



THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

JULY 1943
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Greens Committee, 1943

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OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Hello Americans!

GRATITUDE: This is July, the month of the Grand Lodge Session, when I must yield to my successor the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. With profound gratitude to all Brother Elks I commend him, whom you are about to elevate in my stead, to your most generous consideration. Zealous and enthusiastic service in this office gives one such intimate acquaintance with the affairs and men of our Order as can be gained in no other way; and to know you as I have been permitted to know you is to love you. From the Great Lakes to the Mexican Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I have met with you at the great crossroads of American travel and have rejoiced in the bounty of your hospitality.

How attentive you were whenever I spoke to you of the philosophy of Elkdom and of that fountain of spirituality and idealism that we cherish, the great traditional American Creed which makes for brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God and exalts human dignity and the American way of life. Mingling with you throughout the vast reaches of our Country I was permitted to see our Order and its members in greater perspective. I now know its real strength to be its appeal to idealism and its volunteer services to society and to Country.

Idealism makes an Elks home something more than a local club and keeps its membership at a high level of personal character. "Where men meet, profitably to waste time together, there must be among them a common element of lineament and character." Volunteer service to society and Country has given our Order a character of benevolence and patriotism. Lincoln built a railroad to unite the people of our Country; and the manifest destiny of the Order of Elks is to unite the hearts of that people. To the fulfillment of this destiny our Order constantly tends. Each succeeding year renews the need of its existence and its works justify its having adopted the American Flag as symbolic of the cardinal virtue, Charity.

CHARITY: It is this love of fellowman, of God and of Country that sustains us as a national body and the Lodges that constitute it. Kindness in an Elks home will firmly knit its members, and service to the community, win for it the esteem of all outside it.

NATIONAL FOUNDATION: This is the manifestation of one of the cardinal principles of our Order, Charity, and the agency by which the Order promotes and coordinates the multiple beneficences of its lodges and State Associations. My gratitude to you all for the sustained and increased support you have given during this year to this fount of Elk benevolence. My hope is that the administrations of my successors through the long years to follow shall, each in turn, be honored by you with an ever-increasing mead of contributions to this Fund.

WAR COMMISSION: As the National Foundation is the expression and instrument of our Charity, so is the

Elks War Commission the instant expression and instrument of our Fidelity. Fidelity implies faithfulness in the discharge of our duty to society. The immediate social demand upon our adherence to this principle requires us to support with enthusiasm and zeal our Country's war effort. As I relinquish the office of Grand Exalted Ruler I earnestly beseech you all to give to the Elks War Commission the same generous support you gave it this year and in the two preceding years of its existence. Could you fully realize the standing this Commission has gained for itself and for our Order with the War Department at Washington, you would better appreciate the monumental work it is building to the honor and credit of Elkdom. No other fraternity even rivals in this field of patriotic endeavor the achievements of the Elks War Commission.

STATUS OF THE ORDER: And now as I step down from the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, to be numbered again with the great rank and file of our beloved Order, I gratefully acknowledge the splendid achievements by which you have marked my term in this office: 40,000 increase in membership, the largest increase in any year since 1922; a marked increase in the amount and stability of the assets of our subordinate lodges, hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in war bonds and an unprecedented number of mortgages paid off and the early liquidation of many more assured; the greatest growth in the National Foundation Fund in any one year since the year of its institution; one-half million dollars subscribed to the Elks War Commission for the maintenance of some seventy-odd Elk Fraternal Centers for servicemen, and the carrying on of other war activities; the glowing record of lodge hospitality to our servicemen and the warm acceptance uniformly given by our lodges to Elk Courtesy Cards issued to our sons and brothers in the armed service. These are the evidences of the stability of our Order, its membership, its lodges and their finances. These are the evidences of your patriotism and your zealous response to the demands of your Country in this hour of its greatest crisis. For permitting me to share, as your Grand Exalted Ruler, in these, your splendid achievements during the past year, I once more gratefully acknowledge my profound debt to you all.

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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A is for Ancient . . . **A** is for Age . . .

AA is for the whiskey of the flavor years

Ah! Such whiskey as they savored back in those days of leisurely, ample living . . . whiskey that was made so carefully, so slowly . . . made back in peace-time* . . . whiskey that invokes the memory of another age in its distinguished and honorable bouquet and body! So, although it may at times be unavailable, you may always regard with fondness its "AA" symbol . . . the sign of . . .

Ancient **A**ge



Ask grandfather, he knows . . . about this cigar store Indian. Ask the cigar store Indian, he knows . . . about the quaint parade of high wheeled buggies, bustles, horse cars that crowded colorfully past him through the 1880's . . . that other grand and ancient age!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stag-Finch Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

*Note: all facilities of Ancient Age are devoted to the production of alcohol for War. All Ancient Age Whiskey now available was made in peace-time.

The ARMY TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN



"THIS OUGHT TO GET YOU THERE AND BACK. GOOD LUCK." THE COMMANDING OFFICER SAID. "I HOPE YOU FIND THE BOY IS OUT OF DANGER."

ONE day last winter an old man in a small New England town was called to the door by a telegraph messenger. Telegrams come seldom to little old men like that, and usually bode ill. There are eight million Service families in the United States who have special cause these days to dread the sight of a telegram, and this old man was one of the eight million.

He did not reach out for the yellow envelope the boy held out to him. He couldn't. The boy stared at him, and the old man found his voice.

"Has it—has it a star on it?" he asked.

The messenger understood. "No, of course not, sir," he said encouragingly. "This isn't—that is, there's

no one—gone." But for a time after the boy had left, the old man could not open the envelope. And when he did he sat for a long while staring into his own particular dark. For the message from the Commanding Officer of an Army hospital said that his son was critically ill in an Army camp out West, and it added that the boy was asking for his father; would he come?

Would he come? The heart, and the thought, and the love can travel over thousands of miles of frozen land to search for a loved one. But how can the body go from Maine to the Middle West on six dollars and fifty cents?

That father was in despair as the news spread around among the

neighbors. They came to him, but none of them had the money to lend that would buy a ticket out West. Pity was all they had. Then the man from across the street came over.

"I know where you can get cash," he announced. "And in the form of a loan that you can pay back in easy installments—and no interest."

The old man looked at him in disbelief. He was known in that town as a man of integrity; his son was known. But where could he get cash without collateral?

"You can get it through Army Emergency Relief," said his neighbor. "Let's go out to the airfield, and ask the Commanding Officer. You can take letters to him from a dozen people in this town who will

Army Emergency Relief is one of the most personalized services in the Army, equipped to give almost instant relief to authenticated cases of distress.

vouch for you and your Jim."
"But Jim isn't in the regular Army," the old man objected. "I know there's an Army Relief Society which takes care of old-time soldiers. But—"

"Sure. And there's Army Emergency Relief too," interrupted the other. "And *that* cares for anyone, just so he's in the Army and in trouble. It doesn't matter that Jim has just been drafted. Why, this Army Emergency Relief, so I hear, helps everyone from private to general and no more questions asked than just enough to prove you're who you say you are, and that your financial situation is what you say it is. Come on, I have gas enough to get out to the field and back. You're up against it, and there's no harm trying."

They went along with the telegram and the identification. The Commanding Officer received them kindly, then instructed an orderly to take them to the officer in charge of

Army Emergency Relief, who listened to their story. He said, "This is obviously a case for immediate action. We usually investigate claims with the help of the Red Cross, but your story is so honest and sincere and your credentials so conclusive, I am taking the responsibility of giving you the money now. This ought to get you there and back. Here it is." He put the check into the old man's hand. "Good luck," he said. "I hope you find the boy is out of danger."

And in a few hours, by the first train to leave for the West, that father was speeding to his son's bedside.

That is how Army Emergency Relief operates. It is one of the most personalized services in the Army, equipped to give almost instant relief to authenticated cases of distress in the families of Service men, regardless of rank or length of service. It is concerned with only one thought—that of help.

The War Department, in cooperation with the Red Cross, which early in 1942 assisted in financing Army Emergency Relief, expects and hopes to aid many thousands as it did this New England father. Already many have applied and none who is in real trouble has been turned from its door. By relieving financially as well as in dozens of other ways, Army Emergency Relief feels it will do much to maintain the morale of those at home; and, through them, that of the men in camps and in action.

Army Emergency Relief agencies, called by the Army "sections", are in operation at every Army post, station, air-field and camp. It is the Commanding Officer who decides the merits of the case and what aid shall be given. And the whole point of Army Emergency Relief is that this assistance shall be bestowed as quickly and easily as possible, with the minimum of red tape and em-

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SO MANY NEED A KIND HAND - AS THE WIDOW OF THE REGULAR - ARMY SERGEANT WHO DIED SUDDENLY IN CAMP, LEAVING SIX CHILDREN AND UNPAID BILLS.

Illustrated by
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

On Henderson Field



Life and death on Guadalcanal told with the intense excitement, understanding and humor possible only to the men who were there.

By Lieutenant (jg) Frederick Mears

AT AN Allied base in the New Hebrides in the middle of September, Navy flyers of Torpedo Squadron Eight crowded around a dive-bomber pilot, Ensign Buck Manfred, who had just been flown out of Guadalcanal.

When I had seen this boy aboard a carrier three weeks before, he was good-looking, tall, with dark, wavy hair and a healthy, smiling face. In

fact, I had always thought of him as a walking recruiting poster for the Naval air arm. Now he looked like a worn-out bum. His eyes were prominent and circled, he was thin as a bunch of sticks, his clothes were filthy, and he needed a shave.

He was giving us the word on Guadalcanal. He was dead tired; but we gave him a beer and urged him to tell us what was happening before he

took a shower and went to bed.

"Here's the deal," he said. "We didn't mind the bombing in the daytime nearly as much as the shelling at night. In daylight, our fighters are breaking up the bombers and routing the Zeros, so that many Japs are shot down and others jettison their bombs and run.

"But at night, when we don't dare turn on the field lights to allow our planes to take off, the Japs bring one or two cruisers into the harbour and let go with their eight-inch guns.

"Jap planes circled over the field at night and dropped flares to light the way for their bombs," Buck told us. "During the day the Japs fire at our planes entering the landing circle, after they return from attacks on enemy warships." The pilots were flying six to eight hours a day on scouting missions or attacks, and being bombed and shelled day and night on the ground. In addition, they were living on inferior food, which included captured Jap fish and rice, and most of them had dysentery, if not malaria.

We were interested in getting the dope, because six members of our squadron had flown up there five days ago, and the rest of us expected to go up soon.

Three days after talking to Buck, six of us flew our Grumman Avenger torpedo planes to Henderson Field, and I had my first look at Guadalcanal. It was an in-and-out trip, as we were merely ferrying torpedoes for the others to use.

As we approached the harbor, I saw several warships under way. I spotted one of cruiser size, with an inverted -Y, or double stack, which I knew was not one of ours, and certainly looked like a Jap. I thought we would be making an attack before we ever got to the field. But the ship was an Australian cruiser, and we proceeded to make a landing.

That night three of us who had never been there before were sleeping in the same tent. It was raining. About midnight we were awakened by someone scampering past, who yelled, "Hit your foxholes!"

We weren't going to get wet for nothing, and as far as we could see, there wasn't anything happening. So we stayed on our cots. Then we saw a glitter in the sky to the northward, and soon heard an explosion not too far away.

"Let's not be stupid about this," said Ensign Aaron Katz.

We were excited and were laughing, or more exactly, giggling. One pilot was actually trying to burrow underneath the rest of us for protection.



"I think you've got something there," answered Ensign Larry Engel; and all at once we stumbled out of the tent into what we thought was our foxhole. It was occupied, and so was the next one (by men who already had fallen asleep there). We finally found a shallow and uncovered trench into which we squeezed with arms and legs sticking out. A sub was lobbing shells at us.

Nothing spectacular happened and we went back to bed. The next morning I left Guadalcanal thinking that the story of the place was exaggerated. Later, I learned to have more respect for its dangers and became particularly adept at jumping into foxholes before I left the island. I took a great deal of pride in the fact that, given a glitter of light on the horizon, I could be out of my bunk and into the nearest and best foxhole first, with a helmet over my head before the shell exploded.

On October 1, Ensign Bob Evarts and I returned to Guadalcanal in a Flying Fortress. When we arrived we learned that five of our torpedo planes were out on an attack against four destroyers near Gizo, a small island in the new Georgia group.

At that time, Lieutenant Bruce Harwood, executive officer of the squadron, had replaced Lieutenant H. H. Larsen, squadron commander, who was the first to come to Guadalcanal, as the leader of our group of torpedo planes on the island. Bruce was a tall veteran, slow of movement, gruff but generous, and a brilliant leader.

Harwood and Ensign Bob Reis landed about nine o'clock. Reis came into our tent with a long face and reported that our other three planes were lost. The pilots were Ensign Engel, Ensign Divine, and N. A. P. Dye. They failed to rendezvous on Harwood after the attack, probably because Harwood's radio wouldn't work and his lights were out. We turned in late that night, and dived in foxholes early in the morning when a lone Jap plane droned over and bombed us.

After sunrise I took off and circled the island on a three-hour search for the lost pilots, but didn't spot them. On the way, I saw the wrecks of several Jap bombers and Zeros that had been shot down, and one Grumman Wildcat scattered over the beach. The next day we received word that all three of the lost pilots from our squadron, with their crews, had been picked up and were aboard a destroyer.

At twelve-fifteen, we had an air-raid alarm while at lunch, and drove bouncing in a truck down to the beach. I finished my coffee on the way.

There we stood by our foxholes and watched our fighters tangle with a flight of Zeros that came in from the north. The fight was over the sea and mostly obscured by fluffy white clouds. But we often saw the vapor trails of fighters and followed them down until we saw the tiny black crosses of planes dog-fighting.

We watched them zooming, twisting and circling in the sky and heard the sudden chug-chug-chug which indicated our fighters were firing their fifties.

One Zero dropped from the blue and made a pass at one of our dive bombers, which was flying at low altitude on anti-sub patrol for two of our ships in the channel. Then he did a loop and flew off westward. The Japs love to stunt their very maneuverable planes, and often do so even in the midst of combat. Such an expression of exhilaration probably cost this Zero pilot his life, however; for as he was executing his loop, our fighters caught sight of him. Four of them streamed down on him, and he dropped seaward as though out of control. Another trick. He levelled off just before he hit the water. But three more of our fighters came in on top of him and polished him off.

The next day I went on my first attack. In the late afternoon, three Grumman Avenger torpedo planes and seven Douglas Dauntless dive bombers took off to hit a cruiser and two destroyers, reported 150 miles westward up the "slot". I was loaded with four 500-pound bombs on this occasion, instead of a torpedo.

After the three torpedo planes had made their rendezvous and headed northwest, we heard a pilot in a plane near Henderson Field telling the control tower not to send us in without fighter protection. "It's suicide, repeat, suicide," he said, "to send those planes in without fighters. There are fifteen Zeros in the vicinity," he reported, and he kept insisting that control call us back. Finally, somebody picked up a mike and told him to "shut up".

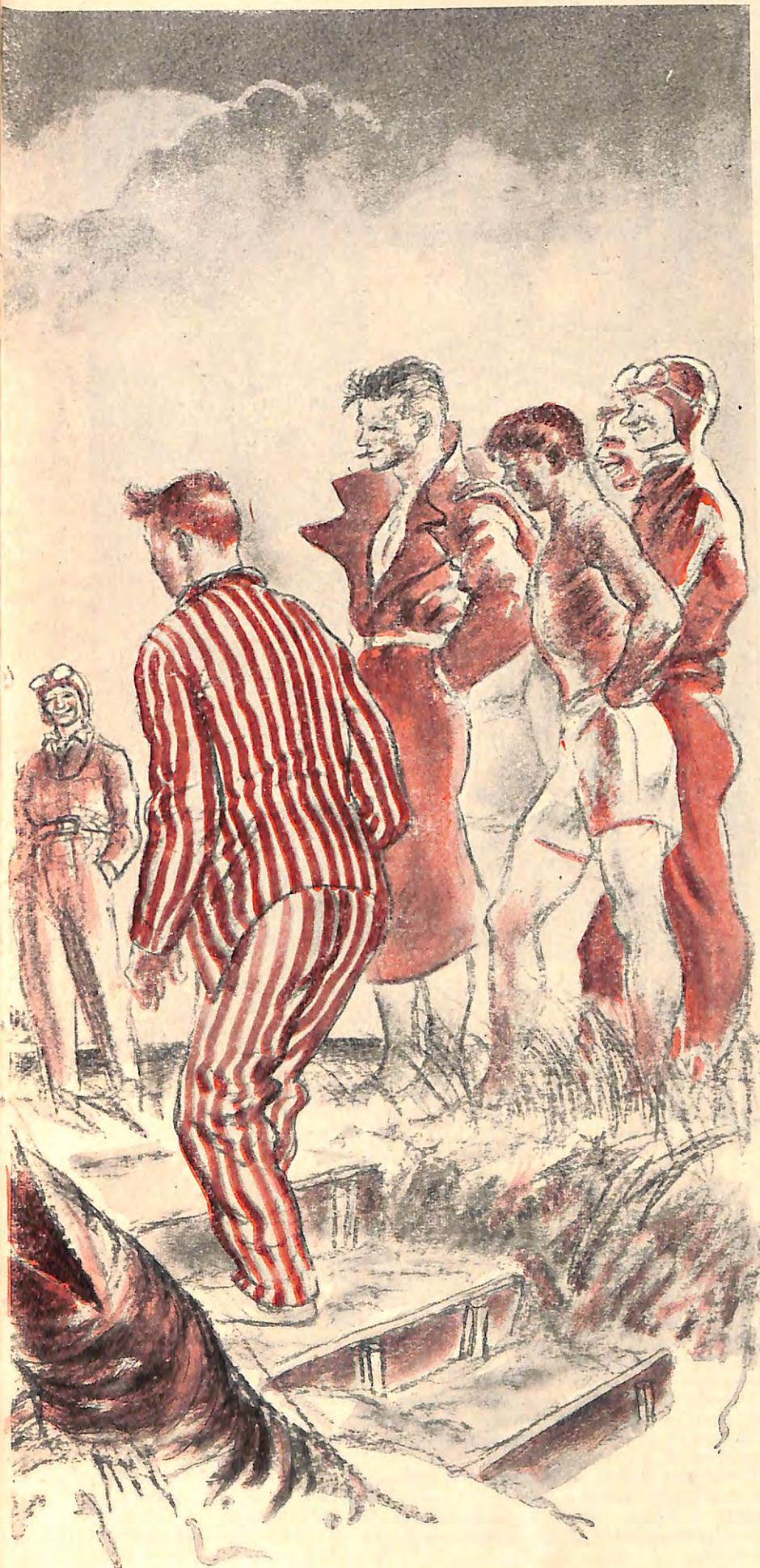
At that time we three torpedo planes were up ahead and the dive bombers or fighters were nowhere in sight. I was very nervous and felt as though I'd like to get up and walk around in the cockpit. The idea of making a glorious suicidal attack didn't thrill me a great deal. The only thing I could do, however, was try hard to think what maneuvers I would make if Zeros attacked. I checked to see that my guns were loaded and charged and that my bombs were armed. I told my bomber to remind me to open my bomb doors when I started my dive.

Evarts, who was leading the flight, finally circled, and the dive bombers caught us. There were no fighters.

We caught sight of the ships at about five-thirty, much sooner than we had expected. The cruiser already had been hit and was smoking. The ships began to turn, and we flew around them to get in the sun. My turret gunner reported two float-type biplanes below us, and I saw four more ascending as we circled. There were no Zeros, and since the Jap biplane, while maneuverable, is not fast, I was much relieved.

The dive bombers dove first on the cruiser, from about nine thousand feet; and I could see their bombs falling all over the water but not





hitting. Reis picked out a destroyer and dove on it, scoring two near misses. He then battled his way up again against the biplanes and dropped his other two bombs.

Meanwhile, Evarts went in on the cruiser ahead of me, and I watched him dive as I glided down to get into position. I saw a near miss off the stern of the cruiser as I pushed over into about a sixty-degree dive.

Dust which had settled in the cockpit on the field almost blinded me for an instant, and I couldn't get my eye on the sight. Finally it cleared, and I saw the smoke of the cruiser hazily through it. I pressed the bomb release three times and then pulled up.

Close to port was a float biplane and I kicked into a turn away from him. My gunner told me over the interphone that he had shot him down. About the same time I heard over the air, "Give Mears credit for a hit." Later my gunner told me he had seen one of my bombs hit in a flash of fire and smoke just behind the stack.

