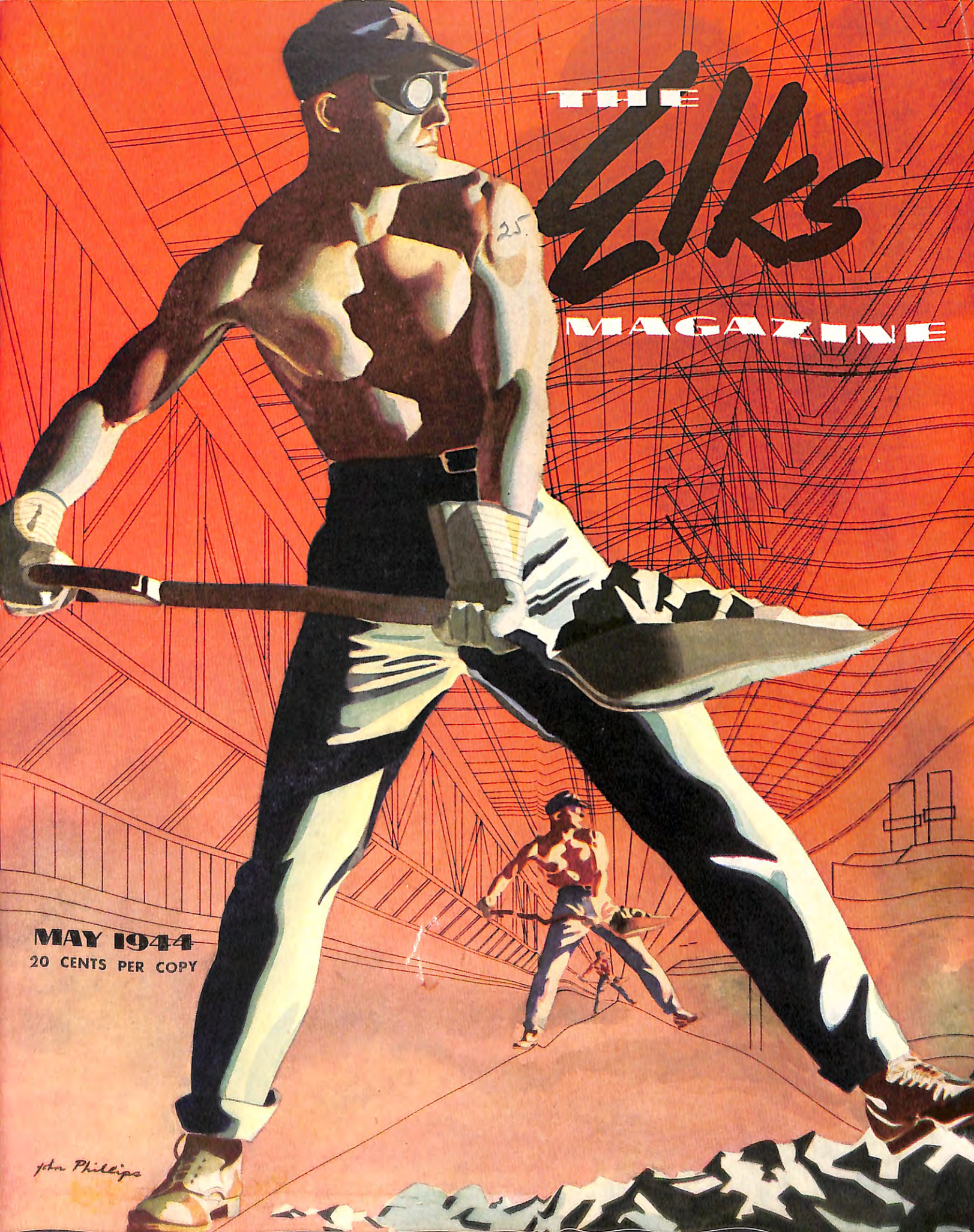


THE
ELKS
MAGAZINE



MAY 1944
20 CENTS PER COPY

John Phillips

FOR MY GUESTS
IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

Watch the change to **C**hesterfield

You'll like them...your friends will too...for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can't buy a better cigarette.

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

To Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges, Greetings:

May I express my gratitude and appreciation to all the officers of the subordinate lodges who served our great Order with loyalty and devotion during the past year, and to all the members who rendered unselfish support and cooperation in the work of Elkdom. You have achieved a glorious record. You have accomplished a golden labor of love. Let us all strive to continue in the performance of noble deeds and worthwhile activities.

To all the officers who will have the honor of serving for the year 1944-45, I extend my congratulations and express to them the hope that they will give their best efforts to the continued promotion of true Elkdom in their respective lodges.

In my acceptance speech at Boston, Massachusetts, I stated that "We should continue to use every effort to increase our membership, in order that our works of charity, benevolence and patriotism may grow and expand, and bring greater happiness, peace and contentment to our Nation. We must be watchful, however, that the quality of our membership is not sacrificed for quantity, and that campaigns for members be always conducted with wholesome discrimination. It is most important, too, that our lodges strive in every way to retain the members who have embraced Elkdom, and to scan carefully the field for those eligible and qualified for reinstatement." I earnestly urge this program for your consideration.

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee has again issued a splendid list of suggested activities for the subordinate lodges. I am sure that you will find this "Exalted Ruler's Handbook" very useful and profitable.

The officers and members of each subordinate lodge must travel the road of Elkdom together during the ensuing year and much de-

pends upon the proper discharge of your duties and the manner and form of your activities if success is to crown your efforts.

In this time of grave trial and danger to our Country, the Grand Lodge has solemnly pledged to the Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces all the resources and manpower of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. That pledge is our most sacred covenant and must be kept inviolate to the very end.

It is our paramount duty, therefore, to uphold and maintain this obligation and assist the lodge in every way possible, and to the fullest degree, in the accomplishment and fulfillment of this high purpose.

Americanization programs should be frequently conducted in every lodge. I cannot urge too strongly the great importance of such programs as the fulfillment of our highest obligations. It is the patriotic and fraternal duty of every subordinate lodge to stimulate by example and practice the high and noble virtues of loyalty and devotion to country.

Let us, therefore, dedicate ourselves here and now to the work that lies ahead and to the great cause in which we are embarked.

By the exercise of diligence, perseverance and enthusiasm in this field of labor, as officers and as Elks, you will achieve much honor and glory for our Order and earn for yourselves rich returns for unselfish service to your fellow-men.

Keep America always American.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Frank J. Smergan

GRAND EXALTED RULER.



IN THIS ISSUE
We Present—

AL LANEY, one of New York City's best known sports writers, is the author of "Past Performance" on page 4. None of the five greats of sport's history about whom Mr. Laney writes could possibly be associated with lavender and old lace. Sam Langford, The Boston Tar Baby; Little Johnny Hayes, the great Olympic Marathon runner; baseball's legendary Ed Reulbach; Channel Swimmer Trudy Ederle, and hard-hitting Molla Mallory were all tops in their time. Remember? Mr. Laney not only fills in the blank spots in your memory but tells us what these greats of another day are doing now.

Our modern battleships are the biggest, finest and most lethal fighting machines in the history of the world. What these ships are doing and are about to do in the seven seas makes "The Big Babies", by Harry Botsford, of up-to-the-minute interest.

Mr. Botsford, who is editor of *Ships Magazine*, knows his way around battlewagons. He lives in New York and in his spare time manages to write for many magazines of national circulation. He claims to be an amateur chef in good standing and has even written cookery articles for the leading magazines read by the ladies.

When he has time, he hunts and fishes. He dislikes crowds, noise, books written by women, and semi-Americans. He smokes Turkish cigarettes, drinks rye, bourbon or Scotch without benefit of soda. Otherwise he is a respectable and normal citizen.

Although the sketches by Marshall Davis, on pages 8 and 9 under the title of "Fraternal Center", were made at the War Commission's Center in New York City, they reflect the activities and the atmosphere of the 113 other Centers located in key cities from coast to coast. Mr. Davis spent two weeks making notes for his drawings, and talked to officers and men of almost all the United Nations. They were unanimous in their praise of the facilities and friendly hospitality. The day "Jeff" Davis delivered the drawings to us he joined the Army. We are sure that he knows where to go for rest and relaxation when he gets his first furlough.

On page 10 is the report of another activity of which the War Commission and all who have contributed to its success may well be proud. Mail, food and cigarettes are the three principal sources of whatever comfort is possible to our men in the Armed Forces. The Order's "Write 'Em a Letter" and "G" Box programs have done much to help the boys and now the 1,200,000 cigarettes which we send to them each month are adding to their comfort, as is attested in the letters received from the men.—F. R. A.

Those in the know—ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

**AMONG AMERICA'S
GREAT WHISKIES**



Spring house at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used in the distillation of Old Crow whiskey.*



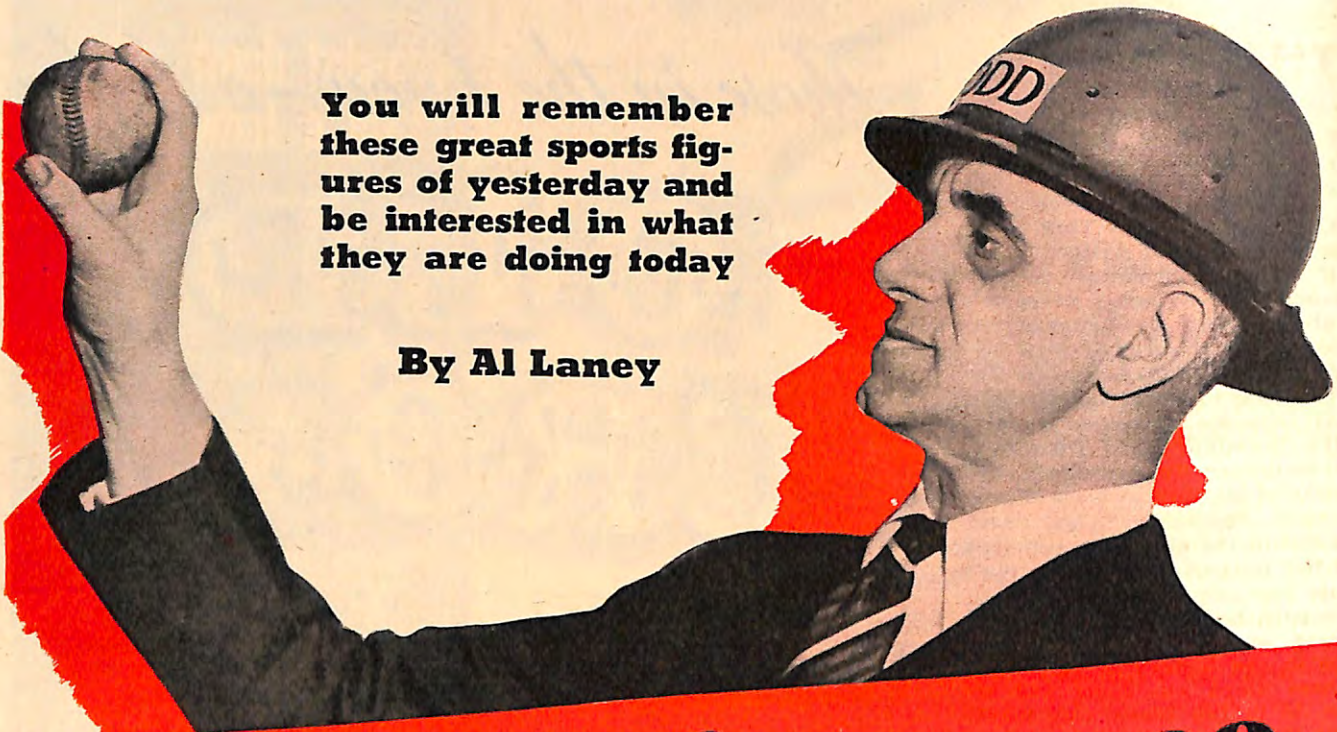
Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest.

BOTTLED IN BOND

* The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes.

You will remember these great sports figures of yesterday and be interested in what they are doing today

By Al Laney



Past Performance

Tri-boro Photo

THE American public appears to forget its sports heroes and heroines with great rapidity once their day is done but actually it retains a sentimental interest in these old favorites long after they have been forgotten. This interest can lie dormant for a decade or a quarter of a century but it will flare up again quickly and burn brightly if something happens to throw these seemingly forgotten men and women into the public eye once more.

On the assumption that this estimate of the situation was correct, we at-

Herald-Tribune

tempted, on assignment from the *New York Herald Tribune* last winter, to round up some of these old stars and see what life had brought them since they disappeared from view. The results more than justified the assumption for the interest manifested was in all cases surprising and in some, astonishing. Moreover, it was nationwide.

The most difficult part of the job was to find them. The requirements were rather strict. Just any former star athlete would not do. He or she had to be someone well known to all of middle

age or beyond and someone whose name would be recognizable immediately by younger people. In addition the subject must have been out of competition and out of the news for many years.

No one who had retained a connection with sports or who still was attracting attention otherwise, was acceptable. This eliminated some of our greatest national heroes, such as Babe Ruth. In all, about two dozen filling the requirements were found, some of them with the assistance of the readers, who soon got the idea and began to send in in-

Herald-Tribune—Kavallines



Sam Langford, the old Boston Tar Baby, could lick wild cats.



Molla Mallory was the fan's goddess in her day.



At left is Ed Reulbach, a baseball hero yesterday, a legend today.

formation which was of real help.

Where and how are these oldtimers now? What has happened to them? Some have prospered; others have fallen on evil days. All have changed mightily with the years and all have passed into comparative oblivion. The five presented here have been chosen from the larger list because they are the ones about whom the public seemed to be most sentimental and in whom the greatest interest was shown.

There was, for instance, Johnny Hayes. If you were as much as twelve years old on July 26, 1908, you are bound to remember that name. For that was the day Little Johnny, an obscure clerk in Bloomingdale's department store in New York, jumped into world fame by winning the marathon race at the Olympic Games in London under sensational conditions. His victory remains today the most dramatic event in all Olympic history.

The race began before the steps of Windsor Castle when the late King George V, then Prince of Wales, fired a shot, and it ended in the Shepherd's Bush Stadium in London. Dorando Pietri, an Italian baker, running a few hundred yards ahead of Hayes, entered the stadium first, but collapsed before reaching the finish and was dragged across the line by doctors and officials. Hayes, just a little behind, trotted across under his own power but it was not until four hours later that he was declared the winner.

So when Little Johnny came home a few weeks later he was a hero. The newspapers of the day said there were a million people on the streets of New York to greet him. He was showered with attention and there were demands for his appearance all over the country. Hayes fame lasted for a surprisingly long time considering that he never won an important race afterward and

Herald-Tribune—Kavallines



was beaten repeatedly by Dorando in this country.

He rode his fame for several years, cleaned up about \$25,000 as a professional, (big money in those days) and was received at the White House by three Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. Jobs were offered to him everywhere and it never occurred to him to return to Bloomingdale's.

And what of Little Johnny today? He is just plain John Hayes, a graying little Irishman with a prosperous food brokerage business in New York, a book full of faded clippings and a head full of memories. He does not look to be a man who once was an Olympic champion and a hero, but he did not look the part at the time, which no doubt had much to do with his enormous popularity.

In the years following his sudden rise to fame Hayes tried his hand at many things, working here and there at this and that, but finally he met an Irish girl named Riley and began to think of the future. They were married and went to live in Woodcliffe, N.J., a suburb of New York. They still live there and now they have a grown daughter. In 1920 Hayes got a job with a food brokerage house in New York City and has been in that business ever since.

In the mid-twenties he took his money out of the bank and opened a business of his own. The depression ruined that and he went back to work for his old firm but about five years ago he was able to open his own office again under the name, Johnny Hayes Company. That's where we found our boyhood hero, seated at his desk with a picture of himself in running suit beside his Olympic trophy.

The first thing he said was that he still liked to be called Little Johnny. Although he never felt like a hero he said it made him feel good when people remembered that he once was. Little Johnny is wrinkled now and his hair is gray and he is so tiny you wouldn't believe he once ran 26 miles, 285 yards in 2 hours 56 minutes and 18 seconds.



Gertrude Ederle swam the Channel to England and fame.



Johnny Hayes whose marathon victory was a dramatic event.

Hayes has long ago given up running and practically all other forms of athletic endeavor but he makes a point of sprinting to the bus station every morning in Woodcliffe on his way to the office in New York. As he passes people say, "There goes Little Johnny." Most of them, he thinks, don't really know about his great day in London but it pleases him just the same.

"You'd have to be at least forty-five years old," he said, "if you're going to remember Little Johnny. One day I guess there won't be many left who do remember. It will be nice to have something in the paper about me again."

Little Johnny's reception in New York was considered something wonderful in 1908. It was the biggest thing New York had seen since Dewey came home from Manila but it was a mild thing compared with the reception Gertrude Ederle got when she returned after swimming the English Channel in 1926. Miss Ederle's feat was one of the greatest ever achieved by a woman. It made her world famous and New York had really learned how to do these things in her day.

Her arrival was the occasion for perhaps the most spectacular welcome staged in what has been called the Era of Wonderful Nonsense, the Fabulous 20s. Millions swarmed the streets and showered her with ticker tape and torn up telephone books. The America of that dizzy age of gangsters, speakeasies and jazz was a pushover for a nineteen-year-old Channel swimmer. She was flooded with contract offers for all types of appearances. The world was at her feet and she seemed certain to make a fortune quickly.

But Miss Ederle, for various reasons, was not able to take the tide at its flood. She did not become a wealthy woman and in a little while her light was eclipsed by the rising star of the trans-Atlantic flyers who, even on the day of her triumphant return, were preparing for their spectacular flights of the following Spring and Summer.

Miss Ederle did not pass immediately
(Continued on page 24)

Herald-Tribune—Warman



The Big Babies

Our modern battleship is the biggest and finest piece of fighting equipment in the world. Jap papers please copy.

By Harry Botsford

THIS was it. If any of the two thousand-odd men of the crew of *The Big Baby* had any doubt, it was dispelled by the curious and challenging quality of a crisp inquiry over the public address system—it reached every one of the hundreds of isolated sectors on the great battleship plunging easily and speedily through the Pacific swells.

"The captain asks the ship's crew if it is ready for action", the cool, incisive and impersonal voice inquired.

Immediately there welled, from boiler rooms, plotting rooms, powder magazines, turrets and decks a roar of spine-tickling voices.

"Aye, aye, sir."

The crew was ready.

So was the battlegon. In a few minutes it was engaged in the stern business of war. In thirty minutes, thirty-two Mitsubishe 96's and 77's plunged into the sea, a total loss. The radically increased A.A. armament on our battleships had proven their worth, passed beyond the experimental stage.

Our modern battleship is the most complicated and the finest piece of fighting equipment that the world has ever known and the biggest! It's probably worth a hundred million dollars. It took years to build it. The skipper knows it can be lost in a split second.

Upon the cool and considered judgment of the battlegon skipper, and the capacity of the ship he commands, may rest the destiny of a great fighting fleet, the security of large ground forces—or the very future of a nation.

