

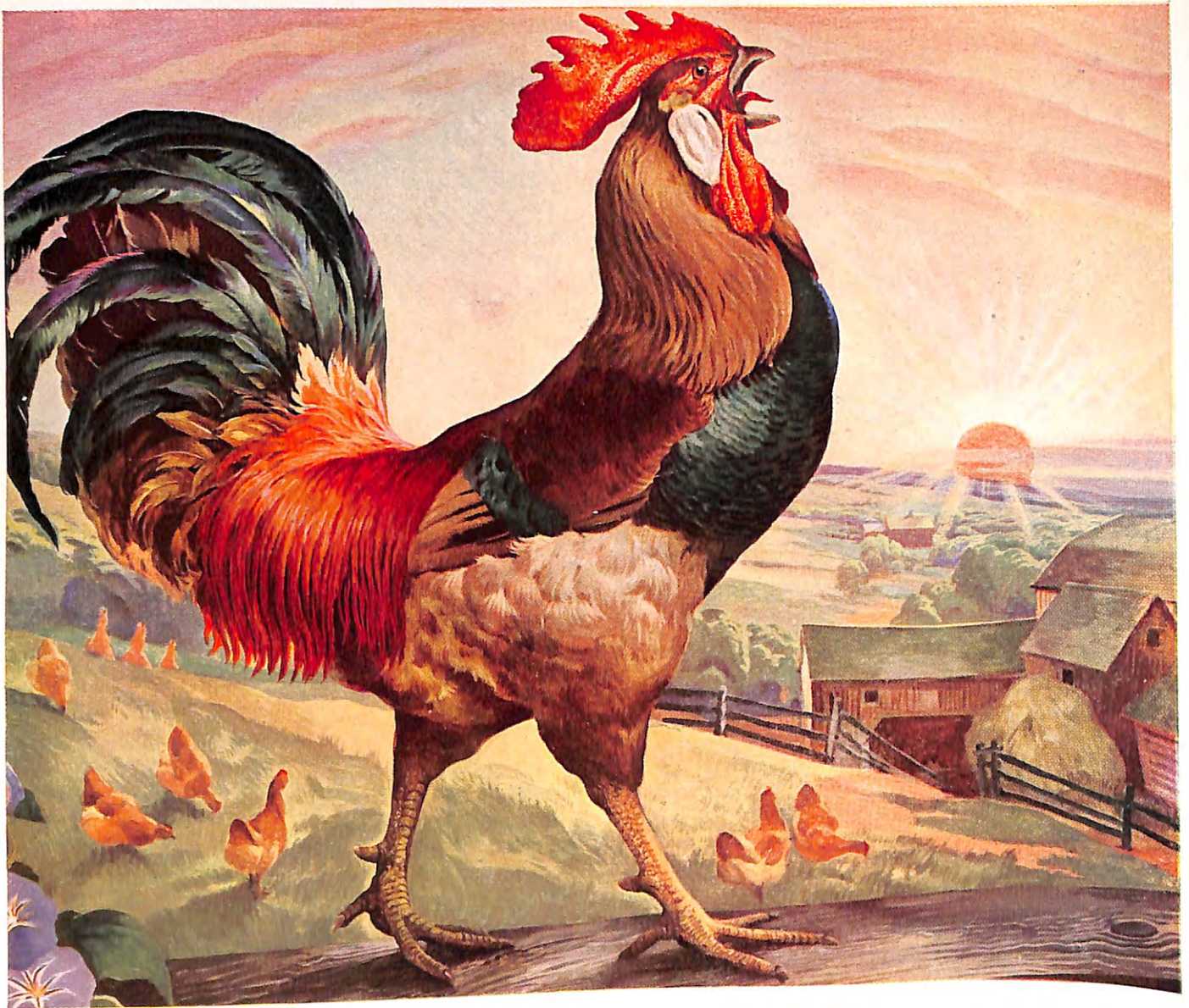
THE

# 4ks

MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY 1944  
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# “Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!”

YOU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. But *one thing all* who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . *so mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. Over all others, it's

America's first choice among whiskies — SCHENLEY Royal Reserve — *because we made it America's finest!*

You'll taste the proof of it in your first highball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour . . . made with SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. Try it. *Soon!*

SCHENLEY HAS MADE NO WHISKEY SINCE 1942 . . . our distilleries are producing alcohol for war use by the government! Precious pre-war reserves furnish the whiskies for Schenley Royal Reserve these days. But there is enough for the duration if used in moderation.

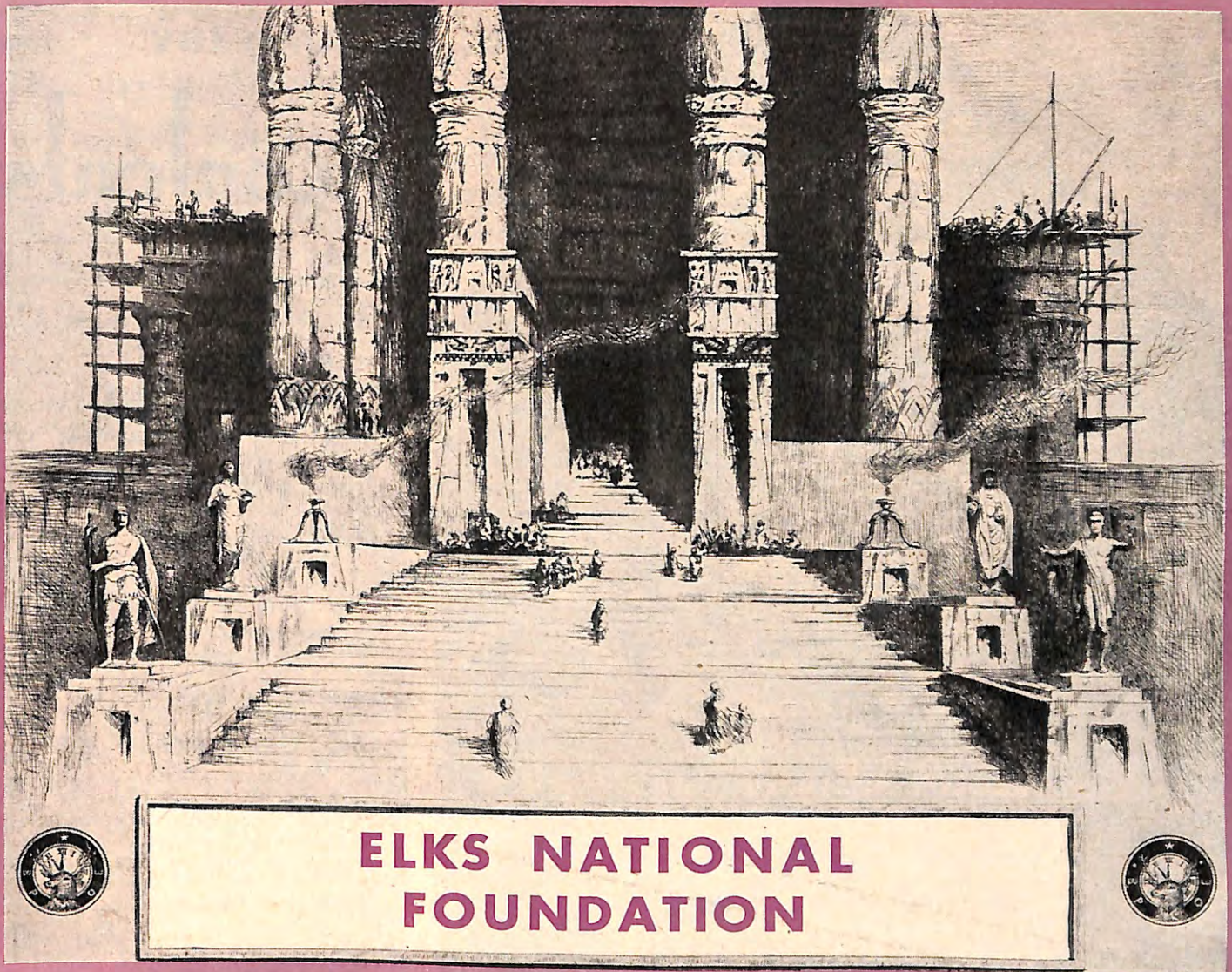


*Mellow and light as a perfect morning!*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



**SCHENLEY**  
*Royal Reserve*  
BLENDED WHISKEY



## ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION

"For the cause that lacks assistance,  
 For the wrong that needs resistance,  
 For the bright hopes in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do."

Everyone who has caught the true spirit of Elksdom wishes to carry on indefinitely for these high purposes. Fortunately it is possible to participate in all the good works and humanitarian acts of our Order during lifetime and down through the ages. The Grand Lodge has provided for this by establishing the Elks National Foundation.

This agency of our Order now has a fund of over \$700,000 and already has distributed \$180,000 in fostering and promoting charitable, educational, patriotic and benevolent purposes. Under its charter the principal fund of the Foundation is preserved by investment and every penny of the income is used for aiding worthy young men and young women to finish their education, for rehabilitation of crippled children, for providing hospital and medical care for those afflicted with tuberculosis and for supporting other equally worthy undertakings. Every contributor is assured that none of his gift, either principal or income, will be used for administrative expenses. The seven Trustees selected by the Grand Lodge serve without pay and the overhead cost is paid by the Grand Lodge. Our Foundation is unique in this respect and in many others. Every Elk may assure the continuance of these charitable works by contributions to the Foundation during life or

by bequest in his will. All contributions are deductible for income and estate tax purposes.

Write your name in the Golden Book of Elksdom! Join the "doers" who not only make adequate provision for the present but underwrite the future

"For the bright hopes yet to find me,  
 And the good that I can do."

Keep before you this form of bequest—

"I give and bequeath the sum of ..... Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia."

Include it in your own will and show it to your generous-hearted friends.

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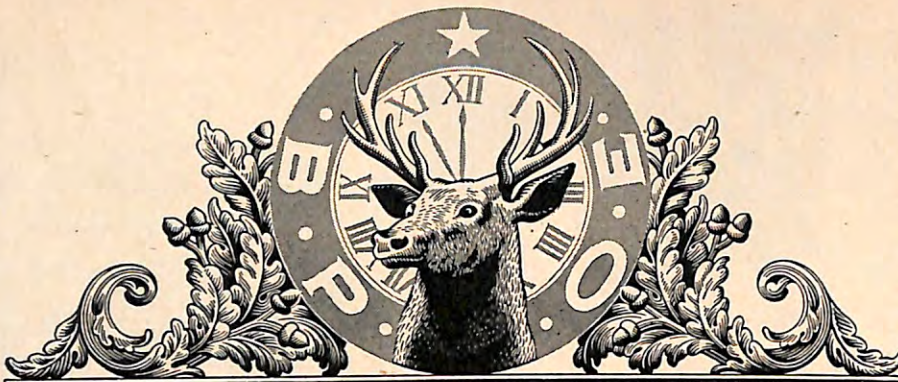
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## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

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**IN THIS ISSUE  
We Present—**

IN ADDITION to our regular fraternal news you will find two features of particular interest. On page one is a message from the Board of Grand Trustees which you will find worth while, and on pages 6 and 7 are photographs and a story about the fine new Fraternal Center which has been opened in New York City by the War Commission. We were there opening day and can guarantee that the photographs don't lie.

JAMES and Alice Wilson who wrote "You Can Kill 'Em With Kindness" in the November issue are with us again. This time it is "Oil on Troubled Waters", an interesting appraisal of our oil resources and an unexpected, at least for us, solution to the problem of no oil.

We were so interested in learning how Mr. and Mrs. Wilson collaborate on their work that we asked for a resumé of their method. Here 'tis. "One of us gets an idea and we talk about it, look up everything we can find out about it, talk about it some more, interview everybody we think might be helpful, talk it all over again and jot down a working outline. Then Jim starts writing, reading each page aloud as he goes, for Alice to shoot at. If he bogs down, she takes over and writes a sentence or a paragraph or a page—until he gets steamed up again. Then she goes back to taking care of their three children until he shouts for another good adjective. When the article is done, we send it for review and correction to all the authorities who have supplied data. When it comes back, we take it apart and put it together again until it suits us both. Then we mail it to the editor with the pious hope that it will suit him, too!"

Well, it suits us and we think that you will agree in our choice.

"FIRST Aid for the Small Businessman" is the result of our request to Philip Harkins to delve into the problems of the smaller manufacturers and find out how they are faring in wartime. He tells us that spunk, ingenuity and just plain common sense have saved many but that the remainder have been given the necessary stimulants by the Smaller War Plants Corporation. If you are a small businessman this article may open a door for you.

The mystery story is relaxation for noble minds—or so we like to think. If you have a noble mind, and who dares say no, read "Off Season" by Thomas Walsh.

Pages 21, 22, and 23 are pictures of the recently initiated "Victory Classes". They will show you how your Order is growing.

F.R.A.

# Generation after Generation

**THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR**



## OLD CROW

**BOTTLED IN BOND**

*A Truly Great Name.*

**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

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



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

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old  
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

# Oil on troubled



**T**HE next major development in the oil industry will probably be the production of oil on a large scale from rocks which contain no oil.

Don't tear up your ration book, though! The output will be small at first. Not until after the war can American motorists expect substantial direct dividends in oil from this new source. But with the gloomy long-term outlook for liquid petroleum, you should be thankful enough to be spared the prospect of having to equip your car with a team of Saint Bernards within a few years after the war!

Our known reserves of liquid petroleum are equivalent to about fourteen years' supply, at the normal rate of use. (Because of the limited rate at which we can get this oil out of the ground, we shall actually be at least thirty years using it up.)

The rate of discovery of new reserves has dropped from 2,392 million barrels in 1936 to 507 million barrels in 1942. This decline has not been caused by a decrease in wildcatting, as has been

claimed. Wildcatting has actually increased almost 50% during these years, but the amount of oil per new field discovered has decreased 90%. The inescapable conclusion is that the bonanza days are over and we are now picking up the crumbs.

As of 1943, we are using up liquid petroleum almost five times as fast as we are discovering it. Unless we turn up totally unexpected treasure in pawing over the old ground—ground which has already been pawed over time and again—the end is definitely in sight for oil from wells.

To be sure, we can continue to import petroleum products from Venezuela, Mexico and other countries, for years after our domestic reserves have gone up in smoke. How much, or for how many years, no one knows. But it is not safe to depend primarily on imports to supply our future needs. U-boats might interfere.

Furthermore, there is a limit to the amount of petroleum the rest of the world can export to us, although there

**Oil shale deposits, mountains of oil! Most of the deposits are at or near the surface, a factor in low-cost oil production.**

is apparently no limit to our ability to consume.

Ever since the beginning of the industry, the United States has been producing about 60% of the world's supply of petroleum—and during the last few years we have been consuming as much as we produced. Some experts doubt if all the rest of the world together will ever produce petroleum as fast as the United States alone has been producing it since 1925.

All the other important industrial nations except Russia are already heavy importers of petroleum. The widespread industrialization of the more backward nations which is sure to come after the war will create huge new demands for oil. Competition for the world's exportable surpluses of petroleum will be fiercer than ever. It may bring on another rash of secret deals between other

# Waters



nations, such as occurred during the Coolidge administration, when even our allies schemed to exclude the United States from certain of the world's petroleum reserves.

Nor is that all. Most of the countries with exportable oil are more or less unstable politically. Expropriation, cancelling of contracts, hiking of royalties and export taxes, and general unpredictability are only a few of the political hazards to be encountered in developing foreign sources of supply.

Three certainties stand out in any consideration of our long-term prospects of getting oil from abroad: It will cost us much more than it has in the past; we shall not be able to get all we want, and the sources of supply will not be dependable.

The acute need is for more gasoline—for both the long-term and the immediate future. Where is it coming from?

Our *long-term* outlook for gasoline and oil from domestic sources depends on the development of a cheap, satisfactory and plentiful substitute for our

rapidly disappearing reserves of liquid petroleum.

That's where the rock-which-contains-no-oil comes in! It is, so far as we now know, the best and cheapest source of a petroleum substitute.

It is not the most plentiful source. We have enough coal to supply all our needs for both liquid and solid fuel for upwards of a thousand years, it is said. However, we can't produce gasoline from coal by any method discovered yet, except at a prohibitive cost. Commercially practical methods will undoubtedly be worked out, but this may take longer than we think. Experts both here and abroad have been grappling with the problem for many years.

It is possible, by the Fischer process, to convert natural gas into gasoline cheaply enough to compete with gasoline from crude petroleum at \$2.00 a barrel, where natural gas can be had at five cents per thousand cubic feet or less. (The current average price of crude is around \$1.20.) But there are several catches in this: (1) There aren't many places in the United States where a dependable supply of natural gas is available at this price; (2) The estimated investment, in dollars and in tons of steel, per barrel of gasoline produced per day from natural gas is about five times as high as for gasoline from petroleum; (3) The total potential output of gasoline from this source would be a mere drop in the gas tank, compared with our total needs.

However, the United States contains the richest deposits of oil shale in the world. In western Colorado alone are shale beds believed to contain the equivalent of 48 billion barrels of recoverable oil. Deposits in Utah, Kentucky, Indiana, Wyoming and half a dozen other states swell our estimated known reserves of potential shale oil to the stupendous total of about one hundred million barrels—enough, with what liquid petroleum we have left, to supply our needs for at least 110 years, at the normal rate of use.

It has always been thought that oil shale development could never be made profitable without a much higher price structure for petroleum products than we have had in the past.

But listen to the testimony of James O. Ball, Professor of Petroleum Engineering at the Colorado School of Mines and a leading American authority on oil shale, before a Congressional committee last summer:

*"Our research indicates that we can soon be producing gasoline from shale in commercial quantities to sell at approximately the same price as gasoline from liquid petroleum."* Current quotations on gasoline range from 5½ to 7½ cents a gallon at the refinery.

Most authorities estimate the cost of producing gasoline from coal at 12 to 20 cents a gallon!

Oil shale is fossilized swamp muck containing elements of both vegetable

**What's ahead in oil?  
Mountains of it. Mountains  
of shale from which oil  
will be processed.**

**By James and Alice Wilson**



**Oil shale quarrying operations at the old Bureau of Mines plant near De Beque, Colo. It is not practical to quarry oil shale commercially on such a small scale as this.**

and animal origin called "kerogen", which, when subjected to intense heat, decompose to form an oil similar to petroleum. It does not contain a drop of oil as such. In general, it differs from coal chiefly in that it contains a much larger proportion of ash. Cannel coal and torbanite are exceptionally rich varieties of oil shale.

The muck was built up in layers millions of years ago, as dust and silt mingled with the decaying remains of swamp vegetation and animal life. The pressure of clay and sand laid down in later years converted it into shale. More heat would probably have transformed the vegetable and animal matter into liquid oil. An oil shale deposit is essentially an oil pool that was never finished by Nature.

*(Continued on page 25)*



Above: A Canadian WAC and a WAVE register at the Fraternal Center. They are shown later in the handsomely appointed Powder Room.

## The Elks War Commission Opens Fraternal Center for Members of the Armed Forces in New York City

THE Elks Fraternal Center, the former home of Percy Rivington Pyne, 2d, banker, at Madison Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, was opened officially recently by the Elks War Commission to house and entertain men and women in the service of their country. The Center is the eighty-seventh of its kind to be opened throughout the United States by the Commission.

The four-story building has beds for 110 men, showers, game rooms, a canteen, facilities for laundry work, and a library and reading room. In the reading room there are newspapers from all the leading American cities. A Powder Room in the basement is provided for service women.

The first service man to register at the Center was Pfc. Bill Mehrten, 21 years old, who is stationed at Fort Sill, Okla. On

a fifteen-day furlough, Private Mehrten hitch-hiked all the way from his home in Dallas, Tex., to New York. He came by way of Oklahoma City, St. Louis and Chicago.

Corp. William Lawrence, of the Royal Air Force Transport Command, was the first service man from an Allied nation to register. His home is in Brighton, England. Petty Officer Second Class Josephine W. Layman, U. S. Navy Training School (W.R.), Bronx, was the first service woman to register.

The Elks War Commission, which is supported by voluntary contributions from the 600,000 Elks of the 1,400 lodges throughout the country, has a two-year lease on the Pyne mansion, with an option to continue. The Center charges 50 cents a night for a bed, and 25 cents for breakfast.

Below: Four members of the Elks War Commission who were present at the opening of the New York Fraternal Center. They are, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman; James R. Nicholson, Chairman; David Sholtz, and Joseph G. Buch.