I circled on down past a destroyer ahead of the cruiser, at about fifteen hundred feet, trying to make up my mind what to bomb next. The destroyer was firing broadside at me but missing. I circled down past the cruiser, thinking I would climb through his smoke in the rear and drop one from low altitude on the deck. I thought I had only one bomb left. Actually, I had two.

We were only eight hundred yards from the cruiser, and my gunner was strafing the deck. As we went past they were firing at us, and I could see our bullets sprinkling in the water like rain. Suddenly they found our range, and I could see tracers looping into us. Then I felt a blow as though something had slapped us on the tail.

Hicks, my gunner, cried, "Mr. Mears! Deitsch (the bomber) has been hit! I think we are badly hit! Let's get the hell out of here!" I turned and fled along the water. The Japs kept firing at me until I was about a mile away, and I saw the ack-ack bursting in the water ahead. When we were clear, I told Hicks to go down and help Deitsch. He said Deitsch was very badly hurt.

I set course for Guadalcanal and opened her out to over two hundred knots, but flew low on the water so that if we crashed suddenly we'd have a better chance. My gunner told me we'd have to hurry to save Deitsch; but I had already determined to return, both on Deitsch's account and because I didn't know how badly the plane was damaged.

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Illustrated By
MARSHALL DAVIS

Reis gave us all a laugh, by pulling the corners of his eyes toward his ears and saying, "So sorry. Which way to Henderson Field, please?"

Beggars Ride



**Astounding is the word
for the country's gam-
bling spree**

By Stanley Frank

IF WISHES were horses, beggars would ride. . . .

Beggars are riding horses vicariously these days in an exhibition of plain and fancy breakneck stunting at once breath-taking and blood-curdling. The scene of this crazy rodeo is the race track, any race track in America, which is experiencing a boom with precedent. And when we say boom, we don't mean a bush-league burst. We mean an explosion strong enough to shake slightly the economy of the country, a Krakatoa of an eruption of money wagered on the horses.

A sum in excess of ten billion dollars will be bet on the thoroughbred beasts this year, an increase of about 30 percent over 1942, which

was a record-breaking year for that sort of thing. When we say the money is being thrown around by beggars, we are using the word in the poetic sense, or with the affectionate overtone affected by the British.

Most of the fresh money is coming from the *nouveau riche*, a class we know only by hearsay, being a charter member of the *ancien pauvre* from 'way back. Taxes are skyrocketing, the cost of living is rising faster than an amorous youth's blood pressure in the presence of Miss Betty Grable, a bleak day of reckoning is coming, yet the citizens are buying pari-mutuel tickets faster than the electric impulses of the tote board can record the bets.



Astounding—and related synonyms expressive of great wonder—is the word for the country's gambling spree. A breakdown of the figures for the Spring meeting at the Jamaica track in New York tells the story, and a pretty incredible story, too.

Although the average daily attendance was 305 customers fewer, compared to 1942, due to restric-

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"Here's an interesting one —the cop solves the case, and the amateur detective makes a complete fool of himself."



What America is reading



By Harry Hansen

EVE CURIE'S trip to the battle-fronts in 1941-42 must have been highly welcome to the foreign nationalities she visited. For here was a woman with high intelligence, sympathetic understanding and earnestness, who maintained her own point of view while listening to the ideas of others. Eve Curie never forgot that internal dissension was responsible for the plight of her native land, France but she likewise was confident that the democratic process was the best possible for her people and for the United States. Her book, "Journey Among Warriors", is the record of a trip that ended over a year ago, yet the issues discussed there are today's issues,

and her point of view is more justified by events than ever before. Miss Curie visited the North African front when the British were just getting ready for an offensive, when the news of the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* reached Alexandria and things looked black for the French and British. She visited Russia, India and China, and when she returned to the United States, this nation also was at war and building a tremendous war weapon. In Russia she wanted to hear about the new spirit of nationalism and she learned that the eagerness with which the Russians manned the machines was little changed from that of peace-time, when they had been

fighting the industrial battle. Miss Curie did not agree with soviet politics, but she admired the courage of the people. In East India she met Gandhi, Nehru and other leaders and gained the impression that the policy of non-violence was lovely but ineffective against a deadly enemy, and that India would not help the British against the Japanese. It was incurably medieval, not prepared for the hazards of the modern state. Miss Curie is confident that the world needs America's help after the war. She warns against "internal division and external isolation", and believes that never again can a great nation avoid its responsibilities as a part of
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A streamside conversation that will keep you chuckling

By Ray Trullinger

Rod AND Gun

Photo Courtesy Evinrude Motors

THERE was no reason to suppose anything larger than a 12-inch cutthroat was lurking in that pool when a sloppy cast, pushed by a sudden gust of wind, festooned the line over a vine maple branch. The fire warden, diligently swimming a worm a few yards below, was quick to note this embarrassing predicament.

"You know," he drawled, "I used to fish with another guy like you. Couldn't keep his tackle out of the trees and bushes for sour apples. Why, I remember one week we fished the Salmonberry and I'll bet he hung 20 bucks' worth of leaders, flies and spinners along that crick the first day. Some of them bushes up there

looked like Christmas trees when we left. There was one stretch—just above that log jam—where he musta lost a dozen sets of Doc Shelton spinners and when the wind blew they tinkled like sleigh bells. They tell me the city tackle shops fought for his trade—he was the nearest thing to a gold mine they ever..."

The line, which had been trailing listlessly from the overhead branch, with the fly skipping in the slow current below, suddenly straightened with a surprising swish and the maple branch nodded and shuddered. A split second later a glorious big red-sided trout cleared the surface in three successive tumbling leaps and flashed into the deeper water at the

foot of the long pool. By some miracle, the frail leader held.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the warden, as I frantically sought to clear the branch-fouled line. "I'm a monkey's uncle if he hasn't gone and hooked himself a late-run steelhead. About a 10-pounder, I'd say. Boy, you certainly do things the hard way! How you gonna play him—remote control from that maple branch?"

"Look, Pete. Lay off the comedy for a while and do something, will you?" I pleaded. "Shinny up that maple and see can you clear that line so I can handle this baby. He's sulking and maybe if you work fast I'll
(Continued on page 38)

FOR the past few minutes the bearded man peering intently through a microscope on a work bench littered with chemical paraphernalia, was vaguely annoyed by the voices from the street. Then, with electrifying suddenness, the significance of the hubbub impressed itself upon him. Throwing open his window he saw terrified groups huddled in doorways while farther down the street still another group was frantically scrambling immediately ahead of a frenzied dog. Leaning against a building opposite was a small, tear-streaked girl clutching her thigh as a blood stain slowly widened on her torn dress. There was ample reason for the commotion because up to the time that the bearded man, Louis Pasteur, did something about it, the bite of a mad dog or any other rabied animal was invariably fatal. To the certainty of death, in itself sufficient cause for horror, is added a preliminary period of dreadful agony that always marks this disease. If for no other reason than his research into rabies and his development of the anti-rabies vaccine, the world is greatly indebted to Louis Pasteur. In him we see one of the real heroes of science and because of him the spread of rabies has been materially checked and the lives of thousands of persons saved.

Pasteur was born in humble circumstances, the son of a not too prosperous tanner. The date was December 27th, 1822, and the place, the little town of Dole, France. Neither of his parents was very well educated and according to his biographers, Pasteur himself showed little promise as a student. But by 1853 he was recognized throughout the field of chemistry as one of its influential figures and this despite the fact that he was often handicapped in his researches by lack of money. Later, he was made Professor and Dean at the Faculty of Science at Lille. His study of heat treatment and application of the process was not only of immense value to the wine industry but actually marked the beginning of pasteurization as a protective measure. It was he who furthered the development of the germ theory. Up to that time, the reason for epidemics was still a medical mystery and the causes for wound infections were unknown. In the latter, Pasteur's findings made a profound impression in the field of surgery. They stirred the imagination of the great surgeon Joseph Lister and thus began the development of the principles of antiseptics. Next came Pasteur's work in the study of anthrax, an infectious disease which annually killed thousands of sheep and cattle and, when transmitted to human beings, as sometimes happened, was often fatal. Another of his great achievements came from his study of puerperal fever, a sickness that would spread with epidemic-like proportions through the maternity wards

In the DOGHOUSE



Photo by Villa



with Ed Faust

**A tribute to Pasteur and
an explanation of rabies,
the disease he overcame.**

of the hospitals of that time. In one hospital in Paris in one year, more than a third of the patients died from this cause. Today it has been almost entirely eliminated.

The dramatic scene described in the opening of this screed didn't

mark Pasteur's first scientific interest in rabies. He began to give it his attention in 1880. But it was the above-mentioned event that spurred him into greater activity in his research. Like many great men,

(Continued on page 44)

Editorial

A Splendid Year

It seems but a short time since the Grand Lodge held a remarkable Session in Omaha, yet this month marks the lapse of the present lodge year, and now we are headed for another Session to be held in the city of Boston, Massachusetts. Wartime and the resultant difficulties of transportation probably mean the attendance will be the smallest in many years.

The year has been one of the best in a long time from the standpoint of new members. The final result must await the report of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Grand Lodge, but at this time it looks like the result would be in excess of 40,000 which will be the largest increase in fifteen years. This gratifying increase has been the result of a combination of many different things, but in general the war is responsible. First must be mentioned the activity of the subordinate lodges spurred to greater activity by the patriotic sentiment of the Order. The Lodge Activities Committee has done the most effective work ever done by that agency of the Grand Lodge as is shown by the fact that the "Fight for Freedom" and the "Diamond Jubilee" classes were the largest initiated since the last World War, when an intensive and highly successful membership drive was staged.

Perhaps first to be mentioned from the standpoint of effectiveness is the work of the War Commission. From its organization it has been active and effective and not only has it had the support of the entire membership but it has so conducted its affairs as to have merited and received the commendation of the War Department. From time to time mention of its activities has been made in these columns, and some of the words of praise from the War Department have been printed, all to the credit of the Commission and of our Order. Where Fraternal Centers have been established the effect on the lodges has been marked not only by increased membership but also in the financial condition. The burning of mortgages and the clearing of all lodge indebtedness have been two of the most encouraging features of the year. It is safe to say that the Order has never been in a better or more healthy condition.

As usual the Grand Lodge exercised sound judgment in choosing its officers for the year. All have discharged their duties with care and discretion but in no respect was better judgment shown than in the choice of a Grand Exalted Ruler. E. Mark Sullivan came to the office with a wonderful background of experience in the affairs of the Order. As though specially trained to handle its affairs he brought a wealth of experience to the office which enabled him most successfully to discharge its duties. He has traveled much and visited many lodges before whom he has spoken, always with a wealth of sentiment for the ideals. Everywhere he was enthusiastically received and he left a splendid impression on those fortunate enough to hear him. He may truthfully say that he has presided over the Order in one of its most successful years, but he modestly refuses to accept the credit. The fact remains, however, that much of the credit could rightly be claimed by him. His public utterances, his talks on the radio and his writings have left a profound imprint on the fraternal life of the Order, for which we are all grateful. With this Session of the Grand Lodge he will retire to the councils of the Order as a Past Grand Exalted Ruler where he will be

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.



received by those who have preceded him, and return to his profession where all will wish for him continued success and prosperity.

Edison's Last Message

FROM his laboratory, better known as his workshop, at Fort Myers in the State of Florida in the month of June, 1931, Thomas A. Edison gave his last radio message to Americans. In it he said:

"My message to you is to be courageous. I have lived a long time. I have seen history repeat itself again and again. I have seen many depressions in business. Always America has come out strong and more prosperous. Be as brave as your fathers before you. Have faith. Go forward."

That was not said as a war message, but had it been said in wartime it is doubtful if he could have made it more direct and impressive.

Sure, We Bombed Your Damned Town

IT seems that the Japrats, after their Pearl Harbor duplicity, were looking about for some further means to bring on their heads the condemnation of world opinion, and found it when the opportunity presented itself to execute some of those who raided Tokyo. How many of our fliers were murdered in cold blood is not known, but that some, perhaps all of them, were killed has been established. This is in contravention of rules of civilized warfare and despicable beyond comparison.

By the way, if you can think of some better term than Japrats to characterize those inhuman denizens of the Pacific islands you are privileged to make the substitution, conditioned that the name you select will not violate the postal laws.

It is claimed that one of our bombers in response to questions said, "Sure, we bombed your damned town and we will bomb it again and again as long as the Lord will let us." This

language used in the Nipponese Court before which he stood for trial was held by that angered tribunal as worthy of death and the execution was not long delayed. Evidently the penalty was enforced on the companions of the one who made the statement for it appears that eight were executed.

All Americans will join in the chorus and together will say, "Sure, we bombed your damned town and we will do it again and again until it is leveled to the ground and no trace of it left except ashes to mark where it once darkened the face of the earth." And now that this sentiment is left to us by one of our heroic dead, it is our duty to see that his words are made good with the least possible delay.

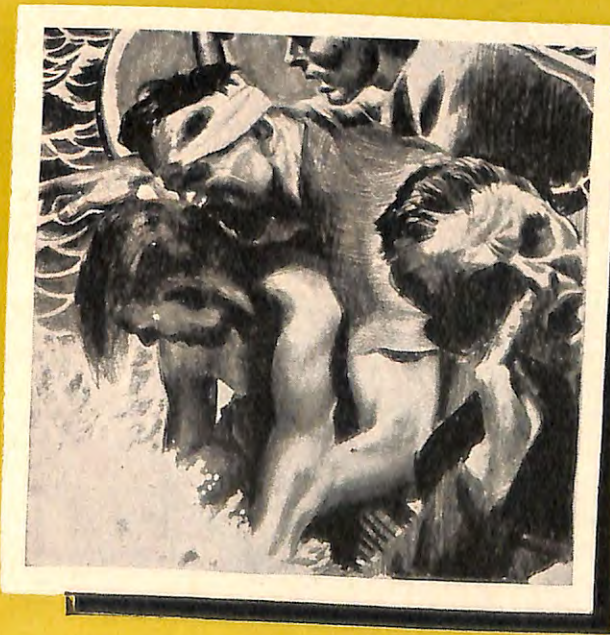
The Japrats little realize what the wrath of Americans means when once stirred to depths as this diabolical act on their part has done. They must be made to suffer to the extreme limit and the sooner the better.

The Elks War Conference

THE summer months of this year will be crowded with important meetings of the State Associations, but for all Elks, the all-important meeting will be the Elks War Conference to be held at Boston, July 10th to July 14th.

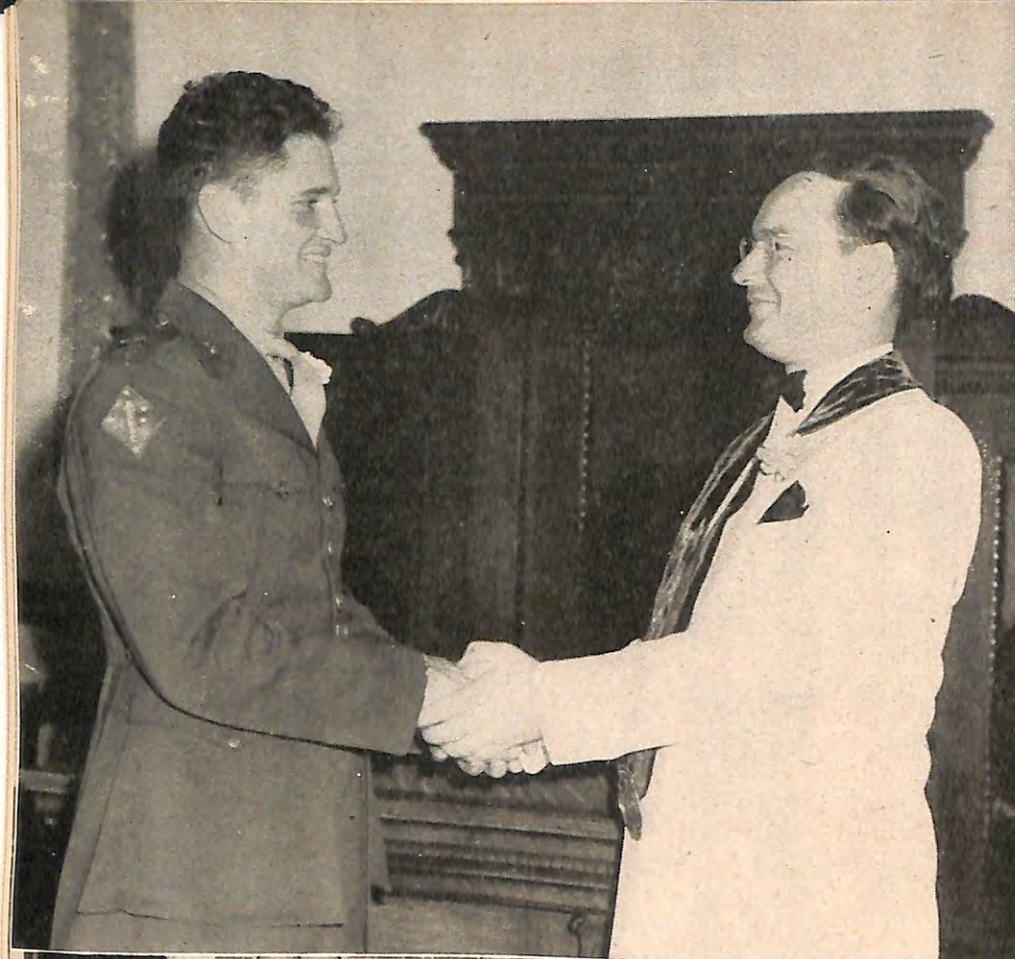
While this annual Session of the Grand Lodge is to be limited in attendance and will forego the colorful social events of past years, the meeting will be the most unselfish and sincerely patriotic in many years. It will resound with sentiments and actions which will appeal to our patriotism, and strengthen us to meet with fortitude the developments of the future, whether they be of weal or of woe. Those attending will lend not only their presence but their influence, counsel and advice in building our Order for even greater accomplishments in the war effort. This high purpose is sufficient incentive to center the attention of every Elk on this important Session of the Grand Lodge.

For your information, elsewhere in this issue is the official program of the 79th Grand Lodge Session at Boston, Mass.



THE ELKS IN THE WAR

Left: E.R. John R. McDowell of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge congratulates Major Joe Foss, the famous Marine Ace, on his induction into Sioux Falls Lodge. Major Foss was recently awarded the Congressional Medal by President Roosevelt for having shot down 26 Japanese planes.



Above are members of York, Pa., Lodge shown as they presented a station wagon on behalf of the Lodge to the American Red Cross.



Above are leaders of St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge receiving \$1500 in War Bonds purchased by their organization during the recent Treasury Department Bond Drive.

Below are those who participated in the Elks Minstrel Show sponsored by Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge. The performance was given free for the Armed Forces.



Right is a scene at Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge when more than 200 persons donated their blood recently to the blood plasma bank set up by the Lodge.



Left is a truck named "Elks 650" which is in the Service. The truck was named by a member of Homestead, Pa., Lodge, No. 650.



Above: Shown at a dinner given in their honor by Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge are that city's outstanding war heroes: Sergeant Dale Bordner, who spent ten months on Jap-held New Britain, and Corporal Cloyd Hines, who won the Silver Star for distinguished service with the Marines on Guadalcanal.



Above are officers of San Diego, Calif., Lodge learning how Naval Aviation Cadets are selected, in preparation for their campaign to sponsor such Cadets.

Below are candidates for the Navy V-5 program who were examined recently in the home of Minot, N. D., Lodge. The candidates were sponsored by the local Elks.



Right are members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge writing to members who are in the Nation's Armed Forces. This letter-writing program is part of the regular order of business on meeting nights.



Left are members of the Armed Forces who were present at Trenton, N. J., Lodge's Fraternal Center at a dance.

Right are some of the Elks of Denver, Colo., Lodge shown enjoying doughnuts and coffee after having donated a unit of blood to the American Red Cross Blood Donor Center.



Left: Lansing, Mich., Lodge members display the special award made it by the U. S. Treasury Department for the Lodge's promotional efforts in the participation in the sale of War Bonds and Stamps.



Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown at the 45th Anniversary of Norwich, Conn., Lodge. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

and officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

On May 1, Mr. Sullivan, as the representative of the Order of Elks, delivered a patriotic address at the May Day observance on Boston Common at the invitation of Mayor Maurice J. Tobin.