It's a job and a responsibility shared by as many as 2000 men and officers, each a trained specialist in his own field. The personnel represents training and coordination comparable to a college football team in the championship class.

The man on the bridge knows the possibilities, the extreme and interesting potentialities of the American fight-

ing machine under his control. There are many things he does not have to worry about.

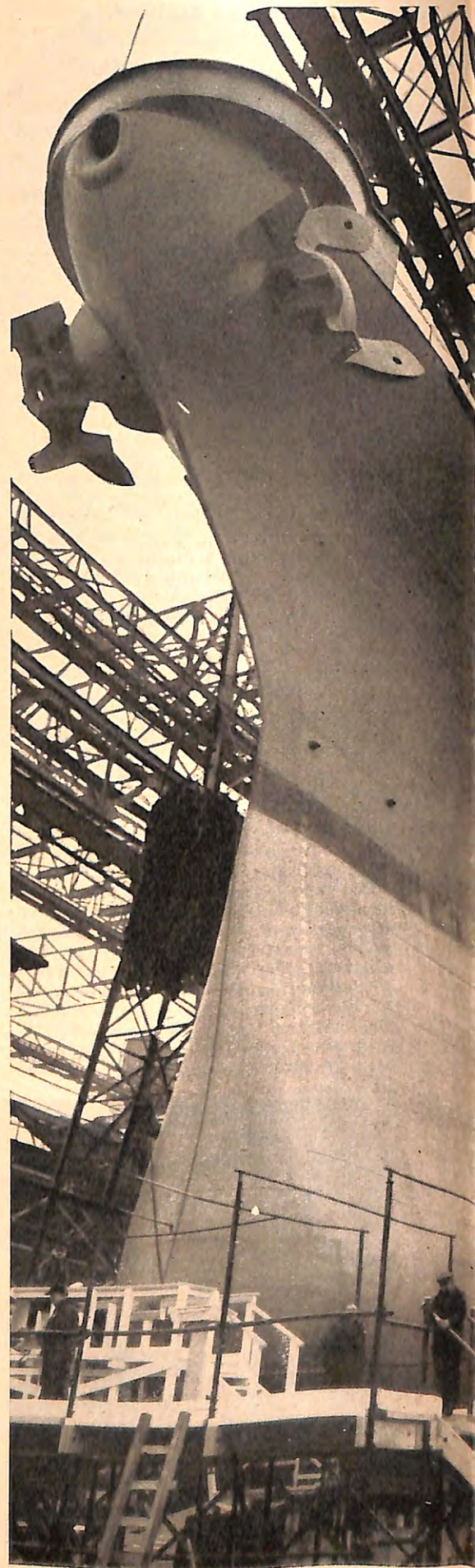
He knows, for example, that his battleship is far more maneuverable than similar vessels owned by any other nation. Our Naval architects daringly tossed tradition to the winds and came up with innovations in design calculated to give him a ship that can dodge, change speed and do tricks once considered impossible in a ship of over 40,000 tons. What has been done has been almost the equivalent of making a racing car out of a great armored truck—yet retaining all of the virtues and essentials of the original truck.

Today's battlegons would have delighted and probably amazed even Jules Verne. Ranking high among the innovations is high-pressure, high-temperature steam, an invisible but highly potent agency not used by the war ships of any other nation, enemy or ally.

Super-heated steam gives American warcraft a great edge on the enemy. It has stepped up the propulsion power of our ships, added substantially to their speed. A few knots an hour advantage over an enemy often spells the difference between disaster and a smashing victory.

The Navy's Bureau of Ships developed superheat control boilers, the first the world has ever known. Private industry quickly jumped into the tough job of making the compact and complicated units. Making the new equipment wasn't an easy job.

The steam is unbelievably hot. Oxygen is eliminated, the steam is heated to 925 degrees Fahrenheit under pressures that may reach a maximum of 1300 pounds. The steam is so hot that it heats the pipes through which it passes to a dull and angry red. Ordinary pipe wouldn't do. It took new types of steel to handle this new kind of steam; American steel research laboratories and mills went to work seek-



ing the solution—and it was found without delay.

The steam slides through the pipe, hits the blades of the great turbines in a solid jet—with a velocity that is the equivalent of a quarter of a ton impact per square inch. A turbine reacts to this impulse like a spirited thoroughbred to the lash of a whip. So greatly has the speed of turbines been accelerated that it must be reduced by 10 to 12 times through newly developed reducing gears before the power can be applied to the propeller shaft. The result is a power smooth, potent beyond even the most optimistic dreams of imaginative marine engineers.

Superheated steam has done more for our battlewagons than merely give them more speed. Fighting an aggressive naval war against an enemy close to his bases, with our own bases thousands of miles away, it has enabled us to meet the enemy on even ground—or water.

It has increased the cruising range of our battleships fully a thousand miles. That, alone, is a tremendous advantage. In addition, it has resulted in a fuel saving of about 35 percent, thus enabling our big floating fortresses to carry more armament, increased personnel. When fuel supplies are far away this saving is a god-send.

Superheated steam is American in concept and in application. Excellent teamwork between the Navy and industry have made it possible.

At left is the *USS Missouri*, world's mightiest battleship just before her launching.

The 16-inch rifles of No. 3 turret on the *USS North Carolina* cut loose with a roar.

The battlewagon is the most complex and self-contained unit in the world—and an American battleship of modern design is king of them all. In October of 1941, it was estimated, almost officially, that there were about sixty capital ships afloat in the world. At that time, we owned and operated almost 30 percent of them, and, unquestionably, the best of them. But they are being steadily improved.

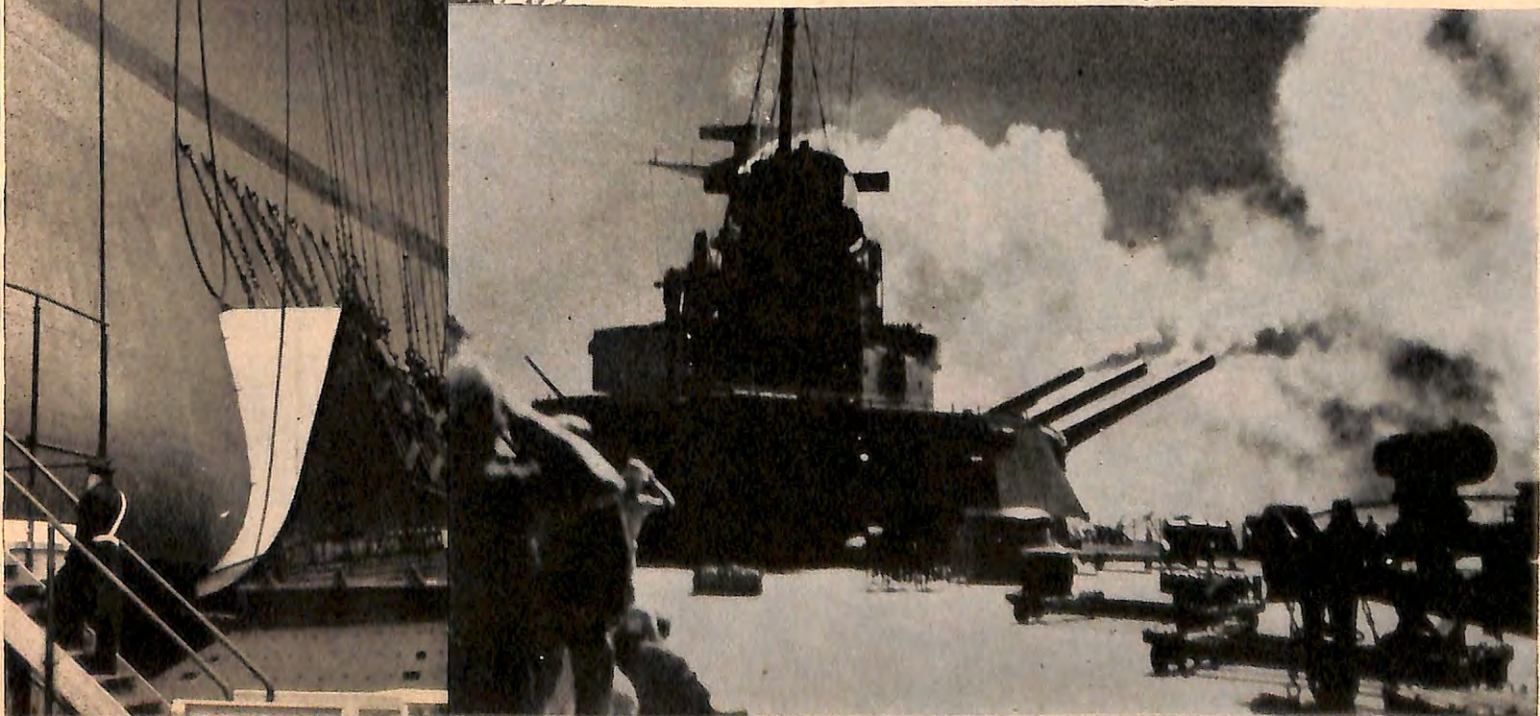
A battleship isn't built overnight. The job takes time, talent, technicians—the stuff we call *know-how*, because there isn't a better nor a more expressive name for it. The plan-design on a modern battleship often requires as much as 429,000 man days. Something like 175 tons of blueprint are needed for the plans—which gives a rough idea of the proportions of the task. Construction time on a recently launched battleship took another 4,100,000 man days. Then, the ship was ready to be launched. This was followed by months of hard, careful, secret work, getting the ship ready for actual service.

Time! It is needed in every phase of the construction. Some of the armor plate requires six months of "cooking" in a modern and highly efficient steel mill, before it is ready to meet the precise and tough tests Navy Ordnance will put it through. Each of the 14,000-odd valves must have special qualities, must be made and machined with exactness. The electric generator sets must be able to produce as much as 10,000 K.W.'s—the equivalent of the entire industrial and domestic requirements of a city of 10,000 population.

It takes time to cover 7,200,000 square feet of surface with 400,000 pounds of special paints! Nine hundred motors of various sizes must be installed and tested rigorously—the failure of a single motor can upset or

(Continued on page 29)

U. S. Navy Official Photographs



FRATERNAL CENTER



The gracious Elks hospitality to service men and women is filled with a friendliness and warmth of which we may all be proud.

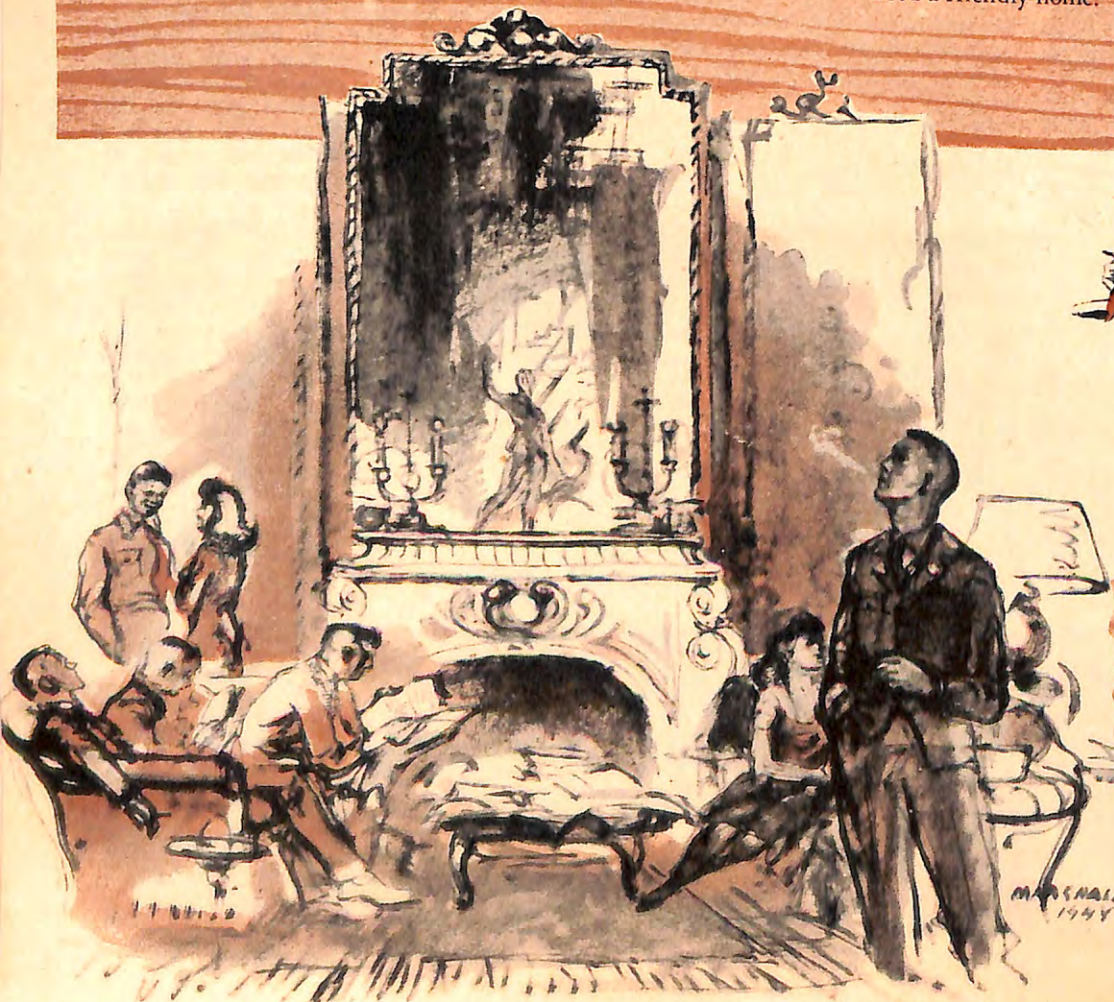
ALTHOUGH the Elks Fraternal Center in New York, N. Y., is the source of inspiration for these sketches by artist Marshall Davis, the scenes he portrays typify life in any of the 114 Elks Centers scattered from coast to coast in 31 States, Puerto Rico and Alaska.

Several hundred thousands of our men and women in the Armed Forces take advantage of Elksdom's facilities every month.

The Elks War Commission reports that the Fraternal Center at Madison Avenue and 39th Street, New York City, the latest link in the chain, passed the 5,000 mark in the number of overnight guests within two and a half months after the Center opened. The 110 beds available for service men have an average daily occupancy of nearly 100%.

Not all the Elks Fraternal Centers can offer sleeping accommodations, of course; but nearly all of them have canteen service, game rooms, reading rooms, dance floors, and writing desks with free stationery and post cards.

Many other organizations have established service centers and we wish there were more; but the Elks may well be proud of their services in extending the hand of welcome to our service men and women who arrive in strange communities and need a friendly home.



The spacious drawingroom of the New York City Fraternal Center is luxurious and restful.

MARSHALL DAVIS
1944



The canteen is crowded from morning till night with boys whose appetites are insatiable.

Service men and women from nearly all the United Nations are guests.



A "juke-box" keeps the jitterbugs jumping.



"Now in my place, would you keep on writing to her or not?"

Full speed ahead at ping-pong table.



December
Camp Tarawa.



Sir, I and my buddies and I want to thank you very much for the cigarettes we received. We had just arrived on Tarawa! I was a stretcher and so you see that you came in handy. Battery was really low on cigarettes each man received almost a pack. Sorry for not writing sooner. Thanks again. Yours, Lt. L. R. Houston, A' Batt. 1st Bn. 10th Marine Division, Fleet Post Office, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Message:

It sure is swell of you people back in the states know that you are doing such a wonderful job for the overseas. We boys over here want you people to know we appreciate everything that is being done to make it easy for all of us. The cigarettes were swell and they came at a time when we most needed them. So once again thank you. I say this not only for myself but for the boys over here.

Compliments of the Elks War Commission

I want to thank you very much for the cigarettes I really enjoy them as they are my favorite brand. I am somewhere in Italy, and I need to know that you swell folks back in the good old U. S. A. are behind us too. Our mail is limited here so our camels owe my thanks. H. S. N. - A. S. N. 375 64

Fourteen and a half million cigarettes are sent by the Order each year to appreciative men in our Armed Services

MEMBERS of the Order whose contributions to the Elks War Commission are making it possible for the Commission to ship 1,200,000 cigarettes each month to men in service overseas, may rest assured that the cigarettes are being received on widely scattered battlefronts—and are being appreciated.

Andy Devine, motion picture and radio star, and Exalted Ruler of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, gives first-hand testimony as to the far-flung services of the B.P.O.E. in distributing cigarettes to our men at the front.

Andy, who has probably done as much, if not more, as an overseas entertainer than many in his profession whose exploits have been more highly publicized, flew some months ago from Labrador with a theatrical group. With the outside temperature at 40 degrees below zero, they flew for hours, crowded in a cold cargo plane, and with "no smoking" permitted.

Like everyone else in the group, Andy had been craving a cigarette for hours when they arrived at a remote military outpost. He asked immediately where

he could buy a package. He was told there was none for sale, but there were plenty for him and the others—for free.

As he started to break the stamp which sealed the package handed to him, Andy noticed to his amazement and delight that the stamp heralded the compliments of the Elks War Commission.

Andy was so impressed with this incident that he attached the stamp to his Elks Membership Card and has been carrying it with him ever since.

Besides this testimony from Elk Andy Devine, more than 1500 sailors, Marines and soldiers—in all parts of the world—have notified the Elks War Commission by postal card or letter that they had received cartons of cigarettes as gifts from the Elks.

In many cases, the individual acknowledged receipt of cigarettes on behalf of large groups of his comrades.

Their acknowledgments, which range from a simple "Thanks" or "Thanks a million" to longer messages covering various subjects, strike the common chord of sincere appreciation. And in many of the written messages there is

drama, humor and restrained heroism.

"I am ashamed", wrote a chaplain, not long ago, "not to have written before, but my task is great and I have put off thanking you for your thoughtfulness in sending cigarettes to the men out here. I distributed your cigarettes to the men in the Division Hospital of the Third Marine Division during the Bougainville campaign. Many of the young fellows promised to write to you themselves, but many went back to duty and others couldn't, so you may not know how much it meant to them. They have so few luxuries out here and they give so much. Thank you."

One sailor sent his thanks with a request that the Commission "send a 120-pound brunette next time", but just to prove that the Navy is not partial, another glib asked "how about a blond with the next load?"

Several of the writers turned to poetry to express their appreciation. One penned a couplet to

"The Elks War Commission
Thanks for the Ammunition"
and another, somewhat more ambitious with his poetic pen jotted these lines:

"Received, have I, cartons two
Thanking deeply, people like you.
When it's time for us to go
We'll do our best to show
That our thanks ain't just talk
'For through Berlin we'll soon walk'".
Many of the recipients wrote that

gives us pleasure to send to you these CHESTERFIELDS. We hope you enjoy them. Best wishes and good luck. Our name and address printed on the other side, and if you will sign below and return this card, it will let us know that the cigarettes were delivered.

