



SO TICKET PRESIDENT

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1944 20 CENTS PER COPY

Sheridan

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

THE end of the European war is in sight. When that time comes, unrestrained happiness will reign throughout the Nation. Many will gather in churches and homes to thank God for our deliverance from a terrible menace. Many more will crowd the streets and cafes in a pandemonium of mirth. Our Elks lodge homes will be the centers of great manifestations of thanksgiving.

It will be a day and night of great joy, and rightfully so. We have gone through three years of great sacrifices. Terror has often clutched at our throats. Our hearts have been woefully saddened at news of the death and injury of loved ones. But I am thinking, just now, of what will follow on the morning after—the hour when we awake after a night of riotous merry-making and soberly ask ourselves the question: "Where do we go from here?" The slightest reflection will show the tremendous problems that lie before us—the subduing of the sullen people of Germany, the final victory over the fanatical Japs, the rehabilitation of the millions of men and women now in the service of the country, the successful achievement of world peace, the arranging of our own domestic problems. We, as members of a great patriotic and charitable organization, must take an important part in the settlement of these questions.

NATURALLY, our first duty will be to continue to support the Government in all its war efforts. Many months, perhaps years, will elapse before final victory is achieved. There must be no let-up in our own war program. The Elks War Commission must receive our full support in its efforts to make life happier, for men in the Service, especially for those in hospitals. We must continue our leadership in the sale of War bonds when new issues are contemplated. We must not fail the Red Cross or the United Service Organizations. We must see that every man who returns from the war, especially our Brother Elks, has adequate provision for himself and family during his transition from military to civil life.

As individuals we must take a prominent part in the discussions of the plans for a permanent peace. Our members are outstanding citizens in every community. Millions will look to us for guidance. We must give intelligent consideration to world problems and not permit those greedy for power to lead us into dangerous situations, on one hand, or defeat promising plans, on the other.

We must put our own house in order. We must insist that many war restrictions be removed as quickly as possible. We must put America back to work in producing goods which the people urgently need. We must remove the discriminations that divide our Nation into hostile groups. We must see that every person in America is given the political and economic rights to which he is entitled under the law.

As Elks, we have much to do. Thousands of new members are knocking at our doors. We must see that only the right kind of men are admitted. Simply that a man has sufficient funds to pay his initiation fee is not enough. He must be the kind of man with whom we want to associate. He must be willing to join with us in carrying out our patriotic and charitable programs. He must be willing to abide by our lessons of sobriety and good conduct. He must love his Country with all his heart and be willing to show his patriotism by his daily life as a good citizen. He must be a good son; a good husband, if he is married; a good father, if he has children.

We must make our homes centers of every civic and patriotic movement. We must throw open our doors to organizations that need a place to meet. We must encourage those who work for the underprivileged, the crippled, the poor, and the delinquent. We must not withhold our contribution for every worthy object.

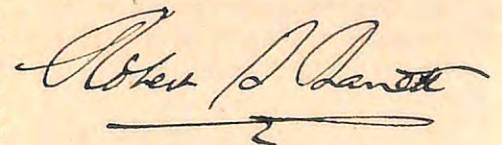
With such a program Elkdom will fulfill its destiny. Elkdom will help make a better America. Elkdom will help make a better world. Elkdom will hasten the day when all men everywhere will live in an atmosphere of Brotherly Love.

OUR FALL ACTIVITIES

Great events lie before us. Everywhere Elkdom is on the move. The winter months are the months of our greatest activities. Throughout the Nation lodges are preparing for their great November initiations when thousands of "Fighting Elks" will be enrolled under our purple banner. I like that name. I like to think of our members fighting for our Country, fighting for justice, fighting for the underprivileged. I am glad that the Lodge Activities Committee insists that this be a campaign for selected members—persons whose names have been selected in advance after thorough investigation and then asked to join. We must never again have indiscriminate membership drives like we had years ago when great hosts of people were solicited. Many of them never knew the slightest thing about Elkdom. Many were dropped from the rolls after a few months.

The Exalted Rulers have already received a circular in reference to the Fall Selected Membership Campaign. I urge them personally to devote much time and thought to the matter. The best men in the lodge should be asked to form the committees. Frequent meetings should be held to select the names of those to be solicited and when the campaign nears its climax, daily luncheon meetings are valuable. Not one desirable prospect should fail to be solicited. Many persons predict that we will have 100,000 new members this year. I will be satisfied with one-third of that number if they are men of the right calibre.

Cordially and fraternally yours,



ROBERT S. BARRETT,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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**IN THIS ISSUE
WE PRESENT—**

YOU may have read that our former sports correspondent, Stanley Frank, while attached to the Ninth Air Force in France as a Foreign War Correspondent, ran into trouble with the officers assigned to Public Relations for the 9th. It was because these gentlemen felt that he and several other correspondents were paying too much attention to the War and not enough to the Ninth Air Force. In his first article to us since he has been overseas, "Double Play in France", Mr. Frank does right by the Ninth Air Force as we knew he would.


Every now and again, editors run into a character whose importance in some phase of the life of this country has never been fully recognized. One of these is Leslie L. Irvin, who devised the first operable, free-fall parachute, thus saving countless lives. It took Robert Markewich, a former New York reporter now in India with the American Field Service, to dig this one out and produce a heroic story.

There is no doubt that the present vogue—or shall we say, craze—for detective stories has afflicted many thousand of Elks, as it has your editors. Marie F. Rodell, the mystery fiction editor of Duell, Sloan and Pearce, nationally known publishing house, agreed after some persuasion to write an article for us on a few of the famous sleuths whose adventures have scared the wits out of countless millions. Surprisingly, she comes up with the discovery that most of them are weirdies. Mrs. Rodell should know. Under another name she has written many distinguished detective stories herself. As the authoress of a fine text book on mystery writing, and a lecturer at New York University, Mrs. Rodell is pretty erudite. She will make you think.

Our pal, Mr. von Riegen, who is a drawing fool, has come up with his views on our submarines. We think these drawings are high class stuff and regret that the exigencies of publishing force us to reduce them in size. The originals were displayed at the Elks War Conference in Chicago, and we wish that you all could have seen them in the flesh.

Chairman John F. Malley, of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, points out on page 25 the rules covering the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest. The editors would like also to point out here that on page 26 appears the official list of Officers and Committeemen of the Grand Lodge, and we suggest that the members clip both these pages for future reference.

The War Commission reveals that "We Have a Debt to Pay" in the hospitalization and rehabilitation of the boys who have fought the war for us all, and announces its readiness to furnish programs which have already proven successful in accomplishing these endeavors.



To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded. You will find Old Crow unchanged, in spite of war restrictions and concentration on the government alcohol program. You will find it, of course, a bit more difficult to buy. But be patient and keep asking for it.

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Double Play in France

direct response to the phone call, which had gone through "channels" with dispatch astounding to old Army men hog-tied in big, bright bowknots of red tape. The call had been transmitted from battalion to regiment to division to First Army headquarters, then down the ladder from Ninth Air Force Fighter Command to wing to group to squadron as fast as the relay operators asked for the next base.

The mission was intricate but there was little sweating out of the problem during the briefing. The pilots had been training for this job for more than a year and now they were ready. The target was the German strong point pinning down the battalion before Cherbourg. Planes were to maintain constant radio communication with the ground forces, which were to be withdrawn to a bomb line a thousand yards from the objective. Sixty seconds before the planes went in, the artillery would pin-point the target with violet-colored smoke bombs and then the pilots were to give the enemy the business with the thousand-pounders strapped under the bellies of the planes.

"We were on the ball so perfectly that our bombs blew away the ground force's colored smoke," Major Harold Sparks, of Frankfort, Kentucky, the leader of the squadron, later reported. "We went in practically on the deck, about two hundred feet up, to make sure we didn't drop the eggs on our guys. From that height we had to

use bombs with delayed action so that we wouldn't blow ourselves out of the air. The concrete on the target was so thick that I saw so many bombs bounce off the roofs and into the woods, but we hit in some soft spots and knocked them out."

Ten minutes after the planes pulled out of their dives, the ground forces had moved in, captured the strong point and rolled on northward toward Cherbourg, the big prize of the campaign. From phone call to execution of mission, the entire operation had taken approximately one hour. Without the assistance of the heavy bombers, wiping out that German strong point might have required several days at the cost of hundreds of lives.

Close support of ground forces by the air arm is not a new technique in modern war, but in the Battle of Normandy it was raised to the highest level of efficiency yet achieved—refinements will be seen in the Battle of Germany. A ranking officer, with the customary pride in his branch of service, frankly admitted that the French town of Cherbourg would have been captured about nine weeks under former conditions of warfare, without air support.

The action at the circular airfield was not an isolated incident. It was the double play in Normandy, the ground force to air corps cooperation was one small piece in a

Official 9th U. S. Air Force

Pilots of a Fighter Group of the Ninth Air Force take it easy outside their Officers Club somewhere in France.



Pin-up boys to the Infantry in France are the pilots of the U. S. 9th Air Force who sweep the skies and ground before them.

By Stanley Frank

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exciting mosaic depicting the method that will crush Hitler. On June 6, D Day, a German battalion was proceeding by train toward St. Mere Eglise when bombing tore up the railroad embankment ahead. Forced to detrain sixty miles, or about two hours' running time, from their destination, the troops started to march to St. Mere Eglise, but the Ninth Air Force had such absolute mastery of the air that the Nazis could move only at night. They did not reach their objective until June 14 and when they arrived, one of the three companies was unable to go into the lines because it had lost all its equipment and ammunition in the confusion of abandoning the train.

Before the Cherbourg Peninsula was cut off, three squadrons of fighter-bombers caught a German column of trucks and horse-drawn vehicles on an open road. The planes hit the procession with anti-personnel fragmentation bombs, then went down to strafe it.

"It was like shooting ducks on a pond," Lt. Col. William J. Daley, 24, of Amarillo, Texas, said. "We killed about eight hundred Huns and beat up all the vehicles, but I didn't like that job too much. Shooting those horses was just about the worst thing I ever did. I come from a country that appreciates a good horse. There were twelve Red Cross trucks on the road and we passed them up, but they opened fire on us as we flew over them. So we

(Continued on page 28)

An officer instructs a non-com on details of a flight the latter is about to make in a liaison plane.



Here is the story of "Ski-Hi" Irvin who can be thanked for the thousands of lives saved by the parachute.

By Robert Markewich

"WE'RE ditching this wagon!
Hit the silk!"

In the breathless moments between that command and the actual abandonment of the disabled plane, each man tastes his own special blend of fear. The tail-gunner may have only elementary qualms about stepping out into nothing to save his neck. On the other hand, bailing-out may be the most harrowing experience in the young bombardier's life. It is not entirely a joke to say that falling to earth is largely a matter of upbringing.

As the jumper stands poised over limitless space before taking the plunge, his emotions are hardly ever simple. They are almost always a complex amalgam of trepidation, crazy elation, and profound awe. Questions shoot through his brain: What if my "overcoat" fouls up and doesn't open? What kind of a dame packed it? Was she daydreaming over it? Don't silk and nylon stockings get runs in them?

Every jumper has last-second fears that he might be "the first man down"—the man whose chute doesn't open. Such fears are natural, but the jumper can draw confidence from the overwhelming past success of the parachute as a life-saver. Each silk-hitter knows that thousands before him have made the same jump with the same equipment, and the chute has invariably responded to the pull on the ripcord. It's this knowledge that keeps his nerves from shattering as he gazes at the earth, miles below.

But what about the first man who ever made the jump? What did he have to go on? What assurance of others' past experience did he have to quiet his nerves before taking the big drop?

And thereby hangs a tale, in mid-air as it were. Every American child is familiar with the exploits of the Wright brothers, Colonel Lindbergh, Admiral Byrd, Amelia Earhart and the scores of other men and women who blazed trails in the sky during the early part of the Twentieth Century. But the story of the same kind of intrepid pioneering in parachuting has remained buried for the past quarter of a century in dusty records and a few specialized books.

Leslie L. Irvin, the first man to plunge into the void with a parachute operated entirely by himself.
Portrait from Press Association



LEAP INTO HISTORY

The name of Leslie L. Irvin, the first man to plunge into the void with a parachute opening in mid-air and operated entirely by himself, is known to only a few people, and almost all of these are intimately connected with aviation. He performed his memorable feat on April 28, 1919, at McCook Field, Ohio. The press of the Country did not report the event. The only spectators were a small group of U. S. Army Air Service Engineers commissioned by General Billy Mitchell to find a parachute that would save lives.

Not a single Allied airplane pilot was saved by parachute during World War I. This fact is all the more startling when one considers that parachutes had been in active use long before men flew. As early as 1808 a Polish balloonist, Jordski Kuparento, saved his life with a chute when his balloon caught fire over Warsaw.

Even before that first emergency jump in history, men had been dropping from the skies with more or less primitive canopies. The earliest recorded user of a parachute was a Venetian, Fauste Veranzio. In the Sixteenth Century Veranzio leaped from the Leaning Tower of Pisa with a square parachute held open by a frame. Later, in 1642, a Siamese court jester amused the royal family by making great leaps with what appeared to be two umbrellas fastened to his belt. Leonardo da Vinci, who was in on the ground floor of almost every modern contrivance, also designed a parachute.

The first exhibition jump of modern times was made by a Frenchman, Albert Jacques Garnerin, from a balloon over Paris in 1797. Here is a contemporary account of the event:

"A deep silence reigned in the assembly and anxiety showed on all faces. When he reached the height of three thousand feet, he cut the cords which held his parachute to the balloon. The latter exploded, and the parachute began to descend with such rapidity that a cry of horror escaped from the spectators and several sensitive ladies fainted. But the parachute opened fully and checked the speed of descent."

Robert Cocking, an Englishman who had watched Garnerin's leap, thought he would check the violent spinning by turning a parachute upside down. Undeterred by the advice of friends, Cocking descended with an inverted cone and plummeted to death.

The end of the Nineteenth Century was the hey-day of exhibition jumping. One man named Berg added a special thrill. He held on to a piece of leather with his teeth when he leaped. Once, four hundred feet over Santa Monica, he bit too hard, cut the leather in two and crashed to his death.

Balloonists first broke away from the clumsy, rigid-frame chute in 1907, when Leo Stevens designed a packed model, complete with ripcord and whalebone springs to thrust the canopy out into the air stream. The ripcord was attached to the balloon in the belief that a freely-falling jumper would lose consciousness before he had a chance

These photographs illustrate five of the thirty-four carefully planned steps which are necessary to pack an air-chute.

Photographs by the courtesy of the Irving Air Chute Co., Inc.

to pull the ripcord and save himself.

This conviction persisted all the way through World War I, that a man falling through the air almost instantaneously loses consciousness. But the high officials of the Royal Flying Corps and American Air Force not only were opposed to the development of a freely-operated chute; they refused to sanction any parachute of the static type because all the existing models were imperfect. What they failed to see was that even an imperfect chute might have saved scores of fighter-pilots' lives.

The Allies started thinking about parachutes when they saw some German fliers dropping to safety from dog-fights. The best-known of the quickly-improvised chutes was the British "Guardian Angel", a static-type packed chute that was pulled out of its container by the jumper's weight. But Allied pilots, for the most part, still refused to wear any kind of chute. They claimed it brought bad luck.

The "Guardian Angel" and similar chutes that were attached to the airplane were very unsatisfactory. They would often foul, leaving the pilot hanging gruesomely to the plane he was trying to abandon. One French flier's chute got tangled up and whipped him into the propeller blades where he was chewed to pieces.

General Billy Mitchell, in charge of American Air Force in France, requested the government to provide a satisfactory parachute. No immediate action was taken. Hostilities ended without a decent parachute in use by either the Allies or the Central Powers.

But Mitchell's impetus to parachute designing carried beyond the Armistice. Major E. L. Hoffman was placed in charge of the parachute section of the Army Engineering Division at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. For his accomplishments in this field, Major Hoffman was later awarded the Collier Trophy "for the most distinguished contribution to the science of flight".

Hoffman gathered about him the best talent in an aeronautical field that was practically unexplored. Floyd Smith, now the head of the Pioneer Parachute Company at Manchester, Connecticut, was a pilot of ten years' experience. Guy Ball was a road racer who had taken the high turns with Barney Oldfield. Jimmy Higgins was a famous testpilot, and in those early days that meant flying crates that were slapped together with string and chewing-gum. James Russell was an aeronautical de-

(Continued on page 32)



Guess Who?



HOLMES & CO.

There's no doubt about it, mystery story detectives are either supermen or whacks. But why?

By Marie F. Rodell

Editor of Bloodhound Mysteries

THE three qualities necessary for the ideal detective, Sherlock Holmes once told Watson, are observation, deduction and knowledge. To this he might well have added a fourth, one he himself possessed in abundance and which was to characterize many of his successors: eccentricity.

The three qualifications given by Holmes are easily understood: it would be a poor detective story in which the chief protagonist was unable to observe, deduce, apply knowledge to observation and deduction and thereby get his man. But why the eccentricity? Why do detectives of fiction have egg-shaped heads (like Agatha Christie's Poirot), or take morphine and cocaine (like Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes), or make a practice of being rude and badly dressed (like Carter Dickson's Sir Henry Merrivale), or live in the dark (like Poe's Dupin), or talk in a highly mannered fashion (like S. S. Van Dine's Philo Vance), or grow orchids (like Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe)? What possible functional service can these oddities perform?

The fashion was started by the first amateur detective of them all, C. Auguste Dupin. That somber gentleman who shunned the light of day was a natural creation for a young man whose life had been compounded of misery and pain; whose fantasy turned toward hor-

ror and the dark and who, embarking on a new genre of fiction, had to guide him only a remote cousin of what was to be the detective story: the horror story.

Sherlock Holmes took up where Dupin left off. His eccentricities included playing the violin, taking morphine and cocaine, disregarding many of the niceties of ordinary polite social intercourse (he was often quite unbearably rude to poor Watson), and even his knowledge was eccentric, embracing as it did surely the oddest collection of facts known by any single man. (You will remember, of course, his monograph, "Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos," in which was an analysis of one hundred and forty cigar, pipe and cigarette tobaccos.) Moreover,

in addition to these talents, Holmes possessed a singular intuition; indeed, unkind critics have been heard to murmur that it helped him solve more cases than his deduction and knowledge ever did.

What were the reasons behind this eccentricity? Holmes himself explained them by saying, "I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation." But that is a reason that explains nothing. What made Conan Doyle cast his detective in that form?

Some people have tried to explain it on Conan Doyle's observation of people he knew. At least three people have been credited as being the living models from whom Holmes was drawn: the doctor under whom Conan Doyle studied at medical college, the doctor with whom he shared a practice after graduation, and the famous Inspector Byrnes of New York City.



Nero Wolfe possesses several passions. Two objects of his affection are beer and orchids.

Perhaps there is some basis of truth in all three theories. Conan Doyle was undoubtedly impressed by his professor's medical detection; by his colleague's furious energy and erratic manners; by Byrnes' efficient and well-publicized organization of New York's Detective Bureau. But this is hardly a complete and satisfactory explanation, any more than it would be to say simply that Holmes was eccentric because Dupin had been so before him.

Perhaps, to get at the truth of the matter, we shall have to consider the larger picture of detective fiction as a whole and the body of fiction to which it belongs.

Detective fiction is essentially romantic fiction, even though it deals in obvious realities like death, fingerprints, and scientific laboratories; and must stick to fact and possibility (if not always probability). It is romantic because it presents to the reader a superman, the detective; a character larger than life and more splendid, with whom the reader may for a time identify himself, and so feel something of a superman himself. Thus it fulfills the obligation of romantic fiction, which is to furnish us with a dream world in which each of us is no longer an average human, living a routine life in a humdrum world, but a hero. It caters to that buried wish within us all to be above and apart from the common herd of men, not alone by the glory of our achievements, but by the instantaneous recognition of our superiority and differentness in personal appearance and manners. Detective fiction, moreover, is romantic fiction of a rather high degree, since the superman it portrays is not a conqueror by might but by superior intellectual prowess. He need not even be handsome and muscled like a young god, as are the heroes of other romantic fiction.

Holmes is such an intellectual superman and his eccentricities make of him a man apart. Even his anti-social tendencies

Hercule Poirot is a Frenchman with a dome-shaped skull crammed with little gray cells (all brains).

