

THE MAGAZINE

# ELKS



NOVEMBER 1943  
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COURTNEY ALLEN





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## OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

### TO ALL ELKS—GREETINGS:

We must be ever mindful, every moment of the day and night, that our Country is engaged in an all-out global warfare against dangerous, treacherous and ruthless foes, and is now confronted with the greatest crisis in its history. In this awful period of world conflict, our duties and responsibilities are clear, definite and certain. All our resources and manpower are pledged to our Country. That pledge is our most sacred covenant and must be kept inviolate.

Today in the camps throughout America—on the gray seas and in the air, in the frozen north, in tropical jungles and swamps and on the desert wastes—many thousands of our Brothers watch, guard and fight. These are the men of Elkdom, in whose hearts is the Flag of our Country—in whose souls is the love of God—and who stand forth now as the Antlers of Protection for the great cause of America. To these, our Brothers everywhere—in the camps at home, on the high seas, winging their way through the skies, beating their way through the tropic jungles, bivouacking on the desert wastes—we promise unswerving loyalty and support, to the end that victory may soon crown their valor and that they may return to us again to enjoy the fruits of liberty and justice, and a lasting peace. They shall not be forgotten; never forsaken.

Our paramount duty as Elks is to contribute generously and unselfishly to the cause of Americanism. It is a most solemn obligation to participate in buying War Bonds and Stamps to the fullest extent of our ability. Yes, we must buy and buy until it hurts, and then buy more—in order that our fighting forces may be properly equipped to meet the enemy.

Every Elk and every American, who is properly qualified should consider it a great honor and privilege and their bounden duty to enroll as a donor for the Blood Banks. There is an imperative and a crying need

for this noble service now. The lives of many thousands of our sick and wounded men in arms will be saved by the blood donors of our Nation.

This is the month of November and the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, through a letter issued to all Exalted Rulers, earnestly requests and urges each subordinate lodge to observe fittingly this month by holding an initiation of a class of candidates to be known as "On to Victory" Class. No more worthy project could be suggested for we are all of one heart and one mind for a complete and final victory over all enemies to freedom and justice and peace.

This is the month, too, for Thanksgiving Day when the hearts of our people are again directed to God, the Creator of all things. We have much to be thankful for. Thankful that we live in this great free country of America. Thankful, as the Pilgrim Fathers were, for the joy of living as free men and for the boundless opportunities afforded everyone in this land of equal opportunity. Thankful to worship in accordance with the dictates of our own conscience and to give free expression to our own honest convictions. Pray God it may ever be thus.

Our father's God to Thee, Author of liberty,  
to Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy  
light;  
Protect us by Thy might, great God, our King!

Sincerely and fraternally,

*F. J. Lonergan*

GRAND EXALTED RULER





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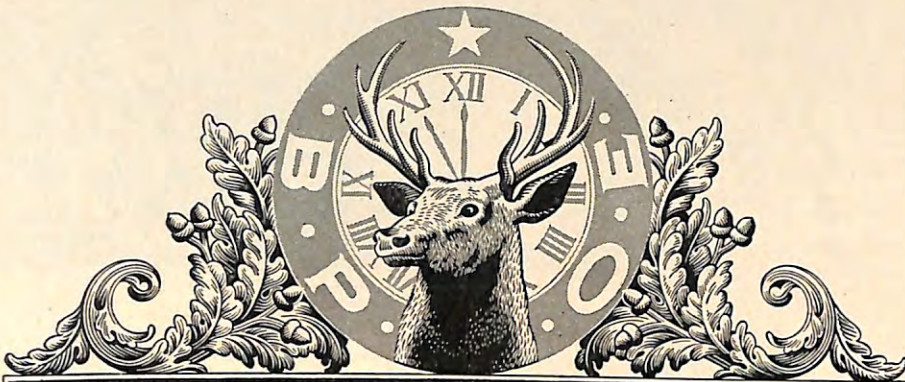
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## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
**We Present—**

THE United States Marines have landed on page 12. "Situation Well in Hand!" is the title for the fifth in our series of drawings of our Armed Forces in action. William von Riegen spent a hectic week at the United States Marine Base, Paris Island, Georgia, making the sketches that were the basis for these excellent drawings. He has combined a sense of the dramatic with a feeling for the humor which is ever-present, even in war. As one might expect, his admiration for the boys who are taking and holding beaches "from the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli" knows no bounds.

"All's fair in love and war" is the theme of William Fay's new story, "A Friend of Frank's" on page four. You will admire Jim Bagley, his courage and persistence. Bagley is the boy next door, or perhaps he is your boy. You will like him, his story and the excellent illustrations by Harry Morse Meyers.

An article of interest to all and of particular importance to gunners is "You Can Kill 'em With Kindness!" by James and Alice Wilson. This is a well-documented article pertaining to the "harvest-the-game-crop" movement about which Ray Trullinger has written so much. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, although they do not agree with Mr. Trullinger, emphatically do not advocate the reduction of all herds and flocks indiscriminately—but do believe that the game authorities should have the power to control surpluses where and when they occur.

If you have pulled gunning boners, as who hasn't, you will enjoy Ray Trullinger's Rod and Gun column. It is always very soothing to the ego to have an expert like Ray take his graying locks down and admit that he can speak with complete authority on the mishaps, plain and fancy, that befall us all.

Stanley Frank in an amusing and informative article, "Balmy Like the British", suspects that if our English friends can be used as a working standard our potential roof on horse-race betting is 'way up there in the stratosphere. His facts and figures bear out his suspicions.

Ed Faust tells more anecdotes about military mascots and the surprisingly large number of them who have performed valuable service.

In "What America Is Reading" Harry Hansen stresses the fact that fiction is being backed off the shelves of the bookstores by books on the war and post-war problems. He reviews the best of those now available.

The complete announcement for the coming year's Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest is on page 52.

F. R. A.

*Generation after  
Generation*

**THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR**



**OLD  
CROW**

**BOTTLED IN BOND**

*A Truly Great Name*

**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

*To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded.*



The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have all you want of Old Crow when you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old  
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The second Jap jumped up within the instant the first one died. He shot him in the neck from forty feet away.



# A FRIEND OF FRANK'S

By William Fay

JIM BAGLEY moved forward on his hands and knees and sometimes on his stomach through the jungle growth of the island, advancing slowly, warily, in the direction of the American garrison to which he belonged.

Native birds observed him, then erupted from their resting spots above him. Jim whirled with their crazy screaming. He lay on his back and watched them, cursing them. He spat the dry puffed cotton from his lips at them, because he could afford no other gesture of displeasure. He dared not shout at them, "Shut up!" He dared not make a sound that might betray him where he was. Above, in the high space over the tallest growth, the wild birds, with a better skill than men in planes, reduced confusion to an aerial formation, circled once together, then together flew away.

Jim could see the two Japs, eating with their hands from the kind of metal kit they held between them. They were squatted thus some fifty yards away, their automatic rifles slung across their backs. He could see them revealed in slanted sun-

light in the little clearing where they stood. He could see them when the light wind feathered the growth like an opening fan. Then when the growth leaned back against the not insistent breeze, he couldn't see them for a while. He must get much closer to them. He didn't know how much he hated them, or if he really hated them more than he hated other threatening things that lived and lurked in jungle growth. He kept his service automatic in his hand. He moved towards where they were, to a place of better vantage. He could see them all the time now through the sunlit veil of growing things. The ragged edges of a fern gave Jim a cross-hair for the sighting of his prey. In the hot and thirsty, crazy passion of the moment Jim said, "Animal, vegetable *and* mineral," to himself and fired the first shot at the Japanese.

The second Jap jumped up within the instant the first one died. That was a foolish thing to do, but was

the thing that Jim expected him to do. He shot the Jap in the neck from forty feet away. He felt the calm cool satisfaction that a proper judgment always granted him. He felt he was behaving like the type of man you read about in *Time*. "Don't corn it up," he warned himself. "Don't be like Kramer, please."

He seemed to have done a nice job on the Japs. They didn't move. He lay still, too, pressing the earth and chewing dampness from the petals of an unknown flower. He could hear the birds, high-spinning, screeching from the gunfire that had flushed them from their nest. But no other sound, except the strong brush of the sea not far away. He detoured the fallen Japanese. He was tempted to eat the remnants of their lousy food, to drink whatever water they had possessed. But one or both of them might not be as dead as he believed. It was best to play the percentages when you were close to home, although a man like Kramer, in the proper hero's mould, would take the nourishment and learn, no doubt, to play the Japanese guitar in one quick lesson, then improvise





**Jim felt that any friend of Frank's figured  
that all's fair in love and war.**





an airplane from the feathers of a bird. Not Jim, though. He had done all right. It would not be far—a mile, two miles—what were a couple of miles when you'd been pushing on for days?

He dared finally to come erect and plunge along, filthy, aching with a deadness, punch-drunk, pleased and laughing to himself until the hinges of his body folded with the full fatigue and he fell down. His body went down but his mind stayed up.

He'd be all right. It wasn't far. The dusk was gathering now and he could hear the Grummans overhead and hear the rich, coarse roar of the "Cyclones" as the boys came in to put them down.


The boys would be surprised to see him when he reached the field. They had seen him go down like a rock on the enemy's side of the island, flattening finally above the beach and then upending when he landed, the Grumman's nose deep in the low and

stubborn hill of sand. No doubt they had already wrapped his personal effects and said with charity, "Jim wasn't the worst guy in the world."

At such a time no one would say, "He wasn't, eh? Well, then, who was the worst guy in the world?"

Kramer wouldn't say a thing like that. Captain Kramer by this time would have composed a letter to Jim's aunt. As squadron leader, Kramer would recall the nice things; and if there weren't any nice things,





He pancaked into the sea. A destroyer picked him up.

Illustrated By

HARRY MORSE MEYERS

priceless battleline but not the Navy's heart—that Japanese attack was not so sly, so swift, so irresistible that it could cancel moonlight and the velvet of Hawaiian night-time and the sweet brush of the easy wind. That much remained the same and the girl said to Jim, "You are a friend of Captain Kramer's?"

"Shipmates. Bedmates. We shave with the same bayonet. Sometimes I shave him when he isn't even looking. Like now."

"I don't understand."

"Well, here—look up." She did. He kissed her and they kept on walking. "It was foolish and you shouldn't have done it," Mary said. "But you don't mean any harm."

"I'm like a blimp in a breeze. I'm fortune's child. Of course I mean harm."

You know how it is. You meet a girl. You think you've known her fourteen years when you have known her for an hour and a half. That's romance. Like a bucketful of roses. Like Hawaii.

Her father was a fairly rich man who owned a great number of pineapples and, before the war, possessed the tin cans in which to drop and seal the fruit. He was, besides, a smart man, learned in the ways of fish, and he taught at the University where they have a fine aquarium.

"Oh," Professor Tomlin said, "—a friend of Frank's? Well, fine. Sit down, son; please. Here, that deserves a drink."

Jim sipped the drink. Just because they haven't the cans for the stuff any more, do they have to give it to me?

"Well, how is Frank? Have you seen him, boy?"

"Er—Frank's fine, I guess, but he's in the States."

"Yes, I know. A great boy, Frank. Lecturing now and building up morale. Well, after what that boy's been through I guess he'd be an inspiration to anyone," Professor Tomlin said. "Did you see his picture in *Time*?" Sure did, said Jim. On the cover and page fourteen. Yes, sir. "Well, boy," the professor said. "Well, here's to Frank."

Wearily, Jim raised the pineapple juice. "Maybe," he said, "the professor thinks I'm something escaped from the Aquarium."

"What's that, boy?"

"Oh, I just said some day I'd like to see the Aquarium."

(Continued on page 26)

he would think some up. He would say, "Well, anyhow, Jim could pitch quarters better than any man in the Marines," or "Jim shot a splendid game of pool. And he always brushed his teeth." But, privately, Jim thought, what would appall the Captain most of all would be his showing up alive—it would be so terribly inconvenient. Ah, the heck with him, Jim thought. He couldn't understand why thinking of Frank Kramer brought him great pain.

It was the heck with him that time in Honolulu, too, Jim thought. And maybe, because of the girl part, Kramer could be expected to get sore. How did the girl part go? That went like this:

In Honolulu, P.I. (post infamy), the Japanese attack that wrapped our *Arizona* in a light green grave of sea and murdered such a number of the Navy personnel and turned the *California* like a sick whale with her bottom to the sun and broke the



Raymond Gram Swing whose broadcasts and speeches have been published in a new book, "Preview of History".



# What America is reading

**Books on war and post-war plans have crowded the novels to the back of the bookstore**



**By  
Harry  
Hansen**

**T**HERE is some serious thinking about America and its affairs going on these days. This is proved by the new books, which deal so preponderantly with current events, with the war and post-war plans, that they have crowded novels to the back of the bookstore. Even our best novelists are writing serious essays or making speeches. Walter Lippmann's book, "United States Foreign Policy", has been widely read. James Truslow Adams, at one time the most popular writer on American history, has just analyzed our dominant traits and qualities in "The American", which may prove an incentive to further thinking about our capacities and our duties. More important is the book that Charles A. Beard has written, "The Republic: Conversations on Fundamentals", in the form of a Socratic dialogue. Then there is Raymond Gram Swing's "Preview of History". These are valuable books.

**I**T SEEMS to me that the sober second thought of America is now coming into play. Before the war we were torn with factional excesses, and the battle between those who wanted to get into the European fight at once and those who either wanted to delay or stay out altogether obscured some of the deeper issues. Now this bitter fight has died down and we are able to look calmly at the position of the United States in world affairs. Mr. Adams' book tells us how we have become strong, wealthy and politically important; Dr. Beard's book discusses the value of our freedom and the extent to which we can participate in foreign affairs of the future. The patriotism of these men is unchallenged. They face the future with hope. Dr. Beard especially sees no reason for pessimism, for talk about barbarism defeating civilization. He does not believe that history repeats itself in exactly the same manner or that the United States is fated to share the destiny of Rome. He has confidence in "the tenacity of civilization". He rejects the idea of Utopianism because he believes the republic will function, as a representative government, for a long time to come. ("The American" is published by Scribner, \$3.00; "The Republic" by Viking Press, \$3.00. H. H.)

**T**HE work that Raymond Gram Swing is doing in analyzing foreign events over the air is a liberal education for all Americans. Steadily, week after week, he presents a solid piece of original thought, without  
*(Continued on page 47)*



**Etta Shiber, author of "Paris-Underground", which has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons.**



**T**HE stuff was made to be spent and it will burn holes in your pockets and get you into terrible trouble if you hoard it. A certain restraint, nevertheless, should be exercised in the handling of money, but an increasingly large segment of the Republic never heard of it. (The restraint.) During the recent Labor Day weekend more than \$14,000,000 was wagered at six horse tracks on two successive racing days. This fantastic sum, largely incomprehensible

to the two-buck bettor, would seem to suggest that America is going to the dogs on horseback, but as Mr. Al Jolson, and others after him, used to say, you ain't seen nothing yet, folks.

Compared to the English and Australians, whose enthusiasm and affection for sports is as similar to ours as ties of language, America is just beginning to get its teeth into horses—and we are referring to gambling, not gustatory, habits. Although our standard of living always

has been higher than that of the British and we have a wider distribution of national wealth, so they tell me, America's annual expenditure on racing probably is just about equal to England's pre-war tab despite the fact that the population of the United Kingdom is only a third of ours.

The English always have gone overboard for racing animals, an historical fact which must be disturbing to the moralists and trend-charters. A frivolous nation interested in making a fast, easy dollar is supposed to be a decadent nation comprised largely of worthless bums and no-goods, but in spite of the British's balmy betting habits, there will always be an England.

On September 4, the Saturday preceding our Labor Day, \$700,000 was wagered on the grounds at White City, the London dog track, and it is estimated that an additional \$500,000 was placed with book-makers. Dogs, of course, do not hold the fascination or the promise of big money offered by horses. The gambling customs of the English are rooted so deeply that there was racing in England during the worst stages of the blitz. Save for a few interruptions caused by the nasty Nazis, the traditional stake horse races, which go back several hundred years, have been run in England and attended by crowds which would be regarded as enormous in this country.

We rather suspect that the present racing boom, so-called, in this country is merely a ripple in the wave that is to come. Our potential roof is way up there in the stratosphere, if the British can be used as a working standard. Betting over here is confined largely to urban populations and a good percentage of it comes from the transient trade. Most people do not make a practice of betting away from the track and if they do happen to hear of a tip, they usually have to scout around for a bookie.

In England everyone knows a bookie, a respected member of the community—usually paid before the greengrocer's bill is settled—who is around the corner operating openly and legitimately. Nothing demonstrates more clearly the present difference in national attitudes toward racing than American and British attitudes toward bookmakers. Here a bookie, if caught plying his nefarious trade, can be thrown into the clink and sometimes he actually is. Before the war, English jurisprudence was toying with the idea of considering an oral wager with a bookie a legal contract, with the plaintiff—invariably the bookie—permitted to seek redress in court in the event the contract was breached. The mark of an English gentleman is his bookmaker as much as his tailor and in the event His Grace welves on a bet, he is put on a blacklist all bookies adhere to rigidly.

Another indication of the degree of difference of racing intensity can

(Continued on page 34)

## Balmy Like the British



**The present racing boom, so-called, is merely a ripple in the wave that is to come**

**By Stanley Frank**



# You Can KILL 'EM with KINDNESS



RECENT articles state that there is a powerful movement under way to slaughter deer and elk herds for meat, sponsored by proponents of more-meat-at-any-cost and by "big livestock interests" that want to run more cattle on the range. Certain Government agencies, supposedly under pressure by these groups, are trying to tell the public that big game populations in many areas have outstripped their food supply and surpluses must be cut down. Actually, these recent articles say, these alleged "big game surpluses do not exist. Predatory interests have trumped up this excuse to serve their own selfish purposes.