Numerous dignitaries of the Order, including Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, joined with the members of **NORWICH, CONN., LODGE, NO. 430**, on May 2 in the observance of the lodge's 45th anniversary. The program was planned to accent the major war activities of the lodge, and the celebration developed into a huge patriotic demonstration. During the day Norwich Lodge made a \$20,000 purchase of War Bonds. An additional
(Continued on page 44)

GRAND EXALTED RULER E. Mark Sullivan attended a dinner on April 14 given by **MEDFORD, MASS., LODGE, NO. 915**, in honor of its present secretary, John J. Ward. Mr. Ward has been Secretary of the lodge for more than a quarter of a century and always he has served with great efficiency.

On April 30, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, held a conference at the Statler Hotel in Boston, in preparation for the coming Grand Lodge Session, with the Exalted Rulers of the various lodges, District Deputies



Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with Judge M. F. Sando and William S. Gould, Secretary, at the 50th Anniversary Dinner which Scranton, Pa., Lodge held to celebrate Mr. Gould's fiftieth year as Lodge Secretary.



Above are members of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge who were present on "I Am An American" Night, when Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, center, as Vice-Chairman of the Elks War Commission, delivered the principal address of the evening.

Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order

Lake Worth Lodge Presents an American Flag to Local School

To replace the American Flag which had been in constant use at the North Grade School for a long time, Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, presented the school with a new one on March 24. The presentation speech was made by E.R. W. R. Jackson who was assisted in the ceremonies by Treasurer Giles Gentry and P.D.D. Harry Haimowitz. The beautiful new flag, five by eight feet, was raised by the school patrol as the student body recited the Pledge of Allegiance. Two other American Flags have been raised on public buildings in Lake Worth through the generosity of the local lodge.

The initiation of the 13 members of the W. R. Jackson Class was preceded by a dinner given in the Exalted Ruler's honor shortly before his retirement from office after having served two consecu-

Left: Officers of Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge receive a National Foundation Certificate for a \$1,000 Series G War Bond.



Below: The "William A. Caldwell Class" of candidates recently initiated into Jackson, Tenn., Lodge in honor of Charter Member William A. Caldwell, seated center.





Above: Officers and members of Trenton, N. J., Lodge who were present for special induction ceremonies when Ensign Walter J. Mason, sixth from left, second row, was initiated. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, Ensign Mason's uncle, was present.

Right: Members of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge are shown as they burned the mortgage on their Lodge home.



tive terms. The Class was the second inducted in March, the Diamond Jubilee Class of 14 candidates having been initiated on the first regular meeting night of the month. Mr. Jackson was presented with a brief case in recognition of his work. Under his leadership, the lodge prospered and a remarkable increase in membership was shown.

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

With close to 400 in attendance, taxing the capacity of the Elks' banquet room, tribute was paid P.E.R. William S. Gould by Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123, in celebration of his 50th year as Secretary. P.E.R. Judge M. J. Eagen presided at the testimonial dinner. The principal speaker was Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sul-

livan, who congratulated Mr. Gould on behalf of the Order and offered his own personal felicitations. Mayor Howard J. Snowdon, Judge M. F. Sando, senior P.E.R. of Scranton Lodge, and P.D.D. Max Silverman were among others who spoke. The Invocation was given by the Reverend Thomas H. Saunders, a life member of the Order.

A gift of War Bonds was presented to Mr. Gould by E.R. James A. Veras in

recognition of his services to the lodge and to the Pennsylvania State Elks Association of which he is also Secretary, this being his 26th year of service in that office. Mr. Gould was also presented with a desk set from Chambersburg Lodge No. 600.

Representatives of twenty Pennsylvania and New York lodges were present. Entertainment and community singing were features of the program. P.E.R.

Right: The "Past Exalted Rulers' Class" which was recently elected to membership in Durham, N. C., Lodge.



Below: The "John M. Danner Class" which was initiated into Canton, Ohio, Lodge in honor of P.E.R. John M. Danner.





Left: The Fiftieth Anniversary Committee of Jamestown, N.Y., Lodge which managed an elaborate program to celebrate the Lodge's Golden Anniversary.

Joseph F. Conrad was Chairman in charge of arrangements for the evening.

Amon W. Foote, Secretary of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, Is Dead

Secretary Amon W. Foote, of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, former Secretary of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. and former city editor of the *Utica Observer-Dispatch*, passed away on May 17, at the age of 68. Mr. Foote had been a newspaperman for 30 years and an Elk for even a longer period. He resigned as city editor in 1923 to become Executive Secretary of the local lodge, and had served as Secretary of No. 33 since 1902. He was Secretary of the State Elks Association from 1919 to 1926.

Durham, N. C., Lodge Initiates A "Past Exalted Rulers' Class"

Durham, N. C., Lodge, No. 568, initiated a "Past Exalted Rulers' Class" on May 10. Eight Past Exalted Rulers presided.

At bottom are those who attended the "Father and Son Banquet" held by Great Falls, Mont., Lodge.

GRAND LODGE MEMBERS ENTITLED TO ATTEND CONVENTION

The Grand Exalted Ruler has requested that *The Elks Magazine* inform its readers that all Grand Lodge officers and all members of the Grand Lodge, as well as representatives of subordinate lodges, are entitled to attend the 79th Session of the Grand Lodge to be held during the week of July 12th at Boston, Mass.

Whenever possible, representatives of the subordinate lodges are expected to attend this Session.

E.R. W. G. Carrington, who is himself a Past Exalted Ruler, relinquished the gavel to immediate P.E.R. Winston E. Montgomery. Three reinstatements were voted upon favorably. The class initiated was a representative businessmen's group.

The attendance was one of the largest in years. Dante Germino, Chairman of the lodge's Activities Committee, presided during the second section of the

meeting. The regular meeting on May 24 was featured by a talk made by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace Wade, former Duke University Director of athletics and head football coach.

Send-off Parties for Servicemen Are Given by Evanston Lodge

Official instructions directing them to report for induction at the home of Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, have been received by thousands of Evanston young men. Upon their arrival, they have been warmly welcomed by members of the lodge, city officials, veterans of World War I and friends, assembled to meet them and wish them well in their new life.

Coffee and rolls are served on every occasion, and talks are made by P.E.R. William Lister, Chairman of the Evanston Elks War Commission, the Exalted Ruler in office at the time, and clergymen and city officials. Before their departure, the men are given cigarettes, candy and a card, addressed to the lodge, to be filled in with their addresses. Later, the secretary mails a dollar bill to each serviceman. On the march to the station, the various groups are led by the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps of Evanston Post No. 42.

Under the sponsorship of Evanston Lodge, the work was begun before Pearl Harbor. During the past year, the parties have been held from three to five times a

Below: The "Fight for Freedom Class" recently initiated into Richmond, Calif., Lodge on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Charles Reynolds.





Above are officers of Rochester, Pa., Lodge shown with the "Diamond Jubilee Class" which was recently initiated into the Order.

month. Hundreds of the young men have written back to say that the cordial send-offs at the Elks' lodge rooms have helped them immeasurably to make the transition from civil to military life. The program will be continued for the duration.

An All-Servicemen Audience Sees Elks Minstrels at Cedar Rapids

Applause, whistles and laughs greeted the cast of the Elks Minstrel Show at a free "command performance" given for servicemen only at the Paramount Theatre in Cedar Rapids, Ia., on April 22. The Show, sponsored by Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251, had scored a hit with capacity audiences at two previous performances, and approximately \$800 was raised. The money was sent on to the Elks War Commission as a contribution of the lodge to the Elks War Fund.

Men of the Naval Flight Preparatory School at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, and of the army Aircrew from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, attended by the hundreds. The Aircrew, carrying beautiful new guidons presented by the Elks, marched to the theatre in the wake of their student band. Men at the Navy Preflight School at Iowa City were also invited and men in any branch of the Services, stationed in the vicinity or on furlough, were admitted. All expense of the performance was borne by the lodge and adequate transportation was ar-

Right: \$4,000 worth of bonds are bought by members of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge. The bonds were turned over to P.E.R. George S. Harney by News Commentator Gregor Ziemer at a public meeting.

Below are officers of Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge, shown with the fourth Victory Class of candidates initiated into that Lodge.

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.

ranged. The several commanding officers released their men for the performance.

A \$5,000 rehabilitation fund has been established by No. 251 to assist men and women of the U. S. Armed Forces upon

their return to civilian life after the war. E.R. Willard J. Chadima announced the appointment of a committee to administer the fund. The idea was suggested by two Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, Governor Bourke B. Hickenlooper and his secretary, Leo J. Duster.

Early last Spring, the lodge purchased 5,500 packages of cigarettes and sent them to General Dwight D. Eisenhower with the request that they be distributed among the men of the 34th Division. The Division was made up largely of men from Iowa and Minnesota, including many from Cedar Rapids and other places in Linn County.

Major Joe Foss Is Initiated Into Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge

Major Joe Foss, awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor by President Roosevelt for having shot down 26 Japanese planes, thereby setting a record for this war and equaling that of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker in World War I, was initiated by Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, on May 7. After his induction, the famous Marine Ace was presented with a life membership in the lodge.





At top are officers of West Haven, Conn., Lodge shown with a class of 30 new members which was initiated in honor of newly elected E.R. Joseph Gregory.

Major Foss was born on a farm near Sioux Falls 28 years ago. He played the saxophone in the high school orchestra and later was a member of the Elks' band. He studied for six years at the University of South Dakota and while there took C. A. A. flying lessons. Immediately after his graduation, he joined the Marines and won his wings. His marriage to a former fellow student at the Sioux Falls High School took place before he sailed for the Southwest Pacific.

Two World War II Heroes Are Fêted by Chillicothe Lodge

Chillicothe's two outstanding heroes of World War II were fêted recently by Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52. The honor guests were Sergeant Dale Bordner who, after taking part in numerous bombing raids, spent 10 months on Jap-held New Britain, and Corporal Cloyd Hines who won the Silver Star for distinguished

service with the Marines on Guadalcanal. Both young men who, incidentally, were schoolmates before the war, spoke briefly and modestly of their experiences. Each was presented with a gift from the lodge.

The first event on the program was a pickerel dinner attended by 200 persons. E.R. Frederick Spetnagel presided. Sharing the table with the two special guests were others who have seen fighting in this war, Maurice Fallon, Robert Griesheimer, E. I. Aid and Wilbur Kramer, and also Oscar Herrmann, father of Lieutenant Robert Herrmann, now a prisoner of the Nazis.

Trenton, N. J., Lodge Honors Members of the U. S. Services

Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, paid tribute to new and old members of the U.S. Armed Forces at its regular meeting on Thursday evening, May 20. Ensign Walter J. Mason, who had just received his wings, and Joseph F. Mealy

Below: The members of the 75th Anniversary Class who were initiated into Middletown, Pa., Lodge not long ago.

Above: The 75th Anniversary Class which was recently initiated into Butler, Pa., Lodge.

were initiated into the Order. Honored that evening was a veteran member of the lodge, Frederick J. Baker. Wounded in action in World War I, Mr. Baker was recently awarded the Purple Heart by the Government.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton Lodge, who is an uncle of Ensign Mason, and Richard P. Hughes and Howard F. Lewis, both of Burlington Lodge, Past Presidents of the N. J. State Elks Assn., were among those who addressed the meeting. E.R. Richard J. Hughes presided. A Resolution was passed extolling Mr. Baker's patriotic devotion to his duties and his meritorious service during the first World War, and recognizing the great honor bestowed upon him in the award of the Purple Heart.

Poughkeepsie Lodge Observes "I Am an American Night"

The observance of "I Am an American Night" by Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Lodge,





COURTESY CARDS

One of the most patriotic and commendable projects of the Elks War Commission and of the subordinate lodges which are following the Commission's program is the issuance of the Elks Courtesy Cards, extended to service men who wish to visit Elk lodges near the posts to which they are attached. This program has done an immeasurable amount of good in giving comfort and hospitality to service men. It is an opportunity for the subordinate lodges to show their gratitude for the service rendered our Country by these young men whose relatives at home procured for them Elks Courtesy Cards.

It is my sincere hope that these Courtesy Cards, when presented by men in the Service, will be honored. More than anything else, these Cards show exactly what the words "Benevolent and Protective" mean to the Order of Elks.

E. Mark Sullivan

GRAND EXALTED RULER

Right: E.R. Dr. H. J. Raley of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge looks on at a spectacular war bond auction sponsored by Harrisburg Lodge when the famous Navy Pig weighing 267 pounds was sold hair by hair and piece by piece for \$255,459.

Below are members of Phoenix Ariz., Lodge who were present at the Diamond Jubilee celebration.



Above is the Diamond Jubilee Class of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge. Eighteen candidates were initiated into Hoquiam Lodge and one for Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge.

No. 275, began with a dinner of non-rationed foods. More than 300 Elks and guests were present and a large number of others arrived later for the after-dinner program. P.D.D. J. Gordon Flannery, of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, was Toastmaster. The welcoming speech was made by E.R. William F. Close, Jr.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Vice-Chairman of the Elks War Commission, recounted the accomplishments of the Commission and commended the lodge for its aviation cadet activities. He was followed by William H. Moehrke, local Bond Chairman, who reported on sales to members in the second War Bond Drive. Mr. Moehrke stated that the original quota of \$25,000 had been doubled easily and that the Elks had purchased \$55,000 worth of Bonds.

Fort Collins Lodge Establishes A State College Scholarship

Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge, No. 804, has

established a scholarship worth \$50 for each of three semesters in the Colorado State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. The student to receive the award is selected by a committee of three members of the lodge, and must be rated scholastically among the first ten in his class. The scholarship is to run continuously for a year and a half, depending on the winner's record after his matriculation.

V-5 Examinations Are Held In Home of Minot, N. D., Lodge

At an examination conducted recently in the home of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, 33 of the 56 candidates applying for V-5 training were successful. P.E.R. T. J. McGrath, Chairman of the lodge's War Commission, and Lieutenant R. W. Palda and Lieutenant A. A. Buscemi of the United States Navy, were in charge of arrangements. Lieutenant Palda is a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1089.

Only high school seniors not more than 17 years of age were eligible to apply for V-5 training. An intensive recruiting campaign, one of several projects handled by the lodge in promoting the war effort, was held in the Minot area.

(Continued on page 47)





News of The state associations

GEORGIA

Twenty-seven of the 29 lodges of the Order in the State of Georgia were represented at the 42nd Annual Convention of the Georgia State Elks Association at Savannah on Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9. Reports from the 27 lodges showed a membership of 5,528 at the close of the fiscal year, a gain for 1942 of 200.

The annual ritualistic contest for the J. Bush silver loving cup was won by the Degree Team representing Augusta Lodge No. 205, headed by E.R. Warren Walker. The trophy and a cash prize of \$150 went to Augusta Lodge; the second prize of \$75 was won by Decatur Lodge No. 1602. The Team was headed by E.R. George Rusk.

P.D.D. Edward A. Dutton was Toastmaster at the annual banquet at the De Soto Hotel on Saturday evening. The Invocation was given by the Reverend Gregory Eichenlaub, and P.E.R. Henry M. Dunn, of Savannah Lodge, made the welcoming address. After the introduction of the guests at the speakers' table by Toastmaster Dutton, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland delivered an eloquent, patriotic address and also paid affectionate tribute to the memory of Past President G. Phillip Maggioni, a Past Exalted Ruler of Savannah Lodge and an active member of the Grand Lodge for many years.

At the business session on May 9, presided over by President Roderick M. McDuffie, of East Point Lodge, the minutes of the 1942 convention, as printed and distributed, were adopted. Brief speeches were made by Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and other officers of the lodges. The report of the Credentials Committee showed that 66 were registered from out of town. The report of the Auditing Committee was adopted. Past State President J. Clayton Burke, of Atlanta Lodge, President of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia, presented a report on the activities of "Aidmore", the convalescent home for crippled children sponsored by the Elks of Georgia.

The new officers elected to serve during the ensuing year are Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, President, Walter Thomas, Waycross, 1st Vice-President, and J. D. Jewell, Gainesville, 2nd Vice-President. The meeting was streamlined and the social program not as elaborate as in former years, but the graciousness of

the Elks' ladies and the friendly manner in which the members of the host lodge, Savannah No. 183, entertained the visitors, made the 1943 convention one to be long remembered. The State Association's appreciation of the lodge's hospitality was expressed in a Resolution prepared by Secretary-Treasurer R. E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge.

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

Association	City	Date
Pennsylvania	Williamsport	August 23-24
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	August 29-30-31- Sept. 1-2-3
Wisconsin	Janesville	August 19-20-21
Nevada	Reno	October 8-9

MISSOURI

The Missouri State Elks Association held its annual meeting at Columbia on May 9, with a large crowd in attendance. Reports on all the Missouri lodges were received; also submitted were reports from the Vice-Presidents of the Association, the District Deputies, and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the lodges.

The State showed an increase in membership for the year. Five hundred members were listed as serving in the U. S. Armed Forces. Eleven lodges purchased a total of \$90,755 worth of War Bonds and \$2,458.66 was contributed to the Elks War Commission. Five lodges made their initial contributions to the Elks National Foundation.

From the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee it was learned that hundreds of children from all parts of the State had been provided with eyeglasses and that this important branch of the Association's work is continued on a larger scale each year.

Officers to serve the State Association during the coming year were elected as follows: Pres., George D. Klingman, Joplin; Vice-Pres.'s: S.E., Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis; N.E., Edward F. Immerthal, Columbia; N.W., John Cosgrove, Kansas City; S.W., Henry Salveter, Sedalia; Secy., Robert D. Wade, Joplin; Treas., M. F. Thurston, Columbia; Trustees: Ernest W. Baker, Washington, J. O. Morrison, Nevada, and

Paul V. Woolley, of Excelsior Springs.

Past President Norman M. Vaughan, of Oklahoma City, a former resident of Missouri and the first president of the Mo. State Elks Assn., elected in 1908, installed the officers. James R. Garrison, of Warrensburg, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Past Presidents E. J. Martt, St. Louis, Harry R. Garrison, Warrensburg, Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City, and M. F. Thurston, Columbia, attended the convention. The facilities of the host lodge, Columbia, Mo., No. 594, were placed at the disposal of the delegates and State officers, and the meeting was both pleasant and constructive.

WISCONSIN

The Spring Conference of the Wisconsin State Elks Association was held at Fond du Lac on Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16. It was decided to hold the annual convention at Janesville on August the 19th, 20th and 21st. Appleton Lodge No. 337 was the winner of the State Ritualistic Contest for the third consecutive year. Second place was won by Madison Lodge No. 410.

A highlight of the meeting, which was most successful in every way, was the presentation of the Wisconsin Elks Association Bomber Campaign award picture, made by Frank J. Kuhl, State Administrator of the War Savings Staff, Milwaukee. The \$300,000 quota set for the campaign, which was conducted by State President A. W. Parnell, of Appleton Lodge, was subscribed by double that amount.

KANSAS

Complying with the Government's request to conserve tires, gasoline, food and other commodities essential to the war effort, the Kansas State Elks Association limited its convention this year to a one-day session for the transaction of important business. The meeting was held on Sunday, May 16, at Newton. However, some delegates arrived on Saturday and were entertained at a smoker in the home of Newton Lodge No. 706. A dinner honoring President Leonard Wood, of Salina Lodge, was given on Saturday night at the Newton Country Club, attended by the officers and committeemen of the Association.

The convention was formally opened at eleven o'clock Sunday morning. Past District Deputy Fred M. Brown welcomed the delegates on behalf of Newton Lodge. The response to the address of welcome was made by W. E. Soldner, Exalted Ruler of Salina Lodge. The convention was honored by the presence of Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook, of Topeka, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. An interesting talk was given by Mr. Shook on the activities of the Grand Lodge this year, particularly the great work being done by the War Commission. Mr. Shook congratulated the subordinate lodges on their fine cooperation.

The annual report of the President and other officers showed the Association to be in a flourishing condition. Mr. Wood called attention to the fact that the convention was being held on the day designated by President Roosevelt as "I Am an American Day". Vice-President Fred Puttroff, of Newton Lodge, read the President's proclamation and delivered a stirring, patriotic address. P.E.R. Clay E. Hedrick, District Deputy for Kansas, West, gave an

(Continued on page 43)

The ELKS WAR Conference

**Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
United States of America**

**OFFICIAL PROGRAM
79TH GRAND LODGE SESSION
AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

**JULY 1943
AT HOTEL STATLER**

Saturday, July 10

10:00 A. M.—Conference of Grand Lodge Officers.
Conference with Chairmen of all
Grand Lodge Committees.
Registration under direction of Grand Secretary
J. Edgar Masters.