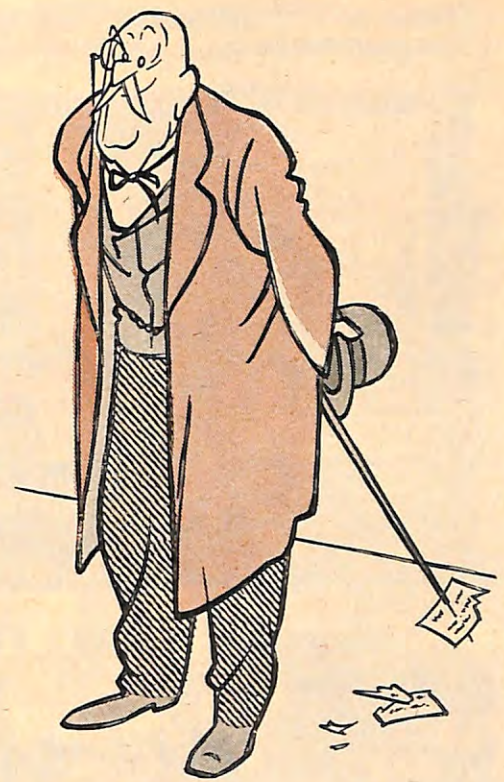
Sir Henry Merrivale is a somewhat raffish English detective whose manners leave something to be desired.

applies appeal to something hidden inside us, that resents our subservience to the restricting commandments and taboos of society, and makes the forbidden more glamorous than that which is permitted. All our lives long, the stolen apple seems more sweet than the one we buy. And so, instinctively, we feel that the man who defies convention is exhibiting a very special kind of bravery of which we are faintly envious—so long as it does not tread upon our own toes, of course.

It is this latter condition which keeps us on the side of the detective; for after all, the criminal is defying the laws of society even more strongly. But his defiance does step on our toes; robbery, kidnapping and murder are potential threats to all of us, where Holmes' addiction to drugs is not. And the fact that Holmes is on the side of law and order, our side, that in the end he brings the criminal to his just deserts, more than cancels out his minor sins.

I do not mean to imply that Conan Doyle thought all this out before he sat down to create Sherlock Holmes. It is more than doubtful if any smallest part of it crossed his mind. But Conan Doyle knew without thinking it through what his readers wanted in the way of a superman, since he himself was in need of one.

When "A Study in Scarlet" was written, Doyle had been practicing medicine for some years. His practice was small, and his income therefrom still smaller. He had been writing historical novels with equally little result. He needed money, but more than that, he needed something that would re-establish his confidence in himself and show the world about him that he was not a failure. In other words, he him-

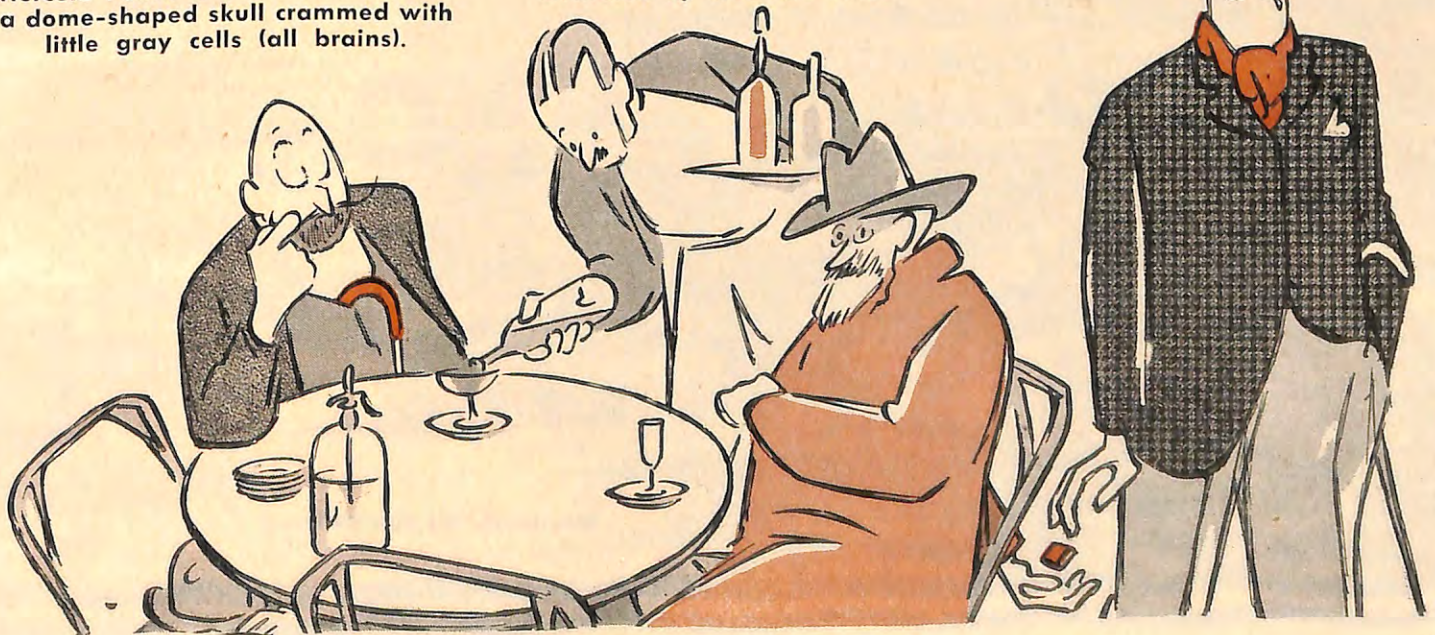


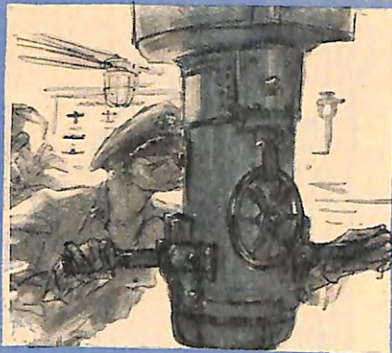
self was in need of a superman. So Sherlock Holmes was born.

We can see the pattern repeated many years later, at a time when the eccentricities of the fictional detective were taken for granted as almost essential. Willard Huntington Wright was also disappointed in the results of his serious writing when he created Philo Vance and, as S. S. Van Dine, launched himself on an extremely lucrative career.

(Continued on page 49)

Illustrated by GEORGE PRICE

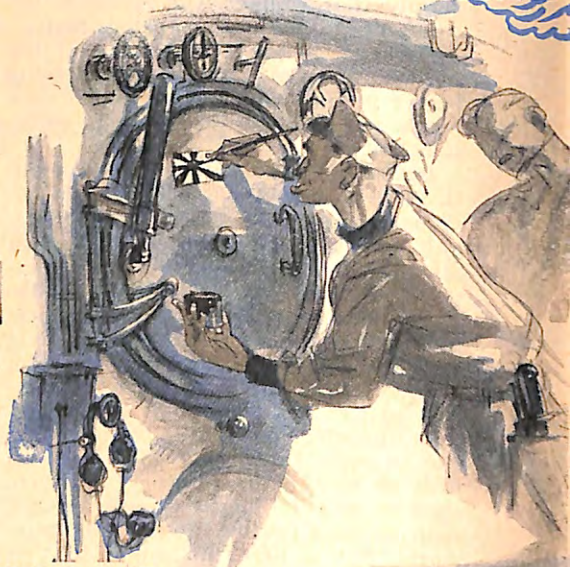




The Silent Service

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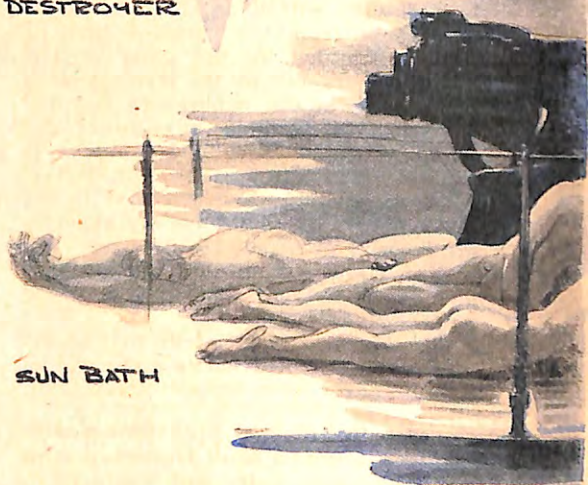
DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



JAP DESTROYER



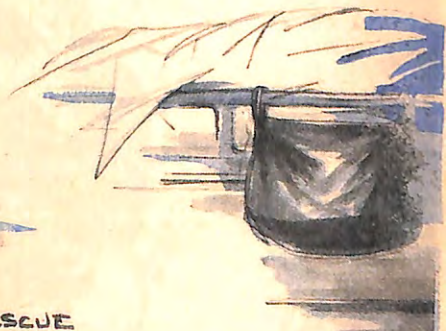
ASHCANS



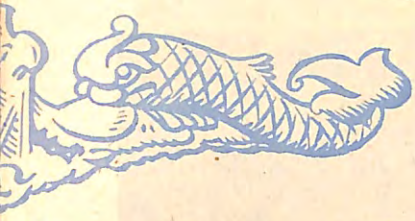
SUN BATH



GOOD-LUCK CHARM

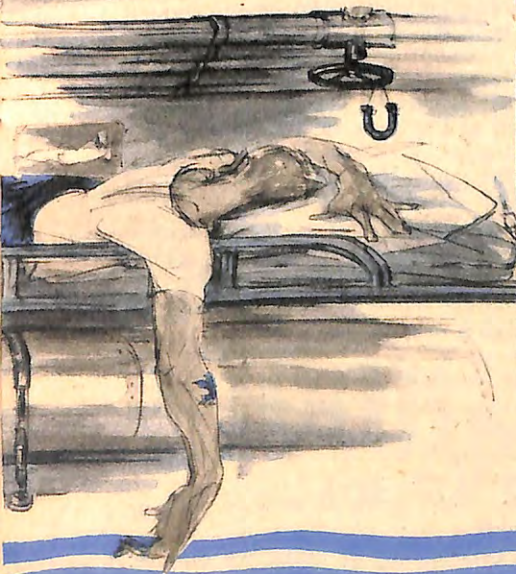
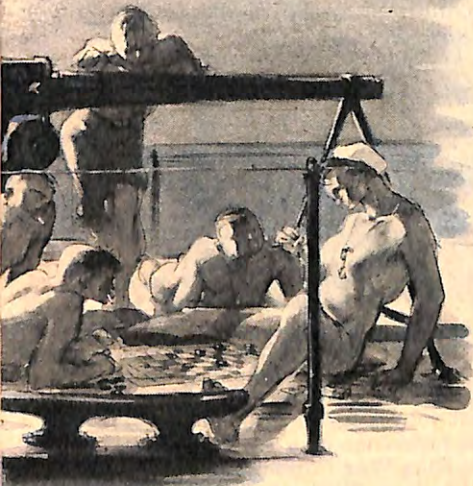


STANDING BY FOR RESCUE



SHOVIN' OFF

SHOOTING THE BREEZE



"We Have a Debt to Pay"



The first block party in Manhattan for members of the Armed Forces in more than 25 years, was attended by nearly 2,000 American and Allied service men and women on Saturday night, September 16, as guests of the Elks War Commission. Wives and daughters of Elks from lodges in the Metropolitan area acted as hostesses.

HAVE you ever thought of the scope of Elkdom? Of the extent of its interest in mankind?

Today, the hand and heart of the Order are known to millions of grateful recipients in khaki and blue all over the world.

A quick review of the comprehensive program of the Elks War Commission and the participation in it during the last four momentous years by 650,000 Elks in more than 1400 lodges throughout the United States and elsewhere, reveals an expression of active love for American and Allied fighting personnel that will stand for all time as a tribute to the Order. The success attending each phase of the program has been the inspiration for each succeeding undertaking. Plans now being formulated for assistance to the returning servicemen will meet with even greater success as the encouraging prosecution of our war aims continues to roll faster toward victory and peace.

Among those activities concerned with veterans, the Hospital Program currently assumes great importance; it will become even greater as battle-weary veterans, wounded in body and in mind, return home in increasing numbers to Army and Navy hospitals where they will receive the best medical, surgical and psychotherapeutic care to expedite their recovery and eventual return to peacetime pursuits.

The outstanding success of the continuing Hospital Program begun after the first World War by the Massachusetts Elks Association indicates the op-

portunity which exists for similar good work by other State Associations and lodges. Appointments also were made recently of Hospital Committees in some eleven other State Associations and twelve lodges, and by the time this article appears many other State Associations and lodges will have set up Hospital Committees. The programs pursued at various hospitals by the many Committees vary according to the needs of the patients. In some hospitals the patient's stage of recovery limits his activity to reading or listening to the radio; others, further advanced, may partake of hobby crafts such as operating lathes, circular saws, etc., and there are those who have convalesced sufficiently to permit their joining in various sports. These latter prefer athletic gear. The activities of these Committees go far to supplement the hospitals' efforts to quicken the veterans' recovery. Entertainment and gifts furnished by Hospital Committees are effective treatment: they brighten the day for the man confined to a bed or wheel-chair. The laughs these men get from entertainers, the diversion found in athletic and milder games played with committee-donated equipment are part of their "medicine", bring closer the day when they will be ready again for civilian life.

The Order of Elks is well suited to embrace such a program when we consider the parallel geographic location of lodges and veterans' hospitals. In the vicinity of every such hospital there is an Elks lodge. If your lodge or State

Association has an Army or a Navy hospital nearby but is without a Hospital Committee, recommend the appointment of one at the next meeting of your lodge.

Convincing evidence that there is a job to be done lies waiting for you in thousands of Army and Navy hospital beds whereon lay the tired, hurt bodies of the men who sustained wounds that you might continue to live in peace.

To assist your lodge or State Association in the formation of a Hospital Program, the Elks War Commission, 21 E. 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y., will gladly furnish copies of programs which have been successfully used by various State Associations and lodges at Army and Naval hospitals in their localities.

In the words of Theodosia Garrison, written at the close of World War I,

"For the youth they gave and the blood they gave,

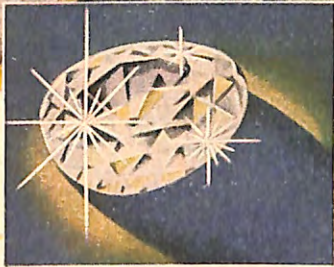
For the strength that was our stay,
For every marked or nameless grave
on the steel-torn Flanders way,
We who are whole of body and soul,
We have a debt to pay.

"When we have justly given back again
to the maimed body and bewildered
brain

New strength and light and will to take
one's part

In the world's work at field or desk or
mart,

When this old joy of living we restore,
We shall have paid a little of our score."



"STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA" DIAMOND—Its discovery in 1869 started the "diamond rush" in South Africa. Similarly, the introduction of William Penn in 1898 started an immediate rush to buy. Since then, this blend has been making—and holding—friends. Today, millions say "When" with William Penn.

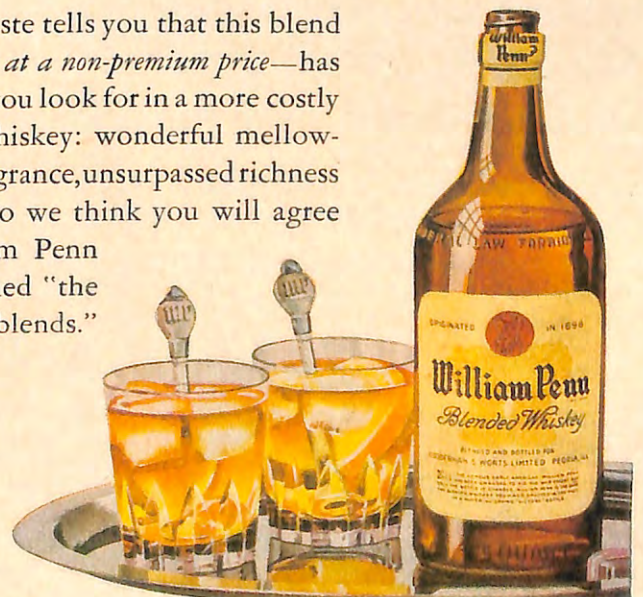
He "counted sheep"—to buy this gem

FIVE hundred sheep, ten oxen and a horse was the price paid to the South African native who had found the 83 carat "Star of South Africa" diamond. Yet the Boer trader who bought it made a rare bargain as it was later sold for \$125,000. ☆ After one sip of William Penn Blended Whiskey, you too will feel that you have secured a real bargain.

Your first taste tells you that this blend—*which sells at a non-premium price*—has everything you look for in a more costly premium whiskey: wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, unsurpassed richness of flavor. So we think you will agree that William Penn is well named "the gem of the blends."

William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS



Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits



Of Course, You Can't be There — But —

NO, you can't be there at the dressing station to give him a mother's blessing — a mother's care. All you can do is be thankful that the Army and the Red Cross take such good care of our boys. Yes, and you can see to it that such precious supplies as blood plasma, food and ammunition, and all the thousands of weapons of invasion reach the front in prime condition — ready to do their job.

For every one of the more than

700,000 items shipped to our troops overseas is protected against weather and dirt by paper and paperboard.

That's why your government asks you to save every single scrap of paper in your house and give it to your local paper salvage committee. That's why the government asks you to use less paper — and help the stores where you shop to use less paper. For when you carry your

own shopping bag to save the store's paper bags, when you accept your canned and bottled and packaged goods unwrapped, you save that much more paper for the boys at the front and for essential civilian paper use.

Look again at the picture at the top of this page. Etch it on your memory, think of it every time you start to waste paper — any time you start to burn a piece of paper.

Remember—
**PAPER IS
WAR POWER**



USE LESS PAPER — SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board, the Office of War Information and published by this magazine, which has joined with the other magazines of the country to save more than 450,000,000 pounds of paper.



Above are those who comprised the Esquire's Escort during the Fifth War Bond Parade held recently in Detroit, Mich., and actively participated in by Detroit Elks.

THE Elks IN THE WAR



Above: Past and present officers of New Hebrides Elks Lodge on Espiritu Santo Island gather together for one of their meetings. This branch of the Order is composed of Army men affiliated with Lodges from all over the Country.



Left is one of the Service Men's Pick-Up Stations erected in Washington, N. Car., by the local Elks Lodge. Four of these stations have been sponsored by this Lodge as part of its effort to boost the morale of our service men.



Left: Cooperating with postal authorities in early mailing of Christmas Boxes for service men overseas, Bradford, Pa., Lodge members were among the first to place boxes in the mail for approximately 55 members in the Armed Forces.

Part of the display used in the "Write 'Em a Letter" campaign sponsored by Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge is shown at right. The display consisted of enemy souvenirs sent here by Elks in the Services, and films shown through the facilities of the Army and Navy Signal Corps.



Below is the B-17 Boeing Flying Fortress named for the Michigan State Elks Assn. as a result of sales and purchases by the lodges of Michigan, amounting to more than \$678,000 in the recent War Loan Bond Drive.





Above is the first bus load of 27 blood donors who traveled 110 miles from Salinas, Calif., Lodge to San Francisco in order to participate in the Red Cross Blood Donor Program there.



Left: Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge recently gave the use of its ballroom to the patients of the Deshon Army Hospital Annex at New Castle for their enjoyment at a dance sponsored by the Lodge.

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett is shown as he presented to Col. P. E. Duggins a plaque to be hung in the sun room furnished by Richmond, Va., Lodge at the McGuire Hospital in that city.





Above: In the presence of Elk dignitaries, Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett places a wreath upon the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, following his District Deputy Conference at Atlanta, Ga.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S Visits

GRAND Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett held his third conference with his District Deputies from the middle west in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building at Chicago, Ill., on August the 26th. All but a few were present, and in addition, William J. McAvoy, of Tipton Lodge, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., attended. The Grand Exalted Ruler described the duties and responsibilities of the District Deputies and added that they had been selected because of their success in the administration of affairs in their own lodges. He also outlined the principal features of his program and emphasized the importance of carrying out his plan for the rehabilitation of members of the Order when they return from their war duties. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the National Memorial and Publication Commission, described the operation of *The Elks Magazine* and told of the financial results during the past 15 years. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, giving an account of the activities of the Foundation, said that more than two-thirds of the subordinate lodges had subscribed to Founder's Certificates, and he urged the District Deputies to secure subscriptions from the rest. The Elks



Left: Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Dr. Barrett, E.R. Reuben A. Garland and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley are pictured at a dinner at Buckhead, Ga., Lodge recently.



