

THE

ELKS

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1943
20 CENTS PER COPY





View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800 *

PHILADELPHIA

Birthplace of Hospitality

86.8 Proof
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"The gentlemen of the Army present their compliments to Miss Sally Wynne and beg the favour of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. Saturday, December 22, 1755."

Time rolls back the curtain of two centuries. The State House stands magnificent in its winter setting, as sedan chairs and chaises deliver the elite of Colonial society. In the assembly hall the gleam of a thousand tapers is reflected from crystal chandeliers. Lively shadows play over the exquisite panelling, as pompadoured belles and gaily caparisoned officers dance to the minuet. ~ ~ Such is Philadelphia's "Heritage of Hospitality". A tradition today upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a magnificent whisky—ordinarily reserved for special occasions, yet one you can enjoy—regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND...FAMOUS SINCE 1894



IN RECOGNITION of the splendid cooperative efforts of the subordinate lodges and their War Committees, the Elks War Commission is presenting an "Award of Merit" certificate, suitably engrossed and signed by Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan and Chairman James R. Nicholson, to all lodges which have taken active part in the various recruitment campaigns sponsored by the Commission. Similar certificates will also be presented to the Chairmen and members of the lodge War Committees who have been active in these cooperative campaigns.

The certificate is 8½ x 11 inches, in four colors, with the name of the individual lodge or member engrossed.

When announcing the distribution of the Merit Certificates, Mr. Nicholson said: "The United States Army, through Major General James A. Ulio, the Adjutant General, and the United States Navy, through Captain R. A. Koch, Special Assistant to the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Personnel, have been high in the praise of the successful work of the Elks in their patriotic coopera-

tion with the Armed Forces. The recent recruitment campaign for construction specialists for the Army and "Seabees" for the Navy was concluded ahead of schedule; campaigns for the Army Aviation Cadet program, Army Air Corps Mechanical Personnel, and for Naval Air Corps cadets were similarly brought to successful conclusions. The awards being made to the various subordinate lodges and their members is in recognition of the fine work they did in making this record possible. The B. P. O. Elks is the only fraternal Order to be asked to render such cooperation to our Armed Forces, and our 550,000 members can take considerable pride in the knowledge that the confidence of our Government has been completely justified. Elks will be called on again and again to render service on the home front, and we know that our members will be ready, and willing, and proud to serve."

Exalted Rulers who have not already filed the names of their War Committee Chairman and members with the Commission, should do so at once. Such information should be sent to Elks War Commission, 21 East 40th Street, New York City 16, New York.

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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—

"BLUEPRINT for Tomorrow" by Stanley Washburn, Jr., is a logical plan for the post-war mass production and sale of the Air Car, which will probably be a combination of the helicopter and the autogyro and will be produced at a cost very nearly comparable to the price of a good pre-war automobile.

Mr. Washburn does an intelligent job of answering all the "ifs, ands and buts" which inevitably come to mind when discussing the prospect of an Air Car in every garage.

It is possible that the Air Car will provide jobs for hundreds of thousands of our returning Air Force heroes and will consequently solve a very real problem for them. How is all this going to be accomplished? "Blueprint for Tomorrow" will tell you.

We have just re-read "The Night I Come Back" by William Fay for the umpteenth time as is an editor's wont. It is an impressive story on the umpteenth reading so we can guarantee its interest and entertainment to you, who are about to read it for the first time. Bill Fay has a special something in his writing that permits a great deal of human interest and pathos to enter his stories without having them set your teeth on edge with their sweetness. He controls his medium as few others are capable of doing. The result, of course, is his great and continued success in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and *The Elks Magazine*.

Stanley Frank feels that he has waited long enough for more zealous defenders of our rights to expose the sinister, satanic statistical system which is sabotaging sports. With such frightening phrases as "unmask a fiendish plot", "feeding us pernicious propaganda" and "threatens the rugged individualism", etc. Mr. Frank is off on one of his better pieces. You will enjoy it and it will deflate many a Monday morning quarterback who has annoyed you as does the weekly laundry that faces your wife.

Books solve many a Christmas gift problem and some of the most acceptable are reviewed by Harry Hansen on page 12. Ray Trullinger describes some of the lesser known methods for producing a duck dinner. Since applesauce can neither be shot nor hooked it isn't mentioned. "Buy a Share in the Heart of Elksdom" is the title of an admirable appeal by the Elks National Foundation Trustees for participation in their program.

F.R.A.

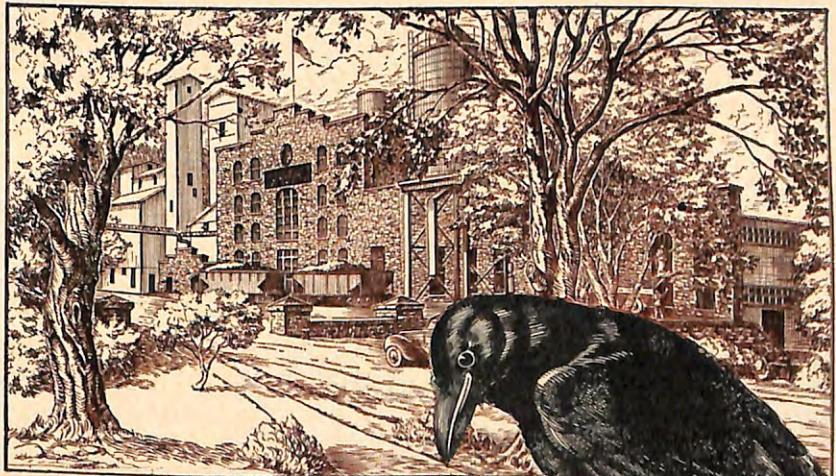
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Those in the know

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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.

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V. ADERCHIE

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

TO ALL ELKS—GREETINGS:

With the passing of December, the year 1943 will take its place in history along with all the years which have preceded it throughout the ages. For America it has been a year of great achievements.

Engaged in an all-out global warfare, precipitated and brought on by the mad dictators of the Axis group, our country has demonstrated to the world, as never before, its tremendous energy and resources; its unity and cooperation; its courage and strength; its power and genius. It has been a year of work and toil and sweat; a year of mechanical production so stupendous as to challenge the imagination; a year of war efforts supported by the people that should be inspiring to all.

It has been a year, too, that has brought great sorrow and heartaches to thousands of American homes whose sons have given the last full measure of devotion to the cause of America. We are determined that those noble patriots by their services and sacrifice shall not have died in vain. Pearl Harbor will be avenged and the enemies of America brought to judgment.

In the records of time, the year 1943 will stand forth preeminent and resplendent for the glorious contribution our country has made to the cause of liberty and justice throughout the world.

The Order of Elks is dedicated to the proposition that our America—the America we know—shall survive and that liberty and jus-

tice shall be preserved. To that end, our Brothers everywhere are to be depended upon to do their full duty and carry out every responsibility, whatever the sacrifice or cost may be.

Christmas will soon be here and we must not forget, even in a war-torn world, to carry a message of hope and gladness to the poor and the unfortunate who need a ray of sunshine to brighten their paths along life's way. Let us gather inspiration from the spirit of the Babe of Bethlehem who brought to the world a great example of love and whose life was a lesson in charity. Let us hope and trust that the song of the angels may again be heard by all the people of the earth as it was heard by the shepherds on that first Christmas morn—"Peace on earth, good will to men".

That this Christmas may fill your hearts with love and bring you blessedness abundantly is my sincere hope and wish. May victory soon be ours. Keep America always American!

Sincerely and fraternally,

Frank J. Smergan

GRAND EXALTED RULER

BLUEPRINT FOR TOMORROW

Is the automobile here to stay? The old question once more poses itself in a new connection.

**By
Stanley Washburn, Jr.**

"WHAT are we going to do when this war is over?" In ready-rooms aboard aircraft carriers, under coconut palms on South Pacific islands, or in the shade of bombers' wings in equatorial Africa—this question is standard conversation among Air Force pilots, bombardiers, navigators and ground crews. Before the war is over we will have at least two and a half million men in our Air Forces; fellows with every hope and intention of making aviation their peacetime careers when the shooting is over.

Ask the pilots what they intend to do after the war and nine out of ten will tell you confidentially, "I'm going to get with an airline." Some of them think a little further and the prospects seem less rosy. The post-war airline business will certainly expand amazingly, but even assuming a twenty-fold expansion, the need for airline pilots will soon be filled, judging by the fact that there are only about 3,000 pilots now needed to fly all the airlines in the U. S. And some half a million pilots will be looking for jobs! But even with this stark statistic in mind, practically everyone having anything to do with aviation in our Air Forces seems to be imbued with a blind faith that aviation jobs will be plentiful after the war; that we are rapidly entering an "air age", the long-

heralded era when everyone will be driving around in his own airplane—just like driving an automobile today.

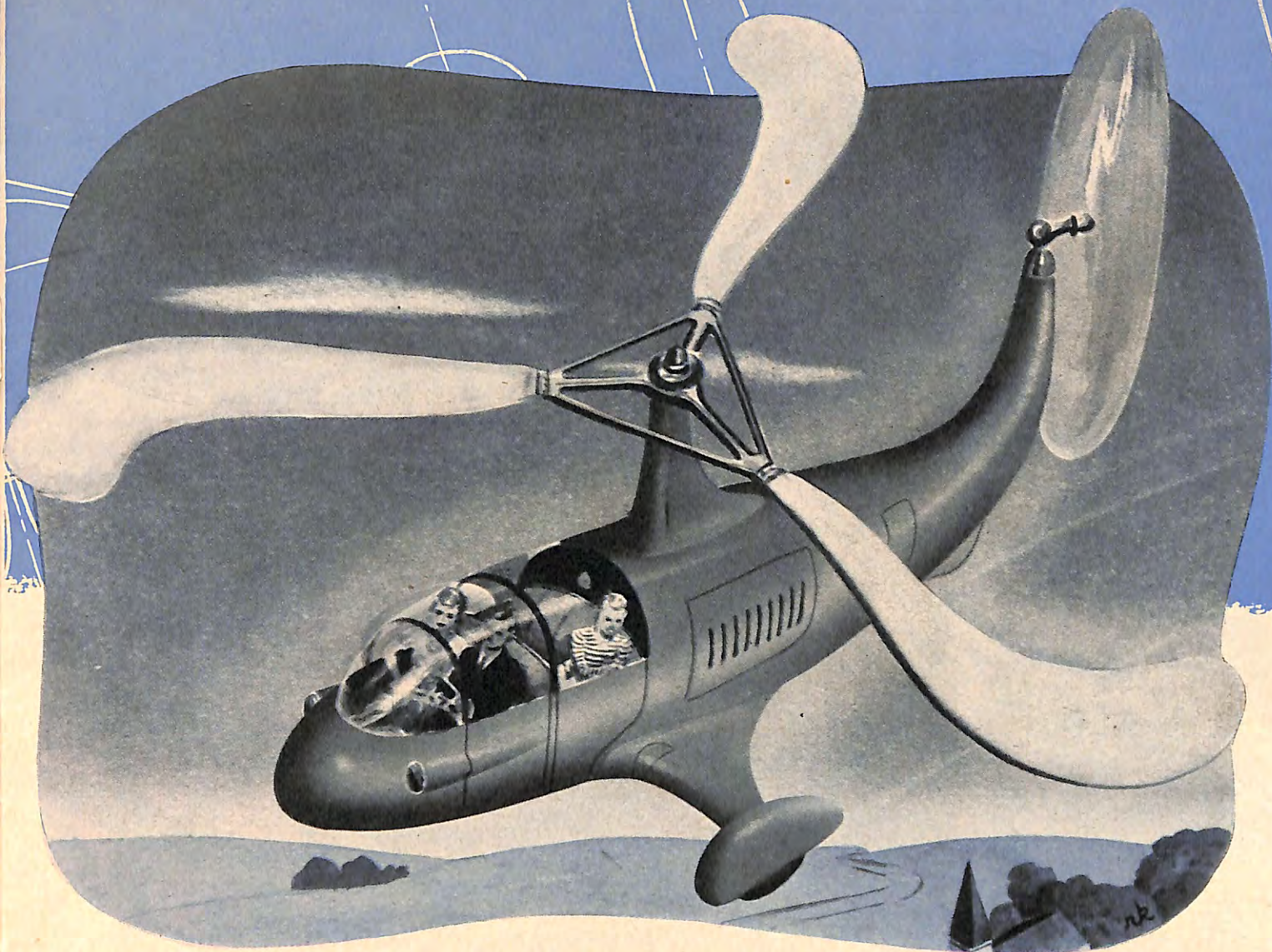
Magazine writers have been promoting this air-age idea off and on since 1910, but the era never seemed to materialize during the past thirty years, in spite of the fact that the principal speaker at every airport opening and aviation banquet in recorded history has invariably intoned prophetically, "This event marks the beginning of the Air Age."

The fact remains that the more you know about aircraft, the more conservative you become in visualizing the coming air age and how it will revolutionize the American Way of Life. No matter how miraculous that car of the air may be, you still can't forget those sudden gusts near the ground, windshifts, the screwball who enters the traffic pattern the wrong way and the vagaries of the weather which will be with us always—air age or not. With the vicissitudes of the air fresh in mind, it is not easy to picture Aunt Emma nonchalantly guiding the family doodle bug between the windmill and the silo and making a feather landing on the elm-shaded, one-acre lot in front of the old homestead. Especially

when you recall that after ten years of driving an automobile, Aunt Emma never could be absolutely sure of missing the garage door with that right front fender.

Most experienced pilots of the type of aircraft we know today are somewhat bored with all this talk of the post-war air age, having starved and waited for this era for years. After watching the relatively large increase in private and light-plane flying during the past five years, professional pilots are extremely pessimistic about the air-age idea. It all boils down to the fact that a collision in an automobile is expensive. A collision in the air is fatal. The feeling, therefore, seems to be that any type of aircraft—no matter how foolproof—in the hands of the average undisciplined civilian will always be a potential crash—an accident looking for a place to happen.

Exaggerated as the post-war air age may appear to be, there are certain forces now at work beyond man's control that seem certain to bring about the aeronautical millennium this time. An unbelievably rapid change in our entire concept of aviation; totally new occupations for millions of men and women and vast changes in our way of living in the U. S. will be brought about—not because everyone will suddenly want to own some kind of an aircraft—but



Illustrated by Lieutenant Rolf Klep, USNR

The post-war, mass-produced air car will probably be a combination of Igor Sikorsky's highly successful helicopter and the autogyro.

by the necessity of making a living by millions of men and women who would otherwise be unemployed. Other factors will be the vast post-war home-building era forecast by housing experts, a backlog of post-war buying power in war bonds and installment credit estimated at thirty-two billion dollars, and the cold economics necessary for stabilizing the greatest industrial dislocation of all time—the war-expanded aircraft manufacturing industry. This industry is now our salvation but looms as a post-war Frankenstein of closed factories and unemployment that few business forecasters dare to think about. The solution as expressed by Vice President Wallace for industry in general is "... When the war is over, the more quickly private enterprise gets back into peacetime production and sells its goods to peacetime markets here and abroad, the more quickly will the level of government wartime expenditure be reduced."

If it's speed that's needed to pull the rabbit out of the peacetime industrial hat—leave it to the aircraft people to save the situation after the war, as their speed is now making it possible to win the war. Before the war, the "aircraft people" were a pitiful minority of the total population including some 60,000 civilian pilots, a total of four or five thousand Army and Navy aviators, and only 350 airliners in the whole country, catering to less than five million people who used the airlines. After the war we will have at least half a million civil and military pilots, two million additional specially trained aviation men fresh from the world's largest air corps, all of them unwilling to let their flying or technical skill deteriorate. But these three

million ex-air-force aviation enthusiasts are only half of the picture. Consider, for a moment, that the pre-war U. S. automobile industry was once one of the world's largest manufacturing industries and America's third largest business in dollars of merchandise turned out annually and number of people employed. Today there is no automobile industry in the U. S. to speak of. Four-fifths of the auto plants in the country have been converted to making aircraft. And even that factory space was not enough. Both the Ford Motor Company and General Motors have built enormous plants—some even larger than their original auto plants to supplement their need for aircraft manufacturing facilities. But be-

(Continued on page 37)



"WELL, chum," I said to Slats, "how's it go tonight?"

"Goes pretty good."

"You're in the Army now."

We were in Ruby Dolan's place, on 48th Street. Ruby's got the best beer in the town. It is the way he keeps the pipes, he says. He was a fly-weight back in 1910 and now he don't weigh much more than a fifteen-cent cigar. I guess he crawls into the pipes and cleans them out himself. There were a lot of guys in uniform.

"Who isn't in the Army now?" said Slats.

Not me, I thought. But that was more than a year ago, when I was sensitive about the thing. He must have known what I was thinking. "You, Mickey?" Slats said. "You

gotta hold the fort. You gotta watch an' see these bums don't steal the buildings while we're gone."

We had a laugh. We had a beer. When Slats said the bums he meant the older boys, the managers, the AAA's that were left, like Solly, Arthur, Lew and Hymie Schwartz. They never did no harder work than lift a towel in a ring. We didn't talk about the reason that they put me in 4-F. He knew I didn't like to talk about the thing.

Slats doesn't drink much. Just drinks beer. No other stuff. He says it's good for him. I guess it is. He sure looks all right in his uniform.

"Well, kid," I said, because it was getting very late and he would have to go soon. "Well, Slats—pal—bring me back a monkey from the

Orient. The kind without a tail."

"I'll bring the Emperor," he said.

"Most any kind'll do. I tell you what," I said, "I'll betcha don't bring back no more than fleas. I'll bet a beer."

"Okay," he said, "a beer. A beer I get one of them Nipponese."

"Good luck," I said. "I don't know when I'll see you, kid."

"The hell you don't," he said.

"You'll see me the first night I get back. Right here. In Ruby's place. Well, so long, Mickey, just take care. An' save your dimes to buy the beer. Six o'clock," he said. "The first night I get back. Right here."

Then he went out the door and guys were calling to him, "So long, Slats; so long, pal!"

Ruby was wiping the bar. "There



THE NIGHT I COME BACK

**The story of a great fighter with a great heart
who couldn't help finishing like a champ**

By William Fay

**Slats stays around and neatly
murders twenty-two Japs by
himself and saves his pals and
gets more decorations than a
wedding cake.**

goes a real champion," he said.
"Anybody ever tell you different?
Put a head on this," I said.

Slats and I had been pals a long time now. For eight years, anyway. You may remember Slats when he first come to New York. He was a lightweight out of some place in Ohio. He was just a skinny kid with soft eyes and his hair combed down the middle and a left hand like a butcher knife.

I'd see him all the time around the gym. I was a big shot then, the boss of all the welterweights and I'd bump into Slats. I'd say, "Hello, kid," and he'd say, "Hello, Mickey—how's the boss?" Respectful-like, because I was the champ. I liked the boy.

It isn't long, of course, before the kid begins to move up through the lightweights, beating everyone—that left hand like a terrible machine-gun while he smiled at you. His right hand like a baseball bat.

Hymie would say to me, "Come on; stop watchin' him. Hit the bag. You ain't makin' money watchin' him."

"The kid is good."

"You're tellin' me."

"An' puttin' on some weight," I said. "He'll be a welterweight. Who knows, I'll have to fight the guy."

"Not in your right mind," Hymie said.

"Why not?"

"That kid's too fast, too strong; he's twenty-one years old."

"I'm only twenty-five myself."

"You're over the hill. Be smart."

"I'm a champion."

"Hit the bag," said Hymie. "Don't be dreamin' foolishness. You can lick them other bums a dime a gross, but ya can't lick half of this kid."

WELL, I suppose you never know when you are sliding down the hill. It takes somebody else to know. Except I never figured that a champion should duck a fight.

I met Slats outdoors, in the Polo Grounds. It meant a lot to me. I

trained hard out in Jersey. I worked pretty good. I did my six rounds every morning on the road. I punched a pack of seals around each afternoon. I felt all right, except for the headaches I would get. I'd stopped a lot of punches in my time. I wasn't fancy in the way that Slats was. I was a move in, punch and make 'em fall down sort of guy. I'd hit these bums in Jersey; they'd go down.

I was in the dressing room with Hymie and with Nick McGuire before they called us to the ring. I said to Hymie, "Did you get a lump down?"

Hymie looked away. "I put a few bucks down," he said.

I didn't like the way he said it. "What's the matter—got no faith in me? A champ's a champ until he's beat," I said.

"Take it easy, Mickey," Hymie said. "So I only put a few bucks down. So what? I got responsibilities."

All right, I told myself, the hell with him. He'll see tonight. As for myself—I bet the entire works.



