

Elks

MAGAZINE



AMERICAN LIBERATION ARMY

H 2708 BOUNDS

DECEMBER 1944

20 CENTS PER COPY



Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge, December, 1777...Based on Early Records.*

PHILADELPHIA

Heritage of Glory



"But we must not, in so great a contest, expect to meet with nothing but sunshine. I have no doubt ... we shall triumph over all our misfortune, and, in the end, be happy."
... Gen. Washington to Lafayette, Valley Forge, December 31, 1777.

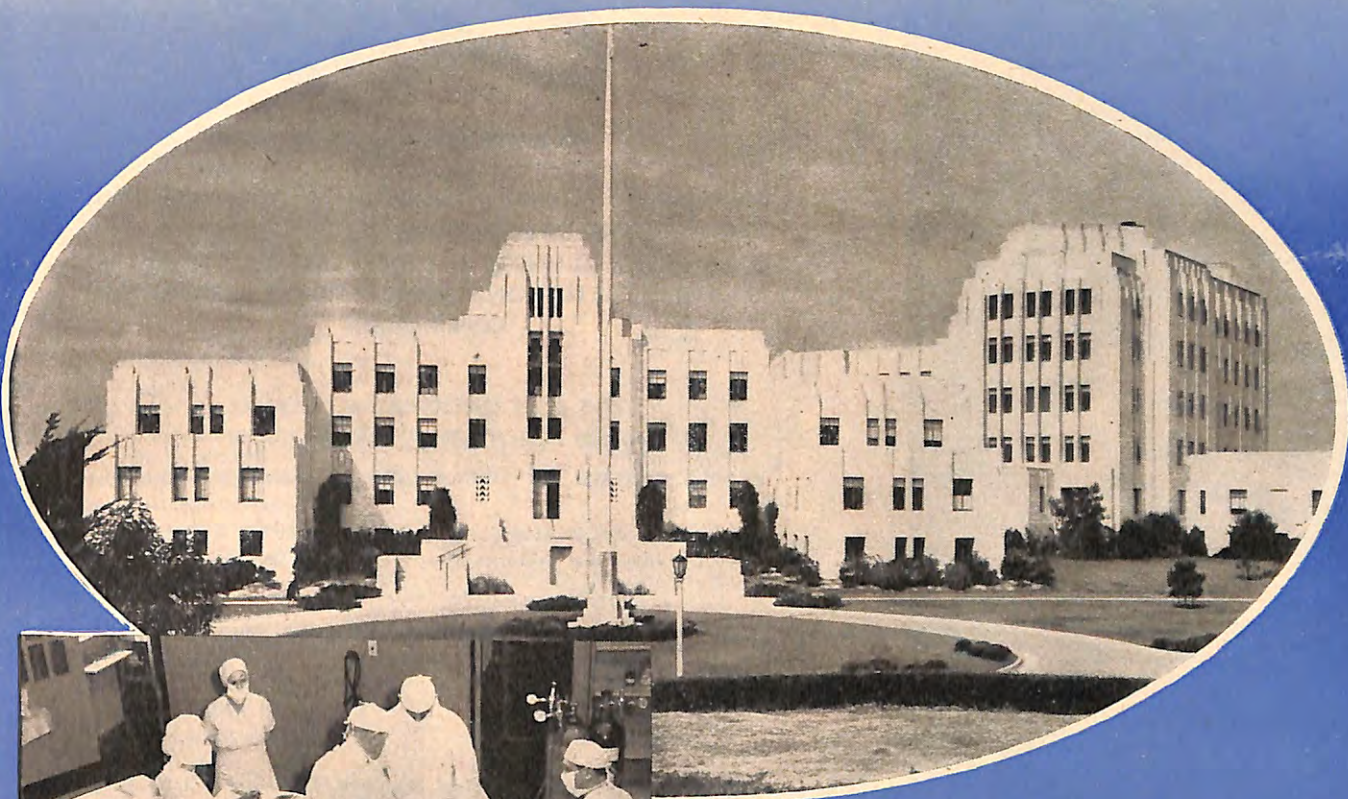
Thus Washington's philosophy reflected, in darkest Revolutionary days, hope for a better way of life. How accurately he forecast is proved by the legendary luxury of Colonial Philadelphia, a flair for gracious living which persists to this day. Enjoy this "heritage of hospitality" in Philadelphia Blend... whisky that does honor to this proud tradition. A whisky you might justly reserve for special occasions, yet you can enjoy Philadelphia regularly and often.

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

Mission of Mercy



Above is the Veterans Administration building in San Francisco, and at left, nurses assisting at an operation.

1,000 additional nurses are needed to care for the 5,000 boys admitted to Veterans Hospitals each month.

ONCE more Elksdom has embarked on a mission of mercy. From coast to coast, in metropoli and townships all across the land, members are busy recruiting the thousand nurses so urgently needed to serve in the Nation's ninety-four Veterans Administration Hospitals. They have enlisted every media to insure the success of this worthy effort. Stores, churches, theaters and transportation terminals in communities everywhere are displaying posters appealing for nurses; radio stations are taking up the oral plea which our Brothers are making in the vicinity of their lodges; newspapers are supporting the drive with editorials, features and news items; nurses long registered in their profession, and young women with newly acquired diplomas from recognized nursing schools, are being sought constantly.

The drive is intensive, the drive is timely: Our wounded sailors and soldiers are coming back home in increasing numbers; they are being admitted to Veterans Hospitals at the rate of 5,000 a month!

How truly benevolent and protective the Order will have been if it can look back on the fulfillment of the assurance given Colonel George E. Ijams (Assistant Administrator of the Veterans Administration) that the Elks would recruit the thousand nurses asked for in his eloquent plea delivered at the Elks War Conference last August!

If the members of each lodge expend themselves in this cause with a semblance of the zeal shown by the boys who have suffered physically and mentally for us, a great victory will have been scored on the lodge-homefront.

The success of each lodge's effort to

recruit at least one nurse for the Veterans Hospitals is in no small way dependent on a knowledge of the requirements which a nurse is asked to meet. It will also go a long way to attract potential applicants if each lodge member is conversant with the many opportunities available in the Veterans Administration.

Some of these are:

Exclusive of overtime pay, the minimum starting salary for a nurse in the Veterans Administration is \$1800 per year with automatic annual increases of \$60.

There are promotions, twenty-six-day vacations, assignments to preferred stations if at all feasible, and an attractive retirement plan.

Nurses work eight hours a day at these hospitals, on rotating shifts.

The resident facilities are comparable to the comforts of the average, well-appointed home, with a private room for each nurse.

If the Chairman of your War Committee has not already given you the complete details as to requirements, see him tonight for your copy.

One can think of pleasant gifts at this season of the year, but surely no more practical or necessary endeavor than to see to it that there are enough nurses to care for the men whose Christmas will be spent in an atmosphere of pain.

The success of this program depends on YOU. See it through.

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

THIS is the fourth Christmas cover John Hyde Phillips has painted for *The Elks Magazine* and of all of them this is the most timely now that so many of our young men are in the Philippines. It takes some ingenuity to fashion a Christmas tree in the land where the bong tree grows.

Our feature articles this month are also timely. "Seven Up!" by Kent Richards deals with the Seventh Air Force, which most of the time is up downing Nips. Another number, by John Beaufort, entitled "Transport, Attack", will give you as accurate an idea as the censors would allow of how we got into the Philippines at all, while our special artist, William von Riegen, whose work has recently been pirated by *Collier's*, gives us a comprehensive view of another branch of the Armed Forces, the Engineers. (They're in the Philippines too, although von Riegen himself is in some place like North Bergen, New Jersey.) Wherever he is, von Riegen does good.

We also are rich in fraternal matters. Dr. Robert South Barrett, our Grand Exalted Ruler, has composed a moving Christmas Message which appears on pages 4 and 5. The Elks War Commission has contributed two stirring pieces. One is an appeal to the lodges to assist in the vastly important endeavor of recruiting nurses for the succor of wounded servicemen. The War Commission asks us to fulfill that pledge which was made to this effect at the Grand Lodge War Conference in Chicago.

The War Commission also has compiled, with the help of Marine Captain Wellborn R. Ellis, Past Exalted Ruler of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, a report on Agana, Guam, Lodge. The report and the illustration accompanying it make pretty tough reading.

At this point your editors are taking the opportunity to explain to many lodges why pictures of recently initiated candidates of the Order have not appeared in its pages. We have explained several times that our paper allotment is static, whereas our circulation through the good offices of recent Grand Exalted Rulers has risen mightily. This shortage has obliged us to eliminate from our pages many photographs which we would otherwise publish with great pleasure. It is our earnest hope that many disappointed members of the Order will understand why we have found it necessary to adopt this measure.

Reports of several of the conventions of the State Associations appear on page 12 and the visits of Dr. Barrett to a number of subordinate lodges will make interesting reading on page 15.

We have as you may expect, the other usual features which you see monthly—and the Elks are still in the war is shown on pages 18 to 22.

C. P.

A Legacy from Col. James Crow



*To future generations
I leave the
finest whiskey
ever produced
in old Kentucky*

THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

OLD CROW

*A
Truly Great Name*

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Bottled-in-Bond

The Old Crow whiskey you buy was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is cooperating 100% with the government alcohol program.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is
4 years old • National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. • 100 Proof

A Christmas Message from



The Grand Exalted Ruler

TO ALL ELKS—GREETINGS:

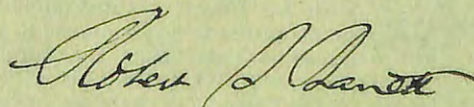
"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." With this swelling chorus a Heavenly Host proclaimed to humble shepherds, tending their flock upon the hills about Bethlehem, the dawn of the first Christmas. In this year of war, "Peace on earth" rings with hollow sound, but since that first Christmas, peace has been fought for, and prayed for, and this Christmas Day will find the age-old struggle renewed, with our countrymen fighting along battle lines extending to far corners of the earth, to establish good will to men.

Christmas bells, that in happier years pealed forth "good tidings of great joy", are strangely out of tune with the din of battle, and strike a discordant note in aching hearts. The traditional "Merry Christmas" would be a strange greeting in homes where but yesterday, it must seem, little lads, now in the line of battle, hung their stockings "by the chimney with care", and toddled off to dream of what Christmas morning held in store. Therefore, my Brother Elks, I cannot say to you and those near and dear, "Merry Christmas," for to many of you the day must be one of memories and fears, but on behalf of our Order and from the depths of my heart, I extend fraternal greetings and pray that the eternal Spirit of Christmas will enable you to see the light of Victory, shining like the bow of God's promise, through the clouds of war.


To my Brothers in the Armed Forces, who by your sacrifice are hastening the day of "Peace on earth", I know your Christmas joy must come in dreams snatched from the din of war, but you are not forgotten. Our Brotherly Love follows you over land and sea, and in the air. We pray for your safe return and years of happiness in which to enjoy "the peace your valor won".

To the veterans who have paid the price and are returned to our hospitals at home, the Order of Elks sends greetings and I, its spokesman, express the hope that your every wish will be gratified, and your Christmas made brighter by the knowledge that your blood has not been shed in vain. Wherever you may be, I know my Brother Elks will make every possible contribution to your comfort and cheer.

No, we cannot say, "Merry Christmas," but we can be thankful that the Spirit of Christmas lives, transcending race and creed, clinging fast to the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Throughout the ages, barbarians have turned to war to kill this Spirit, but always they have failed. Love of home is stronger than love of state, and there has ever been man to fight and die, as our men fight and die today, to preserve the basic principle, "Peace on earth, good will to men."



ROBERT S. BARRETT,
Grand Exalted Ruler.



SEVEN UP!

**The Seventh AAF is
"the biggest little air-
force in the world—"**

By Kent Richards

A HIGH ranking AAF officer, just returned from a world tour of inspection, described as "the biggest little air force in the world" the Seventh AAF which today dominates the Central Pacific air for some 5,600 miles west from Hawaii to the Marianas and the Philippines and for some 1,200 miles north from Jap-held Nauru to Wake. The officer was about right. Small by the major-league standards of the European theater, yet its bomb-

ers fly farther, cover more territory, fly more missions per airplane and probably bomb with greater accuracy than those of any other air force in the world.

From the standpoint of operational efficiency and putting the bombs where they will do the most good, the Seventh is, by anybody's standards, as big-league as the Yankees.

Assigned at the outbreak of the war to the difficult job of defending the Hawaiian Islands from the very real threat of Japanese invasion, the Seventh Air Force was not built up to the point where it could mount a sustained offensive until near the end of 1943. Then, with its Sunday punch wound up in the form of a striking force of Liberators and Mitchells, on November 13th it really cut loose.

At that moment it was operating from newly constructed bases in the Ellice Islands, as well as a couple of others, far to the south of the strongly held Jap bases in the Gilberts and the Marshalls. Truk, the Jap mystery base,

looked as far away and almost as impregnable as the Japanese homeland itself. But five months later the Seventh had softened the Gilberts for ground assault; it had, with the Navy, pulverized the Marshalls so that Marines and the Army's 7th Division were able to cut through the remaining Jap defenses on Kwajalein and Znivetok and it had neutralized Kusaie and blitzed Ponape on the road to Truk and was pounding away at the futile defenses of Truk itself. (It has since even blasted its way hundreds of miles west of Truk to Guam and Tinian and Saipan in the Marianas not to mention the Palau Islands, Morotai and several islands of the Philippines.)

In that whirlwind five months the Seventh moved its bases forward nearer Tokyo some 1,500 miles. Had it fit in with his plans to do so, Admiral Chester Nimitz could have ordered his forces to occupy a few more bomb happy Jap islands and thus have moved the Seventh a considerable distance

Photos by 7th AAF

**A 7th AAF Mitchell bomber circles away after smashing at
a Jap target in the Central Pacific**

closer. Even so, operating as part of an invincible Army, Navy and Marine team, the Seventh Air Force had advanced farther in less time than any air force in history.

It was, as the observant officer said, the biggest little air force in the world.

But despite the magnificence of the forward sweep in the Central Pacific, in which the Seventh played its part, the air end of it wasn't as easy as it might appear. There were times when the bomber crews, flying without escort into the teeth of what was then, in this area, a hot Jap airforce, were ready to give the whole thing up as a bad job. Invariably outnumbered, nine, twelve or fifteen bombers would fight off swarms of Jap interceptors over the target, and then fly crippled planes, often with wounded aboard, 800 or 1,000 miles back to base. But for the toughness of their Mitchells and Liberators and their superlative training, many of them who did get back wouldn't have made it. And many did not.

In the European theater it was considered most remarkable when a bomber formation would be attacked by anywhere near the same number of fighters of the *Luftwaffe*. But 7th AAF bombers at one time could depend on being outnumbered from two, three or even four to one when they hit their targets. For twelve to fifteen Jap fighters to line up to attack a single bomber wasn't a daily occurrence but it happened frequently enough to put a rather high premium on the winning of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

There were three primary enemies: the Japs, the interminable water and the weather. The Japs they didn't mind. They were the enemy the bomber crews had sworn to fight. But the water was a treacherous thing. Blue as blue and limitless in its vastness, it held no beauty for these fliers. To

them it meant but one thing: they couldn't bail out of a crippled bomber. Their choice was only a crash landing and the rubber boats. They didn't like it. They still don't.

But even worse was the weather. Between their home bases and the targets there was a perpetual shifting weather front; a turbulence of the type most feared by airmen, it would toss a thirty-ton bomber around almost like a feather regardless of the 4,800 horsepower of its motors. Often too high to fly over, they had to fly under the front. So they came down to a few feet above the water and flew through driving storms to get at the target. And they did it again on the way back. This wasn't the exceptional mission. The front was always there—some days in one place, some days in another and in varying intensity. But always it was between them and their target. It was a navigator's nightmare. Those navigators who survived the first five months of the 7th AAF offensive are without doubt the best in the world today.

The combination of Japs, weather and water, together with an irrepressible desire for longevity on the part of the aircrews, resulted in some of the great air sagas of World War II. For as the bomber lads put it, "On the way out to the target and until we get our bombs away we're working for the Government. On the way home we're working for ourselves." And how they work!

There was the case of the Liberator "Short Snorter". This was one of those numerous planes of the 7th AAF described by Japan's Pacific propagandist, Tokyo Rose, as having been shot down by the incomparable airmen of Nippon. In an attack on the Marshalls, "Short Snorter" got a motor shot out and a serious case of flak poisoning. As it dropped behind the formation some twenty Jap fighters lined up for the kill. Being separated from the for-

mation with one motor out and a thousand miles of open water between them and home is not unusual in the 7th AAF. The persistent attacks of the Japs complicated the problem somewhat. But the real trouble came when fire broke out in the airplane at the same time a gas line was hit and gasoline started pouring into the bombay.

There is not space for a play-by-play account of that one. While the crew fought the fire and the Japs, and the engineer tried to staunch the gas flow, the ship was driven down to the water. When they were but ten feet off the water the Japs figured the job was done and broke off the attack. The fire remained. The extinguishers proved insufficient. Heavy winter flying clothes only partially smothered it. With the water in their canteen gone they finally put the fire out with cans of fruit juice! Then everything was thrown overboard to lighten the ship. Gradually it gained altitude, pulling away from that dread of water. The engineer got the gas leak fixed, after 200 gallons of the stuff had sloshed into the bombay; fixed the frayed control cables "baling wire" fashion, and the crew began to sweat out the long ride home. Nobody knows how they got there, but they did. Most likely it was due to a combination of guts and superior skill which is by no means unique in the 7th AAF but which is a combination essential to survival.

Occasionally, however, luck plays an important part. Five men of a 7th AAF Liberator crew are alive today due to near disasters which seemed at the time certain to cause their death or capture by the enemy. These five were the survivors of the "Galvanized Goose" and they had crash-landed in a part of the Central Pacific where there is no land for half a million square miles except the Jap-held islands of Ocean and Nauru.

(Continued on page 26)

A 7th AAF Mitchell bomber hits a Jap base in low-level attack with cannons and bombs. These valiant Mitchell crews went through an entire campaign attacking from 50 to 100 feet above the ground.





— NEW BY-PASS —

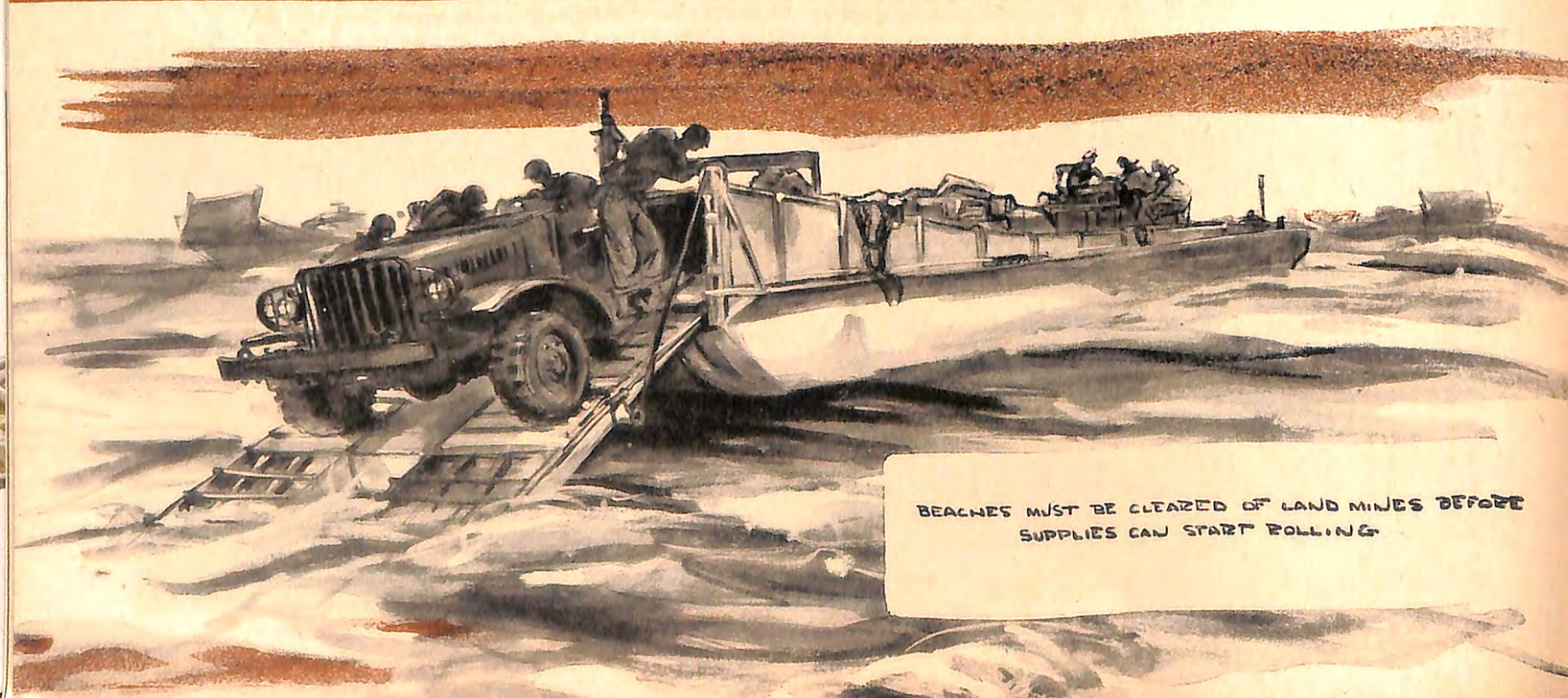


The Engineers

By William von Riegen

The Engineers may have "hairy ears" but they spearhead every attack. William von Riegen has caught the toughness and efficiency of the boys who

are always out ahead, clearing mine fields, roads and air fields. Throw a bridge across a river, clean up the after battle rubble? Call the Engineers.