Above: Mrs. Frank L. Rain, wife of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who is supervisor of the Fraternal Center, directs operations at the Canteen,

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan talks with one of the boys who was an early registrant.



Above: The spacious Percy Rivington Pyne mansion at Thirty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, which has been leased by the Elks War Commission as a Fraternal Center for service men and women.



Below: Service men are shown dancing with some of New York's famously pretty girls.



# OFF SEASON

ON THE last Friday in October, which was when Nolan saw it first, the boardwalk at Breakers City could not have been at its best. The weather was bad for one thing, so that after he parked his car in the yard back of the Breakers Hotel and walked up four steps from the side street he found himself on a deserted promenade swept morosely by wind and the first heavy drops of rain. Though it was not yet eight o'clock, shadows—and nothing but shadows—blew restlessly around him like patches of black fog. It was much colder than it had been in the side street, and so badly lit as to be depressing. Slitted arc lamps not much stronger than phosphorescent bits of candle hovered above him at measured intervals, running off north in a diminished line of white pin-points beyond rows of deserted beach cottages and the higher outlines of a few dark summer hotels. Past the arc lights, and under them, a strip of beach wavered dimly for a few yards; then something confused and dark, dense enough to be palpable, blotted out water and sky.

There was a noise inside that blackness—the incessant pound and surge of great rollers he could not see. Nolan did not think it in any way a restful sound. He went up the front steps of the Breakers Hotel with the wind sailing against him, with big and very cold drops of rain pelting his neck; he went in through a boxlike entrance, opened and closed two doors, and looked over the unpretentious lobby furnished with maple chairs and a couple of sofas. There was a hotel desk on his left with the usual tall rack behind it. A girl—probably the girl he had come to see—was arranging some folders on top of that desk.

She was a slender, brown-haired girl, wearing a thin wool sweater and a plaid skirt. His first quick impression—one Nolan always considered important—was not unfavorable. The other people in the lobby seemed to be the kind he'd have found in any beach resort town five or six weeks after the season ended. Two middle-aged couples playing bridge in front of the fireplace; two men who might have been salesmen reading their papers in the most comfortable chairs around. Nolan passed them on his way to the desk. He was tall himself, not yet thirty, with a serious, long-chinned face

and inexpressive dark eyes under thin brows; he wore a good-looking gray Burberry and a felt hat with a sharp downward tilt to the front brim.

In October, at the Breakers Hotel, there was no bellhop. He had to pick up his bag after he signed the register and follow the brown-haired girl down a quiet and rather chilly corridor that ran back from the fireplace side of the lobby. When she opened the door of number eleven and switched on the lights inside he said, "Fine," before he had a chance to see much of the room. There was maple furniture again, and two extra blankets folded across the foot of the bed. He had left his car out

back, he said. Was that all right?

It seemed it would be, since that was their regular parking lot. Light brown eyes with the faintest smudge of shadow under them and high cheekbones that lent a delicate slenderness to her features went along with the brown hair. Perhaps she was twenty-five—quiet enough unaffected, attractive too, in a reserved sort of way.

"It must be eight now," Nolan said, putting his bag on a chair. "Would that be too late for supper?"

"Oh, no." She should have done better with her smile; it seemed tired, and not directed toward him at all. "I can have something ready for you in ten

**She got up, her cheeks bloodless, and Nolan let her go. He was pretty sure she'd be back again in a hurry.**



**You would have thought that a seashore resort would be pretty quiet in an off-season, but not the Breakers Hotel.**

**By Thomas Walsh**

*Illustrated by*

JOHN ALAN MAXWELL



minutes or so. We have a salesman's rate here, you know. If you're the new man from Willis and Schaefer—"

Nolan shook his head. He wasn't. She said, "Oh," again, perhaps expecting him to add something more. When he failed to she moved back to the door.

"Then I'll see about supper."

"There's no rush," Nolan said, but she went off anyway while he was draping his coat across the bed. He had a feeling about most people he met which he called practical common sense. He trusted it. Now it told him that a girl like this wouldn't be very much trouble. She'd talk, all right; about all he'd have to do was put it up to her. On the bureau, under a thick sheet of glass, there was a card with room rates and meal prices listed on it. In the lower right hand corner he read her name: Dorothy M. Liscomb.

At headquarters that morning a sharp-faced accountant who read true detective magazines religiously, and who had spent the first two weeks in September at the Breakers Hotel, had called her that Liscomb number. He had opened his latest magazine, just out the night before, and laid a finger on Frank Coleman's picture. He knew where they could find that bird. Down at the Breakers Hotel, in Breakers City, he had seen him hanging around the Liscomb number who ran the place. That was September, but he might still be there. And if he was here now, the accountant was putting in his claim for that fifteen hundred-dollar reward.

Nolan was not so sure he was going to collect it, since at the moment Dorothy M. Liscomb seemed to have nothing phony or out of bounds about her. For a while he lay on the bed, listening to the dull mutter of the surf outside; at a quarter past eight, ready for developments, and adopting a safe professional look of taciturn imperturbability, he went off to supper.

THE bridge game in the lobby broke up around ten o'clock. He was by one of the windows then, looking out at the rain that slanted in diagonal lines, colorlessly, out of darkness across the fragile halo of a street lamp, into darkness again. He stood there until the bridge players went off to bed, and the two salesmen—Mr. Splain in shoes, Mr. Johnson in biscuits—were absorbed on

the other side of the room by a Friday night fight broadcast from Madison Square Garden. Earlier there had been an amicable though apparently rambling conversation with them, and Nolan had got a little out of it. Frank Coleman—if the man the accountant had seen had really been Frank Coleman—was not registered at the Breakers Hotel now.

That was a start, but not much else. Over at the desk he put his elbows on the counter and gazed down at Dorothy Liscomb reflectively with an expression he found useful on occasions like this. It was an altogether impassive expression, useful because most people drew from it whatever they imagined should belong there, and it jarred Dorothy Liscomb now as it had jarred a good many various characters before her. Human nature, it often occurred to Nolan, was not inordinately complicated.

"I came down here on business," he began then, after that steady and unchanging regard had done all he could expect it to do. "It shouldn't take long, either. Police business—not selling. We heard this morning you might be able to help us out on something. Got five minutes to spare?"

Her lower lip went in between her teeth; she closed the account book she'd been checking through.

"Why, yes. I'm just—" She managed some breathing. "Police business," she said. "That's very interesting. That's very—"

She stopped. Her eyes were shinier than they had been an instant before, desperately bright. She put the account book and pencil in the drawer and closed the drawer. While she did she kept her face twisted around to him, trying to appear interested, a bit excited, not worried in any way.

"We're looking for somebody named Frank Coleman," Nolan said. "We got the idea you might be able to tell us where we could find him."

"Frank Coleman," she said. A signal board on the wall in back of her buzzed and a small white square with a black five on it appeared in the bottom row. "Frank—I don't understand. We never had a guest here by that name. I'm sorry. I'm afraid—"

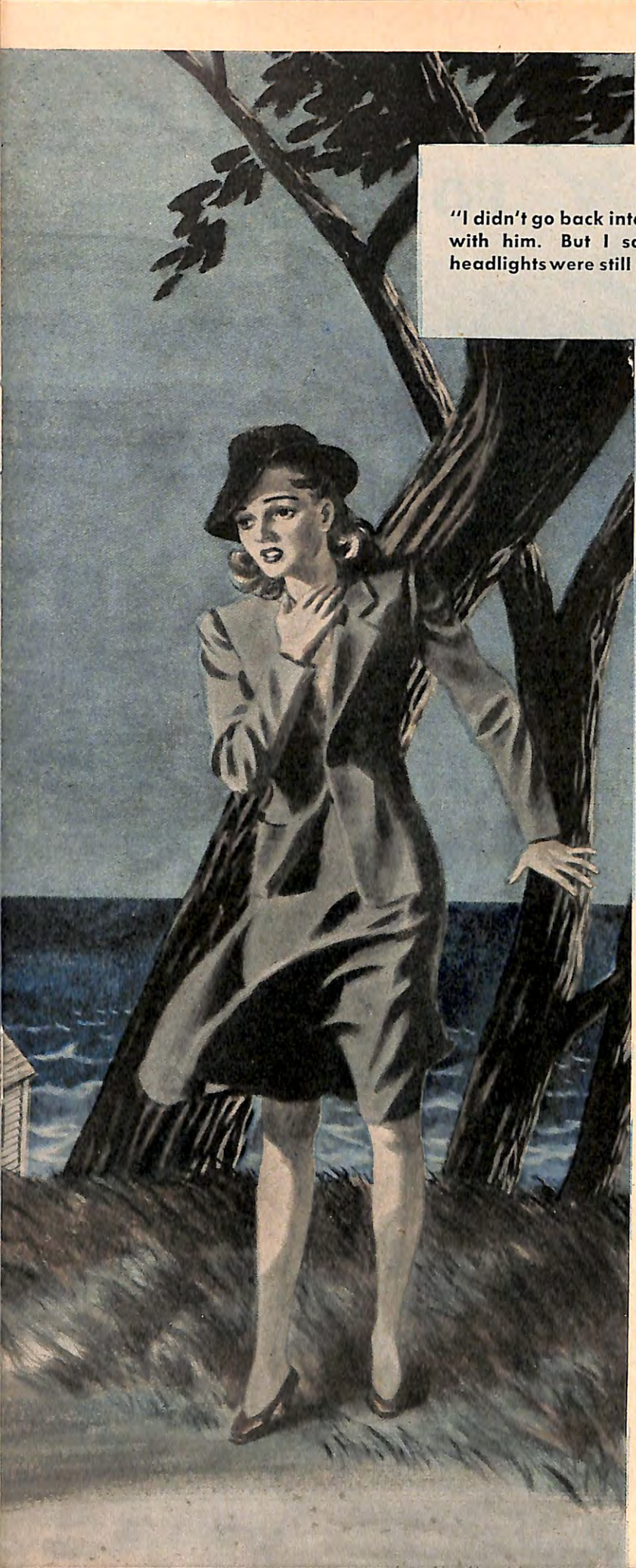
"He'd change the name," Nolan said. "He'd have to do that. He was a payroll clerk with Armitage Brothers until he skipped out on them last Fourth of July weekend with something like thirty-two thousand dollars in cash. Five feet nine or ten, they tell me. Slim. Blond. Snappy dresser. Probably he threw a good deal of money around. You know him now?"

The signal board buzzed again.

"Five," she said, looking back at it that time. As soon as he began to describe Frank Coleman the intolerable relief withered and died in her face. "Mrs. Enders. I must see what— Excuse me."

She got up, her cheeks bloodless, and Nolan let her go. He was pretty sure she'd be back in a hurry. Having a little fun with Frank Coleman was one thing; getting in a mix-up like this was



A woman with dark hair styled in a bun, wearing a dark, long-sleeved coat and a matching hat, stands in a dark, wooded area at night. She is looking towards the viewer with a slightly concerned expression. Her right hand is near her chest, and her left hand rests on the trunk of a large tree. The background is dark with some foliage visible. A speech bubble is positioned above her, containing text.

"I didn't go back into the garage with him. But I saw that the headlights were still on in there."

another. Presently Mr. Splain, a dapper little man in a pin-striped blue suit, yawned and went off to bed. Two or three minutes passed. Then Mr. Splain, dressed for outdoors, appeared in the corridor. He looked frightened. When he saw Nolan by the desk he licked his lips, nodded, smiled weakly and went back into the hall.

It was a long hall with a flight of stairs at the far end, and Mr. Splain had reached those stairs, and was scuttling down them, by the time Nolan had become curious enough to walk over to the lobby entrance. Soon a door below, that could have led out to the parking lot, slammed hard. The girl was nowhere in sight.

Nolan wasted an angry moment looking for her; then he went into his room and got his hat and coat. He reached the basement entrance as Mr. Splain's black coupe, with a company emblem on the side, was backing out to the street. It reached the corner and turned to the right there. Mr. Splain was alone in it.

A brief consideration put things in some kind of order. She must have wanted to warn Coleman, but she could not do it herself because Nolan had been at the desk waiting for her. Using Splain had probably seemed the safest way. Give the story a twist or two and Mr. Splain would be only too glad to help her out. Nolan had all that figured out before his roadster took the corner a lot faster than Mr. Splain had taken it.

He did not turn on the headlights; if Mr. Splain was going where Frank Coleman could be found, Nolan certainly had no objection to following him there. Big summer homes gave way to bungalows where Apt. For Rent signs swung forlornly in the dark air, and soon even those straggled out against longer and longer patches of sand. On a road blackened by rain, without street lights or other traffic, he was not much afraid that Mr. Splain would make him out in the rear-view mirror. The driving he managed all right, if with some care; pale, foglike banks on either side of the concrete marked it off as a gleaming dark strip running on straight ahead of him.

Meanwhile, obvious facts began to emerge inside him: that a town like this, last Fourth of July weekend, must have been perfect for Frank Coleman, because he could spend a lot of money in it and have himself quite a time without being any different from the few thousand vacationers who swarmed in with him. That he stayed on after the season ended because it seemed safe—or mostly, perhaps, because a quiet but cute little trick like Dorothy Liscomb would be around all winter to keep him company. Nolan thought of her with a muted if ominous roll of anger. Quiet—oh, sure! The white-collar kind of girl who would never— He began to mumble to himself. He could have been tough with her. He could have taken her aside and got to work on her the way a lot of men he knew would have

*(Continued on page 27)*

# First Aid FOR THE Small Businessman

**Many small businessmen have survived because of their spunk and ingenuity. Many have been given first aid by the Smaller War Plants Corporation. Here is the story.**

**By Philip Harkins**

LONG before the Nazis opened up with bombs and shells in Poland, they had waged a successful internal war against small business. For the Nazis realized that small business means a strong middle class and a middle class is a bulwark against totalitarianism. The small businessman in Germany, who had looked to National Socialism as a symbol of hope, woke up goose-stepping to war, while Hitler and the plutocratic cartel people whom the Fuehrer had pretended to despise, smiled smugly from the reviewing stand. Squeezed between the Nazis and the cartels, the small businessman in Germany "escaped" to the Eastern Front where he spent what little spare time the Russians gave him in composing letters of complaint to the financial section of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

In this country we have profited from the plight of small business in Germany. So far it has not happened here. Industrial giants have been fed enormous war contracts but the small businessman in America has not been entirely neglected. Since June, 1942, an agency called Smaller War Plants Corporation has been administering blood plasma to small firms that were beginning to wheeze and look grey around the cheekbones.

Smaller War Plants Corporation—SWPC—is not exclusively a war agency. It also has postwar plans and even now is helping some small business firms across the barren plains that arise

when the arsenals are overflowing but the Army and Navy funds are dried up. For a good example consider SWPC's present plan to help small business in New England, to switch small plants back to the manufacture of essential civilian goods like iceboxes, farm tools, dinner pails. New England provides an excellent illustration because its six states have a greater diversity of industry than any other section of the country.

SWPC regional directors in New England, Richard Cooke and Charles Swisher, knew that the WPB planned to start releasing critical materials for the manufacture of essential civilian goods. Armed with this knowledge Cooke and Swisher went to work, their eyes on 1500 small New England plants that were bumping along on one cylinder. It was a big job and the SWPC men needed help. They got it. And where did they get it? From big businessmen, New England's industrial leaders who unselfishly gave valuable time and energy to help small businessmen whose employees buy big business products in the freely circulating economic bloodstream that characterizes a healthy democracy. Among those who volunteered to help were bankers, utility men and a former dean of the Harvard Business School. Two-score volunteers trained by SWPC in the art of small plant appraisal made a laborious survey of New England's small business analyzing the little man's problems, his ability and capacity to pro-

duce essential civilian goods with the restricted materials released by the WPB.

SWPC's New England plan is a hopeful portent of things to come as the glow on the horizon grows and one by one the lights come on again in Europe and Asia. The New England plan and the cooperation it received from private industry large and small should do much to relieve the anxiety of the small businessman all over the country who has looked toward the postwar period with dread.

Smaller War Plants Corporation's regional directors, like its New England men, are at their posts to help small business whether that business is the manufacture of gunsights or iceboxes. The SWPC men are there to loan money and get contracts and give engineering advice. Small businessmen should not hesitate to call on the SWPC representatives for help.

Another benevolent postwar mission of SWPC's will be the distribution of enemy patents which heretofore have been locked up in the safe of the Alien Property Custodian. There are some 50,000 of these patents, enough formulae and blueprints to keep enterprising small businessmen busy for a long time, patents on chemicals, plastics, etc. The line forms to the right at SWPC's regional offices.

When SWPC was born in June, 1942, some people called it the "stepchild of the WPB". Others simply averted their eyes, for to them total war meant big business, giant industries turning out millions of things for millions of men. Where could small business fit into that awe-inspiring tableau? Nowhere according to some authorities. The procurement officer, whose silver hair matched the silver on his shoulders, developed a natural tendency to reach for the phone and order so many million of such and such from a huge company that had been making such and such for decades. This move was multiplied many times and as a result

**Uncle Sam through the Smaller War Plants Corporation has been administering blood plasma to small firms.**

*Illustrated by*  
**HOWARD BUTLER**

big firms bloomed and small business began to look very anemic. If this unhealthy trend had continued there would have been only two big teams left on the field when the game was over, the government and the giants; and that is either totalitarianism or a reasonable facsimile.

Big firms are necessary and big firms have helped make the American industrial effort what it is today, a raging torrent of material that will sweep through to victory, but in its own way, in its value to democracy through its support of the middle class, small business is just as important to this country as big business. For small business means ambition, independence, new ideas, ingenuity, an effervescent vitality—all those things have helped make this country a great power.

Among those who averted their eyes when SWPC was born were the skeptics who believed that giving small business a break would be expensive, that small facilities meant heavy expense. These people had always believed that the more products you turned out the cheaper the product would become and that a small business firm could not compete with a big one in furnishing good and cheap material to the government. In many instances this theory holds water. Elsewhere, as in the following, it leaks:

This case was handled by the New York regional office of SWPC. It concerned the purchase of 37 million bottles of insect repellent which the Armed Forces wanted to spray on the various winged and legged pests that infest the tropical regions. Through the efforts of SWPC a good share of this big order—15 million bottles—went to small businessmen, the major portion to the ABC Company, a cosmetic manufacturer employing 150 people. And here is where that theory leaked: the bids of the ABC Company and the other small plants that shared the order for 15 million bottles of insect repellent were sufficiently low to save the Armed Forces—that is the taxpayers—\$1,500,000! But, the ABC Company ran into obstacles. Jubilant over its contract, it found to its dismay that it couldn't obtain the necessary bottles nor could it persuade a single bottle manufacturer to make new moulds. If ever there was a bottleneck the ABC Company was in it. Then SWPC came to the rescue. SWPC had secured the contract for the hardpressed small business firm; now it followed through and got the bottles by calling a meeting of bottle manufacturers and using persuasive powers.

Another case that upset the same



economic theory about big business making more things more cheaply than small business happened in Brooklyn where the FGH Company, a very small firm with only fifteen employees, submitted a bid of \$216 on a sterilizer for the Army Medical Corps. This figure practically cut in half the bids of big manufacturers who had estimated \$450 for each unit.

The FGH Company bid seemed remarkably low so an SWPC engineer investigated. The SWPC investigator was accompanied by a Medical Corps representative who found the facilities of the FGH Company adequate but decided that \$216 was not a fat enough figure to include a part of the sterilizing unit called a door assembly. Subsequently, on the advice of SWPC, the small firm boosted its bid to \$256 which was still over 40% lower than the bids from the big firms. As a result the FGH Company got the contract and the government saved \$168,000. A remarkable saving for a firm employing only fifteen people. The happy ending came when the Medical Corps pronounced the sterilizing units satisfactory and the small plant made a profit on the deal.

SWPC's first aid to small business often comes just in the nick of time. In Denver, a wire-bending and structural shop could find no work and gradually disintegrated until only a few employees remained. At this critical point SWPC stepped in and put the shop in touch with U. S. Army engineers who decided that wires could be bent into camouflage nets. For the structural end of the shop the same engineers proposed a program for observation towers. These two ideas put the entire plant back to work and it is in excellent

shape today in contrast to its sickly appearance when SWPC and the Army appeared on the scene.

SWPC has pulled many a patient out of a bad hole. One of its liaison specialists whose job is to find out how small business firms can make what the Army quartermaster needs, recently received this letter from a Chicago company:

"We had tried so hard through the normal channels to secure a contract, without results, until we had just about given up all hope. Then we received this award through SWPC. The contract is a small one but we prefer it so, so that we can have a chance to perform satisfactorily under our first contract and thereby pave the way for other contracts."

