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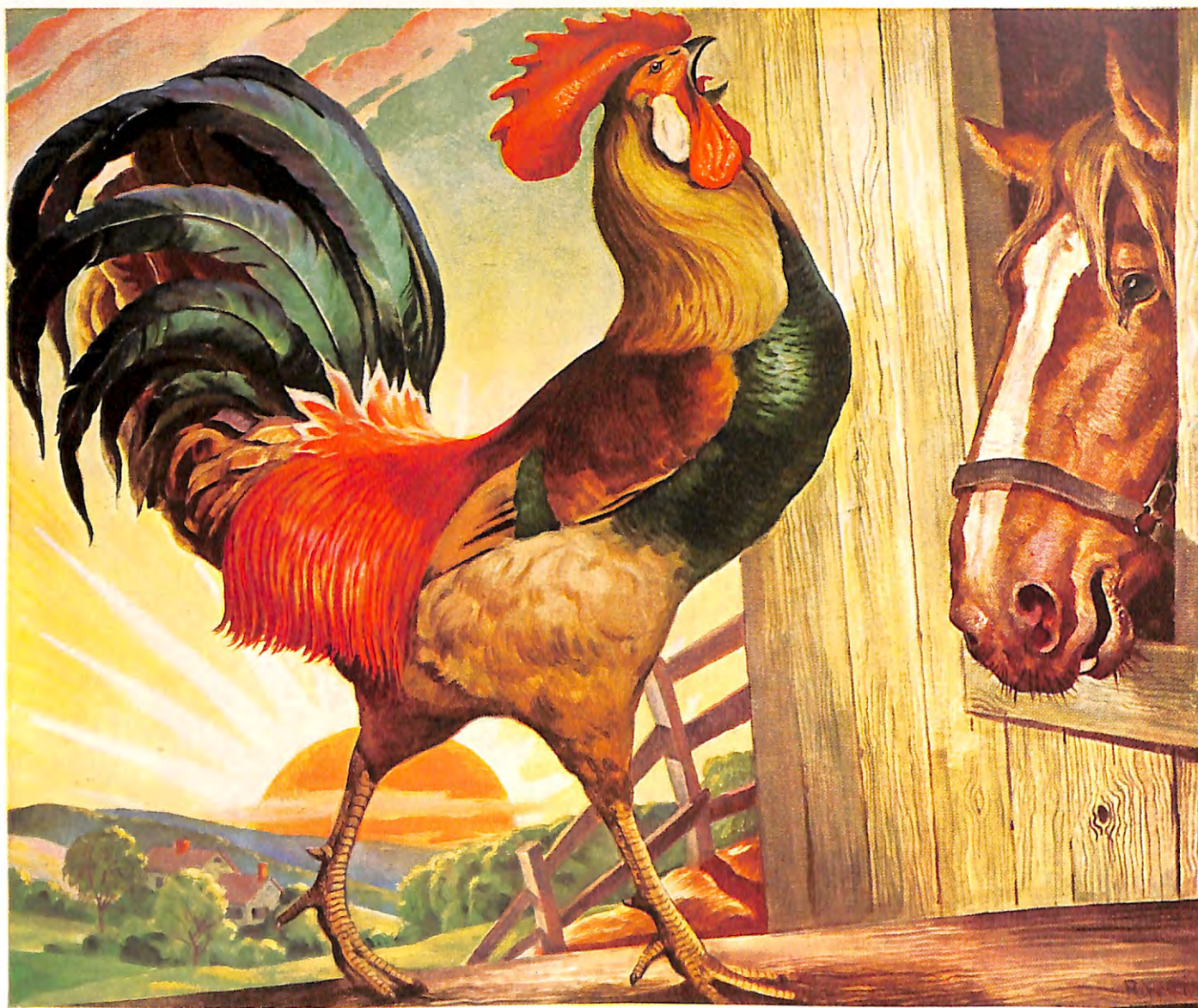
# Elks

MAGAZINE

APRIL 1944  
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## Like a Breath of Sunny Morning

THINK back to the most perfect, sparkling-bright morning you ever saw . . . and you'll have some idea how fresh and sunny is the taste of SCHENLEY Reserve! That pleasant freshness of flavor didn't just *happen* . . . it's the result of

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The basic whiskeys in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

*Mellow and light as a perfect morning!*

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!



# SCHENLEY

*Reserve*  
BLENDED WHISKEY





# Rehabilitation

## Programs

**R**EHABILITATION is not exclusively a post-war condition. Problems incidental to the re-integration of the war veteran into civilian life are here already. Today thousands of men are being discharged from active military service for medical or physical reasons, and these numbers will increase with the tempo of war and mounting casualties among our armed forces.

Furthermore, the problem of re-integration is not by any means simply one of dealing with disabled and handicapped veterans. By far the greater majority of our soldiers and sailors will come home safe and sound. It is estimated that between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 veterans will come back some day, and there may be 20,000,000 war workers also under the obligation of adjusting themselves to peacetime conditions. Competition for work may be severe in the transition between total war and total peace.

To an Elk, rehabilitation is an opportunity to practice the cardinal principles of the Order. Because of a traditional background established in the post-war period following World War I, the Elks War Commission, for the past several months, has been studying rehabilitation programs that could be adapted primarily for the benefit of members of the Order returning from military to civilian life.

It is unthinkable that the B.P.O.E. would have no rehabilitation plan affecting the members of the Order. We owe too much to our Brothers in Service not to be prepared to extend the hand of Brotherly Love to them when they return home and face the innumerable problems of re-adjustment.

This desire to help is underlining the deliberations of lodges throughout Elksdom. The extent to which the problem of re-integration is gripping the attention of Elks is reflected in reports of action already under way.

Several lodges have taken the initiative in setting up rehabilitation programs and funds. Notable examples are those established by the lodges in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Charles City, Iowa, and Alexandria, Va.

Among the State Associations, North Dakota has acted by creating a Post-War and Rehabilitation Commission

consisting of one member from each of the ten lodges in the State. In addition to the organization of the State Commission, the North Dakota Association has urged each lodge in the State to create a similar Committee to function in the community in which the lodge is located.

At the mid-winter meeting on February 11-12, the Elks War Commission took cognizance of the pioneering steps taken by the several far-sighted lodges and the North Dakota State Association. The Commission adopted the premise that the lodges will wish to begin now to provide for the assistance of their brother members who will be included among the returning veterans. It is the belief of the War Commission that the lodges will foresee the need, and the opportunity to meet it, by creating an organization and funds to provide whatever assistance their brother members will need.

Accordingly, the Commission voted to recommend that each subordinate lodge appoint a Rehabilitation Committee and adopt a plan designed to give to members of the Order any assistance they need, as they return from active duty with the Armed Forces.

It was further suggested that the plan instituted by the members of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, be recommended as a workable "blueprint" for lodges desiring guidance in formulating a rehabilitation program.

The record of the Elks in assisting in the rehabilitation of veterans of World War I, is one of the brightest pages in our history. Through the War Relief Commission, the Elks made available to the Federal Board of Vocational Education a revolving loan fund of \$250,000.00—from which loans aggregating approximately \$500,000.00 were made to 40,000 veterans needing financial assistance, during the process of becoming re-integrated from military to civilian life. This fund, of course, was available to non-members of the Order.

The Elks War Commission is anxious to learn of any rehabilitation plans that are now being inaugurated or contemplated by lodges or State Associations, so that this information may be passed on to other lodges or Associations needing guidance and advice.

RESOLUTION OF  
ALEXANDRIA LODGE NO. 758  
B.P.O. ELKS,  
INTRODUCED BY PAST EXALTED RULER,  
H. A. STEWART  
UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED,  
OCT. 25, 1943.

WHEREAS:

First.—The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has been foremost among fraternal organizations in assisting the Government of the United States in carrying on the war against the Axis countries and in providing for the comfort and entertainment of men in the Armed Services:

Second.—Alexandria Lodge No. 758, having joined wholeheartedly with the other lodges in the country in this program, now desiring to continue its war efforts by providing funds for the assistance and rehabilitation of its members in the Armed Service, who may need assistance and rehabilitation upon their return to civil life, Be It Therefore,

RESOLVED:

First.—That the Exalted Ruler of Alexandria Lodge No. 758 is instructed and empowered to appoint a Rehabilitation Commission, consisting of five members to serve for a term of three years each;

Second.—That such Commission is to have complete charge and direction of all undertakings for the assistance and rehabilitation of members of the lodge in the Armed Service who may need such assistance and rehabilitation upon their return to civil life;

Third.—That the sum of five thousand (\$5,000.00) dollars is hereby appropriated for the use of the Rehabilitation Commission to be drawn from the treasury of the lodge as required, upon 60 days' notice, in amounts not to exceed the sum of \$1,800 in any one lodge year;

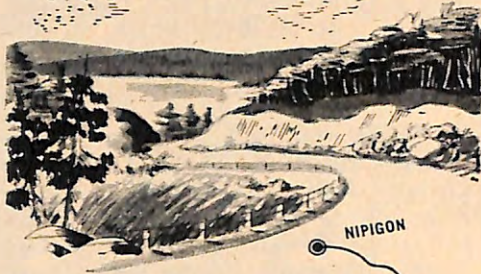
Fourth.—That in the event there are not sufficient funds in the hands of the Treasurer of the lodge to meet the requirements of the Rehabilitation Commission, the Trustees are hereby authorized to sell bonds or other securities of the lodge in their hands to provide funds to carry out the provisions of this Resolution;

Fifth.—That the Rehabilitation Commission is authorized to solicit members of the lodge for individual contribution of funds with which to carry out its work.

The following Commission was named: H. A. Stewart, Chairman; John R. Schafe; Elliott F. Hoffman; H. A. Carter; Capt. E. J. Treger.



# ONTARIO COMPLETES A NEW NORTHWEST PASSAGE



**T**HINK of it! A whole new world to explore, where Ontario's rivers start to flow "down North" to the mighty Albany, and then to Hudson's Bay itself!

Punched through rock and muskeg and virgin forest, the newly-completed, final link of the great Trans-Canada Highway taps the fabulous gold and silver mines of Cobalt, Porcupine, Kirkland Lake—the fertile Clay Belt—the land of a million lakes and streams teeming with fish. It ties Temagami on the east and Nipigon on the west into one great outdoor Paradise.

When unlimited motoring is once more a fact, you'll want to ride this road. When you and your pals are ready to plan the best vacation ever—that's the time this new road to adventure will beckon! Plan your trip now—dream about it—then, after the war, be one of the first to explore this great, new, Northwest Passage.



Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau,  
316 Parliament Buildings,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Please send me road map and further information when ready regarding the final Northern Ontario link of the Trans-Canada Highway.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City or P.O.....State.....

# 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

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## APRIL 1944

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## IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

**T**HE shortage of essential materials has been apparent in our daily lives but no single lack has been so acute as that of rubber. We, as a nation, are on our way to a solution of this problem which Joseph Wechsberg describes in "Our Rubber Reserve" on page 4. Guayule is the answer and guayule is being grown in quantity in the rich land of our Southwest. What started as an experiment is now in full swing as an industry. It is another "from rags-to-riches" industrial story.

Mr. Wechsberg, who is now in the Army, has just been awarded one of the annual Houghton Mifflin Fellowships. The fellowship which carries with it a \$1,500 award was given to him for non-fiction. This is the third article by Mr. Wechsberg which we have published and we hope to give you more of his fine work in the future.

Fred B. Barton, a veteran of two wars and at present a war correspondent in the European Theatre of Operations, United States Army, is the author of "Move Over Pop" which you will find on page 6. Mr. Barton says that this is a different war and that the old-timers are in it only by sufferance. War is a young man's business and tells you why. William von Riegen has contributed his amusing illustrations.

Willard Mullin has for some time illustrated our monthly sports articles but in this issue he spreads himself over two pages in a series of sketches of life in a baseball camp during "Spring Training '44". Mr. Mullin, who probably has no peer in his particular profession, knows his way around the bases. He is credited with originating that most descriptive title for the Brooklyn Dodgers "Dem Bums". We suspect that he was brought to this country from Brooklyn at an early age and is still trying to live it down.

It is our sad duty to publish an "Honor Roll", a list to date, of the members of the Order who have lost their lives in line of duty with our armed forces or who are missing in action or are prisoners of war. We will print subsequent lists in future issues of the Magazine as the names of our Brothers who have made this sacrifice or undergone these hardships are sent to us. The "Honor Roll" appears on pages 14 to 16.

It is also with sincere regret that we announce the death of George Mark McLean, Grand Treasurer. An obituary for Mr. McLean appears on page 22 and a moving editorial of appreciation will be found on the Editorial Page.

Harry Hansen reviews "What America is Reading" on page 28 and Ray Trullinger tells a tall tale of a giddy guide and his troubles. Ed Faust has gone statistical in order to prove for once and all that there "ain't no such animal" as a poor dog and that a dog's life is an enviable one.—F. R. A.



**THOSE IN THE KNOW...ASK FOR**



*A Truly Great Name*

**AMONG AMERICA'S  
GREAT WHISKIES**

*Bottled-in-Bond*

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



Here is the Cinderella story of our home-grown solution to the rubber problem.

By Joseph Wechsberg

Guayule rubber is pressed into 100-pound blocks which are then packed two in a box for shipment.

## OUR RUBBER RESERVE

**Y**OU wouldn't bother to look twice at the stunted, sagebrush-like shrubs if you saw them in the arid Southwest or Mexico. Guayule (pronounced Wa-yoo-lay) seems as useless as greasewood or other desert weeds.

Some people, here and abroad, knew better. In 1940 four Japs came all the way from Tokyo to Salinas, California, to buy a few pounds of guayule seed, cost what it may, or to steal it, if necessary. Today guayule—as rich in natural rubber as the tropical Hevea tree—has become America's No. 1 strategic plant.

Between March and July, the Government-owned, guayule-processing \$250,000 mill in Salinas has turned out 12,000 pounds of California-grown rubber a day, 440 tons in all. Which seems peanuts now that the multi-million-dol-

lar, synthetic rubber industry is expected to produce by next year 800,000 tons of rubber annually—more than our yearly 600,000 tons peace-time consumption, almost enough for the annual war-time needs of all the United Nations, estimated over 1,000,000 tons.

But there is a catch to the synthetic rubber program, magnificent though it is. In the words of the Baruch Rubber Survey Committee report, "While tires for light passenger cars can be made entirely out of Buna S rubber, thus far in the manufacture of combat and heavy duty tires, which represent about seventy per cent of the Army's requirements, a good percentage of crude natural rubber must still be used." And all the time our stockpile of natural rubber is running lower.

Both the Russians and the Germans, after many years of synthetic rubber production, are mixing crude with synthetic rubber. Unless we reconquer Malaya and the Netherlands Indies or the inventive genius of our synthetic rubber industry licks the problem—both of which seem unlikely in the near future—every ounce of natural rubber will still be essential.

Today our only source of natural rubber outside this country is South America. South American rubber is limited in quantity and quality and is quite expensive. On the other hand, guayule may become the answer to our tire-makers' prayers. Their problem is to make the synthetic rubber adhere to the tire fabric. Guayule, because of its 16 percent resin content (compared to 4



percent in tree rubber) has the required "tackifying" quality. The 440 tons of guayule—enough for the needs of six new battleships—may be the beginning of big things to come.

Guayule's dramatic Cinderella story begins in northern Mexico where it grew wild in semi-arid regions and enjoyed popularity among the natives as a sort of chewing gum. In 1876 a sample was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The Continental-Mexican Rubber Company bought wild guayule land and processed the shrubs, hand-pulled by peons, in three factories. By 1910, 10,687 tons of natural rubber, one-tenth of the total world supply, were made of guayule. The supply of wild shrubs dwindled and the company decided to domesticate guayule. And that's where Dr. William B. McCallum, Canadian-born botanist and the world's foremost authority on guayule, comes in. Without Dr. McCallum there would be no story—and no guayule either.

These days you meet Dr. McCallum as he wanders through his experimental fields around Salinas, still improving guayule. Everybody knows the wrinkled, cheerful, laconic septuagenarian. "In 1910 I left the University of Arizona and went to Mexico," he told us. "Came the revolution and we had to get out fast. My wife and I took a few pounds

**Guayule nursery in the Salinas Valley, California, being seeded. An ingenious machine lays a band of seed on top of a finely prepared seed bed then flows a ribbon of sand over the seed to hold them in place.**

of guayule seed to the United States. Then came the heartbreaks."

By "the heartbreaks" Dr. McCallum, a master of traditional Scotch-bred understatement, means his thirty-year, epic struggle to domesticate and develop guayule; a struggle against nature and short-sighted people. Initial efforts in California's San Diego County and southern Arizona failed. Attempts to cross varieties failed. Dr. McCallum then selected flourishing plants, planted the seeds, made endless experiments with heat and chemical treatments, trying to speed up the germination of seed. By this time large imports of tree rubber arrived in America. The company—now reorganized as the Intercontinental Rubber Company—acquired Hevea tree plantations in Malaya, giving up the unprofitable idea of producing guayule on a large scale. Only experimental nurseries were set up in Salinas. A mill was built.

In the 'twenties rubber prices soared to \$1.22 a pound. The company rediscovered its heart for guayule. Under a share-crop agreement with the company, Salinas farmers planted 8,000 acres of guayule. In 1932 the crash made rubber prices tumble to 3c a pound just when the farmers were getting ready to harvest their first crop. Many of the enraged farmers plowed under their guayule, ignoring Dr. McCallum's appeals.

"Every year each acre of guayule stores up 300 pounds more rubber," he told them. "Let the shrubs grow. You won't have to regret it."

Most farmers replanted to barley and beans and were pleased when land pre-

viously growing guayule now produced twice the amount of beans as neighboring land. A few farmers doggedly stuck to guayule until rubber prices recovered and the mill re-opened. The die-hards sold their crop for good money. But now there was plenty of tree rubber and guayule was again a dead duck. The efforts of scientists and public-minded citizens to make people guayule-conscious were ridiculed. Only far-sighted Army and Navy men were interested. A military commission came to Salinas and strongly recommended governmental development of guayule "as insurance against complete absence of our rubber supply in the event of war". Some people in Salinas well remember the energetic Major who headed the commission. His name was Dwight D. Eisenhower.

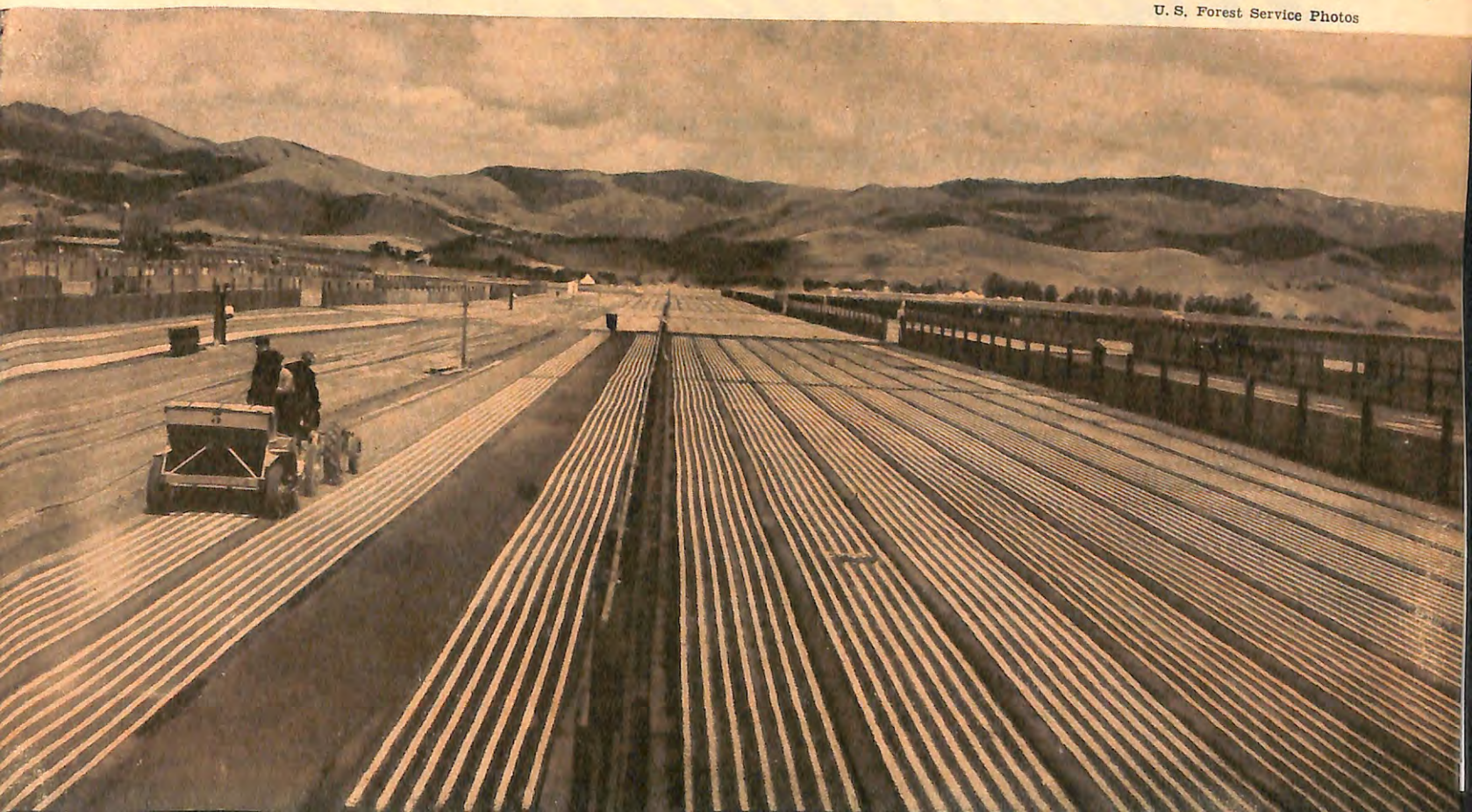
Washington didn't want to listen to such "alarmist" talk. We were sitting pretty. We had all the tree rubber we needed for 22c a pound—so why spend 27c for home-grown guayule?