We went down to the ring. It was the summertime and we could smell the grass while we were walking towards the ring. And see the ring glow like a diamond up ahead. And see the cigarettes light up like fireflies in the upper tier. And hear the crowd yell out my name and Slat's name. Just why it is that I remember it so well—well, maybe you will understand.

Slat's was already in the ring and dancing like a monkey on a string. Rubbing his shoes in the resin, throwing little punches at the air—just to keep himself warm, keep an edge up, to be ready. This was Slat's chance.

I remember he came over and shook my hand and wished me luck and while he was a nice kid and he only wanted to be nice, I was the champion and the bell would ring in a minute now and the fight would not be fun and I was drawn tight with the training and the tension and I said to him, "So who do you think you are, you punk—the master of ceremonies here?"

He walked away.

"You shouldn't of," said Hymie.

"Shut up!" I said. "A fight's a fight. I'll take 'im apart like a dollar watch."

That's what I was saying to myself.

Maury Nichols was the referee. Maury said, "I want a nice clean fight." While Maury was talking I was looking at the kid, where the meat was thin across his ribs, where I figured I'd dig holes in him. "I want a nice clean fight," said Maury, "and I know that I won't have to worry with you boys." That kind of stuff.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said, "go bury it."

A CHAMPION'S got pride. He is supposed to be the boss inside a ring. It gets me crazy that I can't connect with Slat's. The kid anticipates each punch I try to throw. He keeps me off my balance with the flicker of a glove. He stands there. I can see him. I wrap up the punches and I let them go. Then Slat's disappears. He's like Houdini in the dark.

He gives that left hand to me like a broken bottle and he opens up the old cuts in my eyes. He asks no

favors in the ring. He fights his fight and he expects that you'll fight yours. I see he's not a phony but is real. It's just about the only thing I can see in a little while.

But in the eighth round I caught up with him and dropped him on his back. I rubbed the mess away from in front of my eyes and watched him on the floor. He listens to the count. It goes to "Six!" Then he is up and moving like a ghost. I say a ghost because I just can't see 'im any more. The mess is in my eyes again and I squint at Slat's but I don't know where he is until he drills me with both hands. I keep my head against his chest and maneuver him against the ropes. I trap him there and now I pour it to him good. But he's tough and he's game and he pours it back to me. Maury has to move between us when the bell rings.

Hymie grabs me and leads me to my corner. Good thing he does, too. I can't see a thing. "You all right, kid?"

"I'm all right, sure," I said. "I'll get 'im next round, anyhow."

"You're doin' pretty good, pretty good," says Nick McGuire. "You're

Illustrated by
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



It's at ten o'clock the radio comes on. I can hear them screaming so I know that Slat's is in the ring.

all right, Mickey, boy."

They washed me off. I closed my eyes and let them use the sponge. They got me clean and Hymie closed the cuts up with collodion.

Hymie asked, "You're all right, ain'tcha?"

I opened my eyes. I could see some shadows and a lot of light. I could hear the warning buzzer saying there were just ten seconds left. I could hear the crowd call out my name and I figured they had paid their dough; they had a right.

"Just point me at 'im when the bell rings, Hymie," I said. "Just gimme a shove, an' remember you managed a champ." And then—well, what's the use of more details?

WAS all right in a couple of weeks, except I didn't have any dough; I'd blown it on the fight. They kept me in a dark room for a long time and the guy who came to see me most and did the most for me was Slat—nobody else. Then they took the bandages off and I could see as good as you or anybody else, provided I wore glasses.

Slat and I got to be pals, because we both understood what goes on in a fighter's scrambled brains. Not what the sportswriters think and not what the managers say. We got to be pals. Slat was a good champ. I guess Slat was the best there ever was. The boy was clever,

he could punch and he was gamer than a running horse.

Speaking of horses, though; they didn't help him much, although he dropped his biggest piece of change the time he opened up that restaurant. I don't know why it is that fighters open restaurants, unless it is they like to look at the stuff they're not allowed to eat. But to show you the kind of a guy he was:

I remember once, not so long ago, when Slat has a string of winners up at Saratoga. We're screaming out our brains for a filly name of Nelly Doon that's six to one. We're standing by the finish. Everybody yelling. I can see the flash of colors going by, but I can't tell which one is which.

"Who won?" I said.

Slat looked at me. "You mean to say you couldn't tell?"

"Well," I said. "Well, I was lookin' at something else."

"You were looking right at the finish," Slat said. "We gotta do something about your eyes. We got to see a doc."

It used to happen on and off. I'd be all right and then I wouldn't be all right. Except I wouldn't want to talk. I wouldn't want that people should be sorry for me—after all, I was a champ; I should have had more brains; I should have been the smart guy that I thought I was.

"Don't worry about the dough," he said. "I've got plenty of dough. I had six winners yesterday."

That's like Slat. Just like him. We went to see a doctor in New York and I was scared more than I ever was before. I didn't want the doc to tell me what was wrong. He was a big-time guy, expensive as a yacht. He must of thought that fighters all have millions. Must of heard of Tunney. "Well," he said, "it's hard to tell; I'd like to have some X-rays first."

We got the X-rays, then there was a lot of talk about the treatments I would need and how in a case like

mine you never could be sure. Then Slat drops his dough again and the first thing anybody knows, we're in the war.

It's in the winter when we start to hear of Slat and the Japanese. You know the way it is. You kid around. You say, "I'd like to see Joe Louis in a roomful of them Nazis." But you've got more sense. You know a bullet in the belly's worth more than the best punch ever thrown.

But we hear of Slat, with the soft, dark eyes. He's in a bigger fight than he was ever in before. He's with some wounded pals and since he always was a fancy fellow with his feet, it's very likely he can get away from all the trouble and the bullets.

But that would not be Slat. Slat stays around and neatly murders twenty-two Japs by himself and saves his pals and gets more decorations than a wedding cake.

Along the Avenue guys grab you by the coat and scream, "You hear?" And wave the papers underneath your nose. The boys tell me, especially, because I was his pal.

Ruby Dolan buys a drink for everybody in New York and says the drink's on Slat. "What's the difference if the guy ain't here? Drink up."

"Well, Mickey," they'd say to me, "I guess you're pretty proud. You hear from Slat lately?"

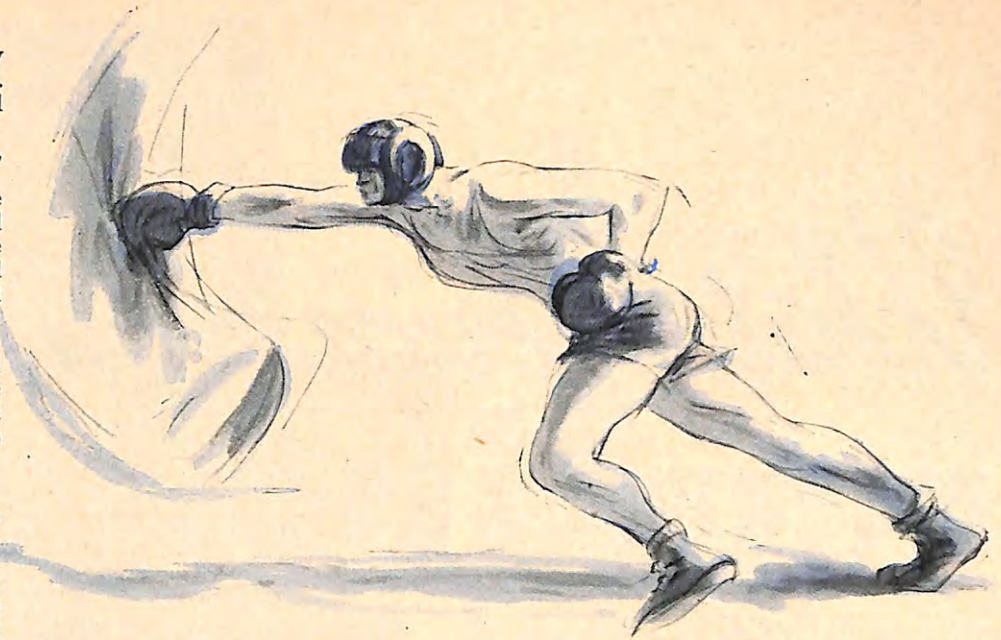
I'd show them the letter that I got a month or so before, but I wouldn't let them read it. "Confidential stuff," I'd say. "Just me an' Slat an' the Government."

"Come on; come on. Don't kid us, Mickey. What'd Slat say?"

"Well," I'd say, "he sends 'is love to everybody an' he's got 'imself one of them Ubangis. He's gonna marry a Ubangi. It's a free world, Slat says."

Sometimes it was embarrassin'.

(Continued on page 44)



What America is reading



Reviews of current best-sellers which would make fine Christmas gifts

By Harry Hansen



WHILE all the experts were writing about military strategy, Ernie Pyle shared the fortunes of the buck private in the war zone and sent back home news the family wanted to hear. As a result his simple, direct, honest reporting won the hearts of everybody and gave this roving correspondent a national reputation. People asked for a book of his newspaper columns and publishers began to cable him for rights. The result is "Here Is Your War", a book that may well be described as the inside history of the North African campaign. These columns from the front are as fresh reading today as when Ernie Pyle put them on the wires, and they are all the better because here is the whole story in one book. Ernie Pyle had friends everywhere. He lived with the flyers and the ground troops; he rode in planes and in jeeps. At the end of the campaign an outfit gave him a German Volkswagen, the equivalent of the American jeep, because he had been with the boys in good and bad times. Later "the army" took it away. His picture of the Germans surrendering is the best given by any correspondent. He portrays them as human beings; they were friendly, but underneath, every one of them betrayed his feeling of superiority and high-handedness, and his conviction that the Germans would win.

"That colossal German surrender did more for American morale than anything that could possibly have happened," writes Mr. Pyle. "We need never be ashamed of our fighters," says he. "Even though they didn't do too well in the beginning, there was never at any time any question about the Americans' bravery. It was a matter of being hardened and practiced by going through the flames." And because Ernie Pyle realized that our soldiers were "just guys from Broadway and Main Street" he turned out the best reporting of the whole war. (Henry Holt, \$3)

CAPT. RALPH INGERSOLL'S war book, "The Battle Is the Pay-Off", differs a great deal from Ernie Pyle's report, but it serves the very important purpose of describing the work of the engineers and the details of one specific action—that of El Guettar. Engineers have to place and remove mines, and for that reason Capt. Ingersoll gives a clear account of mining. But in describing a unified action he renders a great service, for while we have had piece-meal reports, and correspondents have described "angles" of fighting, most of them fall back

Capt. Ralph Ingersoll's new book is "The Battle Is the Pay-Off".

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on their own experiences. Capt. Ingersoll makes his own experience and observation the basis of his account, but he never forgets that he is taking part in actions that add up to a complete battle. There are "violent moments" in every battle, but "the killing and the getting killed are
(Continued on page 46)





"Well, she must have bought a new hat today..."

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

DRYNESS (lack of sweetness) is a priceless quality in whiskey. Paul Jones' *dryness* brings out the true whiskey flavor and delicate aroma—for your most complete enjoyment. Try *Dry* Paul Jones . . . and we think

you'll agree that it is one of the finest whiskies America has ever produced.

If you're not always able to get *Dry* Paul Jones...please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks

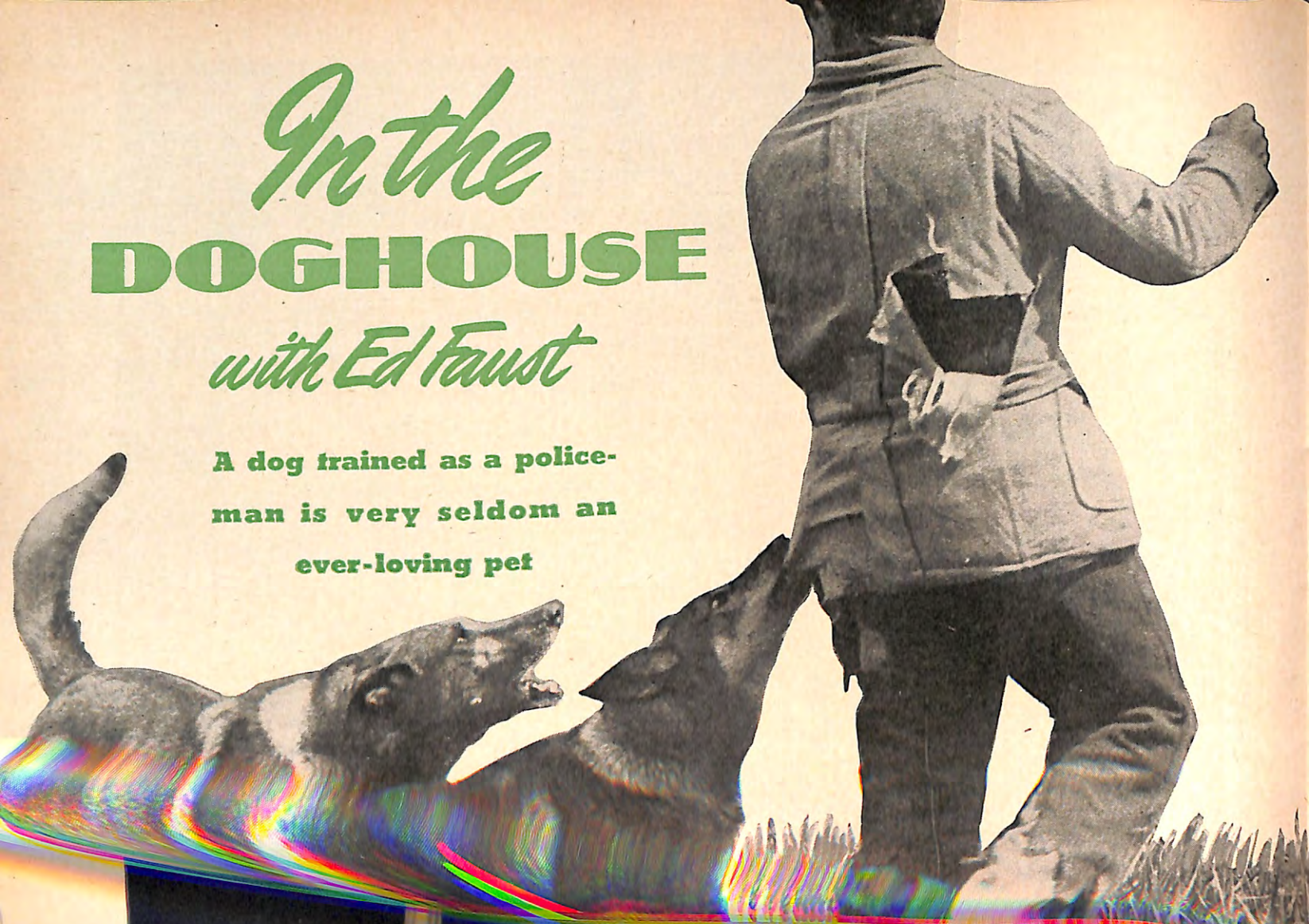
of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war uses. (Our prices have not been increased—except for taxes.)

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

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust

**A dog trained as a police-
man is very seldom an
ever-loving pet**



BOTTLED BOND

OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

*This whisky is distilled by us
only, and we are responsible for
its richness and fine quality.
Its elegant flavor is solely due to
original fineness developed with care.
There is nothing better in the market.*

DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
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BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

*There is nothing
better in the
market*



Sabotage by Statistics

**A sinister, satanic
statistical system is**

Duck shooting is usually the simple business of slapping out decoys, hiding in a convenient blind until the quackers wing within range, and then banging away. Or maybe jump-shooting them from a marsh or winding creek or pass-shooting them as they trade from one feeding ground to another. All these afford nice sport, on occasion, but there are other and perhaps less well known methods of whipping up the makings of a duck dinner. For instance:

Up on Ironbound Island, Nova Scotia, lives a breed of wildfowlers who make most American duck hunters look like sissies. These hardy lads do their gunning on the Atlantic's heaving bosom about ten miles off shore, over water six to fourteen fathoms deep and from "duck tubs" which displace about as much water as the tub in your fam-

ily kitchen. A great brood that has been scattered by the ice and wind, which is old and young, and hunted. You gotta be rigged to hunt 'em and twice as rigged to eat 'em. These shooting tubs are handled by two men and consist of the tub proper, in which the gunner squats, and narrow "wings", the underside of which are fitted with cork to give the rig buoyancy. The tub, frame and wings, along with necessary decoys, anchor, ballast rocks and lines are piled into a 16-foot dory long before daylight and the two hunters head out to sea.

Shooting is always from the ocean side of a shoal, where, in calm weather, the tub is rigged out in about six fathoms of water. A heavy sea calls for deeper water—14 fathoms or more.

When everything is properly rigged, decoys are out on long lines and a few more blocks are distributed around the frame of the tub

to help control the tub when the gunner and ammunition squats down, but his partner rows off to leeward in the dory. The tub is only three inches of green above and half below sea level, and is played the toughest and most arduous wildfowling game known to man. His only protection from disaster is his partner, in the dory, standing off to leeward, who retrieves killed birds, polishes off cripples and lends a quick hand if a big sea breaks over the tub and swamps it.

When the war is over your correspondent plans to give this game a whirl. But not before we get all life insurance premiums squared up and a will written. It's that kind of duck shooting.

Ever hear of duck shooting over a "tolling" dog? Years ago the game was still played in this country but now it's confined to two counties in Nova Scotia. (Continued on page 36)



BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



Press Association

ROD AND GUN

By

Ray Trullinger

Here are some of the lesser known methods for whipping up a duck dinner

KILLING a mess of ducks is something like disposing of an unwanted feline. Either chore can be accomplished in a variety of ways—some easy, some difficult.

To the average duck shooter, wildfowling is usually the simple business of slapping out decoys, hiding in a convenient blind until the quackers wing within range, and then banging away. Or maybe jump-shooting them from a marsh or winding creek or pass-shooting them as they trade from one feeding ground to another. All these afford nice sport, on occasion, but there are other and perhaps less well known methods of whipping up the makings of a duck dinner. For instance:

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ily bathroom. Further proof that these hunters are definitely on the rugged side is indicated by the fact that eider ducks, old squaws and scoters, which do not taste like mallard or canvasback, are the birds hunted. You gotta be rugged to hunt 'em and twice as rugged to eat 'em.

These shooting tubs are handled by two men and consist of the tub proper, in which the gunner squats, and narrow "wings", the underside of which are fitted with cork to give the rig buoyancy. The tub, frame and wings, along with necessary decoys, anchor, ballast rocks and lines are piled into a 16-foot dory long before daylight and the two hunters head out to sea.

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to help conceal the shooter, the gunner climbs into the tub with his gun and ammunition, squats down, and his partner rows off to leeward in the dory.

With only three inches of freeboard, the shooter is floating half above and half below sea level and is playing the toughest and most hazardous wildfowling game known to man. His only protection from disaster is his partner in the dory, standing off to leeward, who retrieves killed birds, polishes off cripples and lends a quick hand if a big sea breaks over the tub and swamps it.

When the war is over your correspondent plans to give this game a whirl. But not before we get all life insurance premiums squared up and a will written. It's that kind of duck shooting.

Ever hear of duck shooting over a "tolling" dog? Years ago the game was still played in this country but now it's confined to two counties in Nova Scotia. (Continued on page 36)

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust

A dog trained as a policeman is very seldom an ever-loving pet



Wide World

THIS is as good a time as any to answer a question that is often asked of me. And that is, where can I buy a dog trained as a policeman? Now you might be able to buy one, and for many the price might not be at all too stiff, but my answer to the question invariably is, "Don't." Such dogs should only be attached to law enforcement agencies or other bureaus needing their services. As house pets they are likely to be wholly unsuited. Their training disqualifies them. The average householder would do better to open his or her home to a wolverine with a chronic case of dyspepsia. You see, primarily Mr. Police Dog is trained

to attack and to go into action when he detects unusual and suspicious human behavior. Now in a neighborhood of law-abiding citizens such a pooch can create what our best writers term as havoc. If the dog is loose at night, the late home-coming of a neighbor may cause the dog to confuse that person with a prowler. You can imagine the consequences. Any dog schooled to be aggressive can become quite a problem when taken on walks after being confined. As one authority rightly points out, if the dog's usual trainer is not present or some nitwit gives the word to attack, the result can be dangerous. True, as guardians these dogs are splendid, but their whole training is directed in entirely different channels. The average alert, courageous house pet of sufficient size will function just as efficiently as watchman

or guardian without the additional potentiality of being the cause of a law suit upon the part of someone who is attacked while innocently going about his or her business.