One's natural impulse is to accept this statement of the case at its face value. Nobody wants to see our game herds destroyed and the fruits of forty years of conservation ruthlessly wiped out. To a layman, these articles appear reasonable enough, and all conservationists, including the authors of this article, will appreciate the sincere desire to protect our wild-life resources from selfish, short-sighted exploitation.

The conviction that there is no surplus game is shared by millions of Americans, and it is entirely understandable.

We spent last weekend in the

Horseshoe Park area of Rocky Mountain National Park. This sheltered valley, an important unit of the Park's winter range for deer and elk, is known to be one of the seriously overcrowded "game slums" in Colorado. And yet there appears to be an unusually luxuriant growth of grass on this range! A layman would say it was a veritable paradise for deer and elk. Of course, the grass is covered with snow much of the winter, but "it could easily be put up and fed as hay".

There are two flaws in this reasoning. The first is that most of what looks like grass to an unpracticed observer is actually rush, which is quite unpalatable to deer and elk.

Still more significant is the fact that even grass itself is, in general, a very poor food for wild game. Deer will actually starve to death on grass or hay. Their natural food is browse—brush, bark, twigs and shrubs. Pittman-Robertson studies indicate that deer need a diet of at least ninety percent browse to sustain life and health for any length of time.

Elk eat considerably more grass than deer, but even elk, in Colorado, seem to prefer browse to grass, while in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where every winter the Fish and Wildlife Service feeds supplementary rations

of hay to about 10,000 hungry elk, the winter loss from malnutrition averages ten percent of the herd.

Even Western people can't believe these facts. Popular demand forces the Colorado Game Department to spend about \$30,000 a year feeding hay and concentrates to deer and elk that have exhausted their natural food supply. Last winter, of 5,000 artificially fed deer in the Gunnison area of southwestern Colorado, 2,462—nearly half the herd—died of starvation with their bellies full! Post-mortem examinations proved conclusively that they could not digest the food. And yet the citizens of several other Western States are now demanding the artificial feeding of surplus herds.

You cannot save starving deer and elk by feeding them artificially—or by depending on the rich "grass" of Horseshoe Park.

An unpracticed eye might not even detect the damage to browse in Horseshoe Park. Many varieties of shrubs and brush have not been touched, while others obviously have not been browsed heavily enough to harm them at all.

However, these are varieties which, under ordinary circumstances, are quite unpalatable to deer and elk. The fact that they are being browsed





Above are mule deer on their winter feed grounds at Red Creek, Gunnison National Forest.

at all indicates that the animals are desperate for food. If you saw a white man eating beetles, cockroaches and flies, you would not conclude that he enjoyed or thrived on such a diet. You would conclude that he was trying desperately to stave off starvation.

So it is with the deer and elk that winter in Horseshoe Park. Those kinds of vegetation which form their natural food are literally eaten down to bare stubs, and, in most cases, even these are dead or dying. However, an uninitiated observer might easily assume that even this stubby condition was normal—that it was some kind of coarse, comparatively leafless growth such as one often finds at timberline.

It isn't easy for a layman to recog-

At right, above: A juniper, stripped as high as a deer can reach. Always a sign of a badly overbrowsed range.

This deer is starving to death on a diet of hay and concentrates.

## Nobody wants to see our game herds destroyed and the fruit of years of conservation wiped out but - - -

By James and Alice Wilson

nize the signs of over-browsing. Grass and plants unpalatable to game creep in imperceptibly to replace the palatable browse that is killed out. An untrained observer would not be likely to detect this unless it were pointed out to him.

The tree growth on such range as Horseshoe Park is mostly aspen, an important item in the diet of both deer and elk. The aspen trunks in Horseshoe Park are absolutely black to a height of about five feet, where the bark has been destroyed. About one-fourth of the trees are dead, and many more are dying. Meanwhile, no new growth is coming in. It is eaten off as soon as it gets above the ground.

A guest at the lodge where we stayed overnight said, "Those trees

must be affected by some kind of disease." He could not believe that the damage had been done by deer and elk, until we pointed out the tooth marks in the trunks.

The novice is still further misled by the fact that there is usually plenty of forage of all kinds in the higher altitudes and on the mountain sides. These areas obviously have not been over-browsed at all. However, this is all *summer* range, and except in comparatively few regions there has never been any shortage of that. The carrying capacity of an area is almost always limited by the amount of available *winter* range.

Before the white man came to the West, the foothills and the sheltered  
(Continued on page 38)







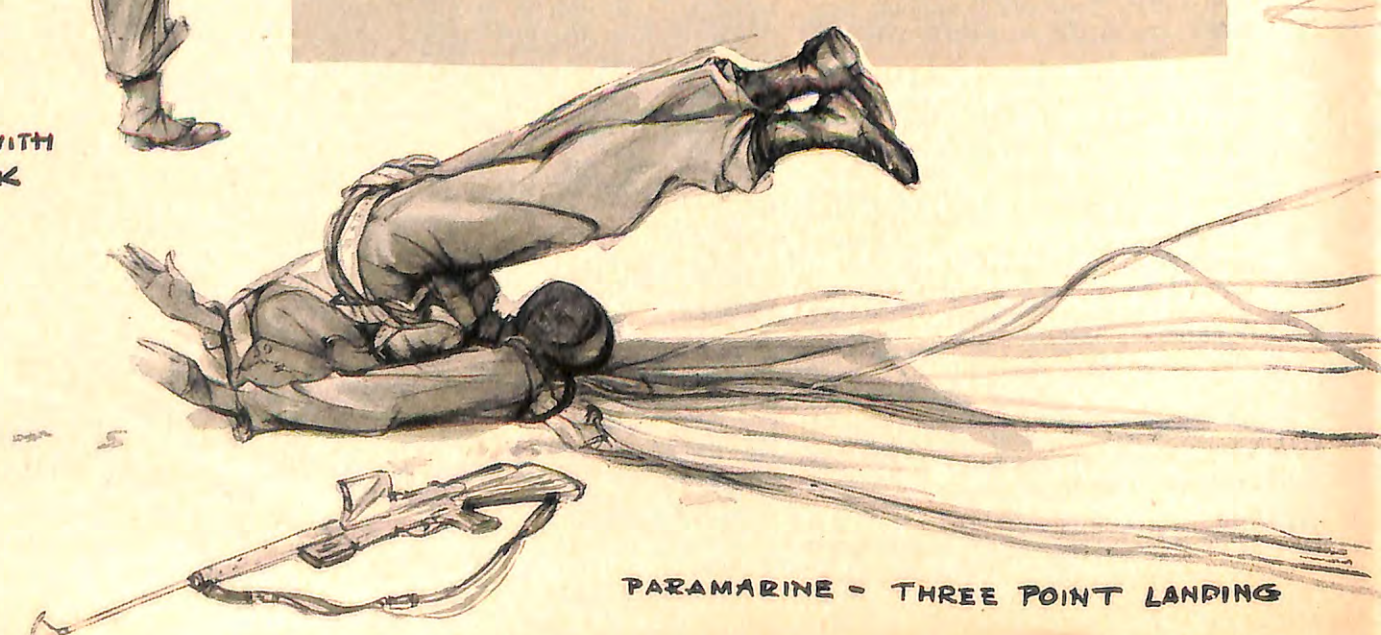
# SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

By William von Riegen

**From the halls of Montezuma,  
To the shores of Tripoli,  
We fight our country's battles  
On the land as on the sea.**

**If the Army and Navy  
Ever look on heaven's scenes,  
They will find the streets are guarded by  
The United States Marines.**

OVER THE  
OBSTACLE WITH  
LOADED PACK  
AND RIFLE



PARAMARINE - THREE POINT LANDING





SIGNAL CORPS -  
INSTALLATION MAINTENANCE  
AND OPERATION OF SIGNAL  
COMMUNICATION IS THEIR  
COMBAT DUTY



'LEATHERNECK' -  
THE TOUGHEST  
SOLDIER IN THE WORLD



OVER THE SIDE -  
THE FIRST PHASE OF  
GETTING THE SITUATION  
WELL IN HAND





Columbia Newsphoto

The mascot of a boatswain's training class at a U. S. Navy Sub Chaser School is a little uneasy about his perch, judging from his expression.

# In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



**The pooch as a military mascot has taught himself to render some pretty valuable service.**

**I**T WAS Master Sergeant Herbert E. Smith, staff writer for *Army Life* who wrote, "Put a man on an uninhabited island, leave him there six months and when you go back to get him, you'll find him with a package of home-made cigarettes, a deck of playing cards and—a dog."

I assume that the Sergeant had only his own branch of the Service in mind, but you can bet all your ration points that the same holds true for the wearers of Uncle Sam's uniform, be they sailors, Marines or coast guardsmen. Offhand, the only military establishments I can think of

from which Fido is barred are certain of the Service academies. Specific of West Point, he is on the taboo list along with wives and whiskers. Whoever wrote the rule applying to purps knew what he was doing; without it the Point would be overrun with dogs. The chances are that almost every cadet would have his own personal dog.

In a previous issue I related a number of anecdotes about dogs as mascots with the Armed Forces. Some of the incidents mentioned had World War I for a background, others came out of the present global

scrimmage. The subject of the trained war dog was scarcely dealt with. From start to end of the first war none of the American troops employed war dogs. But today, thousands of highly trained dogs are playing a large and important part in the war effort. It has been found that for certain kinds of work, there is no human or mechanical substitute for the dog. As messenger, he can get through the most withering barrage. As sentry, his keen hearing and scenting powers make him far superior to human guards and those same abilities make him invaluable in searching out and finding the wounded on the battlefield. But enough for the trained war dog. He doesn't belong in this screed and, besides, I've written about him before—plenty. Let's resume the theme of the pooch as a military mascot and in the course of this we will discover that a surprisingly large number of those galoots have taught themselves to render some pretty valuable service.

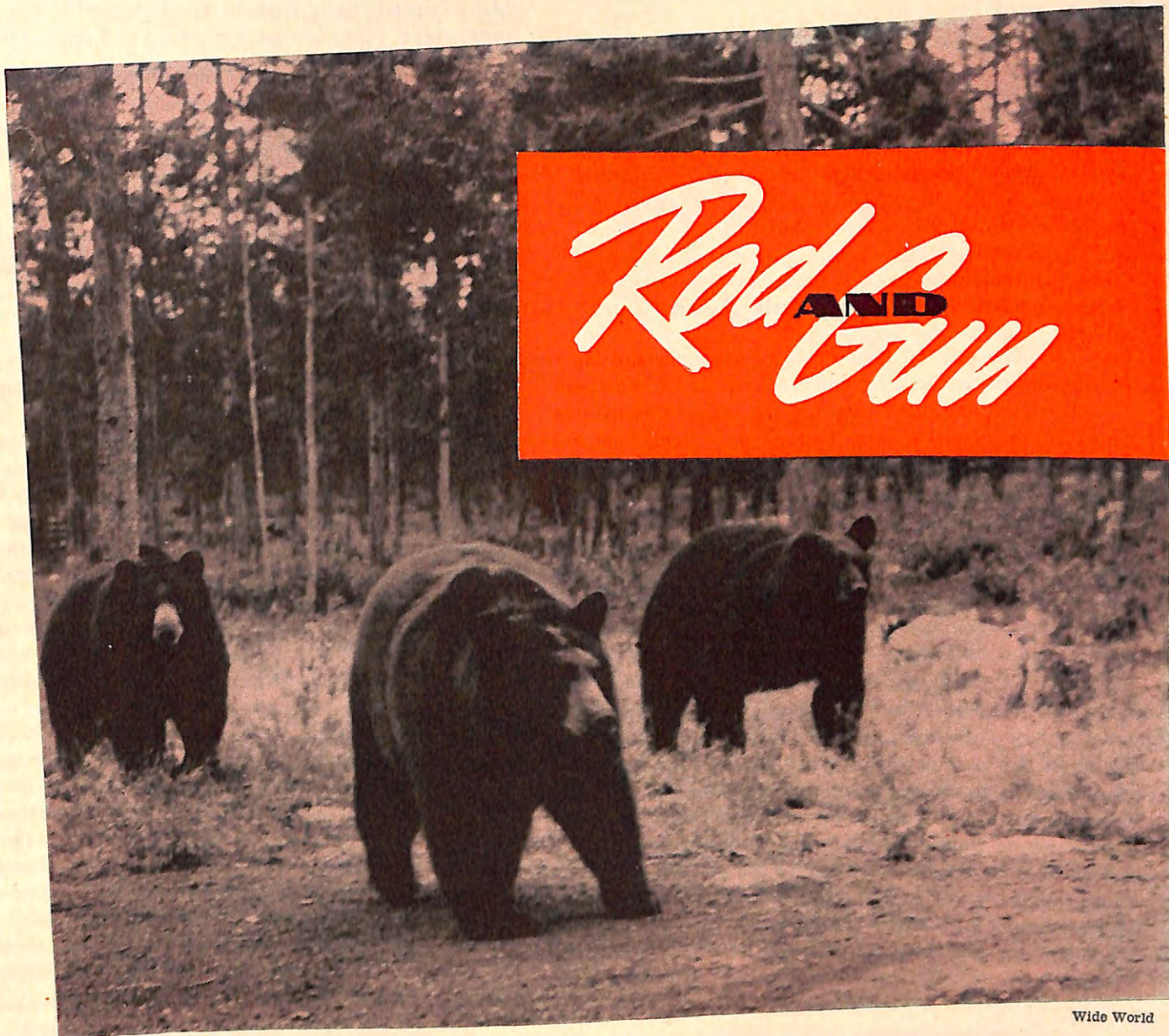
For example: Only recently Rolf, a boxer, made the headlines by capturing a saboteur at a Boston defense plant which he was guarding. When searched the man was found to have on his person a complete plan for the destruction of that plant. The dog caught the man and held him until human guards arrived to make the arrest.

Then there's the story of the shepherd dog with the odd name, P40. The scene was the Southwest Pacific. While on patrol with his master, Mister P40 suddenly began to bark while concentrating his attention out to sea. The man saw nothing unusual and tried to silence the dog. But no soap. P40 knew what he was doing and this was proven a few minutes later when a tiny Japanese fishing boat hove in sight and tried to land. It is said that those Japs of the small crew will sail no more.

In the article of last month I told the story of Rags, gallant little semi-terrier which during the first World War was wounded, decorated and died leaving an estate of \$100. The name Rags appears to be a common label among Service dogs. Now, from the records of the present war, comes the account of another Rags. He was a member of the garrison of the island fortress of Corregidor, and a mighty important member, too. He is, or was (nobody knows whether he survived the terrible bombardment) a Marine dog, brown and white, just plain pooch. Shortly after the Japs started to pound the island, it was noticed that Rags for no apparent reason would scuttle from the shade where he was lying and dash

*(Continued on page 43)*





# Red AND Gun

Wide World

**Your correspondent speaks with complete authority on gunning boners, plain and fancy**

**By Ray Trullinger**

**T**HE number of good chances hunters blow in this country every season must run into astronomical figures. While many of these fozzled opportunities are the result of bad breaks, it's betraying no secret to say that the majority stem from occasional mental lapses, inexperience or plain downright carelessness. As an old and frequent offender your correspondent feels he can speak with complete authority on the subject of gunning boners, plain and fancy.

For instance one of the most common or garden variety of hunting boners is trying to shoot something with an unloaded gun. While this

feat is admittedly impossible of accomplishment, that fact doesn't discourage millions of absent-minded shooters who keep right on trying, year after year. The total of would-be unloaded gun shooters is only exceeded by the army of gents who remain unconvinced a weapon cannot be fired with the safety in the "on" position. Both errors must save an amazing total of furred and feathered fauna every year.

Your hero recalls one particular episode which he'll never live down. The incident occurred after a pair of hounds had treed a sizeable bear in a hemlock tree, beneath which we arrived, somewhat later, with a hunt-

ing partner. Both of us were winded and scratched up as a result of the fast chase which had led through a jungle of devil's walking stick, salmonberry bushes, a blowdown and other woody discouragements to fast traveling.

"You shoot that critter," remarked our puffing pal. "I'm all in like a shirttail."

So the .30-06 was unlimbered, a careful aim taken and, ever so carefully, the trigger was pressed. Nothing happened so we squeezed harder and still harder.

"It won't shoot," we finally informed our pal, lowering the weapon. "What the heck you suppose is the matter?"

"Try shoving 'at little gadget ahead with your thumb," he suggested. "They tell me those rifles won't work with the safety on."

We tossed him a bitter look, thumbed the safety ahead, took aim again and squeezed the trigger. The result was a sharp metallic click.

*(Continued on page 36)*



# Editorial

## Another Job Well Done

LAST Spring when the Joint Board of the Army and Navy decided to conduct a recruitment drive for the enlistment of engineering specialists for the Army Construction Corps and the Navy "Seabees" they asked the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to cooperate with them in a manner similar to the cooperation rendered previously in the drives for aviation cadets and aviation specialists.

The Elks War Commission, under the leadership of Chairman Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, assured the Army and Navy that the fullest efforts would be put forth by the subordinate lodges of the Elks to assure the complete success of this campaign. The call went out. War Committees were established in each cooperating lodge, contact was made with the local recruiting officers of the Army and Navy, meetings were scheduled in the Elks clubs, publicity was placed in the local newspapers and on the local radio stations, cooperative advertisements were designed and placed in the newspapers, and paid for by other cooperating elements of the business world, and applicants started to pour in.