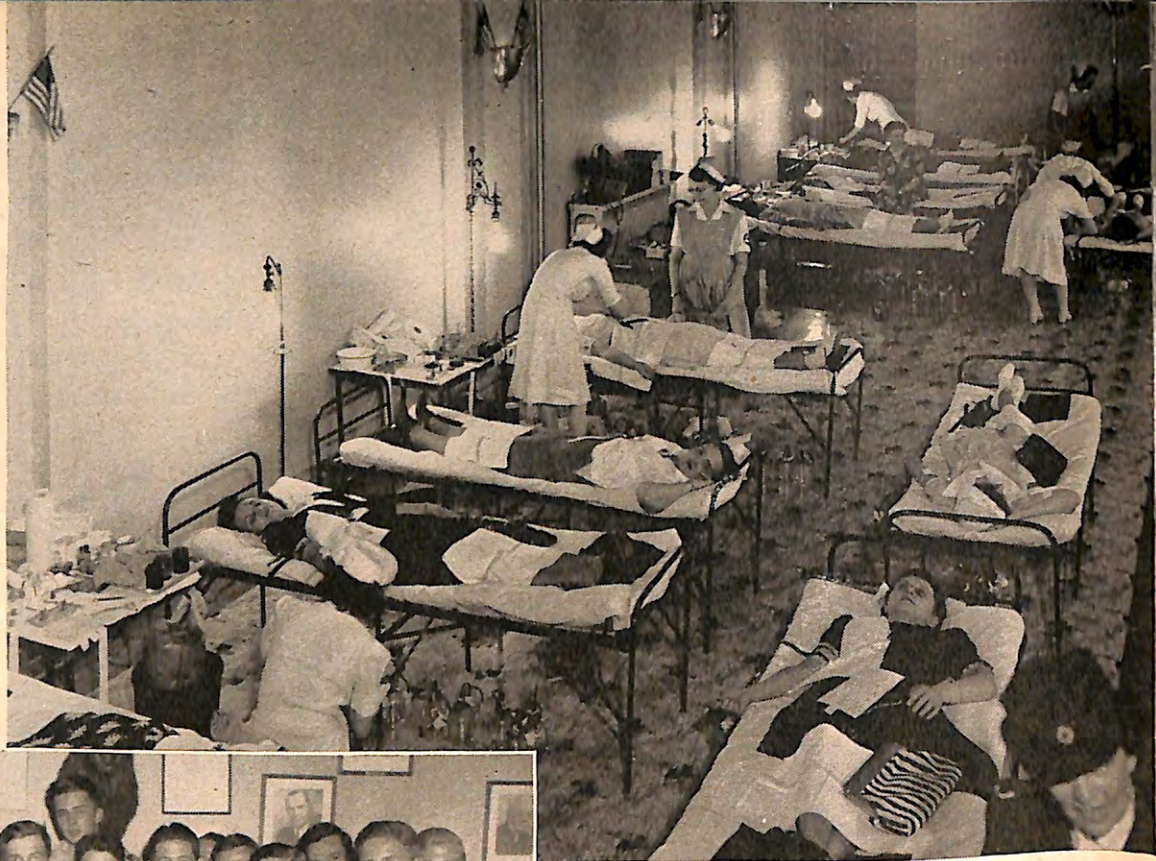
In Indiana the manager and owner of a small soap company went off to war and his wife attempted to carry on the business. The hard-pressed wife had no luck getting orders; competition from big business was too tough. The wife did everything possible to get a contract—no soap. Finally SWPC went to bat for the harassed lady and secured a quartermaster order for saddle-soap. As a SWPC official said with one of the few smiles permitted in a headache-ridden business, "That cleaned that up."

A small company in Seattle, Wash., that manufactured flour sifters saw its list of employees dwindle from 28 to 2 until it asked for and got help from SWPC, aid coming in the form of a Navy contract for flour sieves.

In Texas, a lumber and supply company found itself without work after successfully filling an ordnance con-

*(Continued on page 24)*

# THE Elks IN THE WAR



Above is some of the space given by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge in its spacious lobby and auditorium to the Red Cross Blood Donor Service, with nurses and donors present.



Left are members of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge who are shown at a party given for service men. George I. Hall, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, is seated center.



Left: A group of young men and women inducted into the U. S. Navy as sailors and WAVES during the War Bond Campaign held by Norwich, Conn., Lodge.

Below are those who attended a party sponsored by Fairbury, Neb., Lodge at the newly established USO quarters. More than 500 military men attended.

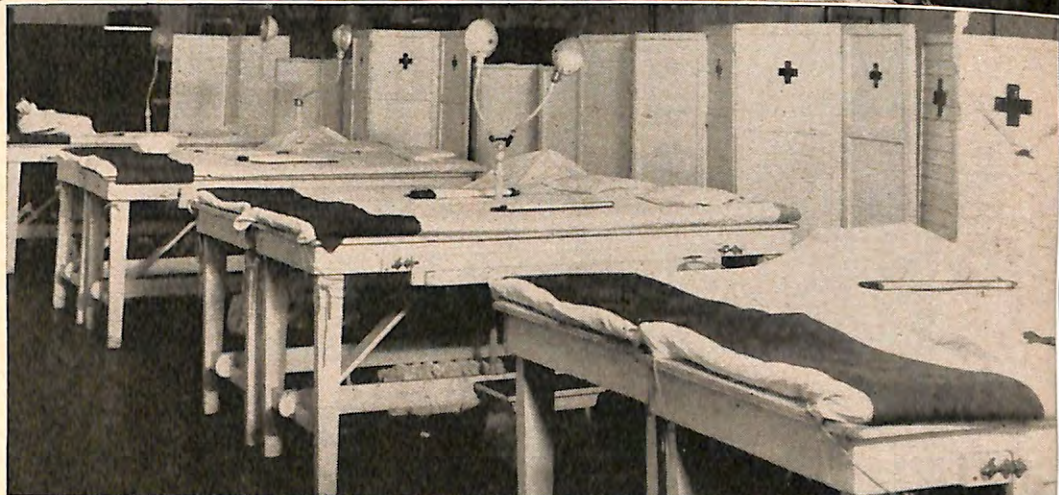
Below are members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge with magazines they are sending out to men in the Service in the South Pacific battle zones. San Diego Lodge will be pleased to forward all magazines sent to them by other lodges in the Southwest.







Above are some of those who were present at an entertainment and dance given for service men and women by the War Commission of New York No. 1 Lodge.



Right is the Red Cross Blood Donor room sponsored by Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge.



Right is a "shot" of the Blood Donor Campaign in full activity in the home of Noblesville, Ind., Lodge.

Below: E.R. W. W. Trask of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge reports to the "Quiz Kids" on the amount of Bonds his Lodge sold during the "Kids" Los Angeles appearance. A total of \$528,000 worth of Bonds was sold.

Below: A check for \$302 is presented to D.D. Bruce Hitch by Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge when he paid his official visit there. The check is to be turned over to the Elks War Commission for its use.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan is shown with the officers of Butte, Mont., Lodge when he visited there officially. The Lodge presented him with checks amounting to \$3,840 as the full amount of the pledge of the lodges in that District to the War Commission.



# GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

## Visits

**GRAND EXALTED RULER FRANK J. LONERGAN**, on a southwestern trip in the late autumn, visited **OKLAHOMA CITY LODGE NO. 417**. He was met by a large welcoming party, headed by Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno Lodge. That evening, Mr. Lonergan was the guest at a banquet attended by approximately 400 men and women. Among the prominent Oklahoma Elks in attendance were Mr. McLean; Osa I. Summers, of Enid Lodge, and C. V. Houston, Shawnee, District Deputies for Okla., West, and Okla., East, respectively; Bert B.

Barefoot, of Oklahoma City Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Robert G. Mardt, Oklahoma City, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn.; State Vice-Pres.'s Herbert P. Johnson, Sapulpa, and Dr. J. E. Kalb, Altus; State Secy. H. B. Carson, Oklahoma City, and Past Pres.'s Ralph K. Robertson, Sapulpa, E. B. Smith,

Below: Mr. Lonergan is shown with distinguished Ohio Elks who were present during his visit to Conneaut, Ohio, Lodge.

Sapulpa, William L. Fogg, El Reno, John M. Collin, Shawnee, Dr. C. R. Donley, Woodward, and Dave H. Perry, Enid. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was received with enthusiasm.

Meeting with members and officers of the **OKLAHOMA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at Oklahoma City on Sunday, October 31, Mr. Lonergan congratulated them on the fact that the State Association now has a one-hundred-percent membership and commended them for their outstanding work in the recruiting program sponsored by the Elks War Commission. After the conference, the Grand Exalted Ruler accompanied Mr. McLean to El Reno. While there, he enjoyed a visit to the Elks Fraternal Center operated by **EL RENO LODGE NO. 743**, being welcomed by E.R. Baker H. Melone, Secy. Howard F. Collins, and other members of the lodge. Mr. Lonergan complimented those in charge and also the ladies who are giving such splendid assistance.

On November 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan visited **CONNEAUT, O., LODGE, NO. 256**, to attend the celebration of its 50th anniversary. Upon his arrival, he was met by a large delegation and escorted to his hotel where luncheon was served and an official welcome was extended by Mayor E. T. Kane, a member of the lodge. After the luncheon, a conducted tour was made through the General Electric base works and nickel plate shops. A trip in the harbor aboard





Above: Mr. Lonerger is shown with officers of Minot, N. D., Lodge and the "Victory Class" of candidates. Grand Chaplain Father P. H. McGeough accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Right: Mr. Lonerger is shown with prominent Ohio State Elks when he visited Ohio lodges.



the tug *Minnesota* proved to be especially interesting. Later, at the lodge home, the local high school band gave a brief concert, and prior to the Golden Anniversary Banquet, an informal reception was held at which the Grand Exalted Ruler, Exalted Ruler George D. Kingdom, Conneaut, and District Deputy Lawrence A. McKenna, of Cleveland Lodge, greeted the guests. The banquet, held at the hotel and attended by more than 200, was followed by a business meeting in the lodge room, and it was here that the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the principal address, calling attention to the fact that the Order came into being during a time of national crisis and has stood and stands now as a bulwark of the Nation's enemies. Many distinguished Elks were present including District Deputy McKenna, Robert W. Dunkle, Chilli-cothe, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., State Vice-Pres.'s Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, and W. D. Cole, Lakewood, State Trustee John H. Neate, Upper

Right: Mr. Lonerger, assisted by Trustee Cyrus Lewis, Jr., sets fire to the mortgage on the home of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge when he visited there.

Sandusky, C. W. Sheldon, Ashtabula, Vice-Pres. of the Northeast District Conference, and Trustee Ray K. Thrasher, Painesville, Ashtabula, Painesville, Cleveland, Lakewood, Youngstown, Akron, Kent, Middletown, Bellevue, Chilli-cothe, Massillon and Canton, O., Erie, Meadville, Oil City and Greenville, Pa., and Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodges were represented.

On November 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited **LORAIN, O., LODGE, NO. 1301**, being met at the train by a large delegation of Elks, among whom were George C. Canalos, one of the founders of No. 1301, its first Exalted Ruler, and a Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, State Chaplain the Reverend C.

(Continued on page 46)



Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Chaplain McGeough are shown with Governor John Moses of North Dakota and the "On to Victory" Class which was initiated into Mandan, N. D., Lodge.





*Above is the Glee Club of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge under the direction of John A. Lewis. This is expected to be one of the finest organizations of its kind.*

# *Under the* **ANTLERS**



## **News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order**

**HACKENSACK, N. J.** Hackensack Lodge No. 658 inaugurated a proposed series of annual pilgrimages to the Bergen Pines Hospital, an isolation and tuberculosis institution operated by Bergen County, when a large delegation of officers and members of the lodge and of the Women's Auxiliary visited the Hospital recently and presented it with a roller wheel stretcher. The stretcher, the newest model on the market, is now doing duty in the Hospital's blood plasma bank.

The ceremony was held in the auditorium of the administration building. Joseph M. Yourish, Chairman of the Elks' Committee in charge of the visit, presided; the party was welcomed officially by Phillip Staib, Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Hospital. The presentation was made by E.R. William J. Sinniger, acceptance by Dr. Joseph R. Morrow, Superintendent of the Hospital. Dr. Morrow is also Chairman of the Crippled Children Committee of Hackensack Lodge. Members of the committee in charge of the pilgrimage were

Mr. Yourish, Chairman, Spencer D. Baldwin, P.E.R., Patrick H. Maley, Peter J. Siccardi, Irwin B. Hodges, Fred U. Hillers, Charles Gelb, Charles Roth and Edwin F. Rieman.

The ceremony was followed by a tour of the several hospital units. The institution is rated one of the best in the Country. All poliomyelitis cases within Bergen County are taken there for treatment and observation.

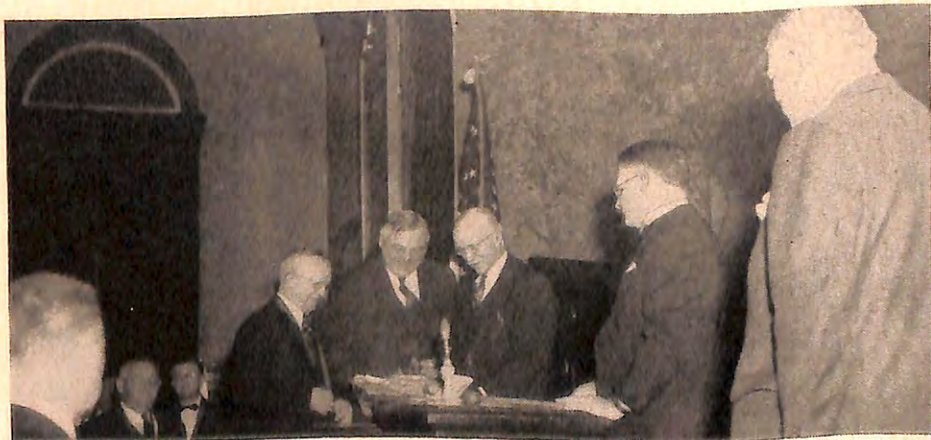
**LYNDHURST, N. J.** The Penny Brigade Committee of Lyndhurst Lodge No. 1505 was instituted by the lodge in April, 1941, and since that time has developed a remarkable program of activities for the service men and service women of both Lyndhurst and North Arlington, the adjoining community.

Lyndhurst Lodge is one of the most active lodges in the State of New Jersey, and for several years has won the ritualistic title for the Northeast District of New Jersey. In addition to these honors, it won the New Jersey State Championship last year and crowned this achievement by winning the National Ritualistic Championship at the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston last July.

The Penny Brigade Committee (so called because of the pennies collected from the lodge members and townspeople) makes a point of conducting farewell exercises for every man and woman in the community who is inducted into the Armed Forces of the Nation. On many occasions the crowd of townspeople attending the exercises has taxed to overflowing the High School Auditorium where the exercises are held.

The Committee presents each inductee with a gift, as well as a carton of ciga-

*Right: Officers and members of Bangor, Pa., Lodge set fire to the mortgage on their Lodge home during an evening devoted to the celebration of that event.*





Above are members of Longview, Wash., Lodge shown at the annual banquet given in honor of the football squads and coaches of Longview High School. Three hundred and fifty people attended.



Left: Tri-Cities, Texas, Elks celebrated District Deputy Night by completing payment on their National Foundation Certificate and contributing their full quota to the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institute.

rettes. Farewell dinners are given in honor of Elk inductees before they leave town. To every serviceman home on furlough the lodge also presents a carton of cigarettes. To date, almost 5,000 cartons have been so distributed, representing about one million cigarettes, and, in addition, the lodge has presented more than 300 pounds of candy and 600 packages of razor blades to members of the Armed Forces.

**OURAY, COLO.** Ouray Lodge No. 492 was visited recently by the President of the Colo. State Elks Assn., Raymond Riede, of Denver Lodge, and the District Deputy for Colorado, West, Forest F. White, of Telluride. What with the initiation of No. 492's "On to Victory" Class of 34 members and the presence in the lodge rooms of some of the most distinguished Elks in the State, it was indeed a big night. Judge George W. Bruce, a member of the Grand Forum, State Secretary Frank H. Buskirk and P.D.D. Ernest L. Milner, P.E.R.'s of Montrose

Lodge, Past State President Henry B. Zanella, Ouray, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, E.R. Harry J. Johnson, Telluride, E.R. E. O. Dickey, Delta, and P.D.D.'s Frank J. Busch, Cripple Creek, and G. A. Franz, Jr., Ouray, were among those who attended.

**EVERETT, MASS.** More than 500 members of the Order from all parts of New England were present for the official visitation of District Deputy William F. Hogan to his home lodge, Everett No. 642, on Sunday afternoon, December 19, 1943. The initiation of an "On to Victory" Class of 50 candidates was brilliantly conducted by the Everett

Below: Members of Orange, N. J., Lodge and their ladies present a check for \$1500 to C.S.A. Williams, President of the Board of Trustees of the New Jersey Orthopedic Hospital.

officers. Among those initiated was Lieutenant Jacob Gibson who is in charge of Navy Recruiting in the Boston area. During the meeting, the Lieutenant presented the lodge with a Certificate of Merit from the Navy for outstanding work in recruiting Seabees.

In his address, Mr. Hogan stressed the importance of the fulfillment by every lodge of its obligation in regard to voluntary contributions to the Elks War Commission. Exalted Ruler Felix A. Dumas presented the District Deputy with a check for \$500, No. 642's second contribution of this size to the Commission. Generous purses were presented to Mr. Hogan and the acting Grand Esquire, Walter E. Hill, in recognition of their work and as tokens of the esteem in which they are held by the Everett membership. A silver collection was taken up under "The Friendly Act" and the sum of \$69.10 was realized and sent to the Commission as an expression of support from the Elks assembled for the District Deputy's homecoming.

Distinguished Elks who spoke, besides the District Deputy, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, James A. Bresnahan, of Fitchburg Lodge, Pres. of





Above are those who attended a party given by Napoleon, Ohio, Lodge for the widows of members of the Lodge.

Right are prominent New York State Elks at Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, who are shown welcoming home State Vice-President Philip Parker. A "Victory Class" was initiated in his honor.



the Mass. State Elks Assn., and Captain Scofield, a member of Melrose Lodge. Captain Scofield is recovering from severe wounds received at Guadalcanal.

For many years the splendid activities of Everett Lodge have made it one of the Order's leading lodges. Shortly before the Third War Loan Drive, the lodge conducted its own drive in the city and sold more than \$160,000 worth of War Bonds. This achievement was fully recognized and a bomber was named the "Everett 642". The lodge itself purchased \$40,000 worth of Bonds. It is also a leader in expenditures for charity in the community and recently made a contribution of \$750 in the local Community Drive.

**FITCHBURG, MASS.** The 40th anniversary of the institution of Fitchburg Lodge No. 847 was observed on December 5, 1943. The event was one that will go down in the lodge's history. A class

of 65 candidates, believed to be the second largest inducted since Fitchburg Lodge was organized, was initiated.

Judge Francis J. Good, of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, was the principal speaker at the anniversary exercises, which were attended by more than 600 members of the Order. All present were impressed with the beautiful rendition of the ritualistic work by E.R. Stephen V. Duffy

and his officers in the initiatory ceremonies. Their excellent exemplification of the Ritual was praised highly in a speech made by James A. Bresnahan, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. and a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 847.

Tribute was paid all members who joined the lodge forty years ago, and gold pins were presented to the ten who

*(Continued on page 30)*

Right are officers of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, the 1943 National Ritualistic Title Champions. The Lodge has a most impressive record of war services.



Below are members of Ouray, Colo., Lodge at a "Point-less" banquet in honor of State President Raymond Riede and D.D. For-est White and other prominent visitors.



# RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

*On this and the following pages are classes of candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their lodge officers*



**Westfield, Mass., Lodge**



**Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge**



**Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge**



**Hood River, Ore., Lodge**



**Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge**



**Newton, Kans., Lodge**



**Evansville, Ind., Lodge**



**Gardner, Mass., Lodge**



**Williamsport, Pa., Lodge**



**Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge**





**Ouray, Colo., Lodge**



**Long Beach, Calif., Lodge**



**Spokane, Wash., Lodge**



**Granite City, Ill., Lodge**



**Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge**

# First Aid for the Small Businessman

(Continued from page 13)

tract. Through SWPC the lumber company received a \$47,000 subcontract to make ammunition crates.