While I'm on the subject of Fido as a copper, let me once again say that there is no such breed as a police dog. The kind of work the dog is trained to do has nothing to do with its breed or nationality any more than the occupation of restaurant keeper means that that person is a Greek. Any sufficiently large, intelligent, alert and reasonably aggressive dog can perform police work. The latter two characteristics if latent in him or her can be and frequently are developed. But when an idea becomes fixed in the public mind it gets rooted as deeply as a California redwood. Because the German

(Continued on page 48)



Sabotage by Statistics

**A sinister, satanic
statistical system is
sabotaging sports**



**By
Stanley
Frank**

HAVING waited in vain for more zealous defenders of the Republic to expose a cunning and dangerous subversive group that is undermining the country's morale, we are forced to unmask a fiendish plot that would make us a nation of appeasers. Diabolically clever enemy agents are feeding us pernicious propaganda designed to transform us into a soft, decadent people satisfied

with half a loaf, with that sly invention known as the moral victory. Sports statisticians are the spearheads of this movement which threatens the rugged individualism of America.

The glorification of sports statistics has reached the point where we are led to suspect that a team which outscores, but fails to out-statistick, the other side practically has stolen the game by larcenous methods. It is clear that the vigor and vitality of the Republic are being sapped by the favorite device of enemy agents, football statistics. The big idea of the game is to assemble a bunch of brawny students, some of whom study, and stun a team of lesser students by whacking them over the head with touchdowns. One team gets the laurels; the other team gets lumps. That's simple

enough and in the forthright American tradition.

For half a century the survival-of-the-fittest theory governed football. The game was reduced to pure, if somewhat riotous, fundamentals: If your guys had the bigger number on the scoreboard at the end of the game, your guys won.

Today, a fan really doesn't know whether it is sporting to accept the final score, and the bets accruing therefrom, until he sees the statistics in the newspapers the following day.

The football appeasers launched their satanic statistical campaign about ten years ago. Oh, they were clever and their approach was harmless enough. (Twenty years ago people also thought Shickelgruber was a clown with a comic-opera growth on his upper lip and a calliope in his

(Continued on page 49)

Editorial

Christmas, 1943

THIS will be a Christmas similar to that which preceded it. Our minds will be divided between loved ones at home and loved ones far from home in the ranks of those fighting for our country. Those at home are being protected against the heartless savagery of our enemies bent on their destruction. Those abroad are giving their all, even risking life itself, that those at home may continue to enjoy life and happiness in this blessed land. Many have died in this horrible conflict, many have been wounded and are now suffering far from home and friends. Many are suffering in prison camps and the end is not yet. What the toll will be no man can tell. It is too awful to contemplate. Those responsible will be called upon to answer before an all-wise and just God. These thoughts take us far from the Christmas spirit, but with that fortitude which must be shared by each we approach this Christmas with prayers on our lips and in our hearts for our loved ones wherever they may be and however they may be situated. In our poor way we can continue to care for those at home, and those abroad we commend to the loving care of an all-wise God of love and mercy.



A Suggestion to Lodges

HOW long is it until Christmas? Well, that depends on your age. If you are a kid, it is so far away that you fear it may never arrive. If you are old, it is just around the corner. If you are young or in middle life, it is about seven weeks in the offing—quite close enough to begin planning to bring joy and gladness to others during the happy Yuletide Season.

In the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, are assembled many of our less fortunate Brothers. Let us not forget them. Some will receive a Christmas remembrance from their lodge. In the past, others have not been so fortunate. Just imagine, if you can, how those not remembered will feel. Would it not be fine for every lodge to send from its treasury to the Superintendent, Robert Scott, a few dollars for the Christmas fund? He will see to it that it is equitably apportioned among the Brothers at the Home according to their respective needs and deserts so that none will be overlooked and that all will have a Merry Christmas.

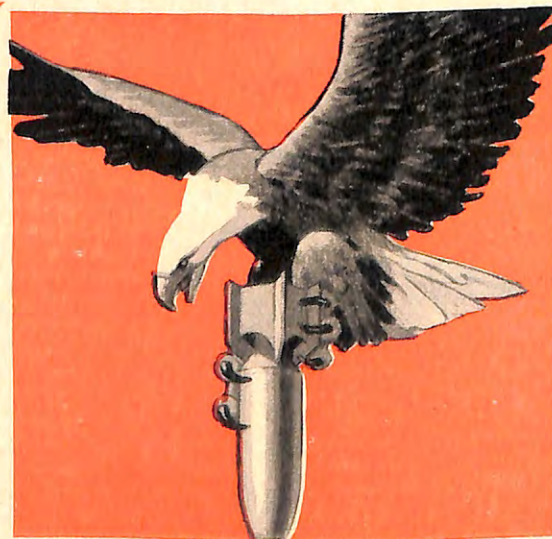
Every fellow feels better if he has a little change in his pocket. These Brothers are well housed and well fed, but they need a little cash with which they can occasionally go to a movie or buy some candy, cigars, cigarettes or tobacco. And, "believe you me", a few dollars is a lot of money to some of our Brothers at the Home.

Would it not be appropriate for your lodge in this way to let the Elks in Bedford know that they are not forgotten, and that you wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year?

Another Good Record

THE Federal Bureau of Investigation investigated 12,000 cases of suspected sabotage and in that number found evidence of sabotage activity in about 1200 cases, but

Drawing by John Sheridan



the Bureau advises that there has been no evidence of accomplished sabotage having been directed by a foreign government.

Persons to the number of about 500 have been convicted in sabotage cases and most cases in industrial plants involve persons who had personal access to these plants. The nearest approach to accomplished sabotage directed by an enemy government was given as the case of the eight men who landed on Long Island, six of whom have been tried and executed. It is stated under reliable authority that approximately 15,000 enemy aliens had been taken into custody by the Federal Bureau of Investigation up to June 30th, 1943, some of whom were released after hearing. Included in this number were 5,685 Germans, 5,234 Japanese, 3,490 Italians, 11 Rumanians, 11 Hungarians and 1 Bulgarian.

Since the enactment of the Selective Service the F. B. I. has disposed of more than 285,000 cases of violations with only 5,764 convictions. The principal reasons for violations are said to be due to ignorance or carelessness.

Requests Listed

THE following is given as a suggestion by "Yule Gifts For Yanks" and has been obtained from members of the Armed Forces which indicated that they will be exceptionally delighted to receive cigarettes; cigarette lighters, good "in a strong wind"; wrist watches, water and shock proof; scout or hunting knives; small cameras and film; fruit cake, preferably home-baked; pictures of wife, sweetheart, parents, relatives or friends, in pocket-size, waterproof folders; leather gloves (except in hot countries); nonleak fountain pens; socks, handkerchiefs, shirts; soap, fingernail scissors, razor blades; compact shaving kits; compact toilet kits; pocket-size magazine subscriptions; cigars; pipes of quality; smoking tobacco; underwear; pen and pencil sets; extra lead for mechanical pencils; sun glasses; ink—in plastic containers only; swimming trunks (South Seas and Australia

only); nail files; nail clippers; small battery radios; finger rings; fishing equipment; wallets; playing cards; sewing kits; flashlights; small steel mirrors; writing portfolios, with lock; stationery; good belts; harmonicas; canned, vacuum-packed peanuts; foot powder; saddle soap; checkerboards; backgammon sets; hard candy in tins; clothes brushes.

The foregoing list is merely by way of suggestion and points out some of the various articles for which requests have been made. The list will be of material assistance not only in making out packages to go generally to members of the Armed Forces but also in making up the "G" Boxes to be sent to members of the Order.

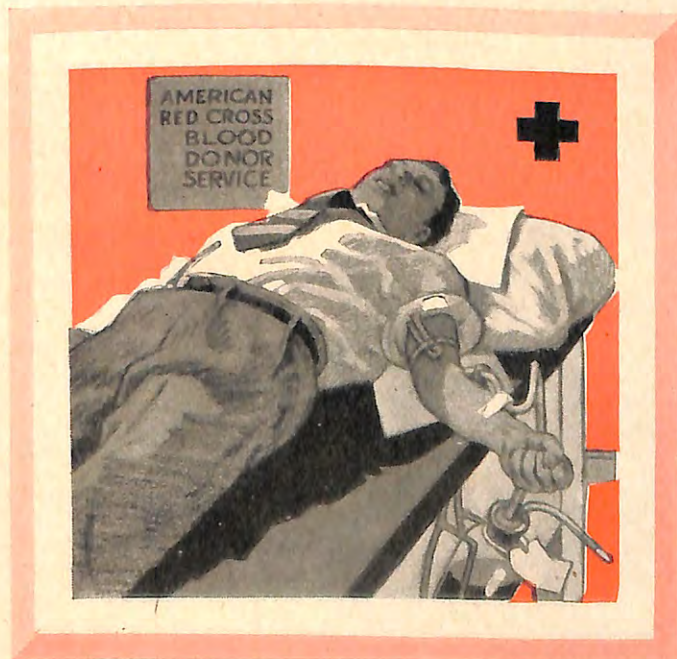
General Clark Thanks Blood Donors

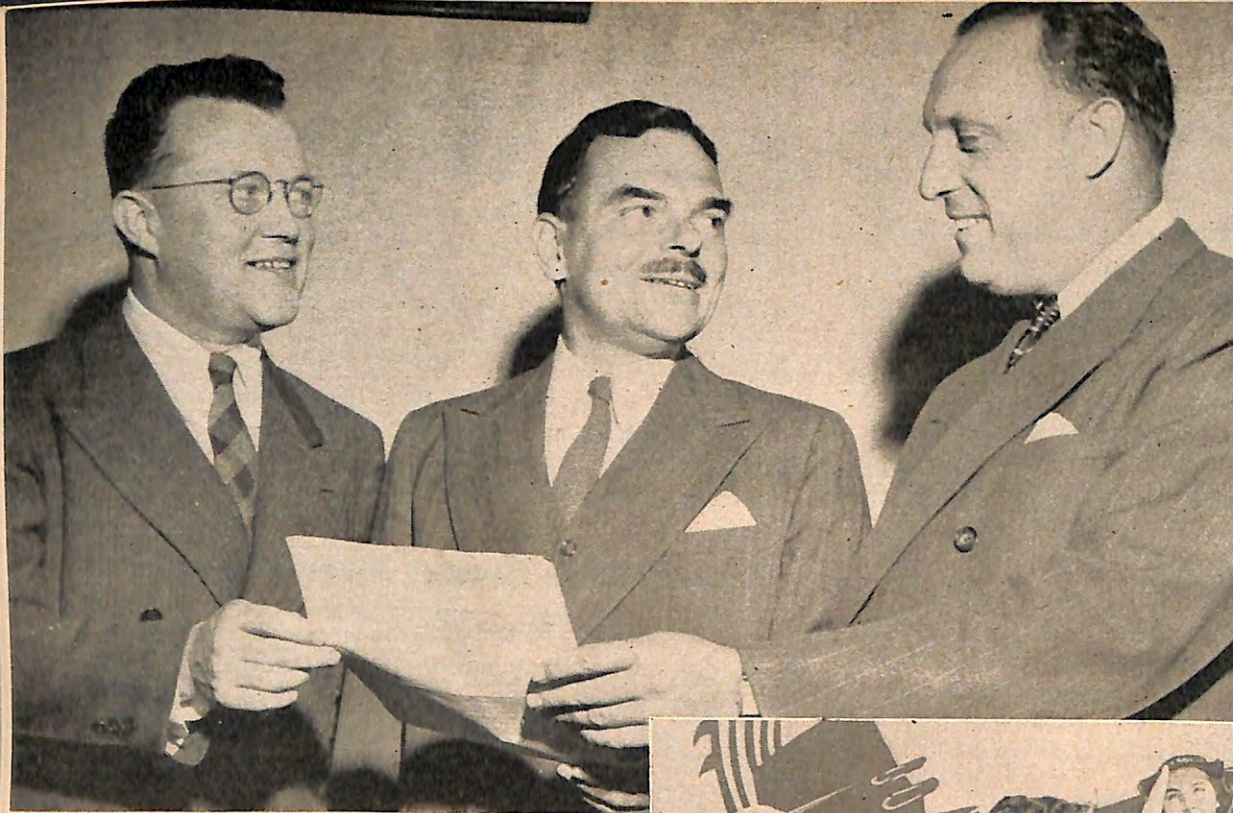
MUCH has been said in these columns concerning the donation of blood to blood banks all over the country. Much has been said, yes, but too much can never be said. Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark recently paid tribute to the value of blood plasma in the battle of Italy, and, on behalf of the Armed Forces, expressed thanks to civilian blood donors in the United States.

"Blood plasma has been used extensively in this campaign," General Clark said. "Large stocks are maintained so close to the front lines that it is not uncommon to see patients receiving plasma while being carried in litters or ambulances to a casualty station.

"Plasma is also used in hospitals behind the lines, where necessary surgery is performed by expert doctors and nurses. In one hospital that we visited, sixty-nine blood transfusions and 250 blood plasma units had been given during three days of combat.

"Plasma has saved hundreds of American lives in Italy and will save many more before the campaign is over. I am sincerely grateful to the civilians at home who have donated their blood for the members of our Armed Forces."





Left: Michael J. Gilday, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, and John F. Scileppi, State Chairman of the Elks Slipper Campaign, as they discussed plans for providing 52,500 pairs of slippers to convalescent Servicemen.

Below: E.R. George P. Cardinal of Chippewa Falls, Wis., Lodge is shown at the Navy Recruiting Station with John Rector, Sp. 3-c (R.), and L.G. DeGrace, Sp1c(R.), as the Exalted Ruler joins the Seabees in answer to Chippewa Falls Lodge's recruiting program.

THE
Elks
 IN THE
WAR



Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneran, surrounded by the officers of the Michigan State Elks Assn., at a dinner tendered to him by Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, receives a check for \$1,622, representing the voluntary contributions of Grand Rapids Lodge to the Elks Fraternal Center Fund.





Above are Los Angeles, Calif., citizens who were present when E.R. Walter Trask acted as Master of Ceremonies when Los Angeles Lodge entertained the biggest crowd of the year in a bond-selling drive.

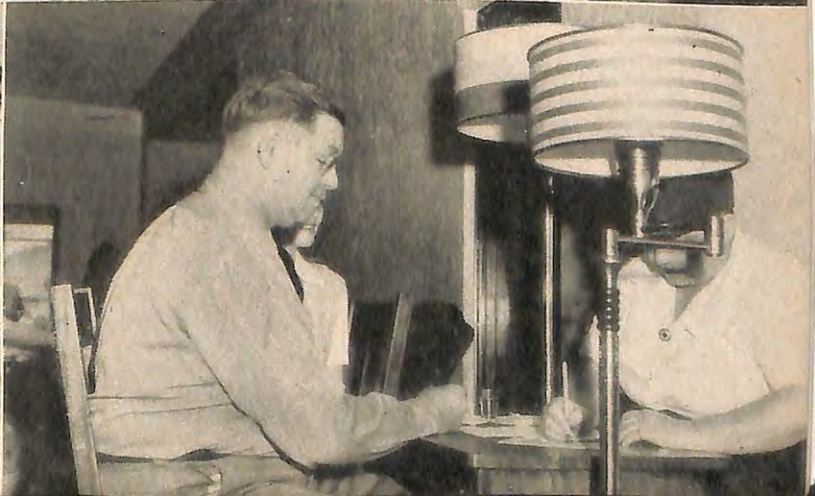


Left: E.R. Joseph P. Gregory of West Haven, Conn., Lodge presents a check for \$1,325 for the purchase of cigarettes for men in the Service.

Right: Officers of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, shown with members of the entertainment staff of the 14th College Training Detachment Air Crew which used Lynchburg Lodge's ballroom as an entertainment center.

Below: Chairman Robert N. Traver and Carl J. Hase of Ontario, Calif., Lodge are shown with a shipment of cigarettes for men overseas.

Below, right: P.E.R. D. W. Wade pauses at the reception desk in Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge before donating blood to the Red Cross. The headquarters for the Blood Bank Unit is provided by Fort Collins Lodge in its \$80,000 new home.





Above: Soldiers and sailors with their guests at Louisville, Ky., Lodge at a dance held at the Lodge's Fraternal Center.



Right are Army officers, WAVES, WACS and military nurses who were present at a dance given by Tampa, Fla., Lodge recently at that Lodge's Fraternal Center.



Left is the Colonels Orchestra of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge which recently journeyed to the Ashford General Hospital at White Sulphur Springs to conduct a two-hour program of song, dance and music for a group of convalescent soldiers.

Below are members of the Red Cross Blood Donor Mobile Unit sponsored by Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, shown with their equipment in the Lodge home.





Above are officers of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, shown with Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan when he made his official visit to that Lodge.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

GRAND EXALTED RULER FRANK J. LONERGAN, making his official visit to **GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., LODGE, NO. 48**, on October 4, was warmly greeted by a large turnout of members. Invited by the Grand Rapids Rotary Club to speak at the Rotary luncheon, Mr. Lonergan gave a very fine talk. His plea for cooperation in the Elks' campaign against juvenile delinquency made a deep impression. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, P.E.R. of Grand Rapids Lodge and former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who, with Benjamin F. Watson, P.E.R. of Lansing Lodge and Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn., and E. P. Breen, Grand Rapids, D.D. for Michigan, West, had accompanied Mr. Lonergan on a tour of the State.

That evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler

was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Pantlind Hotel, attended by officers of Grand Rapids Lodge and the Michigan State Elks Association. Mr. Lonergan was presented with a check for \$1,622 representing No. 48's contribution to the Elks Fraternal Center Fund. At the lodge meeting held later, a class of candidates was initiated for **GRAND RAPIDS LODGE** and **GRAND HAVEN LODGE NO. 1200**. After the ceremonies, Mr. Lonergan delivered an eloquent address in which he covered the war activities of the Order and urged Elks to "Keep America American". The meeting was attended by a large number of visiting State officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the local lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan visited **LANSING, MICH., LODGE, NO. 196**, officially on October 6. Arriving shortly

before noon, Mr. Lonergan first visited the lodge home, registering later at the Hotel Olds where spacious quarters had been reserved for him by Lansing Lodge. He then attended a luncheon given for him at the Porter Hotel by Attorney Benjamin F. Watson, State President. Officers of the local lodge, dignitaries from other lodges and members of the Ingham County Bar Association were guests. That afternoon Mr. Lonergan spent some time conferring with Clay Paddock, of Jackson Lodge, District Deputy for Michigan, Central, and other Elk officials.

At 6:30 the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a dinner, given by the lodge officers, Past Exalted Rulers and members of the Drill Team of Lansing Lodge, at which he spoke briefly. Harold G. Burwick, Exalted Ruler of No. 196, and Edward L. Smith, Past Exalted Ruler, also spoke. Other prominent Elks present for the evening festivities were introduced. Mr. Watson acted as Toastmaster. After the dinner, Mr. Lonergan was escorted into the lodge room by the Esquire and the Drill Team and introduced to the members of the lodge. The ceremony of introduction was repeated for the visiting District Deputies for Michigan, Central, and Michigan, West, Mr. Paddock and Mr. Breen, and for officers of the Michigan State Elks Association and members of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Lansing Lodge. Following an impressive and capable exemplification of the Ritual by the Lansing officers, assisted by the Drill Team, Mr. Lonergan addressed the meeting, outlining his program and explaining its most important points.



Above are Elks who were present at the Illinois State Elks Association's Fall Conference held at Decatur, Ill. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner is shown at center.



News of The state associations

VERMONT

At the annual convention of the Vermont State Elks Association at Rutland, Vt., on October 10, Joseph T. McWeeny, of Bellows Falls Lodge, was elected President. The other officers elected are: 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. J. E. H. Sibson, Brattleboro; 2nd Vice-Pres., G. Herbert Moulton, St. Johnsbury; 3rd Vice-Pres., Melvin Moore, Springfield; Secy., H. J. Tole, Bellows Falls; Treas., Oscar Beck, St. Johnsbury; Trustees for three years: Frank C. Corry, Montpelier, Andrew Morrison, Springfield, William H. Rudd, Bennington, and G. E. Charron, St. Albans.

The meeting was one of the most constructive and successful ever held by the State Association. More than 275 delegates and members of all of the Vermont lodges attended. The Association adopted a resolution, offered by Rutland Lodge, to establish a \$250 annual scholarship in Vermont in conjunction with a scholarship established by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, the same rules and regulations to govern the State Contest for the scholarship. Greetings for the State were brought by Lieutenant Governor Mortimer R. Proctor. Grand Tiler John T. Nelson, of Barre Lodge, District Deputy Paul E. Hill, Montpelier,

retiring President John M. McMahon, of Rutland also addressed the meeting.