Other nations—rubber "have-nots"—became interested. The Italian government bought seed from the company and sent for Dr. McCallum. He spent four winters there, the last in 1939. "They made experimental plantings on the east coast of Southern Italy. They were doing quite well. Later they planted large fields in Libya. I guess there's not much left of them after Montgomery's Eighth Army chased Rommel through the plantations."

The Russians paid Dr. McCallum several visits. They had a rubber-plant of their own, Kok-Saghyz, a dandelion.

*(Continued on page 35)*

U. S. Forest Service Photos







# Move over, Pop—

**A veteran of two wars gangs up on the two million World War I veterans in civilian life at home.**

**By Fred B. Barton**

**Y**OU look all right in your new uniform. That cut-away collar is more comfortable than the old 1918 choker. Those lacquered brass buttons are magnificently shiny. It's an all-right war, and you stand there, feeling quietly capable and benevolent. If there is any especially difficult job, you want to say, I'm the man to do it.

Up steps a brisk M.P., young enough to be your son by a second marriage. Impersonally he buttons a neglected pocket-flap of your tunic. With calloused eye he adds up the prideful service ribbons on your chest. "Oh, you're a soldier from the *last* war," he says.

It's a different war from the one you and your buddies fought back in 1918, Pop, and you may as well admit it. Different because bigger. Different because lonelier. Different because worse.

Something new has been added: a corrosive, bitter hate. An Army colonel with three rows of ribbon above his left breast sums it up tersely. "In the last war we hated the Prussian chiefs whom we never saw, but toward the man in the ranks we felt friendly. For weeks we would be entrenched opposite the same German forces. We got to know some of their names. We'd toss them smokes and they'd toss us sausage."

"In this war we hate them all, from general down to private. We didn't believe atrocity stories in the last war; this time we believe anything. Every one of those eighty million Nazis and those millions of Japs, we hate their guts. Every last one of them."

This new war is incredibly big. And we are dangerously alone.

Last time, you remember, the U. S. and the British Empire lined up with France, Italy, Finland, Japan and Russia against Germany. This time we and the British and Russians are lined up against—or have been lined up against—Germany, Italy and Finland; we and the British Empire against Japan.

This is a war that has brought the civilian into the battle-zone. A war that has brought the armored tank to its zenith and perhaps its decline. A war in which the land-mine and the booby-trap indicate tops in enemy deceit and treachery. A war of new weapons: aerial bombs, bazookas; and new defenses. A war where millions of officers and enlisted men alike regard themselves as expendable.

It is a war of paradoxes. You train for months and years, but shoot your guns dry in an orgasm of fire that lasts a few seconds. It is a war of two-ton bombs, each one capable of destroying everything within a radius of a quarter-mile. Hundreds of such bombs are dropped in a single air-raid. And, after the bombs have been dropped, come leaflets. "Want to quit, or shall we give you more?" ask the leaflets in the





HAND OUT THOSE D.F.C.'S PROMPTLY, BROTHER; TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. THIS IS THE THEATRE OF WAR WHERE BOMBING PILOTS SAY WITH BITTER TRUTH THAT THEIR JOB HAS NO FUTURE.

parts for airplanes and machine-guns and tanks and all. There is bound to be more paperwork." Or, obversely, "It's just an outgrowth of bureaucracy in Washington—a lot of people making jobs for themselves."

You see World War veterans serving as colonels, as second lieutenants, some in the ranks. You see flying officers who have become captains and majors almost before they were old enough to vote. Some say, "It isn't just *what* you know that counts, it's *who* you know." Another version: "It isn't whom *you* know but who knows *you*, that counts."

This is a war where psychoanalysts have come into their own. "How old were you when you quit wetting the bed," asks some impressive specialist, and when he adds up your answers you find whether or not you can get into the submarine service, or qualify for OCS which means Officers' Candidate School, or whatever your heart yearns most to do next.

The doctors don't just "paint it with iodine and give you a 3-C pill". In this war the doc goes to town for you. If you are wounded they sometimes administer blood plasma almost before you are lifted from where you fall or carried out of bomber plane or tank. They have sulfa drugs to cure everything except homesickness. They fly you out of the danger-zone into a safe hospital, so that your chance of complete recovery is far, far better.

"In the last war they just covered you with a blanket and left you to die," says an Army captain. "This time you have a real chance of surviving." Men have been brought home from Africa to Norfolk, Virginia in five days after the bullet felled them.

Except when you are completely annihilated by a land-mine or demolition bomb, the wounds of battle are a shade less messy. "We don't get the ugly head wounds we had from trench warfare in the last war," says an oak-leaved Army medical officer. "We get shrapnel wounds and machinery wounds. One man got run over by a tank and one side of his body got badly skinned, but he'll recover."

This is a war where the Navy fights

polite vernacular of that country.

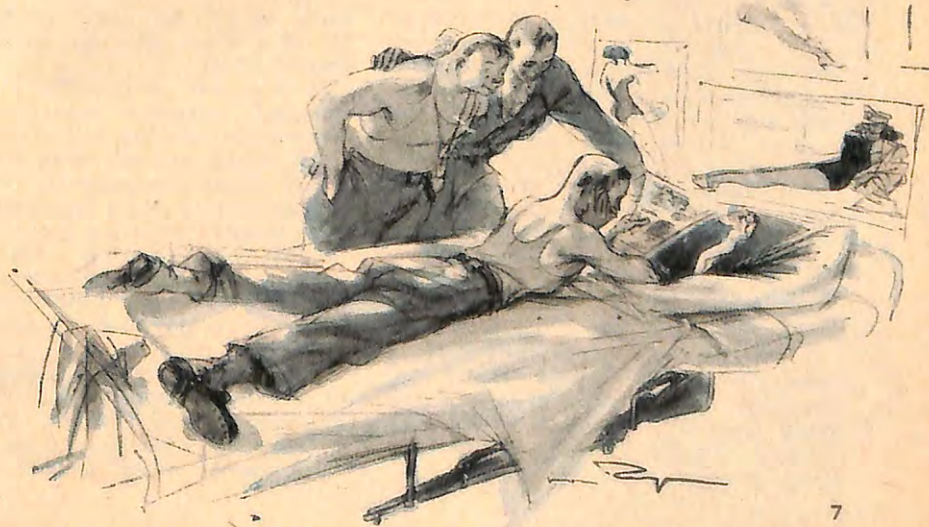
General Eisenhower, who knows the toughness of the enemy, snorted when first he saw man-sized bombing planes dropping these doll-sized leaflets from the skies. Africa and Sicily converted him. Disheartened soldiers by the hundreds came forward to surrender, each man waving a leaflet as a white flag. "Send us more leaflets," ordered Eisenhower humbly. The propaganda pen today is a fighting partner of the sword.

The sword has taken on new forms, from the sawed-off shotgun of gangland to the dagger and bludgeon of jungle war. Men are taught through training films and actual rehearsal to "kill or be killed". Why not knee the enemy in the groin, stab him in the dark, garrote him with a short length of rope, knock him down and tramp on his face? After all, he'd do it to you.

This is a war you don't joke about. In 1918 someone asked Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, "Why do U.S. Army officers stationed in Washington wear spurs?" Answered Uncle Joe promptly, "That's to keep their feet from sliding off the tops of desks." You never see spurs any more, and the closest you come to a horse is when you scowl suspiciously

at an extra tough steak—when you get steak.

In this war the number of desk-jobs is even greater than in 1918. There are more records, more typewritten reports, more filing cabinets, more Navy yeomen and Army clerks, more officers loudly pressing push-buttons, more signal corps men running telephone wires through building walls into improvised headquarters offices. You get your choice of explanation for all this red-tape and system: "In a mechanized war like this you need thousands of



FOR LOVERS OF ART YOU GET A WEEKLY DIN-UP  
GIEL IN EVERY ISSUE OF 'HANK'.





RECENTLY A LIFE BOAT WAS DROPPED INTO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TO SOME BOMBER PILOTS AND CREW, BY MEANS OF THREE CHUTES.

too. Says a four-striper, of the regular Navy, "In the last fight I was a junior officer. We did the job of convoying them over. Now and then a boat would be cut out of the convoy, but not often. I was startled at the Navy losses in the Atlantic in the early stages of this war."

For perhaps the first time in our country's history Army and Navy have foregone the luxury of petty jealousy and are working hand-in-hand. They have a new word for it: Combined operations. It signals the complete co-ordination of land forces and sea forces.

In England a heavy-braided Navy admiral says, "In this theatre we recognize it is the Army's show. The Army runs the transports. The Army operates the hospitals, even those to which we send Navy men.

"In the Pacific it still is the Navy's show, as yet; but there too there will be unification and an avoidance of wasted effort."

It is a war of experts; a big, mechanical, scientific war. Everything takes more training and more skill.

An Army colonel with the Purple Heart ribbon alongside his World War ribbon bearing three battle-stars sums it up briefly, "This is a better war than the last one, as wars go. We are fighting on more fronts. More men are taking part. We are putting out more money every day than we ever felt was possible.

"Back in the Meuse-Argonne we used to wonder where our air force was. You don't have to ask now. Those boys have certainly built up an air force."

Remember those greasy mess-kits

down on the Mexican border? You had to jab the knife and fork into a sand-pile to make them feel even reasonably clean. Today's enlisted men eat with dishes and cutlery of clean aluminum.

Food is better in nearly every way. There is practically no goldfish. "I got so tired of canned salmon back in France that I still can't look it in the face," moans a captain of Engineers. Beans for breakfast—what are they? Canned willie? A rarity, and therefore almost a delicacy now.

Of course you get dried eggs today: not bad in a cheese omelet. You get Spam, a pressed, canned meat. Ice cream is scarce, but the Army cooks can whip canned milk. You probably get soyabean meal in the soup, and the British war bread is heavy with potato flour and maybe oats, but it goes down. Incidentally, you'll be surprised how you grab for the peanut butter; like a message from home.

The coffee is slightly better. Slightly.

Of course there still is something to grumble about. Says a lieutenant of Chemical Warfare (Motto: "If it stinks, we have it."), "They take better care of us, and still we grumble. We grumble because they allot us only one pack of cigarettes a day, or seven a week, at about 6 cents a pack. In the last war we bought our smokes at full retail prices from the Red Cross and the YMCA, and made them last, because we didn't know where the next pack was coming from."

This is a war with less music, and practically no bands.

It is not a singing war. Just a grim, dirty job to be done, and done quickly and without enjoyment.

Instead of Elsie Janis "the darling of the A.E.F." you have Bob Hope and a guitar-player and a mike, playing without scenery against the English countryside like the old-time miracle players.

Instead of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" you have "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte", which most of us have never heard sung. The songs are still on the Rabelaisian side. Remember "The French, they are a funny race, they talk with their hands, and not with their face"—or something like that?

There are no real war songs yet; none like "Over There" or "Tipperary". No real war poetry yet. Instead of Joyce Kilmer and his "Trees" and Mac Rae's "On Flanders Field" we have Artie Greengroin Private First Class—and proud of it—in the weekly soldiers' magazine "Yank". Instead of Alex Woollcott and F.P.A. you have Private Breger and "Terry and the Pirates". For lovers of art you get a weekly pin-up girl in every issue of "Yank", and on Mondays so much cheesecake art and of such an exciting nature in "Stars and Stripes" that the chaplains blush and protest.

The chaplains are doing a better job in this war, beyond a doubt. They follow this brief advice of a seasoned commanding officer: "Don't try to convert



MAYBE YOU STENCIL A BOMB ON THE FRONT OF YOUR JACKET FOR EVERY BOMBING MISSION AND A SWASTIKA FOR EVERY ENEMY PLANE YOU BROUGHT DOWN; BUT YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT IT.

the men in your first sermon."

Pay is higher, but there are fewer things you can buy with it.

You get \$50 instead of \$21. If you allot \$22 to your home-folks, Uncle Sam matches it and makes it an even \$50.

Remember the dreary lament: "All we do is sign the payroll, and we never get a gosh-darned cent?" Finance officers in this war aim to pay you promptly. Wonder of wonders, some of them will even give you an advance, in between pays.

In England they pay you in British money, and many a soldier lad spends a pound sterling (worth \$4.04) as if it were an American dollar bill.

He finds liquor scarce and costly, ice cream not available, soft drinks doubtful and un-iced, reading matter scanty, and practically everything he wants and uses rationed or virtually unobtainable.

This time the Army is doing a better job of combatting its worst enemy. Weren't more man-days among the U. S. fighting forces lost through venereal disease in the last war than through enemy bullets? This time a soldier going on leave is handed a prophylactic kit with his pass-out ticket. The Canadian "blue-light" and various Red Cross stations do the necessary—not a cure but a fairly sure preventive—and do it unobjectionably.



Soldiers and sailors in this war have the use of V-mail, which is quicker and surer because if a plane or ship goes down they can put through a duplicate letter. Men in uniform enjoy free postage. Unfortunate it is that there is less to write home about. U. S. soldiers stationed in Britain are not permitted to name the towns near which they are stationed. You can't tie up any Army Post Office number with any location.

Yet they try hard to be nice to you and to boost your morale. In this war there are lots of service ribbons: 76 Distinguished Flying Crosses in an average day in Britain alone. (Hand them out promptly, Brother; tomorrow may be too late. This is the theatre of war where bombing pilots say with bitter truth that their job has no future.)

Some will tell you this new Army is more polite. Says a retreated cook, back for his second war, "Now they ask you if you want to go to the bakers' school. When I was starting out as a soldier they sent me."

Yet along with a bigger Army you get stiffer discipline. The other day the CO of a medical unit found four matchsticks that had been overlooked in policing the barracks and grounds. He forced the 24 men in that unit to march six miles and bury each match in a hole four feet long and six feet deep.

Just recently too an Army private who talked too freely about a new improvement in air planes at a pub was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and loss of pay and allowances.

In this new war MP's and provost guards have become a career. There are more judge advocates and a larger claims bureau, ready to adjust the inevitable damage suits promptly and

pleasantly. The job of maintaining friendly Anglo-American relations is not taken lightly.

In Britain the soldiers' laundry is done free, and is paid for by reverse Lend-Lease.

The American soldier is still the best-dressed in the world. He is not subjected to the burlap-sack type of shirt insisted on for the British or Canadian enlisted men. He has good shoes too. The new smooth toe without trimming may set a new style; so may the buckle and strap.

The first war popularized the wrist-watch as an article of male apparel. This war may legitimize the swagger stick. Helps the officers keep their hands out of their pockets! The next war may establish leggings or spats as

(Continued on page 24)



THE JOB OF MAINTAINING FRIENDLY ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS IS NOT TAKEN LIGHTLY.



"...take it easy, bud, this ain't st. louis in july ... and it ain't florida, either"



strictly for the cameramen....



# SPRING '44



THE accompanying mad mural of wartime Spring training was spawned by Cartoonist Willard Mullin, a man of letters beginning with A and ending with C. The Dodgers is one of his happy subjects. Or rather "Dem Bums." It was Mr. Mullin who christened them as such. Today the Brooklyn team is better known nationally as Dem Bums than as the Dodgers. Whether this is a boost for the brave new world or not is speculative. In any event Mr. Mullin seems to be proud of his inspiration. By way of explanation he says, "I've been for bumming Germany from the start." Mr. Mullin will beat all others in arriving at Bear Mountain where Dem Bums will train, or rather thaw

out. "I want to thaw out the first bum", he says, a fair example of his glittering wit. Mr. Mullin, however, is a Giant fan. His interest in Bear Mountain lies in—and it is no lie—a very charming Irishman named Johnny Martin. They call him Mine Host. Mr. Martin is really a magician. Mr. Martin places his fingers tenderly over his eyes, murmurs Presto . . . and gosh darn, if Presto (last name O'Goofy) doesn't come up with a three-pound steak smothered in onions.

"I can't handle it", sobs Mr. Mullin. "It breaks my heart."  
 "Why?" encourages Mr. Martin.  
 "I'm too sensitive", cries Mr. Mullin. "I can't stand to see anything smothered." They both laugh immorally.—JOE WILLIAMS.

cadets watch practice in west point field house



"...cover first!"

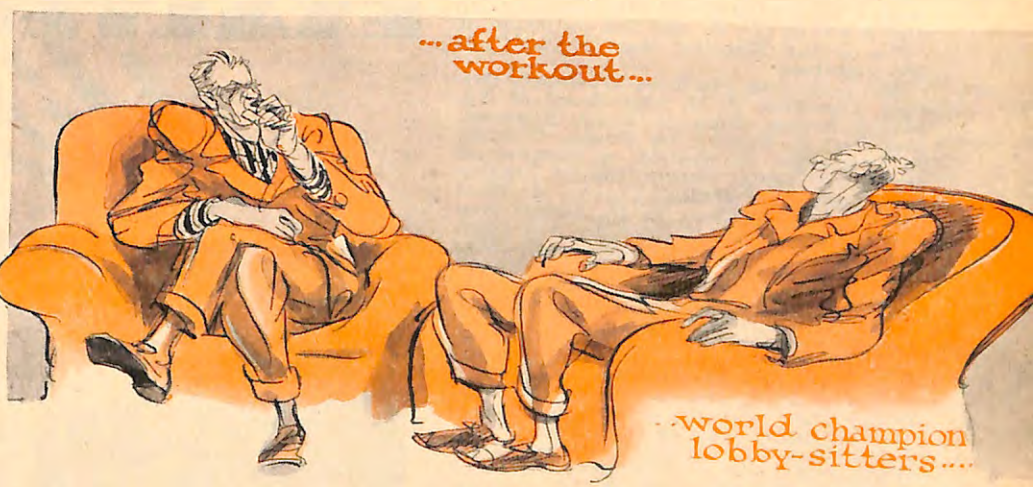




may and december  
in march...