BEACHES MUST BE CLEARED OF LAND MINES BEFORE SUPPLIES CAN START ROLLING

CLEARING THE PATH TO THE ENEMY — OR
BLOCKING THEIR ADVANCES IS THE EVERYDAY
JOB OF THE COMBAT ENGINEERS



DETECTING AND REMOVING LAND MINES
IS AN INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS JOB



THE 'PICK-AND-SHOVEL' SOLDIER
HAS THE AFFECTION AND RESPECT OF
THE INFANTRY



BULLDOZER

TRANSPORT, ATTACK



There is a great deal of activity like sharpening knives.

This is the story of the queen of all ships used in amphibious warfare, the A P A

By John Beaufort

Pacific Correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

THEIR designation is "APA". It means, "Transport, Attack." They are the key warships in probably the trickiest and most difficult of all military operations—landing troops on a hostile shore. They have deposited Marines and soldiers on the beaches of Guadalcanal, Tunis, Sicily, Attu, Kiska, New Guinea, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Normandy, Saipan and Guam, to mention just a few. As far as the Pacific war is concerned, their greatest jobs still lie ahead. Yet the public probably knows less about attack transports than it does about jet propulsion or flying robot bombs.

There are good reasons for this. In the first place, an APA's task does not match in spectacle what she contributes in essentialness. In the second place, most attack transports look like the medium-sized passenger cargo vessels

which used to tie up at a hundred sea-coast piers before the war. Many an APA is a civilian in uniform—a draftee from the ranks of the peacetime American merchant service. Like most civilians, she maintains some individuality even under military disguise. The attack transport's uniform is navy blue-grey paint. Lately, a number of them have been getting fancy coats of dazzle camouflage. With the progress of the war, the Maritime Commission's new, especially built attack transports have joined forces with the veteran converted ships. But the former Grace, American Mail, President, Panama Railroad, American Export, and Baltimore Mail Steamship liners are still a vital part of the APA fleet.

Instead of the lifeboats she would have worn in civilian days, the attack transport carries a small fleet of land-

ing craft suspended in one or more tiers on davits over the water. She packs as many anti-aircraft weapons—twenties, forties, three- and five-inch heavies—as deck space, operating personnel and construction make practical. Below decks, an APA must be able to accommodate a ship's company of about 500 plus 1500 fighting men with all equipment—weapons, field guns, tanks, communications instruments, vehicles, ammunition, fuels and lubricants, medical supplies, water and rations. Her cargo, which varies roughly from 600 to 1000 tons, must include all the essentials needed for putting the troops ashore and maintaining them during the initial period of an assault.

The modern amphibious force numbers literally dozens of specialized ships and smaller craft. All have their alphabetical designations; there is even one, "IX", the symbol for "Unclassified". But the APA is the queen of them all. What the carrier is to the modern battle fleet, the attack transport is to the modern amphibious force. It is worth noting that with all our ship building—the Maritime Commission employs 2,000,000 workers and has a \$6,000,000 annual payroll—we are just about keeping up with our attack transport needs.



The expansion of the Pacific war rather than any lag in production is principally responsible for this situation. As an example of the tremendous progress on both the fighting and the shipyard front, it may be recalled that, early in 1942 we had about half a dozen attack transports on the West Coast and perhaps a few more than that in the South Pacific. Today we have many times that number. Attack transports are being delivered to the Pacific theater not singly but in division groups. The situation

might justify complacency were it not for the fact that every operation so far is a preliminary to the main bout that lies ahead.

The APA's assignment begins when she is dispatched to a staging area to pick up troops and cargo. Early in the war, Pearl Harbor was the only adequate staging port. Today, there are several such ports in the Central and South Pacific. It is possible to hasten the mounting of an amphibious operation by distributing the load among

Johnny hooks his canteen cup into his belt and takes his place in the first line of the day.

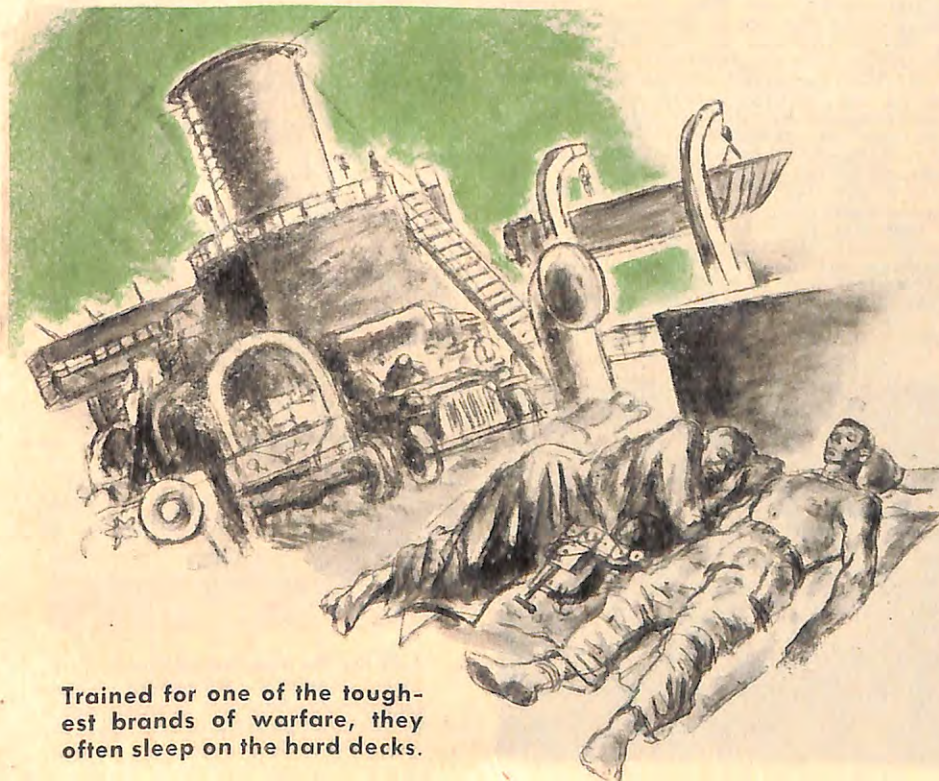
several staging areas. Here, the APA's are "combat loaded". In other words, the equipment which will be needed first by the debarking troops is packed last. The material and supplies carried depend on a variety of considerations such as the size and composition of the force, the expected duration of the operation, the terrain likely to be encountered, the nearest possible source of supply for replenishing certain items, and the material available in the theater of operation.

Stowed so as to be most easily accessible are items like ammunition, rations and water, big guns and prime movers, fuel and medical supplies. Deeper down in the holds are the mess equipment and galleys, tents and canvas and—since paper work seems to follow the military wherever it goes—the field desks and office equipment.

When the Army or Marine port battalions and the ship's working parties have loaded the ship, when the troops are all safely aboard, the attack transport is ready to attack.

THE first thing that Private Johnny Johnson learns when he struggles up the gangway with his 60 pounds of combat gear is that his comfort was a very minor consideration in the planning of an APA's accommodations. He sleeps in a troop compartment with 100 or more other men. His bunk is an oblong of canvas lashed to an iron frame; bunks are arranged in tiers three or four deep. In a fairly typical compartment on one of the bigger APA's, 162 men are quartered in a space 56 x 38 feet. In

(Continued on page 34)



Trained for one of the toughest brands of warfare, they often sleep on the hard decks.



Left: Photographed at the recent meeting of the Vermont State Elks Assn. in Bellows Falls are, left to right: newly elected Pres. Raymond F. Sinclair, Gov. William H. Wills and retiring Pres. Joseph T. McWeeny.



News of The state associations

VERMONT

The Vermont State Elks Association, meeting at Bellows Falls on October 7-8, pledged continued aid to the Elks' war program and the work of caring for crippled children at the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children near Brandon, Vt., sponsored by the Elks of Vermont. Governor William H. Wills, a member of Bennington Lodge No. 567, addressing the convention, urged members of the lodges to help in preparing for the care of the boys coming home from the battle fronts.

The convention opened with an informal buffet supper and dance on Saturday night at the home of Bellows Falls Lodge No. 1619. Present at the banquet on Sunday afternoon were 400 Elks and their ladies. Governor Wills was the guest of honor along with Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, of Boston, and James R. Nicholson, of New York City, Chairmen of the Elks National Founda-

tion Trustees and the Elks War Commission respectively, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, of Boston, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Past Grand Tiler John T. Nelson, Barre, and Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

Rutland Lodge was acclaimed as leader in the work for the Goshen Camp, with a direct contribution of \$1,500 and added contributions of \$385 derived from special activities and donated by individuals. St. Albans Lodge contributed \$500 in addition to special donations of \$27.60 and the annual gift of \$100 made by Frank Prior, a member. Brattleboro, Bennington, Bellows Falls, Springfield and Burlington Lodges subscribed \$500 each, with St. Johnsbury \$400 and Barre and Hartford (White River Junction) Lodges \$200 each.

The Vermont Elks' Scholarship of \$250, awarded by the State Association,

went to Miss Mary Margaret Mawn of St. Albans, winner in the "Most Valuable Student" contest. The award was the result of a contest in the schools sponsored by the Association and given on the basis of excellence in extra-curricular activities and all-round good scholarship.

At the meeting, presided over by State President Joseph T. McWeeny, a Trustee of Bellows Falls Lodge, the following officers were elected: Pres., Raymond F. Sinclair, Brattleboro; 1st Vice-Pres., G. Herbert Moulton, St. Johnsbury; 2nd Vice-Pres., Melvin W. Moore, Springfield; 3rd Vice-Pres., Daughly Gould, Montpelier; Secy., Byron C. Leach, Brattleboro; Treas., Oscar Beck, St. Johnsbury; Tiler, Joseph A. Abel, Rutland.

All agreed that Bellows Falls Lodge, the youngest lodge in the Association, had put on a good convention. Congratulations were extended to retiring President McWeeny and to Raymond A. Kiniry, Chairman of Arrangements for the convention.

IDAHO

Ten of the fifteen Idaho lodges competed in ritualistic contests during the year for the honor of representing the two Districts in the finals at the 21st annual convention of the Idaho State Elks Association at Blackfoot. E. M. Grant, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, announced that the final contest had been won by Idaho Falls No. 1087, representing Idaho, South. A score of 99.63 brought the State championship and the Barnes Trophy, presented by Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Arthur L. Barnes, to the winning lodge. Lewiston Lodge's score was 98.61.

By reason of a one hundred per cent participation by the Idaho lodges in subscriptions for Honorary Founder's Certificates, the sum of \$250 was allocated to the Association by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and a check was received from Chairman John F. Malley. As the State body elected to use the money for crippled children rehabilitation, the check, by order of President John W. Snook, was turned over to Vice-President R. S. Overstreet, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Home Committee. A considerable sum of money is available for the completion of the Home project after the war. Upon a motion made by Past President Arthur L. Barnes and carried unanimously, the Board of Trustees was instructed to invest \$5,000 of the amount in series F War Bonds.

Officers chosen for 1944-45 are as follows: (Elected) Pres., E. M. Grant, Lewiston; 1st Vice-Pres., O. R. Baum, Pocatello; 2nd Vice-Pres., Robert E. Sorenson, Wallace; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. T. Klink, Burley; 4th Vice-Pres., Kelly Cline, Moscow; 5th Vice-Pres., A. E. Varnadoe, Nampa; Trustees: five years, Ed. D. Baird, Boise, Chairman; four years, W. C. Rullman, Wallace; three years, Harold C. Hinckley, Pocatello; two years, Jay O. Malvin, Boise; one year, Arthur L. Barnes, Lewiston; (Appointed) Secy.-Treas., Coy Barnes, Lewiston; Chaplain, Ed. Yates, St. Maries. The Association accepted the invitation extended by Moscow Lodge No. 249 to hold the convention next year at Moscow, Ida.

(Continued on page 50)



Left are the members of Canon City, Colo., Lodge's Ritualistic Team which won the State Championship at the 1944 meeting of the Colorado State Elks Assn. meeting in Denver.

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**GRAND
EXALTED RULER'S**
Visits

ON SUNDAY, October 1, at Indianapolis, Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett attended the 25th Annual Conference of District Deputies with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. Also present at the meeting were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, who came from Chicago, Grand Inner Guard Robert W. Dunkle, of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, O., Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn., and officers of the Indiana State Elks Association. On Saturday night, preceding the Conference, the visitors were entertained by **INDIANAPOLIS LODGE NO. 13**. The meeting was the first of a series of visitations that kept the Grand Exalted Ruler on the road for nearly the entire month. All of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Indiana lodges attended but two.

The procedure of this annual conference in Indiana is interesting. In the morning each of the five districts holds an hour meeting of the District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the district at which matters of interest to the particular district are considered. Plans for the betterment of conditions and the carrying out of the Grand Lodge program are discussed. At one o'clock the annual luncheon is held at which the Grand Exalted Ruler is the only speaker. This year some 300 members were present when State President William J. McAvoy presented Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle who, in turn, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Dr. Barrett held the close attention of the audience as he discussed his plans for the rehabilitation and hospitalization of men in the Services. Music was furnished by the famous Chanters of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86.

Immediately after the meeting, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett, accompanied by Mr. Fitzgerald, Walter G. Penry, of Delaware, O., Lodge, and Harry E. McClain, Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, members of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and William D. Wigmore, of Troy, Past Pres. of the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers Assn., left for a tour of Indiana and Ohio lodges. During the afternoon, visits were made to **SHELBYVILLE LODGE NO. 457, CONNERSVILLE NO. 379 and RUSHVILLE NO.**

(Continued on page 38)

Above, left: Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett is welcomed by members of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge on his visit there.

Left: Dr. Barrett, with dignitaries of the Order, when he was honored at a dinner given by Watertown, N. Y., Lodge.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with prominent Elk officials and the 86 new members who were initiated into Rochester, N. Y., Lodge in his honor.

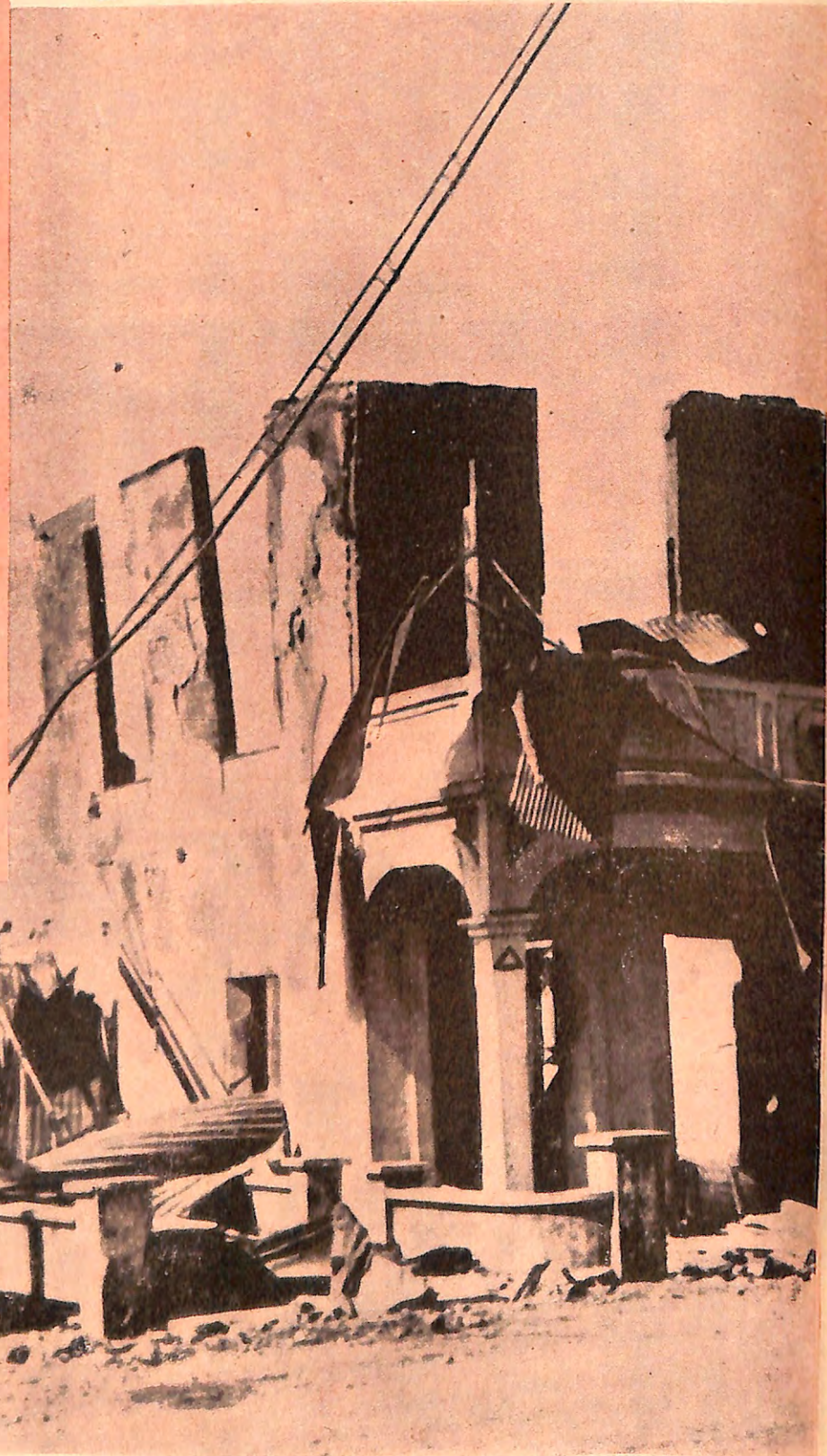


What of Agana



Above is the seal of Agana
Lodge No. 1281.

"... while the Agana Lodge
home lies in ruin today, the
spirit of Elkdom will see it rise
again ..."



Lodge?

A report by the Elks War Com- mission on Agana Lodge



**Capt. Wellborn R. Ellis, U.S.-
M.C.R., P.E.R. of Atlanta, Ga.,
Lodge, holding the seal of
Agana Lodge.**

" **S**HINOHARA (Jap civilian for Guam) wiped puddles of liquor off the floor with an American flag . . . building completely demolished . . . very little salvageable." So reads part of a most exhaustive report on conditions today at Agana Lodge. It was prepared by Wellborn R. Ellis, Captain, U. S. Marines, and Past Exalted Ruler of Atlanta, Ga. Lodge, No. 78, who was on Guam at the time the enemy was routed on July 21 last. Captain Ellis' investigation began on August 20 and was completed on September 10. His report is tellingly portrayed in photographs which arrived recently at the Elks War Commission office, and some of which appear on these pages.

When the Japs occupied Guam on December 10, 1941, most of the members of Agana Lodge were hustled off to prison camps. Latest reports on file at the Commission's office reveal that of the 77 island-resident members of the lodge (there are some 71 other members living in the United States), 60 are prisoners of war, three are missing, two are unaccounted for, and ten escaped to this country or elsewhere. Two of the sixty members who were captured and interned, died in the Japanese prison camp at Kobe. They are P.D.D. William G. Johnston, P.E.R., and Robert Reed Hubbard.

