a fine stage, is on the main floor, the reading room on the mezzanine. The banquet room, locker room and showers are in the basement. At the rear is a large sunporch.

Owego Lodge Initiates Edward Wolslegel, Corregidor Hero

At a regular meeting of Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1039, in February, the lodge welcomed into membership Chief Water Tender Edward Stanley Wolslegel of the U. S. Navy, one of 18 naval heroes who made a thrilling escape from Corregidor after its fall in the Spring of 1942. A month later, ending a 2,000-mile journey in an open launch, the men reached Australia safely, having undergone some harrowing experiences. Their trip was publicized in the Saturday Evening Post in a series of three articles written by their commander, John W. Morrill.

The initiatory ceremonies drew a large attendance. Officer Wolslegel addressed the meeting and regaled the members with interesting stories of the trip during the informal social session held later.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Initiates A Large Diamond Jubilee Class

Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, initiated its Diamond Jubilee Class in two divisions, one by a team of Past Exalted Rulers, the other by the officers of Greeley Lodge, ritualistic champions of the State. Including reinstatements, 75 names were added to the membership roll, one for every year of the Order's existence. The initiation of one soldier and one sailor increased the number of members serving in the Nation's Armed Forces to 152, out of a total membership of 1,037.

After the first initiatory meeting and before the second, the lodge staged its three-night Charity and War Service Carnival with great success. Nearly 4,000 tickets, of four admissions each, were sold.

Patrick Shields, Distinguished Elk, Dies at Clarksburg, W. Va.

The sad death of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Patrick H. Shields, P.E.R. of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, occurred on February 18. His passing is a great loss to the city as well as the lodge in which he has always been active.

Mr. Shields was No. 482's first secretary. He was Exalted Ruler for three consecutive terms and also served as trustee. He enjoyed the distinction of having witnessed every initiation held by his lodge. Elected Grand Tiler at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1909, he was reelected to that office at the next three national conventions, at Detroit, Mich., Atlantic City, N. J., and Portland, Ore. In 1913, at Rochester, N. Y., he was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight.

Mr. Shields served the city of Clarksburg as city clerk, mayor, school commissioner and a member of the Water Board and the Board of Education. He was a Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner, an Odd Fellow, a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and a charter member of the Kiwanis Club.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Wartime Convention Dates for 1943

Association	City	Date
Missouri	Columbia	May 1-2
Georgia	Savannah	May 8-9
Texas	Dallas	May 13-14-15
Oklahoma	Shawnee	May 15-16
Kansas	Newton	May 16
Illinois	Peoria	May 22-23
Kentucky	Louisville	End of May
Iowa	Burlington	June 5-6
South Dakota	Sioux Falls	June 6-7
Indiana	Terre Haute	June 12-13
Nebraska	Grand Island	June 12-13
Idaho	St. Maries	June 18-19
Mississippi	Jackson	June 20
Pennsylvania	Williamsport	Aug. 23-24
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 29-30-31 Sept. 1-2

Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain — richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's truly finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ .. brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



Just the KISS of the hops..



— all of the delicate hop flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

They've Got What it Takes!



It's all fighting talk with the "Walkie-Talkie"!

● "Company D to Battalion HQ—tanks maneuvering half a mile ahead!" That's a sample of what you'd hear if you listened in on this "Walkie-Talkie" signalman in action at his portable 2-way radio at the left. Listen in on him in one of his off-duty moments (*below*) and you'll get a pretty good idea why Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Marines...and in the Army, the Navy, and the Coast Guard, too.

First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

CAMELS HAVE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN TASTE AND EXTRA MILDNESS. GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY'RE FIRST IN THE SERVICE!

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

WHY do Camels win with men in the services? Every smoker has his own reasons—but this, perhaps, is most important:

Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos—tobaccos rich in flavor, for *lasting enjoyment*...extra mild, yet never flat or thin-tasting. That full Camel flavor *holds up*—pack after pack.

Try Camels yourself. Put them to the "T-Zone" test (*see far right*).

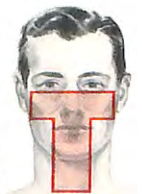


WAR WORKER VIRGINIA DONNELLY, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., makes special radio tubes for communication sets. And, like the men in the service, *her* favorite cigarette is Camel.



The "T-Zone"

...where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."



CAMEL

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