Sunday, July 11

Registration continues at Hotel Statler.
Morning—Special church services.
8:00 P. M.—Grand Exalted Ruler's dinner to Grand
Lodge Officers, Committeemen, Dis-
trict Deputies and ladies at Hotel
Statler. (Informal)

Monday, July 12

Registration continues at Hotel Statler.
8:00 P. M.—Public exercises opening the War Con-
ference of the Grand Lodge.

Tuesday, July 13

Registration continues at Hotel Statler.
10:00 A. M.—First Session of Grand Lodge at Hotel
Statler, Main Ball Room, Mezzanine
floor.
2:00 P. M.—Continuation of Grand Lodge Session,
Hotel Statler, Main Ball Room.
8:00 P. M.—Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge rep-
resentatives dinner by incoming Grand
Exalted Ruler, Hotel Statler, Main Ball
Room, Mezzanine floor. (Informal)

Wednesday, July 14

Registration continues, Hotel Statler.
10:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session continues, Main
Ball Room, Hotel Statler.
11:00 A. M.—Memorial services. Special music.
2:00 P. M.—Closing Session, Grand Lodge, Hotel
Statler, Main Ball Room.



On Henderson Field

(Continued from page 9)

I radioed control that I had a wounded man in my plane. I got in just at twilight, after making one hundred miles in about forty minutes, and we rushed Deitsch to the hospital. Deitsch was hit in the right side of his head, where there was a little round hole the size of a nickel. He was breathing easily, but was cold and wan.

The next day I went to see Deitsch in the hospital. He was lying in the operating shack, in the middle of the room, in a semi-conscious condition, pale and yellow, his eyes wandering about but showing no recognition. The doctor said he had three pieces of shrapnel in his brain and gave him little chance to live. However, the last I heard from him a month later, he was still fighting for life and improving.

Just before we took off on this attack, I misplaced my gloves and asked Deitsch if he'd seen them. I evidently seemed distressed about it, for he said, "What's the matter? Are you superstitious about wearing gloves?"

"Yeah, a little," I replied.

"Then you can take mine," he said, "I'm not superstitious." I was wearing his gloves when he got hit.

The engineers who looked at the plane next day found only three control wires holding the flipper, and three the rudder. There was a hole you could put your head through where a twenty-millimeter shell had hit the bomber's compartment and exploded inside, and perhaps twenty other holes in the tail of the fuselage, made by explosive bullets.

Four of our torpedo planes took off next morning to track down the cruisers and destroyers. They found the ships 150 miles up the channel, and attacked. They claimed two torpedo hits on the cruiser.

If there was any pattern to the conflict between our planes on Guadalcanal, and Jap planes and ships coming down the "groove" (the channel between the islands), it went something like this:

The Grumman Wildcat fighters and the Douglas Dauntless dive bombers were the backbone of our defensive and offensive power. The few torpedo planes that we had were an added deadly threat on the attack. There were no Army planes on the field at that time, except a few P-39's used for strafing Jap ground positions. B-17's used the field as a stop-over on the haul from the New Hebrides to Jap positions in the northern Solomons.

Every morning we sent out a scouting flight in an arc about Henderson Field. Usually these planes didn't find anything, unless it was a Jap force of cruisers and destroyers which had succeeded in breaking through to Guadalcanal the night before and was retreating.

At noon it was the Jap's turn, and silver-winged bombers, between fifteen and thirty-five of them, accompanied by playful Zeros, flew in perfect formation over the field. Our Wildcats were up to meet them. Sometimes they found the Jap bombers and knocked them all out of the sky, and at others we watched their formations come over and leave unmolested.

Pilots who were not flying usually were on stand-by. They lolled around the ready tent in the middle of the field, reading, talking, smoking, watching the reports come in, and trying to keep out of the sun. In case of an air raid they scurried to their planes or rode to the safety of the beach. The fighter pilots would take off, and the scramble pilots—those who flew the other planes on the field to a designated rendezvous point to save them from bombs—followed.

On the beach, everybody stood by their foxholes and popped into them when they heard the first whistle of bombs overhead. The irregular whistle grows louder and louder until the bomb dumps—"whoom". A person who has never before heard that "whi-whi-whi-whi" of a bomb descending must inevitably think, "This is *it*," because the sound is much louder than would be expected.

The large Jap Pagoda, which for two months after the Marines took Guadalcanal stood in the middle of the field, was the center of the target for the Japs, and yet it was never touched by a bomb. The Americans used it as their administration building, and the Commanding General had his headquarters there. It was destroyed, finally, by Jap shell-fire in the middle of October.

IN THE afternoon every day, we sent out another scouting flight. They usually would discover the "Tokyo express coming down Broadway", or in other words the force of cruisers and destroyers which almost daily came down the channel in an effort to land troops and supplies or to shell us. If our air attack groups didn't stop them, they got through and accomplished that objective, unless they were surprised by American surface ships after dark—and this happened several times.

Pilots of the attack group on stand-by in the afternoon as a rule were nervous until the afternoon scouting flight made contact. They smoked and fidgeted more than the others. What they wanted to know all afternoon was "how many today?" If two destroyers were coming down, it wasn't so bad; but if four cruisers and eight destroyers were "in the slot", it could be a dangerous mission.

The attack group almost invariably returned after dark, and then the

Japs took over again. A lone bombing plane, which we called "Washing-Machine Charlie" and sometimes "Worry Willy", began to thrum over the field at about eight-thirty and drop flares and bombs. If any person showed a light during these times, he was asking for a bullet. One private in our area shot at every flash light or cigarette glow he could see, until we caught him. Our foxholes were our best friends in the darkness, and during the day we dug them deeper and made them stronger and more elaborate.

ON THE early morning of October 5, we were awakened at one-thirty and told to be prepared to go on a secret mission. I was not scheduled to go, but the words "secret mission" made me so curious that I persuaded another pilot who was sleepy to let me take his place. We all gathered in Harwood's tent, shivering, while he explained that we were to make a dawn attack on Rekata Bay on the north side of Santa Isabel Island. He pointed out that it was a very important objective. We were to hit the shore installations and then strafe and bomb the seaplanes in the Bay. We were to be accompanied by about fifteen dive bombers and some Flying Fortresses. The attack was scheduled for dawn.

The idea of the attack, Bruce said, was to keep the seaplanes from taking off that morning and discovering a carrier force which intended to strike Jap installations on Bougainville, farther north in the Solomons.

We took off at three o'clock. We had some difficulty making a rendezvous, but finally got together and headed north, with the dive bombers ahead. There were five of us.

I have never flown in such bad weather. Harwood was flying on instruments most of the time, and the rest of us were flying contact, with only the flame of the exhaust of the plane ahead to guide us. The night was black and the sky was covered with thick, cumulus clouds.

Off the coast of Santa Isabel the clouds lowered to the water, and we flew on up the coast in soupy mist and heavy rain. Several times I lost sight of the exhaust ahead of me, and the only way I could pick it up again was to rudder back and forth until I felt a slipstream, and then creep slowly straight ahead until I picked it up again.

By the time we were supposed to be abreast the target, there were only four out of five of us left. Shortly afterward, there were only two exhausts remaining ahead of me. Then they too disappeared from my sight, no matter how hard I strained to hang onto them. Harwood told us later that he went into a spin and lost Taurman, pilot of the remaining plane. We were all separated.

As soon as I became lost, I began to circle and wait for daylight. Then I saw some flashes of light eastward, and although I knew my target should be southward of me I set course for them. I soon realized they were lightning flashes, however, so continued to circle. When daylight broke I headed south until I hit the coast of Santa Isabel, and then proceeded west to the target.

The first thing I saw as I approached the target was a burning plane in the water. Then I saw one of our dive bombers make a glide bomb run and come out with a float biplane on his tail. I told my gunner to watch that biplane.

The biplane left the dive bomber to tag me as I came in. I told the bomber what set-up to make, checked my own switches, and then looked back. I could see my gunner's tracers—first a short burst below the following plane and then curving straight into his nose. He turned away. Hicks was a wonderful gunner and didn't need encouragement, but I couldn't resist the impulse at that moment to pick up the mike and say, "You're looking good, Hicks!"

But another biplane was approaching from the port wing and a third from the starboard. At the same time—although I didn't see him—a land-based Zero was coming in from below on our right. I told my gunners about both biplanes and we went in over the target.

I pressed my release, but looking back could see no bombs dropping. But I did spot the Jap anti-aircraft positions to my right rear. To my left I saw the biplane closing. I turned left and was able to complete a scissors on him before he started to shoot. As he came in overhead, he rolled over on his back to keep his sights on me. I could see his tracers flicking past me, but knew it was almost impossible for him to hit me in our relative positions.

I flew back over the anti-aircraft positions and pulled the emergency bomb release on my panel, as they peppered at me from below and put several holes in my wing and tail section. By that time the third biplane was on my tail, so I pushed the throttle forward and lost him.

Hicks reported that the first biplane that turned away had gone straight up and dived on us as we passed the target. Hicks shot him down. At the same time, my tunnel gunner shot down the Zero closing from below.

About one-third of the way back, I discovered that our bombs were still on the racks. I didn't have the gas nor the inclination to return at that point. I found out when I landed that the same plane had failed to release its torpedo the day before.

On the way back Hicks spotted a rubber boat ashore on a little island south of Santa Isabel, and we reported it on our return. It belonged to one of the dive-bomber pilots who had been forced down there that day after enemy action. He was taken

in by the coast watcher on the tip of Santa Isabel, and later recovered.

The bomber and tunnel gunner who replaced Deitsch was named Struble, and it was he who shot down the Zero. He was a little fellow who looked as though he had hardly enough strength to pull a machine-gun trigger. When we got back, he said to me, "Gee, Mr. Mears, I didn't mean to hit that plane. I just meant to scare him. But he just caught fire and blew all to pieces." I told him I thought it would be all right this time.

THAT night (October 5) we lost two of our best pilots, C.A.P. Ben Doggett and Ensign John Taurman.

Doggett and Bill Esders of our squadron took off after dark, and each of them was accompanied by a dive bomber. Their mission was to harass by bombing the landing attempts of six destroyers.

Bill told me what happened, when he returned. "I joined up on Doggett on the way back," he said. "I think he must have misread his altimeter, for I heard him say over the air that we'd better lose a little altitude, and at that time my altimeter read one thousand feet.

"I was flying wing on him in a step-down position. Suddenly I saw the reflection of my exhaust flare in the water and pulled up violently. I looked back and saw Doggett hit the sea, bounce about one hundred feet, and stall off on a wing. A dive bomber circled the spot and dropped a flare not a minute afterward, but we never saw any sign of him."

Taurman became lost earlier the same night. He missed his way back to the field and, when he ran out of gas, set the plane down in the water off the southeast tip of Guadalcanal. He and the two crew members climbed into the rubber boat, but found it had a hole in the bottom. They bailed all night long and next morning discovered the current was carrying them in toward shore. When they had drifted to within about five miles of land, the current began to take them out again.

One of the crew members said he thought he could make shore, and dived overboard. He swam for six hours that day, and finally pulled himself over the coral up onto the beach. He staggered into a native village and was able to make them understand that two of his friends were still adrift. The native paddled out in a large canoe and searched the remainder of the day, but found no trace. Searches by plane were attempted, also, from Guadalcanal, but the weather was so thick for the next few days that they were futile.

Taurman's loss was saddening to all of us, because we knew he could have been on his way to the States if he had chosen. He was lost once before, after an attack on a Jap task force from his carrier in the latter part of August, and spent a month on San Cristobal Island in the Solomons. When he returned he told the

squadron commander he didn't think he'd been through any great privations during his absence, and therefore volunteered to remain with the squadron even though he was to have been sent home.

Taurman told us of his experiences on the island. Because they illustrate the manner in which the natives received American pilots, I will repeat his tale:

Taurman landed in a little bay on the north side of San Cristobal, and with his crew got into the rubber boat. They had a hard time making shore because of the tide. That night they slept in shorts on the beach as best they could.

The natives, who had seen them make their water landing, appeared offshore next morning in a canoe and approached the three men standing on the beach. Taurman didn't know what island he was on and he wasn't sure whether the natives, who were wearing long machetes, were friendly or not, so he and the others just stood there and waited.

But the natives came ashore and shook hands with the three of them. Then they went back and got a large war canoe and paddled them all to their village.

They were treated very well by the natives, Taurman said. The chief of the village kicked his wife out of his hut, and the three of them lived with him. They ate bananas, coconuts, taro, sweet potatoes and occasionally chicken. On the first night the natives killed a wild pig for them.

The three flyers spent most of the two weeks they were with the natives on the beach watching for planes. They fired the flares they had at Flying Fortresses which passed the island, but it wasn't until they fired their last flare that one of the planes saw them. It turned and circled near them. They held up their yellow rubber boat, their life jackets, and waved. Then the plane left. They expected a Navy patrol boat would come to pick them up soon.

In the meantime, they had been told by the natives of a white "headman", a "Mr. Foster", who lived on the island and had sent him a message telling him who they were. Taurman said he thought Foster must be a missionary, but that he later turned out to be the British district officer of the island.

Unfortunately, the message had been taken by a native to one village and then by another native to the next village and finally had reached Foster. When Foster received it, he didn't know where it came from. But he sent one of his "soldier boys" looking for them, and this native found them two hours after the plane had sighted them.

Taurman said they waited a day for a plane to come and then paddled around the island to Kira Kira, the village where Mr. Foster lived, in a large modern house. Foster was a young Englishman about thirty. He was glad to see them and for the next two weeks made them very com-

fortable. They arose in the morning about seven, drank a large glass of orange juice always left sitting by the bed, and then went down to breakfast. During the day they rode horseback, shot bows and arrows, and pitched horseshoes. In the middle of the morning they had an egg-nog with brandy. After dinner they sipped brandy and taught Foster hearts and gin rummy.

The natives on the island had different characteristics in the different villages, according to Taurman. In one village the natives would be tall and well-formed, in another they would all be suffering from yaws, in a third they would be little and extremely ugly. The women who were apparent were all old and fat or withered, and the young girls were kept out of sight.

The three Americans were treated like heroes by the natives. Presents of fruit and food were sent to Kira Kira from villages all over the island. The natives gave a dance for them one night, in which the men performed a dance much like the hula. They sang a song about Americans saving the islands for the natives and at the end gave a "hip-hip-hooray".

Before they left the island, Taurman and his crew made a tour of some of the villages, shaking hands. In one village a tall Negro came up and said, "How do you do, boys."

Taurman was surprised and said, "He speaks English."

"You're darn' right I speak English," was the reply. "I'm an American."

His name was Ezekial Richardson. He said he was born on Haymarket Street in Philadelphia and was ninety-five years old. He had fought with Dewey at Manila and had his right arm cut off at the elbow. He had settled on San Cristobal twenty-five years ago, and with a partner had started a plantation. His partner had cheated him out of his share, and then he had crossed the island and married a native woman.

Foster had a wireless and had several times messaged Guadalcanal. Finally, he managed to get the boys picked up. Taurman said they had used this wireless to get cigarettes, which they ran out of four days after landing. They got Guadalcanal to send a dive bomber to drop cigarettes, by asking for sulfanilamide, and, incidentally, cigarettes.

OUR squadron commander, Lieutenant Larsen, returned to Guadalcanal on October 7, and on October 8 led us on a torpedo attack, the like of which I hope I never make again.

Four torpedo planes, seven dive bombers and eight fighters were launched in the late afternoon to attack a cruiser and five destroyers coming down the channel. I was flying wing on Larsen.

We sighted the force while they were still only streaks on the water, and prepared to attack. We closed,

and then the four of us circled from one side of the disposition to the other, just outside of anti-aircraft range, while the dive bombers were getting into position to push over.

We started down from ten thousand feet when the first bomb dropped. I followed Larsen at about three hundred yards. The small-calibre fire increased as we got within range, and I could see the tracers winging their way toward us. Little black puffs of anti-aircraft fire were all over the sky.

We were after the cruiser, and in order to make a run on her we had to take the fire of at least two of the five destroyers surrounding her. We came in from the port quarter of the cruiser. It was a big one and by this time had been hit by a bomb and smoking. We paralleled it for a brief moment, and then I left Larsen and headed in to drop.

The nose of the cruiser had just poked out of the smoke as I turned. Then the machine-gun and small automatic fire and anti-aircraft became appalling. I kept going until it looked as though I were standing under a waterfall, so heavy was the spray which their fire kicked up. Then I dropped and turned off the bow.

Just as I turned I heard four distinct cracks. I assumed these were made by bullets, which I could hear snapping by my face, despite the roar of my motor and the fact that my ears were covered by my helmet.

The cruiser and two destroyers kept firing at me until I was at least five miles out, for what seemed an endless time.

I looked back and saw Burt Earnest following me. I had the throttle control shoved up "into the carburetor" and Burt told me later he had full gun on but couldn't catch me. Just before we cleared the Jap fire, I saw one of our dive bombers burning on the water near the Jap force.

SOMETIME during the run a heavy ammunition can had fallen on Struble's leg and broken it. I returned directly to base at Henderson Field without waiting to rendezvous.

Hicks reported our radio antenna had been clipped off right before his nose, but otherwise I didn't think we'd been hit. However, when we went in for our landing and set our wheels on the mat, they slowly collapsed and let the plane down on its belly.

Our planes were given credit for one torpedo hit on this attack, when several flyers agreed on seeing an explosion. We decided that Burt Earnest probably scored the hit, since he made the best run. Earnest (who flew the only one of six Grumman Avengers to return from an attack at Midway) said that the opposing anti-aircraft fire on this sortie was by far the worst he had ever encountered.

On October 12, we made what turned out to be my last torpedo attack on Guadalcanal. Six torpedo

planes, six dive bombers and twelve fighters hit two small enemy cruisers south of New Georgia. We concentrated on one cruiser. The attack was well timed, with the dive bombers diving first, then the fighters going in to strafe, leaving the water clear of anti-aircraft and small fire for our torpedo planes to drop.

I saw little opposing fire on this run. Nevertheless, Katz' plane was hit in the nose section and Evarts' plane in several places. We were sure of at least one torpedo hit.

Just before dark that night two of our planes were shoved off the field on a mercy mission—to drop life jackets and rubber boats to survivors of a naval battle of the night before, reported swimming off Savo Island. The report said a large shark was idling in the water next six or seven men hanging on a piece of debris. We saw nobody, but dropped our load anyway.

FLYING for Torpedo Squadron Eight was brought to an abrupt halt on October 13. At one o'clock of that day, twenty-seven Jap bombers moved across the sky above Henderson Field and placed their load squarely on the plane-parking area. An hour and a half later twelve more bombers came over and dropped bombs in the same spot. Our fighters were unable to intercept either enemy flight.

Only two of our torpedo planes were in flyable condition after that raid.

We were up all that night.

"Washing-Machine Charlie" appeared overhead at eight-thirty and again at eleven-thirty.

Then we began to hear a new sound. It was the "whoooo" of a shell whistling through the air, and then a sharp "whump" as though somebody had dumped a bucket of bolts. The explosion was on the main field.

The Japs had begun to open fire from the hills with howitzers or naval guns they somehow had succeeded in mounting. The firing was intermittent. We dubbed this new threat "Millimeter Mike".

At one-thirty on the morning of October 14, we were startled from our cots by the beginning of the most intensive naval shell-fire barrage the Japs had yet laid down on Guadalcanal.

Five of us were in one foxhole. We huddled there crushed against the wall farthest from the opening. We could see the flash from a salvo light the sky, hear the report, then the whistle of the shells, and finally the terrible crack-crack of the shell exploding.

Cocconut trees split off and crashed to the ground, shrapnel whirred through the air, a few duds came crashing and bounding through the jungle without exploding.

We smelled the powder of detonating shells. The sky was now ghostly, now brilliant with fires which had been started and with starshells.