ELKS WAR COMMISSION
21 E. 40th St.
NEW YORK CITY

From ASN 212574
ENTERED MAIL
CO. V. 2980
B.P.O. 774
1-8 44

ks: B.P.O.E. Comes Through.
thanks a lot.
Cpl. James W. King
Med. Det. Army
P.O. 942

Elks War Commission
I want to thank you very much for the smokes that I received in States at the time I was in the hospital & without funds & they sure came in handy, all the boys over here sure are glad to get them. It shows that the people back home haven't forgotten us. Lots of good luck to all you members.

Message:

us and men are sincerely
for the cigarettes you
rough the American Red
just would not have
a Today sea boys

Elks War Commission,
21 East 40th St.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear friends,
It is my pleasure not to have written before, but my task is great and I have put off writing you for you thoughtfulness in sending cigarettes to the men out here. I contributed your cigarettes to the men in the Hospital of the Elks.

Clayton Johnson
Thompson, 2nd Minn
Full P.O., Ft. ...
Jan. 31, 1944

LIEUT. COMDR. R. S. HOTZ

they had received their cigarettes at such appropriate times as Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, or New Year's Day. To many of them who had a carton handed to them after long periods on the front lines, the cigarettes were doubly appreciated.

"Your cigarettes," wrote a Marine, "were most welcomed by myself and my buddies. We had just arrived here from Tarawa. We were pretty low on cigarettes and sure want to thank you. Wish there were some other way to express our gratitude."

Another Marine reported that he had also received his carton after arriving from Tarawa. "I was carried off the island on a stretcher," he wrote, "and lost all my gear. So you can see that your cigarettes came in handy."

"We just got back from Bougainville," wrote a 19-year-old Marine, "where the Japs hit us with everything they had. We had a run-in with Tojo's Imperial marines and from what I've seen of them, they are no match for our American Marines, although we had it pretty tough.—It makes all the boys feel good to know that you people back home are thinking of them."

From Italy a soldier wrote that when he received the cigarettes he "was in the hospital and without funds".

Another said he had been "bumming" his smokes for some time before his Elks carton arrived.

Another, in the South Pacific, had just come back from "52 days in the jungle of New Georgia".

A Marine sergeant somewhere in the Pacific volunteered that the cigarettes were "the first received in a heck of a long time" and another said his carton was "the first gift received from any organization in almost two years in the Marine Corps".

Many of the recipients said that they looked upon the gifts of cigarettes as indications that those of us at home had not forgotten the boys at the front. That conditions back home cause some degree of worry among the men in the front lines was shown in this message which was received from a Marine:

"I want to thank you for the carton of cigarettes and to let you know that it is things like that which let us know out here that you folks at home have not forgotten us. We sometimes think you have when we read about all those strikes. Thanks a lot—and don't forget we are going to win!"

A sergeant in a fighter squadron sums up the sentiment of many of the men with these lines:

"If we didn't have the faith of our loved ones and friends, this war would be a lot harder to win." And another wrote that "we fellows feel proud and very happy to know that somebody is thinking of us".

Several coupled their thanks with

urgent messages to "keep on buying bonds".

One soldier wrote, "I found out today that I am a father and I have been passing cigarettes out".

A sailor sent his "humble" thanks and concludes with "Give my regards to Broadway".

A member of the Masonic Order—an Army sergeant—writes that "for myself, I'll say, a Mason is in debt to the Elks."

Others who paid direct tribute to the B.P.O.E., wrote words of praise as follows:

"We thank your fine organization—the Elks."

"B.P.O.E. comes through."

"I'll never forget your organization for its thoughtfulness and remembrance."

"Thanks a lot. The Elks are 100%."

"We, the boys, think and know your Clubs over in the States are doing a good job."

"I am a son of a member and I have an honorary card for the Elks. I am proud of it. Some day I'll return and be a member myself".

A number of members of the Order who are overseas have acknowledged receipt of cigarettes and in addition have asked to be remembered to their home lodges.

It's interesting to note that one Army sergeant wrote optimistically to "send next year's supply to Berlin."



Above is a scene photographed during a most enjoyable and successful Valentine Party given for service men in the Tulsa, Okla., Lodge Fraternal Center.



The members of Savannah, Ga., Lodge recently gave an automobile to the local Chapter of the American Red Cross. Above is photographed the actual presentation of the car by officers of the Lodge.

THE Elks IN THE WAR

Below is a picture taken during a benefit dance held by Corvallis, Ore., Lodge. The proceeds of the dance, which amounted to \$475, will be used to furnish the ladies' lounge at the Corvallis Air Base.



Below: Members of the capable Red Cross group which holds its classes in the home of Torrington, Conn., Lodge pause to be photographed during their activities.





Building the U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, Joshua Humphreys' shipyard, Philadelphia . . . From a print dated 1800*

PHILADELPHIA
Birthplace of Tradition



"To Joshua Humphreys, Esq. Sir: The Frigate Philadelphia is under order immediately for a 12 months cruise . . . I request that you . . . examine her . . . for a cruise of such duration and have the forms executed with the utmost dispatch" . . . Naval Secretary's order dated 3 April, 1801.

Proudly Philadelphia's sons set forth to win the plaudits of their Nation that the new flag might sail the seas in freedom. Triumphantly they returned to the hospitable cheer that was the heart-warming greeting for all who visited this seat of early American hospitality. Today this "heritage of hospitality" is honorably upheld by this superb whisky . . . Philadelphia Blend. A whisky of such special quality and unique character, you might rightly reserve it for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.



86.3 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits



Above are the ladies who acted as hostesses at the Second Anniversary Celebration of the Norwich, Conn., Lodge Fraternal Center.

Right are shown a few of those who attended the Pre-Rally Dinner for traveling war heroes and movie stars in the home of Olympia, Wash., Lodge. \$150,000 worth of War Bonds were sold.



Left are those who entertained at a party given by Lakewood, N. J., Lodge for the patients of the Red Cross Station Hospital at Fort Dix.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan welcomes Eastern Defense Command soldiers who were "bivouacked" at the Elks Fraternal Center in New York City during a three-day furlough.

Right: Exalted Ruler Frank Rath is photographed presenting a check for \$500, on behalf of the members of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, to Campaign Director Harry Welsh of the Inglewood Chapter of the Red Cross.





Above: Elks of Boston, Mass., Lodge are photographed with entertainers and members of the Boston Emblem Club as they were about to journey to Long Island Hospital to put on a show for the patients confined there.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, on behalf of the Elks War Commission, accepts a \$1,200 check from E.R. J. Frank Umstot of Tampa, Fla., Lodge.



Left: Patients at the Red Cross Station Hospital at Fort Dix enjoy the entertainment and food provided for them by the Elks of Lakewood, N. J., Lodge.



Left is a photograph of the fully equipped Red Cross Blood Bank which is in operation in the home of Newport, R. I., Lodge. Over 1,000 pints of blood have been donated there during one week.

Right is a reproduction of the illuminated billboard which has been posted by Miami, Fla., Lodge to assist the U. S. Navy in the recruiting of WAVES.

"He'll be home sooner...
now you've joined
THE WAVES"

APPLY NAVY RECRUITING STATION ROOM 232 POST OFFICE

Packer



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan is photographed with Elk dignitaries at Springfield, Ill., Lodge, together with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

THE official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan on January 20 to the Elks of Albuquerque, N. M., began when he arrived on the Chief at 8:50 a. m. and was met by Exalted Ruler B. H. Holmes, his officers, and members of **ALBUQUERQUE LODGE NO. 461** and lodges in the vicinity. After a luncheon, given in his honor at the Alvarado, Mr. Lonergan addressed a special meeting at the lodge home at 3 p. m., and at 7:30, a formal banquet was held at the Hotel El Fidel, with 450 present. An enjoyable

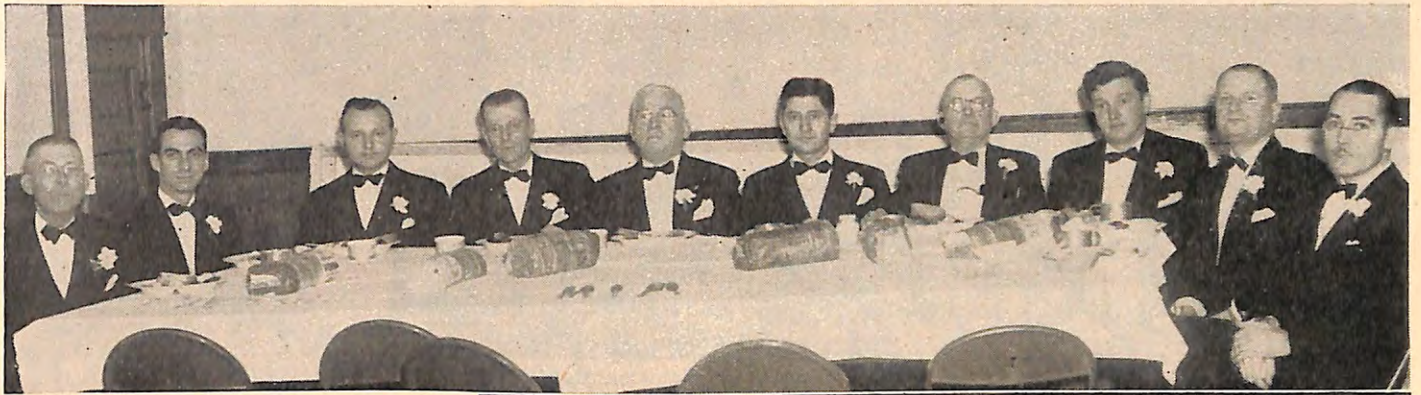
program of Indian and Spanish songs and dances was presented at the ball which followed the dinner. District Deputy W. C. Alexander with many members of Gallup Lodge, and delegations of Elks from Raton, El Paso, Carlsbad, Santa Fe and Tucumcari, attended the reception and meeting.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is pictured as he was welcomed to Everett, Mass., Lodge.

On his trip into Texas, for his official visit to **AMARILLO LODGE NO. 923**, the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied on the journey from Tucumcari to Amarillo by D.D. Bert Levy, E.R. V. A. Powell and Paul Boxwell. More than 600 attended a "John Snider Barbecue" given in his honor at 7 p. m., followed by a meeting at the home of No. 923. It was here that the Grand Exalted Ruler gave a talk so inspiring that it was pronounced by many who heard it to be the best ever delivered in the Amarillo lodge room. Initiatory ceremonies were held.

On January 23, a meeting of the Arkansas State Elks Association was held at **NORTH LITTLE ROCK LODGE NO. 1004** for the purpose of reorganization. Approximately 300 Elks attended and five lodges were represented. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, other prominent members of the Order were present, including Grand Treasurer George M. McLean; P.E.R. Henry O. Topf, North Little Rock, Associate Member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; D.D. Albert Sims, Little Rock; Past State President Dr. L. J. Kosminsky, Texarkana; P.D.D.'s A. L. Justin, North Little Rock, and W. H. Laubach and F. W. Duttlinger, Little Rock, and E.R.'s Thomas B. Jones, North Little Rock, Neill Bohlinger, Little Rock, Weldon G. Pool, Texarkana, P. M. Latourette, Jonesboro, and L. J. Lineback, Brinkley. Mr. Lonergan delivered a most





Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Elk officials are shown at the speakers' table during a banquet held at Amarillo, Tex., Lodge.

Right: Photographed at Orange, N. J., Lodge are, left to right, Past Grand Trustee Henry Guenther, Charles Bradley, secretary to Mr. Lonergan; Col. Wm. H. Kelly, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch; W. J. McCormack, Pres. of the N. J. State Assn.; Mr. Lonergan; Special Deputy William Frason, and Emmet T. Anderson, of the Elks War Commission.



interesting and helpful address. It was felt by all present that a new State Association should be established, and the five lodges represented all agreed to affiliate. Dr. Kosminsky, a Past District Deputy and a Past President of the old Arkansas State Elks Association, was chosen State Chairman of the Organization Committee. The meeting was in every way constructive and enthusiastic. After the session, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Wells, of England, Arkansas, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler and seventy-eight invited guests at a barbecued supper at their six-thousand acre plantation home. Barbecued turkey, beef and pork were served, and an orchestra furnished music for dancing.

On January 25, Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan visited FORT WORTH, TEX., LODGE,

Right: Mr. Lonergan addressed a Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge during his visit there. Also present was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Gake-low.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with the officers and a class of candidates, initiated in his honor into Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge.

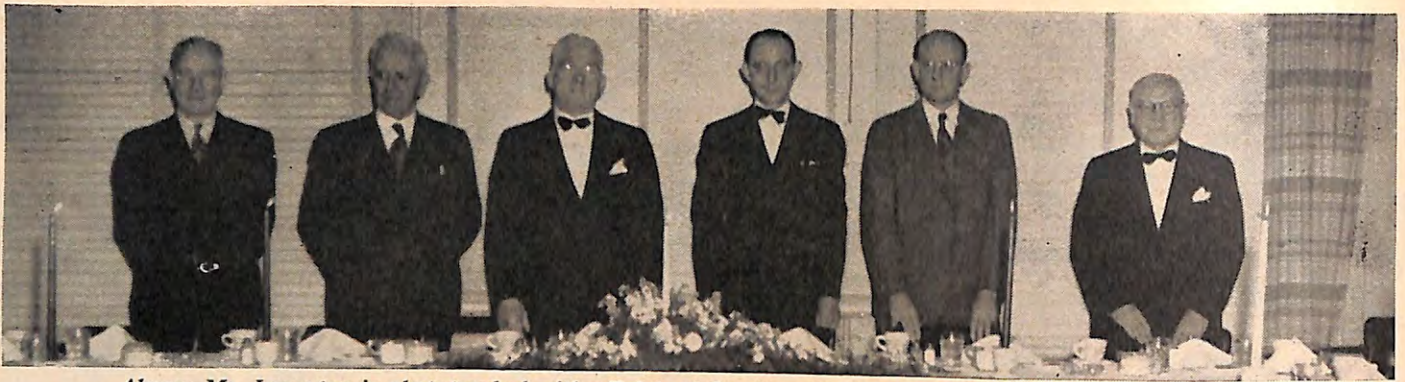
NO. 124. A dinner was given in his honor at the Blackstone Hotel that evening, after which he addressed the assemblage, calling for unstinted support of the war effort and increased zeal in curbing juvenile delinquency. Among those present at the dinner were George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, George Strauss, Corpus Christi, Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., J. A. Bergfeld, Tyler, D.D. for Texas, East, E.R. Rey A. Hawley, Trustee Max Bergman and P.E.R. Judge T. J. Renfro, all of Fort Worth Lodge, Mayor I. N. McCrary

and Homer Covey, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and many Past Exalted Rulers of No. 124.

A banner turnout of members gave the Grand Exalted Ruler a rousing reception when he arrived at the home of HOUSTON, TEX., LODGE, NO. 151, on the evening of January 26. A dinner was given for Mr. Lonergan at the Rice Hotel at which Past Exalted Rulers, present officers of the lodge and out-of-town dignitaries were present. During the lodge session, a class of candidates was initiated.

One of Mr. Lonergan's first visitations





Above: Mr. Lonergan is photographed with officials of Stockton, Calif., Lodge at a dinner given in his honor.

in the month of February was reported in our April issue. The account described the wonderful reception accorded him at the home of **MILWAUKEE LODGE NO. 46** by 1,800 Elks of the State of Wisconsin. All of the 37 lodges of the State were included in the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visit.

On the occasion of his official visit to **BENTON HARBOR, MICH., LODGE, NO. 544**, on Monday, February 7, the Grand Exalted Ruler witnessed the initiation of a class of 120 new members. Prior to the ceremony, Mr. Lonergan and officers of Saint Joseph, Niles, South Haven, Kalamazoo, Dowagiac, Grand Rapids and Muskegon, Mich., Lodges were guests of the Benton Harbor officers at a dinner given in the ballroom of the Vincent Hotel. Benjamin F. Watson, of Lansing Lodge, Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn., introduced by F. Joseph Flaugh, Exalted Ruler of Benton Harbor Lodge, gave the invocation. Mayor Brown praised the Order for its principles and achievements in a brief but interesting talk. The initiatory ceremonies, held in the Naval Reserve Armory, were witnessed by approximately a thousand Elks of southwestern Michigan. District Deputy Edwin P. Breen, Grand Rapids, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, who spoke eloquently on the Order and also lauded

the splendid work being done by Benton Harbor Lodge in entertaining convalescent war veterans at the Percy Jones General Hospital at Battle Creek, a service that has won for the lodge national praise and recognition.

On Tuesday morning, February 15, Mr. Lonergan, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, Springfield, and E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, Boston, and P.E.R. C. C. Bradley, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, personal secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, paid a short visit to **EVERETT, MASS., LODGE, NO. 642**.

On Tuesday evening, February 15, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid an official visit to the Maine State Elks Association at the home of **PORTLAND LODGE NO. 188**. He was given a hearty welcome by more than 500 Elks from widely separated sections of Maine, and several delegations from New Hampshire and Massachusetts. As the program ran on into the early hours of Wednesday, February 16, the 76th anniversary of the founding of the Order, the gathering was one of the first in the country to observe the date. With Mr. Lonergan at Portland were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Sullivan, Grand Treasurer Burke, John J. Horan, Manchester, N. H., a member of the Grand Lodge Au-

ditioning Committee, and Mr. Bradley. The Grand Exalted Ruler assisted in mortgage-burning ceremonies held by Portland Lodge and presented an honorary life membership on behalf of the lodge to Stephen H. Cady, Sr., a former Deputy Chief of Police of Portland, Maine. Addressing the assemblage, Mr. Lonergan touched upon the history of the Order, the Elks National Foundation, the Elks War Commission, the Fraternal Centers sponsored by the lodges, problems of juvenile delinquency and the need of blood donors. Addresses of welcome were made by D.D.'s Gordon W. Drew, Augusta, State President, and Judge Alton A. Lessard, Lewiston, Dr. William S. Lord, one of the senior Past Exalted Rulers of Portland Lodge, Colonel Donald W. Philbrick, representing Governor Sumner Sewall, and George A. Harrison, Chairman of the Portland City Council.