Visits with families of Agana members on Guam revealed to Captain Ellis that many of them were in dire need of various types of assistance. Relief is being extended to them now by several agencies and the military forces on the island. They are also sharing in the aid being provided by Guam nationals now living in Honolulu who have raised over \$1,000 for that purpose. "They have undergone much cruel treatment by the Japanese", and the conditions under which many of their relatives on Guam are living are such that we as Elks cannot stand idly by and do nothing about them, Captain Ellis reports.

The files of the Elks War Commission are a record of three years of continuing concern for the fate of our Brothers who for so long suffered humiliation and hardship at the hands of their cruel captors. Voluminous correspondence from Elks throughout the country attests to the avid interest they have in the welfare of the members of this 31-year-old lodge.

"I was unable to locate any of the furniture, equipment, records or properties of the lodge," Captain Ellis advised, and only the seal of the lodge was found when American forces regained the island last July. Incongruously

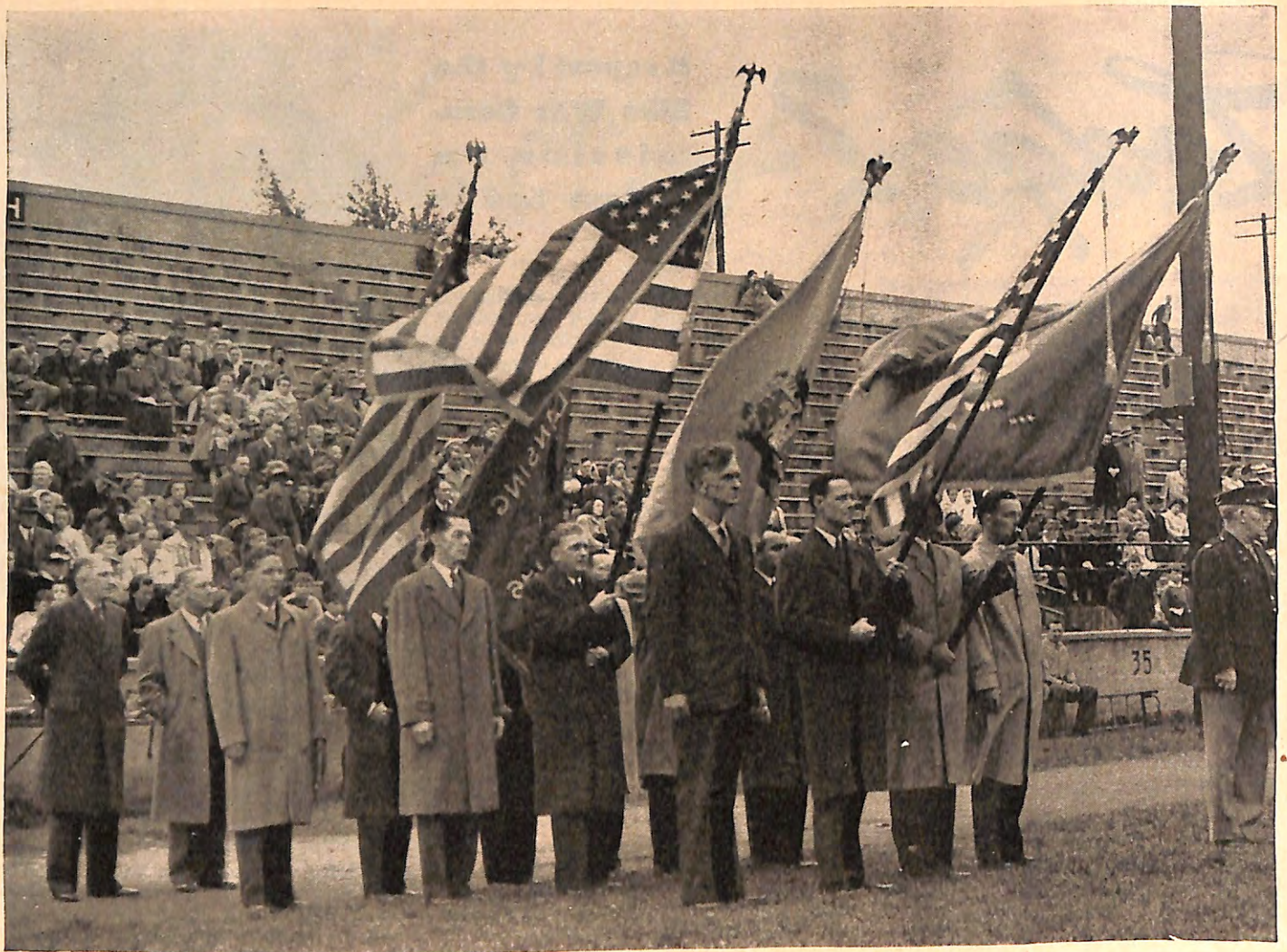
enough, this lay on an operating table in a temporary hospital there. This Ripleyesque incident has been interpreted by some as being significant or prophetic of the perpetuation of Elkdom, and while the Agana Lodge home lies in ruin today, the spirit of Elkdom will see it rise again to be the center from which will emanate the virtues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

High ranking military officials on the island who are members of the Civil Affairs Section, men who know of the great role which this outlying lodge has played in the life of Guam residents, have given assurance of their desire to hasten the procurement of the labor and material necessary for the rebuilding of a lodge home. Captain Ellis has estimated that temporary quarters could be constructed in ninety days; permanent reconstruction, six months.

In keeping with the spirit of the Order and the desire of its members as expressed at the Chicago Conference, the Elks War Commission will participate to the fullest extent possible and practicable in the physical restoration of Agana Lodge.

The Commission pursues every opportunity to lend further assistance to our stricken Brothers on Guam. As for those unfortunate members in Jap prison camps, we cannot give them any direct material aid in their plight, and the enemy limits our correspondence—"of a general tone"—to 24 words. Even then, letters are received at very infrequent intervals.

But the Commission is constantly on the alert to take advantage of every possible opportunity to extend more and still more comfort to our Brothers so far from home.



THE Elks IN THE WAR

At top: Standing at attention prior to the local Elks' presentation of American and regimental colors to Michigan State troops at Pattengill Field, is the Drill Team of Lansing, Mich., Lodge.

Right: On behalf of his shipmates, Seaman Jan Costley presents a purse of money to Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation, who represented the Order, at Norwich, Conn., Lodge recently. The gift was made in appreciation of the many kindnesses the Elks have shown servicemen throughout the Nation.





Left are Elks of Fresno, Calif., with the "G" Boxes they mailed recently to the members of the Lodge who are in the Services. More than 40 are overseas.

Below: Quincy, Mass., Elks are pictured just before they left for the Blood Donor Center. A group is transported each week in the beach-wagon donated to the local Chapter of the American Red Cross by the Lodge.

Below: E.R. Fred J. Tabery, Eddie Cantor, Nora Martin, singing star of Cantor's radio show, and Jim Herz of Chapter No. 2, Order of the Purple Heart, are shown as they invited wounded servicemen, Pvts. Richard Blanchard and William L. Henry, at Birmingham Hospital in Van Nuys, Calif., to attend the two-day Purple Heart party held recently in cooperation with Los Angeles Lodge.





Above: Those who participated in the Grand March opening the first of the monthly dances given by Asheville, N. C., Lodge for servicemen and women.



Right: A scene during a party and show sponsored by Corvallis, Ore., Lodge for servicemen. Bonnie Baker's orchestra entertained.



Right: Payment for the two 2-way portable bowling alleys presented to the Battley General Hospital is made by E.R. P. E. Henson on behalf of Rome, Ga., Lodge. (Hospital Staff photo)

Below: Everett, Mass., Lodge purchases a \$5,000 War Bond during the 5th War Loan Drive.





Above: Gary, Ind., Elks made a party out of the task of packing Christmas "G" Boxes for their members in Service.



Right: Geneva, N. Y., Elk officials discuss plans for publishing their "Keeping in Touch" newspaper for their members in the Armed Forces.

Below: SRO at one of San Diego, Calif., Lodge's Open House programs for men in uniform.





Above are New Brunswick, N. J., Elks as they prepared the food to serve to more than 100 crippled children at their annual picnic recently.

Under the **ANTLERS**

**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**



ELLWOOD CITY, PA., Lodge, No. 1356, has been a local leader in providing entertainment for wounded soldiers. Its most recent contribution was a dance held to jazz up the lives and times of soldier patients of the Deshon Army Hospital annex at New Castle. Prizes of War Bonds and Stamps amounting to more than \$200 were awarded the jitterbugs.

P.E.R. Joseph P. Smith was General Chairman of the affair, while members of the Alpha Gradale Society were hostesses and dancing partners.

GENEVA, N. Y. Geneva Lodge No. 1054 has a committee which apparently has solved a problem in correspondence between the home folks and members of their families serving in the Armed Forces. The committee publishes a small newspaper entitled "Keeping in Touch", which records, in summarized form, important developments in the business, social and civic life of the home town and other items of interest to the young men and women in the Services. Considerable space is given citations and decorations, furloughs and promotions.

Left are some of the 40 members of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge and their wives who, with D.D. Raymond G. Wolfe, traveled 400 miles to visit Fairbanks Lodge not long ago.

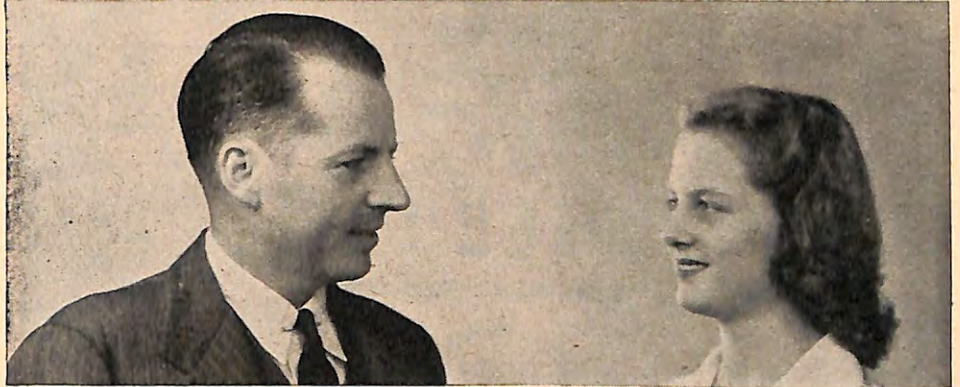


Below: Officers and members who were present at the initiation of Detroit, Mich., Lodge's largest class when Mayor Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., sixth from left, joined the Order.





Births, deaths and marriages are listed. The paper has received widespread recognition not only from residents of the city but from the national Elks War Commission. The Commission ordered enough copies to send one to every lodge in the United States as an example of what one lodge in a comparatively small city is doing to keep its members and their sons and daughters and others in the Services informed as to what is going on in the home community. Hundreds of copies of the paper are being mailed out every two weeks on the date of publication. William R. Carpenter is the editor and LaVerne N. English the reporter. E.R. S. B. Osborne is actively interested and P.E.R. Arthur T. McAvoy is a member of the committee.



At top: Officers of Beckley, W. Va., Lodge with members initiated in the presence of D.D. Ross Irle.

Above: D.D. C. S. Wheatley and Miss Geneva Payne, winner of Danville, Va., Lodge's \$250 scholarship.

**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.

Below: Elks at Carlsbad, N. Mex., Lodge's Stag Night honoring Gov. John J. Dempsey, center, and the Sheriff's Posse.

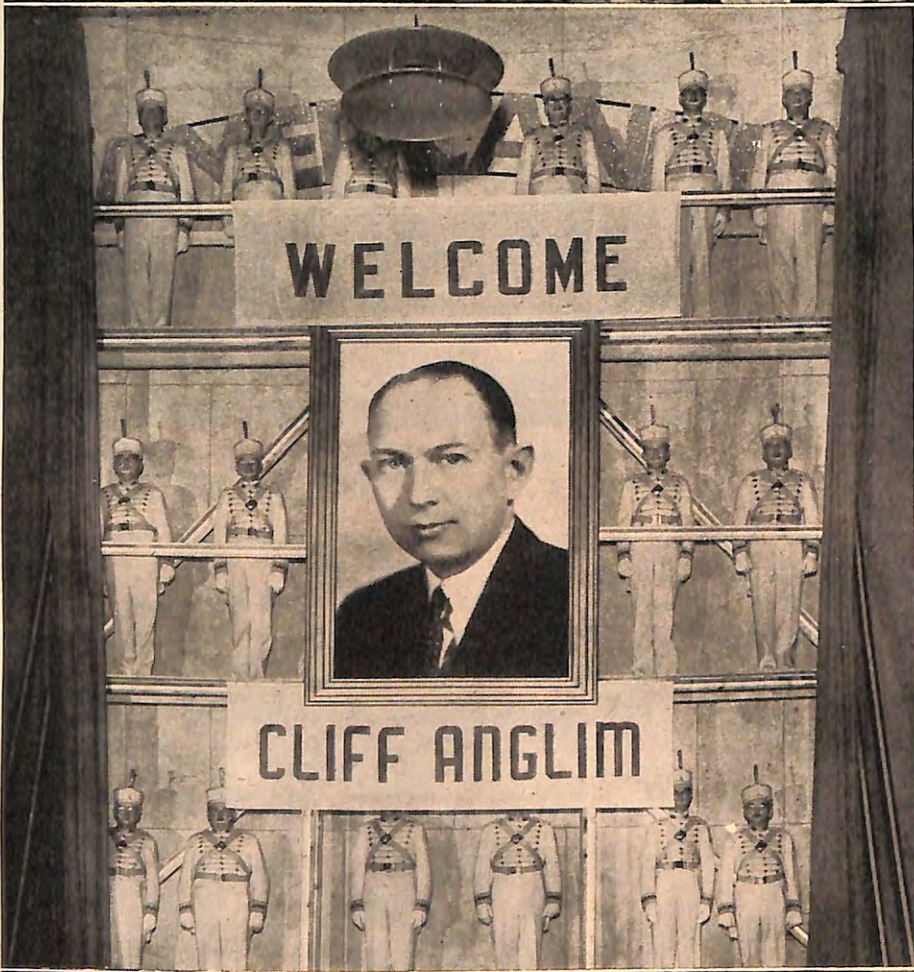
At bottom: The Chadron Park National Band in rehearsal at their camp, a project largely sponsored by Alliance, Neb., Lodge.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Lodge, No. 411, recently proved it appreciates the faithfulness of its members when it staged a two-day celebration in honor of L. E. Tucker. Mr. Tucker has not missed a regular meeting or a special session





Above are Elks who were recently initiated into Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge.



Left is the tableau unveiled when State Pres. Clifford C. Anglim, whose picture is shown surrounded by members of the "99" Drill Team, visited Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge.

of his lodge during the twenty-five years he has been a member. He is now serving his fourth term as Trustee. The program featured a testimonial dinner, a floor show and a dance. This wasn't all. Mr. Tucker was also presented with a handsome gold wrist watch from the lodge. His record was described by Secretary Arch F. Dawson as a "quarter-century of faithful attendance and devotion to fraternal duties".

LANSING, MICH. A thousand people heard Governor Harry F. Kelly address troops of the Michigan State Military units recently when Lansing Lodge No. 196 presented to two units regimental and American Colors. The presentation honored two of the lodge's Past Exalted Rulers: Lieut. Colonel Cecil E. Cook, Commanding Officer of the special battalion of the Michigan State College Troops, and Lieutenant Jack Van Peenen of the quartermaster battalion of the Michigan State troops.

Below are some of the 250 members of Rochester, N. H., Lodge who attended the Lodge's Silver Jubilee dinner when its mortgage was burned not long ago.





Above, looking happy about the whole thing, are prominent members of the Order when White Plains, N. Y., Lodge burned its mortgage. In the forefront you will recognize Chairman James R. Nicholson of the Elks War Commission.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 168, set as it is in territory housing approximately 150,000 servicemen, has all the chances in the world to entertain them. E.R. Harry W. Nosler lets us know that the members of No. 168 are bending over backward doing just that. Their Fraternal Center is operating full-tilt. From one to five-thirty every Sunday afternoon open house is held for boys in the Service, with a professional show to regale them when they aren't airing their own talents in an amateur hour, vying for prizes supplied by the lodge. The cokes and sandwiches served to the servicemen are added drawing cards.

Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry H. Pundt is General Chairman of the Fraternal Center Committee, assisted by P.E.R. William W. Brunson. A new committee is appointed each month to take care of serving food and making the boys welcome. Post cards, provided by the Elks War Commission, are distributed and many are mailed each week, as well as complimentary letters. The percentage of repeaters is extremely small. This is due to the fact that few servicemen are stuck in this spot for very long, not to any lack of fun they can find there.

Below is the Seattle, Wash., Lodge Band, with its director, manager and soloists, which has been entertaining at many Army camps in the vicinity.



Medal of Valor

A reproduction of the sterling silver, gold-plated Medal of Valor which was prepared by the Elks War Commission and designed for presentation to the next-of-kin of our Brothers who have died in the service of our Country.

An engraved Certificate, signed by our Grand Exalted Ruler and our Grand Secretary, accompanies the Medal.

Many of these Certificates and Medals will be presented at Memorial Services on Sunday, December 3.



FORT SCOTT, KANS., Lodge, No. 579, believes wholeheartedly in sharing the wealth and fits the action to the thought. From now on \$10 of its funds will go each month toward maintaining the War Dads' Canteen at the Frisco Depot. Then, at one of its meetings, the lodge donated \$100 to the United War Fund. Later, when the members of this lodge found out that the nurses at the Burke Street hospital had been trying for two years to

collect the \$150 necessary to buy their own microscope, the Elks immediately added the \$90 to the \$60 the nurses had saved.

The lodge did its Christmas shopping early this year, and sent "G" boxes containing cigarettes, candy and a deck of cards to each of its fighting members, four of whom are overseas.

(Continued on page 45)

Seven Up!

(Continued from page 7)

The first disaster that faced them was the failure of their emergency "Gibson Girl" radio.

The second was the tropical storm which almost capsized their rubber life rafts which were already leaking and torn by attacking sharks during their seven days adrift.

The survivors were hundreds of miles from where they believed themselves to be and had their radio worked it would have disclosed their helpless position to the Japs on a nearby island.

The storm drove a Royal New Zealand Air Force search plane off the course it regularly followed on a routine search mission and thereby the five castaways were found.

The men for whom these disasters-turned-into-miracles were Lt. Dan A. Norris, Chattanooga, Tennessee, navigator; T/Sgt. Glenn Howell, Columbus, Ohio, gunner; T/Sgt. Newton J. Chiafullo, Long Branch, New Jersey, radio operator, and S/Sgts. Gerrold O. Eis, Beaver, Oklahoma, and Ernest H. Despault, Willimansett, Massachusetts.

After dropping their bombs over a target in the Marshalls they headed for home and right into the center of the tropical storm front. Tossed about with instruments thrown completely off, they flew enveloped in darkness hoping that luck would bring them out of the storm somewhere on their course toward home. But luck was holding back its cards to play later. Before the dawn came they were out of the turbulence but in an overcast that prevented sightings. They were also out of gas. They crash-landed in a rough sea and only the five of the crew of ten managed to reach the rafts. Eis was floating in the water unconscious with a severe gash over his eye when he was pulled into the raft by one of his companions who revived him.

When daylight came they had three rafts hitched together and felt more secure. But the water was alive with sharks. They had been instructed that sharks were not particularly dangerous but they learned a new hazard. Schools of little fish will hide in the shadow under a floating object for protection. They used the raft cavalcade for this purpose and the sharks attacked them, each time scraping the thin rubber rafts with their rough skin. They tried to drive the sharks off by hitting on the nose with the paddle, like the book says.

"That didn't work," Howell later reported. "It just made them tough and they seemed to come closer. After bopping them a few times we just left them alone and prayed."

The shark menace so severely damaged two of their rafts that they had to be abandoned. But even worse was the fact that their radio failed them principally because they could not inflate the balloon which carried the antenna. Then their position appeared to be hopeless.

By the seventh day they had used up

the last of their patch materials in an effort to keep the one remaining raft afloat. During this time they had seen but one airplane and that turned out to be a Jap Betty.

At noon on the seventh day they heard the motors of another plane. At first they thought that they were mistaken then the sound grew and as one man they picked up a PBY flying boat low on the horizon. "Everybody grabbed Very pistols and started shooting off flares," Howell said. They shouted and yelled with relief when they saw the huge plane turn from its course in their direction.