Above are the members of Petersburg, Va., Lodge and visiting Elks who entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett recently.



Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler, in Indian headdress, is surrounded by Sioux Indians at Chadron, Neb., upon his initiation into their tribe.

War Commission was represented by its Assistant Treasurer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, who described the hospitalization program. Information was given the District Deputies in the matter of their reports in an instructive talk made by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler. Wade H. Kepner, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, reported on the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. After a tour of the Memorial Building, the visitors were guests of the Grand Exalted Ruler at luncheon.

On August 25, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett left for Appleton, Wis., to attend the annual meeting of the **WISCONSIN STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION**. He was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and Grand Trustee Charles E. Broughton. (A report of the Wisconsin Convention appears elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine.) While there, Judge Thompson spoke on "Social Trends in America", and at the banquet in the home of **APPLETON LODGE NO. 337**, the Grand Exalted Ruler took as his subject the "Elks' part in Rebuilding America". At

the close of his very fine speech, in which he declared that "all of our war efforts would be in vain unless we made Democracy strong in our own land", Dr. Barrett was presented with a gold pen and pencil set.

Following the Chicago meeting of the District Deputies, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, left for Reading, Pa., to attend the annual meeting of the **PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** which began its program on August the 27th with the Past Presidents' Dinner. With Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow acting as Toastmaster, there followed two hours of merriment during which the guests gathered about the banquet table underwent an artful, but good-natured, grilling. Dr. Barrett described some amusing experiences incident to his visits to several lodges.

Below: Dr. Barrett is photographed at the speakers' table with the officers of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge during a dinner held in his honor.

At the first meeting of the Association, 500 delegates heard the Grand Exalted Ruler expound the principles of the Order, whose principal object, he said, is to make men better and happier. He congratulated the Association upon the fine gain in membership and its program for the underprivileged. (The Pennsylvania Convention is also reported in this issue of the Magazine.)

On August the 28th, Dr. Barrett journeyed to Cedar Point, O., where the **OHIO STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** was in session. Here he was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick. Dr. McCormick introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler at the two meetings he attended. The first was the final session of the Association at which Dr. Barrett discussed problems facing Elk lodges at the end of the war. He recalled the loss of members and the financial difficulties that followed the last war, saying that similar results would be experienced "unless we put our house in order and develop a full program of social welfare". At the banquet, at which 600 ladies and gentlemen were present, Dr. Barrett was again the principal speaker. The winner of the State-wide essay contest, sponsored by the Association, was present to receive a War Bond, and a Bond was also presented to Dr. Barrett.

After a short rest at his summer home in Ocean Grove, N. J., the Grand Exalted Ruler left for New York City where the last of his District Conferences was held. Also present were Louis R. Dowd, of Cortland Lodge, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., Everett A. McGlaulin, Portland, Pres. of the Maine State Elks Assn.,

(Continued on page 43)





Above is part of the crowd from Albany, N. Y., Lodge which greeted Connie Mack and the Philadelphia Athletics there recently.

Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges
Through the Order

GREENEVILLE, TENN. With Greenville Lodge No. 1653 in the forefront, and Esteemed Leading Knight Leon E. Easterly acting as County Chairman for the fifth consecutive time, Greene County, Tenn., surpassed its overall quota of \$845,000 prior to the official closing time of the Fifth War Loan Drive. Floyd C. Wayland, a member of No. 1653, directed the local drive. The town, with a population of only 6,000, came through with purchases approximating \$25,000.

The lodge, as an organization, sponsored a highly successful drive of its own. Practically every business house in Greenville was contacted by the Elks' committee, working under the leadership of John A. Armstrong, Committee Chairman appointed by E.R. L. M. Fox. The final count disclosed sales amounting to \$334,150.

NEWTON, MASS. The twenty-one members of the Newton High School baseball team, winners of the State title, were given a testimonial dinner recently by Newton Lodge No. 1327. The pleasurable excitement of the occasion was heightened by the fact that members of the Boston Braves were present as guests of the lodge.

All of the members of the team were presented with jackets complete with the school letter, the presentation being made by E.R. John J. Keffe. The speakers were Mayor Paul M. Goddard, Jim Tobin, of the Braves, Charles R. Cabot, Chairman of the School Committee, Dr. Homer Anderson, Superintendent of Schools, Daniel Kelly, State Director of Education, Bill Stewart, National League Umpire, Coach Jeff Jones, of the High School team, and John (Buck) Donahue, of the Recreation Department.



Above, left, is the Rituanistic Team of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge which won the National Championship at the Elks War Conference in Chicago this year.

Left: P.E.R. Thomas L. Ryan, of Newton, Mass., Lodge, congratulates one of the members of the Newton High School Champion Baseball Team at a dinner given in the team's honor.

SAYRE, PA. Sayre Lodge No. 1148 sponsors and bears the major part of the expense of sending a monthly "Elks Newsletter" to 1,800 service men from the Waverly, N. Y., and Sayre and Athens, Pa., area. The idea was conceived by a member of the lodge, Jack Beahan, City Editor of the local newspaper, *The Evening Times*. Seeking a sponsor for the project, Mr. Beahan broached the subject to P.D.D. Robert F. Adam. Mr. Adam brought the matter before the lodge in April, 1943, and it was received with enthusiastic approval.

The letters are compiled and written by Mr. Beahan. Every issue in the past year has averaged more than 4,500 words and contained a résumé of local school and professional sports, general local news, including weddings, and a department given over to service-man-news which is by far the biggest section in the Newsletter, having been increased in size because of the tremendous volume of appreciative letters received from men in the Services, more than 1,200 since the first Newsletter went into the mails in May, 1943. Letters came from China, India, Iran, Italy, Africa, Attu and other islands in the Aleutians, New Guinea, Australia—in fact, from 38 different countries. Three men since lost in action had written before their last fatal assignments.

The addressing is done by volunteer groups, mostly young women with husbands in the Services. Until recently, the Newsletters were mimeographed without charge by the Belle Knitting Corporation of Sayre. However, an offer extended by *The Evening Times* to print them in the future has been accepted, as the wordage may thus be increased to about 6,000 per letter and pictures will be used, some from the newspaper files, others taken expressly for the Newsletter.

Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

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

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

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

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

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

PLAINVIEW, TEX. Typical of the good work being done wherever Elks assemble is the Fifth War Loan record of a team from Plainview Lodge No. 1175. The team was credited with the sale of \$430,312 in War Bonds or nearly half the quota of \$1,075,000 assigned the entire county. The personnel of the team, captained by W. A. Kirk, included E.R. Earl B. Eeds and P.E.R. H. V. Tull, Jr., Vice-Pres. and former Vice-Pres. respectively of the Tex. State Elks Assn.

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Eeds, the membership of the lodge has been more than doubled since the beginning of the new lodge year. The initiation of a class of 117 candidates in the city auditorium was the climax of a spirited drive to bring in as many good citizens of Plainview and the vicinity as possible. The ceremonies were performed by an experienced team from Amarillo Lodge No. 923, and the class was addressed by P.E.R. Bert Levy, D.D. for Texas, West. During the drive, W. A. Kirk obtained more than 100 new members and reinstatements by himself, a splendid achievement for an individual.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Exalted Ruler Fred J. Tabery, of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, and his officers, joined by all of the lodges in the California South Cen-

visited the nationally famous Rose Gardens at Newark, N. Y., last summer and were entertained by the officers and members of Newark Lodge No. 1249. Heading the Entertainment Committee were State Vice-President T. R. Beales, State Trustee J. B. Keane and Exalted Ruler Karl F. Weimer.

A specially arranged tour of the Gardens was arranged with the Jackson & Perkins Company, creators of countless varieties of beautiful roses.

LANSING, MICH. Lansing Lodge No. 196 was honored recently by the 2590th A.A.F. base unit, (aircrew training, Michigan State College, by the presentation of detachment colors at final retreat ceremonies before the unit was deactivated on orders of the War Department. Exalted Ruler J. C. Wood accepted the colors from the commandant, Lieu-



At top: More than 400 members of Rome, N. Y., Lodge celebrated the 78th birthday of P.E.R. James A. Spargo, shown, second from right, with Elk officials, his son and son-in-law.

Above are members of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge when they presented a check for \$3,209.69 to Senator W. D. Mansfield, as the Lodge's contribution to the Tornado Relief Fund.

tral District, were hosts to State President Clifford C. Anglim, of Richmond Lodge, when he paid his official visit to the District accompanied by Vice-President Stephen A. Compas, of Huntington Park. The twenty lodges of the District were represented by their Exalted Rulers and officers and large delegations of members.

The State President, introduced by Past President Newton M. Todd, of Long Beach, delivered a forceful, patriotic address. Just before his speech, a large picture of Mr. Anglim, surrounded by members of the "99 Drill Team", was unveiled.

NEWARK, N. Y. Four distinguished New York State Elks, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough Lodge, George I. Hall, Lynbrook, present Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, James H. Mackin, Oswego, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, and District Deputy Dearborn V. Hardie, Oswego,

tenant Colonel Paul A. Johnson. The presentation was made in recognition of services rendered by Lansing Lodge since the unit's activation on March 1, 1943. P.E.R. W. Harold Kramer, Chairman of the lodge's War Commission, was present at the ceremonies.

SAN JOSE, CALIF. Proud of the honor bestowed upon four of their fellow members when they were elected recently to high office in Memory Post 399, American Legion, a delegation of Elks from San Jose Lodge No. 522 attended the installation, headed by E.R. James P. LeDeit. Those installed were Peter Navarra, Commander, J. W. Spillard, 1st Vice Commander, C. R. VanSant, 2nd Vice Commander, and R. E. Olsen, Past Commander.

Memory Post, in cooperation with San Jose Lodge, enjoys the distinction of having created and inaugurated the San Jose World War II Veterans Placement Plan. There are no unemployed veterans of this war in San Jose.



Above is a photograph taken when Elkins, W. Va., Lodge entertained a class of members initiated recently.

Right is the baseball team comprised of members of Decatur, Ill., Lodge.



GREELEY, COLO. Present and past lodge and district officers and chairmen of committees of the eight lodges in the Colorado North District met in the home of Greeley Lodge No. 809 on Sunday, September 10. A general program of activities for the year, stressing war and post-war services, was presented for discussion by D.D. Frank W. Thurman, of Boulder.

Greeley Lodge is actively interested in the local interschool program of the Young America League for boys under high school age. Esteemed Leading Knight Lewis Kitts reported recently on the League's sports program which features football, baseball, tennis, track, boxing and wrestling, and the lodge voted to act as one of the sponsors.

ALBANY, N. Y. When recently Connie Mack brought his Philadelphia Athletics to Albany for an exhibition game with the Albany Senators of the Eastern League, the local lodge of Elks, Albany No. 49, celebrated the event with a reception held in his honor at the lodge

home. The affair was arranged by a committee headed by P.E.R. T. Emmett Ryan. Tommy Richardson, President of the Eastern League, also came to Albany that day to take part in the celebration.

The members present at the reception attended the game in a body. At the stadium, E.R. Frank P. Cox, representing the lodge, presented the grand old man of baseball with a pen and pencil set as a memento of the occasion.

ST. PAUL, MINN. The persistent concern of a few public-minded citizens and the cooperative generosity of St. Paul Lodge No. 59 have brought about the existence of an organization that, judging by the unexpected auspiciousness of its beginning, may very well become an influential aid in the solution of "teen-age delinquency problems in the community. On the opening night of the "teen-age night club" at the home of St. Paul

Right: The officers of Laramie, Wyo., Lodge present one of the Honorable Mention Awards in the Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student Contest" to Miss Joyce Allen.



Below are some of the 117 initiates of Plainview, Tex., Lodge who were entertained by their fellow members on their initiation.





Above: Some of the members of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge and their guests who celebrated the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home recently.



Left: Ligonier, Ind., Lodge's bowling team, which has won the championship in the Indiana North Bowling League three times, thereby earning permanent possession of the trophy.

De Vincentis, pianist, have accompanied the Elks on many of their hospital visits, and Sergeant Spatcher has led many delegations of marines and sailors entertained at receptions at various New Jersey lodges sponsored by the State Association's War Activities Committee. During the year, the Committee has sponsored numerous shows at Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, Fort Dix Station Hospital, England General Hospital, Newark Army Air Base Hospital, Weequahic Park, and station hospitals at Fort Monmouth and Camp Kilmer.

BOISE, IDA. Boise Lodge No. 310 staged its 15th Annual Medal Play Golf Tournament at the Plantation Golf Course in Boise on September 10. Caldwell and Nampa, Ida., Lodges were well represented among the 108 Elks registered. Nineteen Past Exalted Rulers took part in the Past Exalted Rulers' Flight, a special feature of the Tournament. The first, second and third prize winners were Neal Irving, twice Exalted Ruler of Coeur D'Alene, Ida., Lodge, L. J. Peterson, Boise, and Arthur Steele, Nampa.

The Tournament was won by Newt Carter, of Boise, with sub-par golf. Second place went to Jules Droz, Jr., Boise, Chairman of the Committee. The prizes, in War Stamps, were awarded at a buffet dinner given by Boise Lodge for all the participants at the end of play.

(Continued on page 44)

Lodge, 550 boys and girls danced, enjoyed the treat of wholesome refreshments and left at a reasonable hour. The Elks donated their clubrooms and set up a \$5 prize to be awarded the person suggesting the best name for the club. The original promoters reported a generous response from soft drink distributors and dance band musicians.

It is planned to make the club self-supporting. With thoroughness, a plan of self-government has been worked out so that an appreciable number of the young patrons are actually responsible for the management of the enterprise. Public and Catholic high schools of the city are well represented in the executive councils. The use of the Elks' clubrooms insures a maximum of locational convenience for the youngsters who like to top off a movie visit with a spin on the dance floor and a round of soft drinks.

The Elks, keenly interested in the success of the venture, hope that the young people, among whom are many teen-age brothers and sisters of men in the Armed Forces, may some day be assured the

same full-time concern for their legitimate social needs that is so magnificently expressed by the U.S.O.

NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. Another of its radio broadcasts in connection with Elk war activities was conducted by the N. J. State Elks Association on Monday morning, July 3. The broadcast was sent out over Station WAAT in Newark.

Participating in the broadcast were P.E.R. A. M. Herman, Chairman of the War Activities Committee of the State Association, Past Pres. William J. McCormack and Arthur De Vincentis, all of Orange Lodge, Miss Josephine Fillippone and Sergeant Clifford Spatcher of the U. S. Marine Corps. Miss Fillippone, as junior hostess, and Mr.

Below are the members of the "Charter Class" of Sitka, Alaska, Lodge, with the officers who initiated them into the Order.





Left: At this year's session of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. were Grand Exalted Ruler R. S. Barrett, E.R. L. S. Bortz, Sr., of Reading, Past Pres. Max L. Lindheimer, of Williamsport, and F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Assistant to the Grand Secretary.



News of The state associations

PENNSYLVANIA

The thirty-eighth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, streamlined again this year to a three-day series of business sessions, was concluded at Reading, Pa., on Wednesday, August 30, with the installation of officers for the new administrative year as follows: Pres., Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville; Vice-Pres., Dr. Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville; Secy., (reelected) William S. Gould, Scranton; Treas., (re-elected) Charles S. Brown, Allegheny;

Trustee, George W. Fox, Clearfield. The other members of the Board of Trustees are T. Z. Minehart, Chambersburg, John T. Lyons, Sharon, W. C. Kipp, Apollo, and George M. Kirk, West Chester. Past State President F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge No. 339, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, was the installing officer.

Below: The Officers elected to head the affairs of the Wisconsin State Elks Association at Appleton recently.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett, who arrived on Sunday, the 27th, was the guest of honor that evening at the annual Past State Presidents' "Scrap Heap Dinner" at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel. He addressed the convention at the opening session the next afternoon, paying tribute to the wonderful record written in all lines of Elk activities by the 118 Pennsylvania lodges and requesting continued leadership by the State in his program, especially that part dealing with subordinate lodge preparations for the assistance of members now in the Services when they return to civilian life. President Ralph C. Robinson, of Wilkensburg Lodge, presided. The welcoming address was given by Mayor J. Henry Stump, introduced by E.R. Lawrence S. Bortz, Sr., of Reading Lodge No. 115. Captain Ellwood S. Grimm, of Middletown Lodge, P.D.D., described some of his war experiences overseas.

The ritualistic contest was held Monday evening under the auspices of the Ritualistic Committee, headed by Chairman Alfred A. McCabe, Easton, P.D.D. The winning team from Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356 was captained by E.R. J. Wilson Bonzo. (This lodge, having won the championship three successive years, holds permanent possession of a State trophy.) The first announcement named Grove City Lodge No. 1579 winner of the 1944 contest, but it was found that a miscalculation had occurred and that Ellwood City Lodge was the winner by .06 of a point. The sportsmanship with which the final verdict was accepted moved Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow to announce that he, personally, was donating a cup to the Grove City team. The scores and prizes were as follows: Ellwood City Lodge, 96.98, \$100; Grove City Lodge, 96.92, \$50; Braddock Lodge No. 883, 95.43, \$25. Delightful floor shows were presented on the roof and the main floor of the lodge home after the contest.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi Lodge No. 494, Grand Secretary, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, were speakers at the convention sessions. The report of the State Association Membership Committee, given by Chairman Lee A. Donaldson, of Etna Lodge No. 932, showed a net membership increase of 6,360 during the year, with Pennsylvania retaining first place among the States with a membership of 57,408. The 1944 report of the Pennsylvania Elks War Committee, headed by Past State President Wilbur G. Warner, (Continued on page 43)



Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that Five Thousand Dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1945 Grand Lodge Session. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their schools and colleges. For more than ten years these awards have made it possible for many superior students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are:

	Boys	Girls
First Prize	\$600	\$600
Second Prize	500	500
Third Prize	400	400
Fourth Prize	300	300
Fifth Prize	200	200
Five \$100 awards.....	500	500

Eligibility

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

Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism and general worthiness are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Form of Application

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by orderly, concise and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business-letter size), bound neatly in a heavy paper binding which can be procured at any stationery store. Remove all letters from envelopes and bind the letters flat. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, athletics, leadership, community service or other activities may be attached, but the applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

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

1. Recent photograph of the applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, giving name, address, age and place of birth, and summarizing activities and accomplishments which the applicant thinks qualify him for one of the awards.
3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or other person having knowledge of the facts presenting a picture of the family situation and showing the applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.
4. A concise statement* of the applicant's educational his-

tory from first year of high or college preparatory school to date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority showing the courses taken, the grades received and the rank of the applicant in the class. The different methods of grading in the schools of the country make it desirable, if possible, that the school authority should state the applicant's average in figures on the basis of 100% for perfect.

(*This statement must show the time spent in the study of United States history.)

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

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

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident, stating that he has reviewed the application and verifies the substantial accuracy of the statements contained herein.

Only students of outstanding merit, who show an appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of 90% or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

Filing of Applications

The application, verified by the proper subordinate lodge officer, must be filed on or before March 1, 1945, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association of the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be judged by the Scholarship Committee of said Association and, if approved as one of the quota of applications allotted to the State, be forwarded to Chairman John F. Malley, 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts, not later than April 1, 1945.