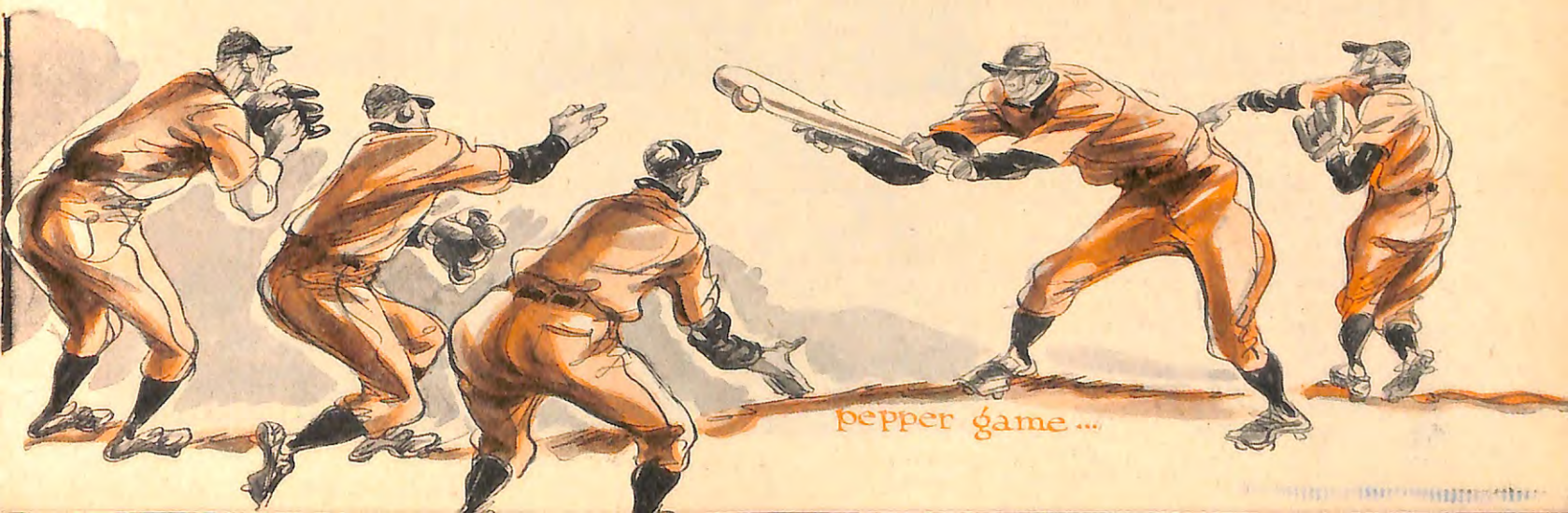


twice  
around  
and in...



...after the  
workout...

..world champion  
lobby-sitters...



pepper game ...





Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan is photographed with officers of Dallas, Tex., Lodge during his visit there. Also shown are Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, Chairman George W. Loudermilk of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and State Pres. George Strauss.

**GRAND EXALTED RULER FRANK J. LONERGAN** paid his official visit to **MILWAUKEE LODGE NO. 46** on Sunday, February 6. Approximately 1,800 Elks were present, as all of the other 36 lodges in the State of Wisconsin were included in his official visit. Thirty lodges sent large delegations. When the crack "400" train pulled into the Northwestern Station at 4 p.m., Mr. Lonergan was met by a large crowd including members of the host lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler William I. O'Neill, accompanied by the Milwaukee Elks Military Band and the Milwaukee Elks Plugs, and escorted to the lodge's beautiful lakeside home. Two events of great importance took place during the meeting—the burning of the last mortgage on the home of No. 46 and the initiation of "The Grand Exalted Ruler's Class" of 265 members.

Mr. Lonergan, his three Wisconsin District Deputies, J. M. Van Rooy, of Appleton Lodge, John O. Berg, Superior, and Carl E. Noelke, La Crosse, William A. Uthmeier, Marshfield, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Past Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, special representative of the Elks War Commission, were introduced and took their places on the rostrum beside Mr. O'Neill immediately before the initiatory ceremonies. Also introduced were officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, headed by President Frank L. Fawcett, of Milwaukee Lodge, and including Vice-Presidents Leo H. Schmalz, Kaukauna, and Norman E. Schulze, La Crosse, Secretary Lou Uecker, Appleton, Treasurer William H. Otto, Racine, and Trustees A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, William F. Schad, Milwaukee, George Vehlou, Wausau, and Elmer Reese, Madison. The Elks Plugs, 150 strong, in full evening regalia, carrying canes and wearing plug hats, white spats and large white chrysanthemums, participated in the ceremonies under the direction of Captain Fred E. Theilacker. The Chorus, directed by William A. Eberl, and the Military Band, led by Hugo Messer, rendered several beautiful selections.

(Continued on page 43)

Right, above: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan shares the pleasure of Milwaukee, Wis., Elk dignitaries as the mortgage on the home of the Lodge was burned during Mr. Lonergan's visit to that city.

Right: E.R. Walter Trask and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge enjoy a talk with Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan during his visit to their Lodge.



**GRAND  
EXALTED RULER'S**  
*Visits*





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



... may I urge you to hold on to  
all the War Bonds you buy.

*I.W. Harper*



it's always a pleasure

**I.W. HARPER**

the gold medal whiskey

*since 1872*



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

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky





Below are listed the names of those members of the Order who are casualties of the war overseas. The names of those who have been taken prisoner or are missing in action are marked with asterisks, as indicated.

The list of names of the members of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, is necessarily incomplete, and word has never been received concerning the members of Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, Honolulu, T. H., Lodge, No. 616, or Hilo, T. H., Lodge, No. 759.

#### ALABAMA

Anniston Lodge No. 189  
**JAMES E. PAULK**  
 Cullman Lodge No. 1609  
**A. A. PONDER**  
**W. LEE TUCKER**  
 Mobile Lodge No. 108  
**HUGH SPENCE, Merchant Marine\***

#### ARIZONA

Phoenix Lodge No. 335  
**LEX JACKSON**

#### CALIFORNIA

Alameda Lodge No. 1015  
**GERALD D. BLAIR**  
 El Centro Lodge No. 1325  
**CAPT. DANIEL HORACE JUDD, U. S.**  
**Army Air Forces**  
 Lancaster Lodge No. 1625  
**LT. RUSSELL H. GODDE, U. S. Army**  
**Air Forces**  
 Ontario Lodge No. 1419  
**WALTER W. HOSIER, U. S. Navy**  
**JOHN A. KEIFFER, U. S. Navy**  
**ROBERT N. TRAVER, Jr., U. S. Navy\***  
 Red Bluff Lodge No. 1250  
**ERNEST J. FORBES**  
 Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378  
**JAMES B. LAURENCE**  
 Taft Lodge No. 1527  
**DON D. McEACHRAN**  
 Watsonville Lodge No. 1300  
**STANLEY N. SECONDO**

#### COLORADO

Alamosa Lodge No. 1297  
**LT. ALBERT W. STRAUDEL, U. S. Army**  
**Air Forces**

Boulder Lodge No. 566  
**EVERETT W. MacKENZIE, U. S. Army**  
**Air Forces**  
 Canon City Lodge No. 610  
**EDWARD L. CONWAY**  
 Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309  
**FREDRICK EICHMAN**  
**WILLIAM E. SNOW**  
 Durango Lodge No. 507  
**ROBERT E. GILCHRIST**  
 Grand Junction Lodge No. 575  
**LT. HOMER BIGGS, U. S. Army**  
**Air Forces**  
 Walsenburg Lodge No. 1086  
**GEORGE LUCERNA**

#### CONNECTICUT

Bristol Lodge No. 1010  
**RAYMOND J. CARROLL, Aviation Ma-**  
**chinists Mate, 1/c, U. S. Navy**  
 Hartford Lodge No. 19  
**LAWRENCE J. DALY**

#### FLORIDA

De Land Lodge No. 1463  
**A. D. HOLDER**  
 Miami Lodge No. 948  
**LT. WILLIAM ROSS SINGLETARY**  
 Panama City Lodge No. 1598  
**LT. JAMES R. WILSON**  
 Sarasota Lodge No. 1519  
**IRVING J. SHOOR**  
 Tallahassee Lodge No. 937  
**WILLIAM J. LANDRUM, U. S.**  
**Marine Corps**

#### GEORGIA

Dublin Lodge No. 1646  
**LT. W. R. WERDEN, JR.**

Waycross Lodge No. 369  
**CHARLES F. NEWTON**  
**JACK T. WATT**

#### IDAHO

Blackfoot Lodge No. 1416  
**CAPTAIN KIEFER WHITE**  
 Burley Lodge No. 1384  
**DICK GUDMUNDSEN**  
 Lewiston Lodge No. 896  
**JAMES C. JEWELL**  
**GEORGE MUDD**  
**WM. LLOYD SHANGLE**  
**STEVE SUMMERS**  
 Moscow Lodge No. 249  
**K. E. EICHENBERGER**  
**CRAIG SHAMPINE**  
**JACK I. WEBER**  
 Wallace Lodge No. 331  
**GILBERT D. HENRICKSON\***  
**GEORGE PAPESH**  
**ARTHUR J. REEVES\***

#### ILLINOIS

Aurora Lodge No. 705  
**SGT. JOHN W. HOERR**  
 Champaign Lodge No. 398  
**EDWIN S. KENNY**  
**LESLIE R. PETTYJOHN, JR.**  
 Danville Lodge No. 332  
**HORACE A. JOHNSON**  
**G. KNOX MARTIN**  
 Decatur Lodge No. 401  
**COL. JOHN M. HAYES**  
 Dixon Lodge No. 779  
**LT. WILLIAM R. HARDY, U. S. Army**  
**Air Forces**  
 DuQuoin Lodge No. 884  
**JOE REMINGER**  
 Mendota Lodge No. 1212  
**LT. WILLIAM T. HERBERT**

\*Missing    \*\*Prisoner of War



# ELKS HONOR ROLL

## INDIANA

Bicknell Lodge No. 1421  
GILBERT W. HUNTER, U. S. Marine  
Corps  
Bloomington Lodge No. 446  
LT. F. M. TALBOT\*  
Frankfort Lodge No. 560  
ROBERT W. NORRIS\*  
Kokomo Lodge No. 190  
MARK H. BRIGGS  
E. W. LEWIS, JR.  
Lebanon Lodge No. 635  
JAMES A. BASSETT  
South Bend Lodge No. 235  
PVT. FOREST M. HARPER  
CAPT. HERSHEL G. HORTON  
SGT. RICHARD D. YOST  
Terre Haute Lodge No. 86  
SGT. WAYNE W. ANDERSON  
Warsaw Lodge No. 802  
GEORGE SECOND MYERS  
Washington Lodge No. 933  
CAPT. JOHN SIMPSON

## IOWA

Charles City Lodge No. 418  
LT. CLYDE E. DOBBS, U. S. Army  
Air Forces  
Davenport Lodge No. 298  
LT. FRANK B. CLEMONS  
Fairfield Lodge No. 1192  
HARRY BEAN  
ROY HOCH\*\*  
Marshalltown Lodge No. 312  
N. L. CADWELL  
WAYNE HILDRETH, JR.  
Mason City Lodge No. 375  
RONALD HOWARD  
Ottumwa Lodge No. 347  
BERLE E. SAMPSON

## KANSAS

Atchison Lodge No. 647  
CAPT. JOHN C. FOULKS  
PVT. PAUL G. WEITZ  
Hutchinson Lodge No. 453  
MAJOR A. J. LUDWIG  
PVT. E. J. NIETO  
Manhattan Lodge No. 1185  
LT. FRANK P. ROOT, JR.

## KENTUCKY

Cynthiana Lodge No. 438  
LT. KARLE H. ROHS  
Louisville Lodge No. 8  
LT. KENNETH L. BLOOMFIELD\*  
LT. JOHN F. BUSHAW\*  
DALE E. LAWTON\*  
CARL M. NICHOLS\*  
SGT. GEORGE E. TIEGS\*

## MAINE

Biddeford-Saco Lodge No. 1597  
FRED N. THOMPSON  
Rockland Lodge No. 1008  
LT. ORA R. BROWN, JR., U. S. Army  
Air Forces

## MARYLAND

Cambridge Lodge No. 1272  
LT. COMMANDER VARNUM C.  
SOUTHWORTH

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15  
JOHN F. COLLINS

## MASSACHUSETTS

Fitchburg Lodge No. 847  
LT. COL. JAMES E. WHITTAKER  
Lawrence Lodge No. 65  
JEREMIAH W. CRONIN  
North Adams Lodge No. 487  
BURKE WILLIAM MARTIN, Seaman  
1/c, U. S. Navy  
LLOYD LOUIS HODGDON, Seaman  
1/c, U. S. Navy

## MICHIGAN

Coldwater Lodge No. 1023  
ALPHONSO TYLER  
Detroit Lodge No. 34  
JAMES McKEOWN  
JAMES MORRILL  
HARRY SCHREIBMAN  
Flint Lodge No. 222  
LT. DAVID CONROY  
Holland Lodge No. 1315  
PVT. JOHN R. HARINGSMA  
Ionia Lodge No. 548  
LT. GEORGE E. RIEGEL  
Ironwood Lodge No. 1278  
JOHN LESSELYOUNG  
DR. J. D. REID  
Midland Lodge No. 1610  
J. AMMON MILLER  
Niles Lodge No. 1322  
ORVILLE BABCOCK  
ROBERT BROWN  
Saginaw Lodge No. 47  
LT. COL. CORNELL\*\*  
CAPT. IMMERMANN\*\*

## MISSOURI

Louisiana Lodge No. 791  
J. H. ALLEN, JR.  
Nevada Lodge No. 564  
WALTER H. MUNDY  
Webb City Lodge No. 861  
DR. NOEL J. FAUBION

## MONTANA

Glendive Lodge No. 1324  
LT. PAUL L. BACH  
Miles City Lodge No. 537  
CAPT. RUSSELL W. HOPPER\*  
LT. ORVAL G. McBRIDE\*

## NEBRASKA

Beatrice Lodge No. 619  
PAUL MUMFORD  
Omaha Lodge No. 39  
LT. COL. ALBERT FIELDS\*  
COL. S. LIVINGSTON JAMES\*

## NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park Lodge No. 128  
PVT. FRANK X. JOYCE  
Boonton Lodge No. 1405  
LT. DAVID D. HEALION  
Hoboken Lodge No. 74  
JAMES J. PALACK  
ERNEST B. RAY  
Jersey City Lodge No. 211  
DR. RALPH M. WHITEHEAD  
Kearny Lodge No. 1050  
EDWARD HOLLE  
Lakewood Lodge No. 1432  
J. PHILLIP CITTA  
Rutherford Lodge No. 547  
S/SGT. CARLYLE H. MALSTROM  
Somerville Lodge No. 1068  
JAMES W. DALLESSIR

## NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Lodge No. 461  
JOHN F. WAFFORD

## NEW YORK

Albion Lodge No. 1006  
CHARLES G. MANSFIELD  
Bronx Lodge No. 871  
CAPT. CHARLES H. FEINGOLD  
Brooklyn Lodge No. 22  
CAPT. CHARLES H. MCGAHAN,  
U. S. Navy  
SEAMAN EDWARD J. SCHILLING,  
Merchant Marine  
Dunkirk Lodge No. 922  
JAMES CONNALLY  
Gloversville Lodge No. 226  
LEON E. ARMSTRONG  
Ilion Lodge No. 1444  
HENRY F. REMMERS  
Lynbrook Lodge No. 1515  
LT. GEORGE W. PETERSEN, U. S. Army  
Air Forces  
Newburgh Lodge No. 247  
LT. FREDERICK C. BARRY  
Plattsburg Lodge No. 621  
ARTHUR F. SORRELL  
Port Jervis Lodge No. 645  
ENSIGN RAYMOND J. MacGREGOR  
Queens Borough Lodge No. 878  
MAJOR GENERAL ALEXANDER E.  
ANDERSON, U. S. Army  
Rochester Lodge No. 24  
LT. COMMANDER ARTHUR E. LOESER  
Schenectady Lodge No. 480  
PVT. JOHN B. NOLAN  
Syracuse Lodge No. 31  
CARL A. GRESSENS  
Watkins Glen Lodge No. 1546  
WILLIAM DeZANG KNAPP, JR.,  
U. S. Navy

\*Missing \*\*Prisoner of War



# ELKS HONOR ROLL

## NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville Lodge No. 1401  
**RALPH L. DITMORE**  
**HENRY G. FLEMING, U. S. Navy**  
 Fayetteville Lodge No. 1081  
**W. P. JOHNSON**

## NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck Lodge No. 1199  
**J. D. ABELEIN**  
**OTTO K. BRT**  
**DAN G. HEIDT**  
**FRANCIS R. REGISTER\***  
**VICTOR A. SMALTZ**  
 Grand Forks Lodge No. 255  
**LT. COL. LAWRENCE A. QUINN**  
 Jamestown Lodge No. 995  
**WILLIAM K. PFLUGRATH**  
 Minot Lodge No. 1089  
**WALTER WILDGRUBE**

## OHIO

Alliance Lodge No. 467  
**GERALD I. CROOKSTON**  
 Chillicothe Lodge No. 52  
**SGT. ERNEST J. HUGHES**  
 Conneaut Lodge No. 256  
**LT. RUSSELL J. NEAL, U. S. Army**  
 Air Forces  
 East Liverpool Lodge No. 258  
**CPL. PAUL V. UNGER**  
 Findlay Lodge No. 75  
**CPL. EVERETT A. SHIRK**  
 Fostoria Lodge No. 935  
**ANDY DRAKE**  
 Kent Lodge No. 1377  
**LT. JOSEPH PAUL HELTMAN**  
 Lakewood Lodge No. 1350  
**LT. PAUL BRADNAN**  
 Lima Lodge No. 54  
**THOMAS A. McCRATE**  
 Mansfield Lodge No. 56  
**LT. ROBERT P. SPRENG, U. S. Army**  
 Air Forces  
 Portsmouth Lodge No. 154  
**LT. JAMES H. MILLER**  
 Van Wert Lodge No. 1197  
**THANE M. SPAHR**

## OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville Lodge No. 1060  
**TOMMY NOVAK**  
 El Reno Lodge No. 743  
**G. D. FUNK, U. S. Army**

## OREGON

Baker Lodge No. 338  
**WILLIAM J. BURKE**  
 Lakeview Lodge No. 1536  
**JAMES CAHILL\***  
 Medford Lodge No. 1168  
**RAYMOND MARX**

## PENNSYLVANIA

Berwick Lodge No. 1138  
**LT. COL. WM. A. WAPPENSTEIN**

Bethlehem Lodge No. 191  
**JOHN M. BRUNO**  
 Bradford Lodge No. 234  
**SEAMAN AVRAM H. BRYMAN,**  
 U. S. Navy  
**LT. COMMANDER GORDON S. GRANT,**  
 U. S. Naval Reserve  
 Brownsville Lodge No. 1344  
**LT. THOMAS L. GORDON**  
 Butler Lodge No. 170  
**GEORGE W. DITTIG**  
 Charleroi Lodge No. 494  
**LEO V. HENDERSON**  
 Columbia Lodge No. 1074  
**CAPTAIN JAMES J. QUINN**  
 Danville Lodge No. 754  
**CPL. MARTIN MILLER, U. S. Army**  
 Easton Lodge No. 121  
**JOSEPH J. MAYROSH, U. S. Navy**  
 Erie Lodge No. 67  
**HOWARD BUMAN**  
**EDWARD R. HAMILTON**  
 Indiana Lodge No. 931  
**ROBERT P. KAUFMAN, U. S. Army**  
 Monessen Lodge No. 773  
**JACK JENNINGS**  
 New Kensington Lodge No. 512  
**HAROLD L. HILEMAN, JR.**  
**JOSEPH E. MORAN, JR.**  
 Philadelphia Lodge No. 2  
**WILLIAM FRANCIS GORMAN**  
**OSWALD J. GRIFFIN**  
**SAMUEL B. LIVINGSTON**  
 Sayre Lodge No. 1148  
**J. FRANCIS CAIN\***  
 Warren Lodge No. 223  
**GLEN K. HYER**  
 Waynesburg Lodge No. 757  
**DON J. STEELE**  
 York Lodge No. 213  
**RABBI ALEXANDER D. GOODE,**  
 Chaplain, U. S. Army

## SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046  
**J. ROBERT HAGERTY**  
**WALLACE M. HAY**  
**ED. L. MILLER**  
 Deadwood Lodge No. 508  
**LT. LESTER L. DANSKY**  
 Huron Lodge No. 444  
**LT. MARVIN FURCH**  
**LT. D. J. SYRING**  
 Madison Lodge No. 1442  
**JAMES G. PARDY, JR.**  
 Rapid City Lodge No. 1187  
**RALPH KAMMAN**  
**EARLE L. LEWIS**  
 Sioux Falls Lodge No. 262  
**LT. HARRY G. BEACH**

## TENNESSEE

Columbia Lodge No. 686  
**E. H. AYRES, JR.**  
 Knoxville Lodge No. 160  
**LT. CLAUDE R. HUFFMAN**

## VERMONT

St. Albans Lodge No. 1566  
**DR. M. A. BISSON**

## VIRGINIA

Pulaski Lodge No. 1067  
**JAMES R. MORRELL**

## WASHINGTON

Aberdeen Lodge No. 593  
**JAMES P. FLYNN**  
 Longview Lodge No. 1514  
**TOM BLOW, Merchant Marine**  
**ROBERT R. GOURDE\***  
**MELVIN E. OLSEN, U. S. Army**  
 Air Forces  
 Ballard (Seattle) Lodge No. 821  
**HELMAR P. AAKERVIK**  
**SAMUEL A. SATHER**  
 Yakima Lodge No. 318  
**GERALD W. POOLE**  
**MARVIN SCHMELLA**

## WEST VIRGINIA

Sistersville Lodge No. 333  
**PVT. PETER A. PETERS**

## WISCONSIN

Baraboo Lodge No. 688  
**LT. CHARLES COLLINS**  
 Milwaukee Lodge No. 46  
**LT. CARL F. ZEIDLER, U. S. Navy\***  
 Racine Lodge No. 252  
**MELVIN BERTZYK**  
**HENRY B. NIELSEN**  
 Stevens Point Lodge No. 641  
**DOUGLAS K. STROPE**  
 Superior Lodge No. 403  
**LT. GEORGE J. BACICH, JR., U. S. Army**  
**MARCUS C. McFARLIN, U. S. Army**

## WYOMING

Cody Lodge No. 1611  
**FRANK BLACKBURN, JR., U. S. Army**  
 Air Forces  
 Greybull Lodge No. 1431  
**GARRETT C. KING**  
 Rawlins Lodge No. 609  
**HARRY EDWARD WALKER, U. S. Navy**  
 Sheridan Lodge No. 520  
**PAUL W. BYRTUS**  
**JOHN DENNISON, JR.**

Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281  
**JOSEPH H. BLAHA\*\***  
**LUTHER W. JONES, U. S. N.\***  
**GEORGE RAY TWEED, U. S. N.\***  
**ALFRED JOSEPH TYSON, U. S. N.\***

\*Missing \*\*Prisoner of War





At top is the reproduction of a valued picture autographed by the crew of "Coughin's Coffin", one of the most celebrated planes which has participated in the North African campaign. The plane's crew recently paid a visit to Alabama and was entertained by the members of Sheffield and Florence Lodges.