The storm which had caused the search plane to alter its course was moving their way and the ocean swells were rapidly growing heavier and threatening to overturn the rafts. It was risky to try landing in such water and the plane circled the anxious men in the rubber boat for more than an hour, radioing its home station in Guadalcanal to make certain that its location was known. The New Zealand pilot later said that he thought a take off might be impossible. But he got the plane into the air and five hours later the survivors were getting their first look at the Solomons.

RUNNING mate to the 30-ton Liberator in the Central Pacific is the B-25 Mitchell medium bomber. Any gal who ever drove a rivet into a Mitchell can hold her head with pride among her sister builders of Lightning, Thunderbolts and Fortresses over the battle-resistant qualities of one of those which carried out almost daily low level attacks on Jap Marshall Island bases. Crippled over Maloelap and with one engine completely shot out, this B-25 fought its way back from the target against odds of thirty-nine to one—really thirty-nine to one-half, the pilot said later, since a bomber with only one motor could not be called a complete plane.

This Mitchell was attacked continuously by thirty-nine Zeros during a forty-minute running fight which ended with three Jap planes shot down and five probably destroyed. And then, with more than three hundred bullet holes in it, numerous gaps in the fuselage, radio equipment shot away, tail section and rudders in tatters, hydraulic system shot out and flaps dragging, the airplane carried them a couple of hundred miles before it began to fall apart and a water landing became necessary. But they were just a few miles from their base and the crew was rescued in the matter of a few hours.

Not every crew of the Seventh had such experiences, fortunately, but all of them know the continuous strain of long missions, one of which involved a round-trip flight of more than 2,700 miles and the average of which, until the Marshalls were taken, was around four times the distance from London to Berlin. On the first heavy bomber mission

against the then great Jap mystery base at Truk some crews spent as much as thirty-three hours on the mission and twenty-four of them in the air.

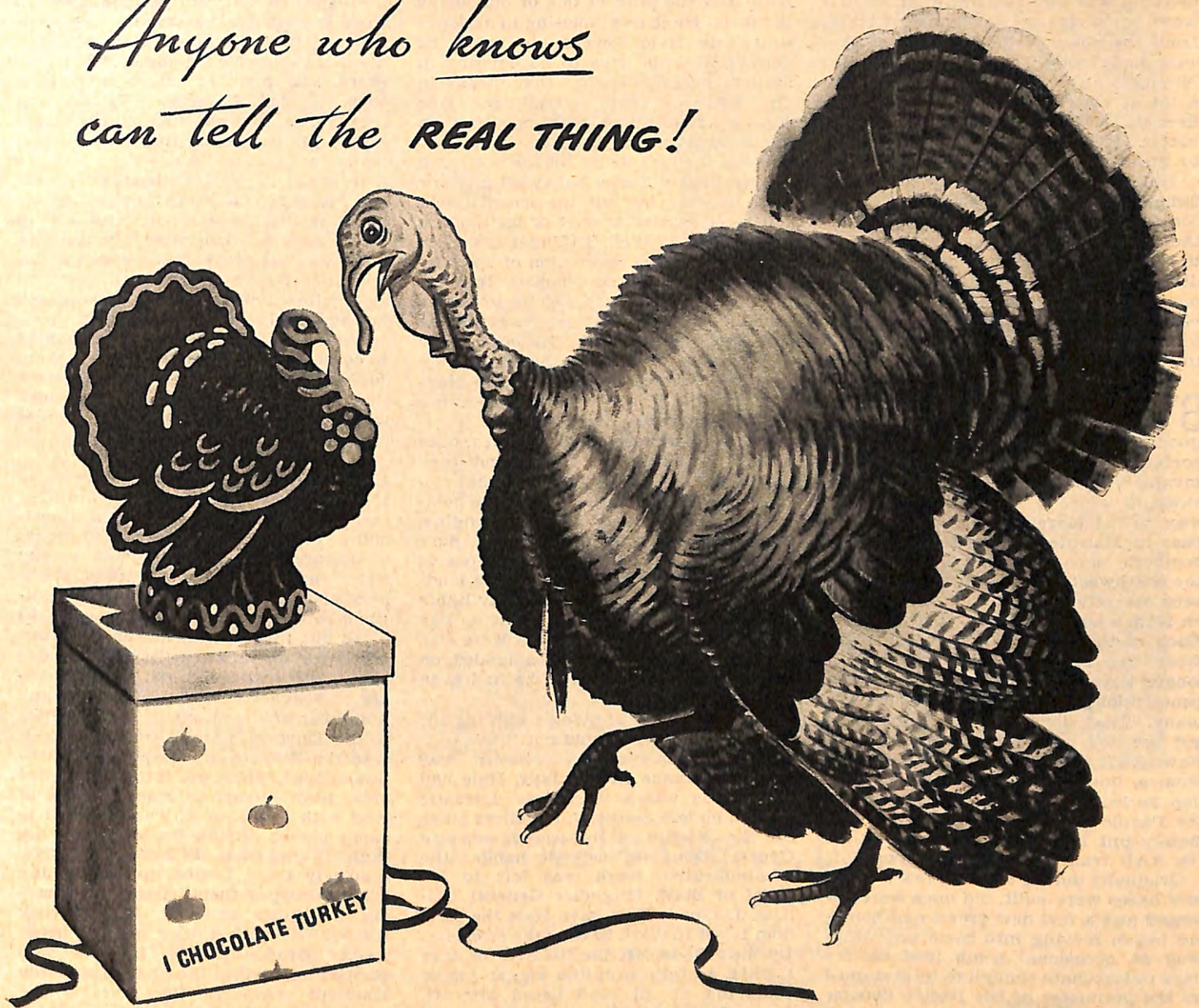
When the Japs hit Hawaii December 7, 1941, they had two objectives: the fleet at Pearl Harbor and the air force at Hickman Field. They did a better job on the air force than on the fleet. The next day the Seventh could not have put enough bombers in the air to attract the notice of the average school boy. Of those that could get up all but two or three were obsolescent. Even six months later when the Japs made their mighty bid for Midway, the Seventh had augmented its bomber force with only a few B-17s. They hit the enemy fleet at the battle of Midway but they did not, as initially credited, turn back the Jap battle armada. The Navy gets the laurels, with credit for a very material assist going to the Seventh. In that battle the Seventh gave its energetic air-wise commander, Major General Clarence L. Tinker.

Succeeding General Tinker was Brigadier, now Major General, Willis H. Hale who once had been Tinker's Chief of Staff and who, at Midway, was head of his Bomber Command. Hale was one of those rare air corpsmen who had spent all of his career—twenty-two years—in heavy bombardment. It was said that he used to sharpen his wings on bomb casings. At any rate he learned about bombing from bombing.

Charged with the air defense of the Hawaiian Islands as well as all anti-air ground installations—a most serious responsibility as post-war revelations will show—Hale fretted to get his handful of bombers into action. But from where he sat on Oahu there was very little he could bomb. There were some Japs at Wake but they were considerably more than two thousand miles away. Japs in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands were even farther. So he had to content himself with flying some twelve hundred miles to Midway, loading on bombs and gas and then making a nearly two thousand-mile round-trip attack upon Wake. He got a certain amount of emotional satisfaction from bombing Wake but he realized that these missions were, at best, harassments. He knew then, as now everybody knows, that to be in any sense decisive, bombing, like artillery fire, must be sustained.

About that time there wasn't a "military expert" in the country who could look at a map and see any future for the Central Pacific theater. Thousands of words were written about the impregnability of Japan's inter-locking island bases and her chain of "unsinkable aircraft carriers" which guarded her homeland for thousands of miles. The lagoons of these coral islands provided magnificent fleet shelter and hiding back of them ready to steam out and strike was Japan's great navy and so on and so on. The Jap was formidable enough and still is. But the real

Anyone who knows
can tell the **REAL THING!**



This grumbling gobbler suggests what happens when our friends meet a substitute for Calvert whiskey.

They know Calvert is "the real thing." One taste tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence... a whiskey that can't be imitated! That's why the *preference* for Calvert never changes, no matter how many other whiskeys may come along.

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problem was that the Hawaiian Islands were more than two thousand miles from the nearest enemy Jap. But sea-wise and battle-wise Admiral Chester Nimitz, who wanted nothing more than a lot of water in which to deploy the fleet that was abuilding for him, knew better. He gave Hale the green light to go ahead.

Hale promptly turned over to his able fighter commander, Brigadier, now Major General Robert W. Douglass, Jr., the job of developing and training men to fly single-engine pursuit ships great distances without navigational instruments, and get home again. Then Hale began measuring minute Pacific atolls to see which were big enough to hold the bombers he hoped one day to get.

BY APRIL of 1943 he had collected enough planes and crews to make a good healthy surprise strike on two important Jap bases—Nauru, the site of invaluable phosphate deposits, and Tarawa, keystone of the Gilberts and gateway to the Marshalls. From his home base in Hawaii, Hale led his flight of bombers some two thousand miles to the southwest and from a base that had been secretly developed, gave the Japs on Nauru and Tarawa a quick one-two. Each of these strikes involved a flight from the advance field considerably longer than most of the heavy bomber penetrations deep into eastern Germany. That done, as Hale puts it, he got the hell out of there and back to Hawaii. It wasn't in any sense an offensive, but through personal observation he learned a lot about bombing in the Pacific—lessons which were immediately put into the curriculum of the 7th AAF training school in Hawaii.

Gradually during the next few months new bases were built, old ones were enlarged and a few new crews and bombers began moving into them and dropping an occasional bomb load on the Japs unfortunate enough to be stationed on the perimeter of the Pacific defense ring. Jap opposition was fierce both from the ground and in the air. The Japs retaliated, too, with bombings of their own but Hale kept the pressure on them, warily estimating the abilities of his crew and his planes to take it. He could not stand to get his planes too badly shot up—he could not replace them. His men suffered from flying fatigue, and with no replacement crews available Hale had to gauge nicely the exact amount that his crews could stand without jittering. Even so he suffered losses due to enemy action up to 30%.

Hale firmly believes that what carried the Seventh through those early perilous and trying days was to no small degree American ingenuity. It was about this time that an incident occurred which Hale likes to cite as an example of the kind of ingenuity which the Japs, who imitate expertly but do not invent, couldn't possibly hope to counter.

It happened on one of the early strikes against Tarawa which was then the hottest target in the Central Pacific. As Hale tells it in his own words: "Captain Allen R. Tafinger, of Paris, Illi-

nois, was the pilot of one of our heavy bombers. He is now 'missing in action'—at this Hale lowers his voice, he doesn't like his boys to be 'missing in action'; he knows what that means in the Central Pacific—"Tafinger was having trouble one night locating an exact target on a Jap island. You know some of the targets we hit are not much bigger than a Texas backyard and our men have to hit not the island itself, but some particular spot or installation on the island. Well, Tafinger had been told to hit a certain portion of the runway on one of the islands. But the night was so black he could not even find the runway let alone the corner he was supposed to bomb. He circled low a couple of times but the Japs were completely blacked out and were playing possum. They did not fire because they would reveal their position.

"Then Tafinger had an idea. He circled out over the water and then came in low heading for what he thought was the runway. Then he boldly flicked on his own landing lights, and then pulled up and away. Sure enough, the Japs thought it was one of their own planes trying to make a landing. They turned on their runway lights and Tafinger saw his target lit up like a Christmas tree. The lights were still on when Tafinger's bombs landed on the corner of the runway he had been told to hit."

With that kind of airmen fighting for him Hale knew he could not lose.

Though his primary concern was dropping bombs on the Japs, Hale had other jobs which were less dramatic though no less essential. Excellent plans for the defense of the islands were in General Douglass' capable hands. His administrative work was left to his Chief of Staff, Brigadier General William J. Flood. This gave Hale the freedom to set to work to take the offensive. By the time he left the 7th AAF on May 1, 1944, to take over the bigger job of command of all land based aircraft, Army, Navy and Marine, in the Central Pacific forward area, the Seventh had gone places.

In the occasional ground engagements and in the continuing day-to-day air battles many men were wounded. Others suffered more or less serious illness. There was little room for the establishment of adequate hospital service on the tiny Pacific atolls on which American forces were based. The wounded and the desperately sick had to be evacuated by air. A simple job in most war theaters, in order for the Seventh to get the wounded out it was necessary to establish the longest air evacuation service in the world. Every flight is some 2,400 miles long and every patient spends an average of fifteen hours in the air on his way back from the forward areas to the adequate base hospitals in the Hawaiian Islands. The air evacuation transport squadrons in five months flew more than 3,000,000 patient miles.

Aviation Engineers of the Seventh Air Force also hung up some sort of record in the Seventh's aerial assault on

the Japs. In order to get the bombers close enough to the targets they constructed runways of sufficient size and number to provide a commercial airport every two hundred miles from New York to San Francisco. In addition they built an equal amount of taxi strips. On one island they made a field ready for landings in five days and put it in shape to receive an entire squadron within eleven days after the first air engineer had gone ashore. At Makin, where runways had to be carved out of large coconut groves, they began building while the battle was still going on and within ten days they had hacked out and steel-matted a runway.

The Japs who frequently took months to construct air strips of equal size were flabbergasted at such speed. They admit that one of the most effective "secret weapons" which the American forces use against them is the bulldozer.

MOST overseas air forces have to do their own post graduate training and the Seventh is no exception. Developing crews capable of sustained flights in an area which was almost wholly water and virtually no convenient check points such as mountains, rivers or railroads called for a thorough course. It was a job but the Seventh not only trained crews for operation in its own theater but it also instructed and sent a number of heavy bombardment groups and a number of squadrons of fighter pilots to the Thirteenth and Fifth Air Forces.

In the Seventh any airplane, regardless of type, which got into the forward area, near enough to reach a piece of land with a Jap on it, was expected to carry bombs. P-40s, loaded with belly tanks to give them the necessary range, regularly toted bombs up to one Jap island, dropped them, circled for strafing and came on back. At first they started out with rather modest bomb loads. Gradually the amount was stepped up until in the final days of the Marshall campaign they carried the heaviest bomb loads ever put on a P-40. The exact size can't be revealed but a few years ago it was considered eminently respectable even for a bomber.

Seventh AAF dive bombers also hung up some sort of a record. In three months of pin-pointing targets only five were destroyed and during their peak period 99.6% of those sent against the enemy successfully bombed the target and completed the mission, a record which the Seventh believes is without parallel in combat operations.

The Army Air Forces has emphasized that successful air operations are inevitably tied to ground and sea supply. The Seventh nevertheless had to create its own air transport system for high priority materiel and personnel. Called the Southern Cross Airways, this Pacific-spanning organization is carrying some 2,300 passengers and some 200,000 pounds of freight every month.

Perhaps the most important, if the least known, of the 7th AAF operations has been the development of the huge air depots in the Hawaiian Islands

(Continued on page 33)



"I hear the war's practically over...back home!"

PROBABLY it's only natural for us here at home to feel that the war's almost won, the way the good news has been pouring in.

But the war's not over for *him*—not by a long sight! And he's just one of a few million or more that will stay over there until they finish the bloody mess. Or kill time for a few months—or years—in some hospital.

What about *you*?

This is no time to relax. No time to forget the unfinished business. It's *still* your war, and it *still* costs a lot.

So dig down deep this time. Dig down till it hurts, and get yourself a hundred-dollar

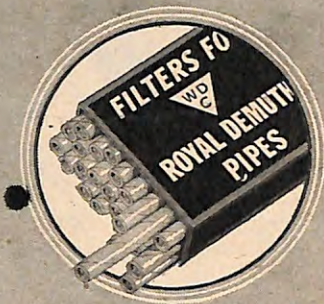
War Bond over and above any you now own—or are now purchasing. This 6th War Loan is every bit as important to our complete and final Victory as was the first.

Don't "let George do it"—get *yourself* that *added* bond and help finish a magnificent job *right*. The quicker you reach down deep, the better you do *your* job for war, the more you'll contribute to ending the fight. And the quicker they'll come back—the guys that can *still* be killed.

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Red AND Gun



Mr. T. is convinced that woodcock hunters and woodcock dogs are definitely off the beam.

By Ray Trullinger

HABITUAL duck shooters are known to be screwy in a mild, pleasant sort of way, but it probably will surprise many readers to learn that all woodcock hunters are definitely nuts. Not only that, but they're also furtive, addicted to plain and fancy prevarication and master purveyors of misleading gunning dope.

These distressing facts were revealed to your correspondent this Fall during a week of woodcock hunting with two followers of that curious sport, and we can prove our charge before any impartial jury. How these unfortunates get that way is revealed herewith for the first time:—

First, it must be understood that a woodcock is nothing more than an overgrown jacksnipe with a three-inch bill, shoe-button eyes and a penchant for lurking in the most gosh-awful cover known to man. Alder patches. Birch groves. Wet-tish, boggy tangles where a gunner can't even swing that cat of fable, much less a shotgun. The very nature of the terrain where woodcock are hunted is such that no normal person can long retain his mental buttons after the woodcock virus invades his system. Even if no other insanity-breeding factors were involved, the mere business of plowing through typical timberdoodle cover is sufficient to develop pigeons in the belfry.

But there are other factors. The woodcock's flight, for instance. Now, a grouse, duck or pheasant always knows where it's going. Not so the brush snipe. A timberdoodle never knows where it's headed when it flushes, and, to make things even more difficult for the confused shooter, the bird just doesn't give a whoop. We've heard woodcock-

shooting novices insist that this bird can fly in six directions at the same time, but we've always considered such statements slightly exaggerated. At best, a woodcock only can fly in three directions, or maybe four, simultaneously. To the best of our knowledge no other game bird is capable of such aerial didoes. Trying to figure out whether a woodcock will zig or zag, as it twists out of a clump of alders like a tipsy bat, is one of the main reasons why woodcockers become so delightfully addle-headed.

Productive woodcock shooting of course requires the services of a good bird dog and there, again, is something else which contributes to mental unbalancement. For good woodcock dogs, like their dizzy owners, also are given to wacky spells which in turn exert a baneful influence on their owners' alleged sanity. Take Spot, as an example.

Spot is a lean, rangy pointer, the property of a woodcock-hunting game warden. Three days out of four this pooch is the bird hunter's dream come true. He's fast, tireless and obedient. If there's a woodcock around, he'll find it. If he finds a foraging grouse, he'll work carefully and, barring tough luck, hold the bird until the warden gets up for a shot. And he'll make those galloping, heads-up retrieves which are a thrill to watch.

But every so often Spot will go haywire like a broken down Model T. He'll "bump" birds right and left, run around like a frolicsome, brainless pup and chase flushed grouse over into the next township. He'll remain studiously oblivious to hand signals, curses and entreaties. When Spot decides to have a time for himself, there's nothing, absolutely nothing, to be done about it. He

goes completely nuts and so does his exasperated owner.

We remarked that woodcock hunters are furtive and given to dallying with the truth. These lamentable traits aren't exactly unknown among other of the hook and bullet fraternity, but woodcockers have raised both dubious qualities into the realm of higher art.

It's your correspondent's firm conviction that a brush snipe shooter wouldn't tell the truth to a dying grandmother, much less to his best friend—that is to say, if telling the truth has to do with revealing the location of favorite woodcock cover.

As an example we merely point to a little incident last Fall. We'd enjoyed a highly successful day's gunning with the warden, each of us smacking a woodcock limit of four birds, in addition to three partridges. That evening the warden's bosom pal and hunting partner barged around, "fishing for information", as the warden later described it.

"How'd you guys make out?" he asked.

"We hardly got a bird up all day," replied the warden without batting an eye, as your correspondent sat there, open-mouthed with astonishment.

"No, sir," continued this master of duplicity, "I never saw the birds so scarce before. Can't imagine what's happened to them."

"Didn't you even find a few grouse?" questioned the visitor.

"The dog didn't find a partridge all day long," replied the warden. "Funny thing, too. There ought to be more of 'em. Saw several bunches of young birds late this summer."

"Where did you fellows hunt?" next questioned the warden's pal.

"Oh," replied the warden, with an airy hand wave, "down the road a piece."

You see what we mean?