A manufacturer of beds, crippled by a government order curtailing their manufacture, got a \$36,000 order for bunks through the efforts of SWPC.

Time and time again small companies about to be swamped by the tidal wave of total war have been pulled to safety by Smaller War Plants Corporation.

When the United States swung into full war production and phrases like "over-all" and "know how" began to be bandied about as frequently as "thumbs up" and "remember Pearl Harbor", there was a great deal of talk about contracts, "prime contracts". Big airplane companies and other industrial giants were able to point with justifiable pride to their contract records. In all the hubbub about big contracts the story of subcontracts was overlooked and that is where a good deal of small business work has been done. For instance, delays in aircraft production disclosed several items which small machine shops could make. At the same time SWPC representatives in the Denver regional office found many small machine shops desperate for work. The solution to the whole problem was obvious but it hadn't been obvious before SWPC provided the connecting link between aircraft production delays and lack of employment in small shops. The solution was the subcontract—\$1,500,000 worth of subcontracts for 32 small plants in the Denver region.

In West Chester, Pennsylvania, a company was awarded a Signal Corps contract for \$300,000. SWPC knew of small Pennsylvania business firms that needed work so it approached the West Chester company and persuaded it to spread the work to the extent of \$200,000 worth of the original contract. A similar case occurred in Philadelphia where \$325,000 of a \$625,000 contract was split up among small business firms.

Generally speaking, a giant corporation has all the personality of a brick wall. The employees are signed, sealed and delivered into unexciting anonymity by stern puritans in a forbidding bureau called "personnel"; big company outings and clambakes are about as spontaneous as a Command Performance at Buckingham Palace. But the invigorating blood of independence and freedom from red tape is really uplifting. As a case in point, consider the George Barr Company of Chicago.

This chemical company was a war casualty until SWPC got it a contract with the Army Medical Corps. The contract was a Godsend but manpower problems developed. To solve these pressing problems the Barr Company began hiring cripples, the lame, the halt and the blind. It dispatched autos to pick up the blind workers from the streetcar in the morning and escort

them home at night. It placed forty deaf and dumb men on the Barr assembly line. It showed these unlucky people that they too could contribute something toward winning the war. Eventually 85% of the workers on the Barr payroll were physically handicapped! And this humanitarian policy paid dividends: the manpower problem was solved, the contract was fulfilled and the crippled people who had felt frustrated and helpless were able once more to feel themselves valuable members of a society engaged in a war of survival.

Each small business firm is a story in itself. There is, for example, the small plant in Orange, Virginia, that makes little pieces of metal that go into walkie-talkies, such small, shiny things as hexagon nuts and cap bushings. This is the Orange Shell and Fuse Company and it employs only about thirty-five people. Awhile ago it was idle. Then one day a car with out-of-state license plates drove by the deserted factory. Driving the car was a man who had just been turned down for an important overseas assignment when the physical examination revealed a heart murmur. He was a discouraged, unhappy man. And then driving through Virginia he saw this idle factory, an idle factory with its machines still standing in pathetic uselessness, machinery technically known as single spindle Gridleys.

To the man who had been turned down for the overseas assignment this idle machinery seemed to be just what the doctor ordered—a chance to get into much needed war work. Without wasting any time this man put this idle factory to work turning out thousands of small parts that would fit into the big war machine funneled to the proper places by the representatives of Smaller War Plants Corporation. Busy with the factory, making himself highly useful, this man forgot about his heart murmur and the overseas assignment. And the success of this small business gave a downhearted man a feeling of self-confidence and satisfaction which Doctors Carnegie and Coue would have been hard put to produce or instill in several semesters of uplifting peptalks.

SWPC officials remember with a grin the story about the small businessman from Pittsburgh who rushed down to Washington—as so many small businessmen did—over 600 of them a week until the regional program began to take hold. This small businessman was upset about a contretemps in a parachute contract. The parachutes that he was going to make were the kind used to drop fragmentation bombs over nests of Japs hidden in impenetrable jungle. What was giving the Pittsburgh man sleepless nights was the last line in his contract—"contingent upon your getting equipment". This small businessman had hired his sewing specialists,

had spent about \$3,000 on electrical equipment, but where in the name of priorities could he find equipment in this day and war? SWPC men knew. Consulting their regional records they put their finger on idle machinery in New York plants. Out of these plants came thirty rebuilt sewing machines big enough and strong enough to sew parachutes for fragmentation bombs. The Pittsburgh manufacturer began to catch up on his sleep. His contract was worth \$250,000; it was fulfilled.

Lack of machinery also worried owners of small plants in Dalton, Georgia. These small businessmen had manufactured chenille bedspreads. Chenille bedspreads are as out of place in an army as pink quilts but twill material was needed if the Dalton people could supply that. Unfortunately they couldn't because they didn't have the proper machinery. Dark clouds of distress and unemployment hung over small business in Dalton. Then someone at SWPC recalled the WPA; the WPA had used those special sewing machines that make twill material. An investigation showed that the machines were still on hand and in good condition though idle. Therefore these machines were promptly put to work in the hands of the small businessmen from Dalton, distress and unemployment were averted and the Army got its twill material.

Using similar strategy SWPC marched in and claimed idle NYA machinery and turned it over to small Oklahoma plants armed with contracts but no machinery.

In the course of its countrywide surveys SWPC found that certain regions had their own particular problems, indigenous ailments that called for special treatment. New England, for instance, had a woodworking problem right in the midst of a lumber producing area. SWPC representatives knew that one common use of wood in war is in the ubiquitous ammunition crate. Working with the Boston ordnance office the SWPC representatives located twenty-five small plants that presently were producing 300,000 ammunition crates a month instead of worrying about where the next contract was going to come from.

More neat woodwork was done for a small company in Vermont that had been making wooden boats but was rapidly running out of work. SWPC went into a huddle with Boston ordnance and produced a contract for wood cargo bodies, a contract amounting to \$250,000. In Lowell, Mass., another wood firm in need of work got a contract from the Army for knockdown wood barges. Fifty percent of this contract was parceled out among small woodworking companies in the vicinity of Lowell.

Perhaps the most interesting part of all this woodwork is a New York City

(Continued on page 41)

# Oil on Troubled Waters

(Continued from page 5)

The oil shale reserves of the world, although insignificant compared with world reserves of coal, are many times larger than the world's original petroleum reserves. Besides the extensive deposits of the United States and Europe, there are huge undeveloped beds in eastern Canada, South America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines and many other parts of the world. The western Colorado deposits were discovered when a rancher built a fireplace of hard, gray rock, and the fireplace burned up!

Shale has been processed for oil commercially in Scotland, Estonia, Germany, Sweden, France, Spain and other European countries for many years. Retorting and refining processes were developed in France as early as 1838. With the high prices for petroleum products prevailing in Europe, a Swedish plant produces oil profitably from shale with a kerogen content of only four per cent. The kerogen content of the western Colorado shales runs from seven to twenty-two percent. Already, American engineers are on the track of retorting and refining processes better than those in use abroad.

The Colorado shale beds, which range from a few inches to 500 feet in thickness, are found well up toward the tops of the hills, plateaus and mesas of the Grand Valley region, in Moffat, Rio Elanco, Garfield and Mesa counties. They run from 16 to 60 gallons of recoverable oil to the ton—up to 50 million gallons to the acre, depending on the depth and richness of the deposits. Under modern retorting methods, about 95% of the oil is recovered.

The shale can be quarried or mined like any rock, with dynamite and steam shovel, and delivered by endless belt or gravity to the retorting plant. Since the deposits usually occur in barren country, disposal of the vast tonnages of "spent" shale should not be too serious a problem.

The cost of quarrying, crushing, and spent-shale disposal, for large-scale operations, is estimated tentatively at 50 to 90 cents a ton, depending on the location and character of the deposit. Retorting costs are expected to average around 40 cents a ton. (These estimates include overhead and taxes.) Against these costs must be credited 15 to 30 cents per barrel of oil produced, for the recovery of fixed gases and the shale counterpart of natural gasoline, and an undetermined amount for other by-products that may be exploitable.

Of course, any dollars-and-cents estimate is more or less of a shot in the dark. You can't predict labor and materials costs with any degree of accuracy in these unsettled times!

Some authorities believe that crude oil can eventually be produced from shale running half a barrel to the ton for around a dollar a barrel. A conservative estimate, based on the appli-

cation of present methods to large-scale operations, would be \$1.50 to \$1.75 a barrel. Unless the unexpected discovery of huge new oil fields brings on a sharp drop in the price structure of petroleum products, shale oil, once the industry gets under way, is not likely to have any serious difficulty competing with petroleum. While shale oil costs will undoubtedly go down as we "learn the business", the cost of finding and producing petroleum is continually going up.

In processing, the shale is crushed, fed into a retort and heated to about 1000° F. This drives out the kerogen in the form of a vapor, which is condensed, and then refined into gasoline and other products in much the same way as petroleum. Certain American researchers believe it is possible to refine the vapor direct, without condensing.

"Think of the great strides that have been made in petroleum technology since the beginning of the industry," Prof. Ball reminds us. "It would be foolish to assume that we have made any more than a good start at learning all there is to know about shale oil."

Prof. Ball goes on to say that there is a very good reason why we should develop our shale deposits *now*, without waiting to exhaust our petroleum reserves.

"Certain important lubricants and waxes can, so far as we now know, be manufactured to much better advantage from petroleum than from shale oil—although some foreign plants do make them from shale oil.

"At present, we are using up—by 'cracking'—most of the heavy petroleum residuum adapted to make these lubricants and waxes, for the production of the one thing which can be most economically produced from shale—gasoline. Development of oil shale as a source of gasoline *now* will save us from having to pay through the nose for these other things thirty years from now."

A few Americans are at last waking up to these facts. The O'Mahoney bill now before the Senate, if passed, will authorize an appropriation of thirty million dollars to build three pilot plants for the experimental production, in commercial quantities, of oil from shale and oil from coal, to get an accurate idea of costs—the information to be made available to all the oil companies. All three plants will be under the direction of the Bureau of Mines. The shale plant will probably be located in western Colorado, where a number of small plants have operated on a laboratory basis, off and on for several years.

Transportation of the refined products, or of the crude shale oil itself, should not be a serious problem. There is already a pipeline from the oil fields of western Wyoming to the East. A 300-mile feeder will connect the Colo-

rado shale beds with this line.

The possibilities of oil from shale were first seriously explored in the United States during the early 'twenties, when it appeared for a time as if our liquid petroleum reserves were good for only six or eight years more. With the discovery of huge new oil fields in Texas and California, the big oil companies, and the Government as well, lost interest in shale. Now they are again interested—this time for "keeps", it would seem. Within the last few months, hundreds of barrels of crude shale oil, produced by independent Colorado researchers, have been shipped east for refining-laboratory use, it is said.

Practically all the companies which acquired large tracts of shale land during the 'twenties have revived their retorting and refining experiments, as has also the Bureau of Mines. If the O'Mahoney bill is passed, you will see shale oil being produced in commercial quantities within a year or two.

This is all of considerable significance to you and me.

It means that the dreaded day of "no more gasoline" has been postponed for at least three more generations, and that after the war you can go back to driving out to Kansas to visit Grandma whenever you want to.

From the standpoint of military strategy and national security, it means that instead of becoming within a very few years a "beggar nation", dependent for fuel and lubricating oils on the mercy of those nations which may, or may not, be willing to export petroleum to us at that time, we can look forward to at least 110 years of complete self-sufficiency in oil.

When our oil shale reserves begin to give out, there are the Utah bituminous, or tar, sand deposits. A single bed near Vernal is estimated to contain more than a billion barrels of recoverable gasoline. There are several known deposits of similar size in the State, and surveys now in progress will probably turn up. Development of our bituminous sand resources may push the "no gasoline" day as much as 25 years farther into the future.

Exploitation of the tar sands of western Canada will put it off perhaps 150 years more. Except for coal, the Canadian tar sands are believed to be the largest potential source of hydrocarbons in the Western Hemisphere, containing an estimated equivalent of more than 200 billion barrels of oil.

It is to be hoped—and confidently expected—that long before these reserves have run out, we shall have worked out methods of making motor fuels from coal, and after that, from some renewable resource, at a price that we can afford to pay. But we don't need to worry about that now.

The big job now is to get large-scale production of shale oil before our flow

of oil from wells has declined to the point where we simply can't get along on it. Some experts say we may reach this point in a very few months. If so, we are facing an immediate wartime oil crisis which cannot be met in time by oil shale development.

The exploitation of an oil deposit is an entirely different kind of undertaking from the drilling of a well. In the old days, you could drill an oil well on a shoestring in a couple of months, and make a cleaning if you struck it lucky, or go broke if you didn't. If you start a shale oil plant on a shoestring, you are certain to go broke!

Oil shale development is in some ways more like the mining and milling of low-grade ores than like petroleum production. The only way to make any profit at all is to undertake it on a large scale. An enormous amount of low-grade raw material must be processed for a comparatively small volume of finished product, and the per-unit profit will necessarily be small. It is no business in which you can casually gamble a small amount for high stakes against unknown odds. The reward will be a steady, conservative, accurately predictable return for a large-scale investment, rather than a lottery prize. It will not attract reckless capital or reckless men.

Obviously, there isn't going to be any rush to jump in and get wet all over all at once—even though we need more oil to win the war. Development will be of the patient, plodding kind.

It will take perhaps eight months after passage of the O'Mahoney bill to build the proposed Bureau of Mines pilot plant, at least a year of experimentation to select and prove large-scale processes, and another couple of years or more for the oil companies to get commercial plants into operation on a big scale. Nothing but the direct emergency one can imagine is likely to speed up this time table very much, and many things might slow it down.

In the meantime, we need more oil to win the war. Where is it coming from? Practically all our wells except a few in Texas are now producing at, or beyond, their maximum efficient capacity. Draining oil out of them any faster will lower the pressure, permanently damaging the fields and reducing the total amount of oil we can get from them. The oil from outlying sands will not seep into a well if it is drained too fast.

From now on, of course, we can save quite a bit of exports to our allies. So far, we have been coughing up about 60% of the oil used by our side. Our generally improved military position now makes it possible to shift some of this burden to the producers of the Near and Middle East—and we should do this, unless we want to find ourselves all but stripped of petroleum when peace comes. Most of this saving, however, will be absorbed by increased demands from our own forces next year.

We can't expect very much or very quick relief from increased imports. Our friends to the south are already sending us just about all the oil they

can produce. They need more oil-field equipment and we need more tankers before the flow can be substantially increased.

Our best way to meet the immediate crisis is to make better use of what oil we have; first, by more effective rationing, and second, by converting still more fuel oil into gasoline.

We have made, and are still making, serious mistakes. Because we were not rationed strictly enough at first, our above-ground supplies of oil are now almost at a twenty-year low. Rationing authorities under-estimated by three-fourths, it is said, the amount of untaxed gasoline used by agricultural tractors and other off-the-highway consumers.

Many B- and C-card users, farmers, and two-car families—especially in the West and Middle West—are still unnecessarily extravagant with gasoline. Told in the beginning that the purpose of rationing was only to save rubber, many Americans easily persuaded themselves that there was no harm in taking all they could get. Once established, the habit persists. A more realistic view of rationing would save a great deal of gas.

We can save millions of barrels of fuel oil for manufacture into high-test gasoline for military use, by converting still more of our oil-heating installations to coal. Every plant which can possibly be made to burn coal should be converted.

These plants should never be converted back to oil.

The suggestion has been made that in the future, crude shale oil will gradually displace petroleum products for heavy heating purposes. This suggestion is thoroughly unsound. Why substitute crude shale oil, costing \$1.50 a barrel to produce and containing 30 or more gallons of potential gasoline per barrel, for a low-grade petroleum product currently quoted around 80 cents a barrel? Why use *any* oil for heavy heating purposes when our coal reserves are more than one hundred times as large as our combined reserves of shale oil and petroleum?

Future generations of Americans will look back on the fantastic over-expansion of heating-by-oil as one of the worst offenses against conservation ever committed by a generation that virtually made a religion of depleting its natural resources as fast as it could.

During the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, new oil was discovered in the United States much faster than we could possibly use it up. The oil companies couldn't wait to get the "surplus" out of the ground and convert it into quick profits at whatever cost—although it could have remained stored in the ground indefinitely without loss. However, don't blame the oil companies any more than you blame yourself. This was the "American way"! Big volume—quick profits—incredible waste!

In East Texas and in the Salt Creek Field (one of the world's largest) of Wyoming, billions of barrels of oil in the ground were lost forever when the

pressure in the wells was destroyed by the insane withdrawal of an incredible, surging flood of oil that nobody could use, of which millions of barrels, it is said, lay in tank-farm storage for ten to fifteen years. At one time, crude oil sold in Texas for twelve cents a barrel. The story was repeated on a smaller scale in dozens of other fields.

It is said that the oil companies used the best methods of production known at the time. No one realized, then, the importance of maintaining the pressure in a well. Nevertheless, the waste would have been avoided if Americans had not been obsessed with the belief that "development" of a resource inevitably meant using it up as fast as possible.

Because of this obsession, heating-by-oil—to replace coal—was developed to get rid of our "surplus of oil", although our known reserves of coal were 500 times as large as our known reserves of oil!

The use of fuel oil for heating increased from 24 million barrels in 1926 to 160 million barrels in 1940. Steam railroads, steamships, and gas and electric power plants used 170 million barrels of oil in that year. Most of the oil used for *all* these purposes could have been replaced by coal and converted into high-test gasoline and other fuels for internal combustion engines, which cannot burn coal.

"The use of fuel oils—which can be made into more valuable products—for domestic heating, power plant fuel, and other purposes for which coal would serve," says Benjamin T. Brooks, eminent petroleum technologist, "is a gross misuse of a very valuable and limited resource."

Well, we have got rid of our "surplus of oil" all right—just at the time when we need it most.

Sure, we'll squeak through, if we're careful. But let's not do it again.

We are now on the threshold of developing a "brand new" natural resource—shale oil. Let's get the most out of it that we can, harvesting it cleanly and efficiently as we go, and putting each product to the best possible use from the long-term point of view. Let us not, for the sake of big volume and quick profits, squander potentially high-grade materials in low-grade uses.

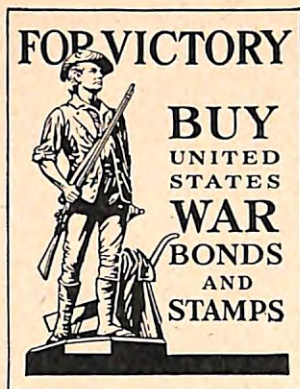
And let's not waste the by-products. Gasoline was once an undesirable petroleum by-product; today you'd give your shirt for an extra gallon of it! The most plentiful by-product of oil shale will probably be ammonium sulphate fertilizer. Maybe it will be a drug on the market at first and we can't "make a profit" out of it.

But what about the millions of acres of American farm lands that have been made into desert by bad farming and erosion? Some day we will want to put those lands back into production, and it may be sooner than we think. Why not get ready for that day?

No one knows what may happen in twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years. What if the new "vegetable beefsteaks" from food yeast displace large numbers

of farm livestock? It is conceivable that animal fertilizer may sometime be as scarce as gasoline today.

A hundred years from now! Let's plan ahead this time. Are you willing to bet everything that we shall not need oil to fight another war a hundred years from now, or that other nations will supply it to us if we do? Let's not strain every effort to exhaust our shale oil reserves as fast as we possibly can, as we have done with our petroleum. Oil fields which have been discovered abroad in recent years average eighty times as large as the average field discovered



## Off Season

(Continued from page 11)

got to work on her. And instead of that he'd almost missed the boat.

Not quite—it had been cut too close, though, for any self-congratulation. When the tail-lights ahead of him swung wide, dipped in toward the right and vanished, he coasted after them in neutral, and put on his brake some yards past a bit of white fence gapped in the middle, where a beach road had been cut into the highway. Mr. Splain's coupe had apparently gone up that road. It was a mile or so outside Breakers City, and surf pounded away in back of low sand dunes much louder, and seemingly much closer, than he had heard it earlier that night from the boardwalk.

Across the nearest of those dunes a clump of four or five cottages had been built up against the edge of the water. There was a light on in one of the cottages, low down in the back, where garage doors had been flung wide on a canary yellow convertible that seemed just about the kind of car someone like Frank Coleman would have bought. Nolan moved toward it over heavily packed sand, careless about noise since even the wind pushing at him was fantastically soundless, smothered under the impact of mountainous slate black rollers that crashed and died, foam streaked, against the dim beach curving into and past the cottage.