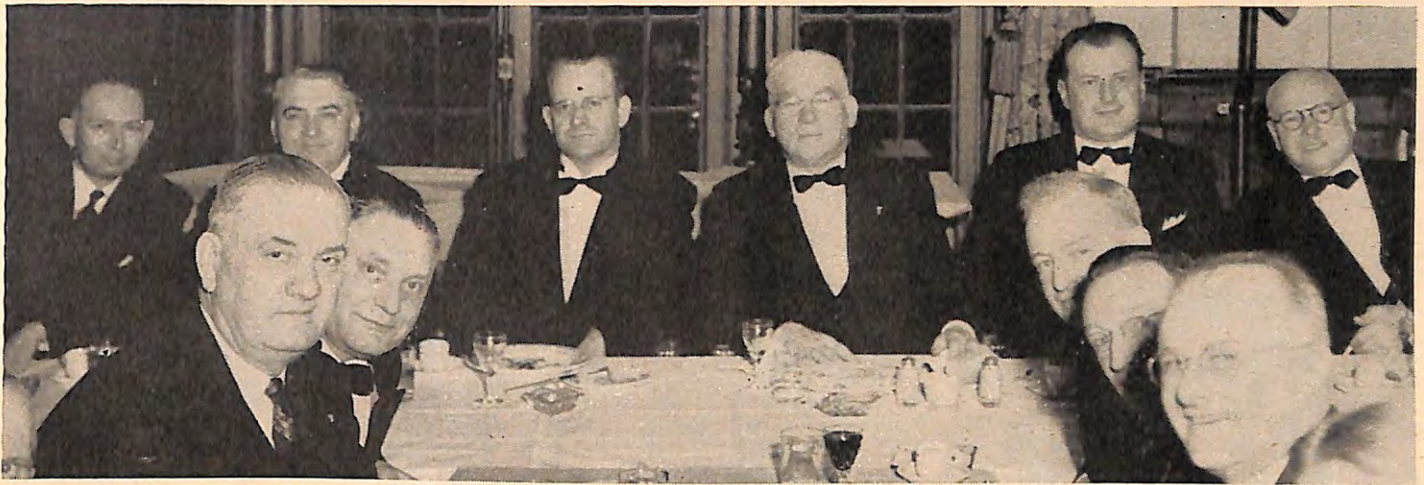
On February 17, en route for Holyoke, Mass., the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party paid a short visit to **PAWTUCKET, R. I., LODGE, NO. 920**.

At a banquet commemorating the 40th anniversary of **HOLYOKE LODGE NO. 902**, at the Hotel Roger Smith, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed more than 325 persons on Thursday night, February 17. Before he spoke, the members paid tribute to Notre Dame University, of which Mr. Lonergan is a graduate, by singing the Victory March. The tumultuous applause accorded him at the close of his address was evidence of the deep impression he made on his audience. Seated

Left: A meeting of the Maine State Elks Assn. at Portland, Me., Lodge was attended by Grand Treasurer John F. Burke; Chairman John F. Malley, of the Elks National Foundation; Mr. Bradley, and, seated, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Mr. Lonergan.

Below are shown a few of the dignitaries of the Order who attended a banquet held to celebrate the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Richmond, Calif., Lodge.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Loner- gan is photographed with California Elk officials during a dinner held at San Francisco, Calif., Lodge recently.

at the head table at the banquet were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Sullivan, Grand Treasurer Burke, Mr. Bradley, James J. Murray, for many years Secretary of the local lodge, City Marshal David F. Allyn, a charter member, Mayor Henry J. Toepfert and Judge Eugene A. Lynch. After the banquet, the diners joined the large crowd already assembled in the auditorium for the lodge meeting, at the conclusion of which the mortgage was burned in the presence of the distinguished guests and lodge members.

On February 18, having stopped for a brief but pleasant visit with members of BRATTLEBORO, VT., LODGE, NO. 1499, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party visited BELLOWS FALLS, VT., LODGE, NO. 1619. That evening he was tendered a banquet at which approximately 500 Elks were present. Grand Tiler John T. Nelson, of Barre, Vt., acting as Toastmaster, introduced the following honor guests: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Sullivan, Grand Treasurer Burke, Mr. Bradley, Governor William H. Wills, of Bennington, Vt., Lodge, William F. Hogan, Everett, D.D. for Mass., N.E., Paul E. Hill, Montpelier, D.D. for Vermont,

Clarence L. Hurd, Claremont, D.D. for New Hampshire, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, founder of Bellows Falls Lodge, James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and officers of the local lodge.

The Elks of Connecticut entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Loneragan and his party, which now included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Judge Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, at Derby, Conn., on February 19. First, a reception was held, and later, beginning at 8 p. m., a dinner was given at the Hotel Clark, United States Representative Joseph E. Talbot was Toastmaster. The Honorable

Raymond E. Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut, spoke on the magnificent work the Order is doing in aiding the Government in the war effort. The Grand Exalted Ruler was given an ovation when he rose to speak and also when he brought his address, the principal one of the evening, to a conclusion. The officers and members of DERBY LODGE NO. 571 were especially active during Mr. Loneragan's official visitation. District Deputies Alfred A. Rousseau, Meriden, and Paul E. Schumacher, Ansonia, represented the Connecticut East and West Districts respectively, and Mayor C. F. Caldwell, of Derby, and Mayor R. C. Booth, of Shelton, were present.

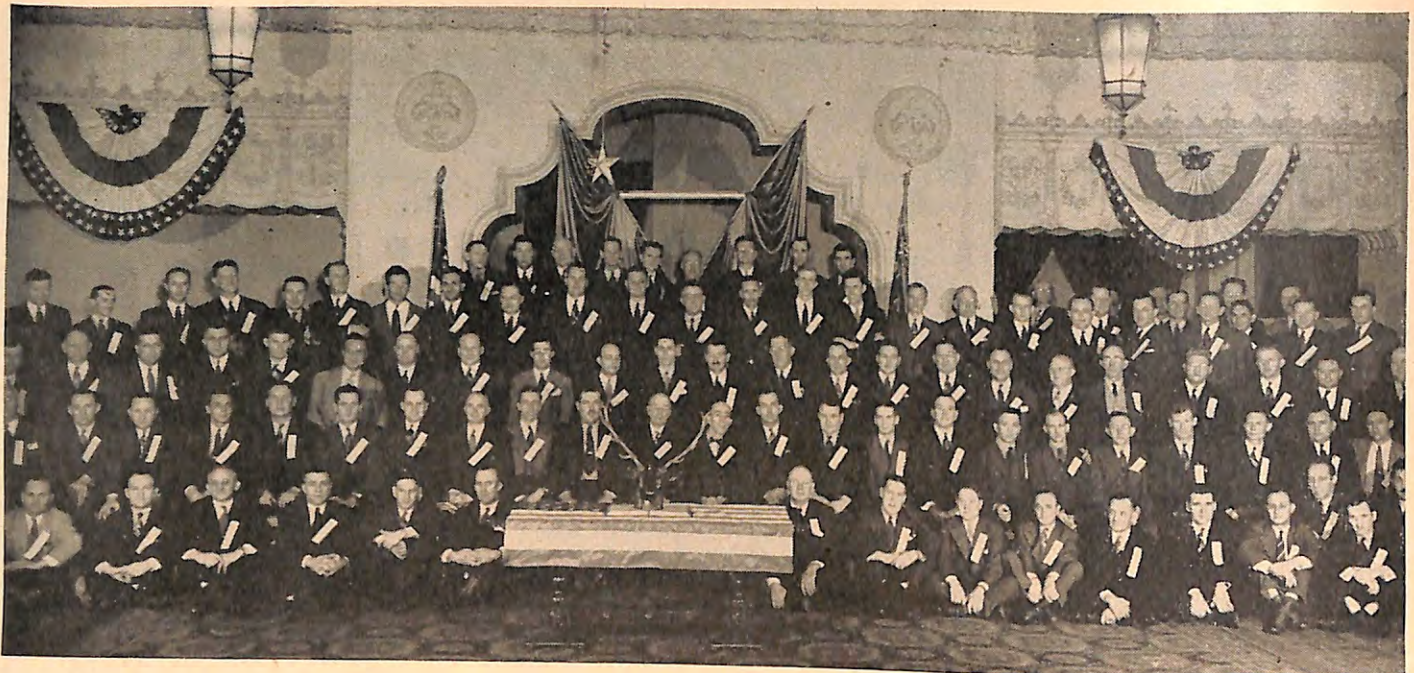
PHILADELPHIA, PA., LODGE, NO. 2, was visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler on Washington's Birthday. Accompanied by Howard R. Liebttag, Publicity Director, and a motorcycle escort secured by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov, P.E.R. of Philadelphia Lodge, Mr. Loneragan was taken on a tour of the historic city and its environs. Daily publications interviewed him and gave considerable space to his opinions on juvenile delinquency. A capacity crowd attended a dinner and also the open meeting held in the lodge room. Members and their guests were addressed by Mr. Loneragan.

On March 8, at a celebration staged by SPRINGFIELD, ILL., LODGE, NO. 158, commemorating the burning of bonds representing the remainder of the indebtedness on its \$750,000 building, members of the lodge had the pleasure of having with them Grand Exalted Ruler Loneragan; Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, and Henry C. Warner; R. Byron Zea, Monmouth, D.D. for Illinois, West Central, E.R. Dr. H. J. Raley, Harrisburg, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; State Secretary Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, and State Treasurer Fred P. Hill, Danville. Upon their arrival from Chicago, Mr. Loneragan and Mr. Masters were met at the train by a delegation of Elks. The party, which included Evan Howell, E.R. of Springfield Lodge, Secy. Earl R. Schryver, Inner Guard Walter Heintze, P.E.R. A. F. Buedel and Mayor J. W. Kapp, proceeded immediately to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln at Oak Ridge Cemetery where the Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath on the sarcophagus. That evening, 364 new members were initiated into the lodge and Mr. Loneragan addressed the more than a thousand Elks who attended the meeting. Twenty-one subordinate lodges were represented.

Left, above is Mr. Loneragan with a few of the prominent Florida Elks who attended a dinner held for him by Fort Lauderdale Lodge.

Left: Mr. Loneragan burns the mortgage on the home of Wilson, N. C., Lodge for him during his visit there.





A large class of candidates recently initiated into Dayton, O., Lodge.

Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

ALLIANCE, NEB. Open House was held by Alliance Lodge No. 961 on January 8 for children registered for examination at the Crippled Children's Clinic, held that day, and relatives who accompanied them. The expected attendance was cut considerably by subzero weather—20 degrees below—but 42 children from a dozen counties came and were given clinical service. Cars shuttled back and forth between the lodge home and St. Joseph Hospital where Doctors W. R. Hamsa and C. C. O'Neil and a coterie of nurses received the children and examined them to determine the course of treatment for each case.

A hot roast beef dinner was served in the Elks' dining room, and the children were entertained by several soldiers from Special Services who came over from the Alliance Air Base to add a pleasurable interest to the occasion.

Alliance Lodge, with the aid of some of the State's most skilled surgeons, has been instrumental in bettering the condition of many crippled children, and in some cases, restoring them to normal.

BUTTE, MONT. Past Exalted Ruler Frank E. Savage was the guest of honor recently at a delightful farewell affair given him by Past Exalted Rulers and the officers of Butte Lodge No. 240. Dr. Savage was leaving shortly to make his home in southern California where Mrs. Savage had gone some time before for the benefit of her health.

For many years, Dr. Savage was a

leading optometrist in Butte and a prominent citizen. As an Elk he is well known throughout the State, having served as District Deputy for Montana, West, in 1931-32, and as President of the Montana State Elks Association in 1921-22. For 16 years he served as President of the Butte Auxiliary for the Rehabilitation of Crippled Children. Among the speakers were P.E.R.'s Frank R. Venable, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, and P. J. Driscoll who presented Dr. Savage with a gift. Dr. J. Kelley paid him tribute, speaking on behalf of the Montana Association of Optometrists. At the lodge meeting held afterward, E.R. Carroll Fabian presided, and another tribute was paid Dr. Savage in a speech made by P.D.D. George E. Hackett, of Anaconda Lodge.

Butte Scout Troop No. 28 is sponsored by No. 240, and its scoutmaster, Roland Jobe, is a member of the lodge. The Silver Beaver award for outstanding Scout leadership, service and achievement during the past year was presented to him recently. Starting 16 years ago with five boys, Mr. Jobe has now a troop membership of 81. More than 100 of his boys, grown to manhood, are serving in our Armed Forces.

WEST FRANKFORT, ILL. West Frankfort Lodge No. 1340, whose existence was seriously threatened a few years ago by financial trouble and loss of membership, has made a wonderful comeback. The lodge now has over 200

members and has liquidated the indebtedness on its home, invested substantially in War Bonds and resumed active participation in charity work. In the treasury are sufficient funds with which to finance an extensive post-war building enlargement program. Of great assistance was Special Deputy Albert W. Jeffreys, of Herrin, Ill., Lodge, Past Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., who aided materially and at no time lost faith in the lodge's ability to rehabilitate itself.

Highlights of a meeting held in January were the burning of the mortgage on the home and the presentation of an Emerson Automatic Combination Resuscitator to the community. The mortgage, held by Cole Jones, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was burned by Secretary Frank Beams. The Resuscitator, purchased by the Elks at a cost of \$495, was presented by Mr. Jeffreys, acting for Exalted Ruler Brice Holland who was ill, and accepted officially by City Clerk George I. Cotter. It has been given into the custody of the Chief of the local Fire Department. The Illinois State Elks Association was represented by President Dr. H. J. Raley, Exalted Ruler of Harrisburg Lodge, who delivered a brief address, and Past Exalted Ruler Myrell Griffin, Herrin, Vice-President for the South District.

GEORGIA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. At the midwinter meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association, representatives of the 30 Georgia lodges met at the home of Decatur Lodge No. 1602 on February 6 and completed plans for closing the year's work with a two-day streamlined convention at Rome, Ga., on May the 6th and 7th. According to Secretary-Treasurer R. E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, reports from all of the lodges showed increased activities and investments in U. S. War Bonds, and a growing interest in the work at "Aidmore", the convalescent home for crippled children sponsored by the Elks of Georgia, and in assistance given to members of the Armed Forces who are returning from active war service for hospitalization.

President Edward A. Dutton, of Savannah, who presided, expressed himself as being well pleased with the work of each individual lodge. Past President Roderick M. McDuffie, of East Point Lodge, announced the completion of plans to send the winning team in the State Rit-

Right are some of the 250 people who crowded the club rooms of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge to enjoy a "Surprise Party" held recently. The setting for this highly successful affair was designed to stimulate the "air consciousness" of the audience.

Right, below: P.E.R.'s Phil Alt and J. Paul Kuhn, with Secy. Leonard Applequist, watch the \$450,000 mortgage on the home of Aurora, Ill., Lodge go up in flames.



ualistic Contest to the Grand Lodge meeting next July to represent Georgia in the National Ritualistic Contest. Acting on a motion made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, a member of the Elks War Commission, the Committee adopted a Resolution committing the Elks of Georgia to the "Salt Lake City Lodge plan" in giving all the assistance within their power to wounded soldiers, sailors and marines who are being cared for in Government hospitals in the State.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J. Phillipsburg Lodge No. 395 reported 82 members in the Services as of March 16, and \$2,187.90 spent "for the boys". Before their departure, all have been guests of the lodge at dinner and each has been presented with a pen and pencil set.

Every month packages are forwarded to members in the Armed Forces. Several requests that the daily paper be sent, instead of gifts, have been complied with.

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y. Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 donated \$21,250 in contributions to welfare and charity, and established funds in the amount of \$35,100 to help finance wartime activities, at the annual distribution of charity meeting held March 14 at the home of the lodge. Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order and Past Exalted Ruler of No. 878, announced that the \$56,350 total was the largest distributed in the lodge's

history. Judge Hallinan presided. Checks presented to representatives of welfare and charitable organizations by P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch were as follows: \$750 each to St. John's, Flushing, Jamaica, Mary Immaculate, St. Joseph's, Rockaway Beach, Wyckoff Heights and St. Anthony's Hospitals; \$750 each to the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish Charities of Queens; \$500 each to Central Queens Chapter, American Red Cross, North Shore Chapter, Red Cross, Queens Council, Boy Scouts of America, and Tri-Borough Hospital; \$350 to the Salvation

Army; \$250 each to the USO, Greater New York Fund, Queens Community Service Society, Queens Child's Service League, Otilie Home and Queens Little Sisters of the Poor; \$200 to the Girl Scouts; \$150 to Eye Surgery, Inc.; and \$100 each to the Y.W.C.A., Beach Haven Convalescent Home for Cardiac Children, and Queens Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Of the \$35,100 appropriated to wartime activities of the lodge, \$15,000 is allocated to establish a rehabilitation fund for the benefit of the members of No.

Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, second from left, looks on as E.R. Edward Arentzen, of Camden, N. J., Lodge, greets D.D. A. L. Harrison, State Vice-Pres. E. J. Griffith and State Pres. Wm. J. McCormack.



Below: Officers and P.E.R.'s of Lawrence, Mass., Lodge are pictured on P.E.R.'s Night when the Lodge's \$38,000 mortgage was burned.





Above: Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge recently enjoyed a visit from the original Aunt Jemima, pictured with Lodge officers who acted as waiters, when she entertained and served pancakes to 225 guests.



Left: A group of Elks and their guests, who attended the mortgage burning dinner of Santa Fe, New Mex., Lodge.

878 in the U. S. Armed Forces. The sum of \$7,500 was set aside as the Queens Borough Elks Charitable and Relief Fund; \$10,000 goes for the maintenance of the Elks Fraternal Center. Other allotments include \$2,100 for the Elks War Commission Fund, \$1,000 for the entertainment and restoration of returned members of the Armed Forces, who are under treatment at the Naval Hospital at St. Albans, and \$8,000 for the members of the lodge serving in the Armed Forces. Among the speakers were E.R. Thomas J. Travers, Supreme Court Justice Charles W. Froessel, the Reverend Peter W. Fox, representing Catholic Charities, the Reverend William Bennett, of the Federation of Protestant Charities, and

Rabbi Max Meyer, representing the Jewish Federation of Charities.

PASADENA, CALIF. New recruits filed into the Wave Enlistment Office at Pasadena recently as the result of a recruiting rally at the Civic Auditorium, featured by a superlative show sponsored by members of the War Commission Committee of Pasadena Lodge No. 672. The performers were top motion picture stars, all of whom have been donating their services to War Bond Drives and entertaining at camps throughout the country. Among those who contributed their talents were Bing Crosby, The Charioteers, Alan Ladd, Harpo Marx, Fred Astaire, and Kay

Kyser and his "Kollege of Musical Knowledge". Naval officers, Waves and theatrical celebrities were in the audience. The rally was followed by a gala reception at the home of Pasadena Lodge.

GALENA, ILL. Whenever the local Draft and Ration Boards and the Red Cross need assistance, they know where to get it—right at the Elks' quarters of Galena Lodge No. 882. The Selective Service Board is located at Galena, the county seat. As the Elks make it a practice to give all the boys a send-off, the Board keeps in constant touch with the lodge.

On one occasion, when 75 young men were leaving to take their examinations, the Elks' Committee stayed up all night, as the train left at four a. m. The boys were guests of the lodge from midnight on, and shortly before train time, breakfast was served.

(Continued on page 36)



Left: Frank M. Robertson, Superintendent of "Aidmore", the home for crippled children which is owned and operated by the Elks lodges of Georgia, accepts a plaque for the new X-ray room for the Home, which was equipped by the Jewish Progressive Club of Atlanta.

Below: Festivities are halted during a dance at Wichita Falls, Tex., Lodge, while the mortgage on the Lodge's \$100,000 home is destroyed.





HELP YOUR COMMUNITY DRIVES .. and You Help America

In Colonial days when a family faced misfortune, kindly neighbors set up a melting pot before the door. The community was quick to contribute, because lean and perilous years taught our forefathers that only by helping one another could all survive and earn security in a land of growing opportunities.