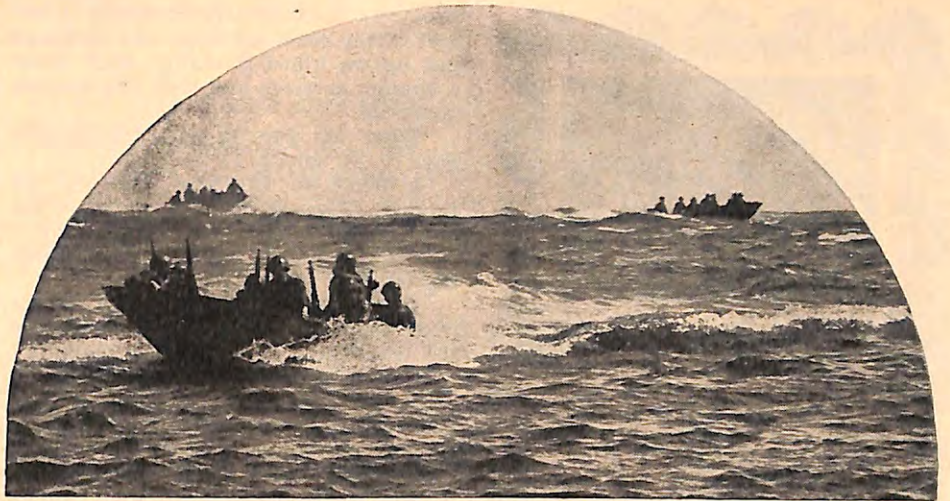
After the friend took his departure we chided the warden for being a catch-as-catch-can liar and a dispenser of false information.

"Hell!" exploded that worthy. "He knew I was filling him full of bull; besides, he wouldn't have believed me if I had told him the truth. You remember he told us he shot his birds over near Baring? Well, he didn't. He went over on the Airline Road this morning. He wasn't kidding me and I wasn't kidding him. He was just fishing around and he didn't find out a thing, the bum. Let him go out and locate his own birds."

That's friendship among woodcock shooting devotees.

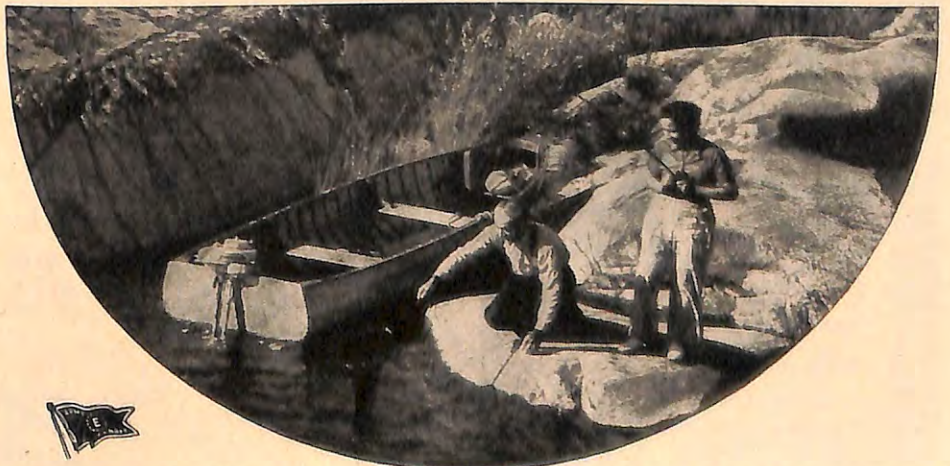
An amusing angle is that even after a limit of four birds has been killed, the woodcocker still hasn't collected enough game to satisfy a hungry child. At best there are only two good mouthfuls to a woodcock—maybe three if you're a dainty eater.

Another curious twist of the woodcocker's mentality was disclosed the next morning, shortly after Spot was released on a back road which cut through a patch of alders. The dog



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promptly came to a point within a few feet of the road and when the bird was put up we killed it easily. Spot made a snappy retrieve and then the warden spoke up.

"What did you do with that empty shell?" he asked.

"I didn't do anything with it," we replied, "I guess it's back there on the road where I ejected it from the gun."

"Go back and pick it up," commanded the warden.

"What for?" we questioned, somewhat surprised. "You saving brass for the war effort or are you reloading?"

"Neither," was his answer. "You go back and either put that shell in your pocket or toss it off in the bushes where nobody will see it. I don't want to advertise this place. Empty shells mean somebody has been doing some shooting and the next guy who comes along will hunt this patch of alders."

During the rest of the day we noticed the warden carefully parked all fired shells in his hunting coat pocket. Later, as we drove homeward, this worthy slowed down in several places beside a long, brushy swale and carefully dropped a shell or two in the grass beside the road.

"Now what's the big idea?" we asked. "I thought you said you never left any evidence of shooting behind you."

"I don't," he answered. "Not if there's any worthwhile shooting. In this place, however, there's no shooting. It looks birdy enough, but for some reason or other woodcock pass it up. So there's no harm in leaving a few shells around where they can be seen. Guys will waste a lot of good time hunting out this spot, and that, of course, saves birds elsewhere."

"You know any other cute li'l tricks?" we asked him, completely fascinated.

"Plenty," was his reply. "But I'm not telling them to you."

Conversation lagged for a distance and finally we spoke up. "Speaking of tricks, how about playing a few dirty ones on some black ducks tomorrow morning and give the woodcock a breather?"

The warden turned to us, a pained expression of astonishment on his face. "You mean to say," he answered, "that you'd rather hunt ducks than woodcock? Why, you must be crazy!"

"That's exactly what I'm trying to avoid!"

"I don't get you," he replied.

"Another day of this brush snipe shooting and I'll be nuttier than a fruit cake myself," we answered. "It's beginning to get me already. I'm even beginning to tell lies to myself, just for practice."

"Shucks," he laughed, "it takes years and years to make a good woodcock hunter. You aren't even out of the kindergarten class yet."

So we went timberdoodle gunning the next morning and that was the day Spot declared for rugged individualism, no retrieves and all around tomfoolery. Things began auspiciously when the dog found a covey of four grouse and "bumped" every bird in quick succession. This nonsensical conduct brought a stern reprimand from the warden and a profane admonition to go forth and sin no more.

Spot laughed that one off and quickly put up two woodcock before the warden could get within 50 yards of the fast-hunting pooch.

"Now what do you suppose has gotten into that fool dog?" he asked of nobody in particular. "Never saw him act so crazy before."

"He's nuts, just like his master," we observed. "Don't blame Spot. Maybe it's constant association."

From then on things went from bad to worse. After chasing up another woodcock Spot finally came to a pretty point, held it, and the warden shot his first bird of the day. Spot picked up the bird, and, midway in the retrieve, stepped on a snowshoe rabbit and the panic was on again. Spot dropped the woodcock and set out after the rabbit like a beagle while the warden went nuts, but not quietly.

"How is he on foxes, coons and bobcats?" we asked, innocently. That crack didn't help at all. We should have kept our big yap shut. The warden was suffering enough, heaven knows.

Eventually Spot gave up the chase, came back to us and got the lambasting he expected. He took it with a growl and throaty canine cursings.

"Now you settle down and hunt right!" commanded the breathless warden. "No more of this so-and-so rabbit chasing, understand?"

Spot gave him a dirty look, scuttled off into the birches and five minutes later a booming roar announced the hurried departure of a grouse, quickly followed by another. The warden said a few explosive words. Your correspondent remembered his manners and said nothing.

Well, it went on like that for the rest of the day. We both killed our limits, because there were a lot of birds and some of 'em flew our way when the dog chased 'em up. We did our own retrieving, too. Spot couldn't be bothered with that chore. It was his day off, or something.

On the way home we announced our firm conviction that woodcock hunters and woodcock dogs are definitely off the beam, and the warden, for once, was in partial agreement.

"The more I think of it," he commented thoughtfully, as we turned into his driveway, "the more I'm convinced there's something to your argument. A man's gotta be crazy to enjoy the punishment."



Seven Up!

(Continued from page 28)

which now function under the 7th AAF Service Command. This Command also has the job of maintenance and supply in the forward areas, thousands of miles from their main shops. It also had the problem of rebuilding and re-equipping combat airplanes to meet the peculiarities of air war in the Central Pacific. Literally hundreds of B-24 Liberators were modified, each modification involving some thirty-six changes for a total of more than 500,000 man hours. Every Mitchell bomber also receives some thirty essential modifications. In addition, during the period General Hale commanded the Seventh, more than 1,000 planes were repaired, each requiring up to as much as 10,000 man hours. As the funnel through which flow all airplanes and parts for the 7th AAF, as well as many for the 5th and 13th AAFs, this organization delivered more than 31,000,000 individual aircraft items, more than one million of which were manufactured in its own shops.

A still untold chapter in the saga of the Seventh is the magnificent story of the flying cannon and its use by them during an entire campaign, for the first time in World War II. Mounted in a Mitchell bomber a 75 mm rapid fire cannon flying at 275 miles an hour can be a devastating weapon. The Japs in the Marshalls found out that it was. A part of the job of the 7th AAF was to beat down certain Marshall shore defenses and to pin point picked targets with a technique which made accuracy virtually certain. This called for low level attacks, and by low level the 7th AAF means around 50 feet. Jap ground defenses were very strong on the outer edge of the islands, both in anti-aircraft and in automatic weapons and machine guns. Flying directly into any such defense system is like trying to keep dry running through a thunder storm. You know you're going to get wet, you merely hope you won't get soaked. The Mitchell boys knew they were going to get hit, they hoped they would get out all in one piece.

But the Japs caught hell too. The Mitchells' attack spread out in a line of twelve or so planes extending the width of the island, usually up to a mile across. They would roar into the Jap defenses with their cannons blazing. The 75 mm cannon is no mean gun. It throws a fifteen pound shell which is lethal on explosion up to about forty-five feet. Many experts on ordnance say that, with the 155 mm howitzer, the 75 mm rifle won World War I for the Allies. A dozen or so cannon carrying planes lay down a formidable barrage. After a few very sanguinary lessons the Japs learned that it was most unwise to continue shooting at the Mitchells when the cannon shells began dropping around. Soon only those who thought the Emperor was personally watching them stuck to their guns. Hence there

are still some Mitchell fliers around to tell the story.

The Mitchell boys are among the hottest groups in the Central Pacific. You hear about them wherever you go in the Gilberts and Marshalls. Some of the crews after rolling up more than fifty missions with no relief in sight, have given up post war planning. But even though they know that altitude is the healthiest thing there is for an airman, they still swear by their cannons.

Though it ranges over a vast ocean and has operated up to as many as five missions a day for an entire month, the total bomb loads of the Seventh are miniscule as compared with those of the 8th, 9th, 12th and 15th Air Forces. But as General Douglass, who succeeded to Hale's command, points out, the total area of the islands recently receiving most of the 7th AAF bombs has been about 115 square miles or about the size of San Diego. "This area," says Douglass, "is less than one sixth the size of the Saar Basin which is but one of many major targets in the 437,000 square miles of France and Germany. While all of France and Germany are not being hit by bombs, neither are all our Central Pacific islands. The total area attacked by the 7th AAF bombers in April, for example, was probably less than 15 square miles."

With that as its target size the Seventh is getting about 130 tons on each square mile of target bombed. Properly placed, that is enough high explosive to wipe clean just about any square mile anywhere.

Experiences of the 7th AAF aircrews in fighting the weather, the water and the vast distances, not to mention the Japs, would fill a book, and doubtless will when the need for military security is over. They have on occasion literally prayed for a bomber home, landing on a friendly base right out of a storm 600 miles from where they believed themselves to be. They have come in with gas tanks empty and motors gasping. They have been rescued from "the drink" and on more than one occasion, in sight of Jap guns, by the intrepid and alert navy flying boats which operate a sea rescue service. They have fought individual duels in four engine bombers with equally large Jap planes. They have had a freak shot of enemy anti-aircraft explode a bomb as it was dropping out of the bomb bay.

They have operated in training flights over enemy targets as a part of planned battle indoctrination. At least one Liberator circling above a crew forced down at sea, savagely attacked and drove off two Jap fighters when they dove in an attempt to strafe the helpless airmen. Running out of ammunition during a fight with Japs who were trying to screw up enough courage to renew attack, bomber gunners have kept their empty guns trained so threateningly on the Japs that they



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wouldn't close. At 12,000 feet over Truk, running into a phenomenon known to sailors as St. Elmo's Fire, one crew saw their propellers light up with blue flame, rain spatter on their windshield and burst in flame like tiny incendiary bombs, and the whole plane light up with tail surfaces flaming with a ghastly bluish fire—and lived to tell about it.

But there is hardly a better example of the Seventh's combination of luck and skill and quick thinking than that which doubtless saved the lives of the crew of the Liberator "Belle of Texas". Lt. Charles F. Pratte of Warren, Rhode Island had been mixed up with the Japs over Maleolap in the Marshalls and had come off not unscathed. As a matter of fact one motor was shot out and another was rapidly catching pneumonia, and, among other things, the hydraulic system was gone. Lt. Pratte was in the delicate condition of having to make a landing, but quick, with the added complication that because the hydraulic system controls the brakes, he couldn't stop his plane if he had a runway, which at the moment he didn't.

His own base was several hundred miles away but Lt. Pratte remembered that on an island near where he was flying, the Navy was building a fighter strip. A fighter strip is too short for a heavy bomber, even when it has brakes, which Lt. Pratte's did not. But 7th AAF pilots are partial to dry ground; they don't put down in the ocean when they can help it. Finished or not, fighter strip or bomber strip, Lt. Pratte knew the place would be flat and that was inducement enough for him.

In a few minutes he was over the island and the landing gear was being cranked down by hand. As he circled he got an idea. He gave an order. The crew jumped into action and when his wheels touched the runway, as the Navy men looked on in wonder, there blossomed

some 300 from the Belle of Texas three parachutes. Tied firmly to stanchions in the plane, they filled with air and the ship slowed perceptibly, stopping just at the water's edge. They were his brakes!

When word of the "parachute landing" reached General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces in Washington, he called for his secretary and dictated a personal commendation. The landing, he said, "represents an achievement of a high order—unique, as far as I know, in operational history."

The Seventh doesn't think of itself as unique. "Unusual" would possibly be a better word. Anyhow it is content to be known, if anyone wants to know it, as the biggest little air force in the world. That's distinctive enough, they say, for anybody.

Editor's note: Since this article was completed the following announcement has been made by the War Department:

HEADQUARTERS, 7TH AAF, CENTRAL PACIFIC—Troop-carrier planes of the 7th AAF, commanded by Major General Robert W. Douglass, Jr., have made the first transport plane connecting link between the forward areas of the Central Pacific and the forward areas of the Southwest Pacific theaters.

The pioneering flight was made by four C-47 Skytrain transports between the Marianas and the Admiralties, and cut directly across the heart of the Jap-held Carolines. The round-trip flight was more than 2,000 miles, and fully one fourth of the distance was flown on instruments because of weather conditions.

The purpose of the first flight which was made late in August may not be revealed, but subsequent transports have made the flight carrying passengers and high-priority freight.

It was the first time that transport planes had flown over the Carolines."

Transport, Attack

(Continued from page 11)

the occupants found that they could touch 72 bunks with a six-foot pole. It's something like living in a New York subway car during a July heat wave.

As a consequence, Johnny spends most of his shipboard life above decks. In the Central and South Pacific, this is not a hardship even though a good many of the best deck spaces are marked, "Officers Only" or "Troops Keep Off". Stripped to the waist, wearing a variety of death-dealing cutlery and armaments, the enlisted men establish their living quarters in the jeeps and half-tracks which are usually part of the deck cargo, underneath and inside the landing boats, huddled along the hatch sides and bulkheads. Trained for one of the toughest brands of warfare there is, they sleep on the hard decks—with only a blanket or poncho underneath them—as soundly as ever they slept at home.

I remember, on one transport, a

Marine private by the name of Alfred Howell of New York who had installed himself and all his belongings including a camp cot—genuine luxury—and an unruly parakeet on a generator shop roof above the ship's top deck. The parakeet came from Guadalcanal and was named Patricia Lockafoon Gizmo. ("Lockafoon" in Marine double talk and "gizmo" is the Marine equivalent for "thingumajig".) Actually, Howell always addressed the bird as "Baby". One day Baby managed to climb an aerial lead to one of the ship's antennae. Her owner dislodged her by shaking the wire. Baby, whose wings were clipped, fluttered helplessly seawards but fell into a landing boat instead of the Pacific. In the process, she sent up a series of dismayed squawks which we fully expected would bring all hands to their battle stations.

Howell and Baby escaped admonishment for the antenna episode. But a

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few nights later, the ship's whistle cord was pulled by mistake. The smoke-stack was directly behind the generator shop and the authorities—although they couldn't have suspected Baby—reckoned that someone climbing up to the roof had caused the prolonged midnight blast. Ships' whistles are used at night for signalling turns and the impromptu blowing produced a series of caustic messages from the flagship admiral. At any rate, Howell, Baby, and several of us who had moved up to the small roof were evicted without ceremony.

There is a book called, "What To Do On a Transport". I have never read it but it cannot be any more instructive or diverting than watching what people do. They read a great deal. There is always a line-up to the ship's library whenever it is open. Book distribution has improved tremendously since the war began. In addition to the gifts from the Victory Book Campaign—which make a good array provided the duds have been sorted out—there are the invaluable paper-back books. These now include special editions of best sellers distributed exclusively to the Armed Forces. They fit any military pocket and the titles include "The Education of Hyman Kaplan", "Report from Tokyo", "Tortilla Flat", "The Human Comedy", "Wind, Sand and Stars", "The Unvanquished", "A Time For Greatness", "Typee", "George Washington Carver", "Storm Over The Land", and "Lord Jim".

There are games—cards, checkers, chess, acey ducey, match games, paper games and certain other games which are without official blessing.

There is a good deal of routine activity like polishing rifles, sharpening knives, writing letters, and doing calisthenics. But it isn't all routine. I have been on a ship on which a naval officer (who happened to be one of the world's leading chess players) would take on twelve opponents at a time or play a

game without looking at the board. He was a small, pale, intense man of Turkish extraction who was perpetually palming British pennies. I have watched demonstrations of hypnotism, have been painfully initiated as a "Pollywog" prior to becoming a "Shellback" and a loyal subject of Neptunus Rex; have attended church services, boxing matches, movies and vaudeville shows—the emcee's jokes were as broad and subtle as the rear end of a tank. The films are preponderantly old. On our way to Guam we were shown "The Mortal Storm", "Bachelor Mother", "Hoppie Serves a Writ", "Trocadero", "True to Life", and a newsreel of General Giraud calling on President Roosevelt!

PRIVATE Johnson's day aboard a transport begins shortly after sunrise. The ship is at dawn alert already but if Private J. can inure himself to periodic alarms, the harsh squawks of the Donald Duck speaker system, the clangings and bangings, the huffings and puffings, the roar and whirr of a ship in motion, he can usually manage to remain oblivious to morning General Quarters. If he is sleeping on deck, his second "call" occurs when the deck hands go to work with their swabs and pressure hoses.

The third call is chow.

"Now, all men holding chow passes A, B, and C lay up to the port side for chow," bawls the Donald Duck. Johnny hooks his canteen cup into his belt and takes his place in the first line of the day. Later, he may line up at the library, the soda fountain, or the ship's store.

Feeding between 1500 and 2000 enlisted men three times a day—some transports can serve only two meals—is managed by a combination of production line and cafeteria methods. On an efficiently run transport, 2000 men—troops and crew—can be served a meal



All clothes washing is done in salt water. One method is to tie clothing to a line, lower it over the side, and let the movement of the ship act as a washing machine.

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in as little as an hour and a half.

The passage to the mess hall threads its way down at least one ladder, along hot and narrow passages, into a steaming compartment where the food is dished out and eaten. The dimensions of a typical messing compartment are approximately 40 x 72 feet. There may be two or three compartments: one for the ship's crew and two for the troops.

Private Johnson picks up a tray and carries it past a steam table presided over by troop K.P.'s and Navy messmen. Here is a Monday morning breakfast from an actual APA bill of fare: chilled grapefruit juice, oatmeal, milk (chilled Klim), griddle cakes, syrup, bacon, bread, butter and coffee.

Chow aboard transports varies from good to poor, depending almost entirely on the commissary steward and the cooks under him. It takes a staff of nearly 100—cooks, bakers, butchers, and assistants—to prepare the food. The Navy buys good quality in plentiful quantities. On a typical transport, some 2000 men consumed 149,265 pounds of food, worth \$18,896.69, in 16 days. Private Johnson's share was four pounds a day.