In connection with the convention, Rutland Lodge sponsored an Americanism contest for Rutland boys and girls in Mount St. Joseph Academy and Rutland High School, with \$60 in War Stamps being presented to the winners as prizes. The Goshen Camp for Crippled Children near Brandon, Vt., was ably supported during the year by the Elks of Vermont. The Elks' Camp Committee announced its readiness to build a new dining hall as soon as materials are available. The considerable amount of work performed by Vermont Elks in recruiting Aviation Cadets and Seabees was outlined by Chairman Judge Angelo J. Spero, P.E.R. of Rutland Lodge and a Trustee of the State Association.

Sergeant Earl R. McGuire, of the United States Marines, was Convention Chairman, assisted by Joseph A. Abel, E.R. of Rutland Lodge No. 345, P.E.R.'s Roy H. Leonard and Dominic F. Flory, and Roy Blay, Robert L. Edwards and Gerald E. McLaughlin, members.

COLORADO

The Colorado State Elks Association held its 40th Annual Convention in

Greeley, Colo., on Saturday and Sunday, September 25-26. The Ritualistic Contest was held on the first day with six teams in competition. The Colorado Central and South Districts were represented by one team for each, the North and West Districts by two each. Grand Junction Lodge No. 575, Colorado, West, with a percentage of 98.8303, was the winner. Second honors went to Montrose Lodge No. 1053, of the West District, with a percentage of 98.5431, and third to Greeley Lodge No. 809, of the North District, with a percentage of 98.5390. Boulder Lodge No. 566, North District, 98.4860, Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309, Central District, 95.8840, and Alamosa Lodge No. 1297, South District, 95.5309, were fourth, fifth and sixth respectively.

A banquet, held on Saturday evening for the State officers and visiting Elks and their ladies, was followed by the presentation of a program in the spacious lodge room of Greeley Lodge No. 809. State Chaplain Dr. George L. Nuckolls, of Gunnison Lodge No. 1623, was the speaker.

The business sessions, well attended, were held on Sunday, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. State President Albert R. Fine, of Greeley Lodge, presided. Past Exalted Ruler Robert E. Hanna, of Greeley Lodge, who was in charge of registration, submitted the following figures: Colorado Elks present, 709; Elks from other States, 16; ladies, 458; total registration, 1,183.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, was present as the representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Coen delivered an instructive and inspiring address at the Sunday morning session. Before the session was called to order, a breakfast was given in the lodge home for the State officers and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, during which a round table discussion was held regarding the work of the Secretaries and Exalted Rulers, with everyone taking part. There are now 36 lodges in Colorado with a total membership, as of March 31, 1943, of 12,811, a gain for the year of 840. Thirty-

(Continued on page 50)



Left: The retiring Pres. of the California State Elks Assn. greets the newly elected incumbent in the presence of E.R. Walter W. Trask of Los Angeles Lodge and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, during the course of the State Convention which was held in Los Angeles.

Under the ANTLERS



**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**



Monessen Lodge Entertains Two Prominent Pennsylvania Elks

Monessen, Pa., Lodge, No. 773, entertained Ralph C. Robinson, of Wilkesburg Lodge, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and Clarence E. Thompson, of Etna, D.D. for Pennsylvania, Southwest, on October 14 when 24 candidates were initiated. The class was designated the "Jennings Class", honoring the memory of Jack Jennings, the first member of Monessen Lodge to give his life for his country in World War II.

The lodge room was crowded to capacity with members of the Order assembled to welcome the distinguished visitors, both of whom addressed the meeting, speaking on the Grand Ex-

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

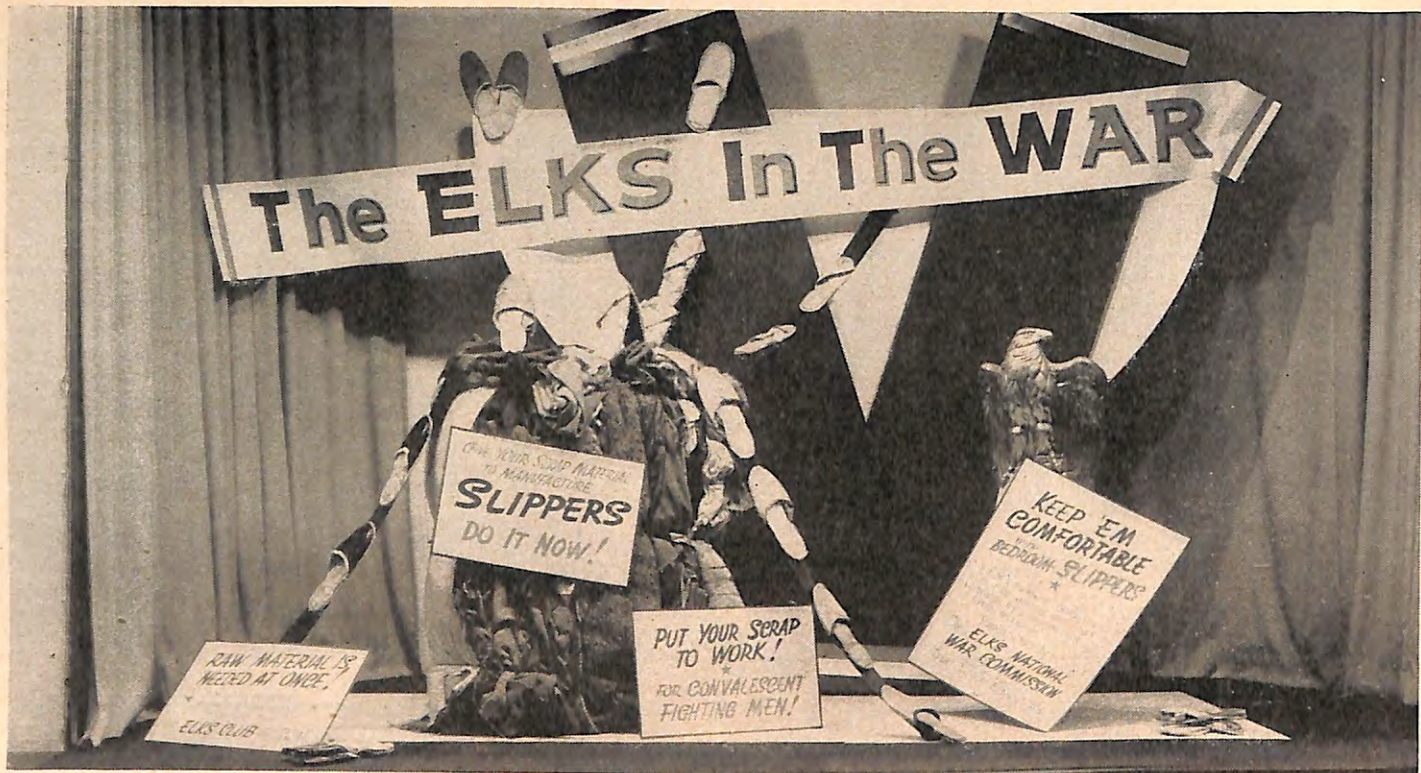
alted Ruler's program in connection with the war effort. Many prominent Elks were present from sister lodges in the Pittsburgh vicinity. A social session in the grill room was held after the meeting.

Under "Good of the Order", E.R. Francis L. Kasper formally notified the State President and the District Deputy that Monessen Lodge had made its subscription payment to the Elks National Foundation Trustees and that it had invested \$30,000 in War Bonds at a Bond Rally held in the lodge home on October 2.

More than 100 members of Monessen Lodge are serving in the Nation's Armed Forces. Lieutenant Commander Jesse Griffith, who belongs to the lodge, has been cited for valor for operating on a sailor after an engagement in the South

Above, left: Officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. are, left to right, Treasurer Charles S. Brown; Secy. William S. Gould; Pres. Ralph C. Robinson; Vice-Pres. Wilbur P. Baird, and Trustee George M. Kirk.

Left: Joseph T. McWeeny of Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge, third from left, receives congratulations from retiring Pres. John M. McMahon of Rutland, on the occasion of his election to the Presidency of the Vermont State Elks Assn. Also present were Sgt. Earl R. McGuire, E.R. Joseph A. Abel of Rutland, and State Secy. H. J. Tole.



Pacific and removing an unexploded shell from his body. "G" Boxes have been sent to all of the members who are serving overseas. The sending of "G" Boxes to all members in the Services is taken care of by the Canteen Committee.

An Item of Interest from Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge

The financial affairs of Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, are in excellent shape and the lodge home, repainted, redecorated and refurnished, is completely paid for.

The mortgage, in the amount of \$30,000, dated March 18, 1925, was formally discharged last February following a series of 17 payments extending over a period of 18 years. Many times, especially during the years of depression, it was a question as to whether or not the lodge could continue to exist. The present satisfactory condition was brought about through efficient management, the cooperation of lodge officers, the proper functioning of committees and active interest on the part of the members in maintaining their memberships, paying their dues and assisting in all endeavors for the growth and welfare of the lodge.

When the mortgage was burned on March 18, 1943, by the Exalted Ruler, Charles L. O'Loughlin, whose administration is credited with the liquidation of the debt, the lodge home was filled to capacity by members and visiting Elks. More than 290 persons were seated at tables for the dinner which preceded the ceremonies. William A. McCarthy, Exalted Ruler when the original note was issued and the lodge moved into the home, was Toastmaster. On the list of speakers were Raymond F. Maney, the present Exalted Ruler, Anthony F. Law-

Above is the display sponsored by the Elks War Commission of Troy, N. Y., Lodge. It encourages the Lodge's Slippers for Convalescent Soldiers Program.

Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

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

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

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Woonsocket Lodge, who was personally responsible for the purchase of the home in 1925; Dr. Edwin C. Morin, Pawtucket, Treas. of the R. I. State Elks Assn.; Past Pres.'s Dr. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence, and Alfred H. Chapman, Westerly; Past Vice-Pres.-at-Large James A. Taylor, Woonsocket; former Mayor J. Hector Paquin, Secretary of State, Eugene A. Bonte, President of the Woonsocket Chamber of Commerce, and Augustine J. Cote, Fire Chief of the City of Woonsocket, members of No. 850; State Senator George D. Greenhalgh and Mayor Ernest E. Dupre.

Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Marceau and Mr. O'Loughlin were praised by Secretary Lawrence for their administrative accomplishments, one of which was the change of the system of income through depositories made during Mr. Marceau's term of office, which further reduced the mortgage. Interest on the mortgage amounted to \$25,089.31, the major portion of which, \$19,400, was paid off in a period of about five months beginning in August, 1942. Increase in payments was made possible by membership gains and various lodge activities including bingo. Dances and floor shows were given and a monthly entertainment



Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, shown with officers of Lancaster, Calif., Lodge, on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on that Lodge's home.



Above: The Douglas E. Lambourne Class which was recently initiated into Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, in the presence of the Lodge officers.

Right: Officers of many Illinois Lodges who were present when Chicago (South) Lodge was host to the Illinois Northeast District Assn. recently.



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District Deputy C. David Jones Visits Raleigh, N. C., Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler C. David Jones, of Wilmington Lodge No. 532, D.D. for North Carolina, East, made his first official visit to Raleigh Lodge No. 735 on October 26. A chicken barbecue dinner was prepared for the 152 Elks who greeted the District Deputy. Many prominent members of the Order were present.

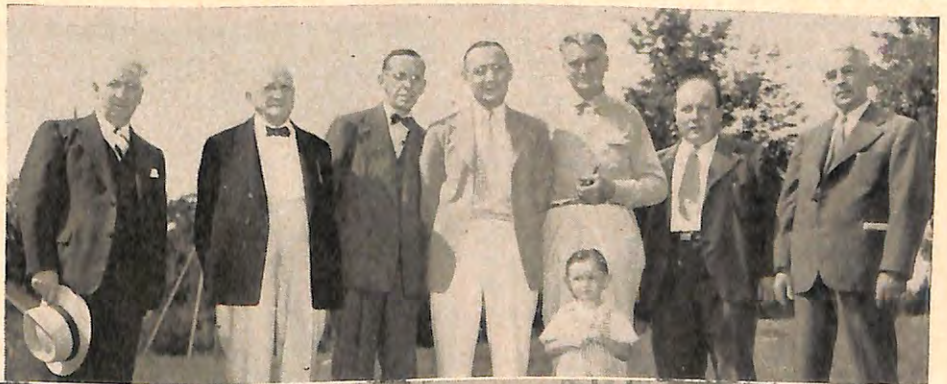
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to the lodge by P.E.R. Graham H. Andrews who was himself introduced by P.D.D. Gayle J. Cox, P.E.R. of Raleigh Lodge. Mr. Jones delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message and gave an inspirational talk. He also complimented the Raleigh officers for their excellent work in initiating a class of candidates and publicly congratulated Secretary Henry D. Bunch upon his efficient handling of the books and records.

Commander Kessler Addresses the N. J. State Elks Association

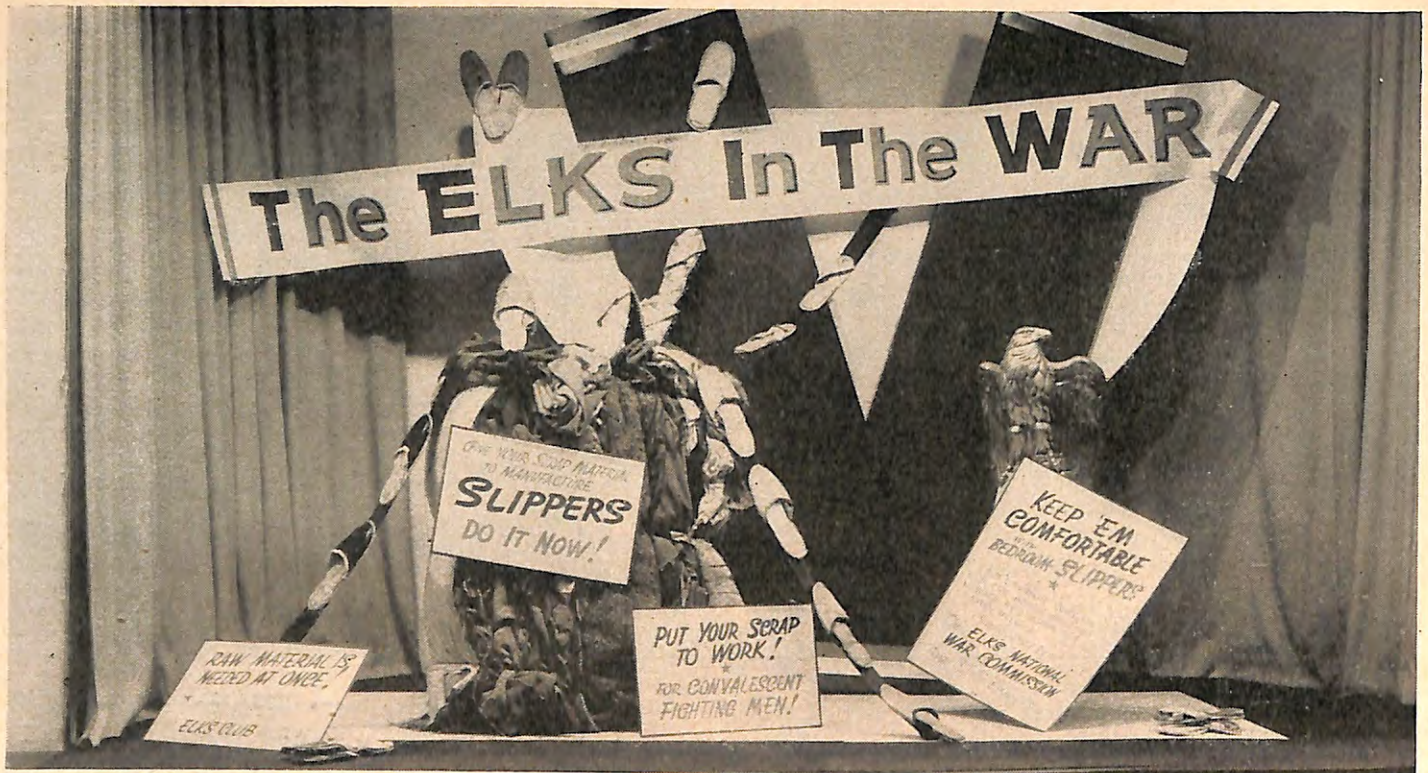
Commander Henry H. Kessler, of the United States Navy, delivered a stirring address before the Elks assembled for the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held in Newark. Recently returned from Guadalcanal, the Commander was a guest of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch,

Right is a group which gathered together during the annual party given for the Vermont Camp for Crippled Children at Goshen by Rutland, Vt., Lodge.



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Above is the Ritualistic Team of Decorah, Ia., Lodge which initiated the class of candidates shown with them.

Right: D.D. Herbert L. McCarter of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, with members of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, when he made his official visit there.



of Trenton Lodge No. 105. Commander Kessler was introduced to the Association as the first American doctor to develop for extensive use in this country the Cine-Plastic arm now used in most infantile paralysis cases in which the patient has been born without an arm. His introduction followed the showing of a motion picture in which a demonstration of the Cine-Plastic arm was featured as part of the work being done by the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children's Committee. The picture was explained in detail by Dr. Harris K. Cohan, of the Hasbrouck Heights Hospital, where many surgical miracles have been performed for the Elks in connection with their crippled children activities. Dr. Kessler, before the war, gave unstintingly of his time and surgical ability in aiding the Committee's rehabilitation program.

Commander Kessler congratulated the Elks of New Jersey on their crippled children work and also spoke of the Marines on Guadalcanal in glowing terms. State President William J. McCormack, of Orange Lodge, who presided, pronounced the meeting one of the

Right: Members of the Board of Trustees of West Haven, Conn., Lodge are shown as they purchased a \$5,000 Bond which now brings their total Bond investment to \$16,000.

Below are officers of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge shown with a class of candidates which they recently initiated into the Order.

most inspiring ever held by New Jersey Elks.

Salt Lake City Elks Honor D. E. Lambourne for Valuable Services

Upon his completion of a five-year term as Trustee of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, P.E.R. Douglas E. Lambourne, who served as President of the Utah State Elks Association during the past year, was honored by the lodge at a

recent meeting. A class of 95 candidates was initiated by E.R. Douglas F. Tanner and his officers. Prior to his election as Exalted Ruler of the lodge, Mr. Lambourne filled various chair offices. He served as chairman of a number of committees, and also conducted one of the most successful State Conventions held in Utah in many years.

The visitors' register kept by Salt Lake City Lodge is being filled rapidly with names of members of lodges





Brad-Boyle, Middletown Times Herald.

Above: Officers of the East Central District of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. are shown with candidates who were recently initiated into Middletown Lodge in honor of State Vice-Pres. Philip Parker.



Left: Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge officers are shown during the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

conduct the campaign, and opened a downtown Bond office where 1,925 separate Bonds were sold during the Drive. Sale of reserved seats for a high school football game brought \$80,000 in Bond purchases. Under the direction of Mayor John H. Houston, P.E.R., an army show was staged at the Pelican Theatre by a troupe from Camp White, assisted by Klamath Falls Elks. The sixteen-hundred seat theatre was completely filled with Bond buyers.

"Every Elk a Bond Salesman" was the slogan for workers in the lodge, and many members sold more than \$2,000 worth of Series "E" Bonds in the campaign. An intensive farm-to-farm campaign was conducted in the agricultural area, and the lodge staged a "Finish That Book Campaign", offering to put the last War Stamp in the book of any grade school pupil who would exchange Stamp Books for Bonds at the Elks' headquarters. Scores of youngsters responded. On the executive committee for the campaign were Past Exalted Ruler Hall, co-Vice-Chairmen John Linman and Vernon Moore, and E Bond Chairman E. Mullis.

Left: Officers of Ontario, Calif., Lodge present a check for \$525 to "Mother" Elinor Smith of the Casa Colina Home for Crippled Children, Chino, as part of the Lodge's welfare activities.

Below: The largest class in the Lodge's history is initiated into Midland, Mich., Lodge in honor of Special Deputy William M. Frasor.

throughout the country and especially of Elks in the U.S. Armed Forces stationed at various camps in the vicinity. During the past year, the lodge invested approximately \$30,000 in War Bonds, celebrated the burning of the bonds on the lodge home and obtained nearly 400 new members.

Klamath Falls Elks Sponsor War Bond Drive in County

Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247, accepted sole responsibility for the entire Third War Loan Drive in Klamath

County, and received credit for the sale of approximately \$3,200,000 in War Bonds in the 30-day campaign. The county quota was \$2,518,000. The lodge, the only one of the Order in Oregon to take over an entire county campaign in the third drive, was praised warmly by State and County war finance leaders.