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

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to April 1, 1945, should be addressed to Chairman John F. Malley, 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

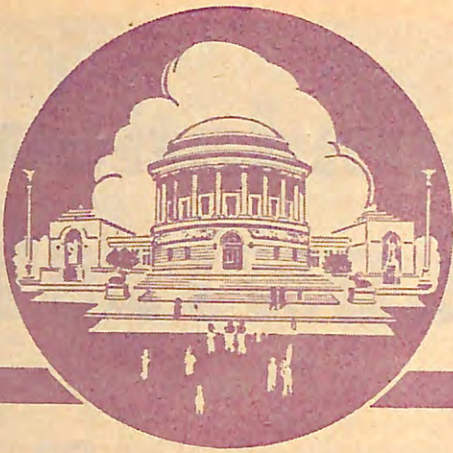
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APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED BEFORE MARCH 1, 1945



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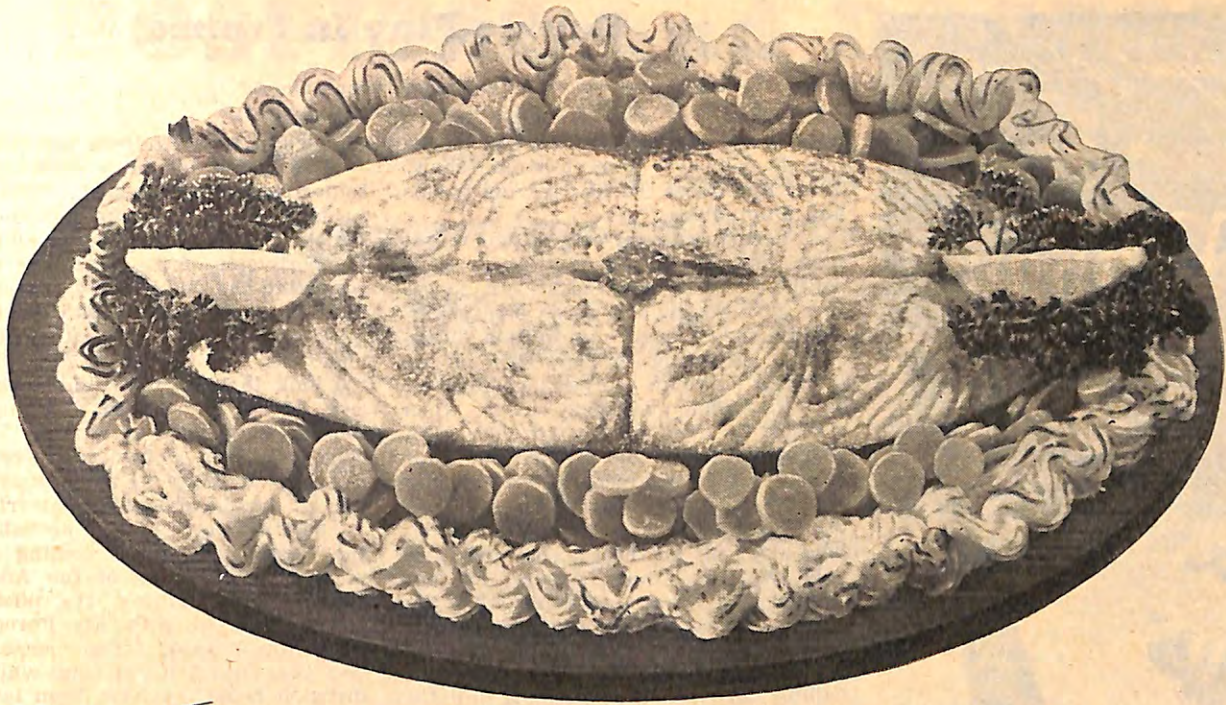
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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the home, address Charles E. Broughton, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 626-636 Center Avenue, Shelbygan, Wis.



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Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey
72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof

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Double Play In France

(Continued from page 5)

went back and plastered those trucks but good. There were too dam many Jerry Red Cross trucks carrying troops and ammunition."

A German counter-attack that might have assumed dangerous proportions southwest of St. Lo was broken up before it was launched, when dive bombers blasted a large ammunition dump. A P47 adjusting artillery fire on an advance German corps headquarters saw the farmhouse spew officers when a direct hit was made on it. The pilot then went down and strafed the staff car in which the officers were fleeing and Hitler's organization suffered another severe dislocation. The last Nazi-held airdrome on the Cherbourg Peninsula was resisting capture by our troops, who were stymied by three big gun emplacements. Fighter-bombers that were "farming" in the air, waiting for such an assignment, dropped their calling cards on the Germans and the airdrome was taken without the loss of a single American life. More than a dozen direct hits were found to have been made on the emplacements. When thousand-pounders are used, it is not necessary to hit the bull's-eye every time; a near-miss can be fully as damaging on land as it is at sea. Fifteen Germans were sitting at rigid attention in front of their desks when a staff headquarters was taken. Not one of the Germans had a scratch on him. They had been killed outright by the terrific concussion of our bombing.

Appropriately enough, the last shot in the Cherbourg campaign was fired by the Ninth Air Force. On June 29, guns from Fort Central, a German strong-point on the breakwater in the harbor, suddenly began to shell Allied shipping off shore. Eight planes were ordered to do a job on the place. After the third plane made its bombing run the fort ran up the white flag. When the position was occupied, 170 prisoners controlling the electrical devices that touched off most of the mines in the harbor were captured. The Germans said they could have withstood an artillery barrage for weeks, but the aerial bombing was too much for them.

The most eloquent testimonial to the deadly efficiency of the air in support of the ground I have seen or heard came quite casually. I was sitting in the trailer that is the field headquarters and home of Maj. Gen. Pete Quesada, chief of the Ninth A.F. Fighter Command, gathering material for this piece when a middle-aged officer came up the steps and leaned against the doorway. The visitor had two distinguishing features; he wore gold-rimmed spectacles and three silver stars on the collar of his shirt. He was Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, commander of the First Army. Close cooperation between ground and air in the field is something more than a figure of speech. Gen. Bradley's trailer was no more

than twenty yards from Quesada's.

"I've got a bit of a show for you tomorrow," Bradley said. "We've got La Haye du Puits completely encircled, but the Germans have dug in all around the perimeter of the town and they've converted the place into a bastion. We could by-pass it, but I need room to pour more troops and stuff into that area and I need it in a hurry. It will take too long to blast them out with artillery. If you fellows beat them up from the air, they may surrender. They've done it before. Prisoners we've taken say our artillery is bad enough, but the air bombardments are terrible."

The invasion of France probably was the Ninth Air Force's coming of age in the consciousness of the American public. Until D Day, the pilots and crews of the Eighth Air Force were the pin-up boys of our air corps. They had the vital job—without which the invasion could not have been launched—of strategic bombing. It was, simply, hitting the enemy's heavy industry far behind the lines and crippling his capacity of war production.

Strategic bombing demands big ships that have the range to penetrate deep within Germany, that carry heavy bomb loads, that have the armor to withstand anti-aircraft fire and carry enough guns to beat off attacks by enemy fighters. It is a job for Flying Fortresses and Liberators and for two years it held major attention in the United States since strategic bombing was America's only activity in the European theatre.

While Lt. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle's Eighth Air Force was plastering heavy industry within the Reich and curtailing German production, Lt. Gen. Lewis Brereton's Ninth Air Force was engaged in less spectacular, but equally important work. Once H Hour struck, the tactical air force immediately became the Number One striking weapon of our air arm.

A tactical air force has four broad purposes: (1) to gain and maintain air supremacy; (2) to take offensive action against enemy troops; (3) to defend the battle area from reciprocal air attacks by the enemy; (4) to provide visual and photographic reconnaissance (without which heavy artillery cannot fire accurately). Briefly and bluntly, its reason for being is on the first page of every manual of war ever printed: to kill the enemy and to deplete his power to resist by destroying his lines of communication and supply. When the enemy is static, the prime targets of a tactical air force are positions (bombing). When the enemy is in retreat, the prime target is personnel (strafing).

The Ninth A.F. did not appear, miraculously and suddenly, in the sky on D Day. It was no secret sprung on the Germans; they had felt the weight of its strength many months

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prior to June 6. Its Thunderbolts, Mustangs and Lightnings teaming up with R.A.F. fighter-bombers, kept the Nazi high command, trying to anticipate the point of Allied landings, on one foot by pounding air fields and installations east of Paris. As D Day approached, the attacks shifted to the west. Ten days before June 6, every bridge across the Seine, over which German reserves could be rushed from the east to the front lines, was cut. All railheads, marshalling areas and supply concentrations were blasted repeatedly.

On D Day proper, a leak-proof umbrella of fighter planes provided top cover for the landings on the beaches and knocked out gun emplacements that commanded the approaches to the coast. Every assault regiment had its own ASP officer in case it needed air support. Until the beachhead was secured, thousands of sorties were flown daily for more than a week, from daybreak until one o'clock in the morning. Losses in planes and pilots were heavy, mainly because the men bombing and strafing the Germans disregarded safety in their anxiety to give the enemy a thorough going-over. Some daredevils, known in Air Force parlance as "hot" pilots, actually went in so low that they crashed when the tails of their planes scraped the ground. It was a standing gag among pilots that they had to look up at the engineer when they attacked German troop and supply trains.

The beaches and the subsequent beachhead established were walled off from enemy air reprisal so completely that I saw exactly two German planes during the day in the month that followed invasion—and those two planes were flying like bats out of hell to escape pursuing hordes of Allied fighters.

Absolute air supremacy had to be gained before the invasion was contemplated, much less attempted. That inescapable fact must have been impressed upon everyone who saw the vast armada of ships standing off the beaches, day and night, waiting to unload. A single squadron of German planes could have inflicted enormous damage by dropping their bombs indiscriminately. They couldn't have missed hitting dozens of ships, but that squadron never appeared.

Absolute air supremacy meant a variety of things. It meant that G. I. Joe could walk around his bivouac area by day and sleep at night and look up in curiosity, rather than terror, when he heard a plane flying overhead. It meant that mile-long processions of trucks, bumper to bumper, could pour men and material into France without the fear that one lone enemy raider would dart out of the clouds, blast the motorcade and throw the Allied timetable hopelessly out of whack. It meant that the exhausted, dirty, miserable guys fighting from one foxhole and hedgerow to another, were heartened by the realization that the krauts were catching more hell than they whenever

the drone of an airplane was heard.

Conversely, on the German side, reserves and supplies moved only at night, and only on poor, secondary roads. The deprivations of the Ninth A. F. stopped the German soldier from walking down the road during the day to a field kitchen for a hot meal and if he dared to go at night the field kitchen no longer was there, anyway.

"Reduced to simple terms," Gen. Quesada comments, "our air support permits American ground forces to be opposed by an equal number of shocked, battered, beaten, hungry men. It transforms the German army from so many well integrated units into a mob of bewildered individuals. No one knows what it is to be strafed and bombed weeks on end until he goes through the experience. He never comes out of it the same man, for the compound effect of constant aerial attack in undermining the ability to fight is almost incalculable. I would say that the perfect teamwork developed in France between the ground and the air has resulted in the greatest economy of American lives ever known."

There is a large measure of grim, ironic justice that the weapon Hitler first used to shatter the morale of the free men resisting him has been turned against his own army with far greater effectiveness than the Luftwaffe ever achieved. The low-flying Stukas that terrorized the Poles and disorganized the French, British, Dutch and Belgian armies in 1940 did not begin to promote the disorder and damage behind the lines that the Ninth A. F. and the R.A.F. were to create in France four summers later.

The Allies first demonstrated their ability to put on a full-dressed tactical air show when they were chasing Rommel across the desert in 1943. The Afrika Korps had checked its flight by digging in behind the Mareth line at El Hamma, blocking the advance of the Eighth Army. New Zealanders turned the left flank of the Nazi positions, but the enemy was entrenched so firmly that a long, costly series of slugging matches seemed to be the inevitable development of the battle. Gen. Montgomery called for fighter-bombers to plaster El Hamma until they ran out of ammunition. The German concentration was broken up in two hours and the fall of El Hamma opened the gates for the capture of the key city of Gabes.

Refinements in the technique of air support are largely the products of American ingenuity and skill with an airplane. To begin with, the three principal planes of the Ninth Fighter Command—the Thunderbolt (P47), Mustang (P51), Lightning (P38)—never were envisioned for use as dive-bombers. It was believed they were too fragile to survive anti-aircraft fire and that they were too fast to pull out of dives with a reasonable margin of safety, but the kids flying the ships devised their own methods for eliminating the bugs from both objections to employing a fighter plane as a bomber.

A typical example of American talent for improvisation was the result of the action at La Mere à Canards on June 23, when the Nazis still held Cherbourg. La Mere à Canards is a hill, 160 feet high, east of Cherbourg, commanding one of the three highways leading into the city. It had been heavily fortified by the Germans and three batteries of 88's, emplaced in thick concrete, had an unobstructed field of fire in all directions.

The 79th Division flowed around La Mere and pressed on toward Cherbourg, four miles away, leaving the hill an isolated island of resistance behind our lines. A combat team was left to capture the hill, but it was forced to retire under heavy fire. In the meantime, Spandaus from the hill were firing steadily on the backs of our troops advancing toward Cherbourg and the 88's were shelling all important road junctions in the area. The shells invariably caught troop and supply trucks. Again, 105 mm. howitzer shells caromed off the concrete of the German positions. Again, the battalion commander consulted with his ASP officer and reached for the phone.

When the order from headquarters reached the operations tent of a fighter-bomber group, all planes already had made three missions that day. The emergency call was for two squadrons to hit the German position with 1000-pound bombs. Col. Gil Meyers, of Milford, Iowa, looked at the message and frowned hard. He asked his armament officer, Lt. George Coburn, of Milburn, N. J., whether he thought Thunderbolts could take off from the strip with thousand-pounders under their bellies. Coburn shook his head. The strip was too new and too rough, he said. The steel mesh mat covering the field would buckle under the weight of the planes on the take-off and catch the bombs from underneath.

"How about a thousand-pounder under one wing?" Meyers asked.

"Maybe," Coburn answered. "If you can find someone crazy enough to try it."

Meyers didn't have to look far. He had a bomb strapped to the right wing of his own Thunderbolt and he fought the plane as it wobbled crazily down the runway, but he finally got it into the air and flew off to jettison the bomb over the German lines. He returned a few minutes later and turned thumbs down as he descended from the plane. No good. The Spandaus and the 88's still were firing from La Mere à Canards. Meyers called for his line chief, M/Sgt. Joe Walker.

"Suppose we cut the fins of the bombs down a bit." He proposed. "Would that give us enough clearance to carry the bombs under the belly?"

Walker thought it over and said about 2½ inches off each fin might do the trick. "But won't that affect the accuracy of the bomb?" he asked.

"Not from the height this job will be done," Meyers snapped.

Lt. Col. Frank Perego, former sales representative from Kansas City, led

the mission and took it in at 800 feet over a target 200 square yards with every gun in the strong-point, including the 88's, throwing up an intense flak screen. But the planes got through somehow, dropped their sawed-off bombs and scored eighteen direct hits on the position. The firing from La Mere à Canards ceased.

Some re-education of pilots and public is necessary for a fuller appreciation of tactical air support. Among the public and the pilots themselves, a combat flier's success is measured by the number of enemy planes he shoots out of the sky. As Col. Arthur G. Salisbury, of Sedalia, Missouri, points out, it is infinitely more dangerous to destroy a plane on the ground than in the air. Col. Salisbury, 27, is one of the youngest and most brilliant wing commanders in the Air Forces. Graduated from the University of Arkansas with a law degree in 1939, Salisbury was commissioned a pilot in 1940 and made the jump from second lieutenant to full colonel in less than three years. He was the C.O. of the 65th Fighter Squadron that chased Rommel from El Alamein to Bengazi and from there he took over the 57th Fighter Group that performed sensationally in Sicily and Italy. He has more decorations from the United States, England and Russia than he can wear without doing a low-comic take-off on Goering.

"Most pilots think it's too much of a cinch to destroy a plane on the ground or to strafe troops," Salisbury says. "All they want to do is knock down Jerries and paint swastikas on their fuselages. They don't seem to realize that an ME 109 can return fire with two, or four at the most, guns. When they go in on the deck to shoot up a plane on the ground, anywhere from eighteen to forty-two heavy caliber guns are blazing away at them. Strafing ground troops may seem a pilot's easiest job, but it actually is the most dangerous. Small arms fire is very effective against low-flying planes if it is controlled properly. One rifle can't hit a plane going three or four hundred miles an hour, but a solid curtain of fire from the ground is a cinch to hit something—and it may be a feed line or the pilot. Another tough part of it is that the pilots don't know when the ground is taking pot-shots at them. You can see ack-ack, but not small arms fire."

Tactical air support is not a can't-miss panacea for winning the war easily. It will accelerate the defeat of Hitler, but it is not easy. No war is won easily. It has limitations which, although they are heavily over-balanced by advantages, must be recognized as confining factors. The unpredictable weather still keeps planes on the ground. Not all targets are suitable for aerial bombardment. If a battery of guns is camouflaged in a large wooded sector, for example, the use of planes is a waste of effort. Planes can do a thorough job of battering a small area with reasonable assurance of hitting, or smothering, an objective, but a target difficult to find and well-dispersed calls



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for the artillery. And when an enemy position has been reduced from the air, the foot soldier still must mop up and take physical possession of it.

The most ardent advocate of air power will admit that aerial bombing is not, and never will be, as accurate as ground artillery. The speed at which planes fly makes it almost impossible

to pinpoint an objective at tree-top level. The chief advantage of tactical bombing is that it reaches where artillery cannot, and usually with weapons that carry a heavier impact than a mobile battery can throw.

There is one more advantage that cannot be overemphasized: As executed by the Ninth A.F., tactical bombing has

saved countless lives of American infantry.

"If nothing else has been accomplished, every effort we've put into our part of the deal has been repaid a thousand times," Gen. Quesada says. "That poor guy with the rifle in the front lines catches all the hell and misery of war. He deserves every break he can get."

Leap Into History

(Continued from page 7)

signer and mechanic. And then there was Sergeant Bottriel, a weather-beaten army balloonist of the old school of hot-air sausages.

These men, including Major Hoffman, admitted that they were starting from scratch and that they were not even entirely certain of what they wanted or hoped for. All they knew was that too many lives had been squandered during the war for lack of a good life-saving device. The first thing they did was collect every available chute from every country in the world, and start testing them. Hundreds of tests were made, first with dummies, then "live". Major Hoffman won the complete loyalty of the group by his insistence that he take his regular turn on the "live" drops.

For months the gruelling, dangerous experiments went on. All the chutes were found disappointing. But one of the results of the long experiments was the development of silk ropes that would not twist, snap or foul up the opening of the pack.

Still, chutes too frequently failed to open. The men's hearts would sicken as they watched dummies that might have been themselves plummet to earth and burst open.

Then Leslie Irvin arrived at McCook Field.

A year before, Irvin had taken a patent on a chute that was entirely free of the aircraft. This was radical. It meant that the jumper would have to pull the ripcord in mid-flight. It meant that a jumper would have to save his own life by his own hand while hurtling through space like a stone.

Fliers and airfield kibitzers had scoffed for years at the suggestion of a manually-operated parachute that had no connection at all with the plane. Why, it was "common knowledge" that a jumper would become unconscious before he'd have a chance to pull the ripcord. And if he was lucky enough not to black out immediately, then the probabilities were that he'd get so rattled as to forget what to do. No, a free-type parachute was out of the question. It wouldn't give a jumper a Chinaman's chance.

The big question mark was Human Flight itself. Not man-in-plane, not man-in-balloon, but just a man in flight, all by his lonesome. No one at that time knew how the human body would react to falling great distances. There was no way of knowing, for the knowl-

edge they sought could only be obtained by an instrument they didn't have—the freely operated parachute. Today we have the reports of men who have made tremendous delayed jumps. Colonel Lovelace of the U. S. Army Medical Corps fell more than six miles before opening his chute, and he didn't lose consciousness during the free fall. Such knowledge, if available in 1919, would have shortcut years of doubts and debate about parachuting.

Falling through space is one of the few instinctive fears of childhood and a universal nightmare of adulthood. Usually the victim wakes up bathed in perspiration and reaches for another sleeping capsule. But those who have experienced many great free falls say that, curiously enough, the greater the vertical distance the less the terror. Charles Dixon, formerly an observer with the Royal Air Force, says, "It is only when one falls between earthly objects that he feels the full terror falling. Above them, he is only aware of the fact of falling, without the sensation."

And Dixon goes on to say that free-falling is not a nightmarish feeling at all, but a pleasant, dreamy, floating sensation, with the earth gradually climbing up to meet the person falling. Loss of consciousness, he adds, is possible only through fear, not through any functional disturbance.

Leslie Irvin had just begun to articulate these ideas when he arrived at McCook Field in April, 1919, his packed chute under one arm, his precious patent under the other. A precarious career of high-diving at carnivals, where he earned the nickname "Ski-Hi" Irvin, had convinced him that falling from great heights did not cause unconsciousness. It was hitting bottom too hard that caused loss of consciousness—but permanently.