"Enough to feed an army" is a phrase with a meaning for the commissary steward. The following supper was served not long ago in an APA en route for Guam: broiled beef steaks, browned potatoes, mashed squash, sliced beets, peach cobbler, hot biscuits, butter, coffee. And these are the ingredients:

- 1600 pounds of beef
- 1050 pounds of potatoes
- 200 pounds of onions
- 525 pounds of squash (canned)
- 200 pounds of beets (canned)
- 4 gallons of vinegar
- 4 gallons of salad oil
- 670 pounds of peaches (canned)
- 100 pounds of flour (for cobbler)
- 20 pounds of shortening (for cobbler)
- 300 pounds of flour (for biscuits)
- 24 pounds of sugar (for biscuits)
- 42 pounds of shortening (for biscuits)
- 14 pounds of salt (for biscuits)
- 2 pounds of baking powder (for biscuits)
- 10 gallons of milk (for biscuits)
- 80 pounds of butter
- 84 pounds of coffee
- 192 pounds of canned milk (for coffee)
- 100 pounds of sugar (for coffee)

His eating tray loaded and his pint canteen cup full of hot coffee, Private Johnson makes his way to one of several long counters suspended from the overhead (Navy-ese for ceiling). To reduce congestion and encourage haste, many APA's do not provide seats or benches, so the meal is eaten standing. Johnny has to be careful crossing the mess hall deck. The drippings from wet trays, the occasional spillings, plus condensation and human sweat produce a wet deck which becomes treacherously slippery, particularly in rough seas.

Rather than eat in the steaming,

dimly lighted messing compartments, a good many men make sandwiches if meat is being served and eat their meals on deck. Sometimes, a group of men will arrange to take turns, one man at every meal bringing up the food for the rest. The same communal arrangement goes for buying candy and cigarettes at the ship's service, filling canteens with water, and drawing ice cream and "cokes" from the ship's soda fountain. Many transports serve ice cream nowadays, with some making enough for a daily portion to enlisted troops as well as the ship's company.

Keeping himself and his clothes clean is one of Private Johnson's major problems. Troop latrines—on board ship they are called "heads" from the time when they were forward or in the head of the ship—are strictly rationed as to fresh water. Showers and even basins are frequently furnished only with salt water. At best, fresh water is turned on for only a few hours a day.

All clothes washing is done in salt water. One method is to tie clothes to a line, lower it over the side, and let the movement of the ship act as a washing machine. The first time I ever traveled in an assault amphibious force, I noticed what looked like small porpoises playing in the wake of another ship in the convoy. Later, on our own ship, I saw a Marine tying some clothing to a long line and lowering it over the side.

"What for?" I asked.

"Doin' my washin'," he replied.

AN ATTACK transport must be able to stay at sea for an indefinite period. Obviously, the goal is to get the ships loaded, into the combat area, unloaded, and out again as soon as possible. But the plans of mice and admirals being what they are, an amphibious fleet must be prepared for unforeseen circumstances. I have accompanied amphibious attacks on which we were on board exactly five days; once I was at sea for five weeks. The discomfort and monotony of transport life over a prolonged period is difficult for an outfit keyed to combat pitch. It is hardest of all on the enlisted men. Their patience and good humor are something at which one never ceases to marvel. But I have heard more than one say, "I'd rather be on the beach in a foxhole than ridin' this . . . tub."

But however long the voyage, eventually the day comes for putting the troops ashore. Carrier planes and warships have already taken their preliminary cracks at the objective. Now it is time for the APA's to fire their batteries—30 or more boats full of combat troops and equipment.

Early in the morning, while it is still dark, the convoy maneuvers to come to proper course for the approach.

"Come to course Zero Nine Zero," orders the captain.

"Steady on course Zero Nine Zero," replies the helmsman.

As the ships move towards the transport area, the flagship hoists signals which guide the APA's into position.

"All engines two-thirds," says the captain.

The telephone talker passes the word and reports shortly to the captain, "All engines answer two-thirds, sir." Gradually, the ship slows with the commands, "All engines one-third," and "All engines stop."

"If you're lucky, you hit it right," observed a deck officer.

The water below whispers a gentle, "Wash-wash." Winches whine. New guys, stretching for the first time, crackle in the dusk as booms swing into place. Hammer blows crack sharply to loosen the battens which secure canvas hatch tarpaulins in place. The ship's motion has become imperceptible.

"Land the landing force," comes the signal from the flagship.

The troops, who have been at their embarkation station for perhaps two hours, are about to move. The command comes over the Donald Duck, "Now, lower all outboard boats." One after another, the boats are lowered to deck level. There is a trample on deck and a hollow, irregular, drum-shuffle of heavy boots as the men climb into the boats.

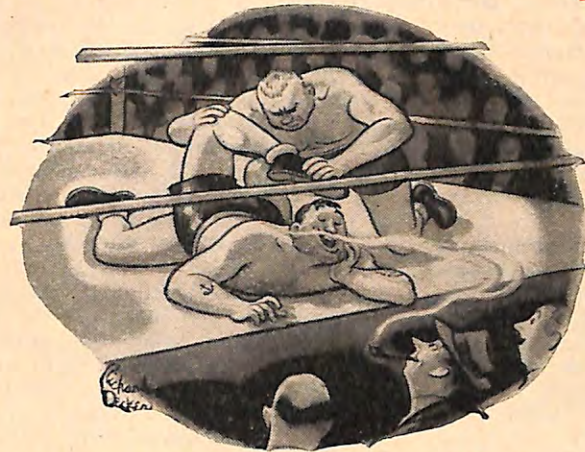
High on the superstructure, those unconcerned with the immediate business fix their eyes on the direction of the land's dim outline. Earlier nothing was visible but the inarticulate forms of other ships. Do the defenders know yet? Fingers reach to tighten valves on life-belts. Transports are ordinarily parked beyond the reach of shore batteries but, as one skipper put it, "sometimes we miscalculate."

In a few minutes, the coxswains are reporting their boats loaded. "Lower all boats" comes the order from the bridge. Winchmen start the electric motors which control the davits. The boats sway gently. As the steel cables are played out, boat coxswains start their Diesel engines while hook men and engineers nudge the boats clear of the ship's side. There is a slap-slap of waves as the boats touch the water. The heavy falls are allowed to swing free as the little craft lurch clear of the ship and make for their rendezvous area.

Subtly, the morning light has begun to absorb the stars. The features of the shadowy faces in the boats are becoming discernible.

Debarked with the troops in one of the assault waves is the transport's beach party, made up of a beach master, communications team, motor machinist and ship fitter, medical party, hydrographic party, and beach patrol. Their equipment includes channel markers to guide incoming supply boats and pennants which will be hoisted on the beach to help them locate the main supply depots—rations, water, munitions, fuel—when they land.

The assault amphibians have emerged from the landing ships and are churning through the waves like big underslung water beetles. They too are full of troops. Planes, destroyers, gunboats firing rockets by the hundred join in piling up the final all-out barrage. As



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they near the shore, the treads on the amphibians feel cautiously for the sea bottom. Uncertainly at first and then with steadying sureness, they dig their shiny aluminum cleats into the sand and coral, lurch forward gaining momentum, plunge into the wall of grey smoke, and take the crucial stride at which amphibious warfare becomes land fighting.

While the amphibians penetrate inland, the transport beach parties and troop quartermaster corps halt at the beachline. Speed, speed, and no delay. Get the foxholes dug. Rig the radio, plunge the portable antenna into the sand, set the generators on their tripods. Quickly, begin cranking. Grind out the energy.

"Hello, Tomahawk . . . Hello, Tomahawk. This is Broadway. Can you hear me? Hello, Tomahawk . . ."

Up go the depot penants as if it were a carnival—bright colored flags.

The wall of smoke is beginning to dissolve. But there are several big fires burning. Now, from the wreckage, the pillboxes and the dugouts what remain of the stunned defenders begin popping away with their rifles, sweeping rifle grenades and mortars. But the work to the beach party goes on.

"Hello, Tomahawk. This is Broadway. Can you hear me?"

And finally back from the mother ship:

"Hello, Broadway. This is Tomahawk. I can hear you loud and clear. How

do you hear me? . . ."

Even while connections are being established at Tomahawk's end, the men aboard the APA aren't wasting any time. Everyone is at "I-A",—conditions of alertness—contributing in some way or another to the big job: to get the troops and material off as quickly as possible with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of snafu.

Within an hour or more—depending on the distance and the conditions at the beach—the boats begin returning to the ship. In the meantime, troops have been assembling at the debarkation nets. Troop and ship working parties have been hauling nets and sleds full of supplies out of the holds. Waterproofed packing cases are lashed to the sleds, which can be pulled out of the landing boats by bulldozers and dragged ashore—through the water if necessary.

The smallboat repairmen are standing by for their first job of the day. It is not long in coming. The most common repair jobs are overheated engines, chewed up propellers, broken shafts, and damaged rudders. Before the operation is over, the boat repair crew will have changed about 30 propellers, twenty shafts, and ten or fifteen rudders. On one ship, the chief of a crew of eight men told me that, in 12 operations, his outfit had never had more than three or four boats out of commission at any one time.

Everyone will live at his post until the job is finished. Hour after hour,

perhaps for several days, the flat-snouted jeep and tank lighters will groan their way through the seemingly endless shuttle trips to the beach, carrying the wherewithal for war a few tons at a time. Sometimes a ship can be unloaded in a single day but nobody counts on that. There is no such thing as a soft job. But the boat crews probably have the toughest and most dangerous assignment, certainly in the early days of an operation.

As soon as possible, the casualties begin being brought aboard. In addition to the medical and first-aid parties on the beach, there are four or five doctors and a number of corpsmen on constant duty aboard ship.

Perhaps when the operation is ended and the new objective secured, the APA will re-embark her troops to return them to rest and rehabilitation areas. She rarely travels empty and is therefore hardly ever off the job. With the new schedule of round-the-clock offensives in the Pacific, the APA's move from one area to another, landing troops in the Marianas one month and in the Philippines the next. I have been riding on a transport which has had only ten days in a liberty port in the last 18 months. And that is probably not an exceptional case. With what lies ahead in the Pacific, there is not likely to be any let-up for the APA.

"Transport, Attack" will be the Order of the Day in the Pacific, for many a month to come.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 15)

1307. At each of these lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by groups of members and their families, and to them he delivered an address appropriate to a Sunday afternoon gathering. He said that while the Order of Elks does not pretend to be a religious organization, religion has an important part in its objectives; that the open Bible lies on the altar of every Elk lodge and no meeting is ever held without a prayer for guidance. "Love of fellow man," he said, "one of the highest ideals of the Christian religion, is one of the foundation stones of Elkdom."

At Richmond, Ind., where the night was spent, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the annual Golf Dinner given by **RICHMOND LODGE NO. 649** which, in addition to its commodious town home, has a splendid country club. Some 150 ladies and gentlemen heard Dr. Barrett speak on "True Sportsmanship".

In southern Ohio, stops were made on the following morning at **GREENVILLE LODGE NO. 1139**, **PIQUA NO. 523** and **SPRINGFIELD NO. 51**. At Springfield Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by a large number of members of the Ladies' Auxiliary and presented with a War Bond to be used in his charitable missions. At **TROY LODGE NO. 833**, more than 250 Elks were present at a luncheon attended also by Exalted Rulers of nearby lodges and the three District Deputies of southern Ohio. At **COLUMBUS LODGE NO. 37**, elaborate plans were carried out for the entertainment of the Grand Exalted Ruler. A reception was held followed by a dinner for the visiting guests, among whom were many Exalted Rulers of Ohio lodges and practically all of the Past Exalted Rulers of Columbus Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by Mayor James A. Rhodes. During the lodge meeting, 20

new members were initiated. The class was addressed by Dr. Barrett and for them he recited his well known classic, "My Membership Card in the Elks", written by him 20 years ago. At the conclusion of his address, he was presented with a War Bond.

On October 3, Dr. Barrett journeyed to Harrisburg, Pa., where, after a brief inspection of the Canteen near the railway station, operated by **HARRISBURG LODGE NO. 12**, he was met by Wilbur P. Baird, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and Past State Presidents Howard R. Davis and Max L. Lindheimer, and escorted, first, to the home of District Deputy H. Earl Pitzer at Biglerville, Pa., for breakfast, and then to Berwick, Pa., where a meeting of the Elks of the North Central District was held. En route, stops were made to inspect the homes of **BLOOMSBURG LODGE NO. 436** and **DANVILLE LODGE NO. 754**. At Berwick, Past State President Dr. E. L. Davis entertained the distinguished guests at his home at an afternoon party and later presided at the dinner which was attended by 350 members of **BERWICK LODGE NO. 1138** and neighboring lodges. Addresses were made by the Grand Exalted Ruler, State President Baird and Con McCole, Mayor of Wilkes-Barre. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by Lee A. Donaldson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

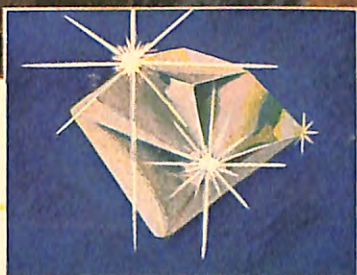
On the following evening, Dr. Barrett was the guest of **WHEELING, W. Va., LODGE NO. 28**. At the dinner given in his honor, President Clarence E. Johnson and Secretary Arch F. Dawson of the West Virginia State Elks Association, District Deputy Paul C. Lehmann and practically all of the Past Exalted Rulers of Wheeling Lodge were present. Past Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, introduced the

Grand Exalted Ruler and Exalted Ruler William Callahan presented Dr. Barrett with a \$100 War Bond.

Visits to New York State were scheduled for the week beginning on October 7. The Grand Exalted Ruler's first engagement was in New York City where he was host at a luncheon at the Hotel Biltmore to the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all the lodges in the East, East Central and Southeast Districts. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who presided, introduced the speakers who, in addition to Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, Louis R. Dowd, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., George I. Hall, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Judge John F. Scileppi, Chairman of the State Association's War Commission. The principal speakers were Dr. Barrett, whose subject was "Rehabilitation", and Judge Hallinan who spoke on "Hospitalization".

On the following day, at Rome, N. Y., another luncheon-meeting was held at which all of the other Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of New York lodges were guests of the Grand Exalted Ruler. A program similar to that of the preceding day was carried out. Luncheon was served in the home of **ROME LODGE NO. 96**. While in Rome, members of the official party were guests at the residence of a beloved member and great benefactor of Rome Lodge, P.E.R. James A. Spargo.

Accompanied by Past Grand Inner Guard Frederick Schrecker, Past State President George W. Denton and Mr. Dowd, Dr. Barrett visited **GLOVERSVILLE LODGE NO. 226** the next day, where he was the guest of honor at a dinner for 250 members of the lodge. Mayor Robert Ramsay welcomed the guests. Mr. Dowd



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spoke on the objectives of the State Association and Dr. Barrett discussed his program of aid for returned servicemen. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented by Exalted Ruler Francis S. Robb with a generous assortment of handmade gloves for both Mrs. Barrett and himself. During a stop for luncheon at Lowville the next day, an inspection was made of the home of **LOWVILLE LODGE NO. 1605.**

After he had paid his official visit to **WATERTOWN, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 496,** on October 10, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett was honored by the lodge at a dinner at the Hotel Woodruff at which Past District Deputy Francis K. Purcell, Chairman, presided. The welcoming address was given by Mayor C. A. Winslow, a charter member of the lodge. Dr. Barrett and State President Dowd were again the principal speakers.

On October 11, with several visits to New York lodges yet to be made, the Grand Exalted Ruler stopped at Oswego en route. He was greeted by a large number of members of **OSWEGO, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 271,** and escorted to a lovely spot in the vicinity where a luncheon was spread for about 75 guests. The Honorable Joseph T. McCaffrey welcomed the visitors, among whom were D. Curtis Gano, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Past State President Harry R. Darling, P.E.R.'s of Rochester Lodge, both of whom had accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler from Watertown.

What was declared to be the most successful meeting of **ROCHESTER LODGE NO. 24** ever held took place that evening. It was preceded by a dinner at which 450 guests were present. An even larger crowd gave the Grand Exalted Ruler an ovation when he was introduced later in the lodge room which was literally packed to the doors. Dr. Barrett has been a frequent visitor to Rochester and he has a host of friends there. A class of 86 candidates was initiated and the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the class, speaking on "My Membership Card". The address he delivered to the audience as a whole was said to have been one of the best he has ever made. Among the guests were the Hon. Frank E. Gannett, a member of the Order and publisher of the *Rochester Chronicle*, Supreme Court Justice William F. Love, former Supreme Court Justice Willis K. Gillette, County Judge H. Douglas Van Duser, Mayor Samuel B. Dicker, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Theodore Moses and State President Dowd, of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. Past State President Darling, on behalf of the lodge, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a moving picture camera and outfit. In concluding his remarks, Dr. Barrett declared that the rendition of the Ritual by Exalted Ruler James F. Sheehan and his officers was one of the finest he had ever witnessed.

Accompanied by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Moses, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett left on the following day for Buffalo. Stops were made at **BATAVIA LODGE NO. 750, ALBION NO. 1009, MEDINA NO. 878, LOCKPORT NO. 41** and **NORTH TONAWANDA NO. 860.** About a year ago, Medina Lodge presented an ambulance to the village. At Albion, the home of District Deputy Daniel M. Welton, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at a luncheon which was attended by 60 members of the lodge. The evening meeting was held at **BUFFALO LODGE NO. 23.**

The last of the series of the New York visits was made to **ELMIRA LODGE NO. 62** where another splendid meeting was held

in the evening and a luncheon served at midday. Many civic leaders of the city attended. Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Flynn presided and introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler at the luncheon and also at the lodge meeting. More than 400 guests attended the banquet that evening during which an inspiring musical program was rendered by the Elmira Elks' Band. Dr. Barrett was presented with a handsome brass fire extinguisher.

On Sunday afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler unveiled a portrait in the home of **WASHINGTON, D. C., LODGE, NO. 15,** of the late George C. Pumphrey, a member, who left in trust a fund of \$110,000, the income from which is to be paid to the Relief Committee of Washington Lodge for the assistance of members and their families in need. Mr. Pumphrey was also possessor of an Elks National Foundation Honorary Founder's Certificate, representing a contribution of \$1,000. In addition to the address made by the Grand Exalted Ruler at the close of the exercises, remarks were made by Past Exalted Ruler Philip U. Gayaut, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Fred A. Smith. Dr. Barrett has expressed the opinion that the ceremonies were as impressive as any he had ever attended in his years as an Elk. The unveiling was preceded by a luncheon at which many distinguished guests were present, followed by a buffet luncheon for 1,000 members of Washington Lodge and members of their families.

On October 16-17, Dr. and Mrs. Barrett were guests in New York City of **QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 878.** A dinner on Monday was followed by a theatre party. On Tuesday Mrs. Barrett was entertained at dinner and the theatre by a group of ladies during the official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Queens Borough Lodge Home at Elmhurst, N. Y.

Dr. Barrett was accompanied on his visitation by George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and District Deputy Laurence I. Nicoll, Southampton. He was given a fine reception by members of the lodge, who turned out en masse, and delegations from various lodges in the Southeast District. At the meeting, 27 new members were initiated by the Queens Borough officers. Introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, a Past Exalted Ruler of the lodge and Vice-Chairman and Treasurer of the Elks War Commission, Dr. Barrett was given a tremendous ovation by an audience that completely filled the spacious lodge room. In his address he paid Queens Borough Lodge warm tribute, commending especially its splendid charitable activities and its appropriation of \$35,000 for the rehabilitation of members of the lodge when they return from their war duties. He congratulated Ensign Frank D. O'Connor, Exalted Ruler, and Dr. John E. Kiffin, a Past Exalted Ruler, upon the fact that No. 878 was the first lodge in the Order to set aside a fund for this purpose. He also praised the lodge officers for their splendid rendition of the initiatory Ritual, and paid a splendid tribute to Judge Hallinan for his service to the Order. Referring to the Elks as a great leveler of men, the Grand Exalted Ruler stated that the Order of Elks makes better and happier men of its members by affording them the privilege of serving their fellow men.

On behalf of the lodge, Dr. Kiffin presented Dr. Barrett with two handsomely fitted traveling bags. A collation was served after the meeting in the Elks dining room and the Grill downstairs.