E. B. Hall, the first Exalted Ruler of No. 1247 and a civic leader in Klamath Falls for more than 30 years, was appointed General Chairman of the Elks Bond Committee by Exalted Ruler Malcolm Epley. The lodge appropriated several hundred dollars with which to





Keokuk Lodge Observes Roll Call Night, An Annual Event

Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, No. 106, observed Roll Call Night at a recent fall meeting attended by 94 members, approximately 25 per cent of the membership. A hot buffet luncheon, served in the club rooms, preceded the regular annual Roll Call Meeting. Guests of the evening were C. E. Richards, Jr., of Fort Madison, Vice-Pres. of the Ia. State Elks Assn., and Daniel K. Brennan, P.E.R. of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge. Called upon by E.R. W. S. Swift, both visiting Elks gave interesting talks on the Order.

Gov. Dewey Approves N. Y. State Elks' Wartime Slipper Campaign

The Honorable Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of the State of New York, expressed hearty approval of the Order's campaign to collect material for the manufacture of slippers for free distribution to convalescent soldiers and sailors in hospitals throughout the United States, when a delegation of prominent Elks met with him in Albany on Septem-

Above are a large number of men who were initiated into Amarillo, Tex., Lodge in a special class known as the "130 Class".

ber 22. In an interview with Michael J. Gilday, of New Rochelle, President of the New York State Elks Association, the Governor, whose late father was a Past Exalted Ruler of Owosso, Mich., Lodge, No. 753, praised the activities of the Elks, and their patriotic efforts on behalf of wounded servicemen in particular.

The current campaign of the N. Y. State Elks Association is designed to obtain scraps and waste material such as carpets, rugs, draperies, oil cloth, bedding and soft cloth no longer wanted by home owners, the material to be collected by members of the 90 lodges in communities throughout the State. Each lodge is a receiving center, shipping the material to State penal institutions where arrangements have been made by Commissioner of Correction John A. Lyons to have the material fashioned into slippers by the inmates according to a pattern supplied by the Elks. Mr.

Gilday stated that 45,200 pairs of slippers had already been distributed by the Elks among 118 military and marine hospitals in the United States and as far distant as Australia, and that orders were on file for an additional 52,500 pairs. The slippers are supplied without cost. They fill an urgent need because, as Mr. Gilday said, "this is one item that is universally welcomed by our wounded servicemen".

Municipal Court Justice John F. Scilleppi, of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, P.D.D., is Chairman of the State-wide campaign which is endorsed by the Elks War Commission of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson is Chairman. It is patterned after the successful project conducted under the auspices of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37.

District Deputy C. L. Hurd Visits Dover, N. H., Lodge

Dover, N. H., Lodge, No. 184, was host to a large gathering of members of the Order on October 17, assembled at the lodge home for the official visitation of Clarence L. Hurd, of Claremont, District

Right is Miss Alice Duch, winner of the Victory Garden Contest conducted by Norwich, Conn., Lodge, showing some of her prize pole beans to Chief Judge Albert Rochon. She received an award of \$125 in War Bonds.

Below are a few of the prominent Elks who were present at the reception and initiation of the "Dr. H. J. Raley Class" into Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge by the officers of the lodges of the Illinois South District. Among those present was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell.





Deputy for New Hampshire. Mr. Hurd and his party arrived in Dover at noon and were escorted to the Daeris Tea Room. The private dining room had been reserved by the officers of the lodge who entertained the visitors at a luncheon. At three p.m., the meeting was opened and the initiatory degree was conferred upon a large class of candidates by the officers of Dover Lodge headed by E.R. Francis M. McCabe. After the cere-

monies, the District Deputy delivered one of the best addresses on the Order heard in the lodge room in a long time. He also complimented the Dover officers for the fine work performed in the exemplification of the Ritual. Other speakers were Past State Pres.'s Charles T. Durell, Portsmouth, and Leo E. Carroll, Dover, P.D.D. Edward S. Duggan, Dover, E.R.'s Alvey C. Sisk, Claremont, and George A. Lachapelle, Rochester,

Above are those who attended a dinner given by Easton, Md., Lodge in honor of Sergeant Ray Smith, first row, left, who recently completed his 25th aerial mission over France and Germany.

Left are the bowling champions of Olympia, Wash., all members of Olympia Lodge.

Trustee William Gouin and P.E.R. Fred E. Jewell, Dover, and the Honorable M. J. White. Many of the lodges of the State and some from Massachusetts were represented at the meeting, which was followed by a banquet.

The "Naval" Lodge Ranks High Among Large Membership Lodges

Port Angeles, "Naval," Lodge, No. 353, was tied for 30th in membership in the Order on April 1, 1943. Since then the lodge has advanced its position with an increase in membership of more than 300. On October 10, this fine lodge had 1,630 members in good standing. The "Naval" Lodge has contributed more than \$300 for the purpose of equipping day rooms on the Olympic Peninsula and \$1,000 to the Elks War Commission without assessing its members. The lodge underwrote the Summer, Fall and Winter athletic programs for



Left are members of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge who recently traveled in a horse-borne conveyance to their recent clambake.

Below: Members of Adams, Mass., Lodge are shown at the formal presentation of a resuscitator which was purchased by the Lodge for \$400 for emergency use at the Adams Police Station.





Above are members of DeLand, Fla., Lodge who were present at the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

servicemen at the Athletic Field as well as the football schedule for Roosevelt High School.

The "Naval" Lodge has a program mapped out that calls for an investment of \$100,000 in War Bonds. Six hundred and three of its members are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces.

Four Neighboring Georgia Lodges Work Together In Seabee Drive

A "Four-Lodge Committee" performed outstanding work recently in the Elks' Drive for Seabees. The four neighboring lodges participating in the Drive were Atlanta No. 78, Decatur No. 1602, East Point No. 1617 and Buckhead No. 1635.

The upkeep of the Buckhead Service Men's Service Center is aided materially by Buckhead Lodge. Since the Center was opened under the sponsorship of the North Fulton Civic Club more than a year ago, the lodge has contributed \$50 monthly toward the Center's maintenance.

Utica, N. Y., Lodge Is Visited By D.D. Herbert L. McCarter

Past Exalted Ruler Herbert L. McCarter, of Ogdensburg Lodge No. 772, District Deputy for the New York North Central District, made his official visit to Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, on October 11, at which time the lodge celebrated its first anniversary in its new home. Visiting Elks were present from Ogdensburg, Herkimer, Binghamton and Ilion Lodges.

A fine class, the fourth since April 1,

1943, was initiated during the meeting. The ritualistic ceremonies were followed by an inspiring address delivered by the District Deputy. After the lodge session, a social hour, with a fitting anniversary program, was enjoyed by the large assemblage of Elks present.

Fort Collins Elks Burn Mortgage As Part of Three-Day Program

The burning of the mortgage on the \$80,000 home of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge, No. 804, dedicated in 1941, was witnessed by more than 500 Elks, including representatives of six lodges in the Colorado North section, and two lodges in Wyoming. Just before the ceremony, W. P. Hurley, former Secretary of Fort Collins Lodge and for 12 years Secretary of the Colorado State Elks Association, reviewed the history of No. 804 and told of the granting of the charter in 1902 when a small group of business and professional men organized the lodge and had as their home the second floor of an old downtown business building. Later the lodge erected its own building in another part of the business district. That mortgage

Below is a scene in the home of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, when the lodge room was turned over to the Ingham County War Price and Rationing Board during the issuance of 25,000 ration books to local citizens.

was burned in 1914. The YMCA building, site of the present home, was bought in 1940, and in the Fall work was started.

Mr. Hurley introduced the charter members who were present and paid tribute to the members of the Building Committee as well as those who had been instrumental in bringing the home project to materialization. He also spoke glowingly of James N. Clark who for 25 years was Treasurer of the lodge, missing but three meetings.

W. M. Bevington, Mayor of Fort Collins and Chairman of the Building Committee, struck the match to the mortgage as A. W. Whitney, Exalted Ruler at the time of the dedication, and the present Exalted Ruler, Julius Wagner stood by. Also grouped about the mortgage-burning receptacle were the building committeemen and those who participated in the planning, P.E.R.'s Walter B. Cooper, F. A. Humphrey, Frank Moore and A. P. Alexander, Charles Schneider, Floyd Vandewark, Harry W. Hughes, William Althouse, Archer L. Johnston, Mr. Clark and Mr. Hurley.

P.E.R. Harry N. Wallace, of Loveland Lodge, District Deputy for Colorado, North, spoke briefly. Mr. Wallace represented Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan who telegraphed that he would be unable to be present. Mr. Lonergan, and also Representative William S. Hill, of Fort Collins Lodge, who wired from Washington, congratulated the lodge upon the cancellation of its building indebtedness in slightly less than three years after construction was begun.

(Continued on page 51)



Pioneering Since 1849

A long history of pioneering, embracing every major development in American brewing,* is thrillingly climaxed in the Schlitz you drink today. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz brings you that famous flavor found only in this great brew.



**Schlitz pioneered
Pure Culture Yeast;
famous Brown Bottle;
Precise Control;
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from bottle;
Just the Kiss
of the Hops.*

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*.. none of
the bitterness*



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Buy a Share in the Heart of Elkdom

The Grand Lodge in 1928 established the Elks National Foundation to promote the good works of our Order and thus provided an agency that would enable every Elk to have a part in carrying out the charitable, educational, patriotic and benevolent purposes of our Order. Forty-four State Associations, eight hundred and fifty-seven subordinate lodges and a comparatively few individuals are contributors to the Elks National Foundation which now has a fund of \$700,000 and has already distributed \$176,000 for philanthropy.

Are you interested in these good works—

Assisting the ambitious, well-qualified youth of America to obtain higher education,

Rehabilitating crippled children and aiding them to become useful citizens,

Providing hospitalization for tuberculosis patients,

Similar deeds in every field of benevolent endeavor?

You can become a participant in these great works by making a donation to the Elks National Foundation.

Any contributor is assured by the charter of the Foundation that every dollar donated will be held in the fund for all time and that all the income will be spent to relieve distress, to promote Americanism and to foster Elk activities beneficial to our fellow men. The entire expense of administration is borne by the Grand Lodge.

LET YOUR DOLLARS DO DOUBLE DUTY: Buy a SERIES "G" War Savings Bond payable to

"Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation." and help your country and your Order. Any contribution you make to the Foundation is deductible for federal income tax purposes. It comes off the top which is within your highest tax bracket and therefore you will save in taxes a substantial portion of your gift.

BUY A SHARE NOW!

SAVE BY GIVING!

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, *Chairman*

Raymond Benjamin, *Vice Chairman*

Floyd E. Thompson, *Secretary*

James G. McFarland, *Treasurer*

Edward Rightor

Charles H. Grakelow

Murray Hulbert

For further information, write to John F. Malley, Chairman, 15 State Street, Boston 9, Massachusetts.



QUIET, PARDNER...
About ships, troop movements,
war equipment! Axis ears
may be listening!



BEST BRAND IN ANY ROUNDUP

Corralling the prime ingredient of a Calvert Reserve highball may not be as easy as it used to be. For over a year, all our distilleries have been in total war production.

But whenever you *do* meet up with this thoroughbred brand, we think you'll enjoy it all the more... since every drop of Calvert Reserve *still* comes from the finest of our choice reserve stocks.

No wonder old hands prize its extra mellowness and smoothness as the "best in *any* roundup!"

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert Reserve

"THE CHOICEST YOU CAN DRINK OR SERVE"



Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

Briefly, this curious wildfowling game makes use of specially trained and bred "tolling" dogs, both long and short haired. In Nova Scotia the long haired variety looks like a cross between a bushy-tailed springer and an agitated dust mop. The short haired type we won't even attempt to describe because we've never seen two that looked exactly alike. Suffice to say both types are marvelous duck retrievers, superb swimmers and smarter than all get-out. The hunting method doesn't make sense, but here's how the Nova Scotia talent gets its share of ducks every season:

The hunter and his pooch head for a lake or pond where ducks are rafted up, but well out of gunshot. There the gunner carefully hides himself behind some driftwood, rocks or other natural blind along the shore and tosses a rubber ball or stick to right or left of his hide, which the dog chases and retrieves with silly cavortings, tail waggings and other canine monkeyshines. When the ball or stick is returned to the concealed hunter, he promptly throws it down the beach in the other direction and the trained dog repeats its comedy act, pausing in its antics from time to time to take a quick gander lakeward.

Almost instantly the ducks in mid-lake are all attention. Heads come up; that gamboling dog on the beach has their complete interest and, incidentally, curiosity. Soon a small bunch of birds will break away from the main raft and start swimming shoreward, heads twisting suspiciously. Then more ducks, overcome with curiosity, will follow the leaders. Soon all the ducks in the big raft will be swimming toward the hidden hunter and his playful pooch, and within a matter of minutes will paddle right up to within easy gunshot.

Then, of course, the shooter cuts loose, usually taking one pot shot on the water and another when the frightened ducks take off. The dog, awaiting this climax as eagerly as its master, plunges in and retrieves the dead and crippled birds, after which the hunter moves along to another selected spot and repeats the act, generally with the same satisfactory results.

This gunning gag works with all varieties of ducks, even those suspicious cuties, the blacks. Why? Well, we wouldn't know. Most observers are agreed the birds are overcome with curiosity. The dog's antics intrigue them, perhaps, and the ducks know they're safe so long as they stay a few yards out on the water. What they don't take into consideration is the presence of the carefully concealed shooter.

Not so many years ago before that mysterious blight killed eel grass along the Atlantic Coast, Barnegat Bay gunners in New Jersey played a rugged wildfowling game which certainly paid off for those who could "take it".

This nonsense involved hiding a laydown "sneak-box" in an ice floe by covering it with sheet ice and crusted snow, and then reclining therein like a corpse in a coffin. After 15 minutes of this foolishness, with the mercury bumping the bottom of the glass, the hunter developed a condition bordering authentic rigor mortis but without death's sweet release from all suffering.

These gunning boats were painted dead white, and the shooter, after bundling himself in all the 100 per cent woolens he owned, topped off his protective clothing with either his wife's nightgown or one of those white mechanic's monkey suits. And, of course, a white cloth helmet fashioned to protect his ears from frost nip.

In many instances shotguns were painted white on one side so that nothing black would show. Decoys were used, of course, the rig usually consisting of black ducks, brant and Canada geese.

Only the hardiest of the hardy played this game—fair-weather gunners just couldn't take it. But those who could, meaning the wacky toughies who'll endure anything for a mess of ducks, often registered some of the season's best bags. As one of our favorite Barnegat Bay characters often remarked, "It ain't no pastime for rabbit hunters."

Farther south, along the Chesapeake, Currituck and North Carolina's "Outer Banks", the duck and goose shooting fraternity enjoys almost regal comfort. Take, as an example, the offshore brush blinds largely employed in those parts:—

First, they're big enough to accommodate two shooters and a guide. In some instances these staked-out ambushes are partly roofed over so that occupants are protected from rain and wind. Along-side or directly beneath the blind is a place where a fair-sized rowboat can be pushed in and hidden and in some instances the blind boasts a small charcoal stove. We even know one gent down at Hatteras, N. C., who maintains a flourishing oyster bed beneath his offshore stake blinds on Pamlico Sound's "reefs", which makes things most convenient for himself and his guests. When the ducks and geese aren't flying, hungry shooters start the little charcoal stove going, break out a skillet and butter and settle down to serious oyster eating.

As one fascinated Northerner once cracked, "All you need to set up

housekeeping in one of these blinds is a blonde."

That elaborate camouflage isn't always essential to successful duck shooting is disclosed by the lads who make out better than all right every season along Connecticut's rocky shoreline. Many puddle ducks are shot in the tidewater marshes, but some of the biggest bags are killed from the rock ledges which dot Long Island Sound. This shooting isn't easy; matter of fact, it's definitely on the tough side and at times downright dangerous. The boys go about it something as follows:

Wearing brownish colored clothing which blends nicely with the seaweed and barnacle-encrusted rocks, hunters sally forth before daylight in a kicker-powered boat, loaded with 75 to 100 bluebill decoys. After determining what rock ledge is likely to prove the best, and taking the tide into consideration, decoys are put out on long strings, the boat is pulled up on the rocks and the flashing outboard covered with a tarp or sack. After which the shooters squat down on the rocks and await Lady Luck's nod.

Believe it or not, bluebills—locally known as broadbills—will wing right in to the decoys, or at least close enough for a shot before detecting the crouching gunners. All that's required is to remain motionless when the birds are decoying. Occasionally the boys knock down an off-the-beam redhead or canvasback, and during spells of cold weather, when marshes and ponds are frozen, black ducks are smacked down with agreeable frequency.

As previously remarked, this is dangerous shooting in more ways than one. The rocks are slippery and pitch right off into water 30 to 50 feet deep, where, more often than not, the tide runs strongly. Shooters, encumbered with boots and heavy clothing haven't much chance if they happen to slip overboard.

Then, too, Long Island Sound is noted for its sudden squalls and getting caught a mile or two off shore in a small, heavily loaded boat when bad weather comes up unexpectedly is far from being a joke.

Perhaps the dizziest of all duck shooting games is played along the northeastern coast from Maine to Long Island. This is known as a "coot shoot", and it's a sort of community affair. Sea ducks, including scoters, old squaws and anything else incautious enough to wing within range is fair game to these lads, who shoot from dories, rowboats or any other small floating craft, anchored at spaced intervals in a coot flyway.

Usually from eight to a dozen gunners participate and the boats are so spotted as to compel passing coots to

fly the gauntlet, so to speak. When the birds are trading around, shooting is almost continuous and every miss or hit is seen by every shooter in the line. Alibis don't go; the company is critical, sees all and knows all. And the really skilled wing shot often comes a terrific gunning cropper, to the coot-shooting fans' huge delight.

The reason is that coot shooting from a bobbing boat or dory is a far cry from the easier over-the-decoys game. If you can imagine trying to shoot a flying duck while sitting on the end of a diving board, with someone jumping on the other end of the board, you'll get an idea of coot gunning from a dory. It's not wingshooting art, but it's a lot of fun. And after a day or two of this nonsense you get so you can hit the lumbering birds with reasonable frequency.

What becomes of the coots killed on these forays? Well, they're converted into what Downeasterners and Long Islanders call a "coot stew". We've never eaten it, but there are those who insist it's nothing less than ambrosia, and we're quite willing to let them have our share. We'll shoot coots, but we won't eat 'em in a stew. Or roasted, boiled or baked.

It is argued that a coot can be gentled for eating purposes with onions, garlic, apples, salt-soakings and other scullery sleight-of-hand, but past experience has taught us it always comes out tasting like coot, which is gosh-awful. We prefer a more refined duck—say a Currituck canvasback.

Blueprint for Tomorrow

(Continued from page 7)

sides the fact that America's top peacetime industry is now practically 100% in the aviation business, we have dozens of legitimate aircraft manufacturers also enormously expanded—some with three or four plants in different parts of the U. S. Consolidated, Vultee, Bell, Curtiss-Wright, Lockheed, Martin, North American, Boeing, Republic, Grumman and Douglas. Any one of these plants producing aircraft at the rate they are going today might have supplied all the military, private and civil airplanes needed in the entire U. S. four years ago. Aviation is now one of the largest industries that has ever operated in U.S. history in number of people employed, goods turned out and the value of the plant facilities. All this has come about in three years—an industrial revolution which has no precedent!

Based upon the precedent of every important invention in the past, however, acceptance by the public and demand for the new article or service has only been assured when the invention provided something which

Ever been duck hunting? No? Then read this and see what you've been missing!



What song does this picture suggest?

1. It's almost dusk, and you've called it a day.

The wind that's been whipping across the duck marsh has died now to a gentle whisper in the tall grasses. A big orange sun breaks through the clouds and lays down long shadows, and the evening chill creeps into them. The sun lights up a last late flight of mallards—a flashing mass of color. But you've bagged your limit. You're tired, hungry, happy—and headed for home.

And the song this scene suggests? To every duck hunter, it's "*The End of a Perfect Day*"—a perfect day of freedom to enjoy a grand sport for men and women, young and old, rich and poor—a sport that's an American heritage.

Millions of American sportsmen are now gone from marshes like this one—fighting to defend *all* American heritages. And we of Remington—who have supplied these sportsmen with sporting arms and ammunition in times of peace—now supply them in the armed forces with the military arms and ammunition needed to get this war won . . .

1. Since Pearl Harbor, Remington has produced three times as much military small arms ammunition as the entire country produced during all four years of World War I.

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

After the war is won, we will welcome the return to peacetime business—when again we can serve our sportsmen friends with Remington shotguns and rifles, Nitro Express shells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets.

Meanwhile, as a reminder of happy hunting experiences in days past, and those yet to come . . . you might like a free, full-color enlargement of the picture above. If so, write Dept. U4, Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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

Song title by courtesy of The Boston Music Company

Speed the Victory! Buy More War Bonds!