Mr. Splain was not in the garage, although an open door in the left wall seemed to indicate where he might be found. Nolan went in there, somewhat more quietly, and peered at a narrow kitchen half lit by the slash of the garage light. The rest of the house—a living room, a screened porch, two mussed-up bedrooms—were dark and empty. It seemed odd.

While he was looking through those rooms a car some distance away that could only have been Mr. Splain's car rumbled off toward the state road. Nolan listened to it with a cold grin, did some solidly assured thinking about that shoe peddler, and went back to the garage. That time, coming out of the kitchen, he faced the front seat of the convertible and saw something he'd had no chance to see before: a blond male head resting awkwardly against the right-hand window glass.

For quite a while he stayed just where he was; then he went around the car and opened the door, and Frank Coleman began to topple out rigidly, like a starched figure. He pushed him back, closed the door and wiped his hands down the front of his coat. They felt damp.

The surf swished up louder than ever, almost at his heels; no sense to that noise, Nolan though savagely. No—He got into the convertible on the driver's side, turned on the ignition key and depressed the starter. On the dash before him the gas needle barely flickered. Low, he thought; at once he told himself there wasn't enough to get him back to town. Not exactly sorry about that, deciding, too, that the local law might want the convertible left the way he'd found it, he switched off the ceiling light and clicked the padlock shut on the garage doors. Five minutes later he was back in the parking lot at the Breakers Hotel.

Mr. Splain's car had failed to return, but that was an event he more or less was prepared to accept. He went in through the basement door he had used before, and along the quiet corridor upstairs to the lobby. There was a night light on over the desk, and in the fireplace embers glowed dusty red between brass andirons. Nolan, facing that way as he reached for the phone, stopped suddenly, got a sharp glint into his eyes, and took a deliberate moment or two to light a cigarette.

"Still here?" he asked then. He sounded ominously surprised. "You might have used your head at that. They only got three roads out of here and the state troopers can have those covered in twenty minutes. Which one would the shoe peddler try?"

She sat in one of the wing chairs by the fireplace, her hands in her lap, her head turned away from him. She sat so still that when Nolan picked up the phone and saw her across it his thigh muscles gave an instinctive but altogether absurd jump. Naturally he got rid of that before she looked up at him; when he spoke nothing of it showed in his voice.

"I told him," she said, as low as if she were speaking to herself, "I told him not to go there. I told him that."

in the United States last year. Think that over.

Having developed a shale oil industry and learned the "know-how", we can in normal times import a large part of our oil without depending on imports—and we should. Let us supplement our imports with shale oil, rather than shale oil with imports, for as long as we can, maintaining the shale oil industry as an auxiliary source of supply which could be quickly and enormously expanded to meet an emergency.

Let's not get caught short on oil again in 2044!

Nolan, who was closer then, close enough to see her face, did not bark out the questions he had meant to bark out. With that ashy sickness around her mouth, with whatever was breaking and twitching at it, anyone but a fool must have understood that questions would only get in the way. Nolan was not a fool. He sat down on the arm of a chair across from her and waited. It was no time for him to talk.

"You found—Willis," she said after a while. The firelight put a clear reflection in the brown eyes, but her voice had something dry and thin in it. "I killed him," she said. "After you told me who you were I met Mr. Splain in the hall. He—he said he'd get rid of Willis, put him some place where you'd never find him. But you mustn't do anything to Mr. Splain. He was sorry for me. He was trying to help me. He won't try to run away from you."

"Willis," Nolan repeated, very quietly, not to worry her. "That's what he called himself here?"

"Willis Johnson," she said. "He pretended he was from Detroit, he said his father owned a big factory out there. He—" She stopped. "He liked me. I think— Last night he said he wanted to marry me."

The thinness in her voice wavered at times; when it did she would breathe in against it carefully, softly, painfully. Nolan, providing no interruptions, looked away from her every time she stopped to the corridor entrance. He was not worried overmuch about the shoe peddler any more, but he was not forgetting him either.

Thursday night, it developed, last night—from the way she added that it must have seemed much farther away to her—Willis had a party up at the beach cottage he rented. Just a small party, for another couple and herself. At nine o'clock he came down to the Breakers for her, and he'd been drinking a little then. So she hadn't wanted to go with him at first; then she thought if she went up there and stayed a while it would be the simplest way to get rid of him. On the way back he stopped at the garage to get his gas tank filled, and he quarrelled with the man there because the man insisted on taking one of his ration tickets although he'd only

been able to get two gallons in. A little spilled over on the fender, and Willis said he wouldn't pay for that. He was very—nasty.

At eleven, when she said she had to go, she discovered why he wanted a full tank. The other couple left after he insisted on driving her back himself, and in the garage he started his car before she told him he hadn't opened the doors in back of them. That made him angry again; he'd been drinking a lot all night. He said he had everything arranged, that she was going to drive up to Elkton with him right then and get married. There was plenty of gas in his tank to get them there and back; he'd saved his ration card for weeks so that would be all fixed. No, she said, she didn't like him that much. She wouldn't marry him. Then—

He laughed. I'd like him, he said; all the girls did. When he wouldn't let me get out of the car I smiled at him. All right, I said. If he really wanted to go to Elkton— She put a hand up to her cheek and held it motionless there. Then she said, "He got out to open the garage doors; I jumped out on the other side. Then he threw himself back at me across the seat and I slammed the car door on him. It hit his head hard. A thump like— Then I ran. I got out through the kitchen and came back here. I couldn't sleep. I began to think that when the car door hit him it might have—hurt him. In a closed garage, with the motor running, there'd be monoxide gas. So if he hadn't turned his motor off, if I'd stunned him so that—"

She stopped again, her mouth ashen. "Mr. Splain was just coming in from a poker game at the firehouse. I told him about it, and he said he'd go out there with me because I was afraid to go alone. It was after one then, more than two hours since I'd left Willis. It was too late to do anything for him. I wanted to get a doctor. I wanted to— But Mr. Splain said it was too late for a doctor.

"I didn't go into the garage with him. I couldn't. But I saw that the headlights were still on in there, and I knew then. Mr. Splain said I shouldn't worry about it, he got just what he deserved. So we—left him there. This morning Mr. Splain said he could drive the car out tonight, when everybody was in bed here, and that when they found it off in a road somewhere they'd think he committed suicide, or been killed by a leak he didn't know anything about. And then you came before he had a chance to do that. But you mustn't do anything to Mr. Splain. He was only— I killed Willis," she said. "I did that."

That seemed to be the story. Once in a while, once in a great while, there was nothing to add when they finished, no questions to ask. Nolan got up

silently, for something to do. The lobby with that one night-light on in it and the fire almost out was shadowy and cold; outside that insanely tireless pounding, like thunder smashing itself against the walls of a metal can, worked on his nerves.

He made her put on a sweater. He talked some too, telling her that she mustn't go on and worry about this, she needn't think anyone was going to blame her for it. She smiled dimly, and nodded. Yes, she said, of course; while he looked down at her with his lips drawn in tightly and one palm rubbing the back of his skull. Things happened because they happened, with no reason behind them. He had discovered that early enough, and by now he should have been entirely accustomed to it. Sometimes he wasn't though. Sometimes William Aloysius Nolan could think of more comfortable ways to make a living. Now was one.

"Come on," he said, with a rather heavy assumption of brisk encouragement. "Come on now and keep that chin up. You don't think anyone's going to put the blame on you for an accident like that?"

But what he understood was that she'd blame herself; Nolan couldn't change that for her, because the things you wanted to forget were very seldom the things you could forget. She was all drawn inside herself now. Badly frightened, too. He saw that, but there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it.

"You're going to call the police here," she said. "You have to do that, don't you?"

Well— His voice was troubled. Yes.

He guessed he did. It would have helped a little if he could have explained some things to her—that the Breakers City police had to take over now, that he was out of it, that in affairs like this there was a certain procedure to follow, as rigid and unvarying as a mathematical formula. Perhaps she understood all that while he was trying to think of some way to say it.

"It's all right," she told him. Her voice was muffled, but it didn't quiver any more. "It's— We've got a police chief here. Chief Brundage. The operator will get him for you."

The operator did. After he built up the fire and tried to make things a bit more cheerful. She was a nice girl, Dorothy Liscomb, and that softness around her mouth wasn't going to stay there forever. Later a couple of cars stopped outside, and he looked down at her quickly. All right, he said; she should take it easy now, she mustn't let herself get worked up. There was time to pat her hand—an icy hand—and get the impersonal look back on his face before Mr. Splain came in with Chief Brundage and a straw-haired young policeman in uniform.

When the shoe peddler understood how things were he sat down and wiped a handkerchief across his face as if he were tremendously relieved.

"I guess I'm in for it," he said. "Well, I'm not sorry. I'd try to help her again. She's as good a girl—" She scowled at Nolan with a comical air of ferocity. "Got a few drinks down the line," he said. "Needed them, too. Thought there was someone after me when I went up to that cottage. But— Don't let 'em scare you, Dorothy. Hear me?"

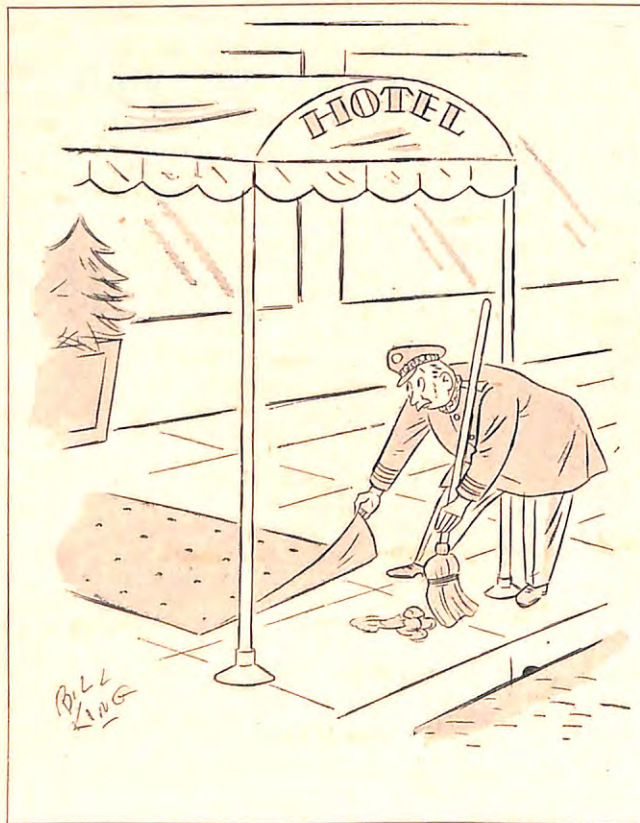
While the young policeman got paper and ink at the desk, Nolan told them who Willis Johnson was and why he'd come down here looking for him. Dorothy Liscomb, her head lowered slightly so that Nolan could see nothing but her forehead, described what had happened last night, and the young policeman wrote it out on two sheets of paper, and she signed it.

Mr. Splain's statement was short and to the point. They got back there too late to do anything for that fellow; a blind man could have told that. The darn fool must have gone to sleep in the car without ever thinking about monoxide gas. Mr. Splain turned off the motor first thing and worked on him until he saw there wasn't any sense to that. Then he decided to do what he could to keep a girl like Dotty Liscomb out of a nasty mess people wouldn't understand. And—loudly—he'd do just the same thing again if he had the chance.

He signed his statement.

"I guess that's it," Chief Brundage said. "Well—" He got up slowly.

Nolan looked at him. "Wait





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a minute," Nolan said. There was something dry and hot in his throat. He went over to the young policeman and read Mr. Splain's statement again.

He said, "Coleman was dead when you got there, so you turned off the motor and worked on him until you saw there was nothing you could do for him. That's your story, Mr. Splain?"

"It is," Mr. Splain declared almost belligerently. "I signed it, didn't I?"

"Sure," Nolan said. "You signed it because you thought it was a story that would make you Mr. Big Heart in person. She was a nice girl, and she was in trouble, and so you tried to help her. Only—Look up here a minute, brother."

The last words came out slowly with a taut kind of violence. Chief Brundage and the young policeman looked up at them; Dorothy Liscomb raised her head slowly and uncertainly.

"I'm a fool," Nolan told her. "I'm the dumbest—" He turned to Mr. Splain, who had gone on smiling carefully at nothing in particular. "That true story detective magazine came out yesterday, on the fifteenth—the one that had Frank Coleman's picture in it. Maybe you got yourself a copy, Mr. Splain. If you did you'd know who Willis Johnson was because he'd been hanging around here every time you passed through for the last couple of months. You'd know about the money. You'd know he couldn't trust a bank with it. You'd know it was probably tucked away right in his cottage."

The young policeman got up quietly, spoke a few low words to Dorothy Liscomb and went out into the corridor. Mr. Splain looked after him.

"I'd know this. I'd know that," he said harshly. He was sweating.

Nolan sneered at him; he was in a mood to work with the gloves off.

"Nerves?" he said. "Getting edgy, Mr. Splain? You ought to, if you knew who Frank Coleman was last night, when she told you what she thought happened up there, and begged you to go back with her. You went into the garage alone; she told us that, and you admitted it. Let's say he wasn't dead then; let's say he was in a drunken sleep on the front seat—probably that

part of your story is true. He'd had sense enough to turn off his motor, sense enough to know he'd never catch her on a dark beach with the start she had. The chances are he cussed a little, and then settled himself there because it was too much trouble going anywhere else.

"That was the set-up you walked in on. Having someone who was ready to confess to a killing before it was committed must have looked pretty good to you. You took a chance. You turned on the motor again and he never woke up. With that surf banging away outside, you knew Miss Liscomb couldn't hear what you did. She was sure already she'd killed him. Then in the morning, when you went back to look for the money, you turned off the motor so that everything would check.

"I showed up tonight, so you didn't have a chance to get rid of Frank Coleman. What you did then was to come in here looking scared silly, so I'd be sure to see you and tag after you. Up there you left the lights on and the garage doors open so I couldn't miss you. You were still covered because she was ready to admit anything we wanted her to admit. You were all set then. You never thought about the gas."

"The gas," Mr. Splain repeated, indistinctly. "The—"

"There's about half a gallon in it now," Nolan said, looking over him at Chief Brundage. "Just enough to make the needle flicker. Mr. Big Heart here didn't know Coleman had a tankful of gas when he drove into the garage that night; we know it because Miss Liscomb told us all about it. We got another witness there too—the garage attendant who had an argument with him because he could only squeeze two gallons in when the ration ticket called for three. Remember what your story was, Mr. Splain? That you went back to the cottage with Miss Liscomb at one o'clock, two hours after she left it. In two hours, idling a motor won't burn more than four or five gallons. His tank holds eighteen. If you turned it off after it ran two hours there'd have been plenty of gas left. There wasn't. And burning it away was an all-night job."

"That's right," the chief said sudden-

ly. "Sure! I never thought of that!"

Mr. Splain drew in some breath. "Maybe I forgot to turn it off. That won't—"

The young policeman came back. He had a magazine in his hand.

"This the one?" he said. "He had it tucked away in his suitcase."

Nolan took it happily. "That's the one," Nolan said. "We're going to find the money too, Mr. Splain. We're going to check your car and your baggage and any mail you sent out of here. And when we get it we'll have just about everything. See that, Mr. Splain?"

He must have. He looked all around the lobby, his face shining as if it was very hot; then he took out a handkerchief and wiped his mouth. He was a little man with a skinny neck, with eyes small and sharp as a bird's eyes. He was afraid. After a moment, silently and quite dreadfully, he began to cry.

In the morning, when Nolan started back, Dorothy Liscomb went out to the car with him. It was beautiful Fall weather, crisp and cool, with a salt breeze fluttering her skirt and whipping the color she needed into her cheeks. The boardwalk looked sunny and quiet and clean; behind it long rollers broke drowsily against glittering white sand.

"Pretty nice," Nolan said, opening the car door. "Well—"

It seemed there wasn't anything to say but thanks, and Dorothy Liscomb was afraid she didn't know the right way to say that. Not so he'd know how much she meant it.

"Okay, okay," Nolan said. He was looking far too self-possessed to be anyway embarrassed. They shook hands. "I might be back sometime," he said. "Then I could get the salesmen's rate, maybe."

She laughed. "Any time," she said.

"That's a promise," Nolan said. He drove off, honking a couple of times at her from the street. Sometimes it wasn't bad being a cop. Sometimes William Aloysius Nolan didn't envy anyone around. At the corner, when he squinted up at his mirror and saw her standing there and looking after him, it was one of the times.

He'd be back. He knew that. He was pretty sure she knew it, too.

## Under the Antlers

*(Continued from page 20)*

are still living. The memorial services were held on Sunday morning, the oration being delivered by Trustee John B. Hayes, P.E.R. The anniversary program was opened at 2:30 by Exalted Ruler Duffy, District Deputy Barney J. Michelman, of Greenfield, Mass., Lodge, was present with his official suite, and visiting Elks attended from Worcester, Clinton, Leominster, Gardner, Adams, North Adams, Gloucester, Cambridge and Concord. Of real consequence was a vote taken by Fitchburg Lodge to pay off the mortgage on its home. Another important matter attended to was the presentation of the lodge's contribution of \$1,000 to the Elks War Fund, formally turned over to District Deputy Michelman by Esteemed Lecturing Knight Henry A. Morin.

**NOBLESVILLE, IND.** More than 1,500 pints of blood have been obtained from residents of Hamilton County, Ind., by one of the Mobile Units from the American Red Cross Blood Donor Center at Indianapolis, operating in the home of Noblesville Lodge No. 576. The lodge not only turns over its building and personnel during each visit, but assumes all of the expense and furnishes food for donors and members of the Unit.

Prospective donors are received by two hostesses, usually wives of Elks, in the large, beautifully decorated lobby on the main floor where registrations and tests are made and fruit juice is served. The actual bleeding takes place in the lodge room on the second floor, and there every comfort is provided. In one corner of the spacious room, curtained emer-

gency beds are in readiness. The canteen rooms, where sandwiches and beverages are served, are also on the second floor. The Unit's next visit is scheduled for Thursday and Friday, May 18-19.

**WILLIAMSPORT, PA.** More than 650 members of lodges throughout the Pennsylvania North Central District and their ladies gathered in the spacious auditorium of Williamsport Lodge No. 173 on November the 28th last, to pay tribute to Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Howard R. Davis. Since he became a member in 1910, Mr. Davis has held office as Exalted Ruler of Williamsport Lodge, as District Deputy and as President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and has served on numerous State Association and Grand



"Ah-h - just ze kiss of ze hops"

**R**are delicacy of flavor *without sacrifice* of true beer quality has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.



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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of  
the bitterness



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Lodge Committees. He was instrumental in organizing and conducting the Elks' Student Aid Plan in Pennsylvania, whereby nearly 600 physically handicapped boys have been given educational training through the lodges in the State.

Prominent guests present for the testimonial were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who delivered the principal address, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who presented to Mr. Davis his certificate of election as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, State President Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkingsburg, Past State President F. J. Schrader, of Chicago, P.E.R. of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Judge Spencer W. Hill, of Lycoming County, and Mayor Leo C. Williamson, of Williamsport.

Mr. Davis had been honored by No. 173 on the preceding Friday evening. As members of the Howard R. Davis Class, 65 candidates were initiated into his home lodge.

**WESTFIELD, MASS.** The official visit of D.D. Barney J. Michelman to Westfield Lodge No. 1481, was made on November 8, 1943. The meeting was one of the really big events of the lodge year. In the District Deputy's official suite were Past Exalted Rulers of Holyoke and Westfield Lodges and of Mr. Michelman's home lodge, Greenfield No. 1296, including James J. Burns, Jr., who officiated as acting Grand Esquire.

### 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.

An "On to Victory" Class was initiated into the local lodge by the Westfield officers. After the ceremonies, Mr. Michelman addressed the meeting and in the course of his talk, praised the lodge for its excellent financial standing and the Service Men's Committee for its effective work.

**NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.** U. S. Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Republican leader of the House, is a member of North Attleboro Lodge No. 1011. He carries his membership card in his pocket. Recently, turn about being fair play, his Elk card carried him into the White House.

Early in the morning on the day of President Roosevelt's return to Washington after the Teheran conference, a White House secretary notified members of the Cabinet, directors of war agencies and ranking members of Congress that an informal welcome was being arranged, and so, when the time of the President's arrival drew near, Mr. Martin presented himself at the gate. He did not enter immediately. Guards were looking at him suspiciously and demanding credentials. "I was invited," said Mr. Martin, "but these are all the credentials I have." "These" he extended—his Elk membership card! After due deliberation, the guards decided that he was entitled to enter.