The quota of enlistments set up by the Joint Board of the Army and Navy was 9,000 men per month for each branch of the Service . . . a total of 18,000 men. But with the full support of the Elks in back of it, the job was tackled—the success of the effort is best attested by the telegram sent by

Major General Eugene Reybold, Chief of Engineers, to Chairman James R. Nicholson, on September 11. It reads as follows:

"Due to the outstanding efforts of the B. P. O. E., the recruitment of Engineering Specialists has far exceeded all expectations, so much so that the engineering requirements have been met three months ahead of schedule, necessitating the immediate suspension of the voluntary induction program. All special assignment letters issued to applicants to date will be honored at reception centers. The wholehearted cooperation of the Elks in helping to put this program across ahead of schedule has been of inestimable value to the Corps of Engineers and is deeply appreciated. Reybold, Chief Engineers."

Thus, another patriotic job has been successfully concluded . . . with great credit to the efforts of our Order.

However, there is still work to be done! The "Seabees", those valiant fighting engineers who have carved a niche for themselves in the fighting men's Hall of Fame, are still in need of more recruits, and Elks are helping to get them. This effort will continue until the need is over . . . until the Navy says that we have completed another job—well done.

## Play Square

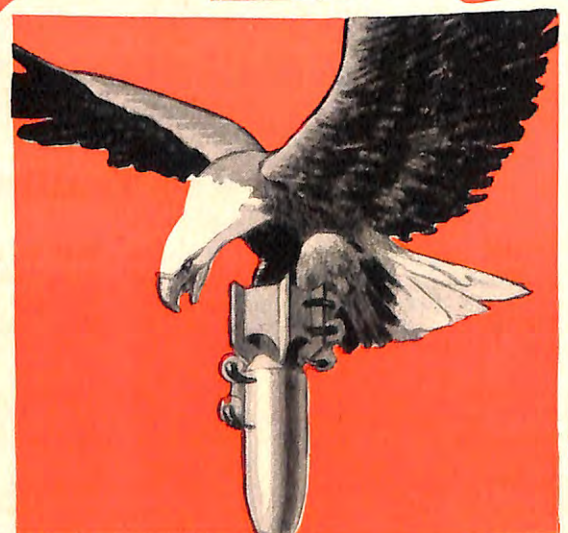
The course and length of this war may depend on how America produces food.

Members of our Order, long recognized for their active participation in matters of public welfare, will soon be asked to join hundreds of other organizations in helping spread the true story of food and its use. First, as loyal American citizens, we will be asked to cooperate in the practices that make food a vital weapon of war. Second, as fraternal men with qualities of leadership in community development, we will be requested by Uncle Sam to take an active part in all of the many efforts being made to get food information to the public. Citizens' Groups throughout the Nation will direct civic

Drawing by John Sheridan



CHARITY



JUSTICE



attention on food, and Elks will take their place in these companies to make up a giant army of workers willingly devoting time and effort to dissemination of information Americans must know.

Analysis of the four key themes of this information "campaign" reveals interesting facts:

*Produce.* Despite the farmers' shining record, despite the substantial increases in food production, there is not enough food to satisfy all the demands made in this crucial era. Because of the amounts of food that must go for war purposes, the supply cannot begin to keep up with the demand unless everyone cooperates to conserve and properly utilize the fuel for our bodies.

Millions of us who do not work on farms can grow Victory Gardens. Plan it in advance, stick with cultivating, planting, weeding and harvesting. These gardens will aid materially in making up shortages occasioned by the terrific drain of war. Help on a farm or in a processing plant too, if you can.

*Conserve.* Let's starve the garbage pail. It is estimated that enough food is wasted in the home alone annually to feed the greater part of our Armed Forces! Such waste must be avoided by better meal planning, better food storage, and by education that brings home the staggering losses of good food. That's the consumers' job. The farmer is being urged to see that every ounce of food grown is actually harvested and used. Food processors can help see that every possible pound of food is packed, preserved and canned. Food retailers can do their part by careful handling and waste-reducing measures. Homemakers can preserve, brine, dry and store every bit of food in excess of table use that comes from gardens of their own, or from communities having surplus crops of certain commodities.

*Share.* Farmers can share their machinery, seed, fertilizer and manpower among themselves, and every one of us can share food at home through rationing. Substitution of plentiful foods for those missing from the usual menu can be made without loss of health-giving properties.

*Play Square.* Typically American is that phrase. It stands for a fundamental ideal of our democracy. Let's apply it to food. Uncle Sam asks each citizen to pledge himself to "play square"—to accept no rationed foods without giving up ration stamps, and to pay no more than top legal prices. This system of rationing and price control can be made to work with reasonable simplicity and fairness if all Americans will cooperate in the plan that divides our limited supplies equally. To keep essential foods within the reach of everyone, top legal prices have been placed on most food products. That's "playing square" because it aids in controlling food costs.

That's the story, Brothers. If you heed its slogan yourself, and do your best to tell it to others, you will be helping food in its fight for freedom.

### From An Elk Overseas

Typical of the many comments received by the lodges throughout the country from members who are in the Service is that contained in a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Kenneth W. Haas, a member of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45.

Colonel Haas says: "Owing to the fact that my military duties have taken me to many sections of the United States and now to the Southwest Pacific area during the past two and a half years, there has been little or no time available for the pursuit of fraternal activities. However, my experiences have only added to the knowledge that the greatest need of the world today is that fraternalism typified by the great and glorious achievements of Elkdom. . . .

"Our removal from those privileges which as Americans we accept with a 'matter of fact' attitude—and one of which is the privilege of being an Elk—causes all of the troops to reflect on the values of those institutions. Believe me when I say that my return to the United States will start a new era in my life to the extent that I will, for the remainder of my days, be a better American and a better Elk."

No further editorial comment on this letter is needed.



**BROTHERLY LOVE**



**FIDELITY**





**THE**

# Elks IN THE WAR

*Above are some of those who were present at the band concert which was part of the Bond Drive held recently by San Diego, Calif., Lodge.*

*Below: As part of Rochester, Minn., Lodge's successful "Seabee" Recruiting Project, Carl Briese, Sergeant of Rochester's Police Department, is sworn into the Navy.*

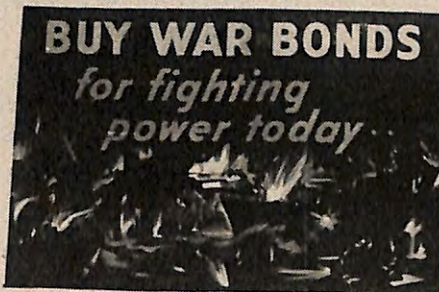


*Left: Standing before the significant background of a plaque listing the names of San Diego, Calif., Elks in the Armed Forces, the WAVE Recruiting Committee confers on the recruiting program.*





Above are members of the Auburn Park Red Cross Production Unit which is sponsored by Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge.



**WILMINGTON LODGE of ELKS, No 307**

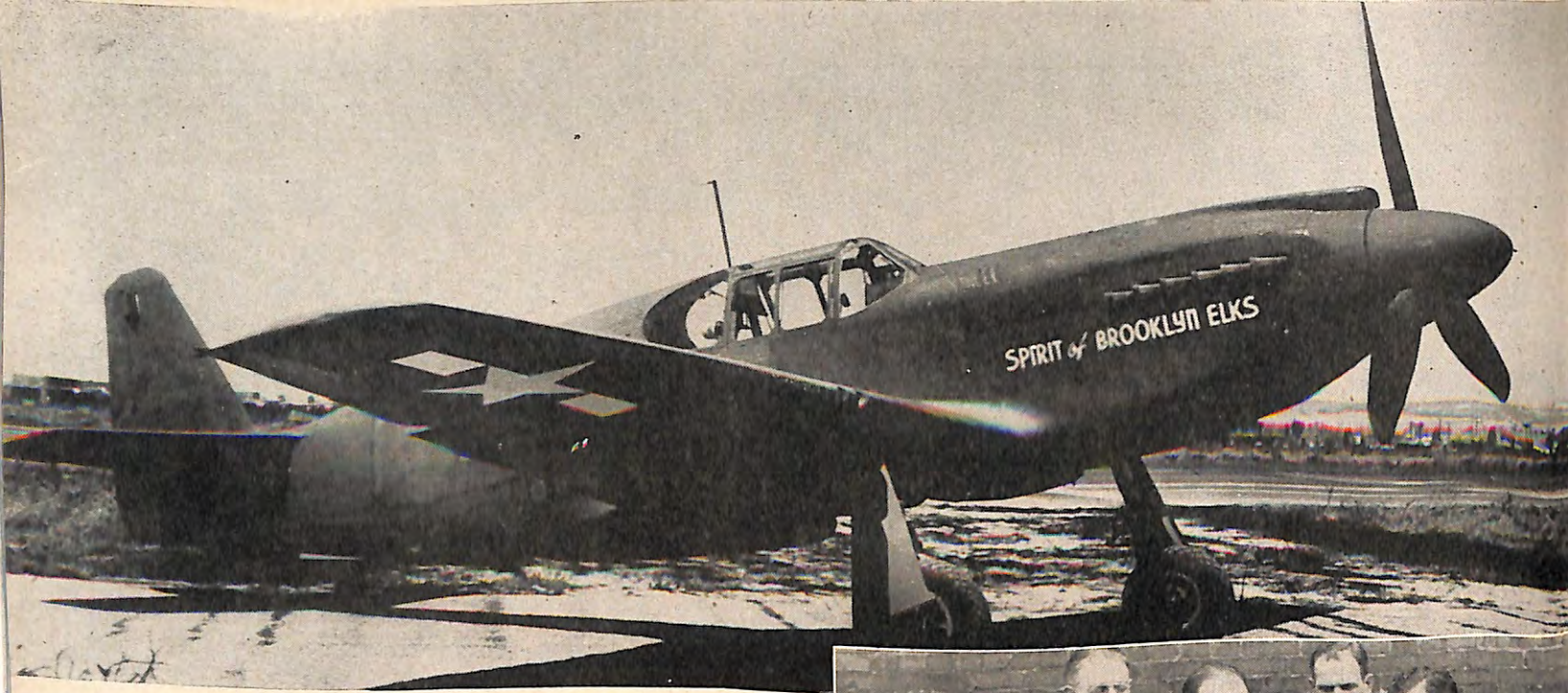
Left is a billboard erected by Wilmington, Del., Lodge to stimulate the purchase of War Bonds.

Right are officers and War Committee members of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge with a bag of money for the purchase of 1,000,000 cigarettes. Tacoma Lodge expects to reach a goal of 2,000,000 free cigarettes for servicemen.



Left are members of Columbus, Ga., Lodge who launched their campaign to aid in the Third War Loan Drive by subscribing \$20,-025 in less than an hour.





Above: This North American P-51 fighter plane, purchased with \$75,000 worth of War Bonds, subscribed by the members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, has been named "Spirit of Brooklyn Elks". War Department officials intend to have the plane manned by members of the Order.



Right: Members of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge purchase 250,000 cigarettes for soldiers serving overseas. Another 25,000 cigarettes were donated by the manufacturer.



Left: Members of Carlinville, Ill., Lodge are shown with cases of 110,000 cigarettes to be shipped to servicemen overseas.

Below: Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge presented a 10-act vaudeville show featuring the Elks Chorus, Elks Band, soloists, dancers and novelty acts, as shown in the scene below, to promote the sale of War Bonds.







Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan and Past Grand Exalted Rulers John S. McClelland and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, with Georgia Elks, visit the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. P. Andrews.

# Under the ANTLERS



**News of Subordinate Lodges  
Throughout the Order**

## **Pelham St. George Bissell Dies; P.E.R. of the Mother Lodge**

Past Exalted Ruler Pelham St. George Bissell, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, President-Justice of the Municipal Courts, died on September 8 of a heart attack after a brief illness. He was 56 years of age. Justice Bissell was initiated into the Mother Lodge in 1931. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1942-43 and

was made an Honorary Life Member last March.

Services were held at the family residence on Thursday evening, September 9, by New York Lodge and Greenwich Village Post 18 of the American Legion. Leading jurists and members of the Bar were among those who attended. The Elks' ritualistic service was conducted by P.E.R. Charles M. Ertz, assisted by John A. Boone. The Eulogy was given

by Moses Altmann, Secretary of the lodge. Aside from his great interest in New York Lodge, Justice Bissell was a member of many social and patriotic organizations. He was a cultured and courteous gentleman and had gained for himself an enviable reputation as a scholar, a jurist of capability, and a public-spirited citizen of the highest character.

Justice Bissell was born in New York City on April 11, 1887. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1909, and a year later he received his Master of Arts degree and two years later his degree of Bachelor of Law. He served overseas with distinction in World War I. At the time of his death, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army Reserve. He was a member of the City Advancement Commission of the Boy Scouts of America, the Republican Club of New York and numerous other clubs and organizations, and had been an officer in the American Legion, the Military Order of Foreign Wars, the Society of American Wars, the 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Sons of the Revolution of New York.

Funeral services were held at St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City, followed by burial in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn. Justice Bissell is survived by his wife, two sons who are in the U. S. Armed Forces, and five daughters.

## **Columbus, Ga., Elks Launch War Bond Drive With Large Cash Sale**

Members of Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 1639, launched their own campaign to

Left: Mr. Lonergan, Judge McClelland and Grand Secretary Masters are shown when they attended a luncheon given by East Point, Ga., Lodge during the course of Mr. Lonergan's District Deputy Conference there.





aid in the Third War Loan Drive by subscribing \$20,025 in less than an hour. The Bonds were bought and delivered for cash in actual sales made in the lodge home.

Fifty-two attended the meeting which was presided over by E.R. Robert J. Alander and addressed by Esteemed Leading Knight W. E. Page. Mark Mote, War Loan Secretary for Muscogee County and representative of the Columbus Clearing House, handled the sales. Many members of the lodge, unable to attend the meeting, called by telephone to make their pledges.

### Fort Morgan Elks Buy War Bonds Totaling \$120,500 at Meeting

On September 8, Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143, went into action in the Third War Loan Drive by staging a Bond Rally which resulted in sales amounting to \$120,500. All of the money raised for the purchase of Bonds came voluntarily from members of the lodge and their families. A fine dinner was served before the lodge meeting.

The climax of the evening came when Kenny Reed auctioned off merchandise that had been donated by members and friends. Bids, of course, were in Bond purchases. George Epperson was Chairman of the Elks Bond Rally Committee.

### Visiting Officers Initiate a Class For Asheville Lodge

Early in the lodge year, E.R.'s William A. Sams and B. A. Whitmire worked out a reciprocal initiatory program for their respective lodges, Asheville, N. C., No. 1401, and Hendersonville, N. C., No. 1616. The officers of both lodges have been commended frequently for their efficiency. At a meeting of Asheville Lodge in August, the Hendersonville officers initiated a class and gave an exemplification of the Ritual. A special dinner was given for them, and after the meeting a buffet supper was served.

The financial status of Asheville Lodge is excellent. The lodge has invested in War Bonds in the amount of \$21,000.

*Right: Percy Scott, Treasurer of New Castle, Ind., Lodge, receives \$4,000 in Government Bonds from Postmaster M. C. Goodwin as one of the Lodge's Bond purchases.*

*Below: Members of Troy, Ohio, Lodge who entertained at a picnic members of most of the Ohio Southwest Lodges.*

### Juneau Elks Initiate a Class at Sitka, Alaska

A party of members of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, headed by E.R. N. Floyd Fagerson, P.D.D. M. E. Monagle and P.E.R.'s Howard E. Simmons and Arthur Adams, made a trip by steamer in the late summer for the purpose of attending the opening of the new club rooms of the Sitka Bills' Club and initiating the annual Sitka class of candidates. First the visiting Elks attended a housewarming at the Club, after which they assembled in the Moose lodge room for the initiatory ceremonies which were conducted by a complete staff of officers led by Exalted Ruler Fagerson.

A banquet was given that evening at the Pioneers' Home, with ladies present and P.E.R. E. M. Goddard acting as Toastmaster. The next afternoon, the visitors, many of whom had been accompanied to Sitka by their ladies, were entertained informally, and a dance was held that evening at the Moose Club. The sojourn ended the next morning with a farewell breakfast at which Charles Wortman was host. The officers of the Sitka Bills' Club are Frank A. Metcalfe, Pres., Harry Hagen, Vice-Pres., William W. Knight, Secy., Charles E. Wortman, Treas., and George H. Peterson, Thomas Tilson and Charles A. Whittemore, Trustees.

### War Wounded Are Aided by Elks' Fund at Inglewood, California

Five wheel chairs of the folding type are now owned by Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, for the use of men of the U.S. Armed Forces returned to the

area and released as casualties. Announcement from the floor of the establishment of a "Wheel Chair Fund for World War II Casualties" brought \$185 in voluntary donations at one meeting alone.

Inglewood Lodge held the first of a series of weekly entertainments sponsored by southern California lodges to raise funds for the purchase of braces, wheel chairs and other artificial aids to rehabilitation. A wheel chair enables a member to attend his lodge meetings and affords him additional pleasure in his outside life. Motivating the drive is the recognition of the fact that the need for such articles and appliances among servicemen is increasing and will continue to increase until the war is ended.

Exalted Ruler Frank Rath, of Inglewood Lodge, Esteemed Leading Knight Burt Brooks and Oscar Castleberry, a 20-year member of No. 1492, are leaders in the campaign. Another sponsor of the movement is District Attorney Fred Howser. Fifteen wheel chairs have been purchased by Long Beach Lodge No. 888 of which Mr. Howser is a member.

### Troy, O., Lodge Entertains Many District Elks at Annual Picnic

The annual picnic held this year by Troy, O., Lodge, No. 833, was a district reunion attended by members of practically all of the Ohio Southwest lodges. Although the picnics have been given for only three years, in that short space of time they have become events pleasurable anticipated by hundreds of Elks in the section.