Remington

DU PONT



Remington Model 91 pump action repeating shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells.

people were no longer satisfied to be without. Outhouses, wood-burning fire-places for heat, and the one-hoss shay were considered entirely adequate until little by little people experienced the advantages of indoor plumbing, furnaces and the automobile. Most of these innovations took generations to establish themselves without the stimulation of war industry, streamlined advertising and high-pressure selling. It took twenty years of automobiling before the great American public got the idea that nothing else would do except to own a car—and then look what happened—27,000,000 cars!

But what happened to the automobile industry in 20 years must, and will, take place a few years after this war is over. It must take place to avert catastrophic unemployment of our returning airmen and aircraft workers. It will take place due to the American public's refusal to continue using something when a better article is brought to its attention for something like the same amount of money. The success of American advertising technique is based upon this premise. You thought your old radio was okay until you heard about the new model. Once you were sold on the fact that the new model was far superior to the old set, the only question was how to buy the new one. This detail was arranged by your dealer. Applying this same thinking to the future of aviation, it is apparent that not many people will be satisfied to ride on surface carriers when airline service will be available, giving four or five times the speed, greater comfort and cleanliness for perhaps slightly more money.

It took the U. S. airlines ten years to sell enough people on the idea of air travel to break even. Even now, less than 5% of the people have ever traveled by air. In the last two years, however, the fathers, mothers, kid brothers and girl friends of three million air-force soldiers hear nothing but airplanes. Model planes are being mass-produced in the living rooms of thousands of homes. Hundreds of thousands of housewives and solid citizens studying plane identification charts for their OCD spotting jobs feel guilty when they cannot name a Consolidated B-24, Curtiss P-40 or a Flying Fortress with the same surety that they can point down the street and say, "There goes a Buick—a Chevrolet—a Packard!" This unbelievable aviation education program which has taken place in two years would have required at least a hundred years of peacetime aviation promotion to accomplish. The fact is more apparent every day—aviation is becoming commonplace on a nationwide scale. Not long after the war is over and large passenger transports are ready for business with greater speed and proportionately lower operating costs

and passenger fares, the average American family will think no more of spending its vacation in another hemisphere than it recently thought of spending it in another State. Long-distance airline travel will go, eventually, for about 2½ cents a mile, making possible such 5,000 mile, great-circle travel bargains as "Memphis to Moscow with stops in New York, Newfoundland, London, Berlin and Moscow" for around \$130.00 including meals and \$8.00 extra for sleeper accommodations for the eighteen-hour flight.

The picture of the immediate post-war airline service is optimistic enough, but still the expanding airlines can employ only a fraction of the young men to be demobilized from our air forces—men determined to make aviation their careers and unwilling to settle down to humdrum jobs after the hell-bent-for-election lives they have been leading during the world's greatest air war. A miracle must come to pass to create employment for all these men and utilize the vast aircraft production facilities suddenly made idle by Peace. With millions of determined men with the same idea and the greatest facilities the world has ever seen for mass-producing aircraft—a miracle is bound to happen. That miracle is the Air Car, a combination land and air vehicle; independent of airports; simple and safe enough for an automobile driver to "drive" after only three or four hours of instruction; as cheap to buy and operate as the average low-price car; practical enough to be used for daily transportation, day or night, summer or winter, in fog, rain or snow.

Ask the executives of any of the enormously expanded plants now rolling out war planes what they intend to do with their production facilities after the Japs and Nazis are beaten down, and they will tell you confidentially, "We have plans." Several aircraft manufacturers actually are advertising the "family car of the air" and giving the public the impression that in a secret room in the back of the great war plant, a corps of engineers has actually completed the answer to every man's dream, the first all-purpose Air Car, scheduled to make its public appearance the day the Peace is signed, and to be in mass production by the time the boys start coming home. The fact is that any Air Car designed today would be hopelessly obsolete in the light of the new aviation knowledge being piled up every day. Any aeronautical engineers good enough to design the practical Air Car are now so busy trying to figure out war planes that can bomb Tokyo that they haven't even time to take their shoes off when they go to bed. Obviously these hard-pressed technical men have no time to worry about the Air Car of tomorrow, but leave this project up to the ingenuity of the advertising de-

partments of their firms. Obviously, the type of aircraft or Air Car we will be sold after the war will be so different from the private planes of the present variety, that we dare not even speculate on its appearance. So let's skip its appearance and take a flier at its performance and limitations.

THE post-war, mass-produced Air Car will probably be a combination of Igor Sikorsky's highly successful helicopter, the folding rotor and transmission features and developed techniques of working laminated wood, plastics and metals mechanically. The Air Car will be produced at a cost very nearly comparable to the price of the pre-war automobiles.

This rotating-wing aircraft will be capable of ascending or descending vertically, moving backward and forward and hovering under complete control. The cruising speed will not be less than 80 miles per hour with a 100 horse-power air-cooled engine which will cost you about 5 gallons per hour, 20 miles per gallon, or approximately 1¾ cents per mile to operate. The rotating wing or main lifting surfaces will be as easily folded back as putting down the top of a convertible coupe, and the simple clutch and transmission will enable the driver to take the Air Car on the highways as a ground vehicle.


The problem of navigating the Air Car along an airway, even on a foggy night, will be done by keeping a cathode ray image (showing your relative position with the airway) in an instrument on your dashboard, lined up with an illuminated "lubber line" or index in the same instrument. This "lubber line" will resemble the line of light you see on the tuning dials of many radios. The cathode ray image will shift to left or right, in relation to your Air Car's position above the airway, actuated by a radio emanation from directional antennas lined up with the airway on the ground. By some such device, an adaptation of the hush-hush radio gadget now used for spotting Nazi submarines and aircraft, Air Car navigation will be made just as simple and much the same as operating a player piano when you move the handle under the keyboard to keep a pointer lined up with the continuous black line on the perforated paper that moves between the two rolls of "music". Your exact position above the ground, intersections of airways, markers for air traffic control zones, and stop signals will be as easy to identify and understand as that little red light you have on the electric waffle iron that tells you when "they're done". Every important town or intersection point in the U. S. will probably be further identified by a continuous limited range transmitter repeating with the automatic recorded voice of a radio announcer "Trenton, New Jersey—minimum

 **TO YOU—**

Who might, come Christmas, have this good fortune:




**A SURPRISE GIFT OF
SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE**

 Someone thinks the world of you! These days, whiskey fine as SCHENLEY is precious stuff, indeed—for the rare whiskey in it comes from pre-war reserves. So—thank your lucky stars for a *real* friend—enjoy SCHENLEY Royal Reserve with *moderation*.




**FOR HOSPITALITY—SOME
SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE**

 War may have limited your SCHENLEY, but we're sure you still enjoy sharing such fine things with holiday guests. Our distilleries are 100% in war production, but we're doing our best to make SCHENLEY available from pre-war reserves.



**FOR YOUR OWN GIFTS—
SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE**

 Finest gift in all the world is a War Bond . . . and there's no scarcity of *them!* If, in addition, you want to say "Merry Christmas" to those *special* names on your list in the time-honored SCHENLEY way, there *is* enough SCHENLEY to give—in *moderation!*

 There's still enough
to enjoy

SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve
in moderation!



THERE IS NO FINER GIFT THAN A U. S. WAR BOND

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use only



... may I suggest you buy more U. S. War Bonds today?

J. S. Harper



it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky. Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C. B. S.

clearance altitude 420 feet . . . Trenton, New Jersey—minimum clearance altitude 420 feet . . ." which would mean that you were over or very near Trenton and that you must maintain a minimum altitude of 420 feet above sea level to keep from hitting some church steeple or factory chimney. This will be far easier to do than keeping your car on the right side of the highway.

TO BE popular, the Air Car must be safe—even if the worst happens. So let's make it tough. Suppose you have complete radio failure in your Air Car while flying along an airway on a pitch black rainy night. To make matters even worse, suppose you run out of gas or that your engine fails at this particular moment. The situation then, would be much the same as if you were driving an automobile along a highway when suddenly all the lights blew out. You must act quickly to slow the car down before it goes off the road into the woods—or worse. Driving the Air Car, you will follow a standard procedure for such emergencies. You shift the rotor blades into the windmilling position for powerless descent at minimum speed, as easily as you would shift into low speed in your car. You probably roll down a window, pull a flare and peer out into the misty darkness and hope to spot a field, road, lawn or clearing in the forest. Assume that you were very unlucky and came out under very low clouds with no chance to maneuver and found yourself directly over a solid patch of woods. The worst will probably happen. The Air Car will settle into the treetops, sheer off the rotor blades and dent the car more or less. The resulting damage will cost you approximately the same amount of money to repair as running off the highway in your car, necessitating the replacement of a couple of fenders and realigning the steering gear. There will be no hospital bills as your forward speed will be nearly zero and the vertical or settling speed about that of a very slow freight elevator. Run off the highway in a car and you are lucky if you can walk away with no injuries or cuts from broken glass.

That such an Air Car is practical and a certainty some time after the war, and not just another "air-age myth" can be judged by the performance of a flying machine tested by the Army at Wright Field during the past two months. On the day picked for a cross-country test, the weather was reported as "zero-zero" which means that the clouds were down to about fifty feet off the ground and that the visibility was not more than about a block and a half. All airplanes were grounded. When the weather was considered as bad as it was going to get, an Air Corps officer climbed aboard the helicopter. The 100-horsepower engine was started, the craft rose vertically

to tree-level and then moved horizontally down the field and soon disappeared into the mist. Two hours later the test pilot returned to the field, having successfully completed a hundred-mile trip. He explained that his low average speed of only 50 miles per hour was due to the fact that to find his way around in the bad visibility, he had to fly slowly and cautiously down the center of highways and roads, taking care not to tangle with telephone wires and oncoming trucks crawling through the murk. Obviously, if the first crude helicopter type of aircraft can be operated with such success in "impossible flying weather", a refinement of such a machine is an absolute certainty for private transportation when our vast technical and industrial resources have the time to get around to solving the problem after the Peace has been won.

LET us now consider how the first serious threat of an air age might be brought about. Two of the world's largest automobile manufacturers, General Motors and Ford, are now up to their ears in the aircraft business. But besides the ability for mass-producing aircraft which took thirty years of automobile building to produce, these two vast organizations have an asset that no regular aircraft manufacturer has developed or ever can develop in time to create jobs for the fliers coming home from the wars. This asset is also the product of two generations of automobile selling experience, country-wide sales organizations and the facilities for servicing their own make of automobile. When either or both of these manufacturers have decided on the type of Air Car they intend to mass-produce, they might recruit at least one ex-air-corps man from every city, town, or rural community in the U. S. where an automobile agency is now established, and bring him to Detroit to attend a school. Here, in addition to learning the servicing, maintenance and flying of the Air Car, this ex-bomber pilot, navigator, gunner or bombardier would be taught the technique of selling an aircraft—something that has never been known to the aviation business to date. The Air Car of tomorrow must be sold on its utility value and not as a sportsman's toy or professional man's hobby. It took more than ten years for the early automobile manufacturers to learn how to sell a car to a cold prospect; to anticipate the objections and emphasize the benefits of an automobile. To sell the Air Car, the same streamlined selling technique must be developed by Air Car representatives as is now practiced by the representatives of such firms as the International Business Machine Company; National Cash Register; well-trained home refrigerator and automobile salesmen.

When these Air Car represent

tives have completed the course, they would return to their local communities and establish an aviation branch in each of their local automobile agencies—complete with show rooms on the main street, local advertising tied in with a national advertising program for the Air Car, and the same business-like technique of following up inquiries as now exists in the automobile business. By capitalizing on the good will, prospect lists and automobile customers' confidence in the auto manufacturer introducing the Air Car, long-established automobile agencies in thousands of towns all over the U. S. can bring their company's Air Car to the attention of the entire U. S. public almost overnight—with the same element of surprise and curiosity which auto-owners used to anticipate the first showing of a new model Ford or Chevrolet.

But it took a long time—nearly 20 years—really to sell the automobile to the great American public. If the air age is to materialize quickly enough to provide jobs for our air force veterans, the Air Car idea must be sold in a matter of two or three years. To sell an idea as radical as an Air Car to the American public in two years may seem impossible in the light of the public's resistance to the idea of buying cars in the early years of the automobile industry, but let's make a few comparisons.

One of the biggest arguments against autos used to be the lack of roads good enough to drive on. "Automobiles can never be a success because they can't go any faster than a horse and buggy unless you are rolling on paved streets, and it's impossible to pave all the streets you would want to go on." Weather-proof roads spiked that argument, but it took years. Salesmen selling the Air Car can state categorically, "The Air Car can go anywhere air goes. Air goes everywhere, so the Air Car can go everywhere." The salesmen then move on to the next argument, which will probably be the same as another echo from the early automobile days, "I could never learn to drive one of those things." The early automobile salesman had a tough nut to crack in this argument, as people thirty years ago knew nothing of ignition switch carburetor; choke; gear-shift; foot brake. Mechanical gadgets on automobiles which baffled adults twenty years ago are now as familiar to a five-year-old child as door, window, table. The mechanical age has painlessly conditioned us to accept as commonplace practically any type of push-pull control or electric switch. Three-year-old children amuse themselves by turning on radios and tuning in various frequencies; starting electric washing machines, toasters, coffee percolators and vacuum cleaners. Our mechanically precocious kids can maneuver tri-cycles and all

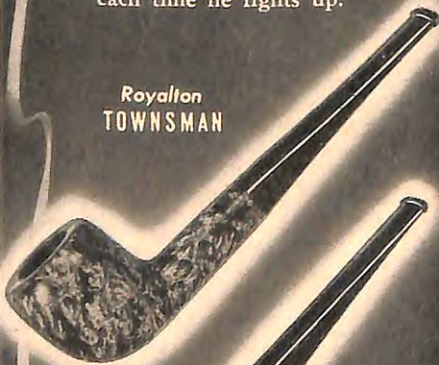
*For Men Who
Really Know Pipes*



Royalton

A veteran pipe smoker may collect many pipes — but he is usually partial to a few favorites. Chances are they're Royaltons . . . A man comes to depend on his Royalton for keener satisfaction—a case wherein long familiarity breeds affection. *Gift suggestion:* give him a Royalton Silver Crown. His gratitude will be rekindled each time he lights up.

Royalton
TOWNSMAN



Royalton
TRAVELER



ROYALTON \$5
Silver Crown
Choice Grains

Wherever Better Pipes are Sold

types of carts and wagons with amazing skill at three. By the time they are five, parents must take the keys out of the ignition switch of the family car, if they want to be sure it will stay put.

The Air Car salesman's argument to those who will inevitably say, "I can never learn to drive one of those things", will be, "If you can drive a car, you can drive this Air Car—get in and I'll prove it to you." The demonstration will amaze the post-war Air Car prospect far less than helicopter-designer, Igor Sikorsky amazed newspaper men on a cold, blustery day last Spring at Stratford, Connecticut, when he showed the boys how to fly his 1942 Air Car vertically up and away from an automobile parking lot where the flying machine had been parked, tightly surrounded by ordinary cars.

The next inevitable argument against the Air Car will be another with an automobile precedent. In 1906, auto prospects said, "If I buy that automobile and it breaks down on the road, say, between Chicago and St. Louis, it would probably cost me what the car is worth to have it shipped back to the factory for repairs." The auto salesman of thirty years ago had to do some fast talking at this point. It was only too true that the loss of a strategic bolt, a shorted coil or differential trouble were major disasters to the early motorist. It took two generations of automobiling before enough spare parts were scattered around enough wayside garages from coast to coast to insure that you can practically always rely on the ingenuity of the local garage mechanic and some odd parts he happens to have to get you going again. The Air Car salesman will be able to point out that there is an Air Car agency and service station in every town in the U. S. where the automobile of the same name is serviced, and that the simplicity of the structure is such that even major repairs can be made by good carpenters or metal workers.

The final big argument against the Air Car will be old stuff to any salesman. "I'd sure like one but I can't afford something I don't really need." As in the days of early automobiling, the post-war Air Car salesman will hear an echo from the past all over again. "That thing is all right for a young man to gad about in or for a wealthy sportsman—but I'm a family man and have no money to spend unless it's for something really important. Besides, I can go anywhere I want in my car."

The answer to this one is obvious in again citing automobile precedent. This hypothetical quotation might be exactly what your father or grandfather said to the automobile salesman back in 1905 when he was interested in that Haynes, Renault or Simplex. But in a year or two, he probably bought a home several miles from his place of business. After

seeing cars pass his buggy in increasing numbers, he finally broke down and bought his first car. His family has been dependent upon cars ever since.

After this war, housing experts estimate that it will be necessary to build 500,000 new homes a year to replace the Nation's outmoded houses alone. The location of these homes—like your grandfather's—will be chosen for accessibility to the "place of business", beauty of surroundings and the price of real estate. Now here is the inescapable fact which will force the acceptance of the Air Car on a nation-wide scale—not over a period of thirty years as was the case in the establishment of the automobile era—but in a matter of from three to five years after the war! The men who are coming back from the war will constitute a large percentage of the people who will build these new homes. Many of these men with an eye to the future and already familiar with aircraft from their military experience, will carefully weigh the practicability of an Air Car as a link between their prospective home sites and their jobs. Literally hundreds of thousands of people now living in congested city areas paying \$50.00 a month rent for small apartments or shabby row houses, will seriously consider such propositions as that farm fifty miles up the river they might buy for the equivalent of \$35.00 a month, and give their children the priceless joy and health of a country home. The Air Car will make this new scheme of living practical.

Any estimate of the number of post-war jobs the Air Car will create for our home-coming Air Force veterans is directly proportional to the number of Air Cars that can be sold to the public within two to five years after the war. This figure must necessarily be very approximate, but let's make an estimate. Igor Sikorsky, designer of the practical helicopter, and with thirty years of aviation experience to draw from, says, "I believe that within a decade after the war, we shall see hundreds of thousands of little rotating wing ships in the air." But to pin this estimate down more definitely, it is conceivable that at least one out of every twenty automobile owners today might be prospects for an Air Car. To convince yourself of this possibility—try writing out a list of twenty friends who now drive cars. The chances are you will find at least one person on that list who is ready to buy an Air Car as soon as he can get one. With an estimated number of one out of twenty owners of the 27 million cars in the country as prospects for Air Cars, we have a possible market for over one and one-quarter million. Assume that the sales and servicing facilities of the automobile manufacturers now making aircraft are made available

Your Conscience Tells You



THAT YOU SHOULD BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR HEALTH

You've often heard the warnings—from yourself.

You know you aren't feeling up to par—the old trouble seems to hang on. It may be that your present condition is such that it is a detriment to your general health, your success—even to your life expectancy.

Your chances for recovery — medical authorities will tell you — depend upon your getting correct diagnosis and treatment.

Many suffer needlessly from chronic ailments which can be traced back to digestive

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The McCleary Clinic and Hospital has found that these conditions are best relieved under specialized institutional care. Proper diagnosis and treatment can be administered here to best advantage. The patient has the advantage of skilled physicians and technicians. The individual learns a health program which will often aid him in maintaining a better general condition in after years.

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Send us 10c in stamps or coin for a War Savings Stamp and receive in addition a 24-page booklet, "Radio... The Eyes and the Ears of Our Armed Forces," absolutely FREE.

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. 92-B ESTABLISHED 1929 CINCINNATI, OHIO

To all its old friends and customers... and to the rising new generation, too, Midwest Radio Corporation makes this pledge: Once Victory has been won... once the needs of our Armed Forces for radio and electronic instruments has been met and production for civilian demands is approved... Midwest will again be back with its world-famous Factory-To-You plan for buying highest quality radio and electronic equipment — at savings up to 50%.

to introduce the Air Car to the American public. The two largest aircraft-producing automobile manufacturers, the Ford Motor Company and General Motors (the Chevrolet Division only) each have thousands of dealers throughout the country. To sell the Air Car in addition to their regular "line" of cars, each of these agencies will require the services of a factory-trained Air Car expert and a proportional number of assistants and servicemen, depending on the size of the agency. Such an Air Car sales set-up will provide sales jobs for at least 100,000 ex-Air Force men—jobs in a brand new industry with tremendous opportunity for expansion in each local agency.