This fact was tragically demonstrated at McCook Field about the time Irvin arrived. Lieutenant Caldwell of the Royal Flying Corps was in this country to demonstrate the British "Guardian Angel", the static-type chute that had been used to some extent during the war, but never successfully from a plane.

Caldwell bailed out, expecting his weight to pull the parachute out of its container. Instead, the connecting-cord caught on the plane, the harness snapped and Caldwell plummeted six hundred feet to his death. The imprint

of his body in the earth was three inches deep.

That horrible accident underlined the inadequacy of the chutes that were attached to planes and the vital necessity of a manually-operated one. But there was no dummy intelligent enough to pull a ripcord in mid-air. Irvin had volunteered to demonstrate his free-type chute, and Major Hoffman asked him if he was ready to go ahead.

"Sure", said Irvin, "any time you say."

For the young inventor, the date of April 28, 1919, was the climax of a life that had virtually begun with parachutes. As a boy he had conceived the idea of sending aloft, beneath a hot-air balloon, a tabby cat harnessed to a small cotton parachute. The idea was that the balloon would burst and the cat would then float safely down under the billowy chute. But to the horror of Irvin and his playmates, a sudden reversal of air current took balloon, parachute and cat out over the Pacific Ocean.

At fourteen he wangled a job with Lincoln Beachy, the fabulous stunt flyer, who raced his plane against Barney Oldfield's road racer. It was Irvin's job to sit with Oldfield during these air-ground races. Beachy once passed the landing-gear of his plane between Oldfield and Irvin, knocking the youngster's cap to one side. That was the last time Irvin rode with Oldfield. Things were too hazardous on the ground.

Next he went to work in the personnel office of Universal Films—a strategic spot, since he was able to assign himself to all the dangerous stunt jobs called for by the scripts.

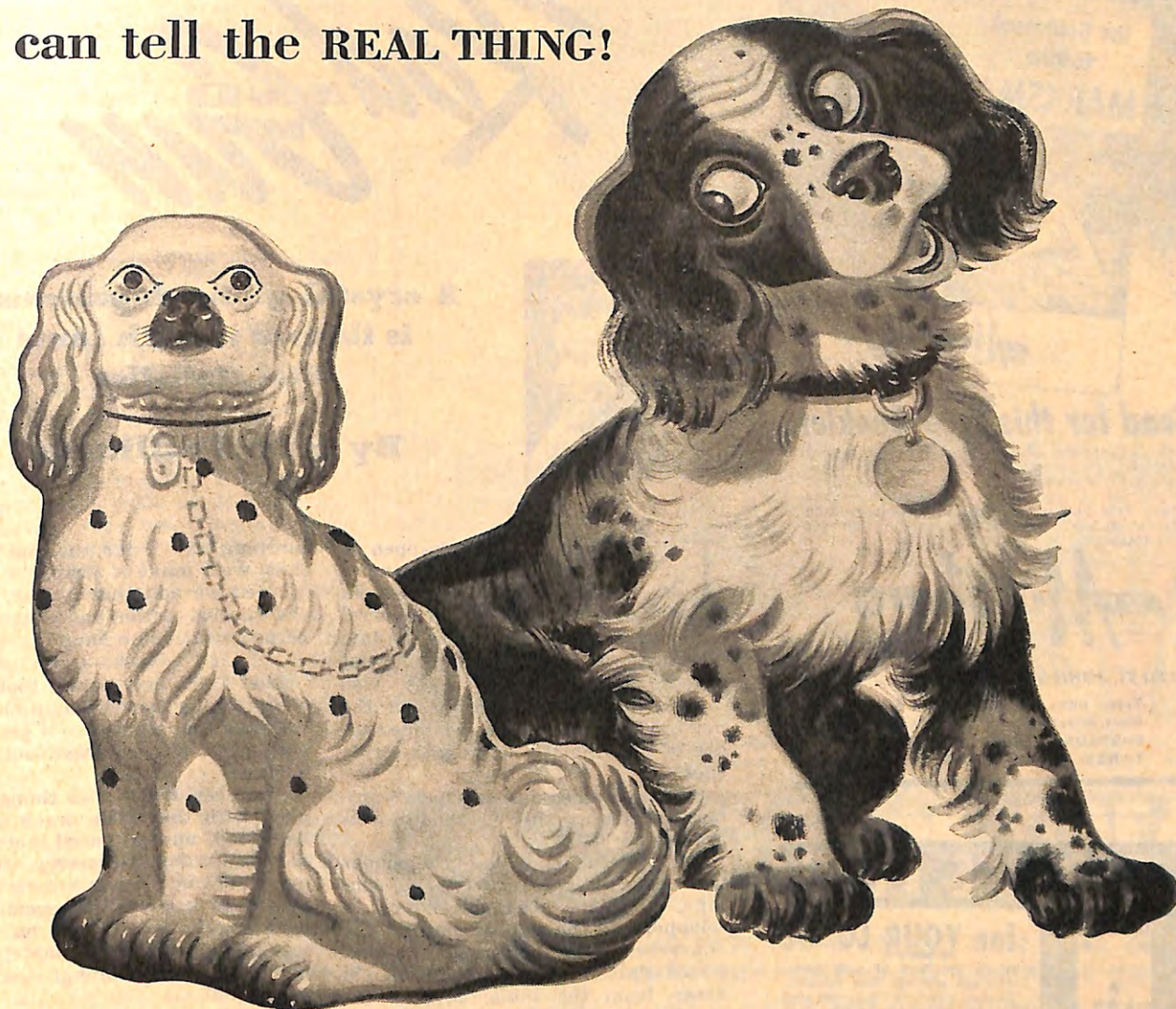
His first parachute jump was made with a fixed-type chute contained in a sack. He sat on the plane's axle, and when he jumped, a rope pulled out the chute. One of the difficulties of parachuting in those days was finding a pilot; most pilots feared that the sudden shift in weight caused by the jump would capsize the plane.

After his stint with Universal, Irvin headed for the carnival shows. He added high-diving to his ample repertoire of derring-do, and it was this experience, we have seen, that convinced him that falling doesn't make human beings unconscious.

When Irvin undertook to make the jump at McCook Field, he was the only

(Continued on page 37)

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A crystal globe department is thrown in with some vital statistics

By Ray Trullinger

THE darnedest things happen to hunters! We recall, for instance, the profane annoyance of an elk hunter at a western ranch several years ago. He'd returned in the late afternoon with a big bull elk, but cussing because his trophy was minus an antler. Someone, in the not too distant past, had clipped off one of the animal's horns with a rifle shot.

"Just my so-and-so luck," remarked this worthy, "to shoot a one-horned elk!"

We were sitting around the supper table, discussing the day's happenings, when the old-fashioned crank telephone on the wall interrupted the conversation with a tinkle. The gent who'd flattened the one-horned elk arose from the table, covered the mouthpiece with his paw and listened in. It was another hunter, speaking from a ranch about ten miles away. He was long-distancing his missus in the city, and was he burned up! Seems he'd had his big chance that day, but had muffed it.

"What happened?" queried his wife's voice from far away.

"I ain't comin' home with any meat tomorrow," replied the gal's husband. "All I'm coming home with is a single blamed elk horn."

A great light dawned on the telephone eavesdropper when those words came over the wire and when the long-distance call was completed he rang up the luckless guy at the other ranch.

"You want to swap that elk horn for half an elk carcass?" he asked.

"Certainly," answered his listener. "Why?"

"Well," was the reply, "I shot a one-horned elk this afternoon and I think you have the missing antler I need to make the head worth mounting. Bring that horn over in the

morning and if it's the one I think it is, we'll make a swap."

Need we add that it was, indeed, the missing antler and that all concerned went home happy?

Last Fall a deer hunter took a long shot at a big buck with an old 38-55, which is supposed to be a great deer rifle, but ain't. At least, not in this book.

The deer dropped as though pole-axed with the rifle's crack and the delighted hunter raced across the field to his toppled quarry. Halfway over, the hunter was somewhat surprised to see the supposedly dead deer regain its footing on wobbly legs and start off. Fortunately a second shot put the animal down for a final count.

Investigation disclosed the first bullet had smacked the buck at the base of the horns, momentarily stunning the animal. If the second shot had not connected fatally, that critter would have escaped with nothing more serious than a mild concussion and subsequent headache.

Several seasons ago we hunted our legs down to bleeding stumps up in Quebec, trying to find a bull moose. Things went from bad to worse. The weather was sour from the start, rainy, raw and uncomfortable. And it stayed that way for ten consecutive days, as we prowled miles and miles of country, three days in from the main camp. A lone cow moose, spooked from a swampy swale, was our sole glimpse of the moose family in a country which abounded with the Roman-nosed animals. Finally we quit in disgust and, after three days of swamp and wood slogging, regained the main camp.

As the guide whipped up a little lunch we walked down to the shore

of the lake and discovered fresh moose tracks. A bull and cow had passed there, perhaps not more than an hour before.

Returning to camp, we called off lunch preparations and set out with the guide. A half-hour later the bull was located and shot and it wouldn't have required much marksmanship to have put a bullet through the main camp window from where the big animal was dropped.

"Next time," remarked the French-Canuck guide, "we are not make zee hunt so far from camp."

FEW shooters appreciate what a huge sum of money is spent in this Country every year by the powder-burning fraternity. Hunting license fees alone set the boys and gals back about 12 million dollars, which isn't exactly peanuts even in these days of astronomical figures. And it must be remembered that a hunting license fee is the least of a gunner's many outlays.

The Nation's sporting firearms and ammunition bill adds up to important money every year, too. This fact is revealed by the annual total covered into the Federal Aid to Wildlife Restoration Fund, under the terms of the Pittman-Robertson Act. In six years, from 1939 to 1944, a 10 per cent federal excise tax has returned \$18,979,849.28, which means that shooters spent \$189,798,492.80 for new weapons and ammunition! That, friends, is a vulgar hunk of folding money.

Biggest bill was in 1941, when the talent spent \$55,357,732.50 for guns and cartridges. In 1942 purchases were almost as large. A juicy \$50,725,876.00 went for assorted shootin' irons and the fodder which makes 'em perc.

The above sums are of course just a beginning. In addition, the shooter buys outdoor clothing, assorted footwear, transportation of one kind or another, food and lodging. He hires guides, leases shooting property and helps manfully to keep the tobacco and liquor interests in the higher income brackets. In short, the guys who shoot and fish are the lads who annually foot the Nation's biggest sports bill. And don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

AND while we're on the subject of important money it might be a good time to remind hunters and anglers that they're getting what appears to be the well-known political run-around on that Pittman-Robertson business.

For some reason never satisfactorily explained, Congress has elected to hold back about 50 per cent of this annual intake, which, as almost everyone knows, is derived from a 10 per cent excise tax on sales of sporting firearms and ammunition. As most sportsmen understood the terms of this Act, approximately 95 per cent of this money was to be allocated the various state game commissions every year for restoration projects of one kind or another, with the other 5 per cent going for administrative expenses.

So far it hasn't worked out that way,



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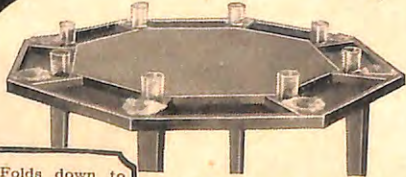
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1940	3,707,843.68	1,500,000.00
1941	5,535,773.25	2,500,000.00
1942	5,072,587.60	2,750,000.00
1943	1,149,332.58	1,250,000.00
1944	538,292.37	1,000,000.00
1945	no report	900,000.00

\$18,979,849.28 \$10,900,000.00

Readers with a quick eye for figures—and we don't mean the bathing beach kind—will note a luscious \$8,000,000 is gathering moss in the U. S. Treasury, where it certainly won't hatch any trout or raise any quail or pheasants. And if there's a state in the Union which can't use another fish hatchery or game farm—or both—we've yet to hear of it.

It is claimed that the reason why more of this money hasn't been appropriated is that the states have been handicapped by a "shortage of qualified personnel, experienced in game management", and lack of material for construction work. Mebbe so. Still, it doesn't take much lumber to set up an efficient pheasant hatchery, and the argument that it takes "qualified personnel" to raise the birds successfully is refuted by the fact that people in this Country who never saw the inside of a college are raising ringnecks every year with no more difficulty than barnyard chickens.

Fish culture requires a little more savvy, perhaps, but it isn't exactly a black art or something a reasonably intelligent hombre can't learn quickly under proper supervision. We've seen highly efficient two and three-man hatcheries on both coasts which turned out a startling total of fish every season—hatcheries which probably cost under \$10,000 to erect and little to maintain. That idle \$8,000,000 would build a lot of those fish and game producers throughout this Nation, and at a time when they're badly needed. "After the war" will be too late.

How will this unallocated \$8,000,000 total, earmarked for game restoration, be spent? Well, here's what the Chairman of the Interior Department Subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations had to say about that matter when the 1944 bill was under consideration:—

"The most drastic cut in appropriations for this service is the recommendation of the committee that funds for federal aid be reduced to \$750,000, a reduction of \$500,000 in both the estimate and the 1943 appropriation. The committee is aware of the fact that funds for this particular purpose are secured through a special tax on small arms and ammunition and that a book-keeping credit on the books of the Treasury in excess of \$9,000,000 is

available for appropriation. However, in recommending a reduction of \$500,000 the committee believes it is not asking too much of the sportsmen and conservation authorities of America to accept further retrenchment in this activity during the war period. While the committee is in sympathy with the purposes of the Pittman-Robertson Act, it wishes to point out that the fund will remain intact and be available for appropriation at a later date, particularly during the post-war period when millions of men returning from the armed forces will be desperately in need of work. This fund will provide a reservoir of peacetime projects which will assist in giving employment to such men."

Nobody is going to deny the fact that returning veterans will need and deserve jobs. But the question which the above statement evokes in the thoughtful sportsman's mind is: Will this unallocated "surplus" be carefully and intelligently spent for vitally needed fish and game restoration, or for politically-sponsored make-work projects?

Obviously, the time to get set for the doubled fishing and shooting pressure, which is bound to follow demobilization, is now. The fish and game situation in several of our heavily populated states is none too good. Unless corrective measures are taken, this overall situation will become worse with the discharge of two or three million young men, most of whom are hunters and anglers. And it isn't unlikely that they'll ask some embarrassing questions which will result in repercussions, both in Congress and the inner circles of various state game commissions.

Crystal globe department: Look for a gradual filling up of fishing tackle store shelves during the balance of the winter and reasonably complete stocks by Spring. Rumor is that new rods will continue on the scarce side because of a reported bamboo shortage, but that reels will be coming on the market again before long. Tackle manufacturers, their war work declining, are returning to civilian production.

Some optimists believe that skeet and trap loads will be available again, come Spring. Keep your fingers crossed on that one.

Recent word is that sporting gun production is only held up by price ceilings, that some new civilian weapons already have been made. At this writing we have been unable to check the accuracy of that story.

Look for a complete lifting of all fishing restrictions along the Atlantic seaboard in the Spring of 1945.

The collapse of Germany likely will end the rationing of sporting ammunition in this Country and release a flood of shot shells and cartridges.



Leap into History

(Continued from page 32)

cool man present. Major Hoffman was visibly nervous; he didn't mind jumping with any old sack himself, but it was another thing to sanction someone else's jumping with an untested chute.

Floyd Smith took Irvin up in an old De Havilland. A strange hush fell over the small group of official spectators. Never before had any man dared to cut all connection with his aircraft and depend upon opening a packed chute in the course of the downward plunge.

Irvin took the precaution of wearing two chutes, just in case one failed. Three thousand feet above McCook Field waved goodbye—or rather "I'll be seein' you"—to Floyd Smith, and went over the side of the plane.

One-third of the way down, the first chute responded perfectly. Everyone was so jubilant about the success of the descent that they overlooked the ankle he broke when he hit the ground. Since that memorable day, Irvin has learned how to ease the landing.

He left McCook Field with an order for three hundred parachutes for the United States Army Air Force, the first order of its kind. And he had the special gratification of learning, on the eve of receiving the order, that his parachute saved the life of a rival inventor. The authorities insisted that he wear one of Irvin's chutes in demonstrating his own. As was feared, his own chute got fouled in mid-air, but the Irvin opened safely.

On October 21, 1922, Lieutenant Harold R. Harris of the Army Air Force was engaged in mock combat with another pilot over McCook Field. His controls jammed. There was nothing to do but abandon his plane. He had never used a chute before, but he knew that he was going to have to use it this time. Harris got clear of the plane, reached for the ripcord and pulled. Nothing happened. He pulled again and again. Then Harris realized that he had not been pulling the ripcord at all but the harness-ring on his thigh.

The lieutenant collected his panicky thoughts—by this time he had freely fallen over two thousand feet—and he finally found the ripcord. At five hundred feet the chute billowed open. The first life had been saved by the Irvin free-type chute.

Irvin had been manufacturing his chutes for three years when he heard of Harris' escape. His imaginative brain conceived another idea: the Caterpillar Club, the world's most exclusive and at the same time most democratic fraternity. Harris was made the first Caterpillar.

The Caterpillar Club, which derives its name from the silk-spinning butterfly larva, is the zaniest organization on earth. It's the only club in which the members are elated to be on the roll, although they definitely never wanted to join in the first place. There are no dues and no meetings, but the initiation is likely to be rather rugged—a

brush with death in fact: death cheated by a parachute.

The founder of the club isn't even a member of it; Irvin never had to jump to save his life. Nevertheless, he has made hundreds of jumps—it's a point of honor with him to demonstrate personally each new model put out by his companies, just as he demonstrated the first model at McCook Field in April, 1919.

The Irvin chute is standard in most countries of the world. In 1926 the Royal Air Force adopted it as official, although, as Charles Dixon reports, "its introduction was accepted only after a fierce fight against insular minds." But the insularity sufficiently melted by 1939, and Irvin became the first American to hold the Wakefield Gold Medal of the Royal Aeronautical Society for "outstanding and meritorious accomplishments in parachute design, which has led to the saving of many lives". The Irvin chute is also used throughout Russia, where parachuting is a national pastime like baseball or cricket.

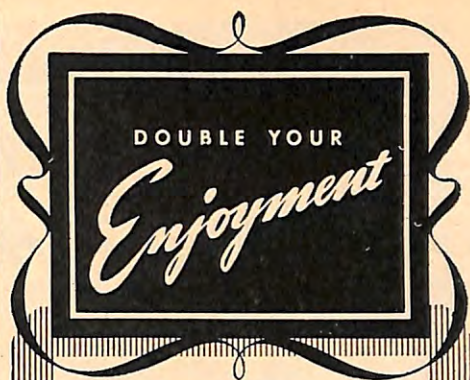
It is hard to believe that the round-faced, studious-looking man of forty-six who quietly manages the Irvin Air Chute subsidiary at Letchworth Gardens, Hertfordshire, England, is the same person who risked his life almost daily a quarter of a century ago. He is reticent by nature, but to his close friends he has confessed the fears and qualms of ordinary folk who have nightmares of falling through space.

Irvin's first chute, the one on which he had taken a patent in 1918, was made of crude cotton. But soon thereafter he joined forces with silk-dealer George Waite, and all Irvin chutes up to 1942 were silk. In that year, he received a contract from the Government, the first of its kind, for nylon chutes.

Now that Irvin is aware of the difference in tensile strength between silk or nylon and cotton, he considers himself lucky indeed that he had never chanced to bail out from a fastmoving plane in the old days, else his flimsy cotton parachutes would have been blown to shreds.

Irvin today controls five factories turning out chutes for the Allied war effort. (He owns a sixth, in Bucharest, and hopes soon to regain control of that). His chutes have been tested hundreds of thousands of times, and there is no case on record of any of his chutes failing to open because of an intrinsic fault. (He wishes there were in Bucharest).

"Ski-Hi" Irvin has lived by parachutes and has made a good deal of money from them. But what he considers his highest accomplishment is a list of more than five thousand names printed on the walls of his original plant, at Buffalo. Those five thousand names comprise the roll of the Caterpillar Club—lives that have been saved in peace and in war by the parachute.



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What America is reading



Reviews of books of real importance to any thinking American.