Among those present this year were Walter G. Penry, of Delaware Lodge, a







*Above: Members of Loveland, Colo., Lodge with Grand Exalted Ruler Lonerган when he visited there.*

member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge and Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and Bombardier Paul Kessler, a member of Troy Lodge, who was enjoying a well-earned furlough, having participated in 51 bombings successfully carried out over Africa, Sicily and Italy, including the raid on Rome on July 19. Also in attendance were D.D. Forrest C. Simon, Piqua; E.R.'s Ernest L. Thokey, Troy, Robert Althoff, Xenia, Ed. Wight, Lebanon, Ralph Stokes, Dayton, Willard J. Schwartz, Springfield, and Robert S. Beyke, Hamilton; State Sergeant-at-Arms Francis H. Keck, Columbus; P.E.R. W. D. Wigmore, Troy, Chairman of the District Activities Committee of the State Association; Paul Kessler's father, who is also a member of Troy Lodge, and Arthur Dunlap, Delaware.

**Sales In San Diego Lodge's War Bond Drive Amount to \$311,040**

As the result of a campaign to sell

War Bonds conducted from May 25 to June 30 by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, a huge bomber marked "San Diego Lodge No. 168, B. P. O. Elks" will soon be dropping its eggs over enemy territory. As reported by E.R. William W. Brunson, the Chairman of the War Savings Committee for Southern California, M. Penn Phillips, certified to the Treasury Department the amount of \$311,040 after a complete check had been made of all Bonds sold.

**P.D.D. Leo J. Duster, of Cedar Rapids Lodge, Dies Suddenly**

Past Exalted Ruler Leo J. Duster, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge, No. 251, District Deputy for Iowa, Northeast, in 1931-32, died suddenly of a heart attack in Des Moines on July 31, at the age of 49. At the time of his death, he was

Executive Secretary to Governor Bourke B. Hickenlooper, having joined the Governor's staff last January. Mr. Duster was stricken and passed away in the home of Governor Hickenlooper, who is also a Past Exalted Ruler of Cedar Rapids Lodge.

One of Iowa's best known citizens, Mr. Duster had a distinguished record of public service. He became a member of Selective Service Board No. 1 in his home city, Cedar Rapids, when the Board was organized in 1940. In this capacity he won the admiration of his colleagues for his humanitarian view of selective service problems and his originality in helping to establish procedure.

During World War I, Mr. Duster served overseas with Battery E of the 126th Field Artillery. He was a member of the American Legion in which he held high office, and was a prominent member of the Immaculate Conception Church in Cedar Rapids where funeral services were held on the Tuesday following his death. The officers of Cedar Rapids Lodge, headed by E.R. Willard Chadima, were among the hundreds of friends who attended the rites.



**Chicago (South) Lodge Provides Work Room for Red Cross Unit**

When the members of Chicago (South),

*Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Lonerган is shown with Inner Guard Elmer Brown, J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Mr. Lonerган's secretary, C. C. Bradley, when he visited Ogden, Utah, Lodge.*

*Below are the new officers of the Oregon State Elks Association which held its annual Convention recently.*





Right: E.R. Frank Rath of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge watches fellow member Oscar Castleberry start the "Wheel Chair Fund for World War II Casualties", a project sponsored by Southland Elks.

Ill., Lodge, No. 1596, took over their present quarters at 7938 South Halsted Street they found, figuratively speaking, a baby on the door step, dressed in a white uniform and holding a pair of knitting needles. The Elks immediately adopted the "foundling" by taking over the sponsorship of the Auburn Park Red Cross Production Unit.

The Unit, organized shortly after Pearl Harbor by Mrs. William Gerleman and Mrs. Albert E. Lewis, met in a hall, seldom used, where the ladies set up their own tables and frequently did their own cleaning. A far cry from the dingy, bare work room is the newly decorated room with soft green walls, venetian blinds and gold drapes that the Elks have provided for them. The tables are set up and everything is clean and in readiness when the workers arrive every Friday morning.

The Unit finished recently its ninetieth thousand surgical dressings and 1,250 pieces of knitting, comfort items for our Armed Forces. Hundreds of garments have been made, including hospital garments and kit bags for servicemen, and clothing for civilian prisoners of war and for disaster relief.

Many members of the Unit have been honored for their work. Three hundred and twenty-five have received small crosses for more than 72 hours service. One hundred and thirty-five have been given the large cross and pins for more than 144 hours. Within a year, 44 have served more than 288 hours, while 27 have 500 hours to their credit and 12 have 1,000 hours. One member has served more than 2,000 hours within the year. Eighty blood donations have been made by members of the Unit, four of whom have made five donations each.

### THREE ELK SONGS AVAILABLE

Copies of three Elk songs, published by the Indiana State Elks Association, are now available. They are "Song of the Elks", "Cavalcade of the Elks" and "Hymn of the Elks", words and music by Russell P. Harker.

Further information regarding these songs may be obtained by addressing C. L. Shideler, Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association, c/o B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 86, Terre Haute, Ind.

### Rochester, Minn., Elks' Seabee Recruiting Drive Is Successful

Acting upon the suggestion of the Elks War Commission that the subordinate lodges engage actively in the recruiting of Army Construction Engineers and Navy Seabees, Rochester, Minn., Lodge, No. 1091, has endeavored to cooperate to the best of its ability. First, a meeting was held on July 5 with local Naval recruiting officers at which E.R. Ralph J. Stevens, Est. Lead. Knight Howard Stolp, Est. Loyal Knight Don Nagle, Est. Lect. Knight Joe Bandow, Secy. Eugene Schwarz, Sr., and Treas. S. J. Condon were present. The Navy



was represented by T. R. Jones, Petty Officer in Charge, and Axel H. Reed, traveling recruiter for the Rochester district. Plans were made for an active campaign to recruit Seabees, ground work for a drive in Rochester and the surrounding territory was laid, and a special meeting of the membership was called for July 14.

At the meeting, Mr. Jones and Mr. Reed gave talks on the history and ac-

complishments of the Construction Battalions and explained the need for men in this branch of the service. The lodge voted a fund to be used in furthering the campaign and incidentally initiated the two Navy men into the Order. Shortly afterward, the city of Rochester was covered by billboards advising interested men to "Ask An Elk". A booth was set up at the Olmsted County Fair, manned

(Continued on page 32)



Right are two softball teams of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge.





"Welcome home, Bob..."

**DRY** Paul Jones...a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

**T**HE DRYNESS of Paul Jones Whiskey . . . like the *dryness* of champagne . . . permits you to enjoy the full flavor, the full richness and mellowness of this truly great American whiskey. See for yourself, the next time you try

this superlative *dry* Paul Jones.

If you can't always get Dry Paul Jones . . . please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continu-

ing supply for the duration. Our distilleries are now 100% in the production of alcohol for rubber, explosives, and other war materials. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

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



## A Friend of Frank's

(Continued from page 7)

"Any time you're free, son. Just stop by at the University. Any friend of Frank's."

The professor had to go. When he was gone, Jim stood in the center of the room, shaking hands with himself.

"What are you doing now?" Mary asked.

"You mean 'Who am I?'"

"Well, who are you?"

"I'm any friend of Frank's."

She played the piano for him. She played it rather well. It was late afternoon and the bougainvillea bloomed beyond the terrace. You could see it through the open doors, and, beyond the bloom, the harbor and the opalescent sea. If you turned around, and looked through the glass doors opposite, you could see the mountains, blue-shadowed in the gaining dusk, all for the price of one admission. But he didn't turn around. He looked at Mary and the picture of Frank Kramer on the piano. He turned the picture around, so that the captain no longer smiled at them. She watched him while she played. "The guy has nothing to do with the efficiency of a musical instrument," Jim said.

But after a while, when they were outside, sitting on the terrace, and Mary found a drink for him that wasn't squeezed from pineapples, and he was telling her about the Bronx and about his aunt, and how he used to be a collector for a finance company, whereat he had acquired his realistic attitude towards life and the pretensions of his fellow men, they didn't speak about Kramer.

She said, "Did you enjoy collecting money for the finance company?"

"No, not much. Except that I was good at it."

"Why were you good at it?"

"Because I can always spot a phony."

"You're strange."

"That's what your father thought. Here, look under my arms. No gills."

Mary was tall and softly made, with fine long limbs and many promising advantages. She wore a dress of bluish lace which he thought quaintly feminine. "I don't like girls who look like second-basemen," he remarked. He thought the lace looked like the trimming on a cake and good enough to eat.

"You look like a birthday cake," he said.

"I'm not sure whether I should be pleased or not."

"Be pleased. I'm pleased. Now close your eyes and I'll blow out the candles." She closed her eyes. He kissed her, not so quickly, not capriciously as he had done before. This time he took a hold. There was warmth in her, response and promise. But when she pressed him away she said, "Diabolically cute of you, wasn't it?" and she was angry.

"You waited thirty seconds before you shouted 'Cop,'" Jim said. "You're not so mad. Are you engaged to Kramer?"

"I thought you were his friend."

"Well, we're in the same Marines, the United States. That sort of makes me a friend. Do you mean am I a stooge of his? The answer is no. Are you engaged to him?"

"Not engaged. Not really. I'm terribly fond of Frank. I—well, I haven't had an opportunity to be engaged to him."

"Then you shouldn't have his picture on the piano by itself. You like me, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm sure I do. I like surfing, too, and I like scenic railways."

"Well, hang around," he said. He kissed her good night. "I'm not fresh," he said. "I'm still collecting for the finance company. I want to know what's what. Tell Kramer he's sharing the top of the piano—and you'd better tell your old man I'm not 'any friend of Frank's.'"

THAT was all two months ago. That was in a long and golden time ago, before Jim came back to the island for a second time with Kramer and the boys. Frank Kramer was a major now and a little bit thinner now, from making all those speeches and from traveling too far in much too little time and being nice to everyone and not seeing Mary, except for one day, and finding then, on the piano top, Jim's picture next to his own.

So what, Jim thought—suppose the guy walked up and took a punch at me and said that I should leave the girl alone? That would be simple, plain. I could ask, "Major, may I disregard your rank?" The answer in a case like that would certainly be "Yes." Then I could knock him upside-down or he could punch some holes in me.

Not Kramer, though. Leave it to Frank to do what need be done to maintain squadron morale. Not a word. Just boy scout injury to spirit, never spoken, only worn like sackcloth in the man's demeanor, a little sigh, a slap on the back, a "Well, Jim, kid—this is another day."

That made it difficult. The corny part. So that one of the boys, a brave and willing, honest glarm named Feeney, took Jim aside one day and said, "Look, Jimmy—why don'tcha lay off the guy? He loves the girl. The girl is all he thinks of. He's not himself."

"Maybe the girl is all I think of, too, Feeney. How about that?"

"Well, that. Well, I dunno. Just didn't figure things would touch you half so deep, the way you are."

"The way I am?"

Feeney flipped his hands in misery. "Well, different, Jim. You know.

And why don't you lay off of Frank? Stop makin' fun of him?"

"I just treat people the way I find them," Jim said. "And I don't make many mistakes. Now, you—you're a nice lad, Feeney. I like you. You used to jerk sodas, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I did, back home. But how'd you know?"

"Because I know a jerk when I see one."

He went, not happily, about his business, leaving Feeney there. And then—then after that—

NO TIME to think of that stuff now. He shook his head. The air was cooler now. He breathed deeply. He could feel the dampness along his legs, where his khaki pants had been shredded in the tangled growth and the mud and slime had caked against his flesh and the scratches scabbed with passing time. Kramer would be glad to see him. Yes, indeed. The boys would play a game of squat-tag in delight and the cook, perchance, would bake a cake for him, and hope he choked on it. The American airfield was just ahead of him. He heard a sentry challenging. Then he heard another one. Guys coming toward him from the fringes of the drome.

He sat down and shouted at them, "This is no impersonation by a Mr. Mogo. I didn't learn English at the University of San Francisco. This is Bagley of the Bountiful Loan. Come an' get me!"

He retained his seat and let them come for him. Why should he walk? He was a hero, wasn't he?

MAJOR FRANK KRAMER helped the medical officer wash Jim's back with a big wet sponge. Frank said, "Well, Jim—it's good to see you back. They can't rub us out—eh, kid? Not this crowd. How about that, doc?"

The doctor said they surely were a tough and noble group and Frank sent Feeney to his locker for a bottle of highly treasured rum. Like pals. Old pals. Jim thought: Don't be so sweet to me. I know and they know that you love me like a bag of worms. But the warmth of the sponge in Frank's hand and the ministrations of the doctor helped. "All he needs is two days' sleep," the doctor said. "Sure, he can have a shot of rum. And don't forget me."

Feeney had returned with the bottle and most of the boys were along with him. It sure smelled good when the cork came out. Frank Kramer said, "To the Twenty- ---th," which meant themselves, the group of them. They drank, and Kramer, who did most of the talking, said a lot of nice things. He said for the second time, "Hell, we thought you were gone when we saw you go down, but you were credited with both of those





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monkeys you shot down. That was a nice job, Jim."

Jim leaned on his bare arms and rolled his tongue around in the rum and didn't say anything. Had he shot down two? He thought it was only one.

"That makes seven for you," Kramer said.

"That makes Jimmy number four around here," Feeney said. "Seven ain't bad."

Someone—Feeney, most likely, began to sing "From the Halls—!" Jim thought, *please!* He could feel the excitement running through him like dollar whisky in his blood. All the boys singing and himself in the middle, the focal point this time, their pal, the sheep returned. He told himself that he didn't enjoy it, that the hotness in his blood, and the terrible thrill their singing like that flooded into him, was false and phony and only his sympathetic glands betraying him as might a woman's hands and lips, the music of a band.

"Lemme sleep, you bums," he said. "Go blow."

Kramer nudged him in comradely fashion under the ribs. "Come on," he said, "the boy is pooped."

Forty-eight hours in bed are good for anyone, he thought. He was shaved and his hair was combed and his soft clean shirt was open at the throat. He lay on the cot and folded his toes in his slippers. It was evening and passing cool. One of the boys was playing a clarinet. It sounded jolly in the outer night. He wondered were they playing cards tonight, and would they really like him to sit in?

All the sweetness, Jim supposed, was engineered by Kramer for the general good. What the hell could that mean, anyhow? He reread Mary's letter for the second time and the way that she had signed. He was in the running, in the ball game, it was not so shut and tight for Kramer as the major might suppose.

So what makes people act the way they do, Jim asked himself. His mind was with the Bountiful Loan, Inc. once again. If you were better, abler than a guy, you didn't worry quite so much. If you were afraid of a man, you babied the relationship, were cautious, apprehensive, sometimes sweet.

The boys didn't like him. Jim knew that. They had a chance to like him in the past. He had been himself. It didn't jell. So let it pass. Why should they like him now? Mere resolutions to that fine effect were not enough. Mere resolutions were like "I'll pay you Tuesday, absolutely, cross my heart, so help me!" but were not enough.

But Jim was good with women. He was good with Mary. He could tell. He could be as good with her as Kramer could, and maybe in a while be better with her, stronger, surer, taking, not apologizing in the gallant ways of Kramer. It's the same all over, Jim decided; people

do the things they want to do.

The officers' club, so-called and improvised, was a large, clean-smelling tent set in a clearing in the trees. Kramer, Johnson, Fromigietti, Dolan and Feeney were playing a sky-brain type of seven-card stud. They said to Jim, "Take a chair," which he did, and won a few pots in a very little time. Jim thought he was pretty good at this, he was. He was better than the rest of them.

Jim watched them play as a man watches boys, but not a man who is fond of boys. Feeney was a fool and lost his money rapidly. Jim got an equitable part of it. Fromigietti, Dolan, Johnson—they just played along and were profane and enjoyed themselves.

Jim kept watching Kramer. Normally, the big, good-looking man did not employ profanity. He was never picturesque with it. He seemed, however, to feel that poker was a special masculine endeavor that required its necessary trimmings. So he swore much more than was his custom, as though the boys, his boys, expected him to do such a thing, and he showed a great vitality and laughed and slammed his cards down when he won and when he lost. He was not clumsy at cards, any more than he was clumsy in an airplane or in relationships with women. He was pretty good. But his laughter was explosive, strictly "good-fellow" and "you're a pal of mine, too, Jim". Each time he laughed like that Jim looked at him quietly. After a while the laughs were modified. Jim was getting to him. Jim knew that. Jim was a full inch under the hide of him.

Curiously, amusedly, Jim said to himself, "This guy is mine. I can take him when I want to."

When Feeney dropped out they played what Frank called "honest cards". Simple draw. Five cards. No foolishness, and there was a large amount of money in front of Jim already. Jim didn't mind.

THEY threw a hand around and Fromigietti opened it. Kramer shrugged while he looked at his cards, tongue stuck in cheek, a reasonable facsimile of someone learned in such things as this and said, "Oh, well, I'll stay," and threw his quarter in. Jim watched him carefully, saw Dolan toss a quarter in, stayed in himself, saw Johnson's money on the table, too.

"It's up to the opener."

Fromigietti said, "I'll check."

Kramer said, "The hell—to make it interesting." He tossed a half dollar in and smiled to Dolan, "Well, chump, you like to throw your dough away?"

Dolan said, "I'll throw it away once," and stayed.

Jim tossed two quarters off his thumb. He didn't say anything, but the metal spun and it looked confident and businesslike.

Johnson asked, "Why was I born?" He stayed.

The pot got fat as it went around

and Kramer said, "Let's chase the boys to bed," and put green money over the coins while Fromigietti folded his hand and said, "Not me." He showed the openers, a pair of kings.

Jim didn't look at his own three twos. He knew that they were there. He kept watching Kramer and Frank was not too happy; he could see that Frank was faking it, had that "two-pair smile" that never is quite wholesome. Dolan said, "I know when I'm licked," and dropped his hand. Kramer said, "Well, Jim?"

Jim said, "It goes up a buck." He tossed the money in. "But that's all it's worth," he said.

"Not to me," said Johnson. Johnson quit.