Today, when this hard-won security is in

jeopardy, our country and many of its citizens need a helping hand. The Red Cross, the War Chest, the scrap and salvage drives and other calls on each community are realistic reminders of the pioneer spirit that bound our nation together . . . that gave us the highest standard of living the world has ever known. When we help our neighbors we help our country.

In every community, Budweiser is known as the Perfect Host to a host of friends. To serve your neighbors beer is simple hospitality, but to serve them Budweiser is a gracious compliment . . . and, it makes your simple wartime meals taste better.



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

Budweiser

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Past Performance

(Continued from page 5)

into oblivion but she soon became an altogether minor celebrity. Ill luck pursued her. She encountered illness, a serious accident and, through the years, she held a long series of minor jobs connected with her profession. Finally she was forgotten completely by the public which had adored her. Her last public appearance was during the World's Fair in New York and it must have been a rather saddening experience for a former world celebrity, for people came to see her and did not know who she was.

Miss Ederle was found working in the instrument shop of American Export Airlines at La Guardia Field, New York. The visit by a reporter seemed to please her because it gave her a link with her great days. The last time we had seen her was in the little Hotel of the Light-house in Cap Griz Nez, in France, from which she set out on her great adventure.

Two clear pictures remain from those days. One is of a grease-smear'd Venus arising from the waves after trial swims of several hours. The other is of a bobbed-haired lorelei in a print frock sitting on the rocks outside the hotel at dusk and looking off at the cliffs of Dover toward which she would struggle.

The little fishing village was crammed with reporters for weeks on end while Miss Ederle trained and waited for the right moment when the water would be warm enough, the tides just right and the wind not too high. Everything this young American girl did or said was news of the greatest importance and had to be sent around the world immediately. Moreover, a careful watch had to be kept on her movements for she might pop off at any time, day or night, when conditions were right.

Miss Ederle was a grim and rather forbidding person under the strain of those weeks of waiting and she did not take much part in the fun which the reporters stirred up to break the monotony. Her father, a butcher with a shop in Amsterdam Avenue, New York, and who died only recently, was with her. He called her "Gertie" but the boys insisted on "Trudy" and that is the affectionate name by which the public continued to know her.

Trudy recognized the value to her of having many reporters around and she helped them with their work when she could but she was touchy and nervous and one had the feeling she never did get to know them as individuals at all. We were, therefore, surprised when, during the interview at the airport, she laughed heartily at the memory of those days and asked after each of the boys who had kept the Channel vigil with her.

Miss Ederle went to work in the instrument shop about a year and a half ago as an apprentice. Since then she has been advanced several grades and now she is rated a fine worker in a

room full of experts. She is rather in love with the work, thinks she has a special aptitude and intends making it her real career.

She has changed greatly with the years but she still is recognizable as the famous swimmer. If you knew her then, as who did not, you could pick her out of a crowd now. She is on the job every morning at 7:30 and she is popular with the dozens of other workers in the instrument shop, where the basis for acceptance is the quality of precision work rather than fame. They accept her as one of themselves without bothering one way or the other about her having been a celebrity. Although she received an incredible number of offers of marriage during her brief period in the glare of the limelight, Miss Ederle has remained single.

○ F QUITE a different order of hero was Ed Reulbach. There could, of course, be only one Little Johnny and only one Trudy Ederle, but there have been many such as Reulbach. He was a famous baseball player and a great one, a hero to those of us who were young in the early years of the century and a legend to the young fans of today.

Small boys, and grown up ones too, always have adored such men. Reulbach was chosen because he happened to have been one of our greatest personal heroes but more because he had disappeared so completely. No one seemed to have heard of him for more than twenty years.

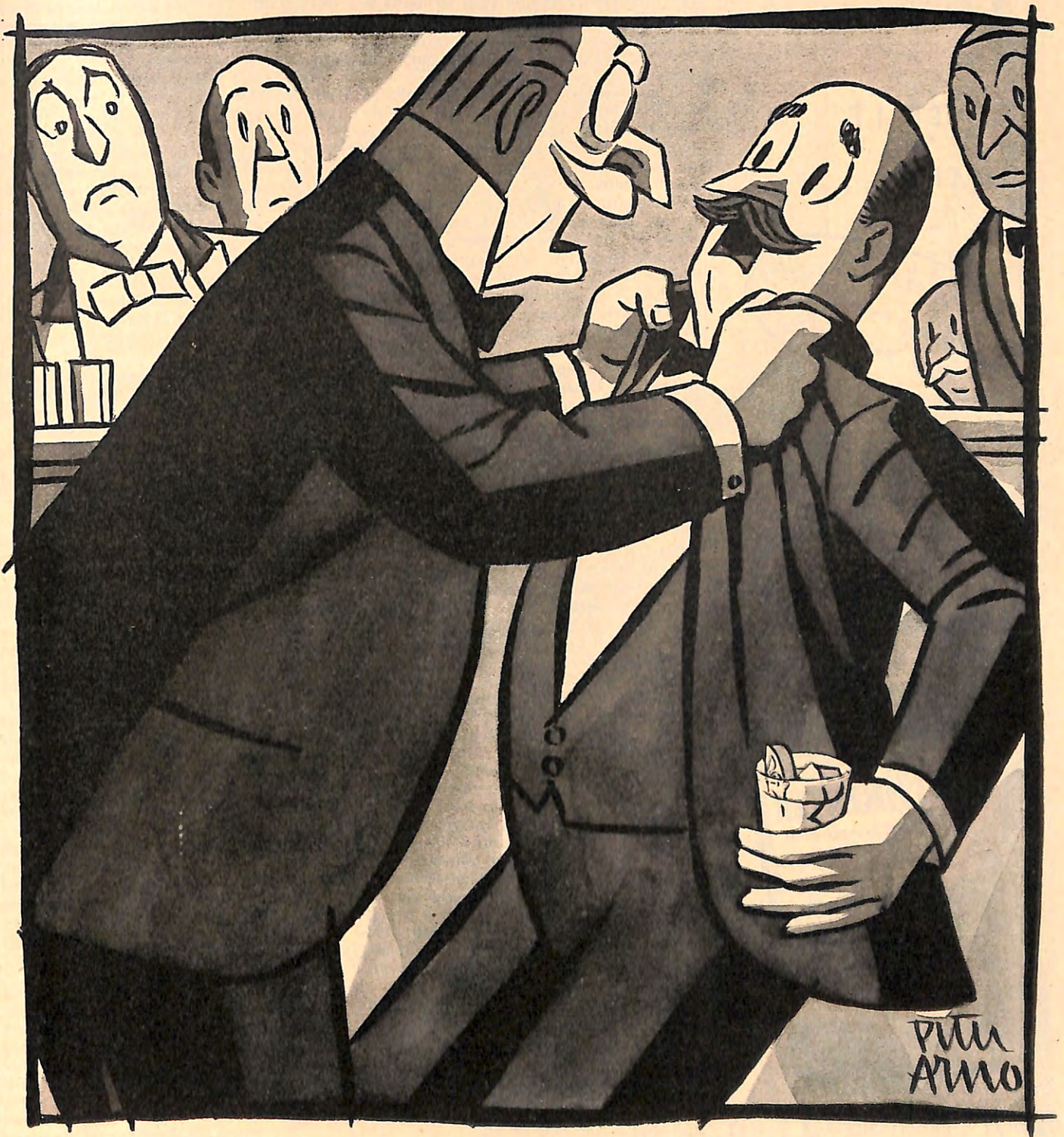
From the Battery to Harlem
Fans do a noisy dance
When they think of Atha-letics
And of Peerless Leader Chance

These lines are from a jingle that had wide circulation in New York just after the World Series of 1910. They express the jubilation of New Yorkers over the fact that the Chicago Cubs, who had beaten the Giants in a close pennant race, were slaughtered by Philadelphia in the post-season series. They also recall one of the most bitter rivalries in sports history and mark the end of a baseball era.

The Cubs of the 1906-10 period were one of baseball's greatest teams and their rivalry with John McGraw's Giants is legendary. Latter-day baseball rivalries are pink tea affairs compared with this ancient feud, and modern fans may find it difficult to believe those fabulous days existed.

Those were the days of Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance, of Three Finger Brown, Overall, Sheckard, Pfiester, Steinfeldt and Kling. Their day was passing when the jingle was written and the star of another great team, the Athletics of the \$100,000 infield, was in the ascendant.

In those days we, in common with all adolescents of the period, took violent



“By Gad, sir! Horsewhipping’s too good for a man who’d snitch my own personal Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve!”



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IF YOU promise not to snitch, we’ll let you in on the mellow secret of a Calvert Reserve Old Fashioned. You see, this whiskey has the knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. And when its rare “soft” flavor steals across your taste buds—oh, boy! Yes, in these days of whiskey shortage*, Calvert Reserve is more than ever “*the choicest you can drink or serve.*”

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sides in the Giant-Cub issue even though most of us never saw a game and lived far removed from the Polo Grounds in New York and the North Side park in Chicago. Personally, we were a rabid Cub rooter and Reulbach was our chief hero.

That was because Reulbach pitched the first big league game we ever saw and for years the only one. What is more, he shut out the Giants. That was on a summer day in 1908 and in that year Reulbach was the greatest pitcher in baseball. He pitched four shutouts in a row that summer and two of them came on the same afternoon, Sept. 26, against Brooklyn. Two other pitchers, Monte Pearson and Bill Lee, have since pitched four shutouts in a row but the other part of the record still stands. We never saw Miner Brown pitch, so Big Ed was our guy.

He is still our man. We found him at the Erie Basin yard of the Todd Shipbuilding Corporation in Brooklyn, where he has charge of industrial relations. Reulbach is an expert in these matters and an altogether remarkable man. He has worked for some of the biggest corporations in the country and, after retiring and living for several years in Europe, he returned to his specialty when the war brought greatly increased activity in all industrial plants.

Reulbach is a Notre Dame man. He played football there at the turn of the century until a broken leg forced him out and then he became an outstanding college pitcher. After graduation he went to the University of Vermont where he took a year of medicine before becoming a professional baseball player. He pitched through 1916 with Chicago, Brooklyn and Boston and then went to the University of Rochester to take a course in industrial management. During the first World War he was with the Submarine Boat Corporation and all through the 20s he pursued his career as an expert in industrial relations.

Along about depression time Reulbach went with his wife and young son to Europe and lived there for three years, mostly in Switzerland. The son died soon after their return and Reulbach continued to live quietly in retirement until the war came.

Today Ed Reulbach is a distinguished looking man of sixty-one and a fascinating talker. He talks convincingly of matters other than baseball—of world economic conditions, the war, of capital and labor and of politics. But it is not difficult to steer him into baseball talk and that is the best of all.

"I have not seen a baseball game since 1922," he said, "so I am not qualified to speak of the present day. But I love to talk about the old days. Distance probably gives them a value in our minds that they did not actually have. But they seem like wonderful days from this distance. I wonder if the team spirit is as great in these days. I doubt it.

The team was everything then. We didn't bother so much about our individual averages, but if anybody smiled in the clubhouse after we were beaten he was likely to get a stool draped

around his neck. We hated those Giants and we were ready to fight them on the field or off. The fans hated, too, in those days. We weren't always safe on the streets of New York, and neither were the Giants in Chicago.

"I haven't talked baseball in quite a while. Makes me want to see a game again."

MOLLA Mallory is of yet another class. She was a great and popular champion, an outstanding personality and undisputed ruler of her sport for a long time. During the first World War she made long tours through the country and collected large sums for the various war charities through her personal popularity and her great ability. Then she grew older, gradually declined, finally yielded to youth and disappeared.

The proper place to begin with Molla Bjursted Mallory is an August afternoon in 1921 when, on the tennis courts at Forest Hills, L. I., one of the most dramatic events in the annals of American sports was enacted. It was a match between Mrs. Mallory and Suzanne Lenglen in the second round of the national championships of that year and it was won by Mrs. Mallory when the French girl abandoned after losing the first set.

At this late date it is almost impossible to realize that a simple tennis match between two girls could have attracted so much attention or caused so much ill feeling. When the invader from overseas had been repulsed by the recently naturalized Norse girl the air was thick with recrimination and bitterness. It was practically an international incident. The attention of the whole Nation, and of France too, had been focused on the struggle, which was the biggest news of the day. It seems a very long time ago.

To Mrs. Mallory, that day is perhaps more remote than to any of us. Mlle. Lenglen is dead, though immortal, and Mrs. Mallory said, when she was visited in her New York apartment, that she too had died a sort of death and been reborn to a new and, she feels, a better life.

That famous day at Forest Hills was only one incident in a long and brilliant career which began when a young Norse girl ran away from home in 1915 to come to America on her own. She won our national singles title eight times in all, including the war year of 1917. That is more times than anyone else has won it. She was not the greatest tennis player by her own testimony, but she was one of the most compelling and most popular figures her own or any other sport has known.

Mrs. Mallory's career may be divided into four sections. First the rugged and rather fierce young Norse who came and conquered, and then the mature champion, who married a wealthy man, but continued to live the life of a prominent sports figure. Retirement from tennis was followed by a life of leisure and wealth with a new circle of friends. And finally came widowhood,



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comparative want and a struggle to make ends meet. She won this last battle as she had won many on the courts and for some years now ends have been meeting nicely.

Today Mrs. Mallory leads the quiet life of a working woman. In an East Side apartment of modest proportions she has arranged the few things she was able to salvage from the sumptuous Park Avenue apartment in which she used to live. She lives alone and she has no friends left over from either the tennis days or the wealthy days.

She has been employed in the United States government service for several years and she likes the work. She leaves the house at 7:30 each morning and returns at 6. She lives modestly in the midst of a certain elegance, goes out infrequently and does for herself. Of the hundreds of trophies she won she keeps with her only one. It is a cup awarded in 1919 at the Florida tournament at which she met Franklin I. Mallory, whom she married in the same year. Mr. Mallory, a stock broker, died in 1934.

"You can easily tell the kind of life I have now," she said, "when I tell you that this interview is quite an event for me. If you are thinking of Forest Hills and Wimbledon and all that, it will sound funny. But it is true."

Mrs. Mallory seems smaller now than when she was queen of the courts but otherwise there is no great change in her appearance. She has the same vitality and force of will that characterized her in the old days but it is softened now and she has wit. She was no poker-faced champion. The gallery always knew what Molla thought about things. She still is the same forthright person, a woman of high intelligence and by no means inarticulate.

"I knew before I began to lose," she said, "that when I did the tennis people would have no more time for me. It was no shock. It was a shock though, to learn that it makes a great difference to some people whether you have money or not. That hurt, but it was a good thing to learn. I hated people for a while. Now I love people, especially taxi drivers and cops.

"One day I got into a cab and the driver recognized me. Another time I was standing waiting for a traffic light to change when a cop came up and said, 'Say, miss, ain't you Molla Mallory?' Of course the public forgets you, and why not? But now and then some one remembers and it makes you feel good for days. But do talk tennis to me. I am dying for a good tennis talk."

THE hardest man to find during our winter-long search for forgotten sports heroes was Sam Langford, the old Boston Tar Baby. He also was the most appealing figure of the whole lot of them and to our mind the greatest of them all. The last story shall be his. This is it.

The search for Sam lasted about two weeks and covered the whole of Harlem, the sprawling Negro section of New York. Inquiries up and down Lenox and

Seventh Avenues in bars and grills, cigar stores, newsstands and pool rooms, failed to turn up a lead. Zoot-suited youths accosted on street corners invariably looked blank and asked "Who he?" A dozen times were told positively that Sam was dead.

This is the man competent critics said was the greatest fighter in ring history, the man the champions feared and would not meet. The man who was so good he never really was given a chance to show how good he was. You'd think he'd be a hero to every youth in Harlem but even up there they have forgotten him and those who remember think he is dead.

But Sam is not dead. We found him at last in a dingy hall bedroom. He had been sitting there, waiting, all the time we were looking for him. He was sitting on the edge of his bed listening to the radio. That is all there is for Sam to do now, for he is old and blind and penniless. The Negro woman who came to the door said Mr. Langford's room was the third down a corridor so dark you had to feel your way.

Sam stood up when we entered and fumbled for a string attached to a pale bulb in the ceiling. There was a look of surprise on his flat broad face.

"You come to see me, Chief?" he asked and there was wonder in his low melodious voice. Sam has been sitting there in the dark for a long time now and there have been no visitors. It took him a little while to understand that this was an interview and there would be a story in the paper.

"What you want to write about old Sam for?" he said. "He ain't no good any more. You ever see me fight, Chief?"

We lied to Sam, said we had and that he was the greatest we ever saw. That seemed to please him mightily and he laughed loud. Anyone who never saw Sam in the ring is bound to be surprised at his build. He is only 5 feet 6½ inches and yet at 165 pounds he brought down such giants as Jack Johnson, Harry Wills and the towering Fred Fulton. His short legs, long arms, great shoulders and wide girth give him a curiously gnome-like appearance. All of his 210 pounds seem to be above the hips. But he is a gnome with a prodigiously broad flat nose, a cauliflower ear and an-immense amiability.

Sam receives a few dollars a month from a relief organization. It is not enough but he makes it do. His days are all alike. He rises early and is led to a restaurant on Lenox Avenue for breakfast. He is back in his room by 10 o'clock and then just sits in the dark until late in the afternoon when he goes out to eat again.

This would seem to be a dreary existence but Sam was never addicted to thinking or to brooding over his fate in the days when they told him he was lucky to get fights at all and he does not brood now. We had been led to believe by what we had read that this step-child of fistiana was a stupid man who had been plucked clean by the thieves and then thrown out to starve.

A child of the jungle, they used to call him.

It was therefore a surprise to find that Sam is not stupid. He is intelligent, though ignorant by the world's standards. He never went to school and certainly he is a simple creature, almost childlike. But he is far from stupid. His memory is good, he is an excellent mimic and you would go far to find a more interesting story-teller.

And all the stories Sam tells are amusing ones. He will not be drawn into telling the other kind. He remembers them but if you ask him about the old days when he was given the business by all and sundry he just chuckles and tells another funny story. He laughs all the time he is talking and his laugh is so infectious, his face so expressive, you forget he is blind. When he tells his stories and laughs he seems almost a happy man. There is no drop of hate in his soul for anyone.

Sam said he was born March 4, 1886 in Weymouth, Nova Scotia, but that probably is just a date he thought up. Since he was fighting before 1900 it is likely he is older. He asked about his old friends among the boxing writers and said to be sure to get in that he remembered them. He said he didn't want anybody to feel sorry for him.

In a way Sam is right. His joviality and cheerfulness in adversity envelops you in sadness but he does not inspire pity. He has somehow achieved the feat of rising above it with simple dignity.

"Don't nobody need to feel sorry for old Sam," he said. "I had plenty good times. I been all over the world. I fought maybe four, five hundred fights and every one was a pleasure. If I just had me a little change in my pocket I'd get along fine."