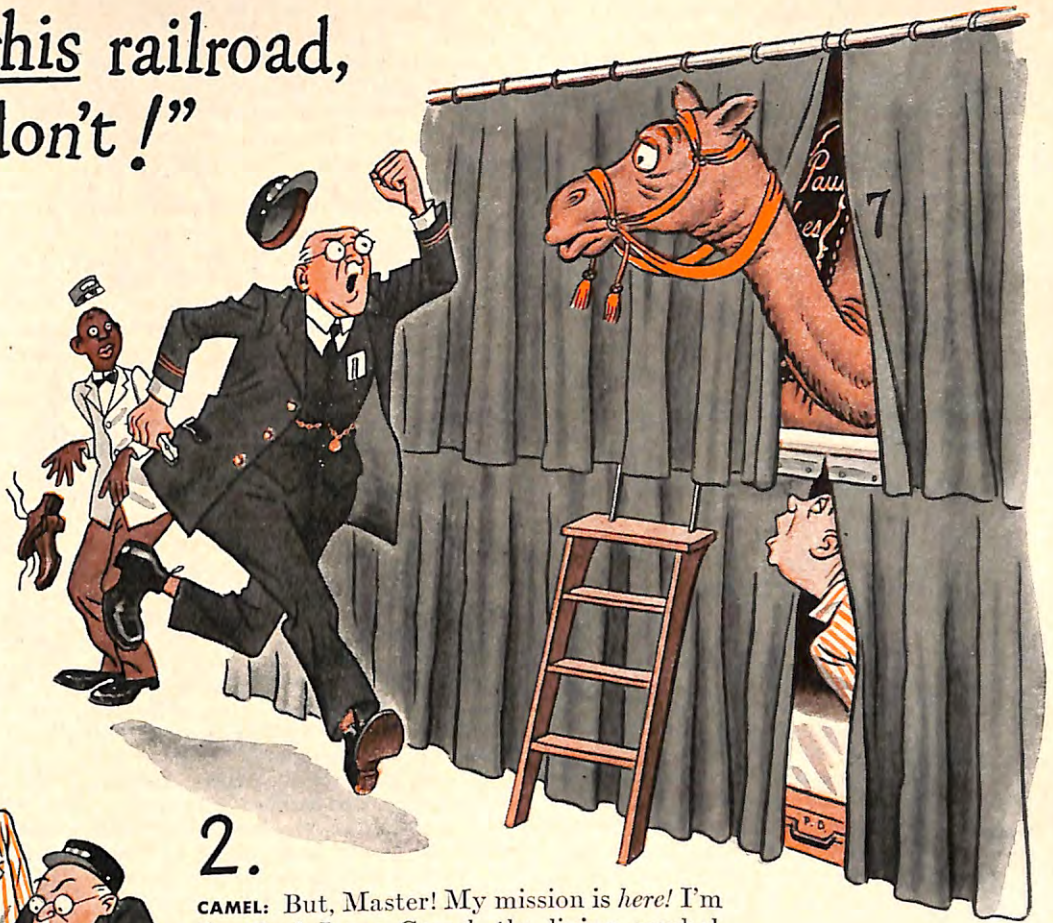
"Not on this railroad, y'don't!"

1.

CONDUCTOR: Now dagbustit, Camel, I will have to throw you outa here. I will have to give you the heave.

CAMEL: But, Sahib, I've got a ticket! I—

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel. Rules is rules. An' regulations is regulations. An' the rules an' regulations o' this railroad positively say you go in the Cattle Car!



2.

CAMEL: But, Master! My mission is *here!* I'm the Paul Jones Camel, the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey! And I'm here to explain how this wondrous quality of *dryness*...this lack of sweetness in Paul Jones, permits *all* of its flavor to come through! Lets you enjoy the *full* richness and mellowness of a truly magnificent whiskey! A—

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel! We not only got rules against animals on this railroad. We got also rules against peddlers. An' that means peddlers of highfalutin' fine, dry expensive whiskeys, too! An—



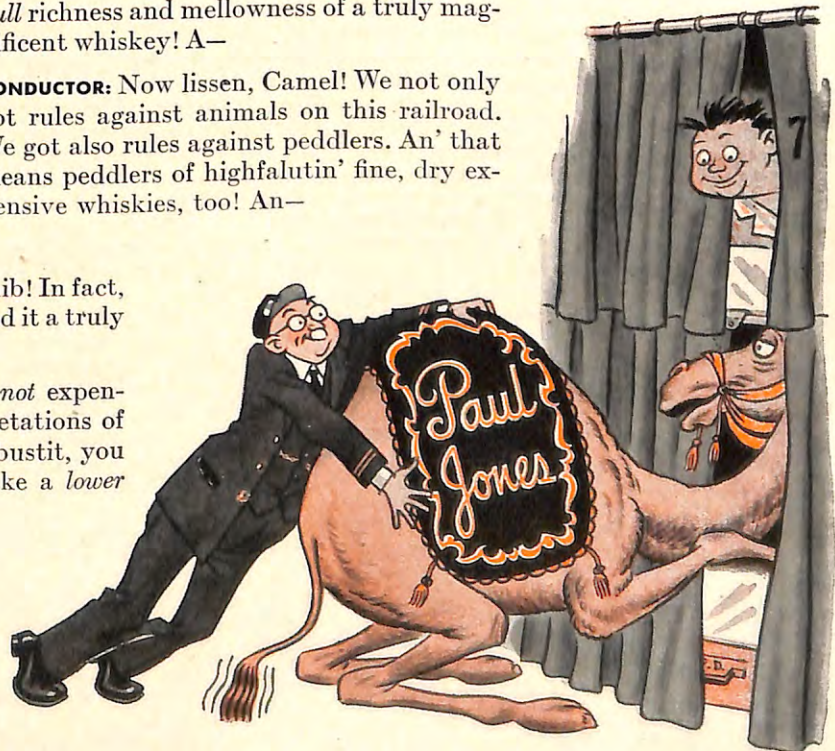
CAMEL: But Paul Jones is *not* expensive, Sahib! In fact, it is so moderately priced that wise men find it a truly great buy.

3.

CONDUCTOR: A *dry* whiskey, Camel! And *not* expensive? Well now, dagbustit! There's interpretations of rules and there's interpretations. An' dagbustit, you ain't no cattle, Camel! Take a berth. Take a lower berth. An' wait'll I tell the boys in Minneapolis about this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones.

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

Paul Jones



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

Some of the shells hit not more than twenty or thirty feet from our dugout. When a big one struck, the walls of the dugout trembled the way chocolate pudding does when someone spats it with a spoon.

Reis and I were excited and were laughing or, more exactly, giggling. Another pilot in the dugout could not keep himself from trembling violently every time a shell moaned by. A fourth actually was trying to burrow underneath the rest of us for protection.

The top of a tree was blown into the opening of our dugout and lodged itself in the wall opposite.

This pounding continued steadily for an hour. Then there was a lull. We clambered out of our foxholes, intent on evacuating our camp area which was being so heavily shelled.

About seventy of us were piling into a large truck assigned to the squadron, and the remainder of the men were filling up the jeeps available. Some took off on foot. We were going to the big bomb shelters near the beach.

While we were still loading the truck, the shelling began again. The truck started to roll, with men still trying to climb on the sides and running behind begging us to stop. We stopped and started again several times, like an impatient race-horse, and there were still stragglers whom we had to leave.

That ride to the beach is the wildest I have ever taken, sober. Men were yelling, even crying, and trying to hide behind one another or force their way to the bottom of the truck. Some held their shirts overhead as though for protection. The truck driver was good, or he never could have taken his rolling, pitching vehicle down the road at forty miles an hour, in darkness broken only by the light of shells bursting nearby.

We passed the hospital near our camp area and could see the doctors operating in the midst of shellfire.

As we neared the beach and looked out over the water, we could almost make out one ship, as the flash from her turrets lighted the water alongside. She was firing at one of our shore batteries.

One of the men, who thought he was being taken into an even more dangerous area, started to shout, "They're taking us down to be killed! They're taking us down to be killed!" He stopped yelling only when someone threatened to knock him off the back of the truck and made a move to do so.

The truck halted directly behind the gun position at which the Japs were shooting. We poured out of the back and streamed off into the woods toward the bomb shelters, flattening out or leaping into ditches when we saw a glitter to seaward. Once, several of us jumped into a concrete-lined pit, which I discovered the next morning was an abandoned Jap latrine.

The shelling ceased about three o'clock, soon after we had reached

the big bomb shelters.

Then "Washing-Machine Charlie" appeared again, and every fifteen minutes for the remainder of the night an enemy bomber dumped his load on the field and surrounding area. "Millimeter Mike" was working sporadically, too.

When we crawled out of the bomb shelter the next morning, sleepy and dirty, Reis gave us all a laugh, by pulling the corners of his eyes toward his ears and saying, "So sorry. Which way to Henderson Field, please?"

I was still wearing a pair of striped pajamas. Katz had a raincoat, but nothing else, on; and several of the boys were running around in shorts. Most had been sleeping in their clothes, however.

We returned to survey the damage to our camp area and planes. All of the planes had been hit, and none was flyable. Our camp was not a camp any more. One tent had completely disappeared, and the only thing visible where it used to be pitched was a bomb crater. Another tent had collapsed; and all the others, along with their contents of mosquito-nettings, cots, tables, papers and luggage, had been riddled and tangled and scattered by shrapnel holes and explosions. The butt plates of shells from eight to fourteen inches across were lying around.

The only thing Burt Earnest could find of his belongings was a letter he was writing to his girl, which began, "It's really not so bad here, darling."

"I guess I was just asking for it," he said.

A check on the other planes on the field revealed only five dive bombers and but a few more fighters able to fly. To us who were air-minded, the outlook for Guadalcanal was pretty black that day. When twenty-four Jap bombers came over at noon and six more later, we began to see a hopeless, losing fight. When eight planes of Bombing Six flew in late that afternoon from the New Hebrides, I was almost sorry to see them come, because most of the pilots were good friends of mine.

WE DECIDED to abandon our camp area and move back with the Marines near the front lines. We issued all the squadron guns and ammunition to the men, and then, taking only the belongings and supplies we could carry, we moved to the hills and settled in a gully with a Marine special-weapons unit.

Under the wing of the Marines our desperation subsided, however, and although we underwent several more nights of shelling we were no longer in doubt about who was going to hold the field. Major Mahoney, who led the unit we stayed with, was a professional soldier who had seen much jungle fighting in Nicaragua and was considered an expert at that type of warfare. He was a wonderful host, and even in that wild place and in those circumstances was

capable of serving us good food and whiskey and cigars and of making good conversation.

Another Marine officer told me he thought it would take the Japs three hundred and fifty thousand men to take Guadalcanal. I was glad he thought so, but couldn't agree with him in view of the status of our air power.

After daylight on October 15, our Douglas dive bombers and Flying Fortresses fought off Zeros to make bombing attacks on six transports off the northeast tip of the island. A PBV pilot torpedoed and sank a transport in broad daylight. Altogether, two transports were sunk, two set afire and the remaining two turned back.

On October 16 our carrier-based aircraft intercepted the enemy bombers headed for Henderson Field, and shot down all sixteen.

We were able to place about six of our most jittery men aboard a ship on that day, in order to evacuate them. The next day ten dive bombers attacked her and blew off her stern. One of the men we were trying to get to safety was killed.

We spent our time during the next few days watching our fighters mix it with the Zeros and try to tag the bombers. I saw many thrilling dog-fights, one so low directly overhead that I jumped into a foxhole to avoid fire. Jap bombers and Zeros continually were visible falling, smoking and in flames and out of control. They disintegrated on the way down and, if they were high enough, seemed to be in twenty pieces before they went out of sight.

DURING this period, our engineering crew, directed by Lieutenant DeWitt Peterkin, exposed themselves to Jap artillery fire during the day, in an effort to repair one of the three planes we discovered we might be able to put in commission.

Major Mahoney predicted that the Japs would begin a land drive in a few days.

On October 22 our engineering crew had one plane ready to fly. Larsen took it up for a test hop and immediately thereafter we began using it to bomb Jap artillery emplacements on the island.

The Japs had good anti-aircraft fire near their artillery positions. Twice our lone plane came back with shrapnel holes in it, and once a piece of shrapnel hit one of the bombardiers in the elbow.

Just at twilight on the twenty-third, Ensign Ed Hanson took the TBF up to drop bombs on a string of anti-aircraft positions, and was shot down. Major Mahoney, who was riding in the plane just for the excitement of it, was drowned.

Hanson said something hit his engine just after he dropped his bombs, and the engine conked and burst into flames. Fortunately, he had about three hundred knots speed and glided toward our lines. He landed in the sea, but one wheel had come down

VICTORY SMOKES for the Boys Over There

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MINIMUM ORDER 500 PACKS—\$25

**... plus a special
bonus gift of 500 packs
FREE with every order
of 5000 packages**

A famous United States
Army General said

"... OF ALL PERSONAL COMFORTS
AMERICAN CIGARETTES ARE THE
MOST DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN HERE."

A famous United States
Navy Admiral said

"... I KNOW OF NOTHING WHICH
SERVES TO KEEP OUR FIGHTING MEN
IN BETTER SPIRIT THAN PLENTY OF
GOOD AMERICAN CIGARETTES."



As one of its war-time operations, the Elks War Commission sends American cigarettes to our fighting men all over the world. This label, printed in red, white and blue, is put on overseas shipments of Chesterfields.

BY SPECIAL arrangement with Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company you can send Chesterfield cigarettes to our fighting men overseas in lots of 500 packages (10,000 cigarettes) or any multiple thereof, at the price of

**\$25 for 500 packages of 20 cigarettes
\$50 for 1000 packages of 20 cigarettes**

Liggett & Myers will add 500 packages free with every order for 5000 packages.

Liggett & Myers will mark each container with the name and address of your Elks Lodge and include in each container 50 postcards with the donor's name and address for the soldiers' acknowledgment.

Cigarettes will be delivered to any fighting front you specify, deliveries to be made to the Special Service Officer in charge of the section you specify. This Officer will supervise the distribution to the service men.

SPECIAL OFFER: On all lots of 1000 packages or more, each package will be stamped with a special greeting tag as shown in the illustration with your Elks Lodge name and your individual message.

Mail your order with remittance and message desired on labels to

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**YOUR
ELKS LODGE
AND GREETING
IMPRINTED HERE
FREE**
in lots of 1000 packs
and over

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A GOOD CIGARETTE

and that flipped him over on his back.

He was stunned and under water, but finally managed to get out. The plane was sinking with the Major, but the two crew members had been able to escape.

With Jap bullets kissing the water near their ears, Hanson and his crew swam along the shore until they saw some Marines on the beach.

The Japanese land drive started on the same night. From then until we left, we slept under the continuous clatter and barking of our machine guns, rifles, mortar and howitzer fire, and the booming and pounding of our bigger guns. "Worry Willy" and "Millimeter Mike" made it more uncomfortable. Snipers broke through our lines several times. In the daytime we heard the "kapthung" of their bullets. The snipers climbed trees and hung themselves in baskets or stretched along a limb during the night, and fired in the daytime when the flashes from their rifles could not be seen. They disguised themselves with cocoanut-frond coats and hats.

One night when we were trying to sleep through a hammering fire from the front lines, someone came in the tent and touched me on the shoulder. "Sir, I th-th-think there's a s-s-sniper outside!" he said.

I said okay, charged my pistol, put my helmet on, and crept to the flap of the tent and crouched there. The person who had awakened me, just then fired two shots at the sniper and scared me and everybody else in

the tent within an inch of our lives.

Katz woke up, grabbed his pistol, and started waving it at my form in the door. That took the fright out of me somehow and made me mad.

"For Pete's sake, Katz, put that pistol away or I'll blow your head off!" I said; and at that point I believe I was tired and mean and irritable enough to have done so.

On October 25 the Japs started what looked like an all-out air attack. Beginning at dawn, Jap Zeros and two-engined German Messerschmitt fighters swept across the field in strafing attacks. Heavy rains on the two preceding nights had made the field slushy, and our fighters were forced to wait until it dried out before they could take off.

The Jap bombers came over as usual about one o'clock.

As the day wore on, it became evident to us on the ground that there must be a Jap carrier in the vicinity. Jap Zeros were basking over the field at altitude like a school of lazy sharks. When one of our fighters would start to take off or enter the landing circle to come in, a Zero would drop down and make a pass at him. The Zeros were staying around a lot longer than they would be able to if they'd come from a land base. About three o'clock our suspicions were confirmed when eight Jap Navy dive bombers with oval wings and fixed landing gear glided in for an attack on the field.

All the pilots in our squadron except the squadron commander were

evacuated on October 27. We flew out in a transport carrying wounded in the early morning.

One day before we left, Reis and I walked up the front lines and talked to some of the Marines who were fighting there. One gunner, in explaining a recent scrap, said, "I had my machine gun in a perfect position. There were Japs on all sides of me. All I had to do was swing the barrel in a circle."

"I see what you mean," Reis answered.

The stories of the heroism of the Marines on Guadalcanal are legion, but they are all well-deserved.

If the Marines had ever lost Guadalcanal, it would have been because they were picking up souvenirs while the Japs marched through their lines. A Marine will do anything to get a prize souvenir. When a Jap plane is shot down, the Marines are almost literally weaving baskets of the fuselage by the time an intelligence officer arrives. Marines dug one dead Jap up more than five times to get another souvenir.

As our transport plane clipped the top of the cocoanut trees on take-off in the early-morning sunlight, I was thinking of those Marines. Most of them landed there on August 7. It struck me there was a good deal of truth in the last line of that ditty which runs:

"The Army gets the medals, the Navy gets the queens,

"But the boys who do the fighting are the United States Marines."

The Army Takes Care of Its Own

(Continued from page 5)

barrassment to the applicant. It is in no sense charity and certainly is not regarded as such by those in charge. Whenever practicable, the help is given as a loan, as in the case of the father just mentioned. But often an outright grant is given, or a

combination of loan and grant.

The soldier should apply in person; but in cases where this is not possible, those at home need only go to the nearest Army post, armed with the soldier's name, grade, Army serial number, organization

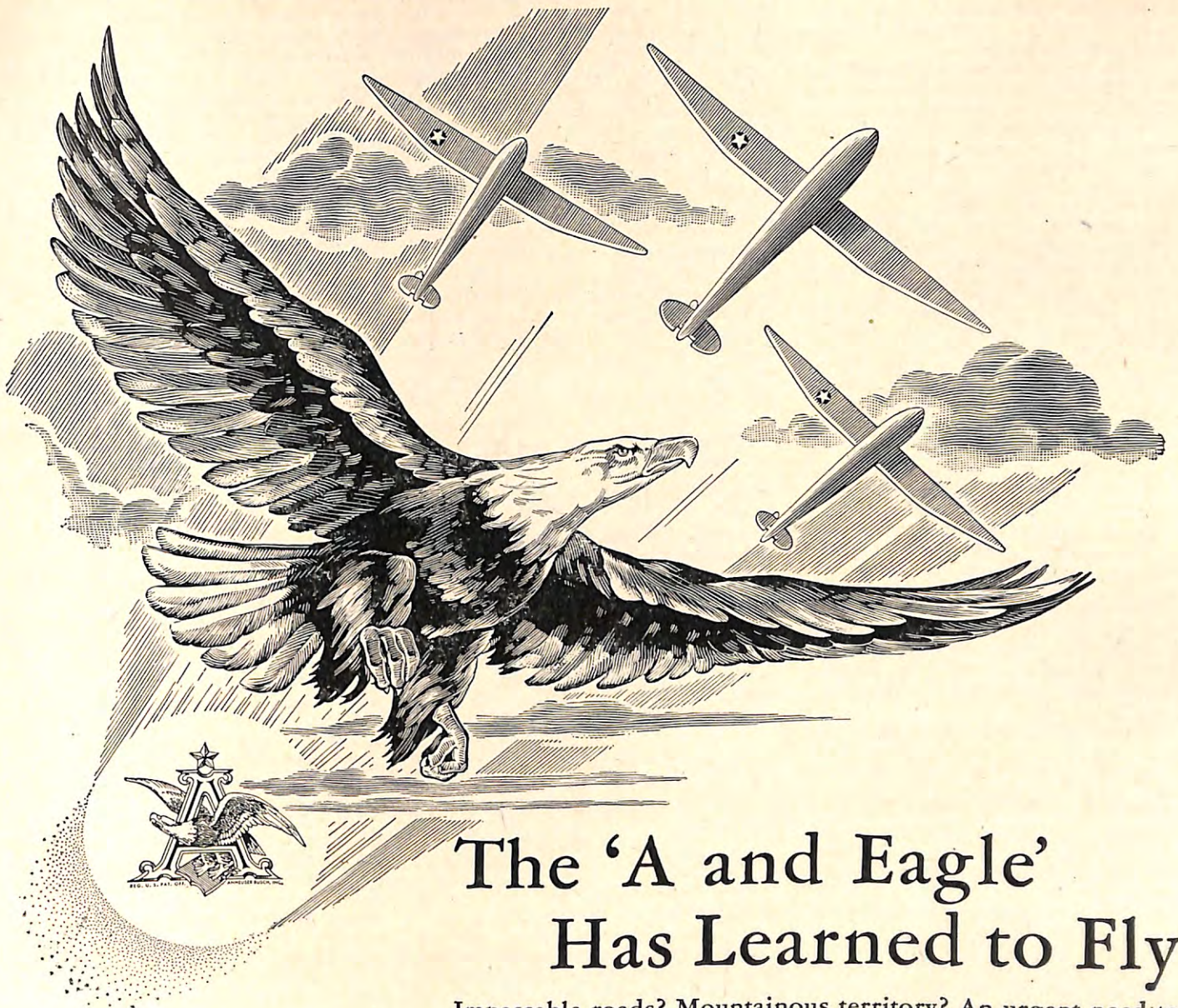
and station or last mailing address. Application can also be made direct to Army Emergency Relief at Washington, D. C., or information will be furnished through the Red Cross by Field Directors or local chapters. Since investigation of the facts of the case can be made more quickly on the spot, it is better, if there is any kind of post near at hand, to apply there than to headquarters.