Kramer studied his hand. He wasn't certain of himself. He didn't want to lay them down. He was on the edge of a spring-board. The boys were watching him. He sucked air through his happy smile. He sought to retrieve the situation boldly. He flourished the cash. He almost did it well.

Jim tossed the necessary green into the pot. "I'll see you," he announced.

He knew it hurt Kramer to have his strategy explode. Kramer, sheepishly, put down two pair, the fours and threes.

Jim set his triple deuces down and took it all.

The game didn't last long after that. Kramer didn't feel so well. The fun was gone and Fromigietti said, "I'm tired." Johnson, Dolan, said that they were tired, too.

Jim sat alone with Kramer. "Any more?"

Frank said, "No, thanks. You're pretty good at this, aren't you—Jim?" He almost called him "Bagley."

"I know what I'm doing."

"You knew I was bluffing?"

"Of course. I always know when you're bluffing."

"I don't get what you mean."

"Skip it."

The Japs came over on Thursday. It was one of the big fat victories you've read about. The Japs killed a boy named Gus Littel and put some scrap in Dolan's legs. That much happened to the Twenty- ----th. But the Grummans and the men in them were better than the Zeros filled with monkeys. They put fourteen monkeys in a cage, or into the Pacific, take your choice.

Jim was up there flying smart and playing the percentages. He played them better than he ever had before. He made no mistakes at all, and yet he added some of the Kramer methods to his own. He got three of the enemy planes that were shot down, which raised his score to ten.

Kramer, strangely, scored no victories. Jim asked himself, "Why should I worry for the guy?" What difference did it make if Kramer added to his score of twenty-two or not, so long as the monkeys fell? But he had now in a Svengali fash-



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*...none of  
the bitterness*



**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**



ion intruded so within the other's personality that his sympathies were dual. A very funny thing. He worried for himself and Kramer, too. He was suddenly afraid that Frank might lose his touch and go down like a lot of boys he'd known. It was an ailment that he didn't like. But there it was.

After the fight they were interviewed by Intelligence. It was usual. Jim gave details. The officer was impressed. "Well, Bagley, you put on a show. Three of them is a nice day's ducks."

Jim found himself wondering what Kramer would say in the face of praise. Why should he always be worrying about what Kramer would say? Why was he so excited now? Was it because he really wished to be like the other man? Finally he said to the Intelligence officer, "It's better'n getting shot in the pants."

Kramer said, "No luck, sir. I couldn't hit a whale on a parachute today. I—"

"See *Time*," said Jim, sarcastically. "See page 14. The issue with his picture on it."

He left the hutment when he had said it. He was sorry he had said it. It was himself, exploding. He saw Kramer coming out of the place and watched his face, the tiredness, the tightness of his jaws. He called, "Hey, Frank!" and Kramer turned. "I'm sorry about my wise remark," he said. He could not recall having said he was sorry for anything before since the day his old man beat him with the leg of a chair. "Maybe I take after my old man," he said. "Maybe that's what's the matter with me."

THE day before the squadron was relieved, they were high. They were over twenty thousand feet. Jim lay back in the second V and the business lay below. The Japs were crazy, but they brought another carrier along. The carrier was the matchstick down below, and across the other miles of sea, the needles and the pins were cruisers and destroyers.

The squadron stayed high through planned minutes, Kramer telling them what they should do, some of the boys answering him, with Feeney talking most of all, with the kind of broken glass sound that always invaded his voice at times like this. Jim listened and understood and he knew that what Kramer said was right. He rubbed his nose and scratched an ear. They were 'way, 'way up.

The American TBF's, torpedo bombers, dropped down on the advancing Japanese carrier and ships, down through the fire and trouble and the hot chunks coming up at them.

Kramer moved his boys down lower, lower, through the milky, temporary fjords of sky the clouds provided them. The Zeros rode a middle altitude, then plunged down when the TBF's hit at the Emperor's

carrier. It was busy, bloody, quick, and Kramer's boys went in with the sun at their backs and Jim got a Jap and got him pretty good and saw the little brown man sitting in the flames. Then he felt the hot stuff coming through his wings and to the fuselage and there was so much stuff around you couldn't play percentages, you didn't have the time or the judgment to be smart; you did the things that instinct, fear and great necessity permitted you to do. He flew the Grumman straight up in the sky, in elevator fashion, dropped away and power-dived and found that he was free, but lower than he wished to be.

"Watch it, Jimmy!" someone called.

He watched it. He was sweating and his scalp was rising. The Brownings, responding to the pressure of his finger, ate into the greenish belly of the Zero that flashed above him. But there was much too much to cope with. Tactics, mere survival, forced him down until he was fighting a monkey man just over the sea. From all the aerobatics that ensued, and from the chances that he took, you'd think that he was Kramer.

He got the Jap. He burned him with a long, fixed burst. He horsed the Grumman up again. Now he could see, quite distant, the angry clusters of fighting planes engaged, the Zeros and the Thunderbolts, fast-spinning, churning, and the Zeros falling, and twice the dismal plumes of smoke worn by the Grummans burning down, and, not so far away, a TBF, squat, broken, finished on the moving crest of the Pacific. But the carrier was burning good. The Zeros that remained were stranded, homeless, robbed of any place to perch. They were more vengeful now, more suicidal, finally committed to the grave. They flew that way.

Jim fought as best he could. Somehow, as he fought, he thought of his aunt who lived in the Bronx and of the girl who lived in Honolulu and kept his picture on the piano. He thought even more of the vast dimensions of his fright when the monkeys sat on his tail. It seemed then strange that he should fight so hard and well, but fight is what he did. "But I ain't no Merriwell," he said aloud. "Good Lord!" Then the *rac-rac-rac* of the monkeys eating at him with their metal and his answering them; he doing better than the enemy, himself so far from home; the boys, the Grummans, gone. "Now if Kramer was a Merriwell," he thought, "the bum would get me out of this."

Something creased his head. He was goofy, gone. The Grumman's gas was gone. They weren't built for voyages to hell-and-gone. There was only one guy after him. He couldn't see so well. He half-stood on his tail and spent the remnants of the Brownings' belts at the other plane, then pan-caked into the sea.

A destroyer picked him up. Guys moved him easily and stretched him

out and said nice things to him. They had a bandage on his head and nothing was trickling over his eyes, no stuff to blind him any more. "Gimme a cigarette."

An ensign lit it for him, stuck it in his mouth. "You did a job," the ensign said. "We could see most all of it."

"They did a job on me." He held his head in his hands. "This my own skull? Or one the Navy loaned me? It doesn't fit."

The ensign laughed. "Well, I would say that both of you were lucky."

"Both? Who's both?"

"Hello, Jimmy," Kramer said.

"Oh, nuts!"

"You were the boy today. You were tremendous, kid."

"Merriwell!" he said. "I can't stand it." He turned to the ensign. "Please go away. I am about to say something insolent to my superior officer. I mean it—blow!"

The ensign went away. Kramer leaned on an elbow, grinning at him, slowly blowing the smoke into the air. "That was me you fired at last, Jimmy. You shot down most of the monkeys. I only got two of them."

"That was you?"

"You were in a hellavu fix. I could see you were down too low and they were moving you out."

"So you came after me. You ran yourself out of fuel the same as me. Hell, if I knew it was you I was shootin' at, it would've been a pleasure. Frankie," he said, "you're wonderful, if I had the strength, I'd hit you. Some other time I'll kiss you. And—thanks."

"You're not a bad guy," Kramer said.

"Who are you to tell me I'm not a bad guy? I'm no Merriwell."

"Who is a Merriwell?"

"You are. It's wonderful. It's sickening."

"You're just a fresh punk," Kramer said. "You were getting under my hide, but you're harmless now. It'll be nice in Honolulu, won't it?"

"Too darned nice."

Kramer lay his hand over a coin. "I'll match you who calls first."

"I'm not going to Honolulu," Jim said. "I don't like her old man, the professor. He looks at me like I'm a fish. But she's a nice girl, Frankie. She's for you. You're both so nice—it's like—it's like I say—it's sickening."

"But look. Now look. You really mean that you don't want to go?"

"I am going with that maniac, Feeney, to see some Irish cousins he's got in Australia. Feeney's got connections and there's room on a plane. Honolulu be darned. I'm gonna enjoy myself!"

The destroyer pushed on toward the island. She was a sleek job of the Farragut class of 1931. She went up and down like a three-legged horse. His head was killing him. The things you won't do for your country, he thought.



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# Under the Anflers

(Continued from page 24)

by members who passed out literature and applications. The local radio station cooperated with Elks who had radio advertising time and "plugs" were broadcast daily. The newspaper ran news items from time to time, drawing attention to the need for Seabees and plans were made for Elk merchants of the town to sponsor ads in the paper. These were run twice a week. The newspaper campaign was started off with a full page ad sponsored by the lodge.

A "Rube Band", made up of members of the lodge and accompanied by a Navy recruiter, made tours of the surrounding towns, serenading the residents and passing out literature and information. Window cards were posted in stores in all sections of Rochester.

The immediate result of the drive was a fifty-per-cent increase in Seabee applications at the local Navy Recruiting Office. This the lodge looked upon as a good start in what turned out to be a highly successful campaign. Mr. Stolp and Mr. Nagle were members of the committee, which was headed by Chairman Gus Zamzow.

## N. J. State Elks Association Holds Reunion at Union City

The annual reunion of the New Jersey State Elks Association took place in the home of Union City, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, on Sunday, June 20. The following officers were elected for the year 1943-44: Pres., William J. McCormack, Orange; Vice-Pres.'s: Northeast, William J. Frankovic, Clifton; Northwest, Jack Deeny, Belleville; Central, Louis A. Spine, Somerville; South, Edward J. Griffith, Camden; Trustee, Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover; Secy., Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; Treas., William H. Kelly, East Orange. The holdover Trustees are John H. Cose, Plainfield, Albert E. Dearden, Trenton, George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, and Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne. Officers appointed are as follows: Chaplain Emeritus, the Rev. Dr. Francis H. Smith, Trenton; Chaplain, Dr. Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City; Assistant Chaplain, Charles F. Werner, Orange; Sergeant-at-Arms, Vincent J. Kane, South Orange; Inner Guard, Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair; Tiler, Charles J. Geng, Jr., Nutley; Organist, Max Bernhardt, Bayonne. Assistant Chaplain Charles F. Werner has been an Elk for more than 53 years. He was initiated into Orange Lodge No. 135 in February, 1890, and was the lodge's delegate this year at the annual reunion.

Due to war conditions, the meeting was streamlined and all business matters were taken care of in one long session. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton Lodge, Chairman of the Association's Crippled Children's Committee, presented his annual report and gave a fine talk. Another interesting speech was made by P.D.D. William M. Frasor, of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, present as a representative of the Elks War Commission. Reports from the various committees showed that all had been exceedingly active during the entire year.

As Union City Lodge was observing its 25th anniversary on this date, a double celebration was enjoyed by the more than 200 delegates in attendance, many of whom were accompanied by their ladies. Dinner served by the host lodge was followed by an entertainment program in the evening.

## The Ore. State Elks Association Convention Is Held at Portland

The annual meeting of the Oregon State Elks Association, held at Portland, Ore., on August 20-21, was streamlined to fit war conditions, but the convention drew a large attendance. One hundred and seven delegates were registered and many guests were present.

It was announced that all of the 23 lodges of the State were members of the Association and that the net increase in membership in the past year was 1,308. A resolution was passed endorsing the Elks War Commission program for the enlistment of Army Construction Engineers and Navy Seabees. In another resolution, also passed, it was decided to conduct a Bond Drive on the Third War Loan among the member lodges of the Association for the purpose of selling enough Bonds to build at least one liberty ship, a plaque to be provided for each ship showing that Oregon Elks had sold the Bonds in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, the first Grand Exalted Ruler from the State of Oregon.

It was found that twenty out of the twenty-three lodges had contributed to the Elks War Fund, that the lodges of Oregon had purchased slightly over \$650,000 worth of War Bonds, and that nearly 2,000 members of the Oregon lodges were serving in the U. S. Armed Forces.

The newly elected officers of the Association for the year 1943-44 are as follows: Pres., Harry E. Nicholson, Astoria; 1st Vice-Pres., Floyd N. Manville, Eugene; 2nd Vice-Pres., Lott D. Brown, Baker; 3rd Vice-Pres., Louis G. Stidham, Grants Pass; Secy., Ernest L. Scott, Medford; Treas., H. L. Toney, McMinnville; Chaplain, A. N. Nicolai, Oregon City; Trustees: John E. Blair, Lakeview, K. S. Fortune, Marshfield, Richard J. Jones, Portland; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. R. Winters, La Grande; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, Bern Moll, Pendleton; Tiler, William Jenkins, Portland.

## Robinson, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Plaque to Members in Service

In a stirring public ceremony attended by more than a thousand citizens, Robinson, Ill., Lodge, No. 1188, dedicated its handsome new service star plaque on Tuesday evening, August 31. The services were held outdoors from a wing of the spacious porch fronting the lodge home. Seats to accommodate the public were arranged across the lawn.

The plaque, eight feet square, is a creation of beauty, with mountings of blue and white and gold and silver leaf. The draperies are in the Elks' colors, purple and white. On a field of white are 54 blue stars and three gold stars, representing members who have answered the Nation's call. The plaque was designed and constructed by Sid. E. Harris, Custodian of Robinson Lodge. Among the distinguished guests present for the ceremony were Colonel Edwin B. Bobzien, Commanding Officer of George Field, Army Air Corp Training School, Lieutenant Colonel Channing F. Beasley, Executive Officer, Major John Banks, Captain Hassburger and Captain Morris Abram, all of George Field. Captain Abram was the principal speaker and Colonel Bobzien spoke briefly. The lodge was praised for its support of the war effort and the

hospitality shown officers and enlisted men at the Field.

The welcoming speech was made by E.R. I. G. Riley, introduced by Bayard E. Heath, a member of Robinson Lodge, who presided. Secretary J. Spencer Woodworth called the roll of members represented by the blue stars on the plaque. Impressively, P.E.R. Charles E. Jones dedicated the memorial to the three members who have died in Service, Major Harry E. Teasley, Ensign Orien Clyde Caldwell, Jr., and Lieutenant William Harry Masters. The exercises were opened with the Invocation given by the Reverend O. F. Connert and closed with the Benediction by the Reverend Father Louis Elbow. Selections were rendered by the Robinson High School Band, and the beautiful organ, owned by the lodge, was played by Jed Hadfield.

## The Va. State Elks Assn. Holds It's Annual Meeting at Richmond

Richmond Lodge No. 45 was host to the Virginia State Elks Association when the Association held its annual meeting at Richmond on August 15. Because of transportation difficulties, the meeting was streamlined, the program featuring mainly the presentation of the annual reports, the election of officers and the appointment of standing committees.

The meeting was called to order by President R. M. Ward. E.R. John H. Liesfeld, of Richmond Lodge, delivered the welcoming address and Past Grand Tiler R. Chess McGhee, of Lynchburg Lodge, a Past State President, responded. At eleven o'clock, a short memorial service was held, after which an excellent luncheon was served by the host lodge.

At the business session, resumed at two p.m., reports were made by all of the committees. Of particular interest were those submitted by the Social and Community Welfare Committee and the Association's War Commission, both of which had been most active during the past several months. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., Walter S. Chisholm, P.E.R. of Charlottesville Lodge, now in the Service; 1st Vice-Pres., W. Marshall King, Fredericksburg; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. J. Treger, Alexandria; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. H. Liesfeld, Richmond; Secy., (reelected) H. E. Dyer, Roanoke; Treas., (reelected) W. Edgar Sipe, Harrisonburg; Trustee, 5 years, R. M. Ward, Newport News.

## Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Wins the Coveted Navy "Award of Merit"

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, has received the Navy "Award of Merit" for contribution to the war effort in campaigning for volunteer enlistments in the Seabees. The percentage of men obtained for the Seabees was the highest to date in the New York metropolitan area.

Ground work for the lodge's campaign for Seabees and Army Construction Engineers was well organized and well publicized. Posters, placards and pamphlets were distributed in all barber shops, railroad stations and union meeting halls, the city hall, the court house, offices of the draft boards and many other public places. In addition, the lodge sent letters to all inductees, inviting them to attend the meetings and listen and speak to the recruiting officers



of both branches. Lieut. Maxwell, Lieut. Hamilton G. Grady, C.P.O. David Ahmanson and John T. Judd, C. Sp. (R) U.S.N.R., who is a member of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, attended the meeting for the Navy. Response was most satisfactory and attendance gratifying.

The meetings were announced by "flash" ads in the daily press several days prior to the dates on which they were held. In the ads were plainly set forth the requirements necessary for enlistment in either the Seabees or the Army Engineers Corps, and interested parties were urged to attend. After short addresses by a Navy and an Army officer, a question and answer forum was held, after which prospects were interviewed individually by the officers. This made it possible for those interested to learn then and there just what they would have to do to be signed up.

In letters to inductees, the lodge pointed out that it was possible for them to pick their own line of work by enlisting in either the Seabees or Army Engineers Corps if they would apply before leaving for camp. Lodges interested in a more detailed account of just how the Elizabeth Elks handled their campaign are invited to write the secretary of the lodge, E. J. Hirtzel, of 17-21 Westfield Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

### Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Promotes War Bond Sales In Home County

The major activity of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, in 1943 has been the promotion of War Bond sales in Brown County. The entire membership played a part in making the small towns in the county War Bond conscious.

To promote sales, the lodge organized a ten-act vaudeville show featuring the Elks' Chorus, the Elks' Band, soloists, dancers and novelty acts, with the Exalted Ruler, Bart Archer, and John Hall, a member, acting as Master of Ceremonies and Auctioneer respectively. Members of the lodge helped with transportation, publicity and production. Bond committeemen stimulated local enthusiasm by means of telephone solicitations, radio talks and newspaper and poster advertisements. School auditoriums, community halls and lodge rooms, where the Elks' Bond Show played, were filled.