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What America is reading



**Reviews of books which
should make welcome
Christmas gifts.**

By Harry Hansen

WHEN Ernie Pyle came home from France this Fall with the simple statement that he had had enough and needed a rest—"The old man can't take any more"—he expressed in simple, direct language a human fact. Professional writers may cultivate the attitude that they are always ready to hop into a jeep and dash for the front lines, that they never get their fill of the shooting, bombing, bloody bandages and death. But Ernie Pyle isn't a professional, not any more than the soldiers are—yesterday's civilians who are getting a hard, dirty job done. No correspondent knows them better or more intimately; that is why Ernie is calling his book "Brave Men".

It is a strange thing that Ernie Pyle, who used to drive around the country in his car, jotting down human interest stories about folks he met, should have become the great interpreter of the war to the home folks. But the reason is simple; there is no barrier between him and the people for whom he writes. At first he did at the front just what he had done in the States—tell what he saw, what the men he met said and did, and who they were. He didn't fill his pages with views on strategy and tactics. He told what his eyes took in, his ears heard. In time he began to see the significance in what the boys did, and he caught the human touch that makes us all kin. In "Brave Men" there is an anecdote of the soldier who was ordered back to a rest camp, but who didn't want to go because he thought his unit would need him. "This is the first battle I've missed that this battalion has been in," he said re-

gretfully. "I feel like a deserter." And Ernie says, "I lay there in the darkness thinking—terribly touched by the great simple devotion of that soldier who was a cowboy—thinking of the millions of people far away at home who would remain forever unaware of the powerful fraternalism in this ghastly brotherhood of war."

It is in this book, in the chapter on hedgerow fighting, that Ernie Pyle describes the terrible silence of the battlefield after the battle has moved on. Cows newly dead, lying with their feet in the air; telegraph wires hanging down, branches littering the road, shellholes with gray powder burns, blood puddles hardly congealed—and the dead human beings, some torn apart, some lying as if asleep. It was then that his jeep stopped and Ernie talked to a lonely graves registration officer and found, close at hand, an overturned British plane with a pilot pinned down in it, a living man who had been lying there eight days. He had crashed in a No-Man's-Land between the two fighting armies. He was badly wounded, but he was game, apologizing to the men for the trouble he was causing them. "It was one of the really great demonstrations of courage in this war," writes Ernie. His book must have been on the press when he learned what eventually happened to the flying officer, for Ernie has told it in his letters, but they are not included here. The officer recovered and Ernie visited him and his family in England before returning home.

This is a wonderful book—simply written, sincerely told. The reason Ernie Pyle is loved and understood

is because he is one of the men he writes about, in tune with them, a plain fellow-American and a great human being. (Henry Holt & Co., \$3)

There is a lively challenge in what D. W. Brogan, the British writer, tells us about ourselves in his new book, "The American Character". He says: "The American problem is the problem of all free peoples in the modern world. It is the problem of how to extend some of the loyalty, the vigilance, the energy of national life to the world in which the national society has to live and whose peace, order and development are more and more essential conditions of the good life of all national societies, of British, Russian and American." To explain how this problem arose and why the American people have a habit of looking on themselves as comfortably secure and not greatly concerned with the outside world is one of the leading themes in a book filled with original and thought-provoking conclusions.

That the United States entered the World War in a state of "military nakedness" is not surprising to Mr. Brogan, for that is the way a nation that has no interest in war always enters a fight that is forced upon it. Americans have been so busy in the commercial development of their land, in peacetime exploitation, that they have no time to give to speculative methods of waging war; they are "easily bored with theory and all of them have to be shown, not simply told". Americans are civilian and unmilitary, but when the need comes they can draw on limitless resources and make war their business. "So the American way of war is bound to be like the American way of life," says Mr. Brogan. "It is an army of a nation of colossal business enterprises, often wastefully run in detail, but winning by their mere scale and by their ability to wait until that scale tells." And Berlin and Tokyo now realize "that in a war of machines it is the height of imprudence to have provoked the great makers and users of machines and, in a war of passions, to have awakened, slowly but more and more effectively, the passions of a people who hitherto have fought only one war with all their strength".

If we are going to cooperate with other nations in the interests of peace, we will have to get a clear view of the whole process of readjustment involved in the European wars since 1914. Mr. Brogan makes plain to us that the "long tragicomedy of disillusionment and recrimination" that followed the first World War was not confined to the United States; European nations, which had hoped to nail the lid on Europe with our help, were resentful of our aloofness. Now we have to find out why the fruits of victory in 1918 were lost to us and how Hitler was able to challenge the united might of the leading nations twenty years later. Mr. Brogan is not telling us what to do, but he is talking pretty plainly about the mistakes of both British and Americans, so that "The American Character", like his

earlier book, "The English People", provides an excellent chance to start a forum for discussion right at home. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50)

Will the American Civil War be sent into limbo by the vastly greater, overpowering second World War? Not at all. Those who know the Civil War keep it in a separate compartment of their minds and are as at home in it as we, in our daily lives, are familiar with the morning's communiques. Especially if you have been reading the works of Douglas Southall Freeman, Pulitzer prize-winning historian, whose biography, "R. E. Lee", has been followed by a detailed study of the commanding officers who carried out Lee's plans in the Army of Northern Virginia. Known as "Lee's Lieutenants", there are three volumes, of which the third has just been published. It deals with the acts of the commanders from Gettysburg to Appomattox and hence of the fortunes of the army after it had lost Stonewall Jackson. Here Longstreet is Lee's chief lieutenant and with Hill, Anderson, Early, Pickett, Heth, Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, Wade Hampton fought the bloody battles to protect Richmond and joined in the hazardous retreat that ended in surrender. Mr. Freeman, a Richmond editor who has pursued this study for a large part of his life, has picked up numberless threads of history and biography and weighs once more all the controversial questions that were debated by the survivors for years after the war. The story of Gettysburg, from the southern point of view, is a highlight. Although Mr. Freeman agrees that Longstreet delayed carrying out Lee's orders, especially the order to have Pickett charge the Union position, he feels that much of Longstreet's hesitation was justified, because Lee did not have the proper information about the strength of the Federals. "He should have obeyed orders, but the orders should not have been given." The details of Lee's surrender have been described many times from the northern point of view, but here is the end as the Confederates saw it. It is a tragic, terrible, disillusioning experience. The commands fell to pieces; the men were on the verge of starvation because their supply trains did not reach them; often they ate corn intended for their mules. Many of the men simply slipped away at night, walking back to their homes. The soldiers who remained steadfast were ready to carry on despite their physical weakness; the surrender was incomprehensible to them. They marched out and put down their arms; then, if they had their own horses, they rode back to their farms. At Appomattox an army of tired, wounded, hungry men faded away. (Scribners, \$5)

If you have visited book stores in the weeks preceding the Christmas holidays you have had some experience with frenzied buying. Books are always appreciated as gifts and for that reason the demand for them increases in the Fall out of all proportion to the

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rest of the year. But this year the demand for books is unprecedented, and the supply is held in check only by the limitations placed on white paper by the United States Government. There will not merely be a few books selling more than 100,000 copies this Fall; there will be many, and not all will deserve such popularity.

Take, for instance, a novel called "Forever Amber", by Kathleen Winsor, the first work of a new writer. Before this book appeared on sale in October the bookstores had ordered 175,000 copies. Why? Because booksellers were confident that their customers wanted a long novel about the amatory adventures of a gay adventuress, a light of love of Charles II in the days of the English Restoration, which, as we know from Restoration comedy, flouted conventional reticences, preferred vulgarity to polite conversation and in every way tried to throw off memories of the Puritan Commonwealth. (Editor's Note: "Forever Amber" has been banned in Boston.) Amber, passing from one man to another, conniving at theft and murder, is without conscience and without morals. Wives gain her contempt; their husbands are her victims. She moves through a multitude of adventures like one of Alexander Dumas' characters, but scarcely with the fascination of his storytelling. Such a woman could well be placed in the Restoration period, but I like to think that reticence becomes a novelist. At any rate, let those who follow the crowd and read only best-sellers, know what they are buying.

A novel with much better cards of recommendation is "Earth and High Heaven", by Gwethalyn Graham. This is the story of a Canadian Protestant girl, Erica Drake, who precipitates a crisis in her family when she determines to marry a young Jewish lawyer. Her father has never spoken harshly of Jews, but when Erica reveals her choice, he appeals to her to drop it, on the ground that his son-in-law would be an embarrassment to him in his club and in their social circle. "We want you to marry someone like us," says Erica's mother. The parents of the young man have reservations, too, but are not as stern as Erica's father. Miss Graham limits the conflict to these issues and solves it rather quickly. Perhaps we should have had an epilogue to show how everyone felt about it twenty years in the future. However, the story is contemporary and the future is still ahead. This is not a major novel, but I like the sincere way Miss Graham tackles the problem; obviously she has convictions about the uses

of tolerance and is willing to study a modern problem and try to reproduce it in novel form in a dignified manner. So here's a good mark for "Earth and High Heaven". (Lippincott, \$2.50)

Intolerance of all kinds, in a South or Central American country, sets the stage for Margaret Shedd's novel, "Inherit the Earth". This novel is remarkably well written. An American woman, widow of a foreigner and mother of two children, Paco and Nena, has strong sympathies with the common people—the exploited roritos, "the little broken ones". The nation is certainly ridden hard by all sorts of agitators, Nazis, Falangists, Fascists, and all sort of violence takes place. But our interest is in the woman, Clara; in her emotional response to events and to Jon, the blind man who comes on a secret political mission. (Harper, \$2.50)

Those who have been following the story of Jalna and the Whiteoaks through the years will be interested, but not surprised, to learn that Mazo de la Roche has written another novel in this series, the ninth, called "The Building of Jalna". This time she has gone far back in the chronicle of this family to the days when Philip Whiteoaks, late captain in the Hussars, comes to Canada with his young wife, Adeline, who was born in County Meath and met Philip at the military station in India called Jalna. So, in order to tell how Jalna began, the author describes their journey to the wide spaces of Ontario, where Englishmen were laying the basis for great estates and where the roofree of Jalna was raised. It is now seventeen years since the first novel, "Jalna", appeared and won a \$10,000 prize, and Miss de la Roche can go on indefinitely as she follows the fortunes, alliances and temperamental clashes of members of the Whiteoaks clan. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

A. J. Cronin is also giving us a new story this Fall—"The Green Years", the tale of a boy in Scotland, told in the first person. He is a very humble, sympathetic boy, one that nearly every female reader will wish to mother, the more so because he grows up in a frugal Scottish household in which the father is dreadfully miserly and the mother scared to death to spend a penny. Eventually Robert breaks away and lives with his grandfather, a boastful, eccentric old fellow right out of the tradition of English novels and begins to see silver linings to the low clouds that hand over the Scottish horizon. Quite a warm, ingratiating story, told with intimate knowledge of a boy's hopes and fears and bound to be widely read. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 25)

HUNTINGTON, IND. Members of Huntington Lodge No. 805 were not satisfied to hold the customary ceremony when they burned the \$70,000 mortgage on their home recently. A novel idea to add interest to the affair was dreamed up for the entertainment of the 350 members who attended.

A 7' by 12' replica of the original mortgage, painted on thin parchment paper, was framed from behind by indirect lighting. On entering the hall each member received a book of matches. After the room had been darkened, and the time came to destroy the mortgage, every member lighted one of his matches. Simultaneously, a cord was pulled and an electric spark fired the parchment paper. As the paper burned away, a color-painting of the building, also flooded by indirect lighting, was revealed.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

We realize that you as individuals and your lodge as a fraternal group are doing more than ever to make others' Christmas this year a little happier. You already have sent personal gifts to friends and relatives in the Service and your lodge has sent "G" Boxes to its members who are fighting for our Country. We now take this opportunity to remind you that there are other friends of yours who are away from home this Christmas and to remind each lodge that some of its fellow members will not be able to pass the holidays in the rooms of their lodge homes. These less fortunate Elks are those men who are residents of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.

We hope that all of you, collectively and individually, will take the hint and see to it that not one of these Brothers is forgotten this year. It will do them so much good to know they are remembered that we are sure you will send them some token to cheer their day. We hope particularly that every lodge which has a member living at the Home will see that a few dollars or a gift, no matter how small, are sent to him in time for Christmas.

EVERETT, WASH. The members of Everett Lodge No. 479 put their heads together recently and came up with a plan to build a fund to take care of its members in services after their discharge from the Armed Forces. The plan was made into a resolution and passed unanimously by the lodge and is well worth outlining here.

A sum approximating \$15,000 was ordered to be set aside to start the fund which will be administered by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, according to rules established by the lodge.

To this nucleus will be added each month, until six months after the termination of the war, 20 per cent of the gross revenues of buffet machines owned and operated by the lodge. If a member dies in Service, the money will be paid to his heirs in the following order: (1) his wife; (2) his child or children; (3) his parents.

ROCHESTER, N. H. On the 25th Anniversary of Rochester Lodge No. 1393, 300 Elks gathered at Rendezvous Hall for a banquet and heaved a sigh of relief as they watched the flames lick the mortgage on their lodge home. This was the first time since the institution of the lodge that it was free of debt and the members sat back and relaxed while Treasurer Kenneth H. Brock did the honors.

In a setting reminiscent of Hollywood, even to the bursting flashlight bulbs, the guests were entertained during dinner by a six-act vaudeville show.

Chairman James F. Sanborn of the Board of Trustees gave Secretary John Shaw the lion's share of the credit for getting the lodge out of the red. E.R. Anthony H. Gregoiry delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, while a history of the lodge and the story of the many charitable activities of the Order were covered eloquently by senior Past Exalted Ruler J. Levi Meader.

ROME, GA. Wounded veterans, returned from overseas, can now bowl to their heart's content at Battey General Hospital, Rome, Ga., thanks to the generosity of Rome Lodge No. 694.

Eager to provide entertainment and exercise facilities for ill and wounded soldiers convalescing at the Army hospital just outside the city, the Rome Elks purchased two two-way portable alleys, each complete with two sets of ten-pins and two balls. Each end of the alley has a hinged arrangement so that it can be opened up to provide plenty of space for the one bowling and closed to form a background to catch the pins and balls. The opponents at opposite ends of the alley set up the pins for each other, dispensing with the need of pin boys.

Purchased by the hospital through the Army Exchange Officer, Capt. Joseph C. Catoline, the full amount of the delivered price of the two alleys was covered in a check for \$591.64 presented to Colonel D. B. Faust, Commanding Officer, by P. E. Henson, Exalted Ruler of the lodge, in a ceremony on August 11. "This thoughtful and practical gift provides untold hours of pleasure and entertainment for the patients and the enlisted duty personnel of the hospital", Colonel Faust informed the membership of Rome Lodge. "The alleys have been in almost constant use ever since they arrived, and the GIs are becoming quite proficient in registering strikes and spares."

One alley has been installed in the Patients Recreation Hall for the use of the wounded veterans. The other has been placed in the Medical Detachment Day Room where enlisted duty personnel can enjoy it in moments of leisure.

Rome Elks are also contributing funds toward the purchase of musical instruments for the use of patients at Battey General Hospital.

NEVADA, MO. On or about the first of the month Nevada Lodge No. 564 will re-occupy its former home. The lodge has been housed in temporary quarters since a fire last June destroyed all its equipment, with the exception of the lodge records. The members grabbed the chance to work improvements on the home and enlarge the club rooms. A new building was bought recently, but it will not be available until 1947.

On August the 30th, 250 Elks and their friends had their fill of fish at the annual fish fry held by the lodge.

The membership has suffered a sad loss in the death of E. E. Levans, a charter member, who passed away on August the 26th. In March, 1900, Mr. Levans, with five others, organized Nevada Lodge. He carried Card No. 4 ever since that time.



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CORNING, N. Y. Just as E.R. Chester R. Hallock of Corning Lodge No. 1071 presented an iron lung to Steuben Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis at the local hospital, the Chapter's treasurer, Dr. John A. McNamara, a Past Exalted Ruler of Corning Lodge, received a call to rush the lung to St. James Mercy Hospital at Hornell, N. Y., where a polio patient was critically ill. The ceremony which started out so formally came to an abrupt end as everyone scurried about to find a truck large enough to carry the huge respirator the 40 miles to Hornell.

A truck finally materialized, through the efforts of Frank Purcell, a Brother Elk, and the lung arrived at St. James Mercy Hospital exactly two hours after the call came in. Karl L. Dunn, chairman of Steuben Chapter, was presented with the receipted bill for the lung from Exalted Ruler Hallock. Both Corning and Hornell are in the New York State polio area who has had nearly three hundred cases of infantile paralysis since the outbreak last July.

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.

NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. The War Activities Committee of this Association has been pulling no punches in its determined campaign to entertain and assist servicemen. The latest effort brought cheer to the wounded soldiers in the recreation hall of the Medical Division of Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix, N. J.

As an aid to the medical authorities' physical rehabilitation program, the New Jersey Elks gathered together 80 girls, had them dress in their prettiest formals and sent them as hostesses to a dance at the Hospital on October 10. All the soldiers there had sustained injuries of an orthopedic nature. On some, casts and braces were hidden by their uniforms; others weren't so lucky. They all were shy at first, but the pleasant manner and charm of the girls soon put them at their ease... so much so that many of the servicemen made grateful remarks to the committee at the end of the evening.

From the standpoint of the medical authorities, Miss Dorothy M. Taaffe, the Red Cross nurse in charge of the affair, praised the experiment as a great boost to the boys' confidence.

The Elks granted the request of the Marine Division at the Naval Ammunition Depot at Dover, N. J., to provide hostesses and furnish an orchestra for the celebration there of the 169th anniversary of the founding of the Marines on November 10. Almost every man at the Post has seen action in from two to eight major engagements in the Pacific and is recuperating from the effects of battle or severe tropical diseases.

NEWARK, O. Donations of \$800 and \$632 to the funds of the Elks National Foundation and the Elks War Commission respectively, head a list, recently published, of distributions to be made by Newark Lodge No. 391 from lodge funds of considerably more than \$2,000. Also named as beneficiaries were the Y.M.C.A. and St. Francis de Sales Church, \$500 each, and the Navy Mothers Club, \$25.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Recently Los Angeles Chapter No. 2, Order of the Purple Heart, got an urge to do something "just a little bit extra" for the wounded boys in nearby Army and Navy hospitals. So Jim Herz of that organization got together with Exalted Ruler Fred J. Tabery, of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, and the result was the now nationally famous two-day Purple Heart party. The guests were 150 wounded men from the Birmingham Army hospital near Van Nuys and the Navy hospitals at Norco, Long Beach and Arrowhead.

The opening feature was a dinner at the lodge home, at which Mr. Tabery presided. Adding glamor to the occasion was the presence of a number of film and radio stars and military dignitaries. The dinner was followed by an entertaining program at Patriotic Hall at which Charlie McCarthy, with the help of Edgar Bergen, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

The set-up for the next day was a luncheon and garden party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Gleason. The party was put on by the Dominoes, a women's theatrical organization. To the delight of the boys, the hostesses were none other than Powers models, the Goldwyn beauties, and movie starlets!

The concluding event was a dinner at the famous Masquers Club in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pidgeon were hosts for the evening and entertainment was furnished by José Iturbi and other performers right out of Hollywood's top drawer.

DE LAND, FLA., Lodge, No. 1463, decided to honor its many living charter members at an Old Timers Night not long ago. Every De Land Elk received a special bid, as did the members of several nearby lodges. It was held in connection with a regular meeting of No. 1463 and more than half the entire membership attended, including Elks who joined the lodge during the first two years after its institution nearly 25 years ago, and delegations from neighboring lodges.

Nothing spectacular in the way of entertainment was planned, but the Elks Ladies Club saw to it that everyone was well fed in the Grill, after the meeting. Godfrey Dreka, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee, got a pat on the back from E.R. R. L. Chrisenberry for the bang-up job he did in drawing the largest crowd to show up at any regular session of the lodge in recent years.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. More than 100 crippled children of the vicinity have a suspicion, as have countless others before them, that when it comes to treating a fellow to a good time the local Elks come through. This idea came about when Johnson Park was the scene of the Crippled Kiddies Picnic, sponsored annually by New Brunswick Lodge No. 324. As in past years, a special committee transported the children and their chaperons to the Park. Despite threatening clouds, the outing got under way about 9:30 a. m. and was continued in the open with a display of enthusiasm and hilarity on the part of the Elks as well as youngsters.

When the rains came, a retreat was made to the canvas-topped summer house in the center of the picnic grounds where dinner was served, hot and substantial, with Mayor Chester W. Paulus, P.E.R., acting as head waiter. In the middle of a busy afternoon of play and entertainment, the children feasted on hot dogs, coca cola, ice cream and cake. Cars were provided by the Elks for a ride in the country before the happy, if slightly damp, gang of kids was taken home, all excited over the happenings of a wonderful day.