Right: Part of the load of 84 "G" Boxes sent out six times a year by Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge.

Right: Discussing plans for the Open House held recently at the Elks Fraternal Center of San Diego, Calif., Lodge is the Committee on Service Men's Activities.



Below: The Elks of Corvallis, Ore., entertain 130 A.S.T.U. graduates of Oregon State College at dinner in their Fraternal Center.







*Above: Service men are entertained during a gala party given for them by Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge.*



*Right: Officers of Portland, Me., Lodge opened their city's Bond Drive recently with a purchase of \$5,000 worth of War Bonds.*



*Left: Anaheim, Calif., Elks sell the Lodge's "Millionth Dollar" War Bond, in the amount of \$49,000 to P. E. Fluor, of the Fluor Corporation, in the presence of Lt. Upton Ramsey, U. S. Army Air Corps hero.*



*Left, below, are photographed the members of our Order serving with the 30th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion in Trinidad, B.W.I. These Elks represent lodges all over the country.*



*Below are Elks of the State of New Jersey, with U.S.O. girls, about to leave for a visit with the wounded at one of our hospitals.*



Right: Service men and hostesses take advantage of a few of the facilities offered by Trenton, N. J., Lodge at the formal opening of the Lodge's Game Room recently.



Left: Wounded service men pause to have their photograph taken during the festivities at one of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge's regular Stage Door Canteen Parties.

Right are the officers of Frackville, Pa., Lodge photographed with a few of the "G" Boxes they filled and mailed to members in the Armed Forces.



Left: As part of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge's program to aid service men, 70 "G" Boxes were mailed to members of the Lodge in the service of their Country.

Right is a photograph taken in the Blood Donor Clinic of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge. The plasma gained here will be used in hospitals in the Lodge's jurisdiction.







*Above: E.R. Roland J. Hines is shown greeting the P.E.R.'s of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge at their Past Exalted Rulers' Night celebration.*

**NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.** For some time, Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346 has been sending brief news letters weekly by V-Mail to members overseas and by regular first class mail to those still in this country. The letters, covering the high spots of home town happenings and lodge activities, were greatly appreciated.

To better the service, the lodge has arranged with the foreman and his crew of the *Niagara Falls Gazette* to have a small edition set up once a week. A greater coverage of local news is thus obtained. The items are neatly printed in three columns on one small sheet of thin paper.

# Under the ANTLERS

**News of Subordinate Lodges  
Throughout the Order**

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.** John J. Doyle, Past Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 and a Past President of the California State Elks Association, passed away on January 30 at a hospital in Santa Monica, after an illness of several months. His wife, Mrs. Cecilia Doyle, was at his bedside.

Mr. Doyle was thrice elected Grand Esquire, first in 1930, again in 1931, and later in 1935. In 1929-30, he served as a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. He was by nature a friendly man and news of his death was received with genuine sorrow by Elks in all parts of the country. He will be missed at the Grand Lodge reunions which he attended faithfully and by the many Grand Lodge officers, past and present, who were numbered among his intimates.

Mr. Doyle entered the fight game as a promoter in 1914. He was the first to stage outdoor matches at Wrigley Field. He operated the Olympic Auditorium after the 10-round law was passed, and built the 10,000 seat arena famed for its Tuesday night programs patronized by Hollywood stars and other celebrities.

*(Continued on page 23)*

*Left: Pennsylvania Elk officials are pictured at Oil City, Pa., during the visit of D.D. Harry T. Kleean there. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters is shown seated right, front row.*

*Below: Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, and Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, at the speakers' table during the burning of the mortgage on the home of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge.*





METROPOLITAN MOMENTS . . . . . by Peter Arno



*“And this is perhaps our most famous imprint –  
a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve”*



MANY a beautiful friendship has been cemented when someone has suggested a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve. For this celebrated whiskey has an oh-so-delectable way of *blending with* —rather than overpowering— the other ingredients in a mixed drink. And its

subtle “soft” flavor *caresses* the critical palate! Today, when fine whiskeys are so scarce...when every precious drop of Calvert Reserve is drawn from a limited supply of rare, ever-diminishing stocks\*, it is more than ever before...“*the choicest whiskey you can drink or serve*”!

\*Calvert has distilled only war alcohol since October 8, 1942



## Elk-recruited Flyers Decorated for Meritorious Achievement



TWO Racine, Wisconsin, "Elkats", who were in the first group of flying cadets recruited by Racine Lodge No. 252 in the enlistment campaign sponsored by the Elks War Commission, have already distinguished themselves in action in the South Pacific.

They are Lt. Marvin Grant, who has knocked down two Jap planes, dedicating the second to Racine Elks, and Lt. Richard C. Frost, who got his first plane near the American beachhead at Arawe.

Both young officers have been awarded the Army Air Medal for "meritorious achievement".

Lt. Grant told about dedicating his second enemy plane to the Racine Elks, in a letter to William H. Otto, Secretary.

"This is a very belated letter that should have been written long ago—my only excuse is that I wanted to have something to give back to the Elks that was worthy of everything they did for me and the rest of the original Elkats when they started us on our way two years ago.

"I have been in combat over seven months now and for a while thought I'd never get to shoot down my first Jap even after flying some 85 combat missions.

"The 16th of December I got my first Jap plane and as I'd promised Dad that one, my second one I promised would be for the Racine Elks. It was my good fortune to shoot down Japan's largest bomber this afternoon (December 27th)—our whole squadron getting 50 of them within seven minutes."

Lt. Grant, flying a P-47 "Thunderbolt", got his Jap as American fighter planes covered Marine landings in the Cape Gloucester area.

Lt. FROST downed a Jap fighter in a bitter air battle in which United States planes destroyed 30 of 34 Japanese planes, and ships got the other four near Arawe. At the time of his achievement Lt. Frost had participated in 25 operations flights.

Both young flyers, who were commissioned in October, 1942, were members of the first group of 21 candidates recruited

by Racine Lodge. Of the 21, all except one are pilots, the one exception being a bombardier who bailed out over Sicily and broke his back. However, he was well enough to return to Racine in January and is reported to look "fine".

A third member of the Racine "Elkats", Lt. Morris William Beller, has been reported missing in action since November 21, 1943, in the South Pacific area. Lt. Beller, who had been in the combat zone for more than a year, was known as "the favorite pilot in his outfit".

Oil City, Pennsylvania, Lodge, No. 344, takes justifiable pride in the exploits of 1st Lt. Edward K. McCutcheon, of Oil City, who was recruited by the Lodge as an air cadet in March, 1942, and has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for meritorious achievement.

Lt. McCutcheon, who is a bomber-navigator on a Marauder with the Army Air Force in England, had previously been awarded the Air Medal and five oak leaf clusters, each cluster being in lieu of another Air Medal award. He has been on more than 30 missions.



### George Mark McLean, Grand Treasurer

of Elks from all over the State, including officials of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, attended the Memorial Service conducted at the home of El Reno Lodge. The regular Memorial Ritual was carried out with Past Exalted Ruler Lieutenant (Jg) William L. Fogg, U.S.N., occupying the Exalted Ruler's Chair. J. P. Battenburg, of Oklahoma City, delivered the eulogy. Mr. McLean's body was taken to the lodge home on Tuesday evening and lay in state until final rites were conducted at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church by Father Victor Van Durme, with Father Garvey of Oklahoma City delivering the memorial sermon. Internment took place in the Catholic Cemetery in El Reno with the American Legion presenting the flag.

George McLean was born on February 17, 1895, on a farm near Calumet, Michigan, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. McLean, were pioneer residents. He moved to El Reno as a youth, and attended the Sacred Heart Institute and El Reno High School, and Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. During World War I he served in the Navy, and attended Officers' Training School at Great Lakes, Ill.

Following the war, Mr. McLean was associated with the Rock Island Railroad for several years. Later he was Assistant General Manager of the now defunct St. Louis, El Reno and Western Railroad. Following this, he became a

public relations official of the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company. At the time of his death he was Assistant to the President of that organization.

Elected Exalted Ruler of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, Mr. McLean did much to make that body one of the leading units of the Order in the Southwest during the five years he held office. In 1933 he was appointed District Deputy by the late Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter F. Meier, and in 1934 he became an associate member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. In 1935 he was elected Grand Inner Guard; during 1936-37 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and in 1937 he was made Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. The following year saw Mr. McLean appointed Grand Esquire by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and in 1939 he was reappointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. He was elected Grand Treasurer in 1941 and held that office for a period of three years until his death.

Mr. McLean was also a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus in El Reno, as well as the American Legion. He is survived by a sister, Mrs. James Short, of Fort Worth, Tex., and his brother, John Y. McLean, of Chicago, Ill.

To them and to the members of El Reno Lodge, the staff of *The Elks Magazine* extends its deepest sympathy in their great loss.

IT IS with a deep regret that we must announce the recent death of Grand Treasurer George Mark McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, who passed on in his sleep in Washington, D. C., on February 4th, as the result of a heart attack.

Mr. McLean's body was taken to El Reno by his brother, John Y. McLean. A delegation of members of El Reno Lodge met the train at Oklahoma City.

Rosary services were conducted on Monday evening, February 7th, at the Benson Funeral Home in El Reno. On the following evening large delegations



## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 20)

**MINOT, N. D.** Ready for presentation on Past Exalted Rulers Night to the 83 Elks who have been members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 for 25 years or more were special awards, lapel buttons with a gold elk head on a mounting showing their years of service. Presentation of the awards to the forty who attended the meeting was a feature of the program.

Judge L. J. Palda, elected Exalted Ruler when the lodge was instituted in 1907, occupied the Exalted Ruler's chair and was also the speaker of the evening. In the course of his talk, Judge Palda outlined the history of the Order and traced the growth and progress of Minot Lodge up to the present time, praising old and new members alike for faithful service. It was pointed out that Minot Lodge holds twenty-ninth place among the subordinate lodges for charitable expenditures and eighth position in general welfare work and patriotic activities.

**GLOBE, ARIZ.** Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed by Globe Lodge No. 489 and the Frank J. Lonergan Class of 48 candidates was initiated on February 5. P.E.R. Joseph F. Mayer, District Deputy for Arizona, South, acting as Exalted Ruler, was assisted by Past Exalted Rulers who occupied the regular stations.

As the Arizona State Elks Association will convene in Globe on April 27-28-29, the initiation of a Pre-convention Class was scheduled for March 30, the last meeting night of the month. A membership of 500 by April 1 is the goal toward which the lodge has been directing its efforts. Last reports indicated that this figure would be reached and in all probability exceeded.

**BUTTE, MONT.** Wilbur F. Hanley, one of the youngest men ever to serve as Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge No. 240, died suddenly on January 27 at the age of forty. Stricken while attending to his duties as a valued employee of the Montana Power Company, Mr. Hanley was taken to his home, where he passed away a few minutes later.

In 1934, Mr. Hanley was appointed District Deputy for Montana, West. For many years, he was one of his lodge's most active members and one of the most popular.

**PUEBLO, COLO.** Pueblo Lodge No. 90 observed Past Exalted Rulers Night on February 2 with a program appropriate to the occasion. This annual event is one greatly anticipated by the members, and a record attendance this year of 250 attested their interest. Past Exalted Rulers presided, headed by Louie Behm.

Pueblo Lodge has thirty living Past Exalted Rulers. At the meeting, a basket of flowers was dedicated to the eighteen who are deceased. P.E.R. Ben F. Koperlik gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast and the address of the evening was delivered by P.E.R. Frank Crowther, of Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge.

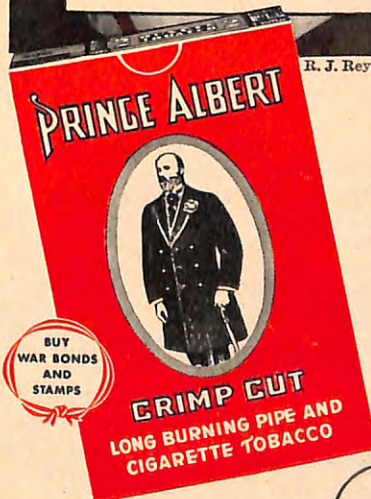
**BOISE, IDA.** Boise Lodge No. 310 mourns the passing of charter member W. S. Whitehead, dean of the lodge's Past Exalted Rulers and a former member of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Whitehead, initiated into the Order in 1896, was holder of Membership No. 3 in Boise Lodge. Past Exalted Rulers of No. 310 officiated in ceremonies held at the graveside, with Jess B. Hawley, acting as Exalted Ruler, assisted by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Ed. D. Baird, District Deputy J. O. Malvin and Elbert S. Delana. H. P. Ashby acted as Chaplain.

(Continued on page 41)



Birthday nothing...It's  
his **PIPE APPEAL\***

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



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

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

CALL QUILTS  
ON TONGUE-BITE.  
P.A. FOR THE  
RICHNESS YOU WANT,  
WITH THE MILDNESS  
YOU NEED!



**\*PRINCE ALBERT**

**THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**



## Move Over Pop

(Continued from page 9)

being sensible and masculine, to keep the rain out of low shoes.

The war shortage of metal has produced a scarcity of gold and silver bars for officers' shoulders, so now Americans follow other nations in sewing the insignia of their rank upon their uniforms. Most like it better, as it avoids tearing the lining of top-coats and trench-coats. Likewise it is more durable and more thrifty.

A spate of promotions likewise produced a shortage of non-com insignia. Master mechanics at many airdromes now stencil their sergeant's bars upon their coveralls. The Marine Corps actually ran short of the colorful insignia for non-coms and ripped all such off the right sleeve of all Marines' coats, except the blues.

This is a war where AWOL—absent without official leave—becomes a single word, pronounced ay-woll. Where European Theatre of Operations, U.S.A., becomes ETOUSA. A war that gave us that magnificent new phrase, GI, or

government issue, to signify an enlisted man. A war with a new and gentle humor. "Want something good for dessert? You've had it." "Haven't you heard—there's a war on."

It is a war of jeeps, and planes, and bicycles.

A war where every detail has been beautifully studied out. In Britain even the toilet paper supplied for U. S. Army bases is imprinted, Government Property.

In this war generals don't issue orders. That is crude stuff. Today it's directives.

There's a new and more complicated vocabulary. Ordinary military communications are stamped RESTRICTED. Above that in importance is CONFIDENTIAL. Next highest in military weight is rubber-stamped SECRET. And finally comes that brief, arch word BURN.

As would be expected in a mechanized war, even the rumors have a new Buck Rogers hue. A sample: "During the recent bombing attacks on Hamburg the people stayed in the air-raid cellars. The heat from the burning buildings all around them was terrific. Finally some couldn't stand it. They started for home. They sank into the melted asphalt pavements; sank up to their knees. Then along came the

Gestapo and shot them to put them out of their misery."

This is a war of new and complex units. Airborne Command delivers men and supplies by plane or parachute. Recently a life boat was dropped into the English Channel to some bomber pilots and crew, by means of three chutes.

So vast is this war that a new Air Transport Command has been created to fly important officers from one place to another. You write a request, someone vouches for you and you are granted a priority.

Inevitably, along with Airborne Command, has come the telling phrase: chairborne command. It typifies all the many who wear out the trousers seat of their uniforms faster than they do their shoe leather.

In this war there are no YMCA and K of C huts; no Salvation Army lasses serving hot doughnuts. Red Cross does it all, from locating lost friends and sending food to prisoners of war to operating officers' and EM's clubs and restaurants. The new Special Services section of the Army, working with both U.S.O. and Red Cross, stages occasional shows for soldiers.

In this war Bruce Bairnsfather, who created "Old Bill" as a character in World War I, operates comfortably in a public relations post at a U. S. bomber base in Britain.

In this war—a war for only the very youngest soldier—they blame all mishaps on a hobgoblin called a gremlin.

In this war many a potent U. S. bomber goes into combat carrying a grinning Walt Disney character on its prow. Many of these ships bore salacious and unmentionable names, until an order came through please to christen future ships after notable—and pure—American women.

This is a war where everybody studies the silhouettes of airplanes, our own and the enemy's, printed in black on the wall. In a thousand mess-halls and clubs and even on board ship you find toy airplane models strung on wires overhead, to familiarize everybody with the essential difference between a friendly Flying Fortress or Liberator or Mustang or Boston and an enemy Focke-Wulf.

This is a job where the oxygen officer at a bomber base has a full-time job, assisted by eight men, to check and re-charge all the oxygen tanks and bottles on every bomber before each day's mission.

It's a war where photographs are taken of bombs in mid-air, neatly dropping toward their target; of bombs hitting the target, and the resultant damage. All such films are developed and printed and ready for official inspection within minutes after the planes return from the day's mission.

It's a war where camouflage has been

(Continued on page 26)



IT'S A WAR OF JEEPS, AND PLANES, AND BICYCLES.