The Big Babies

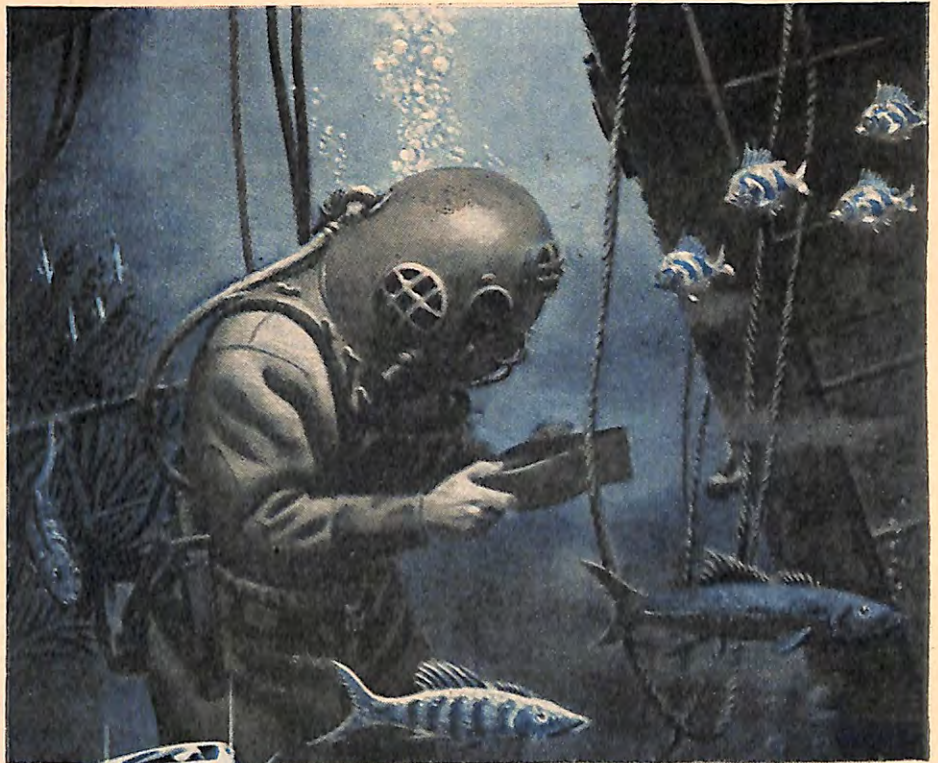
(Continued from page 7)

greatly disturb the coordinated combat power of the ship at a critical time.

Into the planning, building, fitting of the ship goes every known art, science and trade—and into her structure go products from virtually every state in the Union. When she is finished, approved and has passed severe trial runs, she is ready to face or fight anything that floats or flies. She is, in essence, a Jules Verne dream come true.

Almost everything is duplexed. Bottoms and hulls have double, triple, or quadruple skins—divided into numerous watertight compartments. There are "blisters", internal or external, designed to protect vulnerable areas of the ship against its most deadly enemy—the torpedo.

The communication systems include a thousand or more telephones; but the Navy has many and complicated methods of transmitting orders and instructions. Each system is shrewdly duplicated. A shell or a bomb may destroy a part of one system—and when this happens, messages are automatically switched to another. In battle, a split



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second's delay may become tragic, so each battleship is constructed to eliminate, as far as humanly possible, any such delay in transmitting orders. Combat service has given these factors severe but successful tests.

The speed of our modern battleships is officially a secret. It would be safe to say it's around thirty knots. This speed, plus improved and daring design, gives our ships a maneuverability that has opened the slanting eyes of the Japs pretty wide. It has unfailingly served to disturb the aim of their gunners, to upset the bespectacled gentlemen in the plotting rooms of their ships—and it has consistently baffled their aerial talent.

Our battleships are as maneuverable as cruisers. The men who man our battlewagons and who love them fiercely and profanely, swear they are as maneuverable as a destroyer. "Plenty agile!" a gunnery officer told me solemnly and proudly.

The American battleship is not only superior as to defense, but she is deadly on offense. Their men and officers have been trained on the premise that the job of the ship is to hunt out the enemy and destroy him.

The battlewagon can throw 200 tons of shells a minute at a foe from fifteen to twenty miles distant—and they do it with uncanny accuracy, too.

It requires hundreds of pounds of smokeless powder to propel the 2,400 pound armorpiercing shell from one of our 16-inch guns—one of the most punishing projectiles in the world. And our gunners are devastatingly accurate, too.

Older Japanese battleships have armor that is from 12 to 14 inches thick and their 16-inch guns will have to be fired at a range not exceeding six miles if they expect their shells to penetrate or damage the more than a foot of armor on our turrets. Besides, the quality of our armor steel is superior. Even our older battleships, according to reasonable theory, can keep ten miles away from comparable Jap battleships and leisurely knock them to pieces—without endangering themselves in the slightest degree from enemy ship-fired guns.

The tragic and earth-shaking end of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, a crack new British battleship, and an old battle cruiser, at the hands of Jap bombers and torpedo planes didn't catch us napping. While the sinking of these two capital ships immediately set up endless and unsupported talk that the day of the battleship was numbered and that air attack methods had so improved that the navies of the world were made obsolete, we were busily engaged in seeing that our battlewagons would be ready for air attack of any nature.

Before this tragedy occurred the U. S. Navy had taken positive steps. They knew what they wanted. Rear Admiral William Henry Purnell Blandy, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, was engaged on a direct course of action. He knew what he wanted in the way of

anti-aircraft guns for our warships; he knew what he wanted in the way of shells and what was needed in the way of trained personnel that could handle fire control such as the world had never before witnessed.

Industry produced the guns, mounts and shells, aiming equipment; the Navy trained the men to use them most effectively. Our battleships soon bristled with newly installed and greatly improved A.A. guns.

It was a radical step, increasing the volume of steel that could be thrown at enemy aircraft as much as sixty per cent. Fire control, exacting, deadly and precise, increased the one-time effectiveness of our air defense fully 100 times.

It was revolutionary. It set up perplexing problems. Ship personnel had to be increased substantially, and with this increase came other major problems. The Navy, no stranger to problems, accepted each one in its stride. The A.A. crews were trained until they were lean, hard, alert, ready for anything.

One group got what they had been readying for in the South Pacific—in plus quantities. It was the first real combat test of the newly installed and augmented A.A. guns.

The battlewagon literally bristled with anti-aircraft guns—"looked like a he porcupine, mad as hell", a bosun's mate remarked inelegantly but expressively.

The A.A.'s are foreigners. Admiral Blandy didn't have time to wait for an American-designed A.A. gun. He selected the two hardest-hitting, fastest firing guns the world has ever known. They are the Bofors, a Swedish gun. It's a 40 millimeter gun, and it's a sweetheart. Then, of course, the Oerlikon, a 20 millimeter affair, a Swiss invention. Both types were revamped, made much more effective. Added to this armament were complements of lighter machine guns.

In the initial encounter, Jap planes flaunting the Rising Sun insignia, manned by crack pilots, came roaring in with the express and sinister purpose of sinking the battleship, and the aircraft carrier she was ably protecting. The men in the South Pacific affectionately call this battlewagon *The Big Baby*—for battleships have rightly passed from the feminine gender and into a very definite and distinct masculine role.

In the red roar and hell of sustained battle, the Jap saw his best planes and pilots destroyed ruthlessly as they dove to attack. The men on *The Big Baby* grinned joyfully, followed their orders. Our A.A. guns barked, growled in a crescendo of bedlam as they belched tons of death accurately at planes coming in for the attack.

The boys in blue dungarees and gray steel helmets had a field day. This was it. They had trained for this moment, automatically and savagely pressed the attack home as the great ship wheeled, turned, changed speed—never affecting

(Continued on page 35)

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the bitterness*



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QUALITY

Rod AND Gun



Fishing has become an art, requiring years of studious application

By Ray Trullinger

NOBODY is expected to believe the following statement, but your correspondent actually can remember when fishing was a simple, unscientific and generally inexpensive sport. Yes, sir! Going fishing and catching fish was as easy as ABC. You just strung up a two-dollar and six-bit rod, stuck a fly book or worm can in one hip pocket and a bologna sandwich in the other and headed for the chosen scene of angling endeavor. Remember?

But those were the happy days before literary-minded gents took to writing scientific guides to successful fishing, and such like. And in so doing made the interesting discovery that fish are intelligent critters and much too smart for the average hand to catch.

Take modern trout fishing, as an example. You can't barge out like you did 20 years ago and catch trout. If you think you can, then you haven't been reading the right books and keeping up with things. Trout fishing isn't the simple pastime it used to be—in these days it's an art, requiring years of studious application. To be successful, you must read books and think, same as if you planned to snatch tonsils for a living, or raise fancy hogs.

According to the books and before you even set foot in a tackle shop or creek, the first step is to bone up on entomology. That's a six-bit word meaning the home life of bugs. If you don't know your streamside bugs, according to the modern, high caste fly flipper, your chances of getting anywhere will be slimmer than those of a Jap sniper surrounded by a bunch of American Marines. For you see, trout eat bugs and if you can't tell a grasshopper from a hoss fly, how are you going to out-fox a fish that can?

After learning about insects and their curious habits, which shouldn't take more than five or six years if you're bright, the next step is to learn how to tie passable imitations of same to small hooks. Assuming your fingers aren't all thumbs and your eyesight doesn't go on the fritz, this art will be mastered in a short time. Say two or three years.

Of course, some trout fishermen buy their artificial flies, but that nonsense generally is considered old hat by the best authorities. Upper crust trouters would rather be found dead in a ginmill than caught fishing a lure they didn't themselves tie—preferably right beside the stream with a portable kit.

After all this scientific study one would assume the potential angler qualified for the serious business at hand, but such, unfortunately, is not the case. There are other things to master. The effect of barometric pressure on a trout's feeding habits, for instance. You never gave that angle a single thought, did you? Well, the guys who write fishing books never fail to mention it and it's deserving of serious study on your part. According to such fishing savants, a falling barometer has the same effect on fish that a falling market has on a bullish speculator. Both lose their appetite and refuse to bite again until things clear up.

Obviously a study of barometric readings is indicated, so you'll know when and when not to fish. Certainly no one wants to look silly, standing out there in a creek, rod in hand, with the glass dropping like mad and the fish sulking. Such stupid doings create talk around the club and the culprit frequently is the butt of rude jests.

Then there's this business of water temperatures. You must learn about

that, too, according to the books. Any angling book worthy of the printing plainly states that fish won't bite worth a whoop when water temperature drops to 50 degrees or below, and how are you going to know about that unless you can read a thermometer?

Of course, the water temperature thing might sound a little bit screwy to those fishin'-through-the-ice guys, who forever are hauling out over-stuffed lakers, landlocked salmon and square-tails when the mercury is low enough to ruin a brass monkey.

In addition there are those steelhead fishing nuts out on the West Coast, who go right on catching seven to 17-pound trout straight through the winter, with their lines freezing in rod guides. But the curious capers of such angling vulgarians should be ignored in the interest of scientific angling. They probably never read books about the futility of fishing in cold water, the dopes.

Okay. So now you know all about bugs. And you can tie flies like nobody's business and do more tricks with a barometer and thermometer than the oracle at your local weather bureau. But you're still not qualified to go trout fishin'. Not by a jugful! If you don't know your lunar tables and how to dope 'em, you're out of luck like a guy bucking a gimmicked roulette wheel.

Maybe you haven't heard about it yet, but it develops the moon plays a big part in trout fishing success. It didn't formerly, but it does now, brother! Everybody knows the moon's "pull" exerts a mysterious force on the ocean, but only recently was it learned that this same pull determines when fish put on the feedbag. Your correspondent is a bit hazy on this lunar trout fishing theory, but as we get it the moon's maximum pull sets a trout's gastric juices to churning and that, of course, makes the fish as hungry as all get-out.

With the aid of a slide rule, a reasonable working knowledge of calculus and the aforementioned lunar tables, any guy can figure to the minute when any trout will go on the feed in any creek in the country, from the Pequest, in New Jersey, to the Umpqua, in Oregon. Quite obviously, this straight-from-the-moon info is a decided advantage to fishermen.

With these necessary pre-fishing studies out of the way, the budding angler now is ready for that next-to-final, most important step, namely, the purchase of proper tackle. This must not be undertaken in a light, carefree manner, like, for instance, matrimony, but only after serious thought and much perusal of those aforementioned angling handbooks.

Naturally, a rod will be needed, and right there it's advisable to be braced for a mild shock because no fishing authority is convinced a worthwhile wand can be purchased for under \$65. Most, in fact, recommend the imported British article, which really runs into cash.

Next, the tyro must decide whether



"What would the Army do without the Engineers?" pops the \$64 question in "Song of the Engineers". A hard one to answer! Wherever the Army advances, in tropic jungle or arctic outpost, the Engineers are out in front preparing the way . . . building air bases for our flying forces . . . throwing bridges across broad rivers . . . constructing highways over formidable mountain ranges . . . resourcefully transforming all kinds of "impossible" assignments into routine tasks.



Speed is a vital factor with the Engineers, and outboard motors have proved highly useful in ferrying, bridging and many other operations. The Evinrude above, fresh from its packing case, will soon know what it is to "get the works" from the Army's hard-working Engineers.



1 Mounted on a standard Engineers' pontoon, (the Army term is *ponton*, not "pontoon"), this Evinrude makes fast work of transporting bridge material. It takes *stamina* as well as power to deliver the goods in this kind of service!



2 Ferries built quickly — here's how they do it! Several pontons are decked together with standard bridge material and, with motors mounted, the ferry is ready! Here 3 Evinrudes do a "triple screw" job pushing a truck up stream.



3 Ready to go with another load. Such service is not as spectacular as that performed by the great Evinrudes that drive the Engineers' speedy Storm Boats, but it's important — and it may have to be done under battle conditions!



4 After Victory there will be thrilling new Evinrudes for all to enjoy! Today it is *our* job to deliver to our fighting forces the finest motors that all our skill and long experience can build! EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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he's going to be a dry-fly fisherman or a wet-fly devotee. The reason is that rods are either made with dry or wet fly actions. A rod's action can be determined by wagging it in the tackle shop, and mind you don't bust the rod tip on those elk antlers overhead. If the action is quick and stiffish, chances are the rod will be just right for floaters, spinners or a gob of nightcrawlers. If, on the other hand, it feels like Grandma's old buggy whip, then it's a wet fly stick, but also ideal for worm swimming and spinner trolling.

The reel and line are important, too, and that combination shouldn't clip your roll for more than \$30 or \$40, assuming you can find a tackle store these days with a reel to sell. All angling books stress the importance of balanced tackle, without which you might as well stay home and police up the basement. So make certain the reel and line balance the rod.

No top-flight trout ever fishes in other than waders. This curious garment is a sort of modified diving suit, and when we say diving suit, brother, we ain't kiddin'. Waders come in three sizes or capacities, namely, 15, 17 and 22 gallons. The larger size is preferred because water carrying capacity is greater. The smaller sizes require more frequent emptyings, which purists consider a bore.

Unfortunately, the fishin' neophyte has no hand to guide him in the selection of waders. He finds himself out on a limb like a jaybird. For, sad to relate, no two book-writing authorities are agreed. Some swear by the boots attached variety; others swear at 'em and extoll the virtues of light English waders, over which are worn heavy wading brogues and wool socks. And that's not all. Some are all out for felt-bottomed soles; others prefer hobnails underfoot.

To clarify this distressing situation this department suggests that anglers refrain from leaping lightly from slippery rock to slippery rock in a pair of waders, no matter whether felt-soled or hobnailed. We've tried both treads, and, confidentially, they both slip like the dickens. The last time we tested the non-slipping qualities of felt soles we went smack over a waterfall and into an excellent salmon pool, to our fishing partner's profane annoyance.

In modern trout fishing the angler's

leader is most important. Years ago fishermen just bent snelled flies to their lines and made out better than all right. Then some slicker started using a three-foot gut and things went completely to pot. Why, your correspondent can remember when anybody using a six-foot leader was considered something of a sissy, if not downright eccentric. But that's all changed now. Nine footers tapered down to a gnat's whisker, according to the books, are a must, and really educated trout call for specially spliced 12-footers. And size 18 midges.

There are other odds and ends to buy, but they're unimportant and the fisherman is now ready to fish. But the big question is: Where?

One authority pulls out all stops for English chalk-stream fishing, but an English chalk-stream angling debut would probably be a little inconvenient for a guy living in, say, Libertyville, Ill. So that entry will have to be scratched, at least for the duration.

But hold! Here's another authority who's nuts about that brown trout fishing in Loch Awe, Scotland, scene of that record capture back in 1866. That fish scaled 39½ pounds! And gosh, but don't those fishing authorities get around! Just like Eleanor.

Lessee, now. There must be some place nearer home where our painfully educated trout can dunk a fly. Here's another book by a well-known expert and he's all out for New Zealand. Great fishing out there. A six-pound trout is little more than a minnow and 10-pounders are a dime a dozen. But New Zealand is a mite off the beaten track, too.

Wait a minute. Don't go away. We got some more books. Here's another, written by a salmon fishing authority, Nope, his suggestions won't do, either. According to this savant the angler needs six imported English salmon rods and other assorted gear costing well over \$1,000, plus another grand in folding money for angling privileges. The fishing license is inexpensive, though. Only \$26.50.

Now doesn't that beat the deuce? Here we got a highly scientific angler all set to fish, but the experts don't mention a single place where he can conveniently do his stuff. This modern fishing is just too danged scientific, if you ask us!

Lundy

"I rushed over to tell you the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor."

The Big Babies

(Continued from page 30)

the pitiless accuracy of their fire control. In thirty action-packed minutes of one phase of a long engagement, they officially accounted for thirty-two Jap planes. These planes were utterly destroyed. How many were savagely damaged and forced to retire, no one knows or seems to care, but the number was considerable.

Many of the Jap pilots simply and understandably refused to make an attempt to slice through that steel sheet of A.A. fire.

It was a great day, an historical occasion. With its passing, our Navy knew it had something, plus. Maneuverability, ability to hit astonishingly hard, turned the trick. *The Big Baby* came out of the fight nursing some smarting but insignificant wounds. If officers and crew were proud and a bit cocky, who can blame them? Nothing like a victory to boost morale, to inspire confidence!

THE physical appearance of today's battleships, inside and out, differs radically from the ships of the first World War. They are built for twenty to twenty-five years of useful life. Naval architects have designed them to meet every possible combat advancement of the next two and a half decades.

There are no portholes, for example, in a modern battleship. In combat, the various and multiple compartments, sections, areas and rooms are tightly closed. Each of the 800 odd doors, 160 hatches, 850 manholes are clamped shut and locked for the duration of the combat. It takes more than sixteen miles of ducts to supply ventilation—but it is adequate and dependable under all conditions. In some sections of the battleship, such as the fire plotting rooms, ventilation must be perfect, temperatures must be constant. Deviations of temperature affect the multitude of delicate precision instruments which almost automatically make aiming exact. Inaccurate shell fire is considered a cardinal sin in the U. S. Navy. It is a sin seldom committed!