The five towns visited on the regular tour, and the amount of sales in each, are as follows: Claremont, \$25,650; Columbia, \$30,250; Frederick, \$15,000; Groton, \$23,125; Hecla, \$15,075.

The Elks' troupe offered a Minute Man Flag to the town selling the most Bonds on a per capita basis at an Elks' Rally. The award went to Claremont with per capita sales of \$94.60. Although Columbia sold more Bonds on that basis than Claremont, all of the Bonds were not sold at the regular rally. Sections of the troupe also presented shows outside the county, at Moberge, Selby and Ipswich, and a total of \$58,000 was realized. As a fitting climax, a show was produced for the home folks in Aberdeen, with a net Bond sale of \$124,902. When the lodge officers counted returns at the end of the show season, they found that a total of \$292,002 worth of Bonds had been sold as a direct result of the lodge's campaign.

Probably no other activity of Aberdeen Lodge has created so favorable an impression. In every town visited, genuine appreciation of the sacrifices made by the members in their promotion of the war effort was shown. Community fellowship gatherings over coffee, cake and doughnuts followed the shows, and at Moberge a dinner was given.



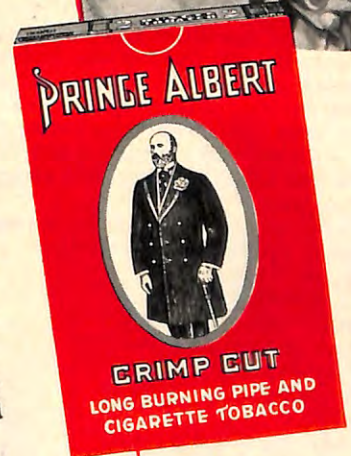
*Pretty Special!*

The man with

**Pipe  
\*  
Appeal**

BUY  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

• Women have an extra smile for the man who smokes a pipe. Keep 'em smiling! Follow through with real PIPE APPEAL — Prince Albert's fragrance, bland aroma. And favor yourself with P. A.'s no-bite mildness—the rich taste that comes through so mellow. Prince Albert outsells every other smoking tobacco—it's the brand for all-out PIPE APPEAL!



**PRINCE ALBERT**  
\*  
THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE

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

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

**70** fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert



Try P.A. for  
**MILDNESS**  
and that  
choice-tobacco  
**RICHNESS!**



# Balmy Like the British

(Continued from page 9)

be gained from the killings made in both countries. Stories of staggering coups are apocryphal, of course, and are impossible to nail authoritatively. Clem McCarthy, our favorite historian of the turf, estimates that there have not been more than fifty instances in America of bettors cleaning up \$150,000 or more on a single race.

In England there are hundreds of fairly well-authenticated cases in which plungers won from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000—in U. S. currency—on one bet. Some of the yarns have young, reckless scions of royal blood winning as much as two million dollars on a two-horse parlay.

Such enormous sums usually are won on a stake-race double. The Lincolnshire and the Grand National are run a day apart and the bookies quote odds on a gambling gent's chances of picking the winner in both traditional fixtures which command Empire-wide interest. The Cambridgeshire and the Cesarwitch, the big Fall handicap races, also are offered in a unique double. Inasmuch as 25-horse fields were common before the war, the bloke who hit the winning combination needed a fleet of lorries to carry off the swag.

Since no effort is made in England to cater to the general public on a scale comparable to ours, it seems logical to assume that Americans ultimately will go for the horses as feverish as do the British, at least. Ascot is the only major track that has a tote board, and the photo-finish camera and the starting gate, which make for better racing, are unknown in England.

Races on this side of the water are genuine spectacles carried on in full view of the customers; if a patron is lucky enough to get a seat, he can see every stride of the race from any part of the grandstand. English tracks are laid out so peculiarly that sometimes no more than the final furlong is visible to about a fifth of the spectators. This accounts for the baffling—to a Yank—and absolute absence of rooting in England when the horses are driving for the wire. English restraint may be responsible for the dead, utter silence at the finish of a race when an American mob would be tearing the joint apart in a frenzy, but we doubt it. The truth probably is that the poor blighters are dead-pan and inarticulate because they don't

don't know what is happening.

Tradition, and the Britishers' slavish devotion to same, explains the exotic lay-out of their tracks. Racing in England began centuries ago in a purely informal manner. If two or more sporting gentlemen owned horses they fancied, a match was agreed upon at someone's estate for a "side" ranging from a hundred to five thousand pounds. Since there were no regulation tracks, the race began at any likely spot. It might have been behind a clump of trees, then a sharp turn was made almost at a right angle over the rolling countryside to a certain point estimated to be the distance agreed upon. Grandstands and ovals were built much later, but the original landscape and terrain were retained. At Epsom Downs, the last furlong of the Derby is run uphill. At Newmarket, no more than the last 200 yards of the Cambridgeshire, a mile and an eighth race, are visible.

The late Moe Annenberg, who made the form chart such an exact science that the bettor knows everything about a horse but its views on current events, tried to introduce accurate publication of past performances in England, but had to abandon the idea. One crew of trained observers, perched high on top of the grandstand, can chart all the vital information during a race in America. In England, Annenberg discovered he would need five or six crews scattered in woods, valleys and old buildings if a race was to be reconstructed for the bettors.

In England, a three-day meeting at one track is regarded as an extended affair; we think a three-week session is a short meeting. It is an

established fact that horses run better over some tracks than others. Lacking past performances and data on a horse's behaviour over some courses, the English public would seem to be shooting in the dark every time a bet is placed, but our cousins across the seas are pretty well informed in spite of it all. They go by morning workouts, and a racing periodical, The Sporting Chronicle, carries a complete list of clockings caught in trial runs.

The most arresting difference, of course, is in the size of the crowds. We consider a turnout of 50,000 a wild mob scene; crowds in excess of 350,000 have been in attendance at the running of the Derby. It should be pointed out, however, that only a small percentage of English crowds—perhaps a fifth of all those present—pays admission at the gate. Tradition decrees that the infield, that part of the track surrounded by the racing strip, shall be free to the townsmen and freeholders. Admission is charged only for the grandstand. Everyone who enters one of our tracks must pay a general admission fee of a dollar or a dollar and a half.

Racing has been forced to fight adverse publicity in this country and the people are just beginning to suspect that all horse players do not die broke or even wind up in the gutter. The casual bettor, if he has some common sense, can have an afternoon of fun in the fresh air for himself at the cost of a few dollars and he may even show a modest profit. With common sense. Every daily double payoff in three figures—and that sort of thing happens two or three times a week at every track—

is an advertisement for racing. More states constantly are legalizing the sport as a source of revenue and, rightly or wrongly, an extensive network of tracks surely will be seen throughout the country after the war.

The public can be educated to go for racing in a surprisingly short time. The citizens of lower New Jersey and Philadelphia caught on very quickly in their first full-season exposure to the dodge. The per capita betting daily at the fifty-day meeting at the Garden State track in Camden, New Jersey, was a splendid—for the track—\$76. In horsey New York City, the average runs more than \$90 a head, if such be the word.



"Meet the 'bomber'. We call him 'dive' for short."



**"SOME TONGUES SHOULD BE CANNED!"**

say the **5 Crowns**

When a gossip spills a rumor,  
He's committing just the "bloomer"  
That will benefit some unsuspected foe —

Hence a patriotic nation  
Will protect the situation  
In the manner that we illustrate below!



Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

"Well," remarked our chum in a fretful tone, "I suppose I could shinny up that hemlock and choke that bear to death with my two strong hands, but it would be a whole lot simpler if you'd just jack a shell into that rifle, shoot and quit horsing around."

Then there's the guy who falls asleep at the switch, but literally. Such lapses usually follow an all-night poker session and sometimes can be excused on that score. But it's still a gunning faux pas of the first water, as the following will reveal:

Several seasons ago we were ambushed in one of those stake blinds on a Pamlico Sound "reef". It was one of those clear, balmy December days which often are the bane of wildfowling along the Carolina coast, and, despite the fact that a million or more ducks and geese were in sight on the placid Sound, not a feather was in the sky. So along about noon, becoming increasingly drowsy and bored, we decided to curl up in the bottom of the box and snooze until things picked up or until the power boat returned at four o'clock.

Some while later we awakened, stood up, stretched and were more

than passing surprised when a dozen Canada geese suddenly picked up from the large rig of decoys and flew away with noisy honkings. Our lacerated feelings weren't soothed a bit when, a second later, about 50 pintails bounced from the water on the opposite side of the blind and fanned off before we could throw off our stupor and reach for a gun.

**A**N inability to stay put—and constantly on the alert—is another many reasons why duck hunters come home skunked or at best with considerably under the legal limit. It's an axiom that the moment a shooter gets beyond reach of his trusty fowling piece, the big chance comes and catches him off base. For instance:

One Grade A boner is for the shooter to leave his gun in the blind during a period of inactivity and set forth on a marshland prow. Almost invariably one or all of the following is bound to happen:

(a) The gunless wanderer will jump several ducks in the marsh which he never imagined were there.

(b) A succession of birds will decoy to his tenantless blind.

(c) Good shots, including a small flock of geese, will wing past over-

head, to the prowler's annoyance.

(d) When the shooter returns to his unguarded ambush he'll scare up a dozen ducks which landed among his decoys during his absence, but before he can lay hands on his gun.

Still another blunder which has been known to ruin more than one shooting trip is to sally forth with only one gun. We took a friend down to Currituck last season and discovered, upon arrival, that he'd brought along but one shootin' iron, a 16-gauge over and under. Now, we've never held the over and under in high esteem, but our pal insisted his high-priced importation was a shootin' so and so, and God help any quacking or honking victim which flew within range.

We had a spare Model 12 Winchester along and urged him to take it the next morning—but no soap. Shoot a pumpgun? Horrors! So he and his guide chugged away in the power boat, and, quite fortunately for him as it developed later, rigged out in a blind opposite ours. Within the first two hours his fancy fowling piece failed to fire 11 different times, five times when geese were right over his decoys. We let him suffer for a while and then sent the guide over with the spare gun and some shells. He shot it the rest of the trip and shot it much better than his own gun.

Like the cow of fable, many duck hunters ascribe to the somewhat cockeyed theory that, no matter where they're rigged out, pickings must be better somewhere else. This is wildfowling boner No. 27 in the book. These restless gents are given to picking up every hour or so and shifting to another spot and usually are irked when ducks start winging over their previously vacated ambush.

Smart duck shooters choose the scene of their day's effort after due consideration of wind conditions and other known factors and stay put until a completely changed picture justifies a shift.

The average deer hunter, like his duck shooting pal, is guilty of more boners than a sandlot ball team. Which explains why so many large bucks survive to a ripe old age. For instance it takes years for some lads to discover that smart stillhunting doesn't necessarily spell a woosy marathon race, and that the chap who rams over 20 miles of hardwood ridges during the course of a day's hunt isn't always the geezer who puts venison liver in the camp skillet.

When deer are suspicious of what they see or what they think they see, their instinct is to "freeze" until the object of their interest is identified. If hunters only had sense enough to do the same thing and use their eyes and noodle more than their legs and wind they'd tote considerably more meat out of the woods.





Stillhunting isn't a cross country run, but a combination of slow and quiet walking, sharp watching and frequent 15-minute squats on convenient rocks and stumps. There's actually little more exertion involved than hunting ducks, which is 90 per cent sitting.

As an example of smart deer hunting we can point to an acquaintance who has been shooting a succession of deer from the same rock ledge, year after year. What's more, he always brings in one of the biggest bucks in the county because, as he puts it, "There ain't no sense shooting anything else."

Ascribing to the theory that it's simpler and easier to let deer come to him, this hunter merely heads for his favorite lookout ledge on the side of a brushy mountain, lays out a convenient lunch and thermos bottle, places his field glasses and loaded rifle within easy reach and awaits Fortune's nod.

This particular mountain always harbors a sizable deer herd, including three or four big bucks, and sooner or later one of them, spooked out by other hunters, steps into view. To date, his quickest buck was knocked over within 15 minutes after arriving at this stand and his longest wait was two days. He has yet to shoot a buck weighing less than 200 pounds and has been known to pass up several excellent chances because the deer didn't meet his particular specifications. In addition to deer he gets an occasional bear or fox.

"It's a right handy way to hunt," he informed us last Fall. The old boy is no dope.

Would you like to see some swell outdoor motion pictures in your lodge hall these coming winter nights? There's an opportunity available that can make this possible. Western Cartridge Co. and Evinrude Motors have each offered to make their motion picture film libraries available for showing in Elks clubs. These films are all in 16 mm size, both silent and sound, many of them in the glorious natural colors of the great outdoors. The films will be loaned without charge to lodges requesting them and they will provide an evening's entertainment of rare enjoyment. Space won't permit listing all the facts, but if you want full details send a note, or ask your lodge entertainment committee chairman to do it, to Ray Trullinger, and we'll tell you how to get them.

Then we have the nitwit who flirts with pneumonia because he never has learned how to dress properly for cold weather hunting, and who usually is so cold he can't hit anything even if he has several good chances.

Take, for instance, the hairy-chested lad who sallies forth wearing cotton underwear on a day when the mercury is nudging the zero mark.



## I know what Freedom means

**I'm lonesome, and sort of scared.**

This morning the Boss put me in this crate, and right away I knew something was wrong. Then he scratched my ears longer than usual, all the time with a strange, extra-serious look in his eyes.

He said he was going gunning for varmints, and I started to get excited. But he said no, these were a different breed. Two-legged ones. "And, Jeb," he said, "you're going to live with strangers till I get back. Be a good dog about it." He talked a lot about *freedom* . . . and how, if he didn't win out over those varmints, he'd probably be in a crate, too, and strangers would be shouting orders at him.

Well, I know what freedom means, and I want it . . . for me and for the Boss. I want to be free to run through my favorite fields and woods again. Free to nose after quail. Free to see the Boss, with a smile on his face, try to pretend he isn't as excited as I am.

He said he'd come back to me . . . that life would be the same again, or better. So I'll be waiting . . . no matter how long it takes!

Here at Remington we are thankful that we are able to help Uncle Sam go gunning after those "varmints" . . .

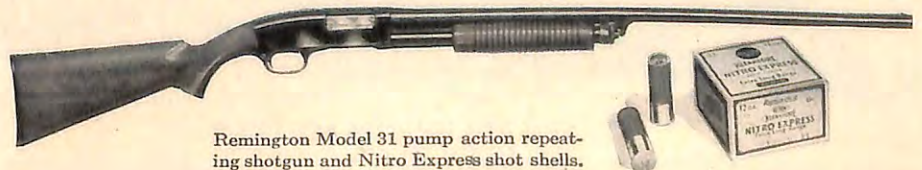
1. Since Pearl Harbor, Remington has produced more than **ten billion** rounds of military small arms ammunition . . . **three times** as much as was produced by the entire country in all four years of World War I.

2. Every working day, Remington produces more than enough military rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment at full fighting strength.

But, after the war is won, we will welcome the return to our peacetime business . . . when once again we can serve our sportsmen friends with Remington shotguns and rifles. Nitro Express shells, Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's, and Core-Lokt big game bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," and Hi-Speed" are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

**Remington**  
DU PONT



Remington Model 31 pump action repeating shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells.



This goof piles on a lot of sweaters and such over his flimsy underwear and then wonders why he's chilled all day. In addition, this bulky outer clothing adds about an inch to the length of his shotgun stock and the result is a succession of puzzling misses.

Last year we tabbed several duck hunters wearing shell vests, festooned with about 50 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition. The fact they were gunning around water which in

some places was 20 feet deep, and decidedly on the chilly side, didn't seem to concern them at all. Presumably none had ever gone overboard so encumbered. We did once, and one time was enough. Don't pull that boner as it easily can be your last, and came very nearly being ours.

Many deer are missed every season by careless gents who fail to target their rifles before heading for the woods. Some, in fact, have been known to miss several easy shots be-

fore discovering their weapons are "off" from inches to feet. It's not considered smart to discover such things after blowing one or more good chances. Nor is it considered good judgment to target a high-powered rifle around a hunting camp. Deer and other big game have exceptionally good hearing and a succession of rifle shots won't improve local hunting conditions a bit—or your guide's or companions' opinion of your field manners, for that matter.

## You Can Kill 'em With Kindness

(Continued from page 11)

mountain valleys and parks were all winter range for deer and elk. Settlement converted most of these areas into ranch lands. As the game was crowded out and up into higher altitudes, much of the old summer range became winter range. It became harder and harder for deer and elk to scratch out a living in the winter. But a growing human population needed beef.

The winter carrying capacity of the elk range of Rocky Mountain National Park and a large adjoining territory is estimated at 950 animals. Present elk population is approximately 2,500. The natural annual increase averages about 20%. This herd, which was started with 25 animals in 1913, has multiplied itself one hundred times!

We have described conditions in Horseshoe Park at length because it is typical of the hundreds of overcrowded "game slums" to be found in almost every section of the United

States, although it is by no means one of the worst. Every year, deer and elk by the hundred thousand die of malnutrition in these slums.

"I don't believe that," an experienced hunter said to us. "I go hunting every Fall, but I never see any carcasses lying around. The deer and elk are all fat and well-fed, and very much alive."

Of course they are! Those that survived the previous winter have had six months to recuperate and fatten up, on the luxurious summer range. They are still there when the hunter goes into the woods. No wonder he doesn't see any carcasses lying around! The carcasses are on the wintering grounds, and they have been so torn and scattered by coyotes that the average hunter would not recognize the remains, even if he were looking straight at them.

These slum conditions on the winter ranges are not general—yet. They are scattered, local and specific.

But they will develop into a general condition if not controlled.