When the President arrived, he shook hands with the reception committee and apologized for his informal attire—plaid shirt, gray sweater, battered felt hat—and said that he was somewhat surprised that he had been let into the White House grounds. Presently, recognizing Mr. Martin in the group, he asked: "Why, Joe, how did you get in

here?"

"Oh, that was easy, Mr. President," was the reply. "I didn't have a shirt like that, so I used my Elk card."

Mr. Martin, incidentally, is now in his 30th year as a member of North Attleboro Lodge.

**LEWISTOWN, PA.** Lewistown Lodge No. 663 paid an admirable tribute to all of its members who are serving in the Nation's Armed Forces when it presented moving picture trailers for use in local theatres during the holiday

### News of Elks Imprisoned By Japan

At the request of the Elks War Commission, we publish below two letters received by the Commission from members of the Order who are interned in Japan. Letters were sent to these and other members of the Order who were interned at that time, on May 6, 1942, through the International Red Cross in Geneva, Switzerland.

According to the Red Cross, this is the second instance of letters being received and answered by prisoners of Japan.

Kobe, Japan  
May 2, 1943

Mr. James R. Nicholson  
292 Madison Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Brother Nicholson:

Replying to your inspiring letter of May 6, 1942, our greatest concern is for our loved dependents at home, including my mother, Lillie V. Brunton, N. 4101 Jefferson St., Spokane, Washington. Will appreciate and gladly reimburse the order for any assistance lent her during my internment. Following initiated Agana Lodge, Dec. 4, 1941: Harley J. Lucke, William J. Falvey, Frances M. Gilbert, Harry F. Burrows, Zane A. Stickel, Wallace M. Robira, H. Edward Backon. Desire late books, popular magazines. Sincerest fraternal felicitations.

(Signed) Foster D. Brunton

Internee Camp 3  
Kobe, Japan  
23 April 1943

James R. Nicholson,  
292 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Brother:

Your letter May 1942 recently received, as were letters to other Elks including Hubert Flaherty. Forty more Navy members Agana Lodge interned elsewhere. Several new members not on list.

Report of International Red Cross is substantially correct, besides all internees were given winter suits.

Red Cross sent us units of food, cigarettes, toilet sets. Food was a Godsend and is now exhausted. Another supply would be appreciated if delivery could be effected. Magazines all kinds and fiction much desired.

We had hopes of being exchanged, but now reconciled for duration.

We allowed one letter a month, so communicate with relatives.

Fraternally,

(Signed) William G. Johnston

season. As the names of the one hundred and three members passed diagonally across the screen in alphabetical order, appropriate music was played.

**ATCHISON, KANS.** Fifteen thousand dollars went up in smoke on November the 23rd, 1943, when the mortgage on the home of Atchison Lodge No. 647 was burned in the presence of many members and several distinguished visiting Elks. The official visitation of District Deputy C. B. Rankin and the initiation of an "On to Victory" Class were features of the history-making event. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was a speaker, and talks were made by Ben W. Weir, Pres. of the Kans. State Elks Assn., and Mr. Rankin, both of whom are Past Exalted Rulers of Pittsburg Lodge. The ceremonies were in charge of P.E.R. Don A. Ashmun, who was assisted by charter members.

Atchison Lodge, instituted in 1901, is one of the most progressive organizations in the city. It carries on an extensive charity program, participates in community-sponsored welfare work, contributes to the fund which provides eyeglasses for children of school age, and aids in the war effort through the purchase of War Bonds. The lodge's War Commission is active in many departments. Headquarters for Red Cross work are located in the lodge home.

### 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.

**FORT MADISON, IA.** Important business was transacted during the three-day Fall conference of the Southeastern Iowa Elks Association. Fort Madison Lodge No. 374 was host to the delegates from 10 of the 13 lodges of the Southeast District represented at the conference and the many other visiting Elks.

Among the prominent Elks in attendance, including officers of the Iowa State Elks Association, were Past Presidents Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Dr. Charles R. Logan, Keokuk, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, State President Robert Hardin, Waterloo, State Vice-President C. E. Richards, Jr., Fort Madison, State Secretary Sanford H. Schmalz, Muscatine, State Treasurer Arthur P. Lee, Marshalltown, State Trustee Albert F. Duerr, Davenport, and District Deputy Dale O. Logan, Burlington.

**ETNA, PA.** More than 500 Elks with their ladies attended a banquet held recently in the Etna Elks' auditorium in honor of Ralph C. Robinson, of Wilkingsburg Lodge, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. The affair was sponsored jointly by Etna Lodge No. 932 and Wilkingsburg Lodge No. 577.

At the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, former Governor of Pennsylvania; District Deputy Clarence E. Thompson, Etna; Past State Presidents John F. Nugent, of Braddock Lodge, M. Frank Horne, New Kensington, and William D. Hancher, Washington; State Vice-President Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Leonard M. Lippert, McKeesport, a former member

of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; State Treasurer Charles S. Brown, Allegheny, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and State Trustees Anthony J. Gerard, Knoxville, W. C. Kipp, Apollo, and John T. Lyons, Sharon. Lee A. Donaldson, P.E.R. of Etna Lodge and Chairman of the State Membership Committee, acted as Toastmaster. Among other prominent Elks present were Past District Deputies George H. Wilson, Homestead, Howard Ellis, Beaver Falls, James M. Kelly, Sheraden, Ross S. Wilson, Braddock, and John R. McGrath, Sheraden.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, the principal speaker, told of the long years of friendship he has enjoyed with Mr. Robinson and predicted a prosperous year for the Association under the State President's leadership. Mr. Robinson responded happily, thanking the Elks of his home State for thus honoring him, and pledging his best efforts to make this a banner year for the Order in Pennsylvania.

## A CHANGE IN NEWS HEADINGS

In the interest of saving space, which *The Elks Magazine* must do because of the current paper shortage, the editors have temporarily abandoned the usual two-line headings of news items in these "Under the Antler" columns, leaving only the city name-line in bold type, as you see in this issue.

The editors hope that our readers will approve of this try-out measure and that they will express their opinions as to its popularity.

**HARRISBURG, ILL.** The Elks War Commission has issued an Award of Merit certificate to Harrisburg Lodge No. 1058 in acknowledgment of recent activities of the members in connection with national recruitment campaigns for the various branches of the United States Army and Navy. In addition to the general citation, individual awards were made to chairmen and members of the committees who took part in the local campaigns. Among those honored were Exalted Ruler Dr. H. J. Raley, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R. Dr. C. W. Whitley, Chairman of the local Elks War Committee.

In a letter of notification to Harrisburg Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, stated that Army and Navy officers have been high in their praises of the successful work of Harrisburg Elks in patriotic cooperation. The recent recruitment campaign for construction specialists for the Army and Seabees for the Navy was concluded ahead of schedule; campaigns for Army Aviation Cadets, Army Air Corps mechanical personnel and Naval Air Corps Cadets were brought to similarly successful conclusions.

Governor Dwight H. Green, who is also Chairman of the Illinois War Council, delivered an address in Harrisburg on War Rally Day. Upon their arrival, the Governor and his party were escorted to the lodge home where every courtesy was shown them by the lodge officers and a large representation of the membership. Governor Green, who spoke from the south porch of the court house that evening, was introduced by Dr. Raley, who is the local coordinator of Civilian Defense.

**ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.** At an Old Timers Meeting held this winter by St. Augustine Lodge No. 829, the roll call was answered by fourteen who joined the lodge twenty or more years ago.

(Continued on page 45)



The great Orloff diamond weighs 194 carats. It was once owned by Empress Catharine the Great of Russia.

## A Gem of Gems

● Stolen by a French soldier from a Hindu idol nearly two centuries ago, then stolen from him by a ship's captain, this huge diamond was eventually sold to Prince Orloff of Russia for \$437,000. Only an expert can appreciate the full beauty of this famous gem. But expert or not, one sip will tell you why "millions say when with William Penn" — *the gem of the blends!*

### SPEND WISELY — OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. You can help keep prices down by buying only what you need. When you buy, check ceiling prices and don't pay more. Pay off old debts. *And buy your share of war bonds and stamps.*

## The Gem of the Blends

86 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD.  
Peoria, Illinois



# Dollars In Baskets



**By  
Stanley  
Frank**

IT IS fortunate for private property in this country that Ned Irish, as a small boy, did not give serious heed to the Alger fable in which the young hero with holes in his pants presently winds up a captain of industry. Had he gone to work sooner on the holes-in-the-pants theory, Irish today might own everything in sight not nailed down securely. As things are, 38-year-old Irish has parlayed a tear in the trousers into a tidy fortune, recognition as the outstanding sports promoter in America and the acting

presidency of Madison Square Garden.

Ten years ago this month Irish was engaged in the insignificant job of making up the sports pages for the New York *World-Telegram* at a very insignificant salary. He also covered college basketball purely as a hobby and as a means of getting his by-line into the paper occasionally and one evening duty took him to an N. Y. U.-Manhattan game played at the latter school's bandbox gymnasium. Irish arrived for his labors a half-hour before game-time and was confronted by a familiar scene. The gym, which could hold about a thousand slender fans, was jammed to capacity and twice as many more would-be customers were outside raucously besieging the gate for entrance.

The mob this night was so great, however, that Irish could not get near the door to show his press ticket. The police were sympathetic, but helpless to convoy

Irish through the crowd. In desperation, Irish and a group of other newspapermen who were shut out went to the back entrance and crawled through a window leading into the locker room. Irish left part of his pants posterior on a nail while going through the window.

The injury to his dignity and other suit made Irish sore. He felt it was pretty demeaning for a fellow doing a legitimate job to go to work after the fashion of a common burglar. In the struggle with his copy-desk for more space for his compositions, Irish consistently was voted down on the grounds that a game which drew only a few thousand customers wasn't worth a big play. The desk had some justification for its stand; college basketball ten years ago seldom attracted more than 2500 paying customers in New York.

But Irish and every basketball fan of the period knew that the crowds outside the gyms and armories frequently were greater than the crowds inside. The spacious field houses which are common throughout the Middle West, South and Pacific Coast were unknown in New York. Fordham seated 6000 spectators, but no other gym could accommodate more than 1200 without dislodging bricks in the walls. Traditional games among metropolitan colleges were played in armories holding about 2500, including standees, and there always were mob scenes in the streets as chagrined customers rushed police lines guarding locked doors.

For years, people were saying that a smart fellow could make a hatful of money for himself by promoting college basketball in a suitable arena such as Madison Square Garden. The game's spectacular drawing power had even been demonstrated in the Garden, but nobody took the hint. In 1931, when hungry men were forced by the depression to sell apples on the streets of New York, Mayor Jimmy Walker's committee rigged up a basketball triple-header in the Garden for the relief of the unemployed. The games were played on New Year's Eve, a date always believed to be a total loss for sporting events. Sure, people went out and had a time for themselves, but they went to parties, theatres and night clubs. Much to everyone's astonishment, the basketball games drew a capacity house and the Garden was so impressed that it immediately reserved New Year's Eve thereafter for hockey.

Still the smart fellows needed a ball bat across the brow to catch on. Again, on February 22, 1933, another triple-header was played to capacity for unemployment relief, but the college authorities continued to leave literally thousands of dollars out in the cold.

The pants-ripping episode in 1934 made Irish, a solemn, dead-pan, slow-speaking fellow, determined to have a go at promoting basketball in a big-time setting. The Garden was available for a rental of \$3500 a night—paid in advance. Irish didn't have that amount with a decimal point in front of the two zeros, but he thought he knew where he might raise it. For five years

# Distant Horizons



## *What Lies Beyond Tomorrow For You?*

We may not be able to read the future; but we do know that our *tomorrows* depend largely upon the things we do *today*. If you are suffering with a condition which if not corrected, will continue to be a detriment to your health and happiness—you are not being fair to yourself, your loved ones or your country. Nothing has yet been found that will take the place in the individual's life, of healthful living.

The McCleary Clinic and Hospital has been helpful in clearing life's horizons for many thousands who were suffering from ailments brought on by digestive and eliminative disturbances. Rectal, colon and stomach conditions cannot be depended upon to wear

themselves out in time or get better without proper treatment. Their tendency is to grow from bad to worse and often cause the sufferer to become a chronic invalid.

It has been demonstrated in our more than forty years' experience that these conditions are best relieved through specialized institutional care, where with proper diagnosis, treatment can be administered under the observation of skilled physicians and technicians. These treatments supported by health instruction and regulated diet, educate the individual how to care for himself and thus maintain better health after returning home. You may write us for literature on these conditions.

THE McCLEARY CLINIC AND HOSPITAL

C-201 Elms Boulevard, Excelsior Springs, Missouri

he had been the publicity man for the pro football Giants owned by Tim Mara. Pro football was just beginning to catch on with the public and Mara, in appreciation of the good job Irish had done during the lean years, agreed to underwrite the rental. Acting as the intermediary between the colleges and the Garden, Irish drew up a schedule of a dozen double-headers spread over the 1934-35 season, but he knew he had to launch the enterprise with a whopper of a game, something truly super-special.

Now that it is ancient history, it's easy to say that Irish couldn't miss with his first show, but at the time it required a good deal of imagination and courage to bring in the Notre Dame team for its first New York appearance. The name and fame of Notre Dame was a sure-fire hit in football, but a decade ago inter-sectional basketball was virtually unknown. The game was confined largely to neighborhood competition because gate receipts were so skimpy that no school could afford to offer large guarantees or even pay traveling expenses for an overnight trip.

Irish threw caution out of the window and brought on Notre Dame to play undefeated N. Y. U. in the feature of the first card in December, 1934. Notre Dame is believed to have collected the staggering — for basketball — sum of about \$5000 for the game. The Garden was sold out and Irish was on his way. He quit his newspaper job two days later and never has had cause to regret it.

Exploiting basketball's tremendous appeal involves something more than games, dates and a box-office where tickets are sold. As in all other phases of the amusement business, good attractions are the only meal-tickets that pay off and in his special sphere, Irish has no peer as a match-maker. Although he never played the game, Irish has an uncanny talent for spotting outstanding teams all over the country and pairing them with New York colleges so that styles of play and personnel will combine to make for an exciting game. In normal times, Irish had to visualize how well sophomores and juniors on a team would develop by the following season, for the schedule was drawn up a year in advance of the actual game.

"In case of doubt, I always ask the coach for his opinion," Irish confides. "He'll give the real low-down because no coach wants to come into New York with a poor team and get a bad licking. When a coach anticipates a good team, you can be sure he's loaded."

Madison Square Garden originally was built by Tex Rickard for boxing and hockey, but the place would have folded long ago with no other means of support. The circus, rodeo and ice shows have kept the big arena out of hock and it might be said that Irish's basketball has put it in the black. In recognition of services rendered, the Garden last year appointed Irish the acting president to carry on for Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick.

# In the DOGHOUSE

*with Ed Faust*



## In praise of dogdom's distaff side

**I**F YOU hanker for a pure-bred dog and can reach a dog show or two it is best to do this before you buy. At the shows you'll see the adult size of the breed you prefer and the kind of coat it wears. Both of these precautions are important, I can assure you.

Up to the time we got our little Welshman, all I knew about dogs were a few facts such as each had a leg where it should be, a cold (or hot) schnozzle and a tail on its ca-boose. I should have known more because we usually had one or two around the house waiting to be stepped on, in the course of which the protest might be sounded in bass or high soprano. I also knew that dogs either bit you or they didn't.

Now our show prospect was something else! Show dogs brought rich returns, big cash prizes and blue ribbons that would give our vanity a workout. The prospect was enchanting.

Well, we finally showed the dog. I showed him. By this time he was *my* dog. The youngsters never did get a chance to show him; their old man reserved that pleasure to himself. A few blue ribbons were garnered but there were practically no cash prizes and the vanity of showing "as vanity always does behave", proved to be an empty thing. In fact, before I retired that dog I was beginning to feel like a social out-cast. The railroads did this. Now I knew a railroad man at one time who liked dogs but the brass-buttoned gents I met with my dog were solid anti-dog. While chaperoning my purp I was exiled to every undesirable part of a train except under it. The attitude being that I was pilot-

ing a particularly vicious wolf. Then I quit showing. The strain was too much on the dog.

All along I had been toying with the idea that I'd get a wife for that purp. But she'd have to be of such quality that she'd populate our back yard with sons and daughters that would later spread the Faust name far and wide. Here Old Man Pocket-book shook a figurative finger. "Better wait until you can afford that luxury. That kind comes high." So I waited.

While all this was going on I had heard now and then, about a breeders' contract. The usual arrangement under such a contract is that the owner of the lady dog will farm her out to a second person, dictate the choice of stud dogs to be used and, after two or three breedings, transfer ownership to that person. Following each breeding the owner gets first and third choice of puppies. The rest of the litter becomes the property of the person who houses the dog.

That's how I got Penny Ante. She was a beauty. But after successive breedings, the stork only visited her once. I thought it worth continuing because after the terms of the contract were fulfilled, I could marry her to my dog. In the meanwhile I obtained a copy of her pedigree and show winnings from the American Kennel Club. Each was as long as a love letter. I also found out why the stork had flown past her chimney so often with such poor results. She was eleven years old. I still believe that the birthstone of Penny Ante's owner is a gallstone.

While the sweet pleasures of motherhood were denied the old lady, still

we kept her, knowing that were she to be returned to the kennel she would be destroyed. Some of the larger kennels, not many but some, indulge in that ugly practice after a dog no longer proves useful. She stayed on, ingratiating herself with us and I've often wondered if she didn't know that were she returned she'd be disposed of. She did her best to show gratitude. She was gentle, affectionate and surprisingly clean for a dog that had lived most of its life in a kennel. She was obedient to and fiercely jealous of her home. With strangers she was definitely anti-social and with other dogs, a female scourge. She personified all those virtues that distinguish her sex.

In other years, from time to time, I have briefly outlined the case for the female but this time I'd like to give all the reasons why the lady of the species warrants a far better break than she usually gets from those who are not too well informed about dogs.

What follows has nothing to do with Fido or Mrs. Fido as a show dog. Here a pedigree is as about as necessary as is a passport to Pike's Peak. Our only consideration is the dog—as a dog, pure-bred or otherwise.

Now what's the first thing you'd expect from a house dog? Affection is number one on my list. Almost invariably the female gives this to a more abundant degree than does her brother. True, Mr. Fido is often a hero-worshiper of his master or mistress. But his attention usually does not center so fiercely upon the object of his devotion.

All of us like a dog that has a fondness for its home and likes to stay there or close to it. Between Mr. and Mrs. Dog the latter excels in being the greater lover of the family fireside. Of the two she's seldom the one that prefers to go gossiping around the neighborhood. On the contrary, her brother is the more fraternally minded, more adventuresome. To him, as a rule, if he's not policed, his home simply becomes a hang-out for hand-outs. Granted that he'll assume a possessive attitude toward his wigwam, but unless compelled, he won't make a full-time job of guarding it. When detecting an intruder, his rage may be a bit more vociferous but it is likely to subside sooner than that of his sister. When to him the danger is over he can quickly turn to something else. Not so for the lady; her sense of possessiveness being the greater, she'll remain alert and suspicious longer. Her home is something to be jealously guarded. This probably springs from the fact that for thousands of generations while dogs were running wild, it was the female who watched over the nest and shielded the puppies, perhaps from the father itself or at least from all other dogs and animals who might destroy the brood.

The female's affection is constant and only rarely is this not true. On the other hand Mr. Fido has often been known to be fickle although once he has adopted his real master or mistress as Boss, he is loyal. But he may have

moments of indifference due to the fact that his attention is more easily distracted. Being constant in her affections, the lady dog is usually the more anxious to win her owner's approval. This makes her more docile, hence these two characteristics cause her to learn more quickly. Many experienced professional dog trainers prefer the female as pupil, believing that they get quicker results because the female's docility causes her to concentrate on her lessons. Another reason why she is the easier to teach is that not only does she learn more quickly but she retains what she learns. Mr. Dog has a memory too, but he's the scatter-wit of the two and usually requires more lessons.

Now you'll note that through the progress of this sermon I have often used the terms "usually", "as a rule", "generally", "more often". Now this is necessary because no rule concerning a dog exists that isn't subject to qualification. Dogs furnish almost the same amazing differences between each other as exist between human beings. It is even true when comparing canine sexes. Here you'll find an occasional female showing all the characteristic differences that mark the male and vice versa. All we can do is to name the characteristics that dominate within the sex.