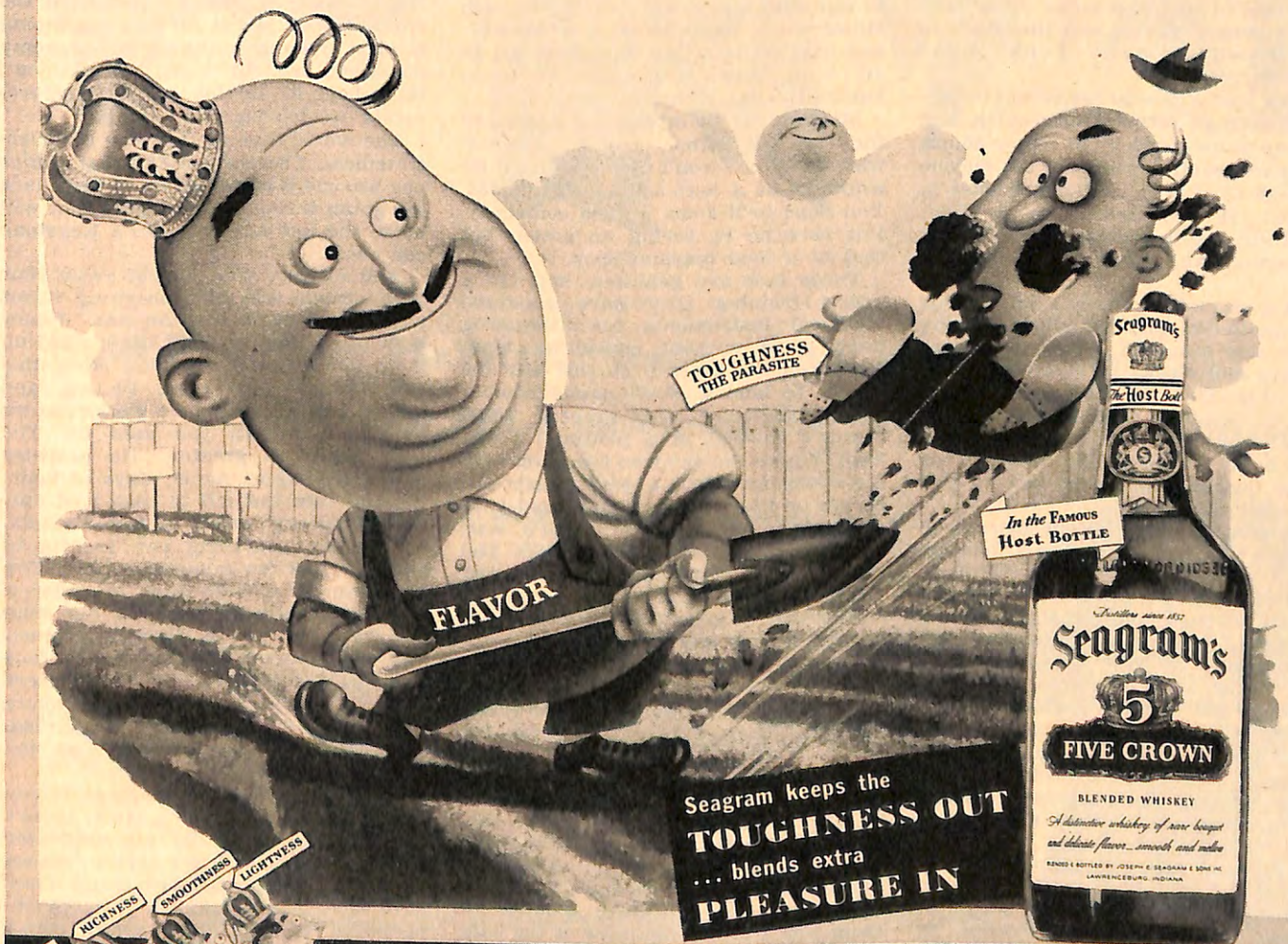


**"KEEP UP THE GOOD SPADEWORK!"**

**SAY THE 5 CROWNS**

We've dug up one answer  
To beating Japan, sir,  
As Hitler no doubt has a hunch...

We may not pull triggers,  
But boy, how we diggers  
Are nourishing Uncle Sam's punch!



**THE FINER**  
**Seagram's 5 Crown**

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



# Move Over Pop

(Continued from page 24)

perfected. A war that made use of home-made devices such as the Molotov cocktail to stop and set fire to a tank.

It is a war where censorship has been perfected. A war that brings blackouts. A war where you prepare for closeup fighting; are ready to burn your papers in case the ship surrenders. A war that reminds you daily of espionage: Don't keep a diary.

This is a war of vast distances and of long periods of waiting. The soldiers sent off with great acclaim to "occupy" Iceland were left there more than a year, without seeing action, without relief, without leaves for home.

This is a war that is strangely big and impersonal. There are fewer leather-lunged sergeants barking out commands, and more training moving-pictures. It's a war where serial numbers run into the 30 millions, and where your dogtags are issued in duplicate, one tag to be tacked to the wooden cross over the temporary grave, and the other to rest between two layers of cloth on the dead man's chest.

It is a war where so far comparatively few men go forward into battle and so many more stand by in repair-shops. Says a sergeant, working in the bicycle repair-shop at a U. S. bomber base in England, "I came over here to *fight*. Here I am, fixing British bikes for our bombardiers and pilots to ride around on."

It is a war where every soldier needs daily reminders that his job in helping win the war is indeed important. There are days and weeks of inactivity, with crowded evenings in little towns where the few things a soldier can do are suddenly boosted sky-high in price. There is so pitifully little to do. That is why letters from home are so tremendously important.

This is a war that no one expects to end immediately. The Army has its careful plans for following through. Classes of Army officers in Britain are learning French and other European languages, to take over the management of territory to be invaded. Every soldier expects to see food rationing continued and extended. The cessation of shooting will bring a new armed peace. Then will come the job of policing the world. Don't expect Junior to be marching up Fifth Avenue for some time to come, Pop. This war has just begun.

In the last war, to be very frank about it all, the U. S. armed forces traveled together and were stationed together in little towns in France. It was all very compact, very folksy. You and your friends, Pop, were generally stationed somewhere close together. More, you probably started out in your home national guard or other unit of your choice; you did your training at one central training base; you were fairly sure of seeing the same friends

at various points in your military career.

In this war the men are sent to three, four or even six different training stations in the United States before ever they leave for overseas. They are thoroughly shuffled up. In this incredibly huge Army many a man gives up hope of ever seeing a familiar face. A GI walks down the street and his eyes never lift higher than your shoulders, to see whether or not he must salute. Junior's war is a very lonely affair.

In this war too a good mechanic is more important than a good rifleman. Anyone with eyes and steady nerves can be taught to shoot—they've proved that. It takes longer to train a man to service a plane, especially under field conditions. It is a job for skilled men to service a tank.

But Junior is afraid you don't understand all this, Pop. You sent him off to war with a personal message to bash Hitler with some blunt instrument—and here he is acting as nursemaid to an Army jeep, with the war many hundred miles away.

Many a lad is crying his heart out for fear his father, himself a world war veteran, won't understand. He wants to be a hero but he's grounded. You hope he'll come back a somebody. But here he is, seeing no action but that of a field machine-shop.

Those lads are geniuses, Pop. In a year's training they have mastered technical instruments for navigating huge ships without consulting landmarks on the ground. In this war the ability to land a 56,000-pound bomber safely is taken for granted. You couldn't do that in a thousand years, Pop. You're the one who hangs on with his eyebrows when a jeep rounds the corner on two wheels. You've had your war, old man. This is Junior's war. Don't begrudge him. Make him feel it's the real thing. Make him know you're proud of him.

You can be proud of our American women in this war, too.

Many a WAC or WAVE or SPAR is doing creditably and without fanfare a job which an older person, a war veteran, would have expected higher pay for doing. These women of ours are the real thing, Pop. You should have been in London when the first detachment of WAC's (they've dropped the second "A"; it's the Womens Army Corps now, not Auxiliary Army Corps)—marched through. To many a homesick Yankee soldier this first glimpse of them was a firmer reminder of the wife and sweetheart back home than were countless sex warning films and all manner of preachment and propaganda by camp physician and chaplain alike.

If you fight any future wars, Pop, you'll have to fight them under the eye of your own kind of women. Perhaps they are taking some of the freedom

out of war for us warriors. It may be a good thing.

Still and all there is one field in which this war closely resembles your war, Pop. That is the language of the enlisted man when gathered with his own kind.

Today's Army talk is not especially profane but it continues to be considerably biological. As in the livery stable of 1898, the Model-T garage of 1918, so in the four-motored bomber hangar of today, men speak vauntingly of their prowess in venery, imagined or real. Junior is a big boy now, Pop. You'd be surprised.

There's a new Army word, though. *Rugged*. It means tough, difficult, nerve-wracking. The going was pretty rugged today; we lost eight planes. That's the way they talk in this war, Pop. Understatement. If you've done something, you don't boast about it. Oh, maybe you stencil a bomb on the front of your jacket for every bombing mission and a swastika for every enemy plane you brought down; but you don't talk about it. In this war the achievements are too big to need talk.

The whole tone of this war is understatement. Therein you find that Junior has become a man. Some of these lads are going through experiences that will make the last war look like a Keystone cop chase.

And so, Pop, you can put away your 1919 medals and quit bragging about what you'd do to win the war. Junior is doing it. He probably has soaked up more concentrated learning since this war started than most Ph.D.'s, and knows how to use it. He works harder in this war than you used to. The nerve-strain is greater. He operates like a fire-engine horse; days of waiting and then the call to peak-load output of energy within a few instants. In this war anything can happen to anybody, in a few minutes of time. You sit down in a restaurant to order a meal, and perhaps between the soup and the fish you're digging yourself and the waiter and cook out of tons of rocks and debris. They expect more reprisal raids today in London, where this piece is being written and mailed. And that is many miles from the front.

If you have been patronizing—if you have implied, "Well, son, this doesn't look like much of a war, but it's better than no war at all," get over it. These sons of yours have faced hell. They have lived, and are living, through experiences to shatter a weak man's nerves.

When Junior gets back home he may very well take charge of things back home. It is up to you to show you can help manage, not just talk. Move over, Pop, and make room for a man. It's your only chance. Otherwise you'll just be moved out.





**Said Professor McVitty, "Dear, dear, what a pity —  
Now, why did I summon the War Bond Committee?"**

*"It seems I had something important to say,  
But I fear I'm a bit absent-minded today—  
And I can't for the life of me seem to recall  
The reason for holding this meeting at all.*

*"Blue Ribbon Town's Bond Drive is crowned with success  
So that isn't it . . . Ah, but is it? Yes, yes!  
It comes back to me now—friends, the reason we're here  
Is to toast our success with Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!"*

\* \* \*

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. Full-flavor blending from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging goodness—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



**33 FINE BREWS  
BLENDED INTO ONE  
GREAT BEER**



1844-1944  
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF  
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! STARRING GROUCHO MARX... FAMOUS STARS... COAST-TO-COAST CBS NETWORK... EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT



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**You Smoke  
Over 5 Pipefuls  
a Day...**

**PUR-O-MATIC  
BIT**

*Exclusive with  
Royal Duke*

**SCIENTIFICALLY  
DESIGNED TO TRAP  
IMPURITIES**



*You Owe it to Yourself  
to have its protection*

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Standard \$1.50 • De Luxe \$2.50 • Supreme \$3.50

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York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York

# What America is reading



**Spring books afford  
pleasurable reading of  
fact and fiction.**

**By Harry Hansen**

**W**HEN Major Peter W. Rainier was dashing across the African landscape to check on the water supply that he was piping to the British troops, he would come across some thoroughly modern signs that improved on those advertising toothpaste and shaving cream on our own highways. Near the Tel-el-Eisa ridge he would spot the first sign:

**HEY!**

A few hundred yards farther on he would meet:

**DO YOU KNOW WHERE  
YOU ARE?**

Then he would reach a signboard with little white crosses painted on it and the warning:

**IF YOU ARE GOING MUCH  
FARTHER TAKE ONE OF  
THESE. YOU MAY NEED IT.**  
And finally, the last sign:

**HALT! IF YOU GO MUCH  
FARTHER JERRY WILL EN-  
FORCE THIS ORDER.**

Beyond that, says Major Rainier, a ruined tank was lying across the road. That ought to keep inquisitive staff men and supply officers out of danger.

Major Rainier was engaged in the prosaic occupation of laying pipe lines. Six miles away was the pumping station of El Alamein, forcing water into the pipes. Sometimes the pipes were damaged by shells or run over by trucks. But Major Rainier and his engineers kept extending them into the desert. And if you think that wasn't an interesting, exciting and dangerous occupation, read "Pipeline to Battle". Even if it deals with a military campaign now in the past, it is packed with novel information and adventure. Soldiers

may need guns and tanks, but they also need water, especially in desert warfare. About 1,000 tons of freight had to be moved daily to supply one British division; of this amount 50 tons were food and 100 tons were water. When an army pursues the enemy so hard that it runs away from its supplies, it has to fall back again. If the reservoirs at Alamein were not filled, the army would have to give up from sheer lack of water. If the Germans advanced, all the hard work on reservoirs and pipelines would go for naught; the reservoirs would be blown up and the water spoiled by "bone oil".

Major Rainier had a pipeline, miles long, filled with sea water for testing when the German advance started. After the Germans had been stopped—not at the Alamein line, but twenty miles inside of it—and the Panzer division had quit from sheer exhaustion, 1100 Germans arrived with their hands in the air and their tongues hanging out. They had found and tapped the pipeline that held the salt water and their thirst had almost reached delirium. "It may well be," writes the Major, "that the salt water in that pipeline was the decisive factor in saving Egypt from being overrun and the Eighth army from destruction."

At least it helped defeat the Germans. And as an engineer Major Rainier experienced so much that has never before been described that his book is a real original adventure in reading. (Random House, \$2.50)

○ UT in the Pacific a task force is a segment of the United States



Navy chosen for attack. But now Carole Landis talks about a theatrical task force, meaning the quartet that went abroad to entertain the men of the armed services—Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair. She tells about it in "Four Jills in a Jeep", which is one of those quick-firing narratives, packed with repartee and with haps and mishaps on the order of the Skinner-Kimbrough, "When We Were Young and Gay", book. In it the girls sing and do their patter before thousands of soldiers, some British, some American, in England and Africa, even doing a command performance before the Queen of England and the little Princesses. There's romance in it, too, for on the way Carole met the handsome Captain Tommy Wallace of Pasadena and they were married in London. And now they are making a film version of the book, with the girls in their original characters.

Not all of their tasks were easy. They got a lot of fun out of many of the entertainments, but sometimes the gloom was thick. At an airmen's club they found the men miserable after their day's work: one pilot had returned with five dead men in his ship and one of the most popular men had been lost. Jokes and songs don't always dispel the clouds, but talk with girls from home helps. And Martha Raye had plenty of ready banter. Mitzi Mayfair made a great hit everywhere jitter-bugging and sometimes she danced the volunteers off their feet—and sometimes she didn't. But although the team was there to give entertaining shows, there was nothing easy about its progress. Mud and cold played their part in giving the Hollywood actresses a taste of what front-line life is like. (Random House, \$2)

SOMETIMES readers complain of the dearth of great novels. These may be fewer great novels than formerly, but it would be inaccurate to say that there is no good reading. Serious artists, who produced masterpieces, do not thrive in times of intellectual turmoil, unless they are insulated against the world by peculiar circumstances. At this time few men live apart from the issues and ideas of the world around them. All share its feeling of insecurity and are affected by its disasters.

"A Bell for Adano", by John Hersey, is the first novel to come out of the Italian campaign. It is a good story, not a great story. Its narrative is as crisp as a news report—Hersey is a news reporter turned story writer. It deals entirely with what happens in the little Italian town of Adano when the Americans move in and Major Victor Joppolo, American-born son of Italian parents, takes over the mayor's job. He has to clean out the Fascist elements and yet make use of people who know how to run the town. He must provide for the baking of bread and get order into the distribution of candy by the soldiers, which has led to a fatal accident, when a child was struck by a truck. He has to listen to the men who think the town's bell, which Mussolini carried



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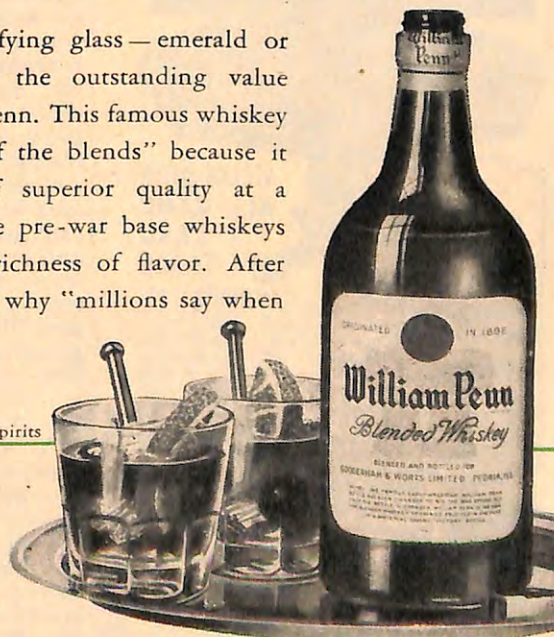
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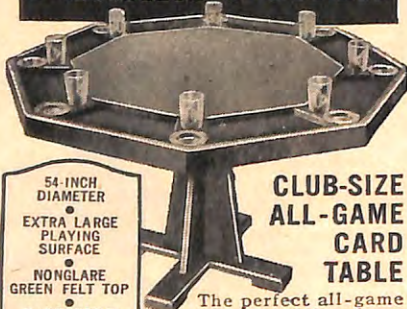
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**R**EMEMBER when Bernard Shaw published his unpleasant plays? It seemed a daring bit of journalism to call them that, thirty or more years ago. Shaw used the term because the plays used unconventional themes. Today we might not call them unpleasant at all. But "The Lost Weekend", a novel by Charles Jackson, is to me distinctly unpleasant reading. Then why mention it? you ask. I mention it because it is a pretty thorough job of writing about a man on a binge. It's an analysis of a confirmed drunkard; a fellow with an appetite for liquor who backslides, hopes to get over it, gets hurt in the process and yet winds up with the conviction that he can't be cured. It is a study of the man who doesn't conform to conventional conduct. A serious work—and maybe interesting. I've warned you; I can provide the menu, but you alone must choose your own dish. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

Then here's something else again. Do you remember "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"? That was romance in the Cumberlands. John Fox, Jr., wrote it, also "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come", which appeared forty years ago. How time marches on! But those were sentimental stories, and they wouldn't shock anyone. In the intervening years we have become used to shock. Today John Pleasant McCoy's tale of the Cumberlands, "Swing the Big-Eyed Rabbit", won't shock anyone either, but it deals with much more than romance. It's a sort of John Fox, Jr., story facing the facts of life. It tells how the idealist, Artemis Collins, goes to the Cumberland Mission School, a big-eyed adolescent, and how a teacher wakes him up, and the school principal, Dr. Peabody, warns him against the consequences of sin. Artemis gets religion and immersion with it, but I'm not sure that it is going to take. Written with frankness and dignity. (Dutton, \$2.50)

**A** FRIEND who patronizes circulating libraries and reads many books wanted to know why so few happy families get into novels. "Are all novelists unhappy in their youth?" she asked. No, most of them lead normal lives, like the rest of us and come from contented homes. Perhaps they write about introspective, neurotic families because those are abnormal and, as the editor would say, news. But here's a different type of story about family life: "Reunion on Strawberry Hill", by Berenice Thorpe. This is a warm, sympathetic, homely story without getting sentimental or mushy. It deals with the attempt of Ma Lengaard to gather her grown children

around her on the farm at Strawberry Hill, somewhere near the Columbia river. They have been away for a number of years: Amylea, Jim, Anna Marie, Ingeborg, Helga and Carl. Pa Lengaard looks after the chores of the farm and is not especially moved by the idea of the reunion. Pa and Ma have been married forty-seven years; they are getting on. The sons and daughters come, but now they have lives of their own, and they bring their troubles with them. Some of these do not run very deep; some are the result of temperament. The lad who really understands his mother and is most sympathetic is Carl, who has been leading a non-profitable existence in Alaska and has learned human understanding. And as the story unfolds you see that despite their difficulties and reservations, these people are more nearly the American folk than those we usually meet in novels. The story is well written, with good characterization and sustained interest, by a writer who won the Knopf fellowship. She was born in Nebraska, educated at the University of Washington and now lives in Tacoma, Washington. (Knopf, \$2.50)

**N**EXT we take up the field of action, robust adventures in which women are not the most important characters. Three novels dealing with the exploits of that redoubtable Briton, Capt. Horatio Hornblower, have just been published in one volume under the title of "Captain Horatio Hornblower", by C. S. Forester. They are "Beat to Quarters", "Ship of the Line" and "Flying Colors". The first deals with Hornblower's fight in the *Lydia* off the Central American coast. Lady Barbara Wellesley gets into this tale, but not enough to tangle up the action. The next is the tale of Hornblower's great work in the Sutherland, with the exciting climax that leaves Hornblower a prisoner at Rosas. The third book deals with his flight, his capture of the *Witch of Endor* and return to the British fleet, which had been mourning him for dead. Three lively yarns of the days of sail, when the French were the formidable enemies of the British, told by the modern successor of Captain Marryat. (Sun Dial Press, \$1.49)

"Bugles in the Afternoon" is an American tale, in which Ernest Haycox makes use of the Sioux wars and Custer's last campaign as the background for a story of love and action. Part of the pattern is familiar—the feud between the two soldiers, Kern Shafter, who joins the 7th U. S. Cavalry at Fort Lincoln, and Lieut. Edward Garnett, who puts obstacles in Shafter's path. "One way or another; I'll destroy you," says Shafter in the good old melodramatic fashion. But if the pattern is familiar, the setting is fairly new, and the fighting in which Crook, Reno, Terry and Custer pacified the northwest plays a part in the story. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)





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# Red AND Gun



**A yarn about a fishing guide  
who was strong but not silent.**

**By Ray Trullinger**

A WARM Spring sun beat down on the hurrying river and the two occupants of the canoe anchored in midstream. In the bow a fisherman was casting across the current and retrieving his fly with that slow, teasing motion of the rod tip so characteristic of salmon anglers. In the stern a disreputable looking guide drowsed, a half-consumed cigarette drooping from his lower lip. Below them, perhaps 50 yards away, an osprey hovered briefly and then plunged downward hitting the water with a resounding splash which awakened the guide with a start.