Colorado alone has at least a dozen areas where more hunters are urgently needed to harvest the annual crop of deer and elk, and almost a dozen spots where duck concentrations have grown too large. Rabbits and pheasants are a problem over large areas in the State.

Hunters, intelligently directed by their State Game Commissions, can perform a genuine service in harvesting a valuable and much-needed crop of meat and maintaining the proper balance between the game population and its food supply.

The 1939-41 Biennial Report of the Colorado Game and Fish Department says, "Present elk population of the State is 18,000-20,000. It would require an annual kill of five or six thousand to keep the numbers within bounds. The licensed kill has never reached 3,000.

"The mule deer population, which reached an all-time low of 16,000 in 1913, has increased to 248,000 head. Hunters would have to kill between fifty and sixty thousand deer annually, of which at least half would have to be does, to hold the herds in check. The largest estimate ever made for a season's kill was 20,000 head. The State has never sold more than half the necessary number of licenses to hold its big game population in check." Easterners will find extra good hunting in Colorado and other Western States.

During the last century, unrestricted market hunting all but wiped out the Nation's wild game. Shortly after 1900, Americans realized that a drastic conservation program would have to be put into effect. Many species—though not all—have responded to this program in a way that has astonished game managers themselves.

Big game population of the United States has doubled every ten years since 1908, rising from a low of about 200,000 in that year, to approximately six and a half million in 1943, of which about six million are deer, 170,000 elk and 200,000 antelope. (Only a few years ago, antelope were thought to be practically extinct!)

Dr. H. L. Shantz, Chief of Game Management of the National Forests, estimates that since 1927, hunt-



"I'm feeling rotten today—everything looks right side-up."





It's "Open Season" on the Axis!  
Buy MORE War Bonds!



## GOOD HUNTING!

A good day in the field—and a *good* highball to toast your luck afterwards—are *limited* pleasures these days.

So the *fewer* that you enjoy, the *better* each one should be! That's why we make sure that you "bag your limit" of satisfaction every time you taste a highball made with Calvert Reserve.

For even though our distilleries have been in total war production, we *still* blend this matchless whiskey from the very finest of our limited reserve stocks—every sip so *extra* smooth and mellow that you're sure to say: "Just what I've been hunting for!"

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE  
**Calvert Reserve**

"THE CHOICEST YOU CAN DRINK OR SERVE"





ers have harvested only about one-third of the Nation's annual deer crop, two-thirds of the elk crop. Starvation and predators harvest the rest.

Under favorable conditions, a deer herd will double in three years; an elk herd in four to five. The annual deer and elk crop of the National Forests is about 700,000 animals. Last year, hunters harvested 230,000. Approximately 270,000 died of starvation and destruction—and still the deer and elk population of the National Forests increased by 200,000!

What are all these animals going to eat? Already the most overcrowded ranges are literally "scorched earth". As the deer and elk increase in numbers year by year, the dying game ranges produce less and less forage for them.

Destruction of the range itself is far more serious than starvation of one season's crop of deer and elk. Given plenty of food, the herds will rapidly build up again. But after the tragic death by starvation of most of the Kaibab Forest deer herd in the 'twenties, the range was so depleted that it would not again support a normal complement of game for fifteen years. Many of the best forage plants were permanently killed out. This is the classic example of what an uncontrolled game surplus can do. Readers who still think there cannot possibly be too many deer or elk anywhere are invited to inspect the Forest Service records on the Kaibab.

Twenty years ago there were perhaps half a dozen overcrowded game ranges; today there are hundreds. Even in the East, despite the heavy hunting pressure, there are too many deer in spots. In the Pisgah National Forest of North Carolina, "deer population," says the Forest Serv-

ice, "should be cut down somewhat." In Pennsylvania, because of the wartime shortage of hunters, local deer surpluses are becoming a serious problem for the first time in years. Conditions are similar in the Southern Tier counties of New York, and even in those counties adjoining Metropolitan New York itself, while in certain wintering grounds of the Adirondacks, the starvation loss of deer has run from seven to 21 animals per square mile annually during the last four years.

But the East is a mere curtain-raiser for the Lake States and the West.

Because the Michigan Legislature forbids the killing of does, the Game Department of this State has never been able to keep the deer population within bounds. The winter loss from starvation is appalling. And herein lies a moral for meddling legislatures. Since 1928, Pennsylvania has had eleven doe seasons, two for does only. With one-fifth less deer range than Michigan and a herd about the same size, Pennsylvania has harvested in the last eleven years almost 300,000 more deer than Michigan. Thirty million pounds of meat as a bonus for good management! The range is in infinitely better condition, and so are the deer.

The Forest Service states that deer are dying of malnutrition in alarming numbers in 38 national forests in sixteen States, elk in 24 forests in six States.

Last Spring, in the Fishlake Forest of Utah, rangers found 42 dead deer per square mile on 25% of the range. During the severe winter of 1939, the loss was 92 animals—about 10,000 pounds of meat, dressed!—per square mile. The winter carrying capacity of this forest is 30,000 deer. The present deer population is just twice that. Fishlake bucks average

almost one-third less in weight than bucks from nearby Ashley Forest, where there is forage enough.

A few years ago, in Malheur National Forest, in eastern Oregon, 1,200 dead fawns were counted on six square miles of range. For years, public sentiment prevented any reduction of this herd. "The deer can't be dying of starvation," Oregonians insisted. "There's plenty of grass." Even today, in spite of repeated efforts to whittle down the herd, this Forest is grossly overpopulated.

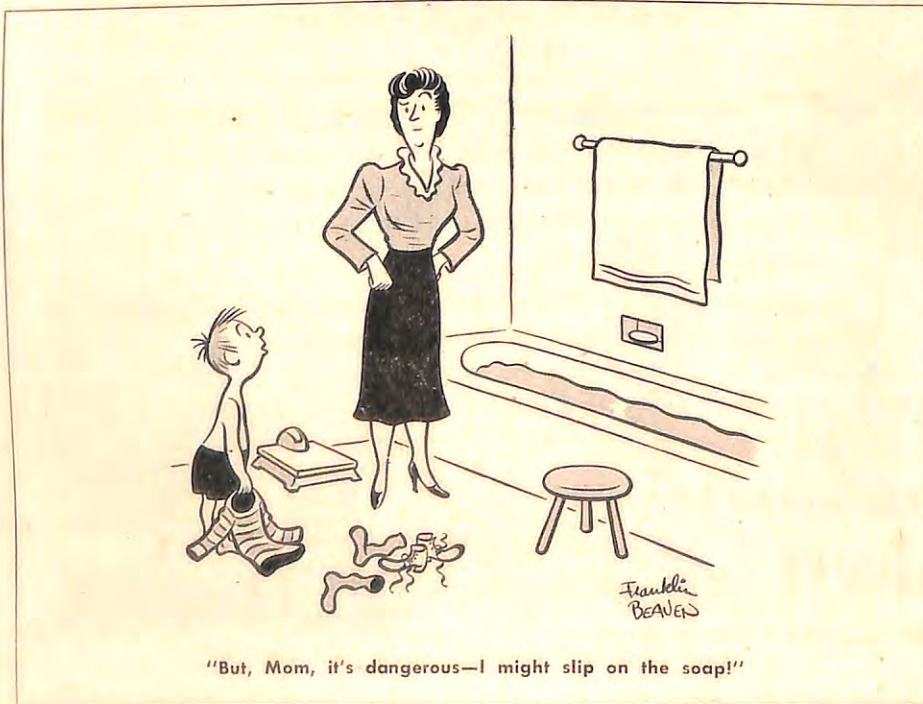
In Modoc National Forest, north-eastern California, while the annual deer kill averaged about 5% from 1921 to 1939, deer herds increased 800%. Modoc deer are starving by thousands.

One of the worst obstacles to good game management is the absolute, inviolate type of refuge, where game authorities are prohibited from exercising any control over mounting surpluses. The United States has hundreds of refuges of this type. Almost every State and national park and monument is one.

The Jackson Hole National Monument, recently created by Presidential proclamation against the wishes of the citizens of Wyoming, adds 221,000 acres to an inviolate elk refuge which has been added to four times in the past and still has an annual winter malnutrition loss of 600 to 1,000 among artificially fed elk. Adding 221,000 acres more to the refuge will actually increase the winter loss. Part of the herd used to winter on non-refuge lands, where hunters could get them. The refuge now includes these lands, and it is absolutely forbidden to hunt any of these elk at any time. Does Secretary Ickes expect the elk to practice birth control? It is to be hoped that the current agitation to permit hunting in the confines of the Monument will be successful.

The history of the northern Yellowstone Park elk herd is illuminating. So fast did these elk increase after the Park was set aside as a refuge, that by 1934 there were 13,500 head—twice the carrying capacity of the winter range. The best forage plants for elk were eaten to the verge of extinction. Weeds and erosion took their place. Smaller, less tenacious animals were literally eaten out of food and home. "All over the range," says the Park Service, "one saw the pitiful spectacle of sick, undernourished, dying animals." The whitetail deer was exterminated, the bighorn herd reduced to 125 head. The big, tough, aggressive elk will crowd out everything else before he starves to death.

In 1934, despite local protests, Park authorities decided that 24,000 elk ought to be harvested during the next eight years—outside the Park boundaries, of course! Because of unfavorable weather conditions, only 16,682 were actually harvested. The kill barely took off the annual increase! In the Fall of 1942, the herd



"But, Mom, it's dangerous—I might slip on the soap!"



still contained 13,500 emaciated, starving animals, and the range was depleted worse than ever.

But last Fall, heavy snows forced the elk down out of the Park to low-altitude winter range early in the season. Cooperating with the Park Service, the Montana Game Commission declared an open season of indefinite length. Spurred by the meat shortage, hunters swarmed into the fields. By January 14th, when the season was closed, 7,230 elk had been harvested. Plenty of people lambasted the Park Service for the "senseless slaughter", but it was the only way to save the range.

The Denver Mountain Parks elk herd in Colorado has stripped even its summer range almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Started in 1915 with 20 cows and five bulls, this herd numbered 1,500 by 1941. "Elk have completely eliminated mountain mahogany from the slopes of Mt. Evans," says Dr. Hagie, of the Colorado Game Department. "Even the willow is dying out. Now the elk are foraging in truck gardens. Last year the Department was presented with \$10,000 in elk damage claims."

Refuge game herds like these can be a major pain-in-the-pasture to neighboring ranchers. One rancher near the Denver Mountain Parks counted 845 elk on his place at one time, stripping the forage and tearing down haystacks, even though hay is not a digestible food for elk.

The competition for food between game and domestic stock is greatly misunderstood and exaggerated by most people. Although elk compete with cattle for grass to some extent, under normal conditions and on a properly stocked range there is no competition at all between cattle and deer, and comparatively little between sheep and deer. Cattle eat grass, deer eat browse, while sheep prefer weeds and broad-leafed herbs. This is significant, because, of the six and a half million game animals in the United States, six million are deer.

The accusation that big livestock interests wish to take over the country's game ranges and livestock ranges are the mistaken assumption that game ranges and livestock ranges are separate and distinct from one another and that all kinds of animals eat the same things.

As a matter of fact, all three types of forage are usually found in varying amounts on the same range, and range experts are coming increasingly to recognize that if you are going to have one kind of animal on a range, you had better have the other kinds, too, in order to maintain a proper balance of vegetation. Every rancher knows that the best way to maintain a good cow range is to keep enough deer to prevent the browse from crowding out the grass. Far from wishing to wipe out game, stock ranchers are usually enthusiastic conservationists.

However, if there are too many



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animals of any one species on a range, that species exhausts its own type of food and has to rob the others of theirs. If there are too many of all species, they will fight indiscriminately for food.

Under such conditions, destruction of the range, starvation of the herd and squawks from livestock men who see their business being destroyed, are the natural sequence of events. The squawks are understandable! And be it said to the credit of ranchers in general that they do not squawk unless there is good reason for it.

Before the passage of the Taylor Act in 1934, overgrazing by domestic stock all but ruined many Federal range lands. This Act gave the Federal Government authority to compel reduction of excess livestock population and put the livestock industry, on Federal lands, on a permanent sustained-yield basis, whereby the largest possible return is realized on this resource year after year.

But what has happened with game, while this reduction of livestock herds has been going on? In the Modoc National Forest, over a ten-year period in which the number of cattle and horses was reduced by 12,000 and the number of sheep by 46,000, the deer herd increased by approximately 30,000. From 1937 to 1939 in the Malheur National Forest, while cattle numbers declined by 11% and sheep by 10%, the deer herd increased by 56%.

This trend is still in effect. Last year, while cattle and sheep use of all National Forests was reduced

488,000 cow months, deer and elk use increased 480,000 cow months. (In the amount of forage consumed, 1 cow=4 sheep=4/5 elk=5 deer.)

It is not surprising if livestock men in some areas are beginning to complain. The meat-rationed public might be forgiven for complaining, too, since in these areas the additional game is forced to rob domestic stock of grass, and game cannot convert grass into meat.

In the national forests as a whole, it is estimated that about 60% of the available forage is normally consumed by domestic stock, while 40% is consumed by game. To maintain both recreational and utility values at the highest possible level, and to preserve the proper balance of flora and fauna, the animal population should be so regulated that each class of forage is consumed by the animal that can utilize it most efficiently.

Skeptics will ask, "What ate the grass before there was any domestic stock?" The answer is: buffalo and elk.

In primitive times, large numbers of predatory animals helped the Indians keep the numbers of both grass-eaters and browse-eaters within bounds. The white man has killed off most of these plunderers, because harvest by such animals is an economic loss. The number of grass-eaters (domestic stock) is now controlled by an orderly and premeditated removal of the annual crop of these animals for use by man. This system permits every animal to

convert the maximum proportion of forage into usable meat, and the minimum proportion into skin and bones. It also gives forage plants a chance to replenish and reproduce themselves.

Game managers want to do the same thing with browse-eaters (game). Every year, however, starvation is controlling the number of game animals over a larger area.

The main reason for this is that the general public and the legislatures think they know more about game management than the professional wildlife experts themselves.

In most States, the legislature still has the power to determine hunting seasons, bag limits and sex restrictions, and frequently employs this power in ways that make game commissioners wring their hands. In one area, 5,000 deer may need to be removed; in another, none at all. No matter; the legislature issues blanket regulations for the whole State. If the lawmakers try to discriminate, they usually entangle the Game Commission and the hunting public in a mess of bungled legislation that nobody can figure out. Members of the New York Legislature once introduced 150 bills dealing with wildlife management into a single session!

The legislature is usually from one to ten years behind the times. As others have pointed out, game conditions can change almost overnight. Legislatures meet only once in two years—to pass laws based on a public opinion that may already be out of date. Such a body cannot possibly keep itself informed and up-to-date on all the complex, highly technical details of game management.

Neither can the general public, of course. Yet every Tom, Dick and Harriet who has ever heard of a deer believes it is up to him to tell the Game Commission how to manage its affairs. Storms of embittered protest and sweeping accusation greet game managers who try to reduce swollen game herds to a point consistent with their natural food supply. Sentimental ladies insist that starving deer should be fed hay. Drawing-room deer-saviors shriek, "Murder!" if the Game Commission suggests a doe season.

Most of these armchair experts wouldn't recognize an over-browsed game range if it socked them in the nose. The rest hunt deer and elk in the Fall, after they have spent six months on the luxuriant summer range, and return with the conviction that the Game Commission is lying when it says there isn't enough feed. Let them visit some of the wintering grounds in March!

Professional range experts can tell at a glance whether there is any food left on a range. They know what each animal eats—and doesn't eat. Detailed surveys enable them to compute with surprising accuracy the number of each species that can live on a range. More than that, they know to within ten to twenty percent accuracy how many animals



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are living on the range, and whether the population is going up or down.

No one questions the ability of the Grazing Service or the Forest Service to determine the livestock carrying capacity of a range or its right to limit the size of the herds. No one doubts the wisdom of the Sustained Yield Policy as applying to livestock, farm crops, timber and other renewable resources. This is Conservation, in the best sense of the term. Why should it not also apply to game?

If the legislatures and the public will not give their State Game Commissions adequate authority to deal with game surpluses, they will wake up to find that this authority has been largely taken over by the Federal Government. Senate Bill No. 1152, now under consideration, is the first step in this direction. As it now stands, this is not a wholesome bill. However, *something* should be done by *somebody*!

After last century's orgy of unrestricted slaughter, the United States was in the same position as a man who is starting out to raise livestock. His first task is to build up a herd. Having accomplished this, he settles down to a long-term program consisting of two parts: (1) Protection of the basic breeding stock; (2) Removal of the annual crop.

In certain areas, especially of the Lake States, the Middle West and the West, and with respect to certain species—notably deer, elk, ducks, pheasants and rabbits—the United States has entered this second phase. It is just coming into it, with respect to antelope. It is still in the building-up—or, more accurately, rebuilding—phase, with big-horn sheep, mountain goats, moose and most species of native upland birds. Even with the more plentiful species of big and small game, many areas are still in the rebuilding phase.

Do not misinterpret the intent of this article. We most emphatically do not advocate the reduction of all herds and flocks indiscriminately, in order to alleviate the meat shortage. We do believe, however, that game authorities should have the power to control game surpluses where they occur, and that the public and the legislatures should leave it to these competent and informed experts to determine what measures are advisable in each individual case.

If, in the course of carrying out these measures, an added one hundred million pounds of meat is saved annually, that is just one of the incidental benefits of intelligent and efficient game management.

### In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 14)

for the air-raid shelters. Then somebody caught on! They discovered that every time Rags did this it wasn't long before Jap planes would

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There's a dog with the Air Force Band at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C., that hasn't missed a formation in four and a half years. This time it's one of the ladies of the species, black as night and apparently a blend of spitz and chow. To Corporal C. J. Moutschka who is the purp's custodian she's an "all-Army chow". Her name is Black Stuff. She stands retreat while the colors are lowered at sundown and never fails to recognize the opening notes of the National Anthem as a signal to dash to the flagpole. When Corporal Moutschka yells "Chow", she's the first to get to the mess hall.