Powder rooms must be air-conditioned. If powder room temperatures are not closely and exactly controlled, complete and ultimate accuracy of fire will be impossible. When powder is kept at a given temperature, some control devices remain static. Closer attention can be paid to the other items that guarantee that the sixteen-inch guns and the secondary batteries will hurl their projectiles where they will do the most damage.

Not a single item is left to chance on an American battleship. Admiral Cochrane, Chief of the Bureau of Ships, smiles a little grimly, as he explains that this is due to the inherent conservatism of sailormen who believe in leaving nothing to chance. The Admiral adds that this quality is more extreme in American sailormen than in those of any other nation.



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In 1916, we boasted of battleships having as much as 130,000 horsepower—but, today's sleek, sinister, hard-hitting battlewagons are drawn by seven times as many horsés.

It's a big Navy—and it's growing. It is composed of 2,000,000 carefully

trained men, and 200,000 officers who know the grim business of naval warfare.

It has demonstrated its capacity to fight, its willingness to meet anything. Can our battlewagons defeat anything the Japs may have up their voluminous sleeves? Ask that question of the Navy and you may be reminded that the real test lies in the future. The gentlemen of the Navy, however, grin a little when they contemplate what may happen when our battleships meet those of the Rising Sun. It is apparent that they do not fear the result of such an event. An observer gets the very definite impression that they wouldn't care if it happened tomorrow.

They must be pretty sure of what will happen.

When better battlewagons are built, they will carry on them the legend, "Made in the U. S. A."

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 22)

SAVANNAH, GA. Savannah Lodge No. 183, on Wednesday afternoon, March the 15th, presented an automobile to the Savannah Chapter of the American Red Cross to be used by the Chapter's motor corps. Representatives of both organizations were present at the ceremony which was held in front of the Red Cross headquarters. Presentation was made by P.E.R. Ernest J. Haar, and acceptance by Maxwell W. Lippitt, Chairman of the Board of the Savannah Chapter.

Because of the shortage of chapter-owned vehicles, the addition of the automobile, a new 1942 model Chevrolet sedan, with the Red Cross emblem painted on the side, is of great help in carrying on the Chapter's work more successfully. Past Exalted Ruler Henry M. Dunn, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was Chairman of the special committee in charge of selecting and purchasing the car.

DAYTON, O. Dayton Lodge No. 58, re-instituted six years ago in October, is definitely resuming the high position of leadership and influence in the Order and the community it so justly deserves. During the past year, the lodge has held several initiations, climaxed on March 6 when 134 candidates were initiated. Visiting Elks present were Forrest C. Simon, of Piqua Lodge, D.D. for Ohio, Southwest, William D. Wigmore, Troy, Pres. of the Ohio P.E.R.'s Assn., P.D.D. Charles E. Buning, Cincinnati, E.R. Ernest L. Thokey, Troy, and P.E.R. Harold V. Tom, Zanesville. The initiatory work was handled by the regular officers headed by E.R. Ralph Stokes. Mr. Hoerner, recently initiated, led all of the members in new proposals, having obtained 15 candidates for the class. The Honorary Chairman for the class was Elmer Wiggim, who has been a member of the Order for 58 years. The Chairmen were Eugene, Hugh and Homer Albright, three brothers who were initiated in the past year.

Dayton Lodge now has 568 members, a gain of 322 since the beginning of the fiscal lodge year. The financial status of the lodge has been greatly improved in the past two years, and last year \$18,000 worth of War Bonds were purchased. Approximately 40 members of Dayton Lodge are employees of The McCall Corporation, printers of *The Elks Magazine*.

NORTH DAKOTA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. A meeting of officers and trustees of the North Dakota State Elks Association, held in the home of Minot Lodge No. 1089 on January 16, was called to order by President Frank Milhollan, of Bismarck Lodge. At the morning session, the subject of a 1944 streamlined convention was discussed. A motion that the convention be held at Bismarck on June 4-5, made by Trustee A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson, and seconded by Vice-President J. J. Coyle, Minot, was passed by a majority vote. T. J. McGrath, of Minot, D.D. for North Dakota, gave a brief summary of his visitations. The District Deputy informed the officers that he had found all of the lodges financially sound and that he had with him a recent compilation of War Bond holdings of the various lodges, listed as follows: Grand Forks, \$5,100; Fargo, \$39,860; Jamestown, \$63,000; Minot, \$111,000; Valley City, \$5,500; Dickinson, \$16,000; Bismarck, \$65,000; Williston, \$37,500; Devils Lake, \$58,000; Mandan, \$75,000; Total, \$475,760. Mr. McGrath's report on membership showed a gain of 303 over March 31, 1943. Also in attendance were Secretary E. A. Reed, of Jamestown Lodge, Treasurer Alec Rawsch, Williston, and Trustee J. A. Cordner, Devils Lake.

The afternoon session was opened at two-thirty after a recess of an hour for luncheon. A Post-War Planning and Rehabilitation Commission having been under previous discussion, a resolution for the establishment of such commission was presented by Mr. Coyle at President Milhollan's request. As set forth in the resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Pagenkopf and passed by unanimous vote, it was resolved that the officers and trustees of the Association authorize the State President to proceed at once to appoint a North Dakota Elks Post-War Planning and Rehabilitation Commission, to consist of one member from each lodge, and that the commission be directed to meet without delay to formulate and perfect a comprehensive plan for all possible assistance and rehabilitation of discharged service men; and further, that the state-wide commission be directed to have such plan prepared and ready for presentation at the annual convention in June. It was urged that all of the lodges in the State act without delay in naming a Post-War Planning and Rehabilitation Commission from their own member-

ship, these commissions to lend all assistance and counsel possible in the communities in which the lodges are situated.

The appointment of Winton E. Balsukot, Secy. of Minot Lodge, as Chairman of the state-wide commission, was announced by President Milhollan who also announced the appointment of A. C. Anderson, of Minot, as State Chairman of the Committee named to conduct the 1944 Elks National Foundation Scholarship contest in North Dakota. A motion was passed unanimously, authorizing the award of \$100, \$50 and \$25 War Bonds, maturity value, as first, second and third prizes respectively.

**Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Presents
A Candidate for Grand Trustee**

At a regular meeting of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge on February 10, it was unanimously resolved that Lynbrook Lodge No. 1515 present the name of George I. Hall, Past Exalted Ruler, Past District Deputy, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, and Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge in 1942-43 and the present lodge year, 1943-44, for the office of Grand Trustee for five years, at the Session of the Grand Lodge in Chicago, Ill., this coming July. In view of Mr. Hall's long and distinguished service, the lodge will submit his candidacy confident that he is well qualified to conduct the duties of the office.

Mr. Hall was initiated into Lynbrook Lodge in 1926. He served as a member and chairman of many important standing and special committees, was appointed Esquire in 1931, and went through the various Chairs. While serving as Esteemed Leading Knight, he headed the committee entrusted with the task of readjusting the lodge's financial difficulties. This was during the dark days of the depression. The tireless efforts of the committee he headed so successfully piloted the destinies of the lodge and resulted in a complete rehabilitation. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1935. In the administration of his duties, he proved himself to be an able leader. His faithful efforts have helped materially to make Lynbrook Lodge one of the outstanding lodges in the Southeast District of New York.

After a year of service as District Deputy in 1937-38, Mr. Hall was elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the District. In 1939-40, he served as a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and in 1940-41 he was appointed an Associate Member of that Committee. He served as President of the New York State Elks Association in 1941-42.

Mr. Hall served in the United States Navy during World War I. He has been actively interested in civic affairs in his community, is an officer of one of the largest corporations in the United States, a Director of the Queens County Federal Savings and Loan Association, and a member of the Downtown Athletic Club of New York City and the Hempstead Golf Club of Hempstead, L. I.

BOSTON, MASS. On Thursday morning, March 16, 130 members of Boston Lodge No. 10, accompanied by D.D. Elmer A. E. Richards, of Hyannis, Mass., Lodge, members of the Boston Emblem Club, Mayor Maurice J. Tobin, of Boston Lodge, and his official suite, the U.S. Coast Guard Band and entertainers, sailed down Boston Harbor on the way
(Continued on page 43)

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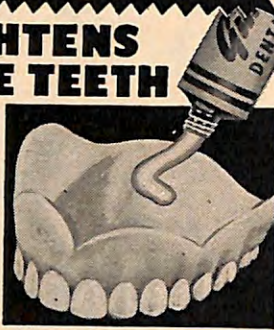
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By Harry Hansen

FOR thoughtful readers who are disturbed by the rise of the Soviet power in Europe and wonder what its effect will be on world politics I recommend a reading of Pitirim A. Sorokin's new book, "Russia and the United States". It presents an original point of view and a basis on which the two nations can work together for the peace of the world, in the opinion of the author. Professor Sorokin is head of the department of sociology at Harvard University. His views on society and politics always win respectful attention. He argues for a supreme international authority with the power to enforce its orders, and thinks a limitation of sovereignty necessary in all states, and the absolute prohibition of the right to make war. His work should be considered in any discussion of post-war plans. (Dutton \$3)

sian cooperation. His views on Russia are not as startling as those of Prof. Sorokin. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50)

PAPAL diplomacy is the subject of a remarkably interesting book by a correspondent: "The Listening Post", by Thomas B. Morgan, who gives it the subtitle of "eighteen years on Vatican hill". Mr. Morgan first worked in the office of the Associated Press and then became head of the bureau of the United Press in Rome and was closely associated with the officials at the Vatican. He describes personalities and policies and shows how the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms embody many of the aims of the pontiffs. He describes the relations of the Mussolini government with the Vatican, the visits of American dignitaries and the experiences of the Vatican state during the war, as well as the plans for readjustment of relations with new states in the future. Mr. Morgan is well informed and his analysis is excellent. (Putnam, \$3)

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT also has something valuable to say about our use of the fruits of victory. In "Hour of Triumph" he presents his views, clearly and emphatically. He tackles the thorny subject of what to do with Germany when the war ends. He discusses the process of disarmament and the military measures needed to maintain peace. He also discusses Japan. Finding this nation not essential for a balanced economy in Asia, he declares that its industry must be destroyed systematically and every scrap of metal that can be made into a weapon must be removed. German industry, however, may be rebuilt, under regulation. Major Eliot places importance on the British-American anchor to peace, rather than relying on Rus-

THE drought in novels has been rectified. Authors have not dried up, they have been pounding the typewriters while we were complaining that good novels were few and far between. The most interesting and controversial novel of recent weeks is Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit", which deals with the Negro problem in a small southern community, here called Maxwell, Ga. Miss Smith is a southern intellectual whose progressive ideas are published in a little magazine called *South Today*. She knows the south-

ern scene intimately and deals with it in all fairness in "Strange Fruit". In it two young people, Tracy Deen, white, and Nonnie Anderson, Negro with a college education, have a happy love affair until the girl becomes pregnant. Immediately the social pressures begin working on both. Tracy's family urges him to get married to a girl who lives across the street, to join the church and to bribe a friendly Negro to marry Nonnie. Nonnie's family is fearful of the consequences and Miss Smith describes the strain that affects Nonnie's older sister, Bess, and her brother Ed, who has a job in Washington and has been working out of the Maxwell surroundings. When Ed hears of the bribe he kills Tracy. A lynching party starts after the innocent Negro who was bribed by Tracy. And here Miss Smith's knowledge of the community operates to give us a clear picture of how the minds of both whites and Negroes work in such a crisis. The better-placed whites blame the riff-raff, but they do nothing about it. The editor of the newspaper counsels "forget it and go back to work". The Negroes are eager not to disturb the existing situation. It is in this ability to reach into the minds of black and white that Miss Smith's ability lies. Thus "Strange Fruit" concentrates in one story the whole difficult problem that Dr. Gunnar Myrdal called the American dilemma. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.75)

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH'S new story, "The Steep Ascent", has not a line of politics in it. This will please those who admired her earlier books about flying and wish she had never written anything controversial. For the lady can write; she is at heart a poet and possibly even a mystic, and in this story she uses the background of flying to develop a literary theme. Her book deals with an emotional crisis in the life of a woman, American-born, who is married to a Briton. The Briton gets orders to undertake a mission to the south and she accompanies him on a dangerous flight over the Alps. She has been full of self-pity, irritated with him; when she realizes that he has lost his way in the fog and that the plane may hit a mountainside she is filled with fear of death. But presently she reaches an ecstatic state where fear of death leaves her; she begins to think well of the world and of life and to love life, and she is filled with "a kind of positive acceptance", and feels the joy of being with her husband, of "being alive, reborn to earth."

Since I am not a mystic I may not appreciate the full value of this moment; in the simplest terms this is the story of a woman who thought she faced death and at that moment found there was much to live for outside of herself. Mrs. Lindbergh has told the story poetically, and in a preface has explained her intentions: impressed by what Arthur Koestler says about that moment in our lives when our trivial routine is displaced by high tragedy, she endeavors to describe



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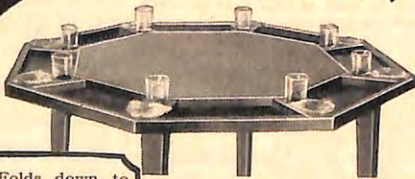
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that moment, which seems identical with what T. S. Eliot calls "the intersection point of the timeless with time". Whether she has been successful must be judged by the reader, for the story requires a certain amount of individual immersion. But it is told with poetic beauty. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2)

SHOWING up the morals of Navy men seems to have been the object of Frederic Wakeman in writing "Shore Leave". I have rarely read anything in which the language was so low, and so uninterruptedly on one theme—women. The chief actors in the story are Navy flyers on shore leave in San Francisco who are occupied chiefly in drinking liquor and running after girls. The author has a medical discharge from the Navy and is now in the advertising business in New York. He should know what he is writing about, and so should the Navy, which, presumably, passes on all books that mention ships and actions. While the book has many defects as a novel, it suggests several subjects associated with morale. Do flyers, after fighting in the skies, change their attitude toward life and come back, if not embittered, at least hard-boiled? Do men who have endured the rigors of Guadalcanal, for instance, return roaring for stimulants, liquor and females? Does civilian life lose its hold on them? Do they regret having to come back to their wives and live a decent, disciplined family life for a few weeks? The story raises these questions. I, for one, do not think the men of this story are representative, for I have met plenty of the well-behaved and I don't expect our fighters to kick up rows when they return. The American woman, who knows what she is about, will have something to say about that. In the meantime, there is something to be said for the publication of this novel. It proves that we have no official censorship. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

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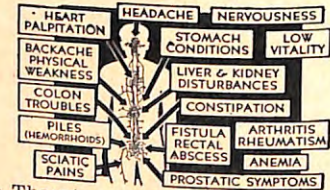
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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Legacies left to our
four-legged friends
have made a pluto-
crat of many a pup.**

IF YOU remember, last month this department rendered a financial statement showing Fido's importance to the national bankroll. Although I had some idea of how much money was made directly and indirectly through dogs, I wasn't fully aware of the total, which ran well into the billions. Nor did I know just how many people in just how many businesses were able to keep the groceries on the table because of our four-legged friend. The knowledge prompted a further train of thought which led to wondering to what extent dogs have benefitted financially. Now you may ask what the Heck use has a pooch for money—but hold on! Quite a few foresighted folks have provided the answer in the way of legacies to their dogs, and this month I've unearthed a few samples that may prove interesting. Now, of course, a purp's big interest in life is a T-bone steak—not money, but here's where the legacies enter the picture. Many and many an owner before he or she has left this Vale of Tears has seen to it that his or her beloved dog wouldn't be cast adrift or become wholly dependent upon the charity of someone who might not regard that dog with the same affection. In this I'm not making a plea that you immediately take time out to alter your will to include your dog. To some this might seem silly; to others it has made sense. It is only my purpose to relate what those other people have done—so here goes:

'Way down in Seabrook, Texas, one E. B. Stuart remembered his two dogs, Big Boy and Snapper, in a five-page handwritten testament.

His estate grossed \$20,000 and he left all of it to those purps. This included—to use his own words—“. . . my house in which to sleep as they have all their lives". He also stipulated that they receive good medical attention when needed and that they be bathed twice a month if the weather was good. Nor did he forget to add that when the dogs were dunked a good flea soap should be used. To assure that his wishes would be respected he named his physician to look after the dogs.

Before going any farther let me add that under the common law money cannot be left directly to dogs but must be intrusted to a person or an organization, with the stipulation that the income be used on behalf of such pets.

Another owner, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Miller of Monsey, New York, thought so much of her dachshund Max, said Max being a lady dog, that she willed the income of a \$64,000 estate to that pooch to be shared by her pet cheetah. Incidentally, the latter, a member of the cat family, is reported to be one of the fastest animals on earth. It is about the size of a leopard but there the resemblance ends. An over-fond owner might kiss a cheetah—and live to tell about it, because those animals can be tamed to the point of being reasonably trustworthy. The lady's will also provided that both dog and cheetah would have the right to remain on her estate in the country for as long as they lived.

A dog with the highly unoriginal name of Pet, owned by a Miss Margaret McDermott of Chicago, found himself the recipient of a

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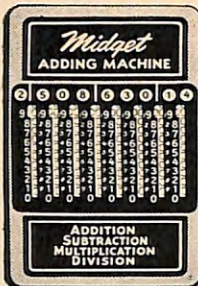
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\$30,000 trust fund, which his deceased mistress had set up for him, to yield \$1,000 a year. (All those who want to set up a trust fund for the writer of a dog page will kindly form a line on the right.) Pet, it appears, is or was a white spitz, one of those furry, arctic breeds and one which for some reason or other the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, hasn't seen fit to recognize officially. So concerned was Miss McDermott about Pet's habits and conduct, she would never permit him to associate with other less fortunate dogs so it looks as though Pet paid plenty for his heritage. My own guess is that this pooch would have preferred to gallop around with others in search of adventure or romance than try to eat his way through \$1,000 worth of dog biscuits per year.

Here's an all-time high among plutocratic purps and some eighteen cats; Mrs. Nellie Smart one-time resident of Stamford, Connecticut, left what amounted to \$105,000 to her four dogs and the above named number of Toms and Tabbies. In detail, this was the income of an \$80,000 trust fund plus a \$25,000 residence. A kindly proviso in the will stated that the animals were to live in that house and enjoy this income until they died or at least until twenty-one years after her death, at which time the house was to be given to the Connecticut Humane Society. Astonishing? Yes. But then we must believe that the lady, a widow, derived \$105,000 worth of satisfaction and companionship from her pets. At least those animals (unlike a certain dog writer I know) won't go around trying to pay off the mortgage on the nearest night club, bit by bit.

Up in Wisconsin, Waupaca to be exact, Mrs. Nina Beglinger, a retired school teacher, died and left her whole estate of something more than \$75,000 to her dog Lady Pooh. Lady Pooh is a bullterrier. Added to this she provided that her home, a large one at that, be turned over to the dog. If my dog Jack reads this and disappears, I'll know where to look for him.