By Harry Hansen

WHEN the United States Marines stormed ashore on the island of New Georgia in June, 1943, armed to the teeth, they observed a lone figure coming out of the jungle. Waving a hand he approached the commander of the raiders, Lieut. Col. Michael Curran. "Colonel," he said, "the Navy Seabees are always happy to welcome the Marines to enemy-held territory." He was Lieut. Robert Ryan, who had led a detachment of Seabees ashore to survey the jungle for airfields.

The Seabees enjoy this story; it proves they are on the job. They get their name from Construction Battalion and it has served to make

them a proud unit, with a record for quick and highly useful service. The Seabees are behind the bulldozers that push the enemy's pillboxes around; they build roads and airfields, put up radio stations, fix up piers for unloading ships where no ship ever came before, and build huts. The Navy and the Marines didn't know at first how important the Seabees were going to be in their lives. Now they know and appreciate them, for the Seabees not only build but fight.

So they ought to have their chronicles, just like the Marines, the airmen, the Navy and the Army, and two new books this Fall tell you about them. "Can Do!" by William Bradford Huie, takes its title from one of the slogans of the Seabees; this book carries the endorsement of Vice Admiral Ben Moreell, Civil Engineer Corps, U. S. Navy. (Dutton, \$2.75). The other is "We Build, We Fight!" which is the formal motto of the Seabees; the author is Hugh B. Cave, and the book is replete with full-page photographs. (Harper, \$2.50). Between the two books we get a clear idea of the indispensable job the Seabees are doing in the war.

This may be the greatest air war, writes Lieut. Huie, but it is also the greatest construction war. The Seabees average 31 in age and most of them are volunteers, who could have earned better wages in war plants. When the Sixth Seabees came ashore at Guadalcanal the Marines saw them for the first time and marked their mature looks. "Watch ya false teeth, pop. You'll lose 'em when the next bomb goes off," they gibed.

"Are we running out of men at home already? What are you going to do here?"

"What are we doing here?" yelled the Seabees. "We were sent here to protect you Marines."

Such talk makes for good fellowship, writes Lieut. Huie, letting us see how the soldier's mind works. "Four freedoms and Atlantic Charters are forensic stuff; what drives men through muddy death is pride-of-outfit." Now the Seabees proclaim themselves "the toughest gang in history" and declare the Marines only capture territory; the Seabees improve it.

Lieut. Huie says the Seabees have a 20-ton bulldozer called Old Faithful, which has carved up many a road in the South Pacific. They want to run the bulldozer off the first landing boat at Tokyo and drive it through the rubble of Japan's Fifth Avenue, and then go down to the beach and welcome the Marines. No doubt they will use the expression credited to a pal of Lieut. Ryan, the welcomer of New Georgia, who said to a Marine, "What kept ya, Bud?"

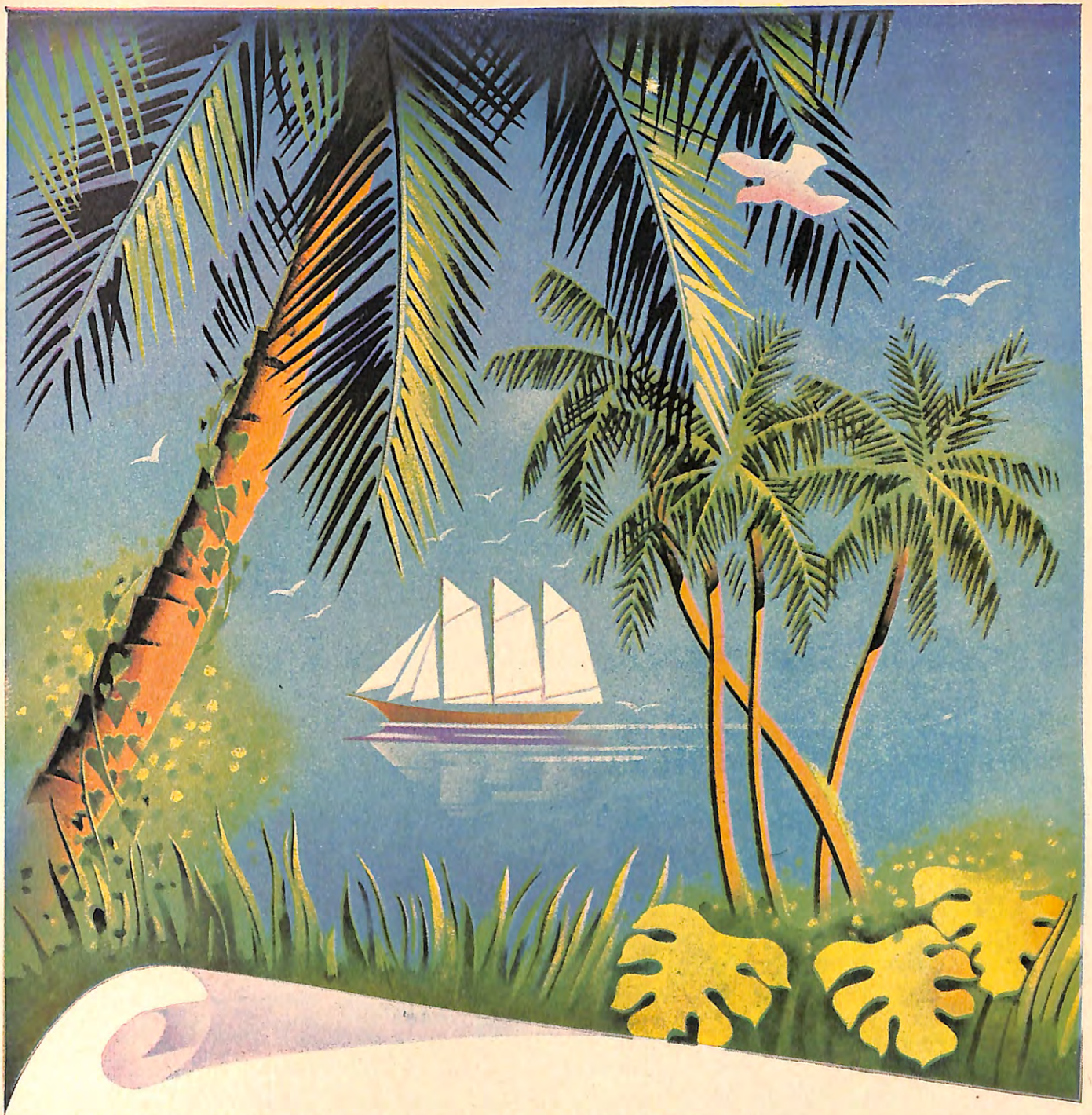
MMARGARET HALSEY has done something unusual in "Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers". This appears to be a light, inconsequential tale, filled with banter, about entertaining soldiers at a canteen in New York City, but actually it concerns racial discrimination and intolerance, as a girl who cooperates in the management of the canteen encounters it. With barbed wit Miss Halsey—you may remember how she took the British in "With Malice Toward Some"—reveals the unfriendly position of one of the main backers of the canteen—a woman with social position, the reluctance of some hostesses to welcome Negroes in uniform, and the injury done a young woman by anti-Semitic attitudes. The hostess in the Columbus Circle Canteen, Gretchen, describes her adventures to her soldier-brother in the form of letters, and fights the good fight for true democracy. She meets anti-Semitism thus: "The casualty lists are very thickly studded with names like Robinowitz and Zablowski and Murphy and Vitello. They're not what some people call fine old American names. But they made fine old American soldiers and find old American corpses. We accepted their sacrifice. They trusted us to take care of their people while they were away, even if it was forever." Gretchen also attacks distrust of the Negro in a spirited and unconventional fashion, and if some of her frank remarks shock fastidious readers, they must remember that she is determined to bring up to the light what is usually the subject of whispers.

THE helicopter has been the subject of many dreams and has figured in schemes for our postwar world as the future transportation of the commuter. But Col. H. F. Gregory, Chief of Miscellaneous Aircraft Projects, Technical Staff in the Materiel Command, who has flown all kinds of autogyros and helicopters, says the helicopter will never



Photograph by Halsman

Margaret Halsey, whose "kind of a novel" is the pride and joy of Simon and Schuster.



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replace the automobile and will never be so easy to fly that the amateur can hop in and fly it without any technical training. But he has great faith in the helicopter, which is expressed in the title of his book, "Anything a Horse Can Do". Igor Sikorsky declares he is one of the best qualified men to write about the helicopter, for he directed the first autogyro school at Patterson Field and made numerous helicopter flights for the Army. His book will give the reader an excellent idea of how the helicopter is built, the principles on which it flies, the uses to which it can be put and its future. Some remarkable landings have been made with a helicopter, notably on the aft deck of ships, with scarcely any room to spare, and the plane has shown its ability to operate in wind and weather, carrying supplies to stranded men. But "the helicopter in its present state is more difficult to fly than an airplane", and until all sorts of automatic controls are put to use the pilot will have to go through a hard schooling. "Precision flying, and that means landing in and getting out of restricted places such as your back yard, the front street, or the roof of a building, the common desire of all who think of a helicopter, requires a degree of expertness," writes Col. Gregory. Another dream is shattered when he declares that helicopters will not be in reach of the ordinary wage earner. Prospective buyers "will be the same class of people who own speedboats or sailing sloops". Col. Gregory's book proves that he knows his subject and talks sense. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3)

Good news is always welcome; bad news depresses, and other people's troubles make us uncomfortable. With our own work to do, we are loath to bother with the troubles of people who live hundreds of thousands of miles away. But lately we have learned that our own security and good fortune may be affected by what goes on far from our doors. This comes to mind especially on reading what Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, wife of Eugene Meyer, publisher of the Washington Post, found in a trip to many war production centers, including Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Wichita, Portland, Bremerton, San Francisco, Wilmington and a few places in the southern and eastern States. She calls her report "Journey Through Chaos", and chaos it is. Interested in housing, in working conditions, family life, juvenile welfare, community health and civic improvement, she found so many abuses, so much disease, crowding of families, unsanitary conditions and delinquency that her book gives the impression that the whole United States is filled with makeshift homes and sick people. But we must remember that she went looking for the abuses, in order to bring them to public notice; that she first consulted welfare workers in every city she visited and then discussed the need for improvement. For this reason her book is something of an alarm clock, which wakes up the complacent. You will read here about

the "doorkey" children — youngsters locked in by their mothers and expected to look after the infants while the mothers work, and about the inability of Mobile to keep very young girls off the streets. In April, 1943, when Mrs. Meyer visited there, the police chief had only nineteen men to keep order in a city of 200,000! You will learn what it means when a factory needs thousands of men in a hurry and living quarters have to be improvised in places where there are no sewers or lights. In Leesville, La., writes Mrs. Meyer, "I saw with my own eyes how the property owners gouge the poor soldiers' wives by renting hovels to these helpless women and the omnipresent babies, for fantastic sums, old barns deserted by construction gangs, chicken coops, rooms no larger than pig runs." Having visited the rest of the Country, Mrs. Meyer returned to Washington to describe the filthy slum areas of the capital of the Nation and to protest against the discrimination shown Negroes. Mrs. Meyer's heart is in the right place; she wants us all to recognize the evil conditions and work, in every community, to eradicate them; "it is a mistake to wait for federal aid; action and national salvation must come from the ground up through individual courage and through faith in ourselves as a people". (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3)

As another baseball season gets laid away in moth balls, the old regulars sit around and recall great days, and the rest of us get a whiff of the eternal fascination of the game by reading Frederick G. Lieb's chronicle, "The St. Louis Cardinals; the story of a Great Baseball Club". "Great" means winning games — and the Cardinals have not only won the World's Series with spectacular playing but lost it in upsets equally dramatic and breathtaking. The world of sport still talks about the way the Cardinals defeated the Yankees in 1942 and wonders what happened to make them losers in 1943, still a baseball mystery. For years before that the St. Louis team provided sensations for the fans; there was the battle of words when Sam Breadon, the owner, "traded" his winning manager, Rogers Hornsby, because he couldn't get along with him; there was the coming of Dizzy Dean and Leo Durocher; there was the Gas House Gang, which was out to win games. They were rowdies, writes Mr. Lieb; "They got right down into the dirt and played hard." Their manager, Frisch, told them, "We haven't any room for softies and no holds are barred." There was the day Dizzy Dean told them, "I got a brother that's pitchin' and he's faster'n me." That was the silent Paul Dean. You can mull over these names and victories and learn that Sam Breadon, the "lucky manager", went to St. Louis from New York as an Irish lad, selling thirty cases of popcorn to visitors at St. Louis' World's Fair. Running through this chronicle of men and games is the business note — games must be won because they increase the



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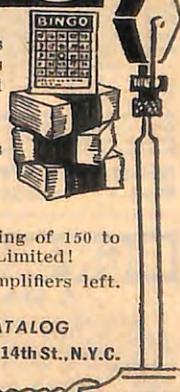
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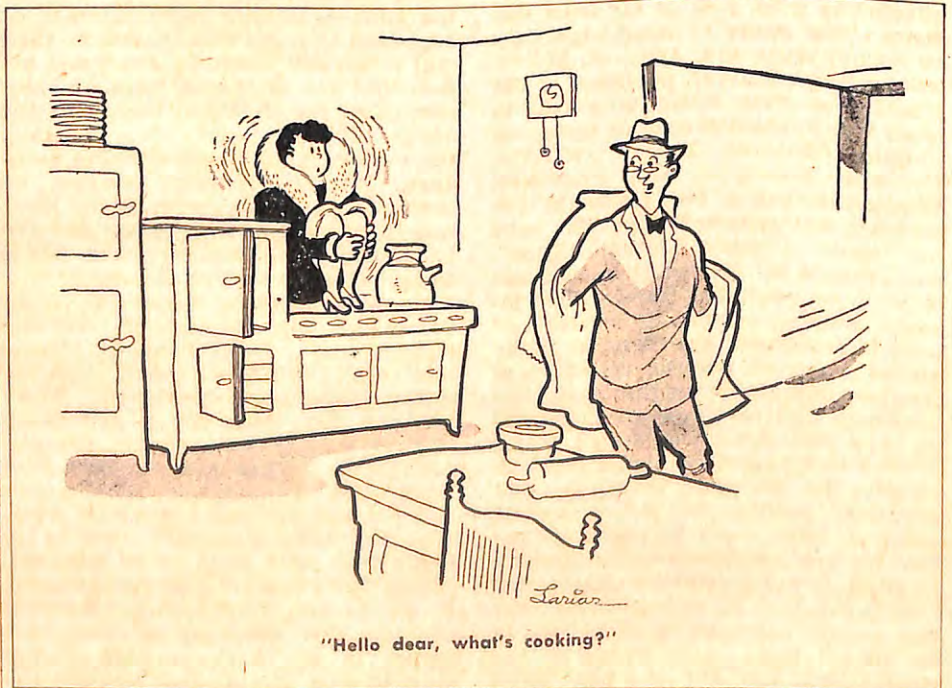
When a German factory worker in good standing, who has just been honored with a decoration, commits an act of sabotage that directs British fliers to the factory, what does it mean? What made him do it? That is the question in the minds of all who are associated with Willi Wegler, who was caught burning a haystack shaped like an arrow when British planes were overhead and who now lies unconscious in a hospital, while the labor front leader and the Gestapo man try to find out what his act implies. This is the beginning of Albert Maltz' fine story, "The Cross and the Arrow", probably the most thoughtful novel written about Nazis by an American. Wegler was a drop-forge man in a concealed tank factory. He had never been under suspicion. His act seemed incredible. Step by step Mr. Maltz reveals the complications that war has made in the lives of those around Wegler—Pastor Frish, who was put into a factory because of his independence in the pulpit; Frau Lingg, who had expected to marry Wegler; the doctor who had been broken in spirit by his sufferings, and a score of others. Wegler, it happened, still possessed a spark of decency; when he heard of barbarities committed by Germans who were neither ashamed nor contrite, he revolted. This novel is a fine accomplishment; it shows that stories can be written about Germany without using the old, familiar situations. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.75)

Wars don't wait for developments; they hurry things up. After every war

a nation undergoes social changes that might have been delayed another generation or two in normal living. Take what happened after the first World War: the plain-speaking in novels, variously described as frankness and indecency, depending upon the author; the rise in smoking by women, aided later by clever advertising; the ruthlessness of the gangster wars, carried on by men who had learned to handle guns in the war; the breakdown of conventions and behavior. But, as Dixon Wecter, a California professor of English, writes in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home", this always happens after a war. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3)

After the Civil War women began to demand their rights. They had gone into jobs when the men went to war, but gave them up again, in all fields except that of school teaching and selling in stores. But the movement for "women's rights" got its start and after the next war the women had their vote. Disobedience of children was more marked and family ties became looser. The veterans started to agitate for pensions, but Gen. Grant, as President, vetoed the first bonus bill. About twenty-five years after the war the veterans got their pensions.

If this is interesting, what Mr. Wecter has to say about our next group of veterans is more so. He believes the men will come back highly competent, for many have had technical training since entering the Armed Forces. Their demand will be the same as that of men after other wars—jobs and security. The airmen will be a problem; we will have 2,000,000 air specialists and jobs for only 8 to 10 per cent of them in commercial aviation. But their training may be useful in other professions. It is not yet clear what soldiers will demand, but jobs they will have to have.



Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 19)

Clarence J. McCarthy, Rockville, Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Assn., and George Steele, Gloucester, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. A program was carried out, corresponding to that of the preceding meeting in Chicago except that the National Memorial and Publication Commission was represented by its Secretary and Treasurer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, the Elks National Foundation by its Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and the Elks War Commission by its Vice-Chairman and Treasurer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. Brief addresses were made also by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, Murray Hulbert, David Sholtz and J. Edgar Masters. The Grand Exalted Ruler entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Biltmore.

At a meeting of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, held in the afternoon of the same day, at which Chairman James L. McGovern of Bridgeport, Conn., presided, the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined his suggestions for two selective membership campaigns to be held in the Fall and Spring, and for the presentation of "Medals of Valor" on Memorial Sunday to the families of Elks killed in the war.

On September 12, 13 and 14, the Grand Exalted Ruler was given "homecoming" parties by the Elks of New Jersey. The first of these was given by **LOGGE NO. 128** at **ASBURY PARK** which is just across the lake from Ocean Grove. The second was at Trenton where the **NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** joined with **TRENTON LODGE NO. 105** in doing honor to Dr. Barrett. An elaborate program, to start with a big parade, had been arranged, but plans were disrupted by the hurricane which struck in the vicinity that evening with devastating force. However, a brilliant reception was held and hundreds came despite the storm. Dr. Barrett was presented with a beautiful gift from Trenton Lodge, a set of Lenox dinner plates and vases. State President Russell L. Binder presided.

On September 14, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett was the guest of **WEEHAWKEN, N. J., LODGE, NO. 1456**. There he was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, who introduced him at the banquet given in his honor and attended by 300 Elks. Also a welcome guest was the Honorable James A. Farley, P.E.R. of Haverstraw Lodge and Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Association. At the lodge meeting held later, a large number of Elks from nearby lodges, headed by District Deputy Joseph C. Melillo, of Lyndhurst Lodge, were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on "Patriotism".

A trip into North Carolina was made the following week. On September 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler dedicated the new home of **CHARLOTTE LODGE NO. 392** and attended the Fall meeting of the **NORTH CAROLINA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION**. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, District Deputy Boyce A. Whitmire, of Hendersonville, and State President W. A. Sams, of Asheville, were guests on both occasions. A barbecue followed the afternoon meeting held by the Association. Among the projects endorsed were the purchase of a 300-acre tract of land near Hendersonville for a summer camp for underprivileged children, and an intensive program for the veterans hospitalized in and around Asheville. It was stated that every lodge in North Carolina had named rehabilitation commissions. At the dedication services, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz introduced Dr. Barrett who took as his subject "The Value of a Home". A dance and reception followed.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of **WINSTON-SALEM LODGE NO. 449** on September 23. It was the first time this lodge had ever entertained a Grand Exalted Ruler and elaborate plans had been made. The banquet given in his honor was attended by prominent state, county and city officials. Dr. Barrett was introduced by Dr. Sams, State President.