The radio navigation and communication equipment of the Air Car will be as indispensable to flight as the engine itself. Maintenance of this equipment will provide new and specialized jobs for thousands of men at Air Car service stations from coast to coast. When you come down for gas at a municipal parking lot for Air Cars, trained men will check your radios and "lift-rotor" assembly in the same routine manner that capable filling station attendants now check the air in your tires and water in the battery of your car. Such servicing facilities for itinerant Air Cars will result in an entirely new business on a nationwide scale; manned by thoroughly dependable personnel holding Federal licenses designating them as competent to inspect and repair Air Cars. Such jobs will be wide open to crew-chiefs, aircraft and engine mechanics, radio men and aviation machinists mates from our Army and Navy air services, when these highly-skilled men, disciplined to accept responsibility, have finished their war jobs and are gradually mustered out into civil life.

Obviously no Air Car will be mass-produced until it is safe aerodynamically, but that's only half of the safety problem. As is the case with any dynamic machine, collision will always present a hazard. Unfortunately, nine times out of ten, death is the penalty for collision in the air. It must be the obligation of the Government to supervise the control of the rapidly-growing, post-war Air Car traffic. Unless this supervision is worked out and is operating effectively by the time the first Air Car makes its appearance, the casualties due to collision will be so terrible as to discourage the whole development—to kill the goose

which was about to lay the golden egg. Properly supervised, however, elimination of collision should approach the record of the civil airlines which is still 100% after some fifteen years of flying. To do this, Uncle Sam must assume the financial burden of employing a vastly expanded corps of Civil Aeronautics Administration representatives stationed in every part of the country. In addition to supervising the control of the air traffic in each locality, these men would also be responsible for the installation and day-to-day maintenance of the necessary radio navigation aids (like lighthouse keepers); licensing of Air Car operators, mechanics who worked on them, and the service stations authorized to repair them. Air Corps personnel mustered into civil life will be ideally qualified for these jobs which will be numbered in the thousands.

Thus it can be seen that the development of the post-war Air Car industry will create jobs by the hundreds of thousands; Air Car dealers in thousands of towns and cities; salesmen for the domestic and foreign market; specialized maintenance mechanics; radio engineers and the technicians necessary to install and operate the vast country-wide network of radio aids for facilitating navigation and controlling Air Car traffic; Air Car service station operators and licensed attendants; meteorologists, inspectors, and traffic supervisors for every part of the United States. Each of these jobs is made to order for our Air Force veterans, and as President Roosevelt said in his message to the 78th Congress, "... The men in our Armed Forces want a lasting peace, and equally, they want permanent employment for themselves, their families and their neighbors when they are mustered out at the end of the war. . . . They want assurance against the evils of all major economic hazards—assurance that will extend from the cradle to the grave. This great Government can and must provide this assurance."

This assurance can be provided after the war to a vast number of men now serving in our Air Force, if the Government will take every step possible to foster the development of the Air Car by cooperating with manufacturers undertaking the project and simplifying as far as possible the administration of the people who will own and fly and enjoy the benefits of the Air Cars.

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IT'S WILD... Packed with Fast and Furious Fun!

A NEW twist on a popular pastime! Five wild versions of poker combined into one. Five times the fun, five chances to win on every deal. Quick as a wink a "fortune" changes hands. Fever-pitch play guaranteed, the liveliest ever experienced or money back. Keeps up to 8 players on pins and needles for hours on end. Colorfully processed Upon Board. Instructions included, and also—because you won't have enough chips—" \$1,840.00" in Stage Money. Postpaid, \$3.00.

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NATURAL HEALTH INSTITUTE
Drawer 189-AS, Rocky Mount, North Carolina

The Night I Come Home

(Continued from page 11)

You ask me why? I'll tell you why. Because I never read the letter. I couldn't tell you what it said. And not that I'm illiterate. I couldn't make the words out with my glasses

on. All I knew was it was Slats' writing on the envelope.

By this time I was getting kind of scared. This time the trouble didn't disappear the way it used to. I got

along. I made a living, taking tickets at the gym. It was a laugh, of course. Me, a champion, just taking tickets in a smelly gym. I'd laugh it off and say that I was only helping Charlie out. I kept myself dressed up all right. I had a lot of clothes myself and some of Slat's suits. I'd say that I was helping Charlie out, and then go home some nights an' weep.

The town, of course, goes punchy when we hear that Slat's coming home. A small dose of malaria, not much. They just decide to give the guy a rest. And maybe give the Japs a rest. You must remember that he knocked off twenty-two of them.

He's in Frisco first and then he's in Chicago and we understand the Red Cross has arranged to fly him to New York to make a speech.

Also we hear that Slat's been selected as the guy who done the most for boxing in Our Lord's year, 1942. And for the Lord, I'd say, because he knocks off all them heathens. He's just a Jewish boy who's playing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with a machine-gun. Well, anyhow, the boxing writers from the papers have a plaque for him and they will give it to him in the Garden Friday night before the main event which features two unmelted tubs of lard that ain't been drafted yet.

The boys keep asking, "When will he arrive? Where will he be?"

But I don't say a word. I know where he will be. At Ruby Dolan's bar, at six o'clock, just like he said, and the beer's on me.

I walk very casual to Ruby's place at five o'clock. Some of the boys are there, but not so many. They don't know that Slat's will be here. Ruby doesn't even know. Just me. I sipped my beer and listened to them talk.

"What time is it, Ruby?" I asked. "It's six o'clock."

My hands were sweatin' on the glass. I could see some things. I knew that it was Ruby in back of the bar. Because he wore a white coat and he only came so high. I was waitin' to feel Slat's hand on my arm.

"What time is it now, Ruby?" "Half-past six."

Could be delayed, of course. And he was so busy with the Red Cross, all those people. But the heck, he would be here. You had to know the way it always was between us two.

But Slat's didn't come and I was sick inside and it was eight o'clock and half-past eight and the boys were leaving for the Garden now.

"Ain'tcha goin', Mickey?" "Not yet," I said. "It's early yet."

I didn't know just what to say. I mean, I was his pal. If anyone was going to the fights it should be me. But I didn't have a ticket and I wouldn't tell them that. I had figured—well, I figured that I wouldn't need a ticket. Slat's would come in at six o'clock and we'd go over there, the two of us. I'd be with him. I wouldn't need a ticket any more than Mrs. Roosevelt or Mayor LaGuardia. Catch

either one of them payin' for a seat.

"If you don't go soon," said Ruby, "you'll have to listen with me over the radio."

"Well," I said, "maybe I'll do that, anyhow. If I bumped into the kid tonight I might bust down an' bawl."

Ruby drew me a beer. It's at ten o'clock the radio comes on. I can hear them screaming so I know that Slat's is in the ring. Nobody else. They wouldn't yell like that for anybody else.

"That's for Slat's," Ruby said. He polished a glass.

At least he's there, I thought. He isn't hurt. Except that I am hurt a little bit inside.

You can hear the announcer in the ring. He's yelling, "Qui-yet! Quiet, please!" Harry Bleat is the announcer. He's a nice guy, always high-class in a pressed tuxedo. Harry stays up nights and looks up words in books so that among the meatballs that he introduces Friday nights he's known as Nicholas Murray Bleat. Don't ask me why.

But tonight it's different. Harry gives the microphone to Caswell Brown, the newspaperman who represents the fight scribes who are giving Slat's the plaque. Fight writers do not know a left hook from a red-headed zombie, but they mean all right. This Brown is a pleasant boy.

He says all the things you've read in the papers about Slat's. Especially the Japs. The twenty-two of them. He lays it on while Ruby keeps polishing the glasses and tears come down his face and come down mine.

Then Slat's takes the microphone.

"Thanks, Cas," Slat's says. I understand he looks at the boys in the working press and holds the plaque in one arm. He thanks them all. Then he says, "It's nice of you to make a hero out of me. As a rule a fellow doesn't go into the fight game if he doesn't want to be a hero. The money's nice if you ever get it, and if you get it—well, just look around—the boys don't keep it long. But I'm sure we feel it's a fair exchange, if for the punches and the lumps we take, we ever get a night like this. I'm pretty much like the rest of them, and the applause is very nice. Now let me, please, be honest."

It's very quiet in the Garden now and Slat's voice is steady. He's a champ, all right. The boy's a pro.

"Some years ago," said Slat's, "I was a fresh kid coming up and the champ was Mickey King. We had a nice brawl for the first six rounds or so. I guess that many of you saw the fight—first I dumped Mickey, then he dumped me. Like I say, it was a great fight for a while. But Mickey took a lot of punches around the eyes that night, and while we didn't know it at the time, it seems that before the last round he can't see a thing except some shadows—nothing more. Then Mickey says to his manager, 'Point me at 'im, Hymie—so I can finish like a champ!'"



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FOR the new member and old timer—Key-Chain-Lite, embossed with your B.P.O.E. emblem in 22k gold—a mighty welcome Christmas gift.

This tiny, powerful pocket lite, with key-chain, lights up keys and keyhole—has hundreds of other uses in theatre, automobile, out-of-doors, during blackouts. . . . Ideal for Service Men, too.

Truly fine, polished chrome plate—real leather covering, packed in handsome gift box—Price \$1.00. For the ladies—a dainty, engine engraved polished chromium plated style, also \$1.00. Personal initials (on leather covered style only) 25c extra.

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On request, we will mail direct with gift card showing your name.

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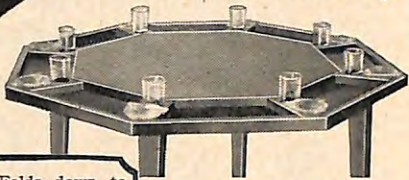
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Enclosed is \$1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

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"Well, on that island where I was—where I got to be a hero in one easy lesson—I was, like they say, alone with my wounded pals. The Nips were all around. We weren't playin' squat-tag for a pack of cigarettes. This thing was real and I was lookin' for a hole to hide in. How scared was I? I was as scared as you'd be scared. But then I tripped and something hit my head and it had me punchy as a bedbug for a while. When I tried to find a hole, I couldn't see a thing through the darkness. The concussion had blinded me. That's when I thought of Mickey King and wondered how he'd act, and I was more afraid of disgracing myself and Mickey than I was afraid of all those monkeys in the weeds. So I said to the wounded boys, 'Point me at 'im, pals. I want to finish like a champ.'"

SO I don't mind the punches I took in the ring. The crowd and Slats paid me back in full. I guess I wept in Ruby's beer. It surely was a night for Slats and for me.

Slats came into Ruby's at maybe eleven o'clock. I can't see him very well. I understand there's a little grey over his ears, but otherwise he is the same.

"You didn't get my letter?"

"I got it, Slats. Sure."

"Well, where the hell were you?"

"I was here since six o'clock."

"But didn't you read my letter?"

There were a lot of people there. I didn't want to say what I had to say, but then I remembered that they'd all know, anyhow—from the things Slats said on the radio. "I couldn't read the letter, Slats," I said. I tapped my eyes. I took his latest letter from my pocket. "This came last week," I said.

"And all it said was I would pick you up at the house instead of Ruby's, because there were so many things to do. I said we'd come here later an' you'd buy the beer."

"My lights," I said. "Too bad about the lights."

Slats laughed. "Six months from now they'll have you in the Army, pal. There's nothing wrong with your eyes a little operation wouldn't fix. You ask me how? How do I know? Because I got your X-rays from that doc we went to once. I had 'em flown to 'Frisco and looked at by the Army doc who fixed me up after I got that concussion on the island. The doc's a pal. He looked at 'em an' said it's just routine—a push. He'll do the job for free. Now tell me you didn't get the letter I sent a month ago about the doc. Now tell me that."

"I got it, Slats; sure. I got it here. It's just another one I couldn't read."

Ruby said, "The drinks are on me."

Slats said, "That's what you think." He turned to me. "Get up twenty cents. We had a bet."

And the beer is mighty fine in Ruby's place. Mighty fine.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 12)

the punctuation marks between long sentences of waiting and marching, marching and waiting, eating as best you can, sleeping in snatches wherever you are". Captain Ingersoll describes the work of mortars, machine guns and larger artillery; he tells how the soldiers search for snipers; he observes a bayonet charge that stops just before its objective because the enemy raises a white flag, and he shows what important work is done today by the radio. He tells how soldiers feel when the enemy comes flying in strength and what happens when they surrender. As a result of his experience Captain Ingersoll is convinced that it will not be a short war and that the Germans will not quit—and will not have to quit—until they are overwhelmingly defeated on the battlefield on their home grounds. He thinks we will have thousands of casualties before that happens. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2)

PARIS in wartime remains the great Penigma to Americans—and to everyone who has ever known "her". We sing with affection of this remarkable city. Will it be spared when the big push starts on the continent? We shall know soon by

the way the Nazis treat the fine cities of Italy that they have to leave. The fate of Naples makes us shudder for the rest. What Paris was like when the Germans first entered is still an engrossing story. A Hungarian artist named Pierre de Polnay was there during the first year of occupation, took part in underground activities, tried to get out of France and was arrested and jailed by the Vichy authorities before he made his escape to England. In "The Germans Came to Paris" he has written a book as good reading, and as revealing, as Etta Shiber's "Paris Underground", which I recommended last month. De Polnay had a Hungarian passport. He lived near the Place du Tertre on the butte of Montmartre and he observed the Germans in their daily contacts with the French. At first they tried to insinuate themselves in the good graces of the French, but few French tolerated them. They talked about the sins of Paris and then drank up French wine and patronized night life. De Polnay had his own way of helping the French. He spread rumors about the Nazis that were calculated to increase French belief in ultimate victory. He tried to discredit the

belief in German invincibility. He circulated copies of messages dropped by RAF flyers. Eventually, the Gestapo caught up with him. He began to flee, quite leisurely it seems to me. He seems to have had as little fear as Etta Shiber, who sent British soldiers right through the German lines. De Polnay's trip south and his hard luck at the hands of Vichy is a stirring tale and shows how the French administer justice there. After a long vigil in a French jail he reached England. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.75)

HOMER CROY comes from Missouri, and although he has written for magazines for years and worked in Hollywood studios, he prefers to call his reminiscences "Country Cured", and to celebrate the virtues of Missouri life. Mr. Croy has confidence in himself, too, but he likes to pretend that he is scared by editors and executives and by life in a big city. He has a little of the country humorist in him. When he goes back to Missouri he meets men who have never traveled, and they think he is drawing a long bow when he tells them that in New York he travels underground for miles in speeding trains and that he has never seen the man who lives in the next apartment. Twenty years ago Homer Croy made a hit with "West of the Water Tower", a tale of hometown folks, and sold the movie rights to Jesse Lasky for the highest price paid up to that time—\$25,000. Now the movies pay as high as \$300,000 for the rights to a single book. It's incredible, but true. Anyone who wants to read a cheerful, informal book about a Missouri lad who has found the literary life lots of fun will get a lot of satisfaction from "Country Cured". (Harper, \$3)

THE movies have created the impression that life in a newspaper office is always hectic, but from personal experience I know that reporters don't race down the streets with their news and editors don't tear their hair at edition time. I, on the other hand, believe that life in an advertising agency must be hectic, and Marguerite Lyon, who has had plenty of it, bears me out by calling her book about it "And So to Bedlam". She loves the advertising business in spite of that—even though copy writing is erratic, accounts are won and lost for freakish reasons—and owners, especially sponsors of radio programs, have queer whims.

One of Mrs. Lyon's best stories concerns the new dog food account that her agency handled. The account executive of the agency and the client—the owner of the product—went to Washington to get official endorsement of their advertising which contained the tag line that this new dog food was "fit for hu-

man consumption". The official in charge looked the product over and said:

"So this dog food is fit for humans to eat?"

"Yes, indeed!" the two men answered emphatically.

"If that is the case then you two gentlemen go over to that table there and eat a canful!"

And, says Mrs. Lyon, "with the future of a brand-new business at stake", they did.

Mrs. Lyon describes the ways of advertising agencies. She tells what the different departments do, including the art department, which is always ready for horse-play. She mentions the DDM's that bother every copy writer: the dos, don'ts and musts. She thinks radio sponsors often get "sheepitis", which means that they follow each other's ideas like sheep. Apparently the radio department is the truly hectic branch of the advertising business. For anyone who has ever been associated with advertising, her book ought to be cheerful reading, the sort that starts a whole flock of new stories. (Bobbs Merrill, \$2.50)

AMONG the new novels: Mary O'Hara, who wrote "My Friend Flicka", has written a sequel in "Thunderhead". This story is packed with talk about horses. Thunderhead is Flicka's colt and grows up to be a powerful stallion. If you enjoyed Flicka, you'll like this. (Lippincott, \$2.75)... A great deal of midwestern pioneer history is packed into Shirley Seifert's novel, "Those Who Go Against the Current". The central character is a fur trader named De Lisa, who comes to St. Louis when it is still under Spanish rule and joins Lewis and Clark in their expedition up the Missouri. A long book, with many episodes recall the opening of Louisiana Territory to Americans. (Lippincott, \$3)... Vicki Baum has written a novel wholly unlike any of its predecessors from her pen. In "The Weeping Wood" she tells the story of men and women who have set out to gather rubber or to make rubber substitutes. In the course of centuries many terrible cruelties have been associated with rubber. The Indians of the Amazon have been killed and maltreated; the white workers have died from numerous diseases; robberies and strikes have been associated with rubber. Two of the best episodes deal with the attempts of the Germans to make a good substitute; the anti-Nazi scientist craftily ruins the product and as a result a Nazi truck detail in Africa is wiped out when its tires break. The novel is filled with drama, melodrama, profanity and vulgarity, but although Miss Baum tries for the utmost realism she is too adroit a story-teller not to wish to entertain you. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

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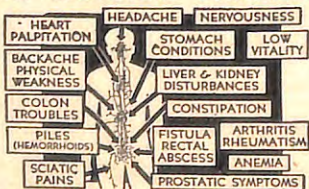
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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 16)

shepherd has been more often used by police, that breed of dog—all of its kind—is dubbed police dog and the small voices of those who know the breed or are familiar with Fido's family affairs remain small voices unheard of by the many. Actually, not only is the German shepherd used but so is the Doberman pinscher, rottweiler, boxer, airedale, great Dane and others having the necessary requirements that I have named.

Let's dispose of another rankiboo notion before going into the matter of dog police, strictly as policemen. It's about our friend the bloodhound. That poor innocent has been more maligned than has perhaps any other four-legged creature. Most folks will solemnly assure you that he is a canine scourge. The idea came into being a long time ago, perhaps during that unhappy time when serfdom and slavery infested Europe, and crime flourished. These dogs, known as the blooded hounds because they were among the very first for which pedigrees were kept, were probably often used to track down runaway slaves, bonded servants and lawbreakers. Incidentally, how anybody stayed out of jail, considering all the sundry punishments for minor infractions which existed up to a hundred years ago, is a mystery to your reporter. If a man or woman swiped thirteen pence during the reign of Edward VI in England he was given a necklace—of rope. I'm not privileged to use these pages for my brand of philosophy so we'll get on with Mr. Bloodhound. He is really a harmless fellow. His only job is to trail his quarry and hold it for the arrival of the posse. In this he performs an important work for many police departments. His is one of the keenest noses among all dogs and trailing is where he stars. An afterthought arises: How much did the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" contribute, in modern times, to the idea that Sir Bloodhound is a mighty bad purp? Harriet Beecher Stowe's fictional Eliza while galloping across the ice could have placated her canine trackers anytime with a handful of hamburger.

Now the duties of the police dog, the chap that works continually at his job patrolling with his human co-worker, are to a large degree different. He's expected to do some tracking if necessary but his main job is to detect prowlers and hold them for the arrival of the policeman. The dog is likewise taught to attack on command. Its entire training is based upon obedience. For example (here I quote from an official Police Dog Training Club of

America score card), the dog must score 60% or better in: heeling on and off leash (walking with nose no farther ahead than its trainer's left knee), lying down on command, remaining in that position, sitting down on command and remaining in place, standing still until told to move, fetching, jumping over obstacle, climbing 6½ ft. wall, refusing food, retrieving, stopping of and barking at stranger, defending trainer, leading stranger away, halting escape of stranger (latter permitted use of gun and whip) and obedience after attack. The last command is important when you consider that a dog that has experienced the excitement of an encounter with a hostile stranger may, when the rumpus is over, not know when to stop his end of the attack.

Dogs for routine police work were not used until the turn of the century at which time they were first employed in Germany. Today, while their use is not common it is widespread in the United States and more generally in Europe. Right now one of our important West Coast cities has dispensed with the practice of using two officers to a patrol car and now employs one policeman accompanied by a dog. Thus far the results have been highly satisfactory.

Just as when employed for use by the Armed Forces, the trained police dog can penetrate into places almost impossible for a human being to enter. Fortified by its unusually keen hearing and scenting powers, the dog can ferret out the hidden marauder. What's more, its speed of attack and unpredictable avenue of approach make the police pooh a formidable factor.