Most people who have had more than usual experience with dogs will tell you that the female is instinctively cleaner than her brother. Again, this probably is a heritage of the Ages. It was the female who took care of the nest, kept it clean and wholesome for the puppies while Mr. Dog was off on his own seeking newer romantic adventures. So that today, the female is likely to have more concern for your carpets and rugs besides being the quicker to learn cleanliness around the house.

As a rule, Miss or Mrs. Fido hasn't the devil-may-care attitude toward your belongings. True, very young lady dogs can as they have often done before, reduce your favorite shoes, hats, gloves or even ration cards or anything else chewable to things that look as though they've gone through a meat grinder. But if you're firm enough, the gal can quickly be taught the error of her ways. Her brother, more of a Philistine, is less susceptible to higher education, although he too can be taught in time how wicked is the chewing habit. But he's likely to be a hold-out after his sister capitulates.

Among those canine pests, the barking, noisy pooches, you'll find the gentleman far outnumbering the lady. The former usually has nothing more on his mind than a desire to declare himself, perhaps answer a distant challenge or may be suffering from simple insomnia. When the gal speaks her piece it's usually for a more important reason. Until I moved to my present location I looked forward to a rosy Hereafter. But since then the language that barking dogs, nearly all of them males, have caused me to put to work out-scorches that ever used by anyone living or dead.

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My rosy Hereafter, I'm sure, promises to be crimson.

Another fine thing about the female is that her maternal instinct causes her to be a vigilant guardian for children. True, Mr. Fido has often taken over that sort of duty and given many a creditable example. But speaking for the sex, the lady usually shows more solicitude of a tender kind. She becomes wrapped up in her duty. In fact, unless properly trained or controlled, she may become anxious about her charges to the point of being a possible danger to others.

Now about this business of fighting, although why it should enter here, I'm at loss to give you a good explanation, other than some unwise dog owners put a premium on their dogs for this bad habit. The gal, being more gentle is infinitely less belligerent. The only time she may really be savage is when an inexperienced courter may approach her during those periods when she is not in a romantic mood. Then she'll go to town! Thereafter the gentleman will walk on the other side of the street. But if a fight is thrust upon her she can fight furiously and I may add relentlessly. But to her a battle isn't the frolic that it is so often regarded as being by the male. Nor does she go looking for trouble. All she asks is peace. Her infinitely greater patience keeps her out of dog wars, in most cases.

Yes, the lady can do everything that her brother can do and, in many an instance, do it better. In the hunting field, she's his equal every time. In dog racing, official dog show obedience tests, in leading the blind, giving assistance to the police in tracking and other active police work and as auxiliary to our Armed Forces, Mrs. and Miss Fido are right there every time.

Now for the business that leads some unthinking people into cataloguing the female as a kind of blight. I mean those season periods which visit her every six months for about three weeks each time. These periods begin at about the age of eight to ten months. For very small dogs this may be reduced to five months and with the large breeds it may not occur until the dog is a year old. The time varies a bit each way with the individual dog. The

entire period lasts three weeks and when this is over you could safely turn the lady loose in a convention of male dogs. None would dare bother her or at least very few among them would be brash enough and if they were, no biological consequences might be expected because a mating at that time would be impossible.

However, during her sentimental interludes, if you do not want her to conduct any maternal experiment, then be sure to lock her in one of your least used rooms but be sure that she stays there at all times other than when you exercise her. Be sure to keep her warm and dry and do not let her get emotionally upset. Other than this she requires no attention differing from that given to her at all other times. When taking her out to exercise, if she is small enough, carry her for about sixty feet away from your doorway. This will break any trail that might lead any canine Lothario to your home. Of course, if you live in an apartment, this is hardly necessary. While walking the lady it is a good thing to carry a light switch to discourage ardent admirers. A toy water pistol filled with a weak solution of water and ammonia is a handy accessory. A few squirts on Mr. Dog's beak should take his mind off romance for the moment at least.

If this seems too much trouble all around, then if there's a kennel handy it may take the lady as a boarder for the three-week period. Most kennels are reasonable in their rates and in this way you can wish it all off on one of them.

Last, but certainly not least in importance because the question so often arises, is the matter of having the dog spayed. This is only to be recommended when it is unavoidable. However, it is not a minor operation by any means hence should only be performed by a veterinarian who is also a skilled surgeon. The dog should be completely anesthetized, made entirely unconscious, before this sort of operation begins. The alteration should not be made until the dog is at least seven months old but should not be delayed long after that. It should never be performed after the dog is very well grown. In other words, after it has attained its full sexual growth.

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# What America is reading



**Reviews of books to help you fill the long winter evenings.**

**By Harry Hansen**

IN THE quiet retreat of a nursing home conducted by the Blue Nuns in Rome, Harvard's famous philosopher, George Santayana, has been writing the story of his life. On January 1, 1944, he had a birthday and was able to look back on eighty years and on a career in which reflection had a larger place than action. Now, in the twilight of his life, he is in the path of the armies and the city in which he lives is in the hands of the enemies of independent thought.

The philosopher who stimulated the thinking of so many Harvard men during his long residence there has not yet completed his book. Only the first part, dealing with his youth and his college years, is ready: "Persons and Places: The Background of My Life". (Scribners, \$2.50). It is not like any of the books of autobiography that you have read in recent years, for most of them dealt with adventure; if you read Lloyd Morris' "A Threshold in the Sun" you will know what the story of intellectual development and scholarly interests is like. But Santayana's writing is individual; it is rich in characterization of people; it has a beauty of phrase that will delight those who read for beauty. It is as full of portraiture as was his novel, "The Last Puritan", and like that book it is far off the beaten path and remote from the fashions of our time. And that is its great claim to our thoughtful consideration.

This is the retrospective voyage of a man born in Spain, who knows America better than many Americans. The fortunes of his family were affected by life in the United States before his birth, and in trac-

ing foreign influences in the characters of his father and his mother, he shows how the winds of far places affect the lives of individuals. The most attractive of his portraits is that of his mother, a woman of great reserve who put on the lace cap of age before it was necessary and who, when importuned to join the Plato Club of Roxbury, Mass., and asked what she did, replied, "In winter I try to keep warm and in summer I try to keep cool."

In early youth Santayana lived in Avila, Spain, and it may be because of his deep affection for it that he writes so eloquently of it. Yet in all his memories he is the analytical philosopher, considering the past with the shrewd eyes of a man who has often speculated on human motives and institutions, and when he reaches the years of the Boston Latin School and Harvard he discusses teachers and students critically and examines their intellectual equipment, their happiness, their religious beliefs, as a philosopher should. With Catholic and Protestant influences in his background, with the old institutions of Spain and the newer, mercantile institutions of New England before his eyes, the young Santayana found himself richly equipped for the contemplation of human character. And so this book becomes an adventure of the mind and in its placid pages gives us opportunity for reflection, rather than stimulation and entertainment.

RECALLING the movies of yesterday is one of the great indoor sports, and you don't have to be gray around the ears to take a

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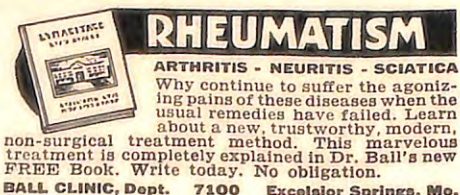
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part in it. Men of middle age recall the  
custard-pie era and the antics of Charlie  
Chaplin before he became devoted to  
Art with a capital A; they remember  
when Theda Bara's Cleopatra was con-  
sidered tops in passionate acting. For  
the movies have become a major indus-  
try since the 1920's and their big pros-  
perity dates from the talking pictures,  
which are only about sixteen years old.

One way to tickle the memory is to  
look at pictures of movies; there are  
over 600 examples in "A Pictorial His-  
tory of the Movies", for which Deems  
Taylor is responsible, with the help of  
Bryant Hale and Marcelene Peterson.  
(Simon & Schuster, \$3.95). This col-  
lection starts with the first attempts  
of Edison and comes down to "Mrs.  
Miniver". Famous and commonplace  
pictures are represented; as a folk  
art the movies had both. And read-  
ers with long memories will have a  
wonderful time when they are reminded  
of that movie called "The Kiss", in  
which May Irwin and John Rice did  
nothing but osculate—before the days  
of Will Hays and the censorships. They  
will learn, from the notes that accom-  
pany the pictures, that not so many  
years ago a man named Wilcox had a  
fruit ranch seven miles outside Los  
Angeles, then a city of 25,000. One day  
his wife returned from a trip and re-  
ported that she had met a woman who  
called her place Hollywood, and that,  
said Mrs. Wilcox, would be a good name  
for their fruit ranch. It became a name  
famous around the world.

The story of Hollywood is a Cin-  
derella story. When you see these pic-  
tures of the primitive stages of the first  
days and the unnatural acting and then  
compare them with the great studios  
and characters of today, you must ad-  
mit that movie making is an extraor-  
dinary example of opportunity plus en-  
terprise. Producers, promoters, theatre  
managers and actors learned the hard  
way. Mass production brought money  
and money was poured into the industry  
to produce superlative results. Deems  
Taylor says that when we compare the  
progress of the drama since Sophocles  
and the progress of the movies in their  
short fifty years we have reason to  
speak charitably of "the younger art".  
It has come a long way and this book  
of pictures and information proves it.

LET'S look at some more pictures.  
What Deems Taylor's book does for  
the movies, Thomas Craven's "Cartoon  
Cavalcade" does for the cartoons and  
comic strips of the Twentieth Century.  
(Simon & Schuster, \$3.95). Thomas  
Craven loves his native America and  
fights continually for American artists  
and against the influence of foreign stu-  
dios. Here he brings together an ex-  
traordinary collection of pictures drawn  
by men who have observed the foibles  
of American life since the days of  
E. W. Kemble and A. B. Frost. I can  
still remember thumbing the pages of  
old Century magazines in my boyhood—  
bound volumes filled with drawings by  
Kemble and Frost. Then came the  
drawings of Charles Dana Gibson and

made him famous throughout the land.  
Mr. Craven has included examples of  
his famous black and whites, including  
"Two strikes and the bases full". And  
here are all the pictures you enjoyed so  
much—the long-legged youngsters  
drawn by John Held, Jr.; Skippy, by  
Percy Crosby; the funereal prohibition-  
ist of Rollin Kirby; Denys Wortman's  
Mopey Dick and the Duke. Here we  
find the pictures of boyhood drawn by  
John T. McCutcheon. As the decades  
march on we come to the highly ironic  
art of today. Peter Arno is possibly the  
most powerful satirist of this period  
and what he can do to a stuffed shirt  
is nobody's business. Helen Hokinson  
is pretty effective herself, but she is  
never cruel, and the strange thing about  
her drawings is that they offend none  
of their victims. Just what makes  
George Price draw those embarrassed  
males can perhaps be answered when  
we know what makes James Thurber  
draw the seal in the bedroom and the  
man who floats in midair. Modern car-  
toons seem to have much more "bite"  
than those of forty years ago. Many  
of them seem to portray situations,  
trivial or momentous, that we as in-  
dividuals would not like to experience.  
Thus they have some association with  
the world of dreams and possibly exert  
a cathartic influence on harassed, be-  
wildered and bedeviled modern man.

NOW let us turn to one more book  
of pictures and see what it has to  
tell us. This one is an unexampled col-  
lection of reproductions of photographs  
of the war. It is actually the U. S.  
Camera Annual for 1944, but it bears  
a special title: "The U. S. A. at War".  
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$4.50). The  
annual, as you may know, has been  
giving us the best photographs of the  
year for some time. As in former years  
they are chosen by Edward Steichen,  
now a commander in the U. S. N. R.,  
and put into book form by Tom J. Ma-  
loney. The selections in former years  
have had much to do with advertising  
photography and with news events.  
The annuals, for instance, gave some  
excellent views of the effects of the de-  
pression years. Now this book deals  
almost wholly with the war, beginning  
with pictures of our battleships burn-  
ing in Pearl Harbor. The Japanese  
dealt us a terrible blow, but they also  
electrified our war effort. Some of the  
shots from the front are excellent. To-  
day photographers are everywhere,  
catching the fighting. Here we see the  
Americans on the beaches of Salerno  
and in the jungles of the Solomons.  
Here, too, are some excellent shots of  
the life behind the front—the Marine  
Raiders in conference and the soldiers  
busy "rolling the bones" on pay day in  
Sicily. The camera records everything  
—the sinking of the *Coolidge* and the  
raids of our airmen. And a few of the  
pictures have deep feeling in them,  
notably that picture of women behind  
the windows of the Union Station in  
Chicago, watching their men go to war.  
In years to come this book should be  
cherished as a historic document.

THE war in the air seems to dominate books about the war; no doubt it has the greatest attraction for readers. The appeal of aviation for young America is undoubted; just as our forefathers went to sea a century ago, so the youth of the land takes to the air. A friend was talking with his son about the reasons why young men go into the air services. Taking part in running a fine, complicated piece of machinery was one of the reasons, but there was also a feeling among the men that it was a clean job, free from the drudgery of army and navy life. But the account of the first year of the Eighth Bomber Command of the United States Air Force, just published in "Target: Germany", suggests that even airmen have to overcome dullness and are susceptible to drudgery and routine. The book, prepared as an official report of what the Eighth did from Aug. 17, 1942, to Aug. 17, 1943, describes life

in the British camps, where the weather of England chills the marrow of hardy youngsters. The great value of this record is that it shows what long preparation is necessary before bombs can be dropped on Germany. Even then there is a long period of learning just how to attack targets that are stoutly defended. That is why the first five months of the year are described as "kindergarten months", in which the command paid dearly for what it learned. It is easy for us, safe at home, to tell the Air Force where to strike; fortunately, this book will make arm-chair strategists a bit more humble. In order to place 500 big bombers over a target there must be 750 bombers in reserve or repair, and this total of 1250 planes needs 75,000 men in primary or secondary positions, from pilots, navigators and bombardiers to ground men, repair men, shopmen and even doctors and dentists—a whole city.

## First Aid for the Small Businessman

(Continued from page 24)

project which is the pet of Robert E. Lee Graham of SWPC. New York City has been one of the sickest sections of all small business areas and suffering more than most were the manufacturers of fancy furniture sometimes known as "wood butchers". At first glance it seemed that their only possible contribution to the war effort would be model airplanes. A lumber shortage further complicated the knotty situation. But that didn't stop SWPC. An investigation revealed that waste lumber was available, plenty of it, small pieces of wood not over four feet long that are customarily tossed to one side at the saw mill and burned. Where did these small pieces of wood fit into the terrifying jigsaw puzzle that is modern war? The answer was—in jeeps, wooden jeeps. And what would the life expectancy of a wooden jeep be on the battlefield? Rigorous tests answered that question. The tests showed that the wooden jeep was just as strong as the steel jeep. For wood processing has come a long way in recent years; laminated, pressed layer upon layer, treated with certain chemicals, wood becomes as tough and durable as hard metal. The famous RAF Mosquito bombers that pester Berlin are constructed of wood. And some day we may use a wooden fighter plane.

To most people Manhattan means tall office buildings and nightclubs. Small shops manufacturing wooden jeeps in Manhattan seems like the height of incongruity. Yet it's being done in small shops on jittery 52nd Street and fashionable East 71st Street. Whether this stream of jeeps will turn into a flood is not yet decided. As outlined, the wood jeep program would save 24,000 tons of steel a year. And it would turn out the impressive number of 3,400 jeeps a week as wood butchers in about 200 small firms turn their finished parts over to the Canadian-American truck

company which handled the involved survey of small shops at a cost of around \$70,000 paid out of its own pocket.

Robert Graham of SWPC, who envisions long lines of tough, wooden jeeps flowing out of small plants in Manhattan, is typical of the small business enthusiasts, like Messrs. Bolte and Lacke, in the SWPC offices at 1st and Indiana Ave., Washington. Graham looks like the late John McGraw; he has gray hair, thick eyebrows and a belligerent jaw. Mr. Graham is active and articulate and has been known to call up Congressmen who have evinced a dilettante's interest in small business and yell, "You gave birth to this step-child—how about giving us your help in raising it?" Mr. Graham wears thick horn-rimmed glasses which he uses as an emphatic pointer when he gets on the subject of small business in the postwar world. "I'm sick of all this doubletalk about overall, underall and lowlevel," Mr. Graham will growl. "Let's get down to brass tacks and make some concrete proposals about small business. Because if the small businessmen don't get help when the war ends they're going out, brother, like flies after a frost."

Mr. Graham is not taking an immoderately dim view of the future. Many small businessmen have survived because of their spunk, ingenuity and sound sense. Others have been rescued by Smaller War Plants Corporation; some are being helped by SWPC right now as the WPB starts the thaw and flow of restricted materials. It is a good omen. For the small businessman in the U. S. A. has turned in a brilliant performance in this war. He has done himself and his country a great service. What he will do in the postwar period with or without government help, will be of paramount importance to this democracy.

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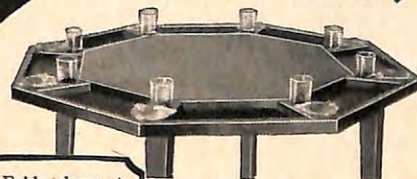
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# Red AND Gun



**Since you have gone to such pains to get the game to your scullery it should be properly cooked. Here's how.**

**By Ray Trullinger**

**T**HE following statement probably will evoke loud, screamed protests and bring a shower of mailed insults down around this silvering thatch, but it's no secret the average American housewife has considerable to learn about the art of game cookery. What some of our well-meaning but slightly misguided helpmates do to assorted game in the scullery shouldn't happen to a dog, and, what's worse, they go right on repeating their culinary horrors, season after season.

Present a brace of ducks to the distaff side, ask her if she knows how to prepare and cook them and usually you'll get the following earful:

"Certainly I know how to fix them!" ("Fix them" is right!) "First, I dry-pick and clean the birds, then soak them overnight in salty water and baking soda. That takes out that strong, fishy taste. Then I stuff them with a bread crumb dressing of sage, onions and maybe a sliced apple. Then I bake the ducks for about three hours, or until the meat is so tender it falls away from the breastbone. Usually I serve wild rice. . . ."

Well, that's one way to cook ducks but it isn't necessarily the best way. Matter of fact it's just about 100 percent wrong, right from the beginning, and what follows will explain why.

"Dry-picking" a duck is a messy and needless chore. The only sensible thing to do is skin out the breast and legs, remove the gizzard, liver and heart and toss the rest away. That's about all there is to eat anyway—why fuss and fume with the rest? With a little practice about six ducks can be skinned out while one is being drypickled and the basement won't be full of feathers for the next six months, either.

There's no more reason to soak a duck overnight than a beefsteak or leg of lamb. That so-called "fishy" flavor is all concentrated in the bird's skin and fat. When these are removed in the skinning process, that strong flavor is automatically eliminated, except, of course, in the instance of rank-flavored birds such as old squaws, mergensers, sea scoters and the like.

Stuffing a good "eating" duck with sage, onions, garlic or other abominations is a sacrilege. Properly prepared and cooked wild duck has a delicious flavor all its own. To eliminate that flavor with strong seasoning is akin to sprinkling a prime beefsteak with, say, ginger or nutmeg. Somehow it just doesn't add up.

Roasting or baking a duck until "the meat falls away from the bones" is another kitchen crime. Does it make sense to burn a prime tenderloin to a frazzle? Then why, in God's name, over-cook a duck? The following is one simple—and tasty—way of preparing any good duck. And by "good" duck we don't mean the aforementioned sawbills, coots, old squaws and whistlers—at least after the last named have arrived in salt-water coastal areas:

First, skin out and cut away the breast and make certain no fat remains. Wash away blood clots, if any, and remove any small feathers which might have been driven into the meat by shot.

Next, sprinkle the duck breast with flour, salt and a whisp of pepper. (Dames call this business "dredging". No one knows why.) Then slap a generous gob of butter on each breast. Where you can find the necessary butter is not this department's headache. After that, shove the breasts into a hot oven—

450 to 500 degrees—and cook for not more than 30 minutes. Yeah, that's right. Not an hour. Not three hours. Just 30 minutes. And during those 30 minutes you baste the ducks every five. That's important. The average citizen likes his steaks cooked "medium rare". That's the way the duck breasts should be served. The meat should be a pinkish color in the middle and how things are progressing in the oven can be determined by testing with a fork. If too much bloody juice shows, leave the birds in a while longer.

Duck breasts should be served piping hot, right from the oven, and diners must be provided with a sharp steak knife. And you can forget that wild rice nonsense, too. Creamy mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce and a crisp, green salad is all you'll need, and if you wanna be fancy and really knock your guests for a loop, break out a bottle or two of dry red wine to go with the duck.