"There ain't no justice in this world," he observed sourly, eyeing the big bird as it labored up, a fine trout clutched in its talons. "Look at that so and so, will you? Here we been fishin' for hours and getting nowhere, and that danged fish-hawk comes along and picks up a meal, first pop."

He rubbed a sadly discolored eye, scratched a match with his thumb-nail and ignited his dead cigaret. "Want me to lift the killick and make another drop, or shall we quit and go in for lunch? I'm so hungry I could eat a litter of pups, myself."

"Let's make another drop," suggested the angler. "There ought to be a taking fish somewhere along this run."

"Could be," answered the guide, heaving up the killick. "But I doubt we'll do any good until evening. Sun's too bright. No, there just ain't no justice. Tomorrow, I'm going to bring along my shotgun and if that blamed fish-hawk comes around again I'll . . ."

A salmon rolled lazily at the fly and the fisherman struck back quickly. Too quickly.

"There you go again," exclaimed the guide, "taking that fly right out

of that fish's mouth. How many times do I have to tell you about that? You ain't trout fishin' now. A salmon practically hooks hisself, every time. That is," he added, "if you'll let him."

The fisherman reeled in, examined his fly and leader and then resumed his casting before replying.

"I assume," he remarked, "your low spirits are not unconnected with that shiner you're sporting."

"Oh, that!" replied the guide, fin-gering his discolored optic. "No, it ain't the shiner that's got me down. I've had 'em before and I'll probably collect a few more. It's the injustice of things."

A grilse hit the fisherman's lure with a sudden smash, was hooked, and conversation languished as the little salmon was played and finally netted. "At least we ain't skunked," commented the dour guide, as he rapped the wriggling fish with a short stick. "Lively little feller, wasn't he?"

"Yeah."  
"Want to go in and get some lunch now?"

"No, let's see if we can get a decent sized fish for a change. That'll give you time to get your misery off your chest. What's eating you, anyway? You were supposed to be on deck at camp yesterday morning, and what happens? You come dragging around after lunch, hours late, sour as a morning-after stomach. And you been getting worse ever since."

"I had to show up in court," replied the guide. "That sort of delayed me. You know how those things are."

The fisherman lengthened his cast before replying. "Okay," he said, "go on from there. Let's hear the rest of it."

"Well," answered the guide after an interval, "it all started when the



Missus took the kids over to her mother's for a visit last Saturday night and left me home all alone, with nothing to do. Along about eight o'clock I remembered they were holdin' a dance down to the village hall so I decided to mosey down and look 'em over."

"What was the idea of an old goat like you going to a dance? You aren't getting young ideas at your age, are you?"

"Oh, I don't know," the guide replied. "I ain't exactly too old."

"Not too old to get bopped in the eye, anyway," replied the fisherman, reeling in. "What shall I try next, a Black Dose, or what?"

"Nobody bopped me in the eye," replied the guide, ignoring his sport's question.

"I know," answered the angler, bending on a fly, "you got it stepping into a cab outside the Stork Club. Or maybe you just caught it somewhere, like a sore throat."

"Well," resumed the guide, "I get down to the dance hall and who do you suppose I run into, first thing?"

"From the looks of that eye of yours, I'd say a stiff right swing."

The fisherman's rod dipped sharply as a nice trout took the fly, jumped twice and was brought to net following a brief flurry which showered the canoe with water as the stiff rod's steady pressure took its toll.

"No," resumed the guide, as he killed the trout, "it was my wife's youngest sister, Maudie. Maudie is quite a lass."

"Go on."

"Well, there's nothin' wrong with a guy dancin' with his wife's sister, so Maudie and me we steps out on the floor and begin kicking up our heels. Maudie is light on her feet and we get along fine. Anyway, we're dancin' past a furriner and . . ."

"A what?"

"A furriner," the guide replied. "Fellow from up the road about ten miles."

"I see. A foreigner. Go ahead."

"Well, all of a sudden Maudie gives a loud EEK!, and stops dancin'. This guy has given her a pinch as he danced by."

"A pinch?" echoed the sport, "Where?"

"Now where do you suppose a gentleman would pinch a nice lookin' lady on a dance floor?"

"Knowing Maudie," replied the fisherman, "I can make a reasonably accurate guess. But go on with your story."

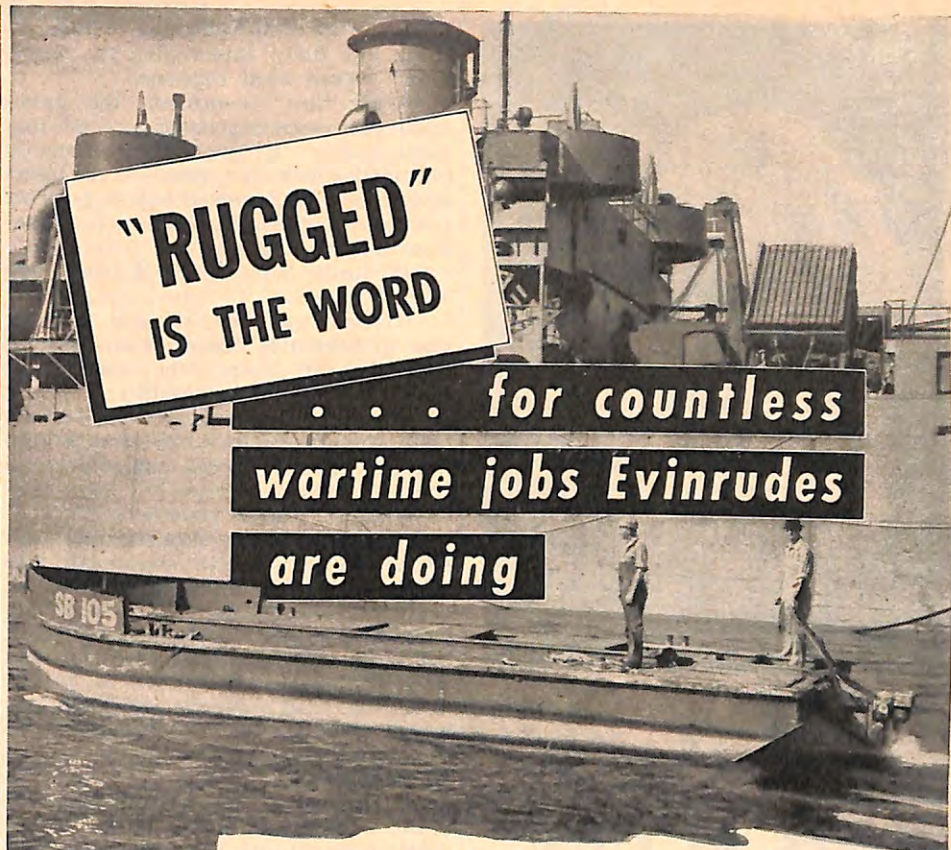
"Well, Maudie ups and fetches this guy a clip across the face and he slaps her right back."

"He slapped Maudie right on the dance floor!" exclaimed the angler, horrified. "You don't mean it! Was it a hard slap?"

"No," replied the guide, "it wasn't what you could rightly call a hard slap. Just a playful sort of cuff. Of course, it did cut Maudie's lip and loosen a front tooth, but it wasn't much."

"What did you do?"

"Oh," answered the guide, reaching for a cigaret, "I just knocked him down and kicked the seat of his pants."



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"I was afraid it was going to be something like that," interrupted the fisherman. "Then what happened?"

"After that," continued the guide, "you just knocked down anyone that come handy. Everyone started swinging until somebody turned out the lights and then we all moved out in front of the hall. You could see better out there to swing your fists."

"It must have been a charming soiree."

"It was," agreed the guide, "until a pair of Mounties drove up and sort of broke up the party. They had to get Doc MacKenzie out of bed to do a little odd patching up here and there, but nobody was really hurt. Several of the boys got arrested, but I ducked away in time."

"With a beautiful black eye."

"I didn't have a mark on me," answered the guide with some heat. "At least, not where anything showed. A couple of bumps on the back of my head and a pair of skinned knuckles, but that was all. I was sitting pretty. Or so I thought."

"Go on. Let's get to the end of this business," urged the fisherman, glancing at his wrist watch. "I came up here to catch fish, but if I can't catch 'em, I'm willing to settle for any other type of clean, wholesome fun."

"Well, I'm just after juicing the cow when the Missus comes home Sunday morning. And right behind her I can see trouble following. It's the Mounties. So I duck back into the woodshed and start swinging an ax, innocent like. And to do a little quick thinking."

"Your husband around, Mrs. MacTavish?" asks one of the officers. "We want to find out what he knows about that free-for-all down to the dance last night."

"Davey wouldn't know about any dance hall fight," answered the Missus. "He ain't a dancin' man and besides he was home last evening."

"That ain't the way we heard it," one of the redcoats said. "The way we hear it is he starts the brawl and is in there swinging from start to finish. And anybody who was in that shindy must have been marked up some."

"I just seen Davey," replied the Missus, which ain't exactly true, "and he ain't got so much as a bruise on his body. Have you, Davey?" she yells to me.

"Not a mark," I hollers back."

"You see?" says the Missus to the law.

"Then if you aren't marked up any," yells the Mountie, "why don't you come out here to the front stoop and let me look you over?"

"I'm comin' right out now," I yelled back, dropping the ax." The guide paused in his recital long enough to fish out another cigaret, then resumed. "Then you know what happened?"

"I haven't the faintest, remotest idea," replied the angler, reeling in and laying down his rod. "But I'm curious as a little child. What happened next?"

"Well, I started across that woodshed and danged if I didn't step on a rake. The blamed handle flew up and hit me smack in the eye and in less than two seconds I had the prize shiner of 'em all. And there was them two Mounties and the Missus waiting for me on the front stoop."

"I can appreciate your . . . er . . . unfortunate situation," sympathized the angler. "Lady Luck certainly gave you the back of her neck."

"You're telling me," replied the guide. "Well, I hopped over to the bucket and slapped a little cold water on my eye but that didn't do any good. By that time it was closed clear shut. There wasn't anything to do but step out to the porch and face it out. So I did, trying to stand sideways so the officers wouldn't notice my eye."

"Something like trying to hide an elephant in Grand Central Station," injected the angler.

"Yeah," agreed the guide. "Something like that. It didn't work. The Missus let out a yell and the Mounties both laughed. 'Bring your tiger down to court tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, Mrs. MacTavish,' orders the sergeant. 'The judge will be holding a little community party and we wouldn't want Davey to miss it for the world.'

"But I didn't get the shiner at the dance," I yelled, "I just stepped on a rake out in the woodshed five minutes ago and the handle flew up and . . ."

"Davey!" screamed the Missus, "don't you dare add a lie to your other sins. Roaring around and fightin' the minute my back is turned! What'll the neighbors think!" By that time the two Mounties have started back to their car, laughing like a pair of idiots. "Not a bruise on his body!" whooped one of 'em. "Wait'll he tells that rake handle story to the judge!"

"Did you?" questioned the angler.

"I certainly did," replied the guide. "And it cost me \$25. The rest of 'em got off with a \$5 fine. But not me. There just ain't no justice."

"Why didn't you have Maudie come down to court and go to bat for you?" queried the fisherman, as the guide lifted the killick and dropped it in the canoe. "After all, you were just punishing a boulder for . . ."

"Now don't you go making remarks about my in-laws," objected the guide, as he deftly guided the canoe past a series of partly submerged rocks. "You see, we didn't know it until yesterday but Maudie has been secretly married to that guy for a month and there's nothing in the book that says a husband can't give his wife a sly pinch if he wants to—nothing at all."





# Our Rubber Reserve

(Continued from page 5)

Test-plantings of Kok-Saghyz are now being made by the U. S. Forest Service at several National Forest nurseries in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Montana; but the optimum rubber yield of Kok-Saghyz is only 8 percent of the roots, dry weight, compared to 22 percent of guayule. Russia developed 160,000 acres of Kok-Saghyz in the Donets Basin. When the Wehrmacht advanced, Russian scorched earth squads destroyed the plantations.

One day in 1940 Dr. McCallum, busy in the fields, was hurriedly summoned to his office. There he met "four gentlemen from Tokyo, without a capital G". They'd come from Japan to buy some seed. "Just a few pounds, for scientific research," they said, hissing noisily.

"Clever, those Japs," Dr. McCallum says, puffing his pipe. "Thought they could fool me with their 'few pounds'. Back in 1876 Sir Henry Wickham changed world history when he managed to smuggle 70,000 wild Hevea seeds out of Brazil. A few pounds only, mind you, but they built the Far Eastern plantations, 8,000,000 acres of trees."

Dr. McCallum knew that the Japs were preparing for war; that they needed rubber as badly as we needed it two years later, after the fall of the Indies. He told them the seeds were not for sale. So sorry, they said, but maybe they could have a look at the fields at least?

"I hated to show them guayule," Dr. McCallum says. "So I took them out to a field that looked like guayule. The plants were Mariola, a similar-looking shrub. I turned my back, on purpose,

and got busy lighting my pipe. The Japs plucked all the seed from the plants they could reach and stuffed it into their pockets. Afterward they were quite happy. They thought they'd fooled me."

Dr. McCallum chuckles. "I'm sure they spent many months of hard work before they found out that the alleged guayule rubber plant contained less than one-half percent of rubber."

But the incident made Dr. McCallum realize to what lengths the Japs would go to get what they'd come for. Apparently it was a matter of seed or hara-kiri. He had an idea. Suppose he played the Japs' own game, selling them seed—seed of worthless varieties containing almost no rubber? It seemed the only way to get rid of them. He asked the New York head-office for approval. That night special precautions were taken. Men were posted unobtrusively along the nurseries. Dr. McCallum instructed them to be very careful. This was the scrap-iron-and-appeasement era and the State Department wouldn't want to get the Japs "offended".

It was a dark night. They had not people enough to guard all the fields. But some men swear they've seen small, bandy-legged shadows around the nurseries. . . .

The head-office okayed Dr. McCallum's plan. Looking grave and trying hard to hide his satisfaction, the botanist handed the "precious" seed over to the Japs. "You could see the gleam in their eyes. They were already having fantastic visions of vast guayule plantations with terrific rubber yields."



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On March 5, 1942—the very moment Radio Tokyo told of Jap infantry forces occupying Batavia, capital of the Indies rubber kingdom—President Roosevelt signed the Guayule Bill by which Congress authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to take over the installations, fields, and holdings of the Intercontinental Rubber Company for \$2,000,000, and to plant 75,000 acres of guayule “anywhere in the Western Hemisphere”. Salinas held a “Guayule Day” parade. The enterprising little town calls itself “Lettuce Capital of the World” and “Home of the California Rodeo, Horse Fair and Stock Show”; Salinas people are proud of their 126 boys in Company C and Headquarters, 194th Tank Battalion, who fought on Bataan, until the bitter end; proud of the twenty war prisoners in Japan, already reported dead. (Editor's Note: Company C was sponsored by Salinas, California Lodge, No. 614). Now Salinas became America's Rubber Capital.

Major Evan W. Kelley, Regional Forester of Missoula, Montana, and his aides moved right into the guayule fields. By nightfall the “Emergency Rubber Project” was well under way, with the United States Forest Service administering production and the Bureau of Plant Industry doing guayule research. Within a few days ground was broken for three large nurseries, covering 530 acres.

The situation was critical, to say the least. There were only 23,000 pounds of seed at hand, acquired from the company, threatening a seed bottleneck; only 17 acres of nurseries, 600 acres of plantation. The company's aim had been to produce guayule rubber at lowest cost. Now Washington ordered, “Get rubber quick, don't worry about cost!”

Within twelve months 170,000 pounds of seed were collected. This year there will be 250,000 pounds. Today the project includes 22,662 field acres in Southern California (Salinas, Oceanside, Indio, Bakersfield), the Lower Rio Grande Valley in Texas, Mesilla Valley in New Mexico, Salt River Valley in Arizona—straight rows of four-feet wide, 400-foot long seedbeds, well-sheltered, well-sprinkled by overhead-irrigation, stretching out far beyond the horizon.

The project was started on a shoestring. Old WPA buildings were used for storing farm implements, rusty equipment being reconditioned. They drilled 500-foot deep wells, developed brand-new machinery for nursery operations. There was no such thing as a guayule-planting machine; so the workshop technicians under Bill Allen built one, almost overnight, and a labor-sav-

ing guayule seed-picker. Local firms worked overtime to deliver 106 miles of pipelines, 100 miles of snow fans for windbreaks, 1,000 miles of “duckboard”, portable runways for seedbed machinery, 3,000 workers, girls and high-school kids were hired to weed the 12,000 nursery beds until weed-control by using the oil-spraying method was developed, cutting down the number of people working to three hundred.

Experimental greenhouses were built; a seed-processing plant for the chemical treatment of seed. Sealed, airtight, steel drums, containing choice seed were stored in corrugated-iron bins under armed guard. New milling experiments were made in the pilot plant, a model for future processing factories. Plant research was done in the ultra-modern chemical laboratories. And by March, 1943, one year after the President signed the bill, the first carload of rubber was shipped from Salinas.

Guayule cultivation is still in its infancy and the experts disagree on nearly everything regarding the plant. “Young shrubs have to be watched like children,” Dr. McCallum says. Should the plant be grown directly from seed planted in the field (like lettuce), or by transplanting the seedlings (like tomatoes)? Should the seed be sown thickly (like grain), left unwatered for less than a year and harvested, or should the plant be milled only after four years' growth? Any such question will start a violent discussion everywhere in Salinas.

Guayule—*Parthenium argentatum*—stores pure rubber during the dry summer season in the form of solid particles in the roots and branches, doubles the amount in the second and triples it in the third year. Processing takes the whole plant, roots and all. To extract the rubber, the shrubs are dug out by machine, cured and baled. At the mill they are washed, chopped up, dried, mangled to a shredded mass. Water is added and the material is fed into the “pebble mill”—a long tube, lined with hard silicon bricks, partly filled with special smooth pebbles. The tube rotates; the material is ground; the rubber particles are separated from the plant fibres. In settling tanks the waterlogged wood-fiber silt sinks to the bottom and the rubber “worms” are skimmed from the surface, cleaned from the last wood fibres, spread out, dried, and pressed into 100-pound slabs. Sounds rather complicated; actually it takes less than an eight-hour shift of eighteen men to turn the sturdy desert weed into high-class, home-grown rubber.

The project has a payroll of 2,800 people. Most of the men in the fields are Mexican agricultural workers with guayule experience, brought in from Mexico City. They like their clean, well-aired barracks in Camp McCallum; new arrivals are said to spend hours under the showers and have to be dragged away. “They pay us 65c an hour,” one worker wrote home to his family, “and they give us wonderful *tortillas*, which they call ‘pancakes’. You put on plenty



of butter and maple syrup. For breakfast we have dry cereal, bacon omelet, potatoes, cookies, milk, coffee. Those *gringos* are swell, after all." Good Neighbor policy experts, please copy!