As may be supposed, no dog is qualified for police work if it shows any trace of gun shyness. One method employed is to begin with a small pistol. At this stage of the training, each time the pistol is fired, a dog biscuit or other tid-bit is tossed a short distance in front of the dog. Later, a pistol of larger calibre is used and still later one of the sub-guns (hand machine guns) is employed. During the last periods of gun training, the biscuit is eliminated.

The majority of police-trained dogs are graduates of professional dog training schools.

While this is not strictly pertinent to the dog as a professional policeman, it has been said by good authority that those companies issuing burglary insurance look very favorably upon the possession of a dog by the insured. This is especially true when the insurance covers a factory, store or other business premise.

Sabotage by Statistics

(Continued from page 17)

throat.) They began to pollute the public mind with figures telling the number of first downs each team had made, then how much yardage had been gained by rushing and passing the ball. Emboldened by the easy acceptance of their propaganda, the appeasers then had the effrontery to sabotage the fine, aggressive spirit of American youthhood by including in their figures the yardage lost through penalties, which simply are an expression of enthusiasm and determination to win.

Bitterly and belatedly, we must admit that the saboteurs have done their sinister work well. Today, an honest reporter would sooner start his prose poem without his by-line, Heaven forbid, than neglect to clutter up his story with the statistics of the game.

It is plain that statistics will enshroud America in soft sentimentalism and perspectives as cockeyed as a two-year-old child's drawing if we continue in our slavish devotion to all figures except the final score. More often than not, the losing team outstatisticks the winner all over the place. Everyone then goes home contented. This, gentlemen, is as silly as it is un-American. No one but a sucker likes to lose. Because its critical fiber has been destroyed by statistics, the opium of the sports fan, half the crowd at any given football game actually draws solace from defeat.

Let us show you the blueprint for demoralization. Take the most important game of October 9th, 1943. The Notre Dame-Michigan brawl was represented as deciding temporarily the national championship. A crowd of 86,000 watched the Notre Dames and the Michigans commit interesting atrocities on each other. Statistically, the game was fairly close. Michigan shaded the Irish in first downs, 14-13. Actually, it was no contest. Notre Dame won the game from here to Tokyo, as a Fortress flies, by the score of 35-12.

Yet the Michiganders, looking at the first downs, were led to believe their heroes had done pretty well. This is the sort of complacency that lulls us into a sense of false security, that loses wars. When a highly touted team, as Michigan was, has the bejabbers knocked out of it, loud indignation should be registered to avert similar disasters in the future.

If a right-thinking citizen attempts to inject a note of stern realism in this attitude of merry mediocrity, he immediately is overwhelmed by cynical comment to the effect that the winning side was shot with luck.

Last year the customers were led to believe that the pro football Giants had robbed widows and orphans when they defeated the Washington

Redskins, 14-7, without making a first down. A few weeks later a crisis in educational circles narrowly was averted when Northwestern outstatisticked Michigan but lost the game, 34-16. We presume the diplomatic breach was healed by an apology from the Michigan people.

The curse of statistics extends to all sports, of course. In baseball there is elaborate data that imparts all manner of misinformation, including the comparative efficiency of blue-eyed and cross-eyed southpaws and the number of times a hitter customarily hitches up his pants before missing the ball. The figures do not begin to reveal, however, what makes a winning team.

The Yankees are renowned as a murderous collection of hitters. It might interest, and flabbergast, the clients to learn that the Yankees have not led the American League in team hitting since 1935—the last year, save for 1941, they did NOT win the pennant. The Red Sox or Tigers invariably get more hits, but the Yankees score more runs. Opportunism and rising to occasion are the marks of good ball players, too. In the World Series the Cardinals outhit the Yankees, 37-35, but weren't close in the final tabulations.

The dash and daring of the Cardinals on the bases are the distinguishing hallmarks of the National League champions. Yet in their own league, five teams stole more bases this year than the St. Louis swifties. The Dodgers, a collection of creaking gaffers, was one of the teams that amassed more steals, but the Dodgers can outrun the Cardinals like you can outtalk your wife and her sainted mother.

About a decade ago a violent debate agitated football over a proposal made by Pop Warner. Touchdowns are not counted as first downs in the statistics, a fact Warner tried to ignore. He was in favor of awarding a point every time a first down was made. By an odd coincidence, Warner then had a Stanford team that was gaining terrifically between the 20-yard lines but couldn't buy a touchdown.

Warner cried that the whole thing was a miscarriage of justice. He complained that Stanford would have won every game if each first down had counted for a point. The forces of appeasement rallied around his banner. The structure of football and the American way trembled in the balance.

At this critical juncture, Jim Crowley of Fordham saved the day. "Give a point for every first down," Crowley said vehemently, "and next year they'll give the baseball pennants to the teams that leave the most men on the bases."

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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 24)

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five lodges are members of the State Association.

Officers for 1943-44 were elected as follows: Pres., Raymond Riede, Denver; Vice-Pres.'s: Central, Richard H. Simon, Littleton; North, Elmer M. Ivers, Loveland; South, C. J. Williams, Walsenburg; West, H. L. Corder, Gunnison; Secy., (reelected) Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., (reelected) W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Trustees: Central, P. B. Griffith, Colorado Springs; West, Ernest L. Milner, Montrose. Six Trustees are holdovers; two are elected each year for four-year terms.

In addition to Mr. Coen, many prominent Elks attended the convention. Among those present were George W. Bruce, of Montrose Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum, Past State Presidents Frank W. Thurman, of Boulder Lodge, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Arthur L. Allen, Pueblo, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Jacob L. Sherman, Denver, all of Colorado, and, from Nebraska, Paul N. Kirk, Grand Island, Pres. of the Neb. State Elks Assn., and Past Presidents Fred R. Dickson, of Kearney Lodge, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and State Secretary H. P. Zieg, Grand Island. Denver was decided upon as the meeting place for 1944.

CALIFORNIA

The California State Elks Association held its 29th annual meeting at Los Angeles on September 21-22. In accordance with the wishes of State President Newton M. Todd, of Long Beach, the attendance was held to an absolute minimum. Approximately 300 members of the lodges registered. In view of the fact that registration of Elks and their ladies at the convention at Long Beach in 1941 was 7,831, it was evident that the efforts of the officers to streamline the meeting were successful. Among the distinguished guests present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Forum, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knights Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and George D. Hastings, Glendale, and Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather, Tucson, Ariz.

The report of P.E.R. Stephen A. Compas, of Huntington Park, Chairman of the California Elks War Commission, showed that the lodges of the State have been active in all phases of the war effort on the Home Front. More than fourteen million dollars in actual cash was raised by the Commission in the Buy-a-Bomber campaign held last June. The Campaign for extra purchases of War Bonds earmarked for the buying of combat aircraft was undertaken by nearly every lodge in California. The lodges of the State spent \$120,547.84 in the charitable activities during the year, or an average of \$2.57 per capita. Those showing an expenditure for charity of

\$5.00 per capita, or over, were Orange Lodge, \$14.43, Napa, \$11.15, Whittier, \$9.75, Oakland, \$6.43, Porterville, \$6.31, Redlands, \$6.23, Alhambra, \$5.95, and Indio, \$5.69.

Among the resolutions adopted by the Association was one directed to the Elks National Foundation Trustees, urging their continued support of the Tubercular Hospital maintained by the Arizona State Elks Association at Tucson. There were no social activities during the meeting other than a stag banquet arranged by the Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, Walter W. Trask, and held on Tuesday evening, the 21st. A pre-convention dinner and lodge meeting were held at the home of Glendale Lodge No. 1289 on Monday evening. In attendance were nearly all the State Association officers and a number of Past Presidents of the Association.

The usual contests were omitted this year with the exception of the finals in the Ritualistic Contest, held in the lodge room of Alhambra Lodge No. 1328 and won by Glendale Lodge No. 1289 with a score of 98.04382. Santa Ana Lodge No. 794 was second, scoring 98.02791, and Porterville Lodge No. 1342 was third with a score of 97.87421. The President's Banner for the lodge showing the greatest percentage in membership increase for the year went to Indio Lodge No. 1643, with a net gain of 59.09 per cent.

A fine program was arranged for the annual Memorial Services, held under the direction of Past President L. A. Lewis. Past President Donald K. Quayle, of Alameda Lodge, delivered the address of the day. A highlight of the meeting was the speech made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon in which he summarized the various cooperative activities of the lodges of the State in connection with the war effort and called attention to the fact that the Order is on the march in California as indicated by a net gain of 5,765 members since April, 1942.

New officers were installed at the final session as follows: Pres., Clifford C. Anglim, Richmond; Vice-Pres.'s: South, Henry Swanson, El Centro; S. Cent., Stephen A. Compas, Huntington Park; E. Cent., Robert J. Craine, Hanford; W. Cent., W. W. Jacka, San Jose; Bay, Earl J. Williams, Oakland; North, Dr. Charles C. De Marais, Chico; Secy., (fifth term) Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., (second term) Oscar W. Heying, Anaheim; Trustees, two years: S. Cent., J. S. Foto, Monrovia; W. Cent., James A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo; Bay, George Doherty, San Francisco. Appointed by President Anglim were Hugh M. Burns, Fresno, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Lt. Col. the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose, Chaplain, and reappointed, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles, Tiler, the oldest officer in point of service in the Association. The new President pledged all-out support of constructive measures pertaining to the Nation and the Order. The dates and meeting place for the 1944 meeting were left in the hands of the Board of Trustees.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

Reading, Pa., Lodge Initiates A Class of Thirty Candidates

A class of 30 candidates was initiated at a recent meeting of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115. Special ceremonies were arranged by P.E.R. Walter G. McAtee, District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Southeast. Many members of nearby lodges attended.

Adams, Mass., Is Presented With A Resuscitator by Adams Lodge

A resuscitator of the latest type has been presented to the city of Adams by Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335. Formal presentation was made by E.R. George H. Bowe and acceptance by Arthur W. King, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen.

The resuscitator, purchased by the Elks for \$400, is kept at the Adams police station where it is available for emergency use at any hour of the day or night. Arrangements were made for all members of the police department to be instructed in the operation of the apparatus. The Elks were given a demonstration by N. Smith, of the Emerson Company, manufacturer, after which a luncheon was served.

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge Initiates Large Class at Special Meeting

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196, initiated a class of 37 new members at a meeting on Tuesday, October 5, in honor of P.E.R. Anthony J. Gerard, P.D.D. At the same meeting, Clarence E. Thompson, of Etna Lodge, newly-appointed District Deputy of the Pennsylvania Southwest District, visited Knoxville Lodge officially.

An overflow turnout of members made it necessary to hold the meeting in the Masonic Hall nearby. At the close of the ritualistic ceremonies, splendidly performed by the Knoxville officers, all in attendance marched to the lodge home where a fine dinner awaited them. Entertainment was provided at a social session held later.

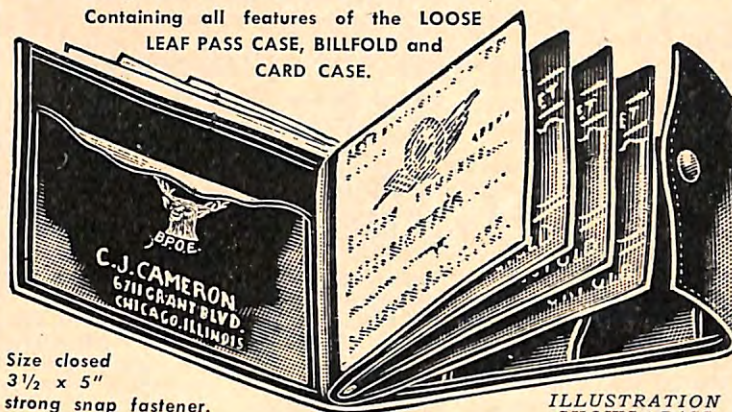
Ellwood City Elks Provide Ideal Facilities for Blood Donor Unit

The Pittsburgh Red Cross Blood Donor Committee Mobile Unit visited Ellwood City, Pa., recently for a five-day period. The facilities of the Elks' auditorium were offered by P.E.R. George Fosnaught, Chairman of the Blood Donor Committee of Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356, to the visiting unit through Mrs. Bruce Hunter, local Chairman of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service, and immediately accepted. A new record for the district was established when 909 of the 963 volunteers were accepted.

Charleston, W. Va., Elks Visit Soldiers at Ashford Hospital

A delegation of members of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, accompanied by the "Colonels Orchestra", visited the Ashford General Hospital at White Sulphur Springs on Sunday, September 12. The group was headed by E.R. J. W. Cummins. An entertaining song and dance program, interspersed with selections beautifully rendered by the orchestra, was presented before an appreciative audience of convalescent soldiers.

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Alma, Mich., Elks Give the War Effort Active Support

Volunteering for service in the Third War Loan Drive as members of the Bond Drive Committee of Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, were Fred W. Goodes, Secretary of the lodge for many years, Esteemed Leading Knight Henry Niedzielski and Trustee John Luchini. The quota of \$10,000, set for No. 1400, was oversubscribed by \$8,000 within a very short time, with every assurance that it would be doubled.

In the preceding drive, the lodge was notified that its quota was \$4,000. Before 10:30 on the following morning, the Committee had sold enough Bonds to oversubscribe the quota. Alma Lodge is active in many phases of war work and has donated liberally to the Elks War Fund. Marvin E. Utter is Chairman of the War Effort Committee.

Commissioned Officers at Tampa Are Entertained by Local Elks

Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, gave its first dance and entertainment of the season for the commissioned officers of the Armed Forces stationed in Tampa, including Waves, Wacs and military nurses, on September 23. Attending were approximately 225 commissioned officers, a large number of young ladies belonging to the V-ette Clubs and daughters of the lodge members.

The dance was the first of a series to be held every two weeks at the lodge home. A lounge room for first and second lieutenants stationed in Tampa was opened by No. 708 on October 7.

A Special Class Is Initiated By Amarillo, Texas, Lodge

In August, the officers of Amarillo, Tex., Lodge, No. 923, decided to organize a special class of candidates to replace those members who had entered the Service, and as the number stood at 130, "The 130 Class" was chosen as a name, and the work of assembling the Class was begun immediately. For two reasons, response was excellent. First, the enthusiasm with which the members contacted prospects already interested in the Order was contagious, and second, those on both sides felt that replacements balancing the active membership would be of value to the war effort on the Home Front.

On September the 27th, 105 applications were in and 32 reinstatements had been approved. Sixty-five were initiated that night. A delicious barbecue supper was served for more than 400 Elks and their ladies.

D.D. R. E. Foresman Visits Bloomsburg Lodge Officially

R. Eugene Foresman, of Williamsport Lodge No. 173, District Deputy for Pennsylvania, North Central, paid his official visit to Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 436, on October 7. A class was initiated in his honor by the Bloomsburg officers led by E.R. J. Harold McMahan.

The meeting was preceded by a banquet given for the District Deputy at 6:30. Among those present were the local officers, trustees, directors and members of the House Committee, and a number of prominent out-of-town Elks. P.D.D. J. G. Thumm, of Shenandoah, Inner Guard of the Pa. State Elks Assn., P.D.D.'s Henry L. Coira, Danville, and Colonel J. P. Fitzpatrick, Pittston, P.E.R.

Cliff Rockefeller, Sunbury, Pres. of the North Central District, and E.R.'s George Bird, Berwick, and Joseph Nesbit, Sunbury.

Albany, Ore., Elks Sponsor War Bond Drive With Great Success

Albany, Ore., Lodge, No. 359, sponsored the Third War Loan Drive in the city of Albany and its environs, and with a quota of \$915,000, succeeded in passing the quota with sales of \$1,009,082. The all Elks committee, headed by Lowell Seaton, Chairman, and Phil Kailes, Co-chairman, performed an outstanding job and consequently the lodge received a lot of favorable publicity. A committee of Elks' ladies, headed by Mrs. Cawfield, wife of E.R. James R. Cawfield, aided in putting the Drive over by means of house-to-house solicitation.

During the Drive, Robert S. Farrell, Jr., of Portland Lodge No. 142, District Deputy for Oregon, Northwest, paid his official visit to Albany Lodge. Mr. Farrell assisted in the Drive by making an address which was broadcast from the lodge room during the regular meeting, held on September 23.

Navy Awards Are Presented to Hackensack, N. J., Lodge

Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, and *The Bergen Evening Record*, of which John Borg, a member of the lodge, is the publisher, were presented Navy Merit and Navy aviation banners and Navy merit certificates during public ceremonies conducted in front of the lodge home on September 15. In the presence of a large gathering which included dignitaries of the Order, local civic leaders and Navy officers, Lieutenant Commander J. Clement Boyd presented the aviation banners awarded in recognition of the enlisting of four squadrons of more than 200 youths as naval aviation V-5 cadets. Acceptances were made by P.E.R. Harry C. Harper, Civil Service Commissioner, acting for the lodge, and Mr. Borg, Commissioner of the Port of New York Authority.

The Special Program Committee, headed by Chairman Russell L. Binder, P.D.D., arranged a program to extend through the entire evening. The public presentations and the raising of the Navy merit flag were followed by a short business meeting of the lodge and the monthly birthday party for members born in September. Another interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of an insignia pin of the Seabees to P.E.R. William L. Seubert, Chairman of the War Committee of No. 658. Mr. Seubert had been cited previously for outstanding achievement in recruiting for the Seabees, and had been made an associate member of the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board.

A District Initiation Is Held At Robinson, Ill., Lodge

A Degree Team, whose personnel included a member from each lodge in the Illinois Southeast District, initiated a class of candidates in the home of Robinson, Ill., Lodge, No. 1188, on September 16. E.R. Dr. H. J. Raley, of Harrisburg Lodge, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., was the honor guest. A number of other prominent Elks, among whom were State Treasurer Fred P. Hill and District Vice-President Robert H. Wade, both of Danville, and District Deputy H. L. Pitner, of Fairfield, were

guests. A complimentary dinner was served in the grill room at five-thirty.

Four of the candidates were initiated for Robinson Lodge. The other members of the class were inducted for sister lodges in the district.

Sergeant Ray Smith Is a Guest Of Easton, Maryland, Lodge

Easton, Md., Lodge, No. 1622, gave a dinner party recently in honor of Sergeant Ray Smith who, before his return to the United States, completed his 25th mission over France and Germany. The Sergeant gave a very interesting talk and was presented with a gift by Past District Deputy L. Roy Willis, Sr. Arrangements for the dinner, which was an outstanding success, were capably handled by two of the lodge's most popular members, Joseph S. Barnes, Mayor of Easton, and Walter F. Austin.

Easton Elks, solicited by mail to help with the "G" Box program, responded so splendidly that members in the Services are now receiving boxes in regular rotating order. Under the leadership of E.R. H. N. Firstman and Dr. Theo. Tobin, Chairman, the lodge is doing a splendid job in connection with the Seabee recruiting program.

Honolulu Lodge Gives Financial Aid to Poliomyelitis Committee

When that dread disease, poliomyelitis, struck in Hawaii some months ago, Honolulu Lodge No. 616 went into quick action. Exalted Ruler Ralph W. Morris appointed a committee of three to distribute containers among the business houses of the community, as has been done in various march of dimes campaigns.

Splendid cooperation was given the committee chairman, Alfred C. Correia, and his two assistants, Wayne A. Johnson and J. Roger MacGuigan, P.E.R., by a group of students from Roosevelt High School who helped in collecting the cans and in their distribution. The students worked under the supervision of Al B. Correia and his assistants. The public responded as never before and the net sum of \$10,427.13, turned over by the Elks to the Honolulu Emergency Poliomyelitis Committee, raised the total amount of the emergency fund to approximately \$200,000.

State President H. J. Raley Is Honored at Harrisburg, Ill.

A two-day reception held by Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, in honor of E.R. Dr. H. J. Raley, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., featured the initiation of 68 candidates, including 15 for Harrisburg Lodge, and ended with the President's Ball on Saturday evening, September 11. Candidates were initiated for all of the lodges in the district by a special ritualistic team. A buffet supper was served after the meeting.

Open house was held all day Saturday for Elks and their wives, who came to Harrisburg from all parts of southern Illinois, with several coming from upstate. In the afternoon a bridge and pinochle party was given for the ladies. Wives of Harrisburg Elks acted as hostesses.

Circuit Judge D. F. Rumsey, P.E.R., was General Chairman over the committees handling the events of both days. An orchestra of young Harrisburg musicians furnished the music for the President's Ball.

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- The largest-selling pipe tobacco in the world—any pipe-smoker will welcome this famous pound package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco—the National Joy Smoke (left). Crimp cut for free, easy drawing... "no-bite" treated for mellow mildness.



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If he smokes a pipe, remember Prince Albert is *The National Joy Smoke*

Send that man in camp a gift of Prince Albert—he'll welcome that extra measure of mellow, cool-smoking pipe enjoyment!