Did someone ask what's to be done with the legs, livers, gizzards and hearts? Well, you toss 'em into a pressure cooker and then can 'em in quart jars. That will provide a swell hunters' ragout later on.

AND while we're on the subject of over-cooked game, it might amuse the customers to relate what happened one evening up in Quebec, several seasons ago.

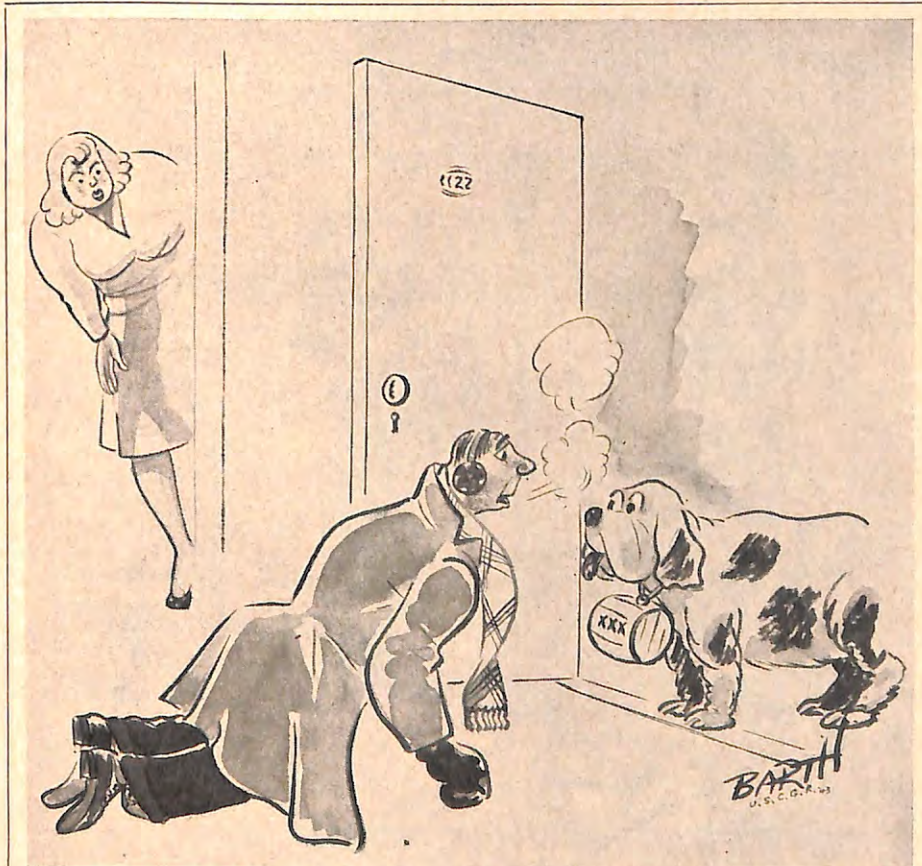
Your hero had stumbled over and

shot a big moose that morning and, after several hours of back-breaking work, we got about 600 pounds of meat out of the woods, down to the canoe and finally into camp. It had been a tough day's work for both your correspondent and his guide and all hands were hungry, including the lady who shares our sorrows and joys.

Now, there's nothing more tasty or tender than moose steak, provided you know how to handle it in the kitchen. The trick is to slice it thin, pop it into a skillet of smoking hot browned butter, and give it a quick sear on both sides. After which you douse it with salt and black pepper and eat it without delay. It's best when bloody rare in the middle. The flavor is something for the gods and it's tender as calves' liver. Fry it to a frazzle and it turns into something approximating a piece of old rubber boot. And with something of the same flavor.

Up in Quebec there's no nonsense about who's head of the family. Monsieur is, and Monsieur gets served first. So it was no surprise when Wilf, our guide, plopped the first moose steak into our plate that evening, as madame looked on in stunned horror. The steak dripped bloody juice, which is to say it was cooked just right, and we tore into it with cannibalistic fervor. It certainly tasted good after several days of salt pork and fried trout!

The little woman shuddered convulsively. "Tell Wilf," she remarked in a




"Heaven be praised, Martha! We're saved!"

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stage whisper, "to cook my steak a little more. That piece of moose you're eating is still quivering in its death throes." We turned to the guide, busy over the hot little camp stove.

"Wilf," we said, giving him a quick wink, "madame loves not the steak rare. Cook the steak well done for madame."

"Hokay," answered that gallant Car-nuck. "I feex the steak well done for madame."

A bit later madame got a well-done steak, along with the guide's belt knife. Even with that razor-sharp blade, she had difficulty hacking off a mouthful. She chewed on that tidbit for about five minutes, a curious expression on her face, and then excused herself and went outside.

"Too tough," was her comment, upon returning to the table. "I couldn't seem to get anywhere."

"Fix a nice, rare steak for madame," we directed the guide. "Madame loves not the well-done moose steak."

"Hokay," responded the willing Wilf, and he did. Madame ate four rare moose steaks in quick succession that evening and bemoaned the fact there wasn't room for a fifth.

CONTRARY to popular belief in some quarters, there's no way of making a rank-flavored duck taste like, for instance, a Currituck canvaback. No matter what you do to an old squaw, coot or tidewater sawbill in the kitchen,

the darned thing still comes out tasting like old squaw, coot or sawbill, which is to say, terrible. And even if the frightful flavor is somewhat camouflaged by strong seasoning, the eater, after all, is not enjoying the flavor of duck, but onions, or garlic or something else. So why not eat the onions straight in the first place, and not spoil their flavor with a rank, fishy duck?

There are times, alas, when even "good" ducks will drive a cook out of the kitchen. We recall one such incident years ago which almost cost us our job.

We had a sales job in those merry days and our boss, who knew we did considerable duck shooting during the season on the company's time, decided the company was entitled to a share of our weekly bag. So along in the middle of the week we received a wire which read something as follows:

"Giving big dinner Saturday night for several of firm's best customers Stop Don't fail to bring in at least dozen fat ducks Saturday A.M. when you return to main office."

High-class salesmanship wasn't—and still isn't—our particular dish, but providing nice fat ducks was something else again. We checked into the office that Saturday morning with the limit, which, as we remember, was 25 birds in those days. Included in the bag were 10 of the prettiest and fattest widgeon imaginable, and the sales manager pounced on them.



"Will you take your winnings, Mr. Smuck, or will you try now for the ownership of the company?"

"Nice work, kid," he chortled, oking without comment a swindle sheet which listed, among other items, the sum of \$27.80 for "expenses of duck hunting trip".

Now, ordinarily a widgeon is a right tasty duck. But like other well-behaved quackers, widgeon sometimes get off the reservation and the results are often most unfortunate. And that evening, shortly after the sales manager's cook had popped them into the oven, there was little doubt something was amiss. The house soon was permeated with a horrible smell of simmering fish oil, and the dinner party, at the last minute, had to be shifted to a downtown hotel. That little accident cost the sales manager plenty and burned him up even more when the auditor refused to pass an expense account for that evening's meat and drink.

There was only one explanation, but the sales manager never believed it. Those widgeon had winged up some salmon-spawning stream during their southern migration and feasted royally on salmon eggs. Salmon spawn con-

tributes nothing good to the natural flavor of ducks, as many northwestern gunners doubtless will agree.

**W**ESTERNERS often are mildly surprised when they read about Easterners eating bear steaks.

"I always knew them people were nuts," remarked a game warden pal of ours out in Oregon years ago, when we told him bear meat was highly esteemed on the other side of the continent. "Imagine eatin' bear meat!"

Well, like ducks, there are bears and bears. Out on the West Coast they feed on skunk cabbage in the Spring and rotten salmon in the Fall, and neither contributes anything to the delicacy of bear meat. On the East Coast bruin gets no skunk cabbage or decayed salmon, but does engulf amazing quantities of sugary blueberries. That's the difference and it explains why eastern bear isn't hard to take, provided your dental equipment is in first-class condition. All you need is a good set of fangs and an ambition to eat bear. We'll take a plate of beans, ourself.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Among those in attendance were George A. Alba, aged 83, the oldest member in point of years, and William P. Genovar, St. Augustine's oldest affiliated Elk, initiated 40 years ago. Past Exalted Ruler Harold Colee, Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., one of Florida's outstanding Elks and himself a veteran member of No. 829, presided as Exalted Ruler, assisted by Past Exalted Rulers J. Herman

Manucy, Cecil H. Zinkan, A. L. Sharit, Caleb S. Zim, Fred Kronenbitter and Ray Kauble.

Mr. Colee, the principal speaker, presented the Old Timers to the 58 members present, prefacing each introduction with a personal reminiscence. The reading of a bulletin, published by the lodge in 1908, provided a fine supplement to his word pictures of days gone by.

## UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT



*For distinguished services rendered in behalf of the War Savings Program this citation is awarded to*  
**Stephen A. Compas**  
*War Commissioner - California Elks Association*  
*Given under my hand and seal on* **September 1943**

*Henry Morgenthau Jr.*  
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Above is a citation of Distinguished Merit issued by the U. S. Treasury to Stephen A. Compas, Chairman of the War Commission of the California State Elks Association. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Compas, the lodges of California, in an exclusively Elk Bond Purchase Campaign, bought \$14,622,337 worth of Bonds.

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## Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 17)

A. Dowell, of Ashtabula Lodge, and the Lorain officers. This was the first time the lodge had ever been visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. Mr. Dunkle and Mr. Neate were in the party, which was escorted to the lodge home where a luncheon was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, attended by 180, and presided over by Judge D. A. Cook, P.E.R. H. G. Van Wagnen, Mayor of Lorain, made the welcoming speech. Another feature of the visitation was a dinner served at the Church of the Redeemer, attended by State officers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of neighboring lodges, officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Lorain Lodge and the 14 candidates who were initiated at the meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a fine address and also participated in the ceremony of burning the mortgage, assisted by Trustee Cyrus Lewis, Jr. Mr. Dunkle was a speaker, and the Reverend Father A. A. Karper spoke for the Class. It was announced that a suitably framed, autographed photograph of Admiral Ernest J. King, a life member of Lorain Lodge, would be sent to the Grand Exalted Ruler as a memento of his visit.

From Lorain, Mr. Lonergan was escorted to Toledo, O., where he was met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. As Dr. McCormick's guest, he attended the Kiwanis luncheon, after which the party drove from Toledo to Upper Sandusky for an afternoon visitation with members of **UPPER SANDUSKY LODGE NO. 83**, and then on to Piqua. Approximately 500 members of **PIQUA LODGE NO. 523** and members of the other 14 lodges of the Ohio Southwest District were present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler at what was one of the finest meetings ever held by the local lodge. In his address, Mr. Lonergan paid tribute to the many fine lodges of Ohio and their splendid State Association, praising the outstanding work they are doing in cooperation with the Nation's war program. Prior to the meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at a dinner at the country club. Present were many prominent Elks, including District Deputy Forrest C. Simon, Piqua, State Vice-Pres. John K. Maurer, Middletown, William D. Wigmore, Troy, Pres. of the Ohio P.E.R.'s Assn., William M. McCulloch, Piqua, Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, Judge Carl Felger, Troy, D. Schultz, Springfield, Chairman of the Auditing Board of the State Association, P.D.D. John Sithert, Danbury, Conn., Mr. Dunkle and Mr. Neate.

On November the 10th, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited **SIoux FALLS, S. D., LODGE NO. 262**. District Deputy H. H. Holdridge, of Madison Lodge, and Exalted Ruler John R. McDowell and officers of Sioux Falls Lodge met him at the train and escorted him to his hotel and, shortly afterward, to the Chamber of Commerce luncheon where he was the principal speaker. An afternoon tour of inspection of the air base for radio work on airplanes, located at Sioux Falls, was for the Grand Exalted Ruler and those accompanying him an interesting and instructive experience. On his return from the base, Mr. Lonergan was honored at a reception at the home of Sioux Falls Lodge. The turnout of members and visiting Elks, all anxious to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler, taxed the capacity of the spacious building. Five hundred

attended the banquet held later for members of the Order only. In addition to officers and members of the host lodge, J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, District Deputy Holdridge and delegations from nearby lodges were present. Appreciation of the splendid address delivered by Mr. Lonergan was shown in the ovation he received after he had spoken.

For a scheduled visit to Bismarck, N. D., on November 16, the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by Grand Chaplain the Rev. Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, and District Deputy T. J. McGrath, of Minot. During the journey, the party enjoyed the privileges and comforts of traveling in the private car of W. R. Pearce, Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railway, who graciously placed it at their disposal. At Bismarck, the visitors were met by officers of **BISMARCK LODGE NO. 1199** and escorted to the Hotel Prince where a luncheon was given for them, followed by a visit to the Capitol and other places of interest.

At four p.m., the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were driven to Mandan, N. D., where they enjoyed a pleasant visit with a large turnout of members of **MANDAN LODGE NO. 1256**. While there Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan called on Past District Deputy H. K. Jensen, one of the founders of the work for crippled children and one who has contributed loyally to its success. A pleasant dinner, served at six o'clock in the basement of the lodge home, was attended by nearly five hundred, and a large "On to Victory" Class was initiated at the regular meeting held later at which Governor John Moses, a member of No. 1256, and approximately fifty visiting Elks from neighboring lodges were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the meeting which was followed by a smoker and a social session.

En route for Cut Bank, Mont., Mr. Lonergan was met by a delegation of members of **CUT BANK LODGE NO. 1632**, headed by Acting Exalted Ruler A. A. Arras and Past Exalted Ruler Richard A. Kullberg, who boarded the train at Havre and accompanied him the rest of the way. A capacity crowd welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler at the lodge home where luncheon was served. Exalted Ruler Fred W. Mueller, who had been too ill to make the trip to Havre, was able to attend the luncheon and meet the Grand Exalted Ruler. A venison and fish dinner, a stag affair, preceded the evening meeting which was addressed by Mr. Lonergan who congratulated the members on the rapid progress made by their lodge since its institution a few years ago. The beautiful home, recently redecored, is free of debt, and the lodge has an enthusiastic membership of approximately 450. This was a red-letter day in the history of Cut Bank Lodge and it was evident that the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit was greatly appreciated.

Mr. Lonergan was escorted to Great Falls, Mont., for his next visitation, by D.D. Leroy P. Schmid, of Butte Lodge, and several other members of **GREAT FALLS LODGE NO. 214** including Mayor E. L. Shields, the party being driven by Sergeant O'Brien of the State Highway Police of Montana. Luncheon at Great Falls was followed by a sightseeing tour which included a visit to the fine bomber





base in the vicinity. At the evening meeting, one of the largest gatherings assembled since the lodge was instituted 53 years ago greeted Mr. Lonergan and gave him a wonderful ovation at the conclusion of his address.

A visit to **BUTTE, MONT., LODGE, NO. 240**, on November 22, was the next event on the Grand Exalted Ruler's schedule. In company with Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Frank R. Venable, P.E.R. of Butte Lodge, and District Deputy Schmid, his traveling companions on the journey from Great Falls, Mr. Lonergan was met at the train in the late afternoon on the 21st by a large delegation of Butte members which included the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, P.D.D. James T. Finlen, Jr., and escorted to the Finlen Hotel where D. M. Kelly, Vice-President of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, had placed a large, beautiful apartment at the Grand Exalted Ruler's disposal.

A sightseeing tour had been arranged and with Mr. Finlen driving, the Grand Exalted Ruler was shown the entire city and taken to the famous copper mining plants. On Monday the 22nd, a visit was paid to **ANACONDA LODGE NO. 239**. The luncheon given in Mr. Lonergan's honor, a most enjoyable affair, was attended by the Mayor, the Judge of the District Court of Montana, several city officials and many other prominent citizens. After the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken to another famous place, the smelting plant where stands the world's largest smokestack, 585 feet in height and 70 feet in diameter.

On his return to Butte, Mr. Lonergan was the guest of honor at a banquet held in the state dining room of the Finlen Hotel and attended by a capacity crowd. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a 15-minute radio address. The lodge meeting that evening was one of the outstanding events of Mr. Lonergan's entire tour. E.R. Carroll Fabian presided. In addition to members of Butte Lodge, many members of Anaconda Lodge and visitors from all of the lodges in the West District of Montana, including Helena, Missoula "Hellgate", Virginia City, Kalispell, Dillon, Hamilton and Bozeman, and, from the East District, Billings, Lewistown and Glendive, attended. Every Exalted Ruler of Montana, West, was present. During the meeting, checks totaling \$3,840 were received from all of the lodges in the West District as their pledged contributions to the Elks War Commission, and a \$1,000 Series G War Bond for a Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation was received from Missoula Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler thanked the lodges for their contributions and said that he would be very happy to forward the checks to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, and the Series G Bond to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. At the conclusion of Mr. Lonergan's address, P.D.D. George E. Hackett, of Anaconda, an old friend, presented him with a gift on behalf of the Elks of Montana. Mr. Hackett served as District Deputy for Montana, West, in 1929-30, the same twelve-month period in which Mr. Lonergan served as District Deputy for Oregon, North.



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# Editorial

## Aviation In Peace

WHEN Orville Wright came to Washington at the suggestion of the President to have dinner with the Nation's leaders on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the first flight, another milestone in the progress of aviation was passed. For the President had set this stage to announce to the world that the first plane, which took off from the windswept dunes at Kitty Hawk, N. C., on December 17, 1903, was to be brought back to the United States from England and enshrined in our Nation's capital.

There is a deeper significance to this statement than was met by the casual reader's eye. It said, in effect, that this country was serving notice to the world that aviation was "Made in America". And it implied, pointedly, that this trademark would play an important part in determining the airways of the world at the Peace Table.

The future possibilities of air transportation throughout the world are limitless from the obvious commercial viewpoint. The importance of air transportation as a part of our national defense is even greater. We must dominate the air conferences when the peace and future of the world are being settled. And therein lies the significance of Dr. Wright's rare public appearance in Washington.

Up until the fortieth anniversary of aviation's birth, the accomplishment of the Wright Brothers in flying the first heavier-than-air, power-driven machine had not been recognized officially by this country—if the Smithsonian Institution stamp of approval is to be regarded as official recognition. That age-old controversy (the Smithsonian's attitude toward the Wright Flight) is not for these columns. Moreover, it has ceased to exist, for simultaneously with the President's announcement that the first plane would be brought back from England the Institution, in its annual report, belatedly admitted that the Wrights had been the first to fly.

Thus, Orville Wright agreed to recall the first plane from the British Museum at Kensington Gardens. And by that single move has enabled the "Made in America" tag for aviation. It is with this influential "tag" that our leaders will carve out great world airways for America.

Terrible as are the uses to which airplanes have been put in this war, two years of wartime operations have given the

aviation industry more technical knowledge, more and better equipment, more practical flying experience than would have twenty years of peace. Better still, this war has convinced most of the American people that the airplane is a fast and efficient means of common-carrier transportation.

In two years we have built countless and expensive air fields in the far corners of the world. These will serve as the binding posts of a network of American world airways contributing to a better future.

## Election of Lodge Officers

THERE is nothing quite so essential to the success of a subordinate lodge as the election of its officers. Nominations are made and elections held each year in the month of March. The progress or retrogression of a lodge is involved. Make no mistake about this, for it is not an overstatement nor is it said without a careful appraisal of the activities of subordinate lodges.

The Exalted Ruler is not only the principal but also the most important officer, and the best judgment of the members should be reflected in choosing him. In saying this we do not mean to minimize either the responsibility or the importance of the other officers, but the Exalted Ruler must be the leader. Assuming that he is the right man for the position, he will so enthuse the officers under him that they will respond loyally and helpfully to his leadership.

His influence, however, will not stop there, but will extend to the entire membership, with the result that the lodge will be a live, enthusiastic and going concern fulfilling its proper mission in the community and honoring the whole Fraternity, of which it is an integral and important part.

If your lodge meets semi-monthly, the election will be held at the second regular session in March; if it meets weekly, the election will be held at the third regular session in that month. Nominations may be made at any regular session in March prior to the night of election. If you are maintaining a proper interest in your lodge, you will not fail to attend each of its regular sessions during the month of March and discharge your duty with reference to the nomination and election of its officers. We trust that on reading this you will be impressed to the extent of saying to yourself that you will not fail to discharge your duty in this respect.

Having performed your duty in connection with election of the officers, your next responsibility is to assist them in handling the affairs of your lodge, and by taking such interest you will not only be discharging this obligation, but you will be rewarded by sharing in the good which your lodge will accomplish during the year.

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