On September 30, the Grand Exalted Ruler left for a trip into Indiana, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 24)

Leighton, showed purchases of War Bonds by 73 lodges totaling \$2,027,600, of which more than \$8,500 represented purchases made by Reading Lodge. The report of the State Student Aid Committee, made by Vice-Chairman Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport Lodge No. 173, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, featured the Tuesday session. The report showed that 66 young men, most of them physically handicapped, had been assisted by funds from the Elks National Foundation and from state, district and subordinate lodge treasuries during the year to the extent of more than \$14,000. The Committee announced that its work during the coming year would center largely around the Elk rehabilitation program proposed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Davis was appointed to head the State Committee in charge of the work. At the morning session, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, Chairman, had made a motion that the name of the committee be changed to The Student Aid and Rehabilitation of Returned Soldiers Committee, in order to define the committee's work of aiding the thousands of Elks now in the Services when they return to civilian life and to sponsor the education of children of Elks killed while serving in the Armed Forces. The motion was passed unanimously. During the reading of routine committee reports, it was revealed that 10 Pennsylvania lodges had spent more than \$5,000 each during the

year in charitable enterprises.

The annual Memorial Service was held on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock in charge of P.E.R. J. Fred Bangert, of Williamsport Lodge, Chairman of the Memorial Committee. Prayer was offered by State Chaplain L. F. Duerr, of Sunbury Lodge. The Memorial Address was delivered by Past State President Howard R. Davis.

Scholarships were presented to four high school student winners from their respective districts as follows: Leo Turner, Titusville; Daniel F. Healy, Philadelphia; John W. Dunham, Mount Carmel, and Maryanne Fatora, Blairsville. A fifth winner, Michael B. Palbus, of Pittsburgh, who is serving in the Navy, asked in a letter, read before the convention, that the money be held "for him until" he is able to return to school. The request was granted, and the amount of the award will be held in trust for him. The scholarships are awarded to winners of competitive examinations in each of the eight State districts. Three had not yet been conducted.

Retiring President Ralph C. Robinson was elected a life member of the Association and presented with a Past President's jewel. Arthur C. Melick, of Reading Lodge, was General Chairman of the Convention Committee. More than 1,200 delegates and visitors attended the convention. The visiting ladies were given a dinner on the opening day by the Ladies Auxiliary.

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First Prize \$500 in War Bonds
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 Third Prize \$100 in War Bonds
 and eight prizes of a \$25 War Bond each.

Send your entry to Contest Editor at the address shown below.

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WISCONSIN

The two-day session of the 42nd annual conference of the Wisconsin State Elks Association was opened on Friday, August 25, at the home of Appleton Lodge No. 337. The convention was streamlined, unessential social features being omitted to allow full time for the transaction of business. Registration and committee meetings, including a meeting of the War Activities Committee, took up most of the morning and early afternoon. Approximately 100 delegates availed themselves of the opportunity to play on the beautiful Butte des Morts Golf Course where, on Friday afternoon, a blind-bogey golf tournament was held.

Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett arrived shortly after the noon hour, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, and two prominent Wisconsin Elks, Clayton F. Van Pelt, Fond du Lac, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Grand Trustee Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan. The visitors were met by a delegation of State officers. A delightful afternoon party was given in honor of Dr. Barrett at the home of Past State President A. W. Parnell, General Chairman of the convention, and Mrs. Parnell, after which the local lodge dedicated the new 50-foot flag pole on the grounds of the lodge home. The main address was delivered by Judge Thompson.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet, held that evening, was followed by dancing and a floor show. About 300 persons attended. E. R. L. R. Watson introduced Mr. Van Pelt who acted as Toastmaster. Dr. Barrett's fine address was the highlight of the program. Among others at the speakers' table were Past Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, representing the Elks War Commission, Grand Trustee Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Retiring President Frank L. Fawcett, Milwaukee, who presented Dr. Barrett with a gift from the State Association, Mayor John Goodland, Jr., P.E.R. of Appleton Lodge and an Elk for 46 years, Colonel William H. McCarty, head of the Army in Wisconsin and Michigan, and Colonel L. M. Eek, of the Sixth Service Command.

The business sessions were begun on Saturday morning and continued throughout the day. All matters scheduled for consideration and action had been taken care of when the final session was brought to a close. Wausau Lodge No. 248 was awarded the 1945 convention. Officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Pres., William A. Uthmeier, Marshfield; Vice-Pres-at-Large,

Frank W. Fisher, Janesville; Vice-Pres.'s: Northeast, Harold L. Londo, Green Bay; Northwest, Clarence M. Gilbertson, Eau Claire; South, Norman E. Schulze, La Crosse; Secy., Lou Uecker, Appleton; Treas., William H. Otto, Racine; Trustees: Chairman, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay; Trustee-at-Large, William F. Schad, Milwaukee; Northeast, Dr. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers; Northwest, George Vehlou, Wausau; South, Elmer J. Reese, Madison. Mr. Uecker began his 24th consecutive term as an officer of the Association, having served as Treasurer for a number of years before his first election as Secretary. State Tiler Dr. C. C. Finney, one of the oldest Elks in Wisconsin, has been Tiler of his lodge, Oshkosh No. 292, for 52 years.

The delegates were addressed by Colonel Eek, air liaison officer for the 6th Corps Area. The special War Committee of the Association reported that the lodges of the State had cooperated splendidly on its 12-point war activities program. Outstanding was the sponsoring of a submarine chaser through the purchase of \$1,700,000 worth of War Bonds.

The Crippled Children's Commission reported receipts of \$2,893.10 and disbursements of \$2,292.70. The Committee reported on its convalescent home project for the care and rehabilitation of sufferers of rheumatic fever, and called attention to the thousands of veterans of this war under 21 years of age who would be eligible for assistance and the children of veterans in need of medical service and hospitalization.

The conference closed with the Past Presidents' Banquet. Lieutenant Commander Gerald E. Ellick, head of Navy recruiting in Wisconsin and upper Michigan, praised the Elks of the State for their great work in this department of recruiting men for the Services. Prizes totaling \$850 were awarded by the Scholarship Committee. Iris Thomas, sponsored by Eau Claire Lodge, won the first prize of \$300; second prize winners of \$250 and \$100 respectively were Joyce Werner, Sheboygan, and Margaret Harter, Waukesha. Edward Lindberg, Kaukauna, Florence Rust, Milwaukee, Ralph Michaels, Janesville, and Betty Albrecht, Barbor, received \$50 each. Also presented during the banquet were honorable mention scholarship prizes of \$100 each to James Edward Krueger, Marinette, and John F. McCoy, of Portage. These were two of the scholarships awarded the "most valuable student graduates of high school or preparatory college" by the Elks National Foundation Trustees.

The attendance at the convention was one of the largest recorded by the State Association—299 delegates and 350 visitors.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 23)

ROCHESTER, N. H. Rochester Lodge No. 1393 is now out of debt. On August 3, 1944, the lodge paid off the remainder on its mortgage and cleared up all of its indebtedness to date.

The Rochester, N. H., City Band dedicated the fourth concert of its Victory Series of the season to Rochester Lodge and to members of the Order of Elks throughout the country. The open air concerts are annual events. For nearly half a century the Band has furnished the community with music of the highest type. J. E. A. Bilodeau, a member of the lodge, is the director.

BOISE, IDA. The Boise Elks Band was of great assistance in a huge War Bond Rally held recently in the city park at Emmett, Ida., a town within the jurisdiction of Boise Lodge No. 310. Trustee E. M. Rogers, P.E.R., is manager of the Band, and Frank Pratt is the director. The Band has made many good will trips of importance to Boise Lodge and

is a decided asset in its activities.

Sixteen thousand dollars in Bonds were sold, and Boise Lodge contributed the price of a Bond for each band member. After the rally, the lodge was host to Boise members who reside in Emmett at the American Legion Hall. Legionnaires and members of the Bond Sale Committee were guests.

FROSTBURG, MD. "Barrack Aid" is the name of the very readable news bulletin gotten up and sent monthly by Frostburg Lodge No. 470 to Elks in the Services. Its mimeographed pages contain more than half a dozen departments of interest to the men away from home.

Naturally, the paper goes practically everywhere, and many fine letters of appreciation are received by the lodge. One member, writing from Iceland, passed on the request that a copy be sent to the home lodge of a brother Elk from New Jersey who had read the "Aid" and recognized its merit.

McKEESPORT, PA. A Tornado Relief Fund of \$10,000 for the rehabilitation of western Pennsylvania families, made destitute by the devastating tornado which swept their community last summer, was raised by members of McKeesport Lodge No. 136. Included was a contribution of \$3,209 made possible by the staging of a boxing show held under the chairmanship of William E. O'Toole, assisted by P.E.R.'s Arnold Lichtenstein, Fred C. Markus and Leonard M. Lippert.

A "Baseball Night" program was put on by the lodge recently, honoring old-time stars of the diamond who reside in the district. Among the invited guests who attended were Manager Frank Frisch and 15 other members of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

McKeesport Lodge has been actively interested since Pearl Harbor in furthering the war effort and in the purchase of War Bonds in particular. Approximately 60 of its members are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces. One member, Private Ted Winters, was killed in action on the Anzio beachhead.

The Elks War Commission is pleased to present the name of another overseas representative:

J. J. Breinning,
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The Indian Steel and Wire
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Mr. Breinning is a member of Mo-nessan, Pa., Lodge, No. 773, and has been assigned the duty of coordinating the activities of and dispensing information regarding those Elks who are in the service of their Country in India, and surrounding territory. Arthur B. Carey in England, Edward F. Piel in Australia and Charles G. Thielicke, members of the Order, in Western Australia are the other Elks War Commission agents at this time.

GALENA, ILL. At a recent regular meeting of Galena Lodge No. 882, the members unanimously agreed to stand the expense of an artificial limb for Norman Feltmyer, a deserving youth fifteen years of age, who resides in Stockton.

The regular lodge meeting on Tuesday evening, September the 19th, was outstanding. A class of candidates was initiated and the attendance excellent. The lodge was highly honored and the members and guests present were given an unexpected treat when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, dropped in about ten-thirty for an informal visit. Mr. Lonergan and his brother, the Reverend Father Joseph Lonergan, of Menominee, Ill., who accompanied him to Galena, gave short but impressive talks. A buffet luncheon was served by the committee in charge during a social session held after the meeting.

The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Illinois Crippled Children's Commission and P.E.R. of Oak Park Lodge, who also addressed the lodge. Captain F. H. Runde, a member of Galena Lodge, home after having served overseas for the past two years, F. W. Stranahan, Oak Park, and Elks from Rockford, Freeport and Rock Island, Ill., Platteville, Wis., and Dubuque, Ia., were guests of the evening. One of the important business matters transacted at the meeting was the appointment of the Building and Home Committee, headed by President Sam Meisner.

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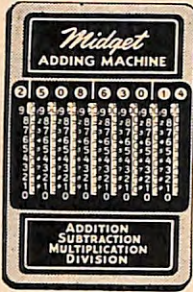
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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Winter's winds can
give your pooch
the willies**

WHEN the wind blusters down out of the north and you hitch those blankets a bit closer under your chin at night, then it's time to give a little extra thought to Fido. Old Man Winter, you know, can play merry hob with your dog at this time of the year if you fail to observe a few small precautions. There aren't many but they'll go a long way toward helping your dog to come through the chill-blain season with a good score-card.

This goes double if the purp is on the sunset side of middle age. As my private war department once asked, "My goodness and whatnot, how do you figure a dog's middle age?" Up to that time I had an idea that pretty nearly everybody knew how canine age was calculated. But I was wrong. I found that a lot of people don't and for their benefit, I'll explain as I did to the lady. Age, that is comparative age, is reckoned as seven years of human life equaling one year of a dog's life. In other words, the dog that is eight years old would be, if a human being, fifty-six years old. And that is certainly going on toward the sunset side of middle age.

Now one of the commonest mistakes made by many owners is the misguided kindness which permits the dog to sleep close to radiators or other heating units. Nothing will do the dog more harm, barring sickness itself or injury, than to encourage this habit. Nothing will more quickly ruin the dog's coat, making it dry, harsh and brittle. The trouble really begins down underneath the coat and on the skin. Heat has an effect of causing the natural oil in the skin to dry out. Shedding, which

occurs among many dogs the year round, becomes more pronounced as the skin gets dry and this can be an infernal nuisance both to owner and dog. This will explain to some puzzled owners the reason why Fido seems to have the itch in winter just as badly as he sometimes has it in summer. He or she is trying to get rid of those darned loose hairs that tickle so much. Too often the dog gets rid of them on your best furniture and to the tidy housewife this is no laughing matter. If you'll drop me a line I'll tell you about a product that's designed to make Fido respect your chairs or sofa as you would a land mine. Keeping the dog's bed close to heat is another way to invite doggy snuffles, and bear in mind that when a dog catches cold this can lead to serious consequences, even pneumonia.

Low room-temperature, avoiding artificial heat, is far better for the dog's health. Many breeders, professional and otherwise, particularly those who breed show dogs, keep their purps in kennels that are entirely without heat. One of the first ribbon winners I ever owned came from such a kennel and he had a coat like sealskin. But a few months in my home, enjoying the benefits of artificial heat, made him a decidedly shabby looking guy. It required hours and hours of grooming the following Spring plus the growth of a new coat, to restore his pristine glitter. He was a Welsh terrier, a rough-coated, broken-haired type of dog and could have remained in an unheated kennel the year round, barring zero weather, and would have been the better for it. This is true for any of the rough-coated or

long-coated dogs. The only exception I'd make is for the very lightly coated purps or those midgets of dogdom, the toy dogs.

But suppose you must keep your pooch indoors in winter. All right, no reason why you should turn off the heat and freeze for the sake of his coat. After all, the chances are that yours is not one of those show-ring aristocrats whose coat must be kept in perfect "bloom". If he or she is just the family pet, then build a platform for its bed or buy one of those ready-made kinds. The bed should be at least two inches off the floor—four inches is better and placed as far from heat as is possible. But be sure that it is located where there are no drafts and be sure that there is no dampness that can reach the dog. It's best that the bed have walls on each side about four or five inches high. Best too, that all sides under the bed are walled in to prevent stray currents from wandering there. The front of the bed, the sleeping platform, needs no wall. A few discarded small rugs or old blankets will be sufficient bedding but whatever you use for him or for her should be aired regularly and washed every so often. It is most important that when washed it should not be put back in the bed until it is *thoroughly* dry.

If you want to keep your dog outside throughout the year, then be sure that it has a house that is water-tight and entirely free from drafts. The best type of house is one that has a partitioned-off sleeping compartment to which the dog has entrance through a vestibule. This keeps direct wind away from the dog. It will be to the dog's greater comfort if you hang a strip of canvas or old carpeting across the doorway. The dog will quickly learn to push this aside to enter its house. In winter, the house had better face south or west. If your dog is confined outdoors in winter or summer too, don't keep it on a short chain. Either see that the chain is *very* long or erect a trolley using a heavy wire between two posts or trees. Such wire should run through a loose ring to which the dog's chain can be attached. In this way it can get needed exercise and yet not be permitted to wander away. The point is that when winter gets in its licks your dog should have plenty of chance to gallop around in its efforts to keep from getting chilled. When the weather gets seriously cold and nose-dives down around zero, then bring the dog into your house but keep that purp in the coolest room. Only bring the dog in at night at such times or when there is a continued over-cast sky in daytime. If the day is reasonably sunny, no matter how cold, if it's a rough or long-coated dog, then such a day spent outdoors with a chance to move around a bit won't hurt the dog at all.

For doghouse bedding, cedar shavings or straw are excellent although the shavings will be the best bet as they have a tendency to discourage fleas and other doggy termites.

Watch the outdoor drinking pan.

Don't let it remain frozen to a solid cake of ice. Renew the water as often as needed.

Another important—and believe me it is most important—thing, is not to keep that purp indoors one day and then bar him from the house the next. If it is an outdoor dog see that he or she stays outdoors during other than the freezing weather I've mentioned. If it's an indoor dog then don't vary the routine by every so often exiling it to the great outdoors—unless the day is bright and sunny or the night is fairly warm. This is confusing, both to the dog and its circulatory system. Unexpected changes of temperature are just as harmful to dogs as they are to human beings, perhaps more so. The dog's owner can dress according to weather and thermometer but Fido can't. He has only one suit and he can't put it on or take it off at will.

Now for this business of dog blankets. It's not my intention to sabotage an industry. But here goes for the truth. If you must make Fido wear a blanket or sweater just because it looks cute, well, go ahead. But don't delude yourself into thinking that you are doing His Nibs a favor. You're not. And here are the only exceptions to that "not:" for sick dogs, the small delicate kinds, the very short-coated (in winter), for any dog when it rains (to save you the bother of drying him) or for show dogs of certain breeds that need such protection. The average healthy house pet no more needs a blanket than you'd need a diving suit while walking through a snow-storm.

If your four-legged friend does happen to get out when it rains or snows and has no blanket, then be sure to dry that dog *thoroughly* when it returns. Dry it right down to the skin. I may add that an outing in the snow is enjoyed by most dogs and if your dog is one of that kind then let him go to it. But see that the business of drying always follows. Another, and I'd call this a silliment, doo-dad that I'm generally against is dog boots. Buy a set if you must or if you think that this helps to keep Fido from tracking up the house. But actually you can prevent this without such expense by simply drying your dog's tootsies before turning him or her loose indoors. A rough, heavy towel will do the trick.

When the weather is cold your dog's diet can be made a bit more rich than you'd give in summer. Some authorities would have you believe that a bit of fat in Fido's dinner pail is the equivalent of a handful of ground glass. Don't you believe this. A little fat won't do any harm at all unless your dog's tummy just won't accept it and there are darned few dogs like that. To any of the advertised, better known dog foods and they are all dehydrated today and no worse off for it, you can add a mite of fat. Add codliver oil—a generous spoonful for a medium size dog, to each meal. Reduce or increase the proportion according to the size of the dog. Make the meals just a bit more generous than you would in summer and

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don't be afraid to put a few table scraps in the food bowl once in a while. But be sure there are no beans (kidney beans or the kind you use to make pork and beans) in such scraps or potatoes either. Both are hard for the dog to digest. Cooked green vegetables—all of them—are excellent. Use tomato juice or one of the fruit juices mixed with one of the daily meals. Bear in mind that when I say that the menu for your pup should be a bit more liberal in winter, I don't by any means mean to over-feed. The average confined house pet usually doesn't get as much exercise in winter as he gets when the weather behaves itself and there's no point in making your dog have a figure like a Japanese wrestler.

Now to the business of bathing—this seems to worry some dog owners when winter rolls around. To begin with, let me say that most dogs are tubbed too often; some not at all. There doesn't seem to be a happy in-between with the majority of owners. I know this by the mail I get that often refers to this subject. Unless, for some special reason your pup gets grimy, he or she shouldn't be dunked more than once every two weeks in winter. Once a month is enough in summer. Now the business of bathing a dog can be conducted as efficiently as a test pilot would take up an untried plane. Or it can degenerate into a domestic riot. It all depends upon the owner, not the dog. Of course, some dogs do hate water as much as does little Willie hates to wash behind his ears, but the average pooch, if rightly handled, can be scrubbed without wear and tear on either dog or owner. If using the soap-and-water method, then a good dog soap should be the thing. Use one of the advertised kinds and you can't go wrong. The water should never be hot, just luke-warm. Test this by dipping your elbow into it. The bathing tub should be large enough to accommodate the dog. This means that it should have surplus room so you can maneuver the dog to any position you want it to take. All other equipment needed would include a fairly large can to use when pouring water over the pooch to rid it of soap, and plenty of rough cloths—old, discarded bath towels are good. First work up a good, thick lather, rub this into the dog's skin. Then use your bailing can to rinse the dog. Repeat this operation. Follow by

a rinsing with clear, clean, not-too-warm water. Remove your friend from the tub and side-step as fast as a lightweight champ because that dog is going to want to shake itself and after the ordeal of a forced bath it's entitled to this pleasure. But there's no reason why you should endure the shower. Next, plant the pooch on a table or some other object high enough to prevent your breaking your back to dry him or her. And then, Brother or Sister, then your job really begins because you should dry that dog clear down to its skin and dry the skin, too. That's why you'll need more than one towel or cloth. The coat of a wire-haired or long-haired dog can absorb a surprising amount of aqua (this means water, Junior). The next thing after Fido is thoroughly dehydrated is that he or she will probably skate and coast all over your floor but if the dog is thoroughly dry then no damage is done. In this the dog seems to have some cock-eyed idea that only it can really do a thorough job of drying—or maybe the dog thinks this coasting business is just plain fun. I wouldn't know.