We ate dinner with the men: vegetable soup, roast leg of lamb, brown gravy, Spanish spaghetti, Pinto beans, mixed vegetables, lettuce salad, bread pudding, orange jello, peanut butter, coffee, milk. For food and rent the men are charged \$1.20 a day. At first they were given plain American food until some Mexicans showed the symptoms of a mysterious sickness—overeating, due to lack of spices. Now every meal contains one heavily-spiced dish.

The original plan called for the planting of 208,000 acres by June, 1944, with an expected production of 21,000 tons of rubber in the winter of 1944, and 80,000 tons the next year. These figures are being revised. The future of guayule is closely linked to the entire rubber situation. "We have seed and seedlings ready," the men of the Emergency Rubber Project say. "How many acres will be planted, and where, depend on our needs and will be decided by the Rubber Director, Bradley Dewey."

Fortunately, guayule seed keeps indefinitely. The young plant needs only well-drained soil, 10 degrees minimum temperature, a yearly rainfall of 15-18 inches, long, dry summers; conditions that can be found in California's Salinas, Sacramento, Imperial and Joaquin Valleys, certain regions of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas. If things go well, 8,000 shrubs per acre will produce 1,500 pounds of rubber. Guayule is "easy" on land, uses manpower during the off-season. If prices are low, harvesting can be delayed, and meanwhile the plant stores up more rubber. Guayule will live for forty years, has none of the diseases or natural enemies that are the curse of the victory gardener. Present plans are to develop guayule and have farmers grow the plant under contract with the Government. This Fall the Salinas mill is processing wild guayule from Texas' Big Bend region (with an expected rubber yield of 12 percent).

Our rubber companies have always used guayule for impregnating the cotton strands in belting, shoes, raincoats. Small quantities of guayule will "liven up" large amounts of reclaimed rubber. Most experts agree that with the new improvements created by the Government, the resourceful American farmer should be able to reduce the cost of guayule to that of rubber from other sources, calling guayule "the greatest agricultural opportunity since the cultivation of cotton". The always well-informed Truman Committee said that guayule may become "a permanent backlog" for our rubber needs. And the Baruch report summed up guayule "as the principal source of crude rubber which could not be lost to us, short of conquest of the American territory."

"Some day," Dr. McCallum says, "we'll have again plenty of Asiatic tree rubber. But if we are really smart, we're going to make guayule our home-grown rubber reserve."



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# In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Statistics which prove that  
"poor dog" is a misnomer  
for the country's 16,000,000  
pooches

A FRIEND of mine, an enthusiast from 'way back, is wallowing—I think that is the word—in a newly discovered hobby. He collects old prints, which is all right, but like many beginners he'll talk you into the blind staggers about it. Now the only prints, old or new, that interest me are those issued by the United States Treasury in denominations of one dollar or more. Hence my friend sometimes proves a bit trying, but I am tolerant, and besides, I've perfected a defense. When he talks prints, I talk dogs. Result—a conversational dead-heat which isn't exactly a disadvantage to me if you knew John. His real business is figures, statistical, not the other kind, which is why I was able to intrigue him recently, long enough to unload a few facts about Fido.

Shortly after one of our verbal duels began I said, "Did you know that there are at least sixteen million dogs gallivanting around this country?"

He was about to tell me something but my statement stopped him. There came a far-away look in his eyes as though he were doing a bit of mental arithmetic, which is precisely what he was doing. "Why, that's one dog to every eighth person," he said. "I don't believe it."

"Well, you don't have to take my word for it but I can show you estimates ranging from fifteen to twenty million. There are no exact figures because Uncle Sam has not gotten around to counting canine noses, but hard-headed business men—and others who are able to keep the groceries on the table because of dogs—give us these reckonings. I toned my figure down to play safe. What more..."

From there on Faust presided and since you are interested in dogs or you wouldn't be reading this, I tell you what I told him because in the telling you may get an idea of what an important economic factor our four-legged friend has become.

Of course, the most necessary thing to Fido is food, so we'll begin with that. Now there is no way of appraising the value of the table scraps that go into our friend's dinner pail, nor does this enter into our calculations. But one of the largest, perhaps the largest, manufacturers of commercial dog foods gives us a pre-war total of \$75,000,000 worth of such foodstuffs sold in this country. At this time the amount may have dwindled a bit, although with the growing acceptance of dehydrated foods for dogs it may well exceed it. Our authority further tells us that this represents 1,000,000,000 lbs. of food or 500,000 tons. Today, because of the dehydrating process, this weight total has dropped considerably, but the dollar total, to repeat, may well exceed \$75,000,000.

Let's get a close-up of what this means not only to the dog-food industry but to the stock raiser and farmer. From another source we learn that the average steer (and most meat ingredients in commercial foods consist of beef) dresses out to 600 lbs—that means, after all the non-edible parts are eliminated. A little more than sixty-five percent of dog foods other than those few containing fish are made largely with meat. Well, sixty-five percent of a billion pounds gives us a figure of six hundred and fifty million pounds of meat which, considering the six hundred pounds of edible meat to



the steer, means no less than one million and eighty thousand cattle. Quite a herd—what? The remaining thirty-five percent of dog foods which contain meat are cereals.

According to latest available reckoning the yield of grains for such purpose is about one thousand pounds per acre—in round numbers a national total of three hundred and fifty million pounds. This would call for a farm of three hundred and fifty thousand acres. Bear in mind that there are also other foods for dogs that contain nothing but grains and these I haven't entered into our ledger. But you can bet them higher than a cat's back that the total poundage for these is 'way into the millions, and the acreage quite a passel of land.

How much the stockman and farmer pay in wages to their help, which may be marked up to growing Fido's foods, nobody knows, nor does anyone know how many millions of dollars in taxes are likewise paid on lands that grow these meat-producing critters and grains. Here you can throw away your adding machine and use the Einstein method of calculation. But you will agree that the purps of these United States are darned

good friends of our rural neighbors.

Now this isn't all, by any means, before we leave the subject of dog foods. How about the railroads and trucks that transport these to market, the dollar cost of such shipping and the proportion of wages paid to those who handle the freight? Your guess is as good as mine and I won't try to tell you what I think.

If these statistics haven't already got you hanging on the ropes, let's go a bit farther. This brings us to the wholesaler, the man who receives dog foods and in turn distributes to the retailer. He cuts into our \$75,000,000 pie with a sizable profit and payroll.

At last we have our pooches' rations neatly arranged in the dealer's store. Here another large slice of the pie is taken out by retailer profit and proportion of payroll. For one large grocery chain alone we find an annual sale of more than one million units of dog food. I might add that a survey made by one of our large advertising agencies showed that 48% of such foods are sold within the city limits of our 100 largest cities. The balance, of course, goes out through suburban outlets with a smaller, much



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 So now we have the farmer, the stockman, the shipping agents, the wholesaler and the retailer all in debt to our dogs. But wait, this is not all; it takes a lot of high-powered publicity and advertising in newspapers, magazines, car-cards, billboards and radio to get Mr. and Mrs. Customer to buy dog foods. Many, many thousands of dollars are put into this effort and many, many people employed to design the advertising, write the publicity or radio scripts. You go ahead and figure the cost; I have a headache.

Perhaps by this time you may have wondered, just as I did, where that expression, “The poor dog”, ever originated. Oh, no, the modern Fido is anything but poor and he's helped make a lot of people rich or at least able to get along from day to day without looking for relief or a government pension.

But so much for dog foods.  
 Now it has been known that Fido will get a tummy ache once in a while. This has caused a lot of people in a large industry to be very much concerned. By this I mean the folks who make dog remedies. The latest figures I have in front of me (1942) show that more, considerably more than \$4,000,000 was spent in drug stores selling these products to owners of dogs. The precise amount, and there's no guess-work on this, was \$4,669,621 for that year. Here we have pretty much the same set-up along the path from manufacturer to customer, that marked the foods. Paraphrasing the old nursery rhyme we have the manufacturer who made the medicine to sell to the wholesaler who lived in the house the pooch built. Then we have the wholesaler who sells to the retailer who lives in the house the pooch built, and so on to the advertising man and advertising artist, writers of advertisements, publicity and radio scripts. Oh, and don't forget the publications, radio stations and other media that profit by this advertising. I'll add that a certain amount of the four million mentioned above, but not the major part by a long shot, goes for flea powders and soaps for His Highness the Dog.

So far I haven't listed the contributions Mr. and Mrs. America make on behalf of their dog for dog beds, bedding, blankets, combs, brushes, leashes, collars, chains, muzzles, eating dishes, etc. I don't think I have enough years left to me to gather all these costs; the field is too wide, too diversified, but there's heap of money directed in those channels. And a lot of people are employed in making and selling such merchandise. Oh, yes, in advertising it too.

Did you ever consider the dog as a tax payer? Well, he and she are that. Of the sixteen million dogs in our forty-eight States at least three million are licensed putting a tariff of from one to five dollars on each. To be conservative, suppose we say that two dollars represents an average per dog. This uncovers the tidy sum of six million dollars put into various licensing bureaus throughout the country. Not a bad contribution for that galoot of galootees

we erroneously call “The poor dog.”

While a lot of people within reason do doctor their dogs with prepared medicines, there are still a lot more who depend upon the services of veterinarians. Then we are interested only in the total of vet fees for one year just for the dog. Of our sixteen million dogs let's say that only one out of every sixteen ever sees a vet and that one's owner pays two dollars for the visit. I know plenty of vets who charge and are worth more than that for their services. Right here we have a round million dollars. This does not take into account any special services such as operating or boarding charges; these would amount to an added tidy total.

I put nothing down for toys but there are quite a few folks who are kept busy making and selling such luxuries and collectively the bill for these is more than you or I would want to pay.

Did I mention fencing for kennels, or dog runs, costs for dog houses either ready-built or home-made? No? Well, that's all I shall do—mention them—because obviously this would require a person-to-person national census. It is safe to say that a lot of money goes this way.

Up to now I've discussed Fido's financial rating from the standpoint of plain dog. But what about the estimated two million of our sixteen million purps that are pedigreed? Well, here we go. During 1943 there were 78,200 dogs registered with the American Kennel Club. For each of these it costs a dollar to register the litter of pups of which each was a part. It costs another dollar to register each individual dog—so that's twice 78,200 or \$156,000 just for registration purpose. The individual worth of each dog may range from fifteen dollars up into the thousands for exceptional show winners. In all there are about 800,000 such dogs living today. That would give us a figure for registration alone of one million, six hundred thousand dollars and assuming the average, mind you, I say average, price per dog to be twelve dollars (which would be a joke price for a pure-bred) that would amount to ninety-six million dollars' worth of dogs, basing this upon the 800,000 living today. There were approximately 45,000 dogs shown during 1943 with an average entry fee, we'll say, to be conservative, of \$1.50 giving us a total of \$67,500. The number of formal dog shows was 189. How many thousands of dollars were taken in at the gates for admissions nobody but a fortune-teller could name and I doubt if that gifted person could call the turn. This will have to remain a mystery until I take a few lessons in second sight. The cost of staging these shows, handlers' fees (there are about 400 men and women licensed to handle dogs at shows) will also have to await investigation . . . as will the amount of money invested in kennels commercial or otherwise.

But from these few notes you may have gathered that our friend the pooch has come to play an important part in the national picture.



## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 23)

**VALLEJO, CALIF.** For some time, Vallejo Lodge No. 559 has made it a practice to give a Stage Door Canteen Party every six weeks for wounded sailors and marines from the South Pacific who are being cared for at the Mare Island Naval Hospital at Vallejo. In this way all of the convalescents are entertained by the lodge at one time or another.

The parties are held in the banquet hall of the lodge home. On every occasion the men have expressed their appreciation. The floor shows presented go over big, second only to the good food prepared by the Elks' ladies who also act as hostesses.

The local chapter of the A.W.V.S. received a handsome gift from Vallejo Lodge recently. The organization was presented with a check for \$2,000 to help carry on the splendid work it is doing in its canteen for all service men in the area.

**WAPAKONETA, O.** Four hundred Elks and their ladies enjoyed a program recently, arranged by Chairman Clarence Veit and members of the Entertainment Committee of Wapakoneta Lodge No. 1170. A dinner-dance was a feature of the evening, and bridge and 500 were played at tables set up in the ballroom.

**GALENA, ILL.** Galena Lodge No. 882 paid tribute to the U. S. Navy recently when it sponsored a patriotic program presented at Turner Hall before an interested audience. Mayor I. L. Gamber, a member of the lodge, gave the welcoming address. Sam Meisner, also a member, was Master of Ceremonies.

Four pictures were shown, "That Men May Fight", "Chief Neeley Reports to the Nation", "History of Navy Aviation" and "War on the Seas". The movies depicted vividly the Nation's rise to meet the situation brought to a crisis by Pearl Harbor, and also the people's response. The rest of the program was put on by local talent and four-point pins were presented to mothers who had given four sons into the service of their country. One, who had already been so honored, was given another star. Her fifth son was recently inducted into the Armed Forces of the Nation.

**ELKS NATIONAL HOME.** The Home Lodge at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., held its Past Exalted Rulers Night on Monday, February 7. The meeting, largely attended, was successful and entertaining. The Exalted Ruler of the Home Lodge, Daniel F. Edgington, of Wichita, Kans., Lodge, turned the gavel over to P.E.R. James H. Fleming, of Providence, R. I., Lodge, and Mr. Fleming appointed the following members and Past Exalted Rulers to act as his associate officers for the evening: Est. Lead, Knight, Arthur W. Johnson, Chicago Lodge No. 4; Est. Loyal Knight, Charles M. Farrell, Elyria, O.; Est. Lect. Knight, J. E. Pedigo, Danville, Va.; Secy., George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va.; Esquire, Edward E. Otten, Allegheny, Pa.; Chaplain, Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass.; Treas., J. Bell Smith, Fremont, O.; Tiler, Albert S. Harn, Bloomington, Ind.; Inner Guard, Charles L. Smith, Eau Claire, Wis.; Organist, David Fraser, Monessen, Pa.; Anthony F. Pelstring, of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, was the soloist. The acting officers, many of whom had performed no ritualistic work for a great many years, acquitted themselves splendidly. Thomas McGrew, a member of Washington, D. C., Lodge, delivered an eloquent address on "The Four Freedoms."

**WATERVILLE, ME.** The absence of the late S. A. Dichenson, Tiler of Waterville Lodge No. 905 for nearly 39 years, is regarded as a personal loss by the entire membership. Since his initiation in 1906, he had been an active worker, loyal in his duties, respected by all. A Resolution to this effect was posted on the lodge records and a copy forwarded to his family.

Mr. Dichenson was born on September 5, 1859. He was made a life member of the lodge in 1940.

**NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.** Two hundred and seventy-five members of North Attleboro Lodge No. 1011 assembled in the Elks Community Hall recently for the observance of their lodge's 38th anniversary. Thirteen were presented with 30-year membership pins by Secretary John G. Hedges. United States Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., himself a 30-year member, was unable to be present, but sent felicitations and regrets. District Attorney William C. Crossley, of New Bedford, Mass., was the guest speaker.

North Attleboro Lodge is enjoying an unprecedented prosperity. The membership stands at a larger figure than at any previous time, and there is a waiting list of applicants. The lodge is free of any indebtedness.

**DOVER, N. H.** A recent afternoon session of Dover Lodge No. 184 was dedicated to Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. The meeting was opened by Exalted Ruler Francis M. McCabe and his officers and then turned over to P.E.R.'s Fred E. Jewell, Timothy D. Flynn, Patrick F. Hanratty, Joseph Newsky, Leo E. Carroll and Dr. Edward S. Duggan, who initiated a large class of candidates. Their exemplification of the Ritual was highly complimented.

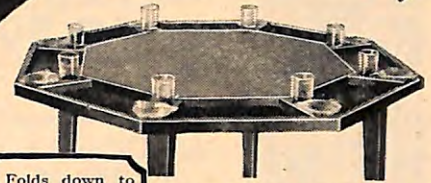
After a short recess, the rest of the afternoon was taken up with the work of a "second section", a degree team headed by P.E.R. Leo Carroll. The program was enjoyed by a large turnout of local members and Elks from Portsmouth, Rochester and Somersworth.

**TRENTON, N. J.** Upon the completion of his schedule of visitations to the 13 lodges in his jurisdiction, New Jersey, South, District Deputy Albert L. Harrison reported that all were in good condition, with bright prospects for increased membership in 1944. He also reported that all of the lodges were interested actively in taking care of the needs of men in the Services and that Trenton Lodge No. 105 and Atlantic City Lodge No. 276 were catering to large crowds at their respective Fraternal Centers. At Trenton, dances for service men on Friday nights, and for officers of the Army and Navy on Saturday nights, are regular weekly events.

The District Deputy was accompanied on his trips by two fellow members of Trenton Lodge, Joseph S. Loth, Esteemed Leading Knight, and Albert E. Dearden, Secretary of the lodge, Past Exalted Ruler, Past District Deputy, and a present member of the Board of Trustees of the N. J. State Elks Assn. On his visit to Camden Lodge No. 293, Mr. Harrison was accompanied by a delegation of Trenton Elks, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, and the Trenton Elks Band. This was also homecoming night for Edward J. Griffith, Vice-President of the State Association for the South District. When he visited Trenton Lodge, Mr. Harrison was welcomed by a large turnout of members, and initiatory ceremonies were held.

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**BATTLEBORO, VT.** Brattleboro Lodge No. 1499, having paid in full the indebtedness on its home, valued at \$50,000, expects from now on to render greater service in patriotic, educational and charitable fields. A \$20,000 mortgage on the building was burned recently when the lodge observed the 19th anniversary of its institution. More than 200 Elks attended. Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, both of whom were speakers, came from Boston to be present. Congratulations from the Massachusetts State Elks Association were brought by Past President P. J. Garvey, of Holyoke, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee.

Members and visitors were welcomed by E.R. R. Willard Beebe. A brief history of Brattleboro Lodge was given by one of the 17 living charter members, P.E.R. Charles F. Mann, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. Speaking of its accomplishments, Mr. Mann said that the lodge's recorded charitable expenditures totaled \$15,000 and that it had contributed \$4,600 to the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children. The mortgage was held by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, P.E.R. of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, and ignited by W. K. Sparks, Exalted Ruler when the home was purchased in 1929. Assisting in the ceremony were Mr. Mann and W. A. Shumway, both of whom were members of the Board of Trustees at that time. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Asa Bloomer, P.E.R. of Rutland, Vt., Lodge.

Earlier in the evening, P.E.R. Martin Austin, Toastmaster, stated that the membership of No. 1499 needed but 26 more members to reach the goal set for attainment. He also ventured to prophesy that the next "big event" staged by Brattleboro Elks would be a dedication, celebrating the completion of improvements on the home which was formerly a private mansion, one of the most beautiful in the State. It is, however, well equipped and entirely adequate at the present time. The lodge makes it a practice to extend the facilities of the home to local projects.

**NEWARK, O.** The sad news of the death of Frank G. Warden at Des Moines, Ia., was received on February 1 by Newark Lodge No. 391. Mr. Warden was 86 years of age. He was a charter member and the lodge's first Exalted Ruler, having been elected in 1898 when No. 391 was instituted.

Mr. Warden was one of the most prominent and successful hotel men in the middle west during the greater part of his lifetime. He did, however, when a young man, practice law in Newark for five years and was at one time city solicitor.

**ALBANY, ORE.** The new quarters occupied by Albany Lodge No. 359, redesigned and furnished at a cost of \$19,500, are well patronized by both members of the lodge and visiting soldiers from nearby Camp Adair. The average attendance at regular meetings is 125. On Ladies Nights, 500 is not an unusual number. The floor space, 100 by 100 feet, is about evenly divided between lodge and club rooms. As it is not enough, however, to accommodate with convenience the more than 650 members now on the rolls and the large number of service men they delight to entertain, the lodge has seen fit to freeze the membership at the present figure. This has worked to good advantage.

One hundred and twenty-five members of Albany Lodge are in the Services. More than fifty per cent are officers. The lodge put on the Fourth War Loan Drive locally as it did in the Third when \$1,096,000 in Bonds were sold in Albany.