It is an interesting thing to Elks that this intimate and personal care, based on the least possible investigation, approximates so closely the work of the Order in the last war. At that time the War Department made no such provision for its men and their dependents. But the Elks, through their War Commission and a revolving fund, brought comfort and security to many thousands just as AER is doing in this holocaust.

Army Emergency Relief does not confine its help and service to money alone. But, wherever there is sudden illness, or loss of a job, or delay in receiving family allowance or allotment, or trouble with insurance or need of securing legal advice, Army Emergency Relief is equipped to help. It does not extend benefits of a continuing nature such as monthly allowances, since these are taken care of under the Servicemen's De-



TO THE YOUNG BRIDE ABOUT TO FACE CONFINEMENT WITHOUT MONEY, AER HAS GONE TO THE RESCUE.



The 'A and Eagle' Has Learned to Fly

Impassable roads? Mountainous territory? An urgent need to move fighting men, supplies and even jeeps by air? Our armed forces have found the answer. It is one of the thrilling new developments of the war—the use of gliders, which are now being produced in imposing numbers.

* * *

Can skilled metal workers and cabinet makers turn quickly from manufacturing refrigeration equipment to making glider parts? Yes indeed!

Our Refrigeration Division volunteered long ago to help Uncle Sam build gliders. The shops that once made equipment for ice cream and frozen food dealers the country over were revamped completely and old and new workers trained for this important enterprise.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

INCIDENTALLY, our Refrigeration Division was created many years ago as a result of experience gained in making millions of tons of ice to produce the world's most popular beer.

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

pendents' Allowance Act. Army Emergency Relief, as its name implies, is purely an emergency measure in times of crisis.

Already the Commanding Officers of camps all over the country are familiar with the distressing consequences of war upon individuals and families. They know that the majority of the families of the men who have gone continue their lives with little disturbance as far as material things go. But they are all too familiar, too, with the involved and sometimes desperate situations which confront many others.

The common denominator of need runs through all these cases, though the variations in the situations are as multiple as humanity. So many need a kind hand, whether it be the

old mothers and fathers of draftees; the young bride about to face confinement without money; the widow of the regular-army sergeant who died in camp, leaving six children and unpaid bills; the Kentucky wife and mother of five who expected to live on certain rentals and found her tenants unable to pay their rent; the girl who proudly sent her husband off to war, confident that her mother would take care of her child and that her new job would see them all through, only to have both mother and child fall ill, so that doctor's bills overwhelmed her; the old aunt who had been supported by her nephew and whose allotment, through some error, failed to come through.

To all these, Army Emergency Relief has gone to the rescue. It has

provided food and fuel, paid bills, made loans, given money outright, kept homes together. Quietly and with no ostentation it continues to do this. It is guide, counselor and friend to those left behind, to those civilians who plod dustily and undramatically on in the red wake of war.

Major General Irving J. Phillipson, Executive Director of Army Emergency Relief, who is not only a distinguished soldier but a great humanitarian, describes this fine institution in the following words, "Army Emergency Relief is very close to the heart of every soldier. It is democracy working overtime. It is common decency on the job. It is the Army's practical method of seeing that there is freedom from worry for those who have gone to war."

Beggars Ride

(Continued from page 10)

tions on automobile travel, the people bet on the average of \$220,913 more a day, or a total of \$1,201,347. The average horse player invested \$9.29 on each race against \$7.42 last year and he thrust a total of \$65.07 at the ticket sellers every day, \$13.08 more than he was betting with apprehension and crossed fingers last year.

In 1942 there were 55 days in the 180-day racing season in New York State that the public wagered more than a million dollars. This year, during the 27-day Spring meeting at Jamaica, the public pool exceeded a million dollars 18 times. Prior to this year, there had been only two days in the history of the American turf, from coast to coast, that more than \$2,000,000 had been bet in a single day, once at Churchill Downs and again at Belmont Park. Jamaica had two \$2,000,000 days in three and a half weeks and the capacity of the track is rather limited. There are a dozen plants in the country capable of accommodating larger crowds.

Most significant of all is an analysis of the proportionate betting in the 2, 5, 10, 50 and 100 dollar denominations. Watchdogs of the turf are bleeding and beating their breasts for the \$2 bettor, who is supposedly the racetrack prototype of the editorial writers' white-haired boy, the man in the street. The \$2 bettor traditionally is represented as the gold-plated sucker who wanders around the premises with two clams clutched in one fist, a form chart in the other and a bewildered expression on his face. It is to be feared that the watchdogs are barking up the wrong tree. The \$2 bettor now constitutes a minority group.

On a proportionate money basis, only one player in four bought \$2 tickets at Jamaica. The most populous windows were those where the customers received a little slip of cardboard in return for each \$10 bill he gave the ticket seller. Those who are afflicted with nose-bleed in the

presence of great heights or money in telephone numbers are advised to stop at this point—maybe we are taking too much for granted in assuming that anyone still is with us—for the \$50 windows were almost as well patronized as the \$2 booths.

The breakdown of the betting went like this:

Tickets	% Total '42 Bets	% Total '43 Bets	% '43 Increase
\$100	2.02	2.31	37.80
\$50	13.80	20.91	83.39
\$10	26.43	28.64	31.09
\$5	18.53	17.15	11.95
\$2	35.19	26.41	-9.20
D. Double	4.03	4.58	37.22

This constitutes an increase of 20.96 percent in the betting total.

We direct your attention and astonishment to the last column. Betting in all denominations except \$2 increased; the \$50 plunges went up a fabulous 83 percent. The inference is plain. The fellow who was betting two bucks last year has graduated to the Woolworth, or five-and-ten, department. The others have climbed the ladder, which cannot be called, even for the purposes of the classy allusion, the ladder of success. Inflation is here; it has come to the horse plants.

The over-all increase at Jamaica was 21 percent. For the benefit of those nose parties who promptly will challenge our figure of 30 percent 'way back there in the third paragraph, it should be explained that a very small percentage of all bets made throughout the country are placed at the tracks.

For every dollar recorded at the track proper, at least twenty-five more—at a very conservative estimate—are wagered in pool-rooms, barber shops, cigar stores and other places where a gambling gent who knows his way around can get some action for his money. Thousands of inveterate horse players do not live within 500 miles of a track; the professional, who follows the horses for

a living, often bets more on a race in California or New Orleans than the one he is watching in New York.

Now then. What is the meaning of this insane interest in the horses? Does it indicate a trend toward loose living, loss of moral integrity and perdition, as the reformers seem to believe? There are, you know, brethren in the parish who regard all horse players as pool-room bums giving evidence of a misspent youth with every bet made. There are, conversely, social-set sycophants who get goose pimples of awe and admiration when they live and breathe the same air with wealthy men who race and breed horses. The naive fawners, who have seen too many Grade B Hollywood products, are smitten with the delusion that a rich bloke must be the salt of the earth if he lavishes attention and money upon the noble beasts.

Both attitudes toward racing are ridiculous, of course. A great many thoroughly virtuous, family-loving people bet on horses with no deterioration of character.

The current betting spree now seizing the citizens means only one thing. There is a war going on. Gambling always flourishes in time of war. It was freely predicted here and elsewhere that horse racing in this country would shatter all previous records in 1943. No great imagination or intelligence was required to make the prediction. It really couldn't miss.

Americans are not alone in this war phenomenon. In 1938, the year before the war began, Britons wagered at the tracks a total of \$125,500,000 on dog racing. Last year the figure was \$149,000,000. London, subjected to more bombing than any other city in England, bet more than the rest of the country. Although several of London's tracks were blown out of existence, the take was \$91,016,000—two million dollars more than the 1938 total. Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Rotherham, Man-



"TAKE A DIVE, TOUGHNESS!"—SAY THE 5 CROWNS

ONE glance at this picture will tell
 Why critics say 5 Crown is swell...
 Old TOUGHNESS is through,
 So Seagram brings you
 More richness, and lightness as well!

The bottle called HOST is so smart,
 It plays a conspicuous part
 In serving your friends
 This finest of blends...
 (Tonight is a good time to start!)

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



THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown



FOR
SPARKLING
GOODNESS



Enjoy Life with

Miller's

HIGH LIFE
BEER



MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

chester, Glasgow, Bradford and Bristol reported increases in betting ranging from 22 to 125 percent over 1938.

The oppressed people in occupied France still have the desire—and the money—to bet on horses. A few months ago the R.A.F. and the A.A.F. blasted the Renault works in the suburbs of Paris in a daylight raid while a race meeting was in progress at a nearby course. A picture, sent here by radio telephone and reprinted in many papers, indicated by the number of people running for air-raid shelters that a large crowd was in attendance when the attack was launched. The crew of an American submarine cruising off the coast of Japan recently watched horse races on shore through the periscope. There was racing in Berlin until the Allies brought home to the Nazis the full definition of aerial blitz.

Psychiatrists say people habitually are more intense and emotional, demand accelerated action, in time of war. Racing is geared perfectly to a war psychology with its seven or eight fast spins of the wheel a day, each offering the bettor a new thrill and a fresh start. Other sports, such as baseball and football, require too much concentration for a full appreciation of the subtle skills mastered by the athletes. There also are breaks in the continuity of play in other games that tend to make the action build to one slow climax. In racing, all the excitement is jam-packed into two minutes and there is another race coming up to stimulate the emotional combustion all over again.

The stepped-up tempo of life makes people impatient or unwilling to watch men bat or chase an inoffensive ball for two hours. They want a fast shake for their money, a more material return than esthetic enjoyment. The horses give them something tangible; five minutes

after a race, the winners are paid off in money that buys things, that may be the start of a nest-egg.

No one knows in these times where he will be tomorrow. It's difficult to get excited about the baseball pennant races that will not be decided for months to come. But a horse race begins and ends in a matter of minutes; you have something to show if you are lucky enough to pick the right horse.

People want to participate in excitement during war-time. Suppose you do yell your lungs out for the home team? What have you got to show for it, what have you done to influence the result? But when you root for a horse, you're riding him all the way around the track; you're giving him body english on the turns; you feel very smart and knowing when your horse wins and you go up to the cashier to collect.

The mounting figures on the tote boards certainly appear to be ominous, but there is no reason to suspect the country is going to the dogs—or the horses. Considering the more vital and urgent uses that could be made of the vast sums wagered at the tracks, the betting boom unquestionably is strictly on the crazy side, but the situation will revert to normalcy when sanity returns to the rest of the world.

At that, the horses are valuable members of society. They are keeping open more than one school, hospital and orphan asylum and they are paying the maintenance of roads and parks and social service agencies. Every State that legalizes betting gets a cut of five to twelve percent of the total sum wagered at each track. With Uncle Whiskers now getting first crack at the taxpayer, the horses are bringing in revenue the States otherwise might not collect. Remember that, the next time a dreadful skate betrays your confidence and judgment and crawls home a weary, dead last.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 12)

have a chance at him—I hope!"

The warden reeled in his line with exasperating slowness and reached for his plug of eating tobacco before replying.

"Me shinny up that tree?" he repeated, with well simulated indignation. "What do you think I am, a chipmunk? Besides I got my shins all barked up at that barn dance last Saturday night. They ought to stop them guys hoofin' with loggin' boots. I come home with my shins all punctured like a used-up meal ticket. It's . . . whup . . . hold 'im!"

My line hissed through the water and the big trout came out in a blur of action, red gills showing. Three quick jumps again, followed by a fast run to the head of the pool, where the fish took up a position behind a large, partly submerged boulder.

"Come on, Pete, be a good egg and clear that line. You wouldn't want to see me lose that fish, would you?"

"Why not?" he replied. "And look who's askin' favors!"

"Oh, so you're going to bring that up again, eh?"

"Well," he replied, "now that you remind me, I sure am. You want that steelhead and I can use that ole thutty-thutty of yours. I can use it for five bucks, although that seems a lot of dough to lay out for a ole Winchester that's. . ."

The sulking trout brought our conversation to a momentary halt by shooting past downstream and ending the quick run with a four-foot leap. I held my breath until the fish settled toward the bottom again.

"Looks like he's rubbing his snoot on a rock down there," commented

the warden. "Probably work that hook loose in a minute or two. Now about that ole thutty-thutty. . ."

"I've told you a dozen times I don't want to sell that carbine," I broke in, "and certainly not for a lousy five bucks. You got me over a barrel, but that doesn't mean you're going to run a whizzer on me, wise guy. I'm afraid to put down this rod or I'd climb that tree myself and bust off that branch. Untangle that line and I'll buy you a big drink."

"Go ahead and climb it," he replied. "You got monkey blood in your veins, anyway. And whatsa idea of tryin' to bribe me with likker? You know I swore off after last Saturday night. Besides, the rules in Smith's fishin' contest says it ain't legal for a contestant to get any help landin' a fish."

"Whatever are you talking about?"

"You know blamed well what I'm talking about. I suppose you ain't shootin' for that big trout prize down at Smith's Drug Store, in the village. I suppose you don't aim to pass off that ole steelhead for a genuine mountain rainbow. You know danged well a steelhead gets back a lot of color after livin' in fresh water a while and I suppose you ain't out to beat Lawyer Evans and that four-pounder he entered last week . . . watch it . . . there he goes again!"

The fish shot up from the shadowy depths and rushed back and forth across the pool, jumped twice and zig-zagged upstream to the head of the pool, where it stopped behind another rock.

"I thought sure he'd bust loose that time," consoled Pete. "Funny how a light leader will hold sometimes. Guess it's because that maple branch gives as easily as a rod tip. You better hope that big snake doesn't take a notion to leave this pool and head downstream, as they usually do. Where would you be then?"

"I know where I'd be," I replied, "and I know where I wish you were. Frying in —"

"Now you shouldn't oughta talk like that," broke in the warden. "It ain't refined. Tell you what let's do. You lay that rod down and we'll go off and pick ourselves a mess of huckleberries. In an hour or two that fish'll wear hisself out and. . ."

"I'll make a bargain with you," I interrupted. "You shinny up that tree, break off that branch and I'll slip you a dozen of those new fan-wings. And maybe a leader or two. The drinks will be on me, too."

"Huh," he snorted. "You're shootin' for a \$15 cash prize and a valuable reel, and you offer me about a buck's worth of moth-eaten flies. And for what? So you can strut into that drug store with a big fish and lord it over poor ole Lawyer Evans and the rest of the gang. Tryin' to get me to help you cheat a fine ole gentleman out of his just winnings! Of course, if you was to make me a better proposition. . ."

"A fine old gentleman," indeed!



... and **QUICK!**

The Evinrude you can't buy today, for the vacation you only dream about now, is "in there pitching" . . . to help speed the time when you can have the Evinrude you want . . . and vacation to your heart's content! Evinrudes have been called to serve in many places . . . take the case of Lord Mountbatten's famed Commandos . . .

One Thursday the urgent orders flashed in . . . 400 powerful outboards pledged for immediate delivery to Mountbatten's Commandos. All to be equipped with underwater mufflers. And all to be aboard an outbound ship the following Monday.

Four brief days in which to meet the promise. Immediately Evinrude dealers started contributing motors and precious parts to the factory's slender stocks. Assembly lines were swiftly organized for "Commando performance" in building new motors. Army officials pitched in with unceasing cooperation. And Saturday night, loaded into express cars cut into a fast passenger train, the motors were on their way . . . bound for "Port X" and fighting action!

A small incident in the vast drama of America's Production-for-Victory. But a gratifying one to countless thousands of water-loving Americans. Their favorite motors now are weapons for Victory . . . fighting in the thick of it . . . and they can be confident that, where Evinrudes can serve, no effort will be spared to produce *plenty* enough *soon* enough!

EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Evinrude Motors of Canada,
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EVINRUDE
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★Invest in America! Every War Bond you buy helps speed the day of Victory. Then, good fishing to you.



The accuracy, greater effectiveness and long range of Western Super-X Silvertip cartridges led to their widespread preference among big game hunters. Silvertip cartridges are not used for military purposes.



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You know darned well old Evans is the biggest skinflint and blowhard in the county. And you know that carbine is almost brand new and that it cost me over \$40 and hasn't been shot more than twenty times. Besides, I told you to take it any time you wanted to go hunting. All you need is a box of shells."

"Yeah," he answered, "all I gotta do is buy shells, and you with enough to stock a hardware store. A fine friend! Tighter than a Armenian. Who gave you that deer ham that was hit by a truck?"

"That deer was hit by something else," I answered him. "I never told you before, but I busted an inlay on a small hunk of metal when I bit into a piece of that meat. Looked like a fragment of bullet casing. Of course, I could have been wrong."

"I tell you that deer was hit by a car," replied the warden with some heat. "If you bit into a piece of metal, it musta come off the car's bumper, or something."

"No doubt."

A kingfisher darted past downstream and a water ouzel dipped on a moss-covered rock a few feet away as the hooked fish fought the branch's slight pressure with ominous side to side thrashings of its head. There were signs the big trout was losing its earlier zip.

"You know," Pete spoke up, "it would be just your fool luck to get that steelhead, after doing everything wrong. And what a yarn it will make for the *Weekly Gazette* if you do! I can just see the headline: 'Maple Tree Lands Prizewinner For Angler'. Will that give the boys a laugh!"

"Oh, so now it's blackmail, eh?"

A look of childlike innocence spread over the warden's face.

"Why, such a downright criminal idea never even entered my head," he retorted. "You and your evil mind! What kind of a fetchin' up did you get when you was a kid? Blackmail! The idea! Come to think of it, there is a \$15 cash prize, ain't there?"

"Yeah."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll add my five bucks to the \$15 you get for first prize money, and that'll give you \$20 for that ole thutty-thutty. How's 'at? You can keep the reel and I'll keep my mouth shut."

"Oh, all right."

"And seein' as how you won't be needin' those thutty-thutty shells

anymore if you sell me the gun, how about throwin' in whatever cartridges you got?"

"Okay. Anything else you'd like? How about my right arm, or would you rather have me sign over the deed to the house?"

"I ain't the kind of a guy to drive a hard bargain," answered the warden. "I was fetched up genteel-like. Of course, if you was to forget about bustin' a inlay on that piece of deer meat I gave you, folks maybe wouldn't get wrong ideas. They's too much gossippin' around here lately, anyway."

Suddenly the hooked fish tipped over on its side and finned to the surface, where it splashed feebly and finally subsided, its gills opening and closing with spasmodic gasps.

"Let the current drown him a little bit," remarked Pete, "and maybe I can reach out with a stick and get hold of that leader. Pretty so and so, ain't he?"

"Yeah, pretty but expensive."

"Lookit all the credit and glory you'll get," countered the warden, gingerly hooking the leader with a dead branch and guiding the again struggling trout within reach of his fingers. A quick clutch behind the gasping gills, a few wild thrashes of a broad tail and the trout was secured and the battle over. Two quick raps with a broken stick and the quivering prize was deposited on the mossy bank.

"There you are, a fool for luck," Pete chuckled. "Where would you be if you didn't have me today?"

"I wouldn't be out a good carbine," I replied, "and I'd probably be in an extra \$15."

The warden picked up his rod before replying. "Well, that's the curse of bein' ambitious and wantin' to gyp the other guy. Me, I never was that-away. Live and let live, that's my motto. Of course, I never was one to overlook a opportunity when it kicked me in the face, but when it comes to bein' downright graspin' like some other folks I could mention. . . ."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Anything to oblige," answered the warden, "anything to oblige. Now let's go back to camp, hoist a few quick ones and then we'll run over to town and enter this baby. I'm just crazy to watch the expression on old Lawyer Evans' face when he sees the size of this fish."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 11)

the global family. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50)

BIG Flurry was a noisy, roaring hot-tempered Irishman who came to the United States when the Civil War was on and eventually bought a piece of land in Kansas and farmed there all his days. Maybe he was an exceptional individual, but I am in-

clined to think that he had many characteristics of a type. He was part of the vast Irish immigration that gave its sons and daughters to America. And in "Kansas Irish" Charles B. Driscoll has described him and his family with unvarnished frankness. This is unusual in a writer, for the temptation to romanticize Big Flurry must have been

strong. For Big Flurry was Charles B. Driscoll's father, and his name was Florence Driscoll, called Florry for short, and pronounced Flurry.