Here's one they tell on Skipper, a mascot at Fort Devens. Skipper skipped out of camp one day after he heard the Captain say, "It's about time that mutt had a bath." This was enough to keep him AWOL for twenty-five days. How and on what he lived is shrouded in mystery but at any rate he did return, a chastened, repentant purp. His soldier friends were delighted but Skipper got that bath just the same. His wanderings caused him to need it far more than before he left.

The military police, as you know, are anything but softies but those at Randolph Field, Texas, are plenty that way about their dog, Texas Ranger. He's an all-white bulldog and tips the scales at eighty-two pounds. His nickname is Boots and he's the soul of affability, as are the majority of dogs of that breed. He's a pure-bred which is unusual among Service mascots. In fact he has won several blue ribbons. Both of his shoulders carry the stripes of a Master Sergeant. He has his own .45 caliber automatic which he wears in a holster strapped to his side while he sits in a jeep that regularly patrols the airfield.

Yes, indeed, soldiers and sailors too, can and do get sentimental—most of them—about their mascots. On Governor's Island, New York Bay, headquarters for U. S. Army 2nd Corps, there is a little headstone that marks the grave of a gallant little dog. His name was Casey, Sergeant Casey, and he was the pet of the 16th Infantry during the first World War. On the stone is the legend, "Sergeant Casey, 16th Infantry, U. S. A. He was only a dog but he did his bit." Casey skipped from a circus to take up soldiering with the 16th. When that regiment was sent to France Casey went along too, despite the fact that orders were issued to leave him behind. As soon as the gangplank was lowered after the troopship docked at St. Nazaire, the little Sergeant scampered ashore. He was with his regiment in every engagement they fought and some of them were pretty tough. When the 16th returned to the United States Casey was right there with his beloved regiment. He spent the remainder of his days on Governor's Island, never missing a parade and when he died he was given a solemn, semi-military funeral. His body was taken

to the cemetery on a gun caisson and the whole regiment turned out to honor him.

Now Tinker is not an unusual name for a dog but in this instance it's given to an unusual purp. He's a sassy little Scottish terrier attached to Ladd Field, Alaska. He has never known a day of his nine years or so that he hasn't been in the Army. Unofficially, he is a Master Sergeant. I can almost hear you ask, "How come so many of those soldier dogs are given military titles? And why aren't there a few Generals and Captains among them?" To the first question, the answer is obvious and very likely has occurred to you. The bestowal of military rank is simply an expression of the affection the men have for their mascots. As to the lack of canine brass hats—well that's a mystery to me. Perhaps there are some but it just happens that I haven't heard of any. That exalted titles are conferred in the Navy, not even my gazing crystal furnishes any information. The Admiral Wags mentioned earlier in this article is no indication of title but happens to be the dog's name. But to get back to Tinker—on his blanket he carries three stripes, one for each three years of his service. He's a get-around sort of dog, having made flying trips to Cuba, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines with his Boss, Master Sergeant Harry F. Igleheart. He has made no less than four parachute jumps, wearing a 'chute made specially for him. It's a 16-foot affair to which, Sergeant Igleheart says, is attached a static line that automatically opens the 'chute when Tinker sails toward the ground. Up there where the wind in winter comes direct from the North Pole with no detours on the way, it was found advisable to provide Mr. Tinker with his own, individual sleeping bag. Sort of tough—eh?

In battle both trained war dogs and mascots take the same chances that the men take; the former because they must, the latter—many of them—because they want to. As I have written elsewhere in these mascot articles, many such dogs showed surprising aptitude in the performance of self-imposed war duties and become proficient in remarkably short time. Very few were deliberately instructed. By far, most of them taught themselves. Frequently the risks these brave dogs run in the course of getting a message past a barrage through which no man could live are far greater than those chanced by the men.

Small cause to wonder then, why the Army and Navy four-legged mascot is the idol of the soldiers and sailors to whom he is attached. Nor is he or she as a mascot the exclusive property of the rank-and-file. Men of the high command are partial to personal dogs. An example—before the landing of American troops in North Africa, General Eisenhower, from his headquarters in London,

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said, "I want a dog. I need somebody to talk to and I want someone who can't ask questions about the war and can't repeat what I say if I say anything." The General had just returned from an inspection

tour of the U. S. Army posts in Great Britain where at every camp he saw dogs having the time of their respective lives with the Yanks. The staff promptly bought him a mite of a Scotty pup.



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

## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

any journalistic tricks. His influence is not only a tribute to his ability; it proves that there is a thinking public which welcomes more than chatter and gossip. The radio talks of Mr. Swing are unified essays, carefully thought out and well written. They are based on a lifetime of study. Mr. Swing was a foreign correspondent when the first World War broke out; he dealt with two kinds of events—action and diplomacy, and continued his newspaper work in

Europe after the war. His broadcasts and speeches have been published in a new book, "Preview of History", which differs from the usual collections of broadcasts in that it is a sidelight on history and readable as an original work. The addresses, chiefly to graduating classes of colleges, summarize the ideals for which we fight and clear up our perspectives. While the enemy is engaged in trying to postpone the inevitable defeat, Americans are study-



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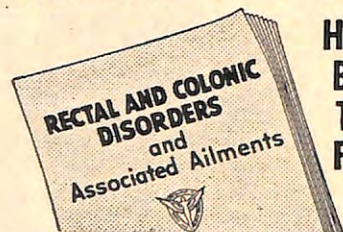
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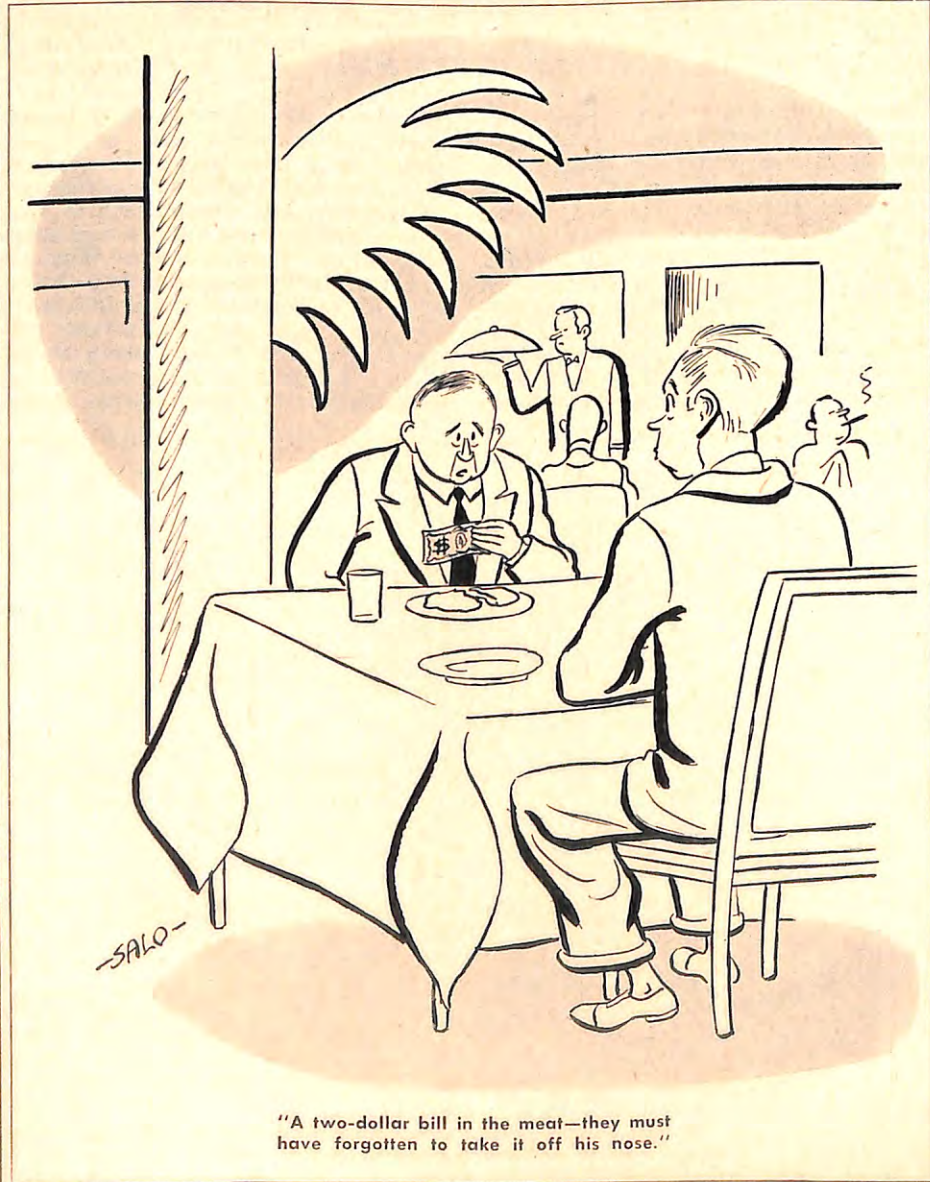
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ing their social and political losses and gains. Mr. Swing's voice speaks for social justice, for wholesome living, for active participation instead of indifference, and knowledge of affairs instead of prejudice and ignorance. He emphasizes the need of international security and warns us that we cannot escape its consideration. He says, "I am not going to offer a blueprint of a future system of peace. But it is plain enough what it must be in essence. It must be a world of common responsibilities. If so, it must be one of concerted action in the defense of peace." (Doubleday, Doran, \$2)

**H**ERE'S a real treat, a thriller that is without doubt authentic. It is "Paris Underground", in which Mrs. Etta Shiber, an American woman, describes how she and the woman she lived with in Paris, Kitty Beau-repos, outwitted the Germans by playing Edith Cavell's role and showing 150 to 200 British soldiers across the border to unoccupied France after they had been marooned by the Dunkirk disaster. She and Kitty

took up this work by accident, for when the Germans reached Paris they left in their car for Nice, were stopped on the roads and turned back. At an inn they found a British pilot in mufti. They hid him in the trunk compartment of their car and took him to their flat, passed him off as Mrs. Shiber's brother, and eventually got him out of town. After removing two men from a hospital they became associated with a parish priest of a Somme village, who was secreting dozens of British lads, and who brought them into Paris by fours. Mrs. Shiber proves that the famous Gestapo is made up of human beings who err and guess, relying on the old methods of shadowing and interrogation to get evidence, and having no superior devices to draw upon. If her associates had denied everything as she did, the Germans would still be guessing. Her experiences in the woman's prison brought her in contact with a strange assortment of distracted females—an Alsatian woman who became a stool pigeon against her will, a girl who took poison because her



"A two-dollar bill in the meat—they must have forgotten to take it off his nose."



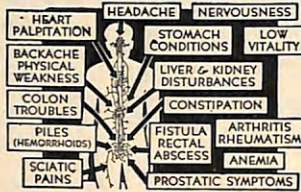




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only partly foreign. They find Australian trains pokey. They hate to have their sleep disturbed by the laughing jackass, otherwise called the Kookaburra bird, but when they take shots at it they are warned against wasting ammunition. They find Koala beer a sort of strawberry pop and become mystified at the ways of the Australian girls. Since the girls are in the minority their ways are self-protective. (Crowell, \$2)

PRIVATE E. J. KAHN'S second book about our Army is called "G. I. Jungle". Kahn, who is now a warrant officer in the Caribbean area, crossed the Owen Stanley mountains in a plane and lived the army life for a number of months in the fever-infested jungle of New Guinea. This is less a humorous than an expository book, and when you have read it you have a pretty good idea of what jungle fighters are up against from insects and the weather. "After a couple of months in the jungle," writes Kahn, "an American soldier is apt to present so untidy an appearance that his own mother, if she recognized him at all, might be inclined to pretend not to." He says "the men at the front in New Guinea were perhaps the most wretched looking soldiers ever to wear the American uni-

form. They were clothed in tattered, stained jackets and pants. Malaria, dengue fever, dysentery and, in a few cases, typhus hit man after man. Officers and men were equally bedraggled." But the spirit of the men never dropped. They were there to "get the damn' war over with", and they applied themselves with a vigor that was no fun for the Japs. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

WHAT Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna have done to and for the St. Johns River of Florida is enough to make the chambers of commerce of that fabled land sit up and take notice. Their history in "The St. Johns", one of the Rivers of America series, is on the cheerful side. Having little use for statistics, they don't bother much with the fruit industry, save to record that Robert E. Lee bit into one of the original grapefruit on the St. Johns in 1870, and presumably got little enjoyment out of it. The authors learned that the St. Johns had a seamy side; since the days of the Spanish explorers it seems to have incited people along its banks to extremes of conduct. Since both are Southerners, they can't forgive Harriet Beecher Stowe for "infesting" a house at Mandarin, but they enjoy describing Harriet's at-





tempts to reform her son Frederick, who enjoyed the fumes of alcohol. In Jacksonville lived Cora Crane, widow of Stephen Crane, a lady whose past kept getting larger and larger and whose story is "not altogether a merry chronicle". Readers of James Branch Cabell's books will find his style lingering in that of Historian Branch Cabell; they will recognize his touch in the subtitle, "a parade of diversities", and get ready for a treat. Among the books of the Rivers of America series, this is unique. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

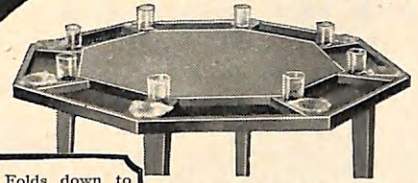
**S**HOLEM ASCH'S new novel, "The Apostle", based on the life of St. Paul, is a sequel to "The Nazarene", and comes in time for the pre-holiday season. It will be widely read, for Mr. Asch writes with reverence and scholarly insight, and the spirit that shines forth in his work is bound to be inspiring. Here is a Jew, born in Poland and trained in rabbinical schools, a naturalized American citizen, who makes clear in his books the bond of brotherhood that exists between Jew and Christian and thus helps the good feeling among men. His St. Paul is the young Jew from Tarshish (Tarsus) who first objected to the young Galileans and persecuted them, then saw the light on the road to Damascus and embraced the new faith. The story of his visit to Antioch, Greece and Rome follows the Scriptural chronicle, but

Mr. Asch has supplied numerous new characters and situations in keeping with the times. It is a long book, but since the outlines of Paul's career are known to nearly everyone, it may be regarded as a new and amplified version of a familiar story. My criticism of it is not that of Biblical scholars; they will know whether it meets the requirements of historical research, but its spirit and form will make it appreciated. (Putnam, \$3)

**R**ICHARD LLEWELLYN wrote "How Green Was My Valley", a novel that became tremendously popular in the United States. It dealt with the growth of a lad in a Welsh mining town. The author's full name is Richard Llewellyn Lloyd and he is now a captain in the Welsh Guards, who fought in North Africa. In the meantime he has had time to write a new novel, "None But the Lonely Heart", which differs from the first in that it is the story of a Cockney in London, whose life is circumscribed and yet intensely interesting. It is told in a style approximating the dialect of a Cockney and moves forward chiefly by dialogue. Ernie and his "Ma" and a group of characters, shabby and sometimes disreputable, present in story form a life that will be new to American readers. The book does not have the romantic interest of its predecessor but holds the reader throughout. (Macmillan, \$2.75)

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CARD TABLE



- Folds down to only 4 inches thick...
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A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose portable playtable for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. Now custom made—delivery within 10 days. Only \$34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

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## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



"Well, what are you staring at?"

## FOR DEFENSE



**BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
SAVINGS  
BONDS  
AND STAMPS**



# Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST



**T**HE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that Five Thousand Dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1944 Grand Lodge Session. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. For the past ten years our awards have made it possible for many superior young students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are as follows:

	Boys	Girls
First Prize .....	\$600	\$600
Second Prize .....	500	500
Third Prize .....	400	400
Fourth Prize .....	300	300
Fifth Prize .....	200	200
Ten Honorable Mention awards of \$100 each .....		1000

## Eligibility

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

## Merit Standards

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

## Applications

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The application must be filed on or before March 1, 1944, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association in the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be passed upon and, if approved, come in with the quota of applications from that State and be received by Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than April 1, 1944.

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

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to April 1, 1944, should be addressed to Chairman Malley.

## ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman  
Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman  
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary  
James G. McFarland, Treasurer  
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**CONTEST ENDS APRIL 1, 1944**



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Khaki, blue, or forest green . . .  
whatever you wear . . . you'll find the cigarette  
for milder smoking pleasure is

# Camel

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



**WAVES**—You get up at “reveille,” go to bed at “taps.” Because, when you’re in the WAVES, you’re in the Navy. And, if you smoke, you’ll quickly learn the Navy favorite is the cigarette with that famous flavor — Camel.

**WACS**—Maybe you chauffeur a jeep; maybe you learn radio and free a radio man to fly; but, by the time you’ve finished training, you’ll know your Army...from khaki to Camels—the service favorite.



**SPARS**— That job you take at a desk means another Coast Guardsman free to fight on deck! And, if your taste runs to the extra mildness of slow burning, you’ll be smoking Camels—the Coast Guard favorite.

## First IN THE SERVICE

Actual sales records show the favorite cigarette with smokers in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel.



**“BE A MARINE**—free a Marine to fight” is the motto of the Marine Corps Women’s Reserve. Uniform above is by government issue, cigarette by Camel; and that means the smoking situation is “well in hand.”

**THE “T-ZONE.”** Taste...throat... that’s the proving ground of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like Camel’s blend of costlier tobaccos. Try Camels. See if they don’t suit your “T-Zone” to a “T.”