**LAWRENCE, MASS.** The Past Exalted Rulers Meeting, held by Lawrence Lodge No. 65, drew an attendance of 400 members and many visitors from other Massachusetts lodges. Featured on the program were two events of import, the initiation of the lodge's "Spirit of '76 Class" and the burning of a mortgage on its \$38,000 home. The mortgage was burned by No. 65's only living charter member, John E. Conlon, assisted by P.E.R. Thomas Somerville.

Among the distinguished guests present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, Boston, State President James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg, District Deputy William F. Hogan, Everett, Past President John P. Brennan, Cambridge, and Past District Deputies Joseph Casey, Melrose, George Steele, Gloucester, and John P. Farley and James E. Donnelly, both of Lowell. The speakers, introduced by Toastmaster Fred C. Calnan, P.E.R. of Lawrence Lodge, were Mr. Malley, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Hogan, Mayor James P. Meehan and the Honorable M. A. Flanagan, P.E.R. of Lawrence Lodge.

**DODGE CITY, KANS.** Between two and three hundred Elks attended the institution of Dodge City Lodge No. 1406 on January 12. Sixty-two members of the old lodge at Dodge City were on hand for reinstatement. Sessions were held in Odd Fellows Hall; the Moose Hall, a floor below, served as a reception and gathering place for the visitors. Elk delegations were present from Newton, Salina, McPherson and Pittsburg. E.R. C. F. Coffin headed a delegation from Goodland Lodge.

The Grand Lodge was represented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill. Garden City Lodge No. 1404 officiated as the installing lodge and conferred the degree upon approximately 40 new members. District Deputy J. C. Darrah, of McPherson Lodge, officiated in the ceremonies of institution, and Past District Deputy Clay Hedrick, Newton, was present. G. L. Cowan was elected Exalted Ruler; H. E. Ripple is Secretary.

**MUSKEGON, MICH.** Active Americanism, as practiced by the Order of Elks, was the theme for addresses made by speakers at the initiatory meeting held by Muskegon Lodge No. 274 during its recent three-day Golden Anniversary observance. Of the 60 candidates initiated, two were in uniform. The Ritual was exemplified by the Degree Team from Manistee Lodge No. 250 under the leadership of E.R. Charles J. Dovel, P.D.D., who presided. A delegation of 40 members of Manistee Lodge, including A. Leonard Engwall, Vice-Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn., attended.

The lodge was happy to have as visitors on its fiftieth birthday Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, State President Benjamin F. Watson, Lansing, and Past State Vice-President Edwin P. Breen, also of Grand Rapids, present District Deputy for Michigan, West. All were speakers. A tribute was paid by the lodge to Dr. Ernest Eimer, charter member, who was ill at Mercy Hospital.

Mr. Breen told of the growth of the Order in western Michigan and of the part it is playing in the war effort. He also urged that a greater effort be made to obtain table radios for the Percy Jones Hospital at Battle Creek, and congratulated the members on their work on the project to date. Philip P. Schnorback described the growth of Muskegon Lodge as paralleling that of the community. The men, he said, who lifted Muskegon from the post-lumber era depression when many had given up hope of further civic growth, were nearly all Elks. All of the speakers praised No. 274 for its growth and prosperity.



**OIL CITY, PA.** Three hundred members of the Order attended a dinner-meeting held some weeks ago in the Knights of Columbus auditorium on the occasion of the visit to his home lodge, Oil City No. 344, of Harry T. Kleean, District Deputy for the Northwest District. Exalted Ruler Alfred J. Henderson presided, and a class of 28 candidates was initiated.

Among those present were National and State officers including Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi Lodge, Past State President F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to the

Grand Secretary, Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Clarence E. Thompson, Etna, District Deputy for the Southwest District, State President Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg, E. J. Kress, Meadville, Secretary for the Northwest District, Charles C. Allen, Coraopolis, District Membership Chairman, and a record number of Exalted Rulers and Past District Deputies. The affair was really a happy reunion of Pennsylvania Elks who have worked valiantly for years for the good and growth of the Order.

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 12)

Earl Dau was at the pipe organ. The newly initiated members, many of whom were soldiers, sailors and marines who had seen active service on land and sea and in the air during the present conflict, were welcomed into the lodge by Exalted Ruler O'Neill and invited to attend lodge meetings regularly, to make good use of the facilities of the home and to join the Elks Clubs, the "35" Club, the Elks Chorus and the Military Band.

The lodge then recessed for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet which was preceded by a reception given in honor of Mr. Lonergan, Allen R. Calhoun and his "One Hundred Horsemen" who sold bonds in 1924, thus providing the original funds for the erection of the lodge home, and the visiting State and Grand Lodge officers. The Invocation was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Lonergan, brother of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Approximately 1,000 dinners were served in the Marine Dining Room and the Marine Tap Room. Twenty-two Elk dignitaries were seated at the speakers' table.

The mortgage-burning ceremonies were held in the Elks' auditorium immediately after the banquet. Mayor John L. Bohn, a member of No. 46, made the welcoming speech. Past Exalted Ruler Howard T. Ott, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, told of the financing and resetting of the bond issue and the gradual liquidating of the debt, and Esteemed Leading Knight Frank L. Fawcett, State President, delivered an inspiring patriotic address. Officiating in the ceremonies in which the mortgage was burned during thunderous applause, were Mr. Lonergan, Allen R. Calhoun and the remaining 51 members of the "One Hundred Horsemen", Mr. Ott and Exalted Ruler O'Neill. Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan was the principal speaker. In his address, he urged earnest participation in a program pledging supreme efforts for victory in the war, calling on members for blood bank donations, and appealing to parents, churches, schools and other civic and fraternal organizations for aid in the fight against juvenile delinquency. Exalted Ruler O'Neill then presented Mr. Lonergan with a beautiful electric clock on behalf of Milwaukee Lodge, and informed him that the lodge had collected \$1,800 to date for the 1943-44 Elks War Fund. An evening of celebration followed the program. Joseph F. Aliota was Chairman of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Entertainment Committee.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan visited **ORANGE, N. J., LODGE NO. 135**, the home lodge of William J. McCormack, President of the N. J. State Elks Assn., on the following Thursday evening, February the 10th. Before the meeting, Mr. Lonergan inspected the new Lincoln Tunnel tube which passes under the Hudson River, connecting Weehawken, N. J., with New York City at 40th Street, and was a guest at a luncheon given by **WEEHAWKEN LODGE NO. 1456** at which Exalted Ruler Edward Horgan was Toastmaster. After the luncheon he visited **UNION CITY, N. J., LODGE NO. 1357**, the home

lodge of Eugene G. McDermott, District Deputy for New Jersey, Northeast. From Union City, the Grand Exalted Ruler and those accompanying him, went to Newark where they were guests of Colonel William H. Kelly, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and P.E.R. of East Orange Lodge No. 630, and Mrs. Kelly.

En route from Newark, the Grand Exalted Ruler stopped at St. Mary's Hospital in Orange to visit Patrick Cahill, Est. Lead, Knight of Orange Lodge, who was ill at the Hospital. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, with other Elk dignitaries, were guests of **ORANGE LODGE NO. 135** at dinner at the Savoy Plaza, after which they attended a meeting of Orange Lodge. Delegations from many lodges in north New Jersey were present. Mr. Lonergan held his audience enthralled with an eloquent address, outlining his program as Grand Exalted Ruler, and stressing the need for solution of the problems of juvenile delinquency and a continued alertness after the war to prevent the spread of ideologies contrary to the fundamental principles on which our nation is based. Past State Vice-President James H. Driscoll, of Orange Lodge, presided. The Grand Exalted Ruler and guests of honor were escorted into the lodge room by State President McCormack who acted as Esquire. Accompanying Mr. Lonergan on his trip were his secretary, Charles C. Bradley, P.E.R. of Portland, Ore., Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton Lodge, and Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, Wash., members of the Elks War Commission; Special Deputy William M. Frasier, Blue Island, Ill., and Colonel Kelly. Among other dignitaries who attended were Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Newark; District Deputy McDermott; William H. Franke, Irvington, and Harold R. McCusker, Plainfield, District Deputies for the N. J. Northwest and Central Districts respectively; State Vice-Pres.'s Jack Deeny, Belleville, and Louis A. Spine, Somerville, and Past State President Nicholas Albano, Newark. Also attending were many Past District Deputies, Past Vice-Presidents and Chairmen of the State Association's Committees.

On Sunday afternoon, February 13, the Grand Exalted Ruler was a guest at a luncheon given by the New Jersey State Elks Association at the home of **ELIZABETH, N. J., LODGE NO. 289**, at which every lodge in the State was represented. At this meeting, all of New Jersey's four District Deputies, all of its State Association Vice-Presidents, nearly all of its Past State Presidents, its State President, William J. McCormack, its Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Joseph G. Buch, and its representative on a Grand Lodge Committee, August F. Greiner, of Perth Amboy Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, were present. Again, the Grand Exalted Ruler gave a characteristic talk which endeared him to every Elk in the lodge room.

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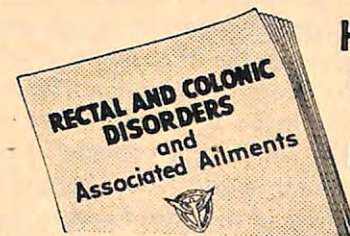
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**60¢ TEST** You've choked, wheezed, gasped and struggled for breath—you are sick and tired of sitting up late, the medicine that gave me relief! I suffered agony for six years. Now I have no awful spells of choking, gasping, wheezing. I sleep sound all night long. I can't promise your results will be the same or better or worse than mine. But if you'll ask your druggist for the 60¢ FB Tablets and if not satisfied with results from the first package, I'll refund your money! Take as directed. Ask for FB Tablets today!



# Editorial

## George Mark McLean

THE Order of Elks mourns the loss of George M. McLean, Grand Treasurer and devoted Elk, who has been handed the dread summons to "join that innumerable caravan", and gone to "take his chamber in the silent halls of death". As Grand Esquire and Grand Treasurer, his contacts with those who attended Grand Lodge Sessions were numerous, and members throughout the Order, recalling his genial and affable personality, share the grief of his close associates, shocked by his untimely passing.

George McLean was a member of El Reno, Oklahoma, Lodge, and a tower of strength to Elkdom in his territory. A Past President of the State Association, and an acknowledged leader, he was tireless in his efforts to make the organization a factor in promoting the welfare of the Order. He possessed unbounded faith in the future of Elkdom, and gave freely and unselfishly of his time and organizing ability to its cause.

At home in El Reno, George McLean preferred to be "just an Elk", modestly exemplifying the spirit of brotherhood by his friendship for the distressed and underprivileged, regardless of race, creed or condition. He will be missed by the boys he was helping through school, by dwellers in lowly cabins in the wind-swept bottoms, by the shut-ins who were recipients of his unostentatious benefactions. He has written upon the pages of the Grand Lodge, and in the annals of his State, an enviable record of service, but more to his liking will be the benedictions of the poor and underprivileged, whose daily prayers will not forget this kindly, sympathetic and understanding man, who walked among them doing good.

## April

DOWN through the years the month of April has been an eventful one for America. It was on the 19th of this month, in the year 1775, that the American Colonists struck, at Lexington and Concord, the first real blow for the freedom we now fight to preserve. On April 4, 1812, the youthful United States declared the war which maintained her right to the freedom of the seas. The battle of Cerro Gordo, one of the decisive engagements of the Mexican War was fought on April 18, 1847. The first gun of the period of internal strife that made us "a Nation, one and indivisible" was fired on April 12, 1861, and the last opposing army surrendered on April 28th, 1865. Our President during this tragic period of history never saw the peace consummated. He was assassinated on April 15 of the final year of civic conflict. The first war in which our Country engaged since the birth of the Elks, was the Spanish-American, formally declared on

April 24, 1898. On the following April 30th, Admiral Dewey led his fleet into the Harbor of Manila, the first step in American expansion. This led to the taking over of the Islands where American and Filipino soldiers have so recently written a glorious chapter of defense against the overwhelming onslaught of a barbaric foe. Immediately after the declaration of war, Grand Exalted Ruler Meade D. Detweiler issued an appeal to all lodges to remit the dues of members in the armed forces, and appoint a special committee to inquire into the circumstances of the families of such members, and provide, if necessary, for their livelihood. On the following May 10, the Grand Lodge convened in New Orleans, and pledged the Order's unswerving loyalty to our Country's cause. Americans need no reminder that our Country entered World War I on April 7, 1917, so closely is it allied with the conflict which is now sweeping the face of the earth. Nor need Elks be reminded of the record of patriotic and fraternal achievement written upon the pages of our Order's history during that grave period of world travail.

April is the most eventful month of the year for our Elk lodges. It marks the advent of new Exalted Rulers, the installation of officers in new positions—the beginning of another administration. April of 1944 finds our Nation riding on the flood tide of war, and the Elks pledged to the full extent of men and resources to carry on with our Country to victory. The new officers are charged with the responsibility of carrying out the Elks' pledge. It is a serious responsibility. It entails a study of the resources of our lodges, how they may best be utilized to further the war effort, and meet the community problems which must arise out of the war. There must be full and complete cooperation with the Elks War Commission of the Grand Lodge, as well as active participation in local war activities. Everything the Order of Elks stands for is at stake in this war, nothing short of total and united effort will bring victory. April of this year may not see the end of the war, but progress along all battle fronts justifies the confidence that victory is in sight. Sacrifice at home is not too much to ask, when men are suffering and dying for us in the line of conflict.

## Ritual

AT THIS time of the year a word about ritual is decidedly in order. Not that lodge officers do not appreciate its importance, but as a reminder of how much depends upon the manner of presentation. The next ceremony of initiation will be performed, in most instances in all lodges, by a cast playing new parts. If each part is well studied, sincerely and convincingly played, the Ritual becomes a vital message of brotherhood. If the performance is halting and uncertain it is merely words. An actor studying his part in the play learns not only the lines but their meaning. He sounds the depth of the character he is called upon to play. To impart its meaning he must feel and understand it in his own heart. On the night of initiation the candidate receives his first lesson in the Order's basic principles. The manner in which the lesson is imparted makes him a real Elk, or just another member. It will be well for Exalted Rulers to read Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan on "Ritual" on page 63, Grand Lodge Proceedings of 1943.





Parade in High Street, Philadelphia . . . from an old print circa 1800\*

## PHILADELPHIA *Heritage of Hospitality*

86.8 proof  
65% Grain  
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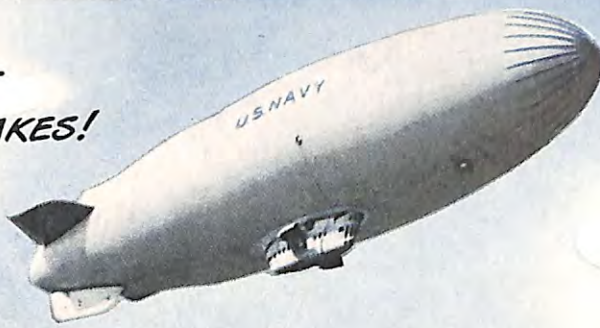
*Remarked Benjamin Franklin of the occupation of Philadelphia during the Revolution: "Howe has not captured Philadelphia . . . Philadelphia has captured General Howe!"*

Such was the luxury and generous entertainment of this first city of the Colonies, that its reputation for expansive hospitality spread even to the Old World. Little wonder, then, that the name "Philadelphia" has stood since Colonial Days as a symbol for the good things of life. A "heritage of hospitality" today proudly upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a whisky you might ordinarily reserve for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

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

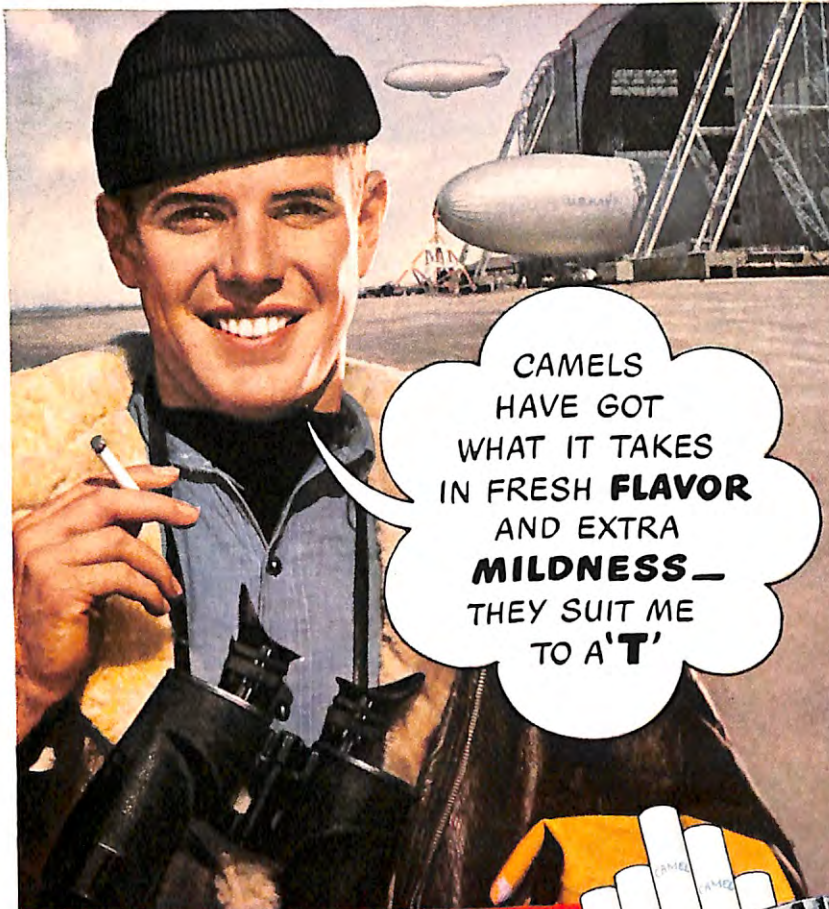


THEY'VE GOT  
WHAT IT TAKES!

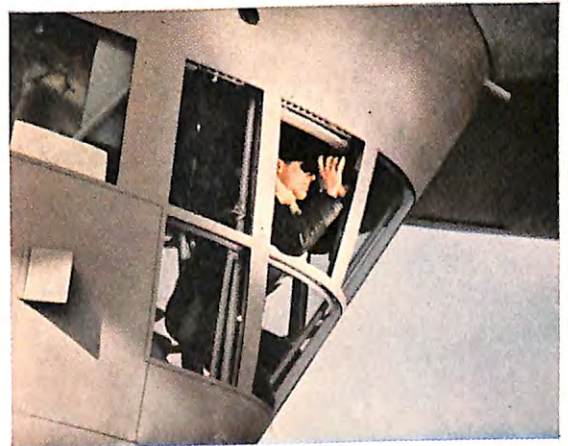


# "Sentries of the Sea" on **BLIMP PATROL!**

YOU RIDE the swaying gondola of a helium-filled bag poised above the convoys—you guard the life-lines of war, and patrol America's endless coast-lines. And after those long hours on sentry-go above the waste of water, a Camel with its fresh, full flavor is a mighty good friend to have handy! Let the "sky sailor" at the left tell you one reason why Camels are the favorite with men in the Navy.



CAMELS  
HAVE GOT  
WHAT IT TAKES  
IN FRESH **FLAVOR**  
AND EXTRA  
**MILDNESS**—  
THEY SUIT ME  
TO A **'T'**

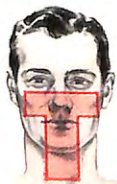


**TOP SPEED**, 70 knots; cruising radius, over 1,500 miles—and through the wide windows of these big gondolas the crew of ten keeps constant lookout—with a bomb-bay full of bad news at the first sign of a U-boat!

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Check Camels  
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How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them for taste... for your throat... for your "T-ZONE." That's the proving ground of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's costlier tobaccos give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels in your "T-ZONE."



CAMELS  
ARE SO EASY  
ON MY **THROAT**—  
AND THEIR RICH  
**TASTE** IS ALWAYS  
A FRESH  
TREAT



**LENS GIRL**—Anne Basa, inspector of Navy binoculars for Universal Camera Corp., turned to Camels because, "Camels are so easy on my throat—and taste so fresh." Right, Anne! Camels stay fresh—they're packed to go round the world!



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