He must have had a lot of grit and resolution, but he was hard to get along with, and in middle-age his children decided to send him back to Ireland so that his wife could have peace. But he didn't go. He had come from County Cork as a deck-hand and worked a year for an uncle on a farm near Rochester, N. Y. That was to pay him \$100, but he was charged \$12 for various sundries. He settled in Erie, Pa., for a number of years, married and saved enough money, \$3,000, to go West and buy a farm in Kansas. And he was a good farmer, though never a good man with horses and cattle. The Driscolls never considered themselves poor, because they owned their farm; poverty meant renting houses in the city. But they had little money and the author confesses that his birthday suit was made of flour sacks, for Old Flurry raised a terrible row when his wife wanted to go into town to buy cotton cloth for baby clothes.

Old Flurry didn't adjust himself to American ways as easily as some others; he didn't know how to read or write and he spoke a thick brogue. His children were progressive, wide awake, and he saw them slipping away from him. Mr. Driscoll sees his father as trying to make himself understood, roaring about the land in frustration, unable to fathom his difficulty and making the household miserable. He began talking of going back to Ireland, feeling that he would always be an alien here. This is perhaps not typical, though many of the original immigrants must have found life in America heavy going. But Old Man Driscoll, Big Flurry, couldn't understand the talk of the younger Driscolls, about school, politics, affairs in general, and felt out of things. Many of the older generation may have looked thus at their American children, who are now the older generation of today. Thus "Kansas Irish" has much to tell us, for though it deals specifically with an interesting Kansas family, it also throws a light on the process of naturalization and Americanization in the nineteenth century. (Macmillan, \$2.50)

THE only Marine who got off Wake Island before the Japanese overwhelmed its tough defenders in 1941 was an officer in charge of radio installations who had been ordered to proceed to Midway. Thanks to that, Lieut. Colonel Walter L. J. Bayler was able to write the whole history of that remarkable defense in "Last Man Off Wake Island". On the land and in the air the Marines held the Japanese at bay; indeed, they did much better than that. They had twelve planes when the war came to this "utterly peaceful" island and scattered them, but the first Japanese bombing attack wrecked seven. By Dec. 11 only four planes were

Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Now look at Cuthbert Kangaroo;
He saves on gas and rubber too!
He never speeds. He'll always share.
He rotates tires and checks the air.



2. Kathleen, his wife,
is just as wise.
She carries home the things she buys.
She plans her trips and finds it pays
To shop just once for many days!



3. Together they're a timely team —
A Happy Blend, a match supreme.
And so it is with CALVERT, too,
The whiskey that is matched for you.



4. For CALVERT Whiskey suits today —
A wiser blend in every way.
It's lighter, milder, smoother, right —
A Happy Blend for you tonight!

BE WISE!



Clear Heads Choose
Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof — 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof — 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

functioning. One battery of five-inch guns, well camouflaged, was the only fortification. About 400 Marines were on the island. When the Japanese came with twelve ships, including cruisers, destroyers and smaller craft, the battery let fly, and the first salvo hit a gunboat. Later the battery picked off two destroyers. The flyers kept going up, unloading bombs and coming down again. It cost the Japanese plenty in those fourteen days of defense, Dec. 8 to 22. There were 1500 people, Marines and civilians, on the island when the Japanese finally took over.

Lieut. Col. Bayler went on to Midway and Guadalcanal and saw the Yanks give it to the Japs. There were plenty of privations on Guadalcanal—rain, mud, mosquitoes, fever and the broiling sun, and the Marines did a lot of "griping", but whenever they met the Japanese they showed what they were worth. This book may deal with only a small segment of the Pacific theatre of war, however it's an important record of courage, resourcefulness and skill. With all their handicaps and poor equipment the Marines were more than a match for the numerous Japanese. (Bobbs, Merrill, \$2.75)

JOHN ERSKINE is an active man, but not a noisy man. He has accomplished much in many fields, without fanfares. He works without apparent effort and he gets things done. He believes that "life should be lived rather than watched from the sidelines", but that doesn't mean making a lot of unnecessary motions. His new book, "The Complete Life", not only explains his point of view, but provides encouragement to all who enjoy doing things. Mr. Erskine believes in starting with what God has given you and making the best possible use of your faculties; out of this comes the satisfaction of living a complete life.

John Erskine has unusual gifts and capacities, but he asks no credit for them. He studied Italian for six weeks and learned enough to take a course of study in Dante, and in middle age perfected his piano playing to such a degree that he could appear with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. He believes in reading as well as action, and he finds much wisdom worth having in the classics. The valuable quality in this book is that it gives confidence. The reader who may have been frightened from attempting studies that seemed too difficult for him will get courage from it. He will be heartened by Mr. Erskine's declaration that we are what we make ourselves. "No matter how few or how many the advantages which come our way, our lives in the end must be self-made and the responsibility for the completed product will rest on us."

"For purposes of speaking and reading any language can be mastered in a few months, not mastered completely but at least sufficiently for use."

"Reading is important because it helps us to more life; if it helped us only to more books we could do without it."

"To understand the life which we would make complete we must compare the traditional ideals with the new."

Mr. Erskine discusses music, dancing, painting, writing, marriage and even parentage—for success in any one of these is not a matter of accident. It demands some contribution from the man who wants it, and when he gives it wholly, it pays. This book is packed with friendly advice, encouragement and practical suggestions. (Julian Messner, Inc., \$3)

STORIES about dogs are eternally popular. As one authority said recently, the dog is the only animal that lives by the side of man, giving him his confidence and looking to him for his welfare. And man makes up stories about dogs, sometimes flattering dogs too much. There are good stories about the behavior of dogs, as well as good stories about the behavior of men in the company of dogs, which are their pets, companions or hunting associates. Jack Goodman likes dogs; his favorite is an English bulldog named George whose paw-print is reproduced on the cover of "The Fireside Book of Dog Stories", which Mr. Goodman has just edited. He had a hard time getting George to pose; at first he tried mud for the imprint, but that smudged everything; then he tried blotting paper soaked in ink. What George thought about all this is not recorded. But the thirty-seven stories packed into this well-printed, readable book are well worth having. A number are by famous authors and fairly familiar. Here is a slice out of Jack London's "Call of the Wild", one of the most famous dog stories ever written. Kipling's "Garm—A Hostage", is here and here are tales by Richard Harding Davis, O. Henry, Stephen Crane, John Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, Anatole France and even Robert Louis Stevenson, who said that the dog passes his days "in the laborious communication of falsehood", which is not exactly flattering.

But contemporary writers are doing just as well as the older authors, and some excellent stories about dogs are seeing print. I have always enjoyed those by Vereen Bell, and one, "Brag Dog", is included here. Walter Edmonds enjoys writing about dogs, and James Street and Mackinlay Kantor have written some of these stories. Alexander Woollcott used to tell the story of Verdun Belle, and here it is. A new medium, the radio, was used to tell about a boy and his dog, when Norman Corwin wrote "The Odyssey of Runyon Jones", which describes Runyon's visit to Dog Heaven to look for Pootsy, who was run over because he liked to bite automobile tires. (Simon & Schuster, \$3)

By the way, if you want to slip a little book of dog stories into some soldier boy's package, there's the

"Pocket Book of Dog Stories", edited by Harold Berman and introduced by Mackinlay Kantor—an excellent selection for 25 cents.

Few authors write fantasy these days, but it has its place on the writer's palette. Isak Dinesen does so because she always writes as she pleases. Her collection of eleven short stories, "Winter's Tales", are more than fanciful, dream-like concoctions; they lean on human psychology for their basic ideas, and this the author understands well. After all, dream does have a place in our lives, and there must be women like the wife who imagined that the dreaming child was her child by a lover who had been whisked away by fate, and maybe there are husbands who are as tolerant as her own. At any rate, there is beauty in these stories. (Random House, \$2.50) . . . A big, fat novel about the ambitions of an architect is Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead". After you have followed Howard Roark's career as an independent, non-conformist architect, who refused to copy classical buildings just to make money, you will know a great deal about architectural styles and issues and a little about the effect of social change on architecture. The characters are dramatic and sometimes a bit unreal (Bobbs Merrill, \$3) . . . Did I mention fantasy just a moment ago? Here comes Whit Burnett, the editor of Story Magazine, with a new anthology of fantastic tales, seventeen of them, called "Two Bottles of Relish" after a story by Lord Dunsany. And not even a ghost among them. Here is the story of Mr. Sycamore, who wanted to turn into a tree and did, and of the camel that came to call on a vicar's wife, and stayed and stayed, and the story of Congo, the gorilla, and the story of a lovesick carp, by Chekhov, and so on. Good entertainment, too. (Dial Press, \$3) . . . But if you really want a fine collection of stories, poems, essays and letters, introduced by a great English author, get W. Somerset Maugham's new anthology which unfortunately bears the heavy title of "An Introduction to Modern English and American Literature". Mr. Maugham introduces all the stories in his own personal manner, telling you what he likes about them, and what he does not like about them, and maybe you will agree with him. Here is a goodly company. Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster", Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners", Lytton Strachey's essay on Dr. Arnold, Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death", stories by Hemingway, Faulkner, Saroyan, many others—just to repeat the table of contents is easy, but so many of these stories are old favorites of mine that I like to pass on my enthusiasm. Besides there is one factor about this book that overcomes the handicap of its clumsy title. It is the only first-rate anthology of its kind that sells for 69 cents (New Home Library).

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 26)

interesting report of the work of the lodges in his district.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Ben W. Weir, Pittsburg; 1st Vice-Pres., Clyde E. Sterling, Great Bend; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. C. Hunsinger, Lawrence; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. E. Soldner, Salina; Secy., H. Glenn Boyd, Wichita; Treas., Clay E. Hedrick, Newton; Trustees: Fred Puttroff, Newton, W. F. Rennaker, Hutchinson, and Raymond Bailey, Ottawa. Selection of the place and date for the next annual meeting, and also the Association's meeting in the fall, were left to the newly elected officers.

Taking into consideration the fact that the convention was streamlined, all of the member lodges of the Association were well represented, and the meeting was voted a great success. A fried chicken dinner was served.

OKLAHOMA

The 36th Annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association was held in Shawnee on Saturday and Sunday, May the 15th and 16th, with about 250 delegates present from lodges over the entire State. A ritualistic contest was held on the afternoon of the 15th, with Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417 and Shawnee Lodge No. 657 participating. Oklahoma City Lodge won first place with a score of 96.58 per cent. Shawnee Lodge's score was 96.05. The All-State Ritualistic Team was selected as follows: E.R., Grover C. White, Oklahoma City; Est. Lead. Knight, Marvin Fowler, Shawnee; Est. Loyal Knight, Earl E. James, Oklahoma City; Est. Lect. Knight, J. L. Dunn, Shawnee; Esquire, Louis F. Mamoser, Oklahoma City; Inner Guard, Glen M. Love, Shawnee; Chaplain, A. H. Beardsley, Shawnee.

As the lodge having the largest gain in membership, Oklahoma City Lodge was awarded the George M. McLean Trophy, having shown an increase of 44.44 per cent. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, was the principal speaker at a banquet held on the evening of the 15th. Other distinguished guests were Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; Robert M. Mallonee, El Reno, District Deputy for Oklahoma, West; Jay Basolo, McAlester, District Deputy for Oklahoma, East, and P.E.R. Floyd H. Brown, Oklahoma City, representative of the Elks War Commission. Fourteen Past Presidents of the Association were also present. The principal entertainment was the Saturday night dance given in the lodge home. Music was furnished by Bonnie Spencer's Orchestra from Oklahoma City. Much interest and enthusiasm was shown in the business meeting held on Sunday morning, which was dominated by the real spirit of patriotism so indicative of all Elk activities.

Oklahoma City was chosen as the convention city for 1944. Officers chosen for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Robert G. Mardt, Oklahoma City; 1st Vice-Pres., Herbert P. Johnson, Sapulpa; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. E. Kalb, Altus; 3rd Vice-Pres., S. G. Bryan, McAlester; Treas., H. J. Salz, Woodward; Secy., H. B. Carson, Oklahoma City.

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KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
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WHISKY

Famous
OLD FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky



This man was taught not to drink water

Drinking water is scarce in North Africa.

So before our soldiers landed there, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water.

The favorite prepared drink is lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33-ounce pack. Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, but *all we can in War Bonds*. Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best!* Remember, you get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW!*



**YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT..
NOW DO YOUR BEST!**

—BUY MORE WAR BONDS—

*This space is a contribution to
America's all-out war effort by*

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 19)

\$35,000 was invested in Bonds by members and visiting Elks. Sales were handled by Arthur E. Story and Kenneth W. Fox who were in charge of a specially constructed booth. An inspection of the Elks Fraternal Center was made by the distinguished visitors, and that evening they mingled with the large number of soldiers, sailors and marines who were invited to an exceptionally fine entertainment. Other highlights of the event were inspiring addresses made by Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Malley; William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, former chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Arthur J. Roy, Willimantic, Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Assn.; Alexander Elson, Bridgeport, Pres. of the Conn. P.E.R.'s Assn.; D.D. James V. Pedace, Norwich; D.D. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence, R. I.; P.D.D. Edward H. Powell, Providence; John F. Burke, of Boston, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and William A. Gallagher, Lynn, Mass., senior P.E.R. of Norwich Lodge. An honorary life membership was presented to Mr. Gallagher by E.R. Robert C. Woodmansee, who presided. Norwich Lodge and its members have invested more than \$600,000 in War Bonds since Pearl Harbor. The lodge's Fraternal Center for servicemen has been in operation since February 24, 1942. A Victory Garden contest for school children within its jurisdiction was conducted by No. 430 in the Spring.

On May 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the special guest of his home lodge, **BOSTON, MASS., NO. 10**, at its Mother's Day celebration. On May 13, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, accompanied by the Grand Exalted Ruler's Executive Secretary, John F. Burke, of Boston Lodge, and Mrs. Burke, left Boston for Bedford, Va., to attend a meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the **ELKS NATIONAL HOME**. Two full days, Friday and Saturday, were devoted by the Grand Exalted Ruler to consideration of the affairs of the Grand Trustees. The meeting was attended by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago.

Sunday, May 16, was spent by the Grand Exalted Ruler in conference in New York City with Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks War Commission. At this conference, consideration was given the report and recommendations that will be made by the Elks War Commission at the Convention of the Grand Lodge at Boston this month.

At Scranton, Pa., on May 17, Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Sullivan were guests of **SCRANTON LODGE NO. 123**. Mr. Sullivan was a speaker at the banquet given in honor of P.E.R. William S.

Gould to celebrate his 50th consecutive election as Secretary of the lodge.

Assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Mr. Sullivan initiated a class of candidates for **LAWRENCE, MASS., LODGE, NO. 65**. The meeting was held on May 20. Raymond F. Sullivan, a nephew of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was a member of the class.

Another class of candidates was initiated by Mr. Sullivan on May 23, this time at a meeting of **MAYNARD, MASS., LODGE, NO. 1568**. He was assisted by a suite headed by Mr. Malley, acting as Esteemed Leading Knight, and composed mainly of Past Exalted Rulers of Boston Lodge. William F. Hogan, of Everett Lodge, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., was the organist, and P.E.R.'s K. Paul Hilander and Thomas F. Maley acted as Treasurer and Inner Guard respectively. Mr. Hilander was No. 1568's first Exalted Ruler. The attendance at the meeting, which took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, was as large as any ever held by the lodge. A supper was served after the initiation of the 19 members of the class and the program was completed by appropriate speeches made by members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's suite. John J. Donohue, E.R. of Maynard Lodge, introduced the speakers.

On May 30, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the oration at the Memorial Day ceremonies held by **BOSTON LODGE NO. 10** at Elks Rest in Mount Hope Cemetery.

The early June activities of Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan included attendance on the 6th at the annual convention of the **CONNECTICUT STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at **HARTFORD**, a visit to **BROOKLINE, MASS., LODGE, NO. 886**, the next evening, and attendance at the annual convention of the **MAINE STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at **AUGUSTA** on the 12th and 13th. A dinner to be given in his honor by **WALTHAM, MASS., LODGE, NO. 953**, was scheduled for the 17th.

Other events on the Grand Exalted Ruler's calendar, which will be reported in full in subsequent issues of the Magazine, were the annual meetings of the **MASSACHUSETTS** and **RHODE ISLAND STATE ELKS ASSOCIATIONS**. Mr. Sullivan was slated to deliver the dedicatory address on Independence Day at ceremonies held by **CAMBRIDGE, MASS., LODGE, NO. 839**. The new lodge home in Harvard Square replaces the palatial building formerly occupied and owned by Cambridge Lodge, but lost when visited by a disastrous fire several months ago.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan will speak from Boston on a program under the auspices of the American Legion on a nation-wide hookup.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 13)

his sense of pity was easily aroused. The sight of the little girl who had been mangled by a dog in front of his home remained with him for a long time, making him the more determined in his efforts. For five years he concentrated on the problem. Because of its serious nature and high percentage of mortality,

rabies had received the attention of Science as long ago as 1780 but in all the years up to Pasteur's time the only treatment employed was cauterization which accomplished nothing in destroying the virus once it entered the blood stream. After five years of research Pasteur succeeded in isolating the germ. He

first experimented with rabbits, injecting the saliva from a mad dog that had died. All the bunnies thus infected likewise died. It was in this way that he deducted that the virus which made rabies so deadly could be and was passed from animal to animal through the saliva when deposited through a bite. Again he was attracted by the death of a child, this time a youngster who had been bitten and who died. Taking some of the saliva that had accumulated in the child's throat, he again injected this into another group of rabbits. The result was the same as in his previous experiment—the rabbits died. Dissection of their brains found them to be as full of rabies poison as was a mad dog. From there, his next move was to obtain two dogs, one of which he injected. The other dog received no injection. The one injected developed rabies and died. Finally, in 1885 he extended his treatments to human beings, the first of which was a boy who had been badly bitten. The serum developed by Pasteur saved the boy's life. From there on Pasteur's fame was established. In the period from 1886 to 1896 more than 18,000 persons were treated in Paris. How many others whose lives were saved during that time and since then is not definitely known but it's a reasonable guess that they number hundreds of thousands throughout the world. So important was the Pasteur method that he received decorations from Denmark, Portugal, Brazil, Turkey and Norway in addition to being made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of his own beloved France. He was seventy-three when he died and his funeral services held in Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, were among the most impressive of that time.

From what I have written you may have gathered that rabies is anything but a laughing matter and let me assure you that this is so. But since Pasteur, the danger has been greatly minimized. It is now possible to get successful treatment almost anywhere. It is said that such treatments are about 99% effective. Some estimates split the remaining 1% to make the total a trifle more than 99.

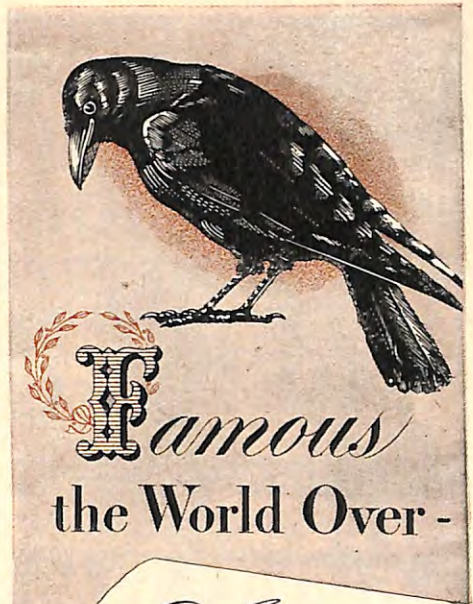
Fortunately, everyone bitten by a mad dog does not become infected with this disease. In some cases when the bite is through the clothing, the dog's saliva may be wiped off this way. But don't bank on this; if you are ever bitten by a dog so infected or you have the slightest reason to believe is infected, go to your doctor at once. Don't kill the dog unless it is in self-defense. Notify your local police who will round it up and turn it over to the proper authorities for quarantine and observation. If the dog really has rabies and not a simple running fit, it will die in about a week's time. The proper medical officials of the city or county can then dissect the dog's brain for accurate determina-

tion as to it being rabied or not.