Now, suppose you want to keep Mr. or Mrs. Fido clean and don't want to run the risk of having a land and sea battle on your hands. That's easy, there's a new hygienic powder now being sold that does the trick with a minimum of fuss. You sprinkle it on your Fido, work it into the coat, brush it out and, by gosh! the dog is washed and is as sanitary as a packaged food that has just come off the assembly line. It is said that using it, even little Harry or Harriet can do the job. It will help banish those buggy gremlins that sometimes infest dogs that move in the best circles. At least, to me, it would seem that one of the most dangerous threats to bathing a dog in winter can be reduced because, here, no water is required. My own, personal pooch, selected from the Hooligans that are domiciled out in back, tells me that he likes it. But I know him to be a confirmed skeptic when it comes to soap and water and besides, he regards truth as something that was invented and to be used by humans only, I regard his statement as something to be taken with a grain of aspirin. If you want the name of this dog beautifier—and the good dog soaps, too—drop me a note and I'll be glad to send them. Both soaps and powder are good for cats too.



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

Holmes & Co.

(Continued from page 9)

The early adventures of Philo Vance were based on actual murder cases, but Vance himself was pure invention. In some ways, he is the exact opposite of Holmes; where the Londoner is careless of social custom, Vance is a veritable dude in dress and manner, a connoisseur of food and drink; his curious collection of knowledge is less scientific than Holmes', more literary and artistic. But the contempt that Holmes feels for the average man's mentality, as symbolized in Inspector Lestrade, has grown, in Vance, to a contempt for man as a whole—that man who had refused to recognize the worth of Wright's serious work. It has grown to an expressed contempt for democracy and for the belief in man's essential goodness and the intelligence which it represents.

Vance is a representative of an entire sub-heading of eccentric detectives, whom we might call the Exquisites. His speech is mannered and affects the English; it is generously peppered with allusions and foreign phrases; his words and gestures express a world-weariness and pseudo-sophistication indulged in to a lesser degree by Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey, and to a comparably irritating degree by H. C. Bailey's Reggie Fortune. That young man, like Vance and Wimsey, is a master connoisseur of vintage wines and fine foods; he drops his final g's when speaking; he never speaks without moaning or groaning, and his favorite expressions are "Oh, my hat!" and "My only aunt!"

This school of detection is fortunately fading in favor. Even H. C. Bailey seems to find Reggie Fortune somewhat trying, since he has created another detective for occasional relief: amoral, hymn-singing and completely vulgar Joshua Clunk.

Indeed, it may be said the entire tribe of eccentric detectives is slowly but surely being routed. Fat Nero Wolfe and his beer and orchids, his aversion to exercise and his gourmandism, belongs with the eccentrics without any doubt; but in spite of his reluctance to take a case and his annoyance at being dragged from his hothouse, he is fundamentally a lovable character, one whose bark is worse than his bite. That Rex Stout, his creator, happens to be a more than usually energetic man, of normal girth, with an intense and active interest in the affairs of his fellow men, shows only, perhaps, that he was following the traditional pattern, and catering to that wishful, delusive whisper in himself which murmurs to him from time to time: wouldn't it be nice to stop worrying about the state of the world and relax à la Nero Wolfe?

Still further along the path toward the average man is Baynard Kendrick's blind detective, Captain Duncan MacLain. Here the eccentricity is a physical one, and, in contradistinction to Holmes' drug-addiction and Vance's mannerisms, forms an essential and important

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part in the adventures which befall him. Because he is blind, his detection must follow a certain pattern; he must depend on hearing, smell and touch, rather than sight; and where Nero Wolfe has young and brawny Archie to do his leg work and defending, Maclain depends upon his Seeing-Eye dogs.

Maclain is not the first blind detective in fiction: Ernest Bramah's Max Carrados was that. But Maclain has reached a far wider audience. Blind readers have written Baynard Kendrick, asking if he is blind, because his portrayal of Duncan Maclain is so true to life. But the blind captain is no self-portrait. Interested in the problems of the blind, Baynard Kendrick spent three months at the training school for Seeing-Eye dogs, and learned his subject completely.

At the same time that these latter-day gentlemen amateurs have been progressing toward normalcy, another set of detectives has grown up. They are the tough professionals first created by Dashiell Hammett. Their manner of speech, motivation and action are eccentric in the sense of being unlike those of any people we are apt to meet in daily life. Hammett came as close to realism in the detective story as anyone has done. Himself a professional private detective, he knew the men whereof he spoke. Writing of the prohibition era in America, with characters intimately concerned with gangsters and mobs and the underworld, Hammett's novels belong to realism in that they present a vivid picture of a social structure, in a specific period, which produced the kind of men, like Sam Spade, who are Hammett's supermen. There is little of the traditional eccentricity or superiority in them. Their code of ethics is scanty, and their speech is not refined. Yet they are not unadmirable; they have brute courage and strength, but more than that, they have integrity, their own code of honors and ethics to which they adhere.

There have been many tough detectives since then, like Jonathan Latimer's Bill Crane, Frank Gruber's Johnny Fletcher and Simon Lash, Kurt Steel's Hank Hyer, the tough heroes of Raymond Chandler. That vogue, too, is dying out, as the gangster era fades into the past; but a healthy and ever-increasing line of descent can be traced from the last of the Hammett detectives, he who, ironically, was the least great of them all. From Nick Charles of "The Thin Man" and his wife Nora came our present crowd of so-called wacky detectives.

These, like the original model, travel in pairs. They are gay, wise-cracking, insouciant, sophisticated people, who love each other dearly but prefer not to show it. Their eccentricities are not so much a matter of kind as of degree: they are gayer, crack more wise-cracks, etc., than their counterparts in real life. Whether their names are Mr. and Mrs. North (as created by Frances and Richard Lockridge) or Helene and Jake Justus (à la Craig Rice) or Liz and Gordon Parrott (à la Manning Long), they

meet life—and more often death—with personal charm as their chief weapon. Very often their minor traits and habits are based on those of real people. The first of the Mr. and Mrs. North stories, not a detective story, was based on something which had actually happened to Mrs. Lockridge; from that first inci-



Philo Vance was one of the Exquisites.

dent, the characters grew and took on a new life of their own.

In all this consideration of the amateur detective, we have been neglecting his inevitable counterpart. The amateur detective may supply observation, deduction and knowledge, but he cannot make a pinch. The professional policeman must be brought in to attend to such details. And from the very start, he has received shabby treatment at the hands of his brilliant vis-à-vis and his creator.

Again, it is Poe who sets the pattern. Monsieur G——, the Prefect of Police who so dismally fails to find the purloined letter, is a methodical and pains-taking man. "The Parisian police," explains Dupin, "are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand." That, of course, is not enough. They are limited in imagination, they are incapable of matching wits with a really intelligent man. They are, in other words, far beneath Dupin in the really essential talents; let them plot along with their dreary routine.

Again, Conan Doyle uses the same pattern and carries it further. Lestrade is far stupider than Monsieur G——, and even more pompous.

We can find a reason behind this, too. Once more, it is a joint necessity with a superficial as well as a deeper causation. On the surface, the stupid cop is

there to act as a foil for the brilliant amateur, whose talents are such that he outshines even those whose profession it is to bring the criminal to justice. On the deeper level, he provides the reader with one more innocent means of feeling superior. As children, all of us grew up in awe of the policeman, the tangible symbol, along with God and father, of authority in the grown-up world. How satisfying, then, to that piece of childhood that lingers on in all of us, to be able to feel superior to him.

This pattern received new impetus in America with the coming of Prohibition. The open flouting of the law and the hero-worship of the gangster are reflected in the corrupt and incompetent cops of much of our native detective fiction of the last twenty-five years. The epitome of the incompetent cop is apt to be the small-town sheriff, like the one in Craig Rice's "Trial By Fury" who, with one eye on the elections, is interested only in solving the crime in a way which will not hurt the feelings of any of his voters.

But this pattern, too, is changing. More and more frequently, now, the policeman and the superman are one. Michael Innes' Inspector Appleby is a quiet, cultured man whose speech and knowledge reflect his professional creator's enormous erudition. Helen Reilly's

Inspector McKee, while he cannot trade quotations with a Vance or Fortune, is honest, efficient and eminently successful at his job. And A. B. Cunningham, with Sheriff Jesse Roden, has even made the rural law enforcement officer respected and accomplished.

It is possible that in time to come, the professional will displace the amateur entirely. Tracking down a murderer these days entails the use of so many complicated tools of modern science, of so vast a network of information given and received, of so many miles of space to be covered, that the role of brilliant individual deduction and inference shrinks to a smaller place. Moreover, the calibre of our real policeman is changing. They are being chosen increasingly these days for intelligence and knowledge, not for brawn alone.

And yet, I am far from certain that Holmes and Dupin, Poirot and Vance, Fortune and Maclain, belong to a vanishing race. For their disappearance would rob us of one of the greatest pleasures in the reading of detective fiction: the thrill of thinking that somehow, somewhere, with only a minor miracle intervening, we might find ourselves involved in murder which only our own ingenuity and special knowledge could solve. To be a superman in our own person—what a consummation devoutly to be wished for!

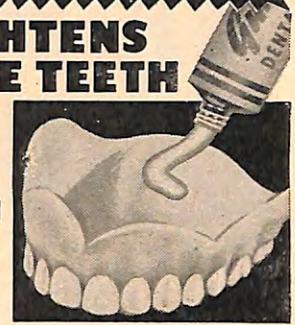
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Editorial

Armistice Day

ARMISTICE DAY is at hand, the anniversary of the day in 1918 when the news of Germany's surrender and the end of World War I sent the American people into a wild frenzy of joy, when the capitulation of the enemy meant to them that hostilities were over, the foe was beaten, and the world made safe for democracy.

In the twenty-six years which have elapsed since the signing of that armistice, the world has learned the bitter lesson that it was, in truth, only an "armistice", which suspended hostilities long enough to give the enemy time to build a new and more terrible war machine with which to launch World War II.

"To you from falling hands we throw—the torch", but the torch was missed on Flanders Field. It fell into the archives of Versailles, to smoulder amid scrapped treaties and broken promises, and finally to burst into the flame of a new war, to be fought by the sons and grandsons of the men of 1917.

The men who crossed the seas in 1917 to fight under alien skies under our Country's banner were thrilled by the most exalted motives that ever accompanied men into battle. With the inspiration of crusaders, they fought in the hope that their blood would eradicate war from civilization forever. They did not fail, they vanquished the enemy, but the torch was missed by those who made the peace.

But bloody aggression has failed again. The mighty war machine, built in the armistice years, is beginning to disintegrate, the German satellites run like rats from the sinking ship. True, the foe fights on, but with the desperation of a cornered beast, and with weakness so apparent that the world is beginning to think in terms of peace. But there shall be no "armistice" to end this war; the only terms acceptable are complete and abject surrender. The torch must not be missed again.

The fall of Germany will end only one phase of our war. There is still a cruel and vindictive enemy to be reckoned with in the Pacific, and on this battle front our men are fighting and dying every day. It would be indeed unseemly to greet the collapse of the Western front with wild demonstrations of joy, while the war is only half won. Victory Day will come only when all our enemies are conquered, and the world freed from the constant menace of attack from war like tribes, indoctrinated with the belief that they are destined to rule the world.

The Ban Lifted

PAST Exalted Rulers may now organize without fear of punitive action by the Grand Lodge. Section 225 of the Statutes, has been amended to exclude Past Exalted Rulers Associations from the provision which prohibits membership in any organization with membership limited to Elks. Associations of Past Exalted Rulers have existed for many years, and have demonstrated their worth to the Order. The removal of the penal feature from the Statute, which has never been enforced, clears the way for greater growth of such organizations, and closer cooperation on the part of Past Exalted Rulers in the affairs of their respective districts.

Thanksgiving Day

SINCE Governor Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, proclaimed in the year 1621 that a day be set aside for "public prayer and praise" in gratitude for the bounty of the first harvest gathered by the colonists in their new homeland, Thanksgiving Day has been observed in New England. Through the years, observance spread throughout the Country, and in 1863 a proclamation by President Abraham Lincoln made recognition of the day a national institution.

Thanksgiving Day is distinctively an American holiday. It was conceived in the gratitude of the pilgrims for the Divine Wisdom which led them to a land of plenty and a haven of peace. It has always been a day of deep religious significance, appealing to all Americans to give thanks to the God of their fathers for the blessings he has bestowed upon America, and upon the people of other lands who, like the pilgrims, found peace and opportunity on her hospitable shores.

Thanksgiving Day has always been a day of rejoicing, of family gatherings, essentially a festival of home. In this year of 1944 families will gather about the traditional Thanksgiving board, and it will groan with the weight of good things obtainable no where else in the world, but there will be vacant places at the table of almost every American home, the places of young men and women absent in their Country's service, and families with smiling faces, masking aching hearts, will carry on in the traditions of the day.

The clouds of war still hang heavily over the hearts and homes of America, but there is much to be thankful for in this year of 1944. The tide of battle has definitely turned, victory marches in step with our cause, and it is only a question of how long the remnants of the mighty war machine, constructed to destroy America, and everything that Thanksgiving Day means to her people, can hold together, under the onslaught of Allied power.

Surely this coming Thanksgiving Day should be a day of praise and prayer—praise for those who, along the far-flung battle line of the world, are fighting to preserve America, and prayers for their safe and speedy restoration to the arms of the loved ones at home.



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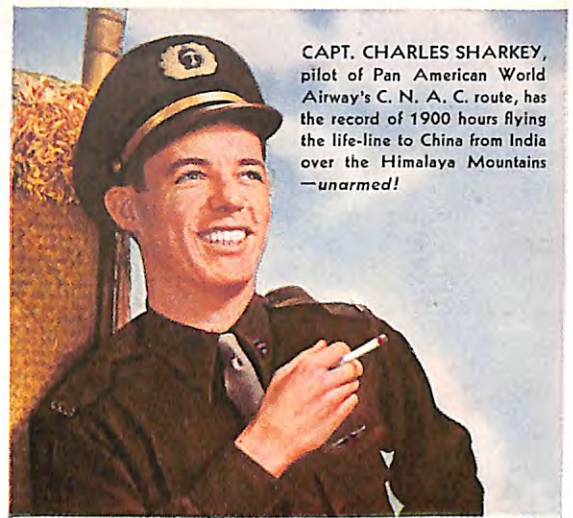
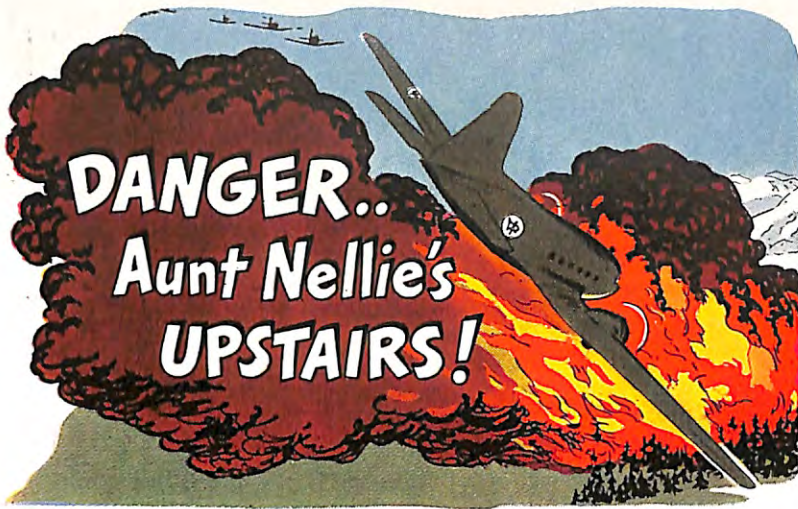
*"By science taught, on silken wings, Beyond our groveling race you rise,
 And, soaring from terrestrial things,
 Explore a passage to the skies" . . .
 . . . from one of many letters occasioned by the flight.*

Little did our founding fathers suspect that such events as this first balloon ascension staged in post-Revolutionary Philadelphia should be prophetic of our future in the skies. Here, again, we see the birth of great traditions for which Philadelphia has been proclaimed since the dawn of American history. As for instance that gracious "heritage of hospitality", today proudly upheld by Philadelphia Blend. A whisky of such excellence you might fairly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

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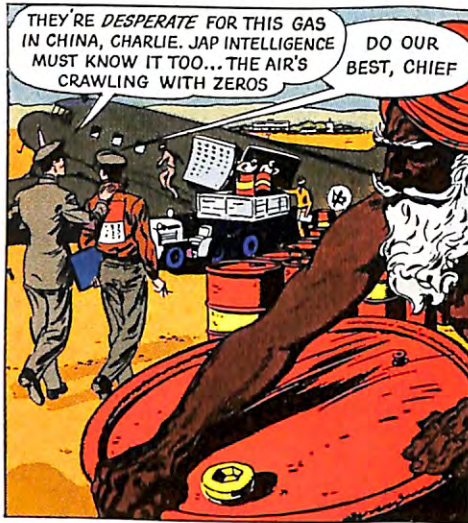
86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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



CAPT. CHARLES SHARKEY, pilot of Pan American World Airway's C. N. A. C. route, has the record of 1900 hours flying the life-line to China from India over the Himalaya Mountains—unarmed!

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

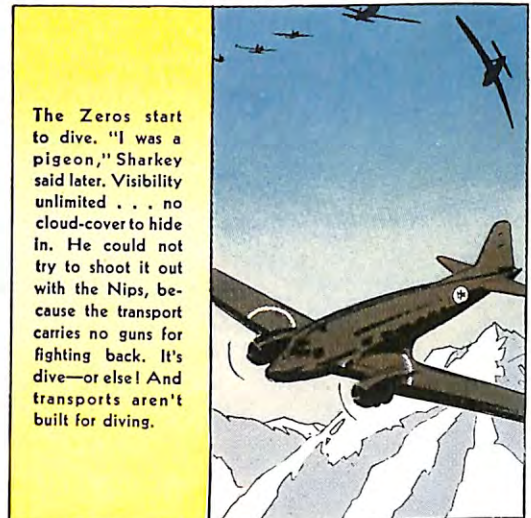


THEY'RE DESPERATE FOR THIS GAS IN CHINA, CHARLIE. JAP INTELLIGENCE MUST KNOW IT TOO... THE AIR'S CRAWLING WITH ZEROS

DO OUR BEST, CHIEF



ZEROS! A FLOCK OF 'EM. ONE TRACER BULLET'LL EXPLODE THIS CARGO FROM HERE TO CHINA!



The Zeros start to dive. "I was a pigeon," Sharkey said later. Visibility unlimited . . . no cloud-cover to hide in. He could not try to shoot it out with the Nips, because the transport carries no guns for fighting back. It's dive—or else! And transports aren't built for diving.



I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE!

What's that on the horizon? A forest fire?—and Sharkey spots it. A smoke-screen to hide in . . . but leaping flame too. Bad place to fly with a cargo of 100 octane gasoline.



SHARKEY TO BASE, FLYING BLIND IN FOREST FIRE... AUNT NELLIE'S* ON TOP!

***PILOT SLANG FOR JAP FLIERS**

Into the inferno. Flying blind! Fire all around him. Mountain walls on each side. The Japs above—with itchy trigger fingers.



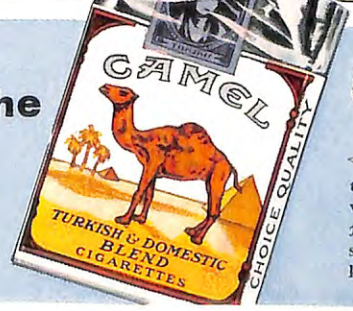
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE IT, CHARLIE. TERRIFIC!

TERRIFIC ENOUGH TO REMIND ME I WANT A CIGARETTE NOW. BOY, GIVE ME A CAMEL, QUICK!

The back of his jacket isn't just fancy decoration. That's a message in Chinese—very useful if he's forced down—telling the natives to aid him.

Camels First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel.
(BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS)



Try Camels on Your Own "T-ZONE"

—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Try Camel's mildness, coolness, and kindness on your throat. And the full, rich flavor of its wonderful blend of costlier tobaccos on your taste. Who knows? . . . Camels may suit your "T-Zone" to a T. You'll never know—till you try them! Now?