Now here's one where I won't mention names for obvious reasons but it is patterned after the basis of one of the funniest plots ever written by the late W. W. Jacobs, English short story writer. It seems that a widder-woman of Jersey City must have had a heap of confidence in a male friend of hers when she stipulated that the trust fund of \$3,000 she left to her spitz, was to revert to that gentleman upon the death of the dog. If there were such a thing as dog insurance, I wouldn't give a nickel for that purp's chances of getting a policy—would you? Or would you? The lady also left other bequests but the one to her dog was the largest.

You wouldn't think that dogs would learn to appreciate the value of money and I wouldn't either—or didn't until I read an authenticated news story about Buck, a liver and white bird dog. Buck was a resident of Fort Myers, Florida, and a pretty cute one too. He knew how

to save up for that proverbial rainy day. His master taught the dog to make a daily trip to a nearby grocery store and there to buy his own food for the day. Now this was all right as long as Buck had no more than the price of his daily rations but some soldiers at a station not far away heard about the dog and with some misgiving decided to test the truth of the story. Buck lived up to all that was said about him. From then on he became a professional pan-handler. The boys showered him with dimes and nickles but did Buck splurge? He did not. Instead, he continued to buy only enough for his everyday need and the balance of the money he buried in various hidden places known largely to himself. Where he hid all of his funds nobody ever discovered. But when he was later killed by an automobile his owner estimated that there was at least \$100 of Buck's money cached around Fort Myers. Unique because here's a dog that died leaving an estate rather than inheriting one.

When Mrs. Ethel Feder of Franklin, New Jersey, died, her will directed that a \$600 annual income from her estate go entirely to her dog King, a collie that had long been her friend and companion. Unfortunately, King did not survive his mistress by many years and at the end became so feeble that he was mercifully disposed of by a veterinarian.

Out on the West coast, the dog Huskie, a small black terrier, inherited an automobile "so he may be taken for a ride, and whoever drives him is to see that he has a nice chicken dinner". It was further specified in the will that Huskie was to have his mistress's home, "to sleep in our bed, eat good, lean round steak cooked and never be scolded or whipped". I don't know how Huskie gets his gas and oil but as for the home and the fodder, all I can say is, "Move over Huskie; you've got company." The Lady Bountiful in this instance was Maggie Mae White of Los Angeles.

Another Los Angeles doggy news note concerns the difficulties of Rembert Tresevant who stated that he would contest the will of his wife whom he divorced in 1924. According to the story the lady left the largest part of her million-dollar estate to build a shelter for homeless dogs and a hospital for tubercular children.

A case that did enter the courts, reaching as high as the Supreme Court of the United States was that involving the suit of Sidmon McHie, Hammond, Indiana, who petitioned the Court to intervene on his behalf to collect \$250,000 which his divorced wife had left to the Seeing Eye, Inc., the latter being that fine institution that trains dogs to guide the blind. Mr. McHie won in the Federal District Court but the Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the decision. A caustic but time-worn saying was again brought to light when it was found that Mrs. McHie had said on more than one occasion, "The more I see of men, the more I like dogs."

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

to the Long Island Hospital to give a St. Patrick's party for the patients. After the party arrived, the band and entertainers broke up into small groups for visits to the wards, in each of which four to six vaudeville acts were put on with music while gifts were being handed out by the Emblem Club members. During the morning and afternoon 997 patients, many confined to beds or wheel chairs, were given presents—toys for the children, handkerchiefs, cologne, teaballs and candy for the ladies, and pipes, tobacco and candy for the men.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Sacchetti, Superintendent of the Hospital, Mayor Tobin and Institution Commissioner Hugh Campbell, an inviting luncheon was spread for the entire party. Dr. Sacchetti presided. Mayor Tobin spoke glowingly of the Boston Elks' mission and what it meant to the patients at the Hospital. E.R. John F. Meldon and Chairman Joseph L. Murphy, P.E.R., responded individually, and promised that the visitations would be continued. Speaking for Boston Lodge, Mr. Meldon also thanked the District Deputy for his interest and cooperation.

At two p. m., in the Hospital Auditorium, where patients and employees had assembled, the Emblem Club continued its distribution of gifts, and the band played request numbers for more than half an hour. Then followed a three-hour show, lively and snappily presented. Judged by the spontaneous applause and exclamations of delight, it was indeed just "what the doctor ordered". Organist "Buddy" Shepard was Master of Ceremonies.

Harry W. Lawes, Jr., a member of Hyannis Lodge and Chief of Police of Barnstable County, and Mrs. Lawes, traveled the 116 miles from Hyannis to join the party at Boston. District Deputy Richards was accompanied by Mrs. Richards.

Boston Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Treasurer

BOSTON LODGE No. 10, by resolution unanimously adopted at a regular lodge session, presents for election as Grand Treasurer at the 1944 Grand Lodge session, John F. Burke, now serving an unexpired term as Grand Treasurer by appointment of Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan in February.

Mr. Burke was initiated into Boston Lodge in March, 1913. Because of important committee service to his lodge he was elected Exalted Ruler in 1919. Exceptional contributions of time and effort to the Order in New England made natural his appointment as District Deputy in 1932 and his election as President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association in 1936. His creative and executive ability resulted in his appointment as a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee from 1937 to 1940 inclusive; the last year of that period he served as Chairman.

His recent service as Executive Secretary in 1942-1943 to Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan gave the members of the Order a closer view of his unusual capabilities, devotion to Elkdom and trustworthiness for more onerous duties in Grand Lodge service, and led to his appointment as Grand Treasurer by Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan. A Committee of Past Exalted Rulers was appointed to make due pronouncement of Mr. Burke's candidacy.

NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. The third quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held on Sunday afternoon, March 12, in the home of Rahway Lodge No. 1075. More than 150 delegates from 50 lodges were seated when President William J. McCormack rapped the gavel.

The highlight of the meeting was the report of the State War Activities Committee presented by Chairman A. M. Herman, of Orange Lodge. The report was enthusiastically received and the sum of \$2,500 was pledged within ten minutes by the various lodges to assist in aiding injured and disabled men of our Armed Forces who are hospitalized in New Jersey. Mr. Herman, speaking for the Committee, pledged a continuation of the work. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, William H. Kelly, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Mr. McCormack were speakers.

For visits made to the hospitals, the Committee has been assisted by a pleasant group of young girl hostesses obtained through the cooperation of the USO. Professional entertainment has been provided and cigarettes, books, stationery and other articles, greatly needed by convalescent service men, have been supplied. Gifts included a small studio piano for use in the various wards and individual radios for patients confined to their beds.

FLORENCE, COLO. With the initiation of nine candidates and receipt of one dimit on March 2, the total membership of Florence Lodge No. 611 reached 239, an increase of 91 during the past few years. These figures are large comparatively, as this active lodge is located in a small town with a population of approximately 2,800. Twenty-nine of the lodge members are in uniform serving on the various fighting fronts. Their contribution to victory, as shown by the records, reflects honor on the lodge and on the community as a whole.

Lodge funds, including the charity fund, have been invested in War Bonds, until today Florence Lodge holds \$29,000 in United States Government securities. The lodge has played an important part in salvage and other drives, putting Fremont County over the top in every War Bond Drive including the Fourth, during which the Elks conducted an open meeting in the lodge room so that the citizens could meet M-Sgt. Richard Hebert and hear him speak. Since the beginning of the war, the lodge has spent nearly \$2,800 on local charity and character building, giving liberal support to the milk fund, crippled children, the nursery school, the high school band and the Boy Scouts. Four hundred and fifty dollars has been contributed to the Red Cross, \$100 to the USO, \$150 to the Elks War Fund and the same amount to the United War Chest, and \$130.50 to the Elks War Commission.

Some time ago, a room in the spacious lodge home was turned over to the Florence Red Cross for a gauze room, and light, heat and necessary furniture provided. The lodge brought the popular Camp Carson show, "Strictly GI", to the high school auditorium and sold \$25,000 worth of War Bonds at the rally. One small contribution, showing how thoroughly Florence Lodge has gone into everything designed to aid in the prosecution of the war, was the loan of a safe to the local War Price and Rationing office. Much has been done to educate the citizens to the various home front needs, and hundreds of service men, including those at nearby camps and bases and local boys home on furlough, have been entertained. A roll of honor, erected jointly by the American Legion and the Elks of Florence, was financed by the lodge.

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID

3¢ a day HOSPITALIZATION PLAN



Pays up to...
\$1600.00
Cash Benefits in Any One Year

Covers!

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- ★ DOCTOR OR SURGEON
- ★ TIME LOST FROM WORK
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Plus War Coverage and other valuable benefits.

Here's a truly exceptional value in safe, carefully planned protection against the heavy burden of expenses resulting from Hospitalization. Costing only a few cents a day, the famous North American Plan provides that in case of unexpected sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid for you in accordance with Policy Provisions.

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Editorial

The Juvenile Problem

IN A recent issue of *The Elks Magazine*, Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan discussed in his usual forceful and vigorous manner, the problem of juvenile delinquency. He has also devoted some of his talks throughout the country to this same problem. Like all public spirited citizens, he views with alarm increasing delinquency among boys and girls of tender age, and urges Elks, wherever possible, to cooperate in any general movement of church, fraternal and civic bodies to solve the problem. While juvenile delinquency is part of the havoc wrought by war upon all human institutions, its solution is essentially a community problem. Its cure will begin only when the pressure of public opinion arouses fathers, mothers and guardians of the young to the fact that home environment is a deciding factor in the behavior of youth, and keeping children morally healthy is just as much a war job as manufacturing munitions. Juvenile delinquency seems to be a by-product of war. It is more apparent in our Country now than in previous wars because this is our greatest war. It is a distinct menace to our future, but when opportunity offers, our Elks lodges will do their share to check the rising tide.

New England Tour

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's recent tour of New England was a sure demonstration that Elks "down East" are on the march. Visiting key cities in each State, he was greeted by record turnouts, and received with an enthusiasm that left no doubt as to the vigor of the Order in the territory. Not the least interesting aspect of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits was the treatment of his hard-hitting and eloquent speeches by the press. In these days of shortage of news print, and abundance of news, the space allotted by the newspapers to our Chief Executive speaks well, not only for the quality of his talks, but for the prestige of the Order of Elks.

Irvin S. Cobb

A FLOWERING dogwood tree, planted in the particular corner of God's Acre where his forefathers sleep, his ashes mingled with the roots, a gathering of friends and neighbors to witness the planting, "no long faces, no show of grief at the burying ground". This sums up the post mortem wishes of one of America's great humorists, most prolific writers, a good Elk and great American, Irvin S. Cobb. The personification of good fellowship, he loved life, laughter and people. One of the keenest of wits, he never turned a laugh at the expense of another's feelings. He left his native town to find fame in the newspaper field, in literature, on the

lecture platform, and on stage and screen, but he never forgot the folks at home, of whom he wrote with such sympathy and understanding. France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Dartmouth and Georgia University conferred honorary degrees, two Governors of his native State raised him to the rank of colonel, but he was never "Chevalier", "Doctor" or "Colonel", just Irv Cobb until the end. He belonged to many organizations, but facing death, he thought of his brother Elks: "I am a life member of Paducah Lodge 217, B.P.O. Elks," he said, "but I'd prefer the burial service be not read. However, if the members desire to turn out, either as a body or singly, I'll be very glad to have them present. Judging by my visits to the basement of the Elks Club, it would not do them a bit of harm if some of the habitues there got out in the open air, if only for a trip to the cemetery". This is Irv Cobb's whimsical way of issuing a command, and the boys will obey. They will not gather about the flowering dogwood tree with "long faces", he has expressly forbidden that, but they will think, with a tug at the heart strings, of the times when he visited the "basement of the Elks Club", and passed happy hours with those "habitués" who kept their place in his memory until the end.

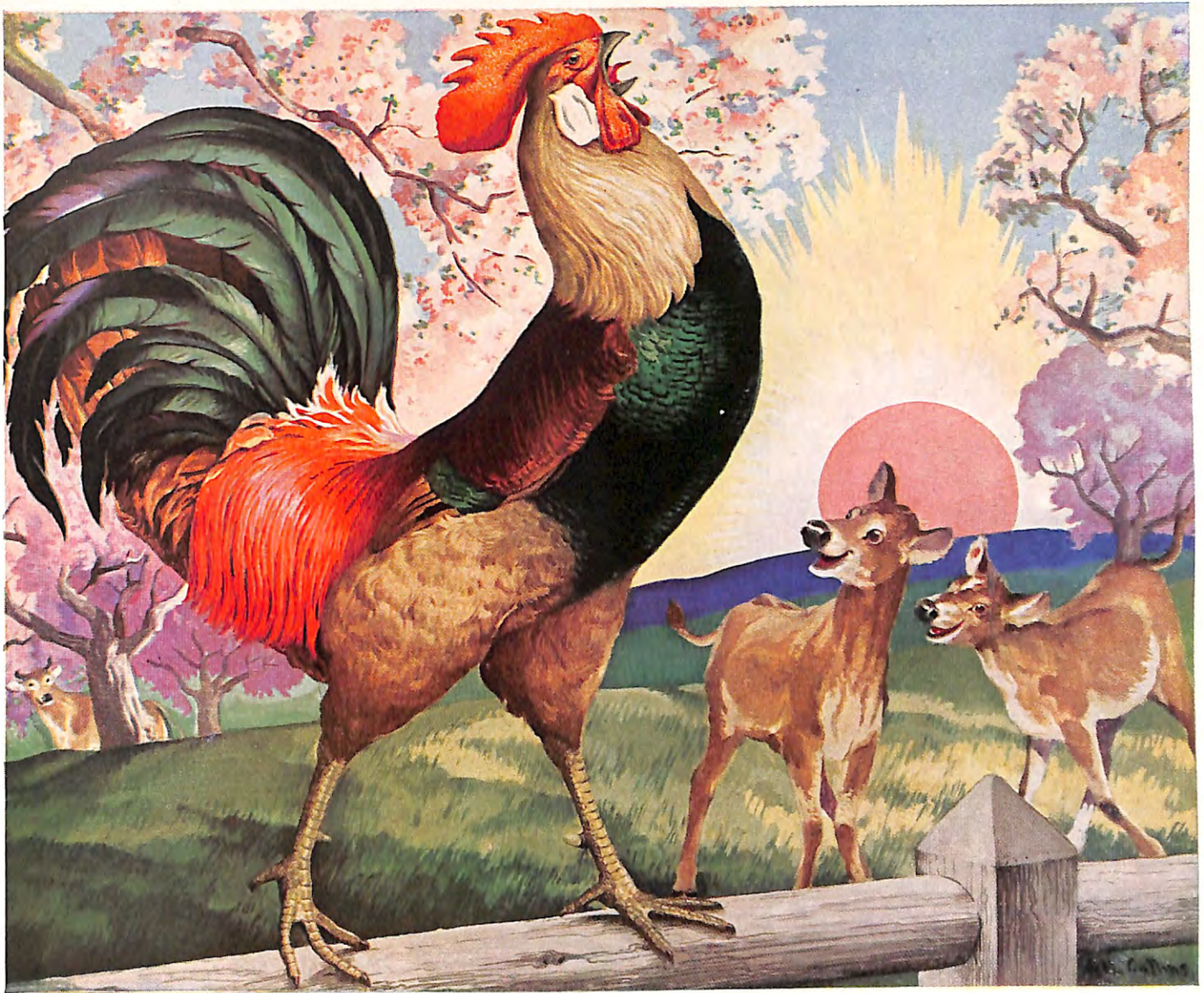
Community Service

FOR outstanding achievement in the field of social and community welfare Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, certainly deserves honorable mention. At a recent meeting the sum of \$56,350.00 was distributed among charitable projects of the Borough. The money went to Catholic, Protestant and Jewish organizations, eight hospitals and the American Red Cross. At the same meeting the sum of \$15,000 was set aside for the rehabilitation of members in the armed services. This distribution of charity is an annual feature of Queens Borough Lodge. It is community service that seems to connect the splendid financial status of the Lodge with the Scriptural admonition "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days".

Rationed

IF *THE Elks Magazine* appears a bit emaciated, it is not because of malnutrition, but paper rationing. News print is a casualty of war. It was curtailed last year, and the allotment suffered a sharp cut again this year. This compels streamlining to the fullest possible extent. To comply with government regulations and publish all the news that should be published taxes the ingenuity of the editor, and sometimes brings uncalled for censure when some item has been left out that really deserved a place in print. The editor would like to print everything received of general interest to the Order, but can go only so far as the paper allotment permits. The newsprint situation is serious. *The Elks Magazine* asks its readers to accept paper rationing with the same good grace they have accepted food rationing, and all the other curtailments brought about by war conditions.

It is disappointing sometimes to look for something you expected to find in your favorite Magazine, and discover that it is not there, but it is just another of the many hardships to be endured while the world is at war.



Help Yourself...to a Taste that's like **Sunny Morning!**

LIKE a bracing whiff of cool Spring-morning breeze . . . your first delighted taste of the fresh and sunny flavor of SCHENLEY Reserve. You'll marvel that a whiskey *could* be so outstanding. Blended with the touch

of genius, the whiskey SCHENLEY made *first in quality* has quickly become America's *first choice* . . . because every drop is golden-smooth and mellow, like bright morning in your glass. Try it — soon.

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 Oct. 1942.



♪ MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING ♪

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

When you're
training with "live
ammunition," the rule is

**Keep
your head
down!**



IT'S *lesson No. 1* in infiltration training—keep your head down! For those bullets streaking overhead in this night photograph above of Marines in training *aren't blanks!* They're the real thing! That's the way they're being trained nowadays...so that when these young men are finished with their training, they'll be fighting Marines through and through...from the pack on the back to the pack of Camel cigarettes in the pocket.



THIS IS THE
PACK FOR ME—
CAMELS—THEY'VE
GOT WHAT IT
TAKES!

—AND NO
MATTER WHERE I
GET 'EM, CAMELS
ALWAYS TASTE
**FRESH—FULL OF
FLAVOR**

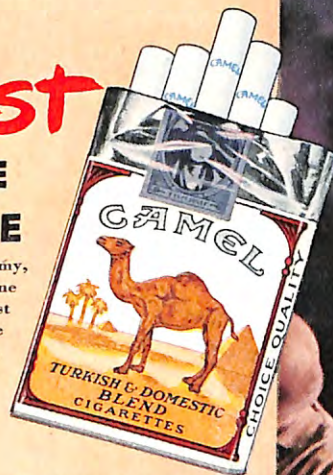
They've Got What it Takes!

Fighting front or home front, you'll hear the same: Camels—they've got what it takes! Extra-mild, full-flavored, and *fresh*. For Camels are packed to go round the world...to stay *fresh* anywhere.

First

IN THE SERVICE

*With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



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

"CAMELS ARE SO
EASY ON MY THROAT
—AND SO FRESH
AND FLAVORFUL"

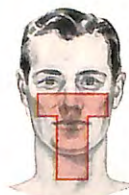
● Her name is Jean Curran. Her war job is with the Sperry Gyroscope Co. Her cigarette—Camel. She says, "I smoke Camels because I want a cigarette that won't go dry or flat-tasting. Camels always taste so fresh, so cool, so good."



Camels

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WAR BONDS
STAMPS

The "T-Zone"
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The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."