Now between a simple fit and an attack of rabies there's all the difference in the world. I'm going to try to point out that difference so that you may know that every pooch that gallops around wildly isn't necessarily a victim of this disease which is more commonly known as hydrophobia. Whatever caused the linking of the noun hydro with the suffix phobia is a mystery. The first is significant of water, the second indicates fear. But at any rate the marriage resulted in the absurd belief held by many, that Fido flinging this kind of fit hates water more than little Willie. This just ain't so. If the dog is thirsty it will drink up to the time when it cannot because its lower jaw drops and becomes paralyzed. Nor do all dogs suffering from rabies tear around the landscape. There are two forms of rabies—the active kind, which does see our friend gallivanting all over, and the inactive or dumb rabies. To my way of thinking, the latter is in some ways the more dangerous as the symptoms are often confused with sickness far less dreadful. Another fallacy commonly held is that Fido always foams at the mouth at this time. You can put that in the file-and-forget department. The rabied dog does not foam; instead it drools a stringy saliva.

While I'm on the business of correcting certain false impressions, I want to knock this one over. It's the belief that more dogs go mad during the summer months of the so-called dog days, than at any other time. Statistics show that this isn't so. As a matter of record more Fidos go off their respective trolleys during February than at any other time of the year. The increase is slight, but it's there. The term "dog days" has absolutely nothing to do with canine lunacy. It's a time of the year—July 3rd to August 11th—when Sirius, the dog star appears in the sky. Now, the ancient Egyptians had great respect for the dog. Among other of their gods, the dog was worshiped. They had keen understanding of dogs and deep appreciation of their many virtues, particularly the faithfulness of Fido. In that arid land in the period mentioned above it was usual for the Nile to overflow which was vitally necessary for crop production. No overflow; no food. For their time, some of those folks were pretty keen observers of the heavenly bodies. They noted that the rise of the Nile always coincided with the appearance of that star which Webster defines as the brightest star in the sky. In time, they came to associate the regularity of the appearance of the star with the dependability of the dog and out of this has grown through the centuries the term "dog days." I may add that Sirius can be seen from our hemisphere from December to May.

But back to the subject of rabies: the symptoms appear in the infected



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dog about two weeks after it's been bitten. I should have explained that the active form is the more common. The tone of the dog's bark will change; it has a peculiar howling quality which once heard is not easily forgotten. There may be a radical change in the dog's behavior, the affectionate dog may become vicious while the hitherto tough guy often becomes shy or unusually fond. When the purp has the active variety of rabies there will accompany it an intense desire to roam. Such a dog may travel many miles. The dog will rarely bite without provocation but will snap at almost anything or anyone that crosses its path. If able to, Fido in this condition will, as a rule, return home and hunt for a quiet place. The next stage is manifested by partial paralysis. It is then that the jaw drops. The paralysis next extends to the dog's entire body and the victim usually dies from four to eight days after the first symptoms have appeared. In the course of inactive rabies, the dog develops the habit of licking its master's hands or those of anyone else it can reach. It mopes in dark corners and its death usually occurs in about three to four days. In the paralytic stage, which marks both forms, the dog, of course, is unable to bite.

Now when the pooch is indulging in a simple fit, that's something else. Such fits may be due, particularly in summer, to water starvation or can be caused by worms, indigestion, nervous shock or any of a half-dozen reasons. A dog in this condition is definitely not deadly. His bite requires only to be kept clean and free from infection—the same attention that would be given to any similar wound. True, in the course of a fit Fido may bite; pain or fear alone may cause him to do that. I'll add that a dog bite of any kind is by no means an experience that anyone wants. But too often many fine and some valuable dogs have been ruthlessly killed by persons who were unable to distinguish between a fit and rabies. During its latter stages, the dog suffering from a fit may go into a coma from which it emerges in a dazed condition. If your dog is ever afflicted by a fit, don't you get one. Try to catch hold of the dog. Here's another reason why dogs should wear a collar at all times; it provides a convenient "handle" to control them. Speak quietly to the animal. Don't get excited as your excitement will very likely communicate itself to the dog and that's no help. If you can, put the dog in a quiet place; a cool cellar is excellent. Wet its head thoroughly with cool water but don't throw the water on the dog as the shock to him will only aggravate his condition. If the fit persists then call in your vet-

erinarian who can give the dog a quieting sedative. The cost of the vet's services is slight—really so—and in comparison to the worth of your dog as a faithful companion should not even be considered. Bear in mind that the dog in a fit is not mad but is simply hysterical. If it is a small dog, throw a blanket or its equivalent over him. You can then exercise better control. If circumstances are such that you cannot get a vet, then administer a dose of Syrup of Ipecac every fifteen minutes until the dog thoroughly empties its stomach. Two teaspoonsful for a small dog—one tablespoon for the larger pooch. Don't feed your friend for the next twenty-four hours and for several days thereafter confine him to a liquid diet of broths, clear soups, beef tea or milk.

For the benefit of those who may not know it, rabies is by no means a common disease. Not many people have seen dogs infected by it although there are plenty who'll swear away the good character of a dog whose plain, ordinary fit they mistake for hydrophobia. The very fact that the misconceptions which I've enumerated are so wide-spread is an indication of how seldom this disease is seen. It would probably vanish entirely were it not for the problem of the stray dog. He's the chap who carries it and who spreads it among other dogs. Some dog owners who confuse soft-heartedness with soft-headedness rebel at certain laws restricting dogs, which have been enacted in various communities. What these good people overlook is the fact that such laws benefit the dog more than the residents. Laws forbidding dogs to wander loose operate directly to the dog's well being. Not only does the stray pooch help spread rabies but he is also the carrier of many dog sicknesses chief of which is that frequently fatal sickness, distemper. He is also the culprit who is to blame for depredations and destruction of property. In other words he can be a darned nuisance and the cause of many a neighborly rift.

It would be a pleasure to write that Louis Pasteur harvested a fortune as the result of his contributions to the welfare of humanity and animals. But he didn't, although he was not poor when he died. Great men—the truly great who construct—rarely if ever expect financial reward. Most of them are fortunate if their work is realized and appreciated by their own generations. The human race erects its statues to war makers, the destroyers, while the men and women who have led it toward civilization, peace, freedom from pain, are scarcely known. But a shining exception is Louis Pasteur who lived to enjoy the veneration and acclaim of his generation.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 25)

Donaldsonville, La., Lodge Reoccupies Its Former Home

Donaldsonville, La., Lodge, No. 1153, at a largely attended special meeting on April 20, voted to purchase its former home. A satisfactory plan was worked out whereby the home was bought for the cash sum of \$8,000, with a relatively small amount to be carried as a loan. A committee, appointed by the lodge, consummated the deal the next day with payment in full for title to the building and grounds. Splendid financial assistance was given by the membership.

To P.E.R. C. A. Blanchard goes a great deal of credit for the reacquisition of the home which was lost several years ago when the heavy mortgage and mounting interest could no longer be handled. However, the lodge has regained its former prosperity, and the Elks' building is again the center of the social and civic life of the community.

Boulder, Colo., Lodge Is Active In Fraternal and Patriotic Work

Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566, put on a membership drive in May for candidates to be initiated in a class honoring Secretary W. H. Reynolds. The eight teams chosen to handle the campaign, which lasted six weeks, engaged in friendly competition for first honors in bringing in applications.

A subscription of \$5,000 worth of War Bonds, made by Boulder Lodge during the Victory Loan Drive, increased the lodge's Bond holdings to an amount in excess of \$65,000. One thousand dollars was donated to the American Red Cross. Cooperating with the Red Cross in its blood plasma program, 47 members of No. 566 went to Denver recently and each gave a pint of blood.

Home News Is Relayed Weekly to Niagara Falls Elks in the Services

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, has inaugurated a weekly home news letter service for its members in the U. S. Armed Forces. Every week news of the home town is sent by V-Mail to members overseas and by regular first class mail to those who are still in this country.

The letters are of course brief, but they cover the high spots of home town happenings and include the lodge news of the week. The news, taken from *The Niagara Falls Gazette*, is written up in sprightly style by E.R. Edward G. Crean. Letters received by the lodge show that this means of communication with members in the Services is meeting with enthusiastic approval.

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge Holds Its Annual Father-Son Banquet

Attendance at the annual Father and Son Banquet, held on April 16 by Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, taxed the capacity of the lodge home. After a bountiful dinner served in the banquet room, the evening program was opened by former Mayor Julius J. Wuerthner, a member of the lodge, with a tribute to "Our Sons in the Service". Response was made by Oren O'Neil, son of Major O'Neil of the Great Falls sub-depot. Entertainment included music, a sleight-of-hand exhibition and a quiz program for the young people.

A gratifying interest in the event was shown by the members. Many, with no sons of their own, invited friends. All of the boys, given carte blanche for the evening, made the most of the privilege and enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

Entertainment at Fort Snelling Is Sponsored by Minnesota Elks

For almost a year, shows have been given for the entertainment of the soldiers at Fort Snelling, under the sponsorship of the Minnesota State Elks Association. One of the most enjoyable in recent months was the Military Musical Revue presented recently before an audience of 1,500 soldiers and their friends. The entertainers, a group of talented students and the 70-piece championship band of the Patrick Henry High School of Minneapolis, were secured through E.R. Clyde K. Moore, of Minneapolis Lodge No. 44.

Two stage shows a month are put on at the Fort, followed by dances for the soldiers and their dates. Script is passed out for bingo, door prizes are given and doughnuts, as many as 90 dozen in one evening, are served with coffee. In addition, weekly visits are made by the Elks to the Post Hospital and gifts of cigarettes and candy bars are distributed.

Decatur, Ill., Lodge Pays Red Cross Chapter's Utility Fees

Decatur, Ill., Lodge, No. 401, turned over the third floor of its home to the local chapter of the American Red Cross last fall. Payment for light, water and heat was assumed by the chapter, but as a special contribution, the lodge paid the entire bill for the second quarter, the cold one of the winter.

The receipt for the full amount, \$177.40, signed by the members of the Board of Trustees, was sent to the co-chairmen of the Red Cross chapter's surgical department. The ladies were so delighted with the surprise gesture made by the Elks that they placed the receipt on the bulletin board for all the workers to see.

San Diego Lodge Entertains Men of the Tenth Cavalry

Situated as it is, with so many camps and training stations in and around the city, San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, is making the most of the opportunity to provide relaxation and comfortable quarters for Elks in the Services who are stationed in the vicinity. E.R. William W. Brunson states that an extensive program provides for all servicemen, including non-Elks as well as members. More than a dozen dances have been given, regular parties for servicemen being given twice a month.

Recently the lodge entertained the men of the Tenth Cavalry (colored) who were stationed at Camp Lockett, about 50 miles from San Diego. The men were brought to the lodge home in trucks; dancing partners were provided by the Servicemen's Committee with the co-operation of the State College. Est. Lead. Knight J. G. Peterson is in charge of the servicemen's activities. Members of the Elks Fraternal Center Committee are P.E.R.'s A. George Fish, Chairman, Morley H. Golden, R. M. Gregory and R. E. Neiman and Trustee C. B. DeLong.

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Elks Service Night Is Held By Claremont, N. H., Lodge

An exceptionally fine speaking program featured an Elks Service Night celebration held by Claremont, N. H., Lodge, No. 879. A supper, attended by 95 guests, preceded the meeting which was opened by E.R. Francis Desmond and then turned over to the Toastmaster, Judge Albert D. Leahy.

The main speaker of the evening, James J. Doyle, a Past Commander of the State department of the American Legion and a member of Claremont Lodge of long standing, delivered a stirring, patriotic address. Secretary Clarence L. Hurd urged the members to donate to the Elks War Fund and explained the importance of the Elks War Commission. Many members were present whose sons or brothers are serving in some branch of the U. S. military service. Robert Beagle, one of the speakers, is now with the Navy, and Mr. Desmond, Exalted Ruler at that time, was awaiting a call for naval service.

Waltham, Mass., Lodge Presents A Stereoscope to Local Hospital

A stereoscope of the latest design was presented recently to the Waltham Hospital at a meeting held by Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953. The presentation was one of the last official acts of the retiring Exalted Ruler, Joseph C. Stankard, through whose efforts the stereoscope was procured. The gift, evidence of the interest the lodge takes in promoting community welfare, was accepted for the hospital by Administrator Walter R. Amesbury.

Gifts were presented to P.E.R. Oswald J. McCourt and Thomas F. Coppinger, of Newton Lodge, Secy.-Treas. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., who participated in the ritualistic ceremonies at the meeting. Past State President William E. Earle, Newton, and Past District Deputies O. M. Court, Somerville, and M. H. O'Connor, Waltham, were special guests of the lodge. In attendance were more than 300 Elks, including visitors from other Massachusetts lodges. A supper was served in the Odd Fellows banquet hall, and an orchestra played throughout the evening.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Holds A Special Letter-Writing Night

San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, has made the writing of letters to those of its members who are serving in the Nation's Armed Forces a part of the regular order of business on meeting nights. One hundred and forty-six letters were written at the session of April 15 which was dedicated to a member, Earle G. Schweizer, reported to be a prisoner of the Japanese. Mr. Schweizer's wife and his mother, who were guests of the lodge, were presented with beautiful bouquets by Mrs. Brunson, the wife of E.R. William W. Brunson. Esteemed Leading Knight J. G. Peterson presided.

Recently, the local lodge provided the U. S. Naval Hospital in San Diego with a supply of razor blades, toilet soap and book matches, welcome gifts, as the hospital is not in a position to grant requests for these articles. The Elks have also distributed cigarettes and playing cards among the convalescents.

Punxsutawney Lodge Sponsors a Blood Bank with Great Success

More than 200 persons donated their blood recently to the Blood Plasma Bank

set up by Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge, No. 301, in the spacious ballroom of the lodge home. The Bank, the first of its kind conducted in Pennsylvania under a new plan devised by the State Department of Health, was in operation two days under the direction of Louis C. Trimble, Superintendent of the Adrian Hospital in Punxsutawney. The Medical Society Auxiliary was assisted by physicians, nurses and nurses' aides.

Caldwell, Ida., Lodge Burns the Mortgage on Its Lodge Home

Mortgage-burning ceremonies held by Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, followed the initiation of a Victory Class of 25 candidates. P.E.R. F. L. Crews, President of the Home Association, set fire to the mortgage which was held by John W. Smeed, who has served as Chairman of the Board of Trustees since the lodge was instituted in 1922. The Boise Elks Band took part in the entertainment program, and refreshments were served after the meeting.

Longmont, Colo., Lodge Presents Pins to Veteran Members

At the regular meeting of Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, on May 12, pins representing membership in the Order of 25 years or longer were presented to 37 members of the local lodge. Some were 37-year Elks, being charter members of the lodge, which was organized in 1906. Thirty-one others were entitled to pins, but were unable to be present. The affair was a "round-up of old-timers", and the officers and those in charge were in full cowboy regalia. P.E.R. E. C. Olden was Chairman, assisted by P.E.R.'s C. A. Gunning and E. S. Prohs.

Interesting talks were given during the evening. Included among the speakers were E.R. Norton Billings and several of the Longmont members, and P.E.R. Albert R. Fine, Pres. of the Colo. State Elks Assn., who headed a delegation of Past District Deputies and Past Exalted Rulers from Greeley, Colo., Lodge. Just before the close of the lodge session, awards of War Stamps were made by drawing. A light supper was served.

Harrisburg, Ill., Elks Sponsor

A Spectacular War Bond Auction

Sponsored by Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, an auction sale was held April 10 on the courthouse lawn and King Neptune, the famous navy pig, weighing 267 pounds and pronounced the biggest "Bond salesman" in Illinois, was sold hair by hair and piece by piece for \$255,459 in U. S. War Bonds. The bidding was fast and furious for an hour as more than \$4,000 a minute was ticked off for the U. S. Treasury and victory over the enemy. Finally, the whole pig went on the block, eyes, ears, snout, tail and shadow. He was knocked down for \$20,000. The winner immediately gave him back to the Marion recruiting office.

As a result of the auction, nearly half of the county's April quota was raised. Exalted Ruler H. J. Raley, of Harrisburg Lodge, State Vice-Pres., was in charge of arrangements.

Denver, Colo., Elks and Ladies

Donate Blood at Red Cross Center

P.E.R. Harry Finesilver, Chairman of the Blood Donors Committee of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, reports a gratifying response to his plea for participation in an activity so necessary to the war effort. On April 22, more than 80 Denver Elks

and their ladies visited the American Red Cross Blood Donor Center where each donated a pint of blood for use in the Services.

According to the director of the Denver Blood Bank, no more enthusiastic group of donors had ever appeared at the Center. July 1 was set as another "Elks Blood Donor Day". More than a hundred were expected to take part.

McMinnville Lodge Makes Plans For Another Successful Year

Under the leadership of E.R. K. A. Hartzell, who retired at the end of the lodge year, McMinnville, Ore., Lodge, No. 1283, enjoyed one of the busiest and most successful periods in its history. More than \$20,000 was raised through lodge activities, climaxed by the annual Hi-Jinks at which \$16,925 worth of Bonds were sold and \$800 was raised for the lodge's charity fund. To increase the amount on hand for its contribution to the Elks War Commission, a Hi-Jinks for Elks and their ladies was staged by the lodge and \$422 was obtained. At this affair, a \$6,000 purchase of War Bonds was made.

A "Fight for Freedom" Class of 33 new members was initiated. Increased participation in home front war activities is planned for the coming year under the leadership of E.R. R. J. Mattecheck and Mr. Hartzell, who has returned to his post as Secretary of No. 1283. Before his election as Exalted Ruler, he served as secretary for 12 years. One of the most important local aircraft warning system posts is manned and maintained 24 hours a day, every day, entirely by Elks.

Norwich, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its Thirty-Second Anniversary

On the 32nd anniversary of its institution, Norwich, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1222, held a mortgage-burning ceremony and presented 25-year pins to 73 members, some of whom had held membership in the Order for even more than a quarter of a century. A dinner was served for 240 Elks and guests, including officers of various fraternal and civic organizations of the city.

Toastmaster David F. Lee introduced those who appeared on an unusually fine speaking program. The principal address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, who spoke on the Elks War Commission. George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, gave an interesting talk, and P.D.D. Frank R. Wassung, of Norwich Lodge, called attention to the fact that the plan for assisting deserving boys and girls to obtain a higher education, which is now a part of the N. Y. State Elks Association's educational program, originated in Norwich Lodge. Mr. Wassung was the first chairman of the State Association's Scholarship Committee to develop and carry on this important activity. Mayor Frank Zuber and Irving M. Ives, majority leader of the N. Y. State Assembly, also spoke.

The real estate, building and fixtures owned by Norwich Lodge are valued at \$55,000. At the meeting, Exalted Ruler J. Edward Sullivan turned over the mortgage of more than \$5,000 to Trustees J. Leo Weiler, William P. McNulty and W. Reed Turner, who were in charge of the mortgage-burning ceremony. Mr. Sullivan was presented with a \$100 War Bond in appreciation of his untiring efforts. The maturity value of Bonds owned by the lodge is \$10,000.



Would you turn your back on a wounded Soldier ?

You think you wouldn't...you don't mean to...

But unless you are giving every precious minute of your time...every ounce of strength that you can spare...towards helping win this war as a civilian, you are letting down those soldiers who are sacrificing lives to win it for you.

What you are asked to give up isn't much compared with what they're giving up. The extra work you undertake is small compared with the gigantic effort they are making. But to a wounded soldier, what you do can mean the difference between life and death.

You make the choice.

LOOK AROUND YOU! Pick your war activity—and get into it! In your local Citizens Service Corps or Defense Council there is something for every man, woman and child to do. If no such groups exist in your community, help to organize them. Write to this magazine for free booklet, "You and the War," telling what you can do to help defeat the Axis. Find your job—and give it all you've got!

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

*Girl
on the
Swing
Shift*

Around the clock with Dorothy Wallace, stenographer turned soldier on the production line at the Wright Aeronautical Corporation



4 P. M. Checking in, handbag open for inspection. And you can double check on that package of cigarettes, for it's strictly Camels with Dorothy Wallace. "Camels suit my throat better," she says.



Those nimble fingers that used to tap on a typewriter are working on engines for bombers now. Above, Dorothy mills out the channel on a master rod for a 14-cylinder Cyclone Aircraft Engine.



8 P. M. A sandwich, fruit, hot cocoa from the lunch box. And Dorothy tops it off with a Camel. From pack to pack, she's found, Camels hold that same flavorful appeal.



For the last lap of her 8-hour shift, Dorothy measures dimensions to tolerances of 1/1000 of an inch. And shortly after midnight, Dorothy is ready for roller-skating...



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