The Crippled Children's Committee, was organized about 20 years ago by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, under the auspices of the N. J. State Elks Association, for the purpose of helping in the rehabilitation of crippled children

whose families were unable to meet the expense of expert medical attention. It has functioned in that capacity ever since, and continues to be financed by the Elks under the medical directorship of Dr. F. M. Hoffman and two registered nurses who act as his assistants.

EVERETT, MASS., Lodge, No. 642, went 'way over the top in the sale of Bonds during the Fifth War Loan Drive. It more than tripled its quota of \$100,000 and, as a result, Chairman Oliver Bergstrom, of the Everett War Finance Committee, announced that the lodge has been presented with a Distinguished Merit citation by the Treasury Department. The members were also commended on their efforts to increase the sale of Series E Bonds. The presentation of the certificate was the high spot in the program of the annual Fathers and Sons Sports Night held recently by the lodge. No. 642 has been notified that it would receive an "Award of Merit" certificate from the Elks War Commission.

The big feature of the drive put on locally by the Elks was a terrific two-day campaign, during which they took over the War Bond Booth in Everett Square. Sales were boosted enormously on the second day by two dramatic incidents: Climaxing the rally and cheered wildly by the crowd, a convoy of 50 army trucks, loaded with soldiers in full battle dress, passed through the Square. Then, when sales had reached the \$96,000 mark, the trustees of the lodge met smack in the middle of the Square and purchased a \$5,000 Bond, turning the trick of topping the lodge's quota. The First Service Command permitted the use of jeeps and armored cars, driven by soldiers and WACs, to give rides to young purchasers of Bonds and Stamps. More than 1,000 wide-eyed children rode proudly about the city during the campaign. The U.S.C.G. and the local Fire Department bands furnished music for the evening program.

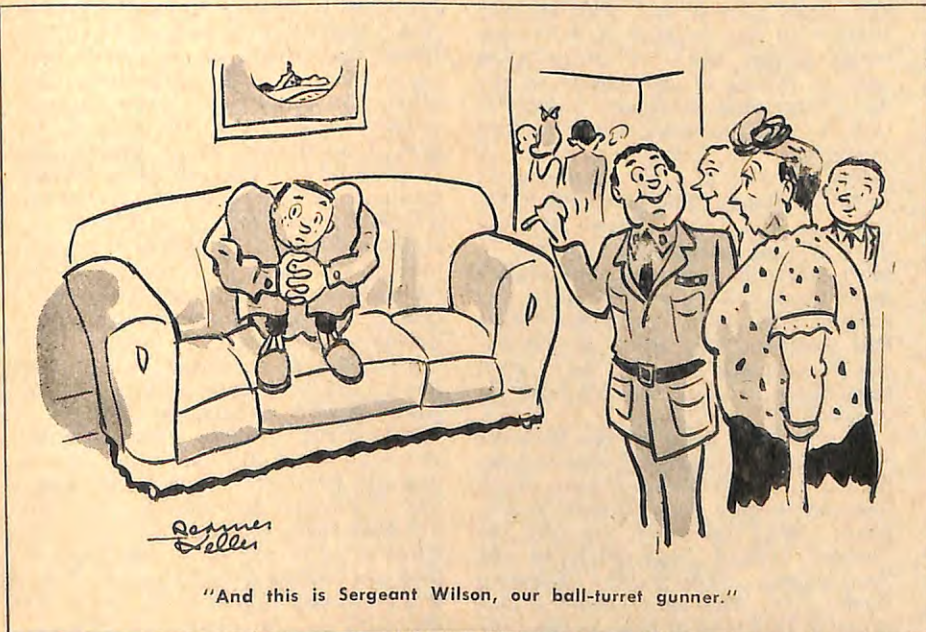
NORWICH, CONN. The "charity fund" of the Order received a boost when servicemen from nearby military bases paid a touching tribute to this fraternity by presenting a purse of money at a recent meeting at Norwich Lodge No. 430.

The gift was made in appreciation of the courtesies and kindnesses extended by the Order to servicemen throughout the Nation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley accepted the gift on behalf of the Elks National Foundation Trustees of whom he is Chairman in the presence of more than 500 Elks of Connecticut and neighboring States.

Seaman Jan Costley of the U. S. Submarine Base made the presentation during the short public program. P.D.D. James V. Pedace was Master of Ceremonies. Seaman Costley pointed out that thousands of servicemen had found a "home" at the Elks Fraternal Center in Norwich during the past 32 months. In conclusion he said, "The Elks are forever giving. Now we, in uniform, want to do a bit of giving ourselves. The amount is not too large, but this gift conveys to you the gratitude that is in our hearts". Mr. Malley expressed his own personal gratitude, thanking those who contributed for making the Elks National Foundation the beneficiary of the gift, since that agency, he said, is one "which represents the heart of Elkdom". He concluded his speech of acceptance with a reminder to the men and women in the Services that the Order of Elks has welcomed the opportunity to serve them and is grateful for their expression of appreciation.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 906, added a touch of culture to its activities when it played host at a "Ferde Grofe Night". Ladies were welcome and the turnout was one of the largest in the history of the lodge. The great composer and leader is a member of No. 906, and he conducted the championship 43-piece "906 Elks Band" in his own compositions, "Grand Canyon Suite" and "Mississippi Suite". Captain William Osterman, who has waved his baton over the band since its inception 24 years ago, directed a new Grofe composition, "March for Americans", never before played by a fraternal band. Among the many top-flight artists in the musical and theatrical world who appeared on the program as a tribute to Mr. Grofe were Harry Revel, renowned composer of popular music, Jan Rubini, noted violin virtuoso, little Helen Sue Goldie, 1944 "Victory Baby", and the Champaigne Adagio Trio. Harold Leyton, Mr. Grofe's personal manager, emceed the affair, carrying the show along at a fast clip.

Despite the war and its drain on potential membership, Santa Monica now ranks third among the lodges of the South Central District. From where we sit it looks as if E.R. Mark T. Gates will turn in a roster of 2,000 members at the end of the current lodge year. The 10 per cent of the membership which is in uniform keeps in close touch with the lodge from almost every corner of the globe. The letters stress how much the writers appreciate receiving the lodge's monthly bulletin, the letters and post cards sent to them by those at home and, we are happy to say, *The Elks Magazine*.



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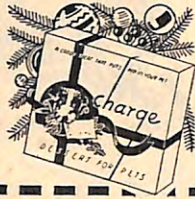
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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



A good coat is just as important to your dog as it is to you.

IF YOUR dog could talk, you could bet all your ration stamps that he'd tell you that his most important possession is his coat. To this, like most dog owners, you are probably saying, "Is that so? Well, you've never seen that guy of mine eat. He'd say it is his teeth." Sorry, folks, but the chips go down on his coat with his schnozzle a second choice. The reason is that when the pup does tear into his dinner pail he has little use for his crockery. He does what little Willie gets heckled for: he gulps his food. It's a rare dog that takes the time to do much chewing. Of course this doesn't go for bones or large, hard pieces of food. Luckier than Willie, Fido can get away with it, not only because there's no one to stop him but because Nature has very nicely taken care of things in the matter of the dog's digestive processes. Mastication is virtually unnecessary because digestion—the greater part of it, takes place in our four-legged friend's tummy. The powerful secretions do the trick. These are the gastric and pancreatic juices. To keep this from becoming a glandular-anatomical travelog we'll leave this subject right here, pointing out that this explains why many a dog entirely toothless can still be a good trenchman, waxing fat and sassy on its diet.

Now to get back to the business of our friend's coat: All dogs of temperate to cold climates have coats varying largely with climatic conditions. Way up north we find the heavily coated dogs such as the Samoyedes, Malamutes, Siberian husky, etc. The chow chow is another of this type of dog. In the very

warm climates there are some breeds that are hairless, such as the Chinese crested, the Mexican hairless, Turkish greyhound, the hairless of Argentine, Brazil and Africa. But the latter group is ruled out of our discussion this month. We'll talk about dogs that go around wearing their proper clothes.

Roughly, the variety of coat falls into one of five kinds—short, medium, long, wiry and the silky. Obviously, the coat most easily taken care of is the short coat. But it will get shabby and dull just as quickly as any of the other varieties if it isn't given the proper attention. Now, proper care of a dog's coat begins from the inside out. In other words, the most necessary thing is correct diet. Earlier I should have mentioned that nearly all dogs have two coats—one a soft undercoat, the other the outercoat. Some breeds possess these double coats to a degree that makes them practically "unwettable". This is particularly true of the Chesapeake Bay retriever, a dog that can remain in the water for an astonishing length of time and take no chill from it. Once in a great while we'll find one of the longer coated dogs with scarcely any or no undercoat, although this is rare. The reason diet is so important to the dog's coat is that condition of the coat depends entirely upon the nourishment it gets from within, from the blood stream. A poorly fed dog will invariably have a poor coat. The dog's skin will lack the natural oils that make for a good coat. True, when Fido is shedding, the coat is likely to become dull, lusterless. Then it is necessary to add some fats to its diet and to administer an internal

cleaning agent such as milk of magnesia or some other mild physic. One of the oddities of this business of shedding is that Mr. Dog usually sheds only once a year while the lady of the species frequently changes her clothes twice in that time. Even among dogs the gals get the breaks when it comes to the old wardrobe. How do they do it, fellers? When Mrs. Fido becomes a mama, she's likely to get herself a new dress too. Maybe this is to celebrate the occasion, although I wouldn't be surprised if it's the shock to her system that really causes this. For her spouse or any male dog the shedding frequently begins with the oncoming of warm weather. Some purps shed fairly quickly within a limited time; others, particularly those kept in overheated homes during cold weather are prone to shuck their coats continually throughout the year. Poor health can result in an attack of the sheds, which means that the dog's system is run down. In such a case the diet should be changed, enriched and worms should be looked for. Ample exercise outdoors in the sun will help a lot. Another cause for complete or partial shedding is skin disease. But if your dog is well and there is no skin trouble, you can assist by plucking dead hair away from its coat. Shedding may be profuse or light depending upon the individual dog and its physical condition. But to many a tidy housewife it can become a darned nuisance and it's with this in mind that I'll be glad to tell you about a powder designed to keep Fido off your favorite chairs or settees, if you'll drop me a line asking about it.

At no time during the dog's life is brushing and combing *daily* more necessary. This helps a whale of a lot in getting rid of loose hairs. As a matter of fact, all dogs are the better for such a daily grooming whether they are shedding or not. When this is done it's best to stand the pooch on a few sheets of newspapers to catch the combings. Such a daily workout will go far in keeping the coat glistening and with that "live" look. You see, this brings the oils in the skin into the hair and invigorates both hair and skin. For the short-haired dogs a short-bristled brush should be used without the comb, of course. For a final polishing off nothing is better than a piece of chamois or even the palm of your hand will do. For the medium, long-coated and wire-coated a brush with longer bristles—about 1" to 1½"—does the trick. The bristles should be stiff. A comb naturally is in order. A little olive oil rubbed into the skin is beneficial. If there are "burrs" or knots in the coat, don't try to comb them out. To do that will only result in tearing out "live" hair along with that which is "dead". Separate such matted hair with your fingers.

Now this hardly comes under the heading of care of your dog's coat but it does relate to the care of your dog and it's this: Don't practice the mistaken kindness of having a long-haired dog's coat clipped close during warm weather. The long coat actually is in-

sulation against the sun's rays. You'd be surprised to see how often dogs with extremely short coats suffer sunstroke in the course of some of the outdoor dog shows held during the summer. Yes, I know this is written for the December issue, but as this Magazine has a wide national circulation, some of it to places in the deep South and Southern California, this admonition may not be so untimely as it seems.

When brushing your dog, first brush against the "lay" of the coat and then follow by brushing it back to its natural position. I may add that the brushing should be vigorous while the combing should be gentle but firm in stroke. Energetic brushing is a fine tonic for the coat as well as the skin. But combing too briskly may not please His Nibs at all; he'll stand combing within reason but doesn't want to be made to feel as though you are going over him with a cheese grater.

An excellent mixture for a coat dressing is equal parts of paraffin (mineral oil) and olive oil as previously mentioned. Vaseline is also useful.

If you want to do a thorough job—and what proud dog owner doesn't?—try dusting lightly with boracic (white) powder before brushing. It won't do a bit of harm to follow this with some weak disinfectant but be sure the solution is weak. The reason for the emphasis on this being a weak solution is that the dog's skin is highly sensitive to antiseptics—so be careful. Don't use any such disinfectant on a very short-coated dog unless it has a pronounced body odor.

Now, Fido could very likely give us several good reasons why he or his sister just will roll in some things that to its owner are not exactly satchet. To the dog those things may be roses although we know differently. Here, of course, the antiseptic is in order. Or again such substances as oil or grease may be the offenders. In the latter case, put a little ammonia, not too much (it all depends upon the size of the dog and the area of the grease) in some hot water, wring out a sponge that you have dipped in this solution and rub the soiled part down to the skin. Repeat if necessary. Follow this with a thorough drying of that area. Referring again to the purp that has B.O., I'm compelled to say that all dogs have some body odor. In fact, this is true of every living creature. Some purps of course are more afflicted with this condition than are others. Some *breeds* have a more pronounced body odor than others. Wetness, or even dampness may increase that odor and the reason for this is that skin oils may thus be more readily released and in greater volume. In this I'm not considering decayed teeth, bad gums or skin diseases. Those things are pathological, calling for definite medication.

In this condition a reasonable use of an antiseptic when grooming is called for; a daily grooming is necessary, and a change of diet may help. A bath once every two weeks or even once a week for a while, if the odor is too pow-

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BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD THEM

erful, should be administered. But if the B. O. isn't too evident or isn't evident at all, as is the case with most dogs that are properly groomed every day, then the bath should be restricted to once every three weeks or once every two weeks if necessary, and once a month is better if not demanded by circumstances. The reason I say once a month is not only because most dogs are bathed too frequently when they are bathed at all, but because too many baths are likely to prove bad for the coat. Over-use of soap and water robs the dog's skin of the oils it contains and provokes a dry, harsh coat.

When bathing Fido use a good, well known dog soap. All of these are advertised and all of them are good. If you want to avoid using water and dry-bath your dog—and this can be done very effectively and quickly—I'll be glad to tell you about this kind of product too.

Be sure you use a tub large enough to move the dog around in. Have the water luke-warm—not hot, not cold. Test this by dipping your bare elbow into it. It's a good test if you know what a reasonable degree of warmth is. Have on hand your soap, a can for bailing water over the dog after you have soaped the pooch, and plenty of dry cloths to dry him or her when the job is done.

Now you can either make this bathing a smooth-working affair or something more resembling a household insurrection. It depends upon you and to some extent upon the dog—but if yours is the average pooch then you can run the show with a minimum of trouble. To begin with, don't plant the dog into the water violently. Sort of ease him in. Talk gently to him but don't let him get rebellious ideas. This goes too, of course, if it's a "her".

Use your bailing can and wet the dog thoroughly. Don't throw the water on the purp, just pour it on easily. Wet the dog right down to the skin. Next work up a good lather with your soap. (When wetting the dog, don't wet beyond its ears. Leave the ears, face and muzzle dry.) Work the soap well into the coat, right down to the skin. Rub briskly. Next, pour water over the dog and rub out as much soap as you can. When all the soap has been drained out of the coat, then soap it again. Repeat the watering-out process. Then make a thick collar of soap around the dog's neck. With the soaping and watering processes you have just completed, any unwanted parasitic boarders the dog may have harbored will have fled to

the dry area of its head. The soap collar will confine them there. Next, wet the dog's head but do this gently. Thoroughly soap the head but keep one hand over the dog's eyes to prevent soap from entering. Rinse off the soap and again I say, do this gently. Soap and rinse again. Be sure that no soap can get into your friend's eyes. Then wash off the soap collar and follow this by a thorough dunking in clear, warm water of the same temperature that you used when washing the dog.

Now for the drying—and this is all-important. If possible stand the dog on a table as it is mighty awkward to have to bend down to dry your pooch. Nothing brings on that old crick in the back quicker because he or she is going to need plenty of drying. The dog must be dried right down to the skin and I mean dried. Any old cloths will do, as I've said, but if you have a few of those absorbent but discarded bath towels you can use, so much the better. Before starting the drying you'd best duck to one side because that dog is going to want to shake itself and is entitled to that shake. Besides, it will save you time and wet clothes if you are that indulgent. Following this it would be a good idea to let the dog scamper around as much as it cares to. Most dogs will do that if permitted and it's a good thing because it increases circulation of the blood and furthers the drying of the dog. If you happen to have a purp that doesn't react to its bath this way—and it will be an unusual dog that won't—then do your best to keep it moving. If the day is warm and sunny bring your friend outdoors and encourage it to romp and play. If the weather is otherwise, then do this indoors. The main idea is to keep the dog moving to hasten a thorough drying.

Why the insistence upon drying? Well, it's because complete drying is necessary. A half-dried dog, one semi-wet, one you mistakenly believe is dried properly shouts an invitation to colds, pneumonia—and the beginning of that dread sickness that so often ends fatally—distemper.

Getting back to the dunking, when washing the inside of your dog's ears and its eyes, always use a soft cloth, no soap, and do the job very gently.

In closing, when tubbing your dog, don't do this with a lot of fanfare. Go about it as if it were an ordinary chore—don't shout, don't mislay your temper; take it in your stride. But be firm while being as gentle as you can. In time your purp will realize that it's a necessary part of his life.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 12)

NEW YORK

As reported by retiring President Michael J. Gilday at the annual convention of the New York State Elks Association at Schenectady, every district in the State showed an increase in membership for the first time in several years. The total net gain was 3,065.

The convention, limited to one day, was

devoted to necessary business and promotion of the War Effort.

The Scholarship Committee rendered an outstanding report. Through the allotment made by the Elks National Foundation Trustees and donations from the various lodges, scholarship awards were made as follows: Frederick O. Hayes, sponsored by Utica Lodge No. 33; Mary B. Foley, Binghamton No. 852; Rose Cili-

berto, Middletown No. 1097; Marguerite A. O'Connell, Plattsburg No. 621; Anne Varney, Patchogue No. 1323; Mary M. Forrestal, Beacon No. 1493; Emily Ann Clark, Norwich No. 1222; Dorothy M. Pelda, White Plains No. 535.

With pardonable pride, Judge John F. Scileppi, Chairman of the N. Y. State Elks War Commission, reported on the splendid success of the Disabled Veterans Slipper Campaign, supported energetically by the lodges of the State and helped materially by Governor Thomas E. Dewey and other officials. Letters of appreciation were received by the committee from the Surgeon General's office of both the Army and Navy Departments. It was estimated at the time of the convention that more than 12,200 pairs of slippers, made by inmates of various penal institutions, had been distributed among disabled servicemen in various hospitals including Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, St. Albans Naval Hospital, Queens County, Harriman Naval Hospital, Harriman, N. Y., Sampson Naval Hospital, Sampson, N. Y., and Coast Guard Hospital at Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn. Production in the campaign did not begin fully until December, 1943.

Officers of the Association for 1944-45 are as follows: Pres., Louis R. Dowd, Cortland; Honorary President, the Reverend Arthur O. Sykes, Lyons; Vice-Pres.: S. E., Andrew D. Havens, Patchogue; East, Dr. Harry Tripp, Beacon; East Cent., Raymond A. Henry, Middletown; South Cent., Rollin E. Gray, Ithaca; N. E., Joseph N. Blase, Albany; West Cent., T. R. Beales, Newark; West, Joseph B. Roach, Rochester; North Cent., George I. Newport, Little Falls; Secy., Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn; Treas., John T. Osowski, Elmira; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. William Wolters, Queens Borough; Chaplain, the Reverend Ralph E. Hovenkamp, Cortland; Tiler, James A. Spargo, Rome; Trustees: N. E., Peter A. Buchheim, Albany, Chairman; South Cent., Claude Y. Cushman, Binghamton, Approving Member; North Cent., Thomas S. Leahy, Iliou; East Cent., Bert Hayes, Catskill; S. E., Thomas F. Dougherty, Freeport; East, Joseph L. Ferris, Peekskill; West Cent., John B. Keane, Newark; West, Martin J. Mulligan, Buffalo.

CALIFORNIA

The 30th annual session of the California State Elks Association was held in the city of San Jose on September 26-27. The only contest this year was for the State ritualistic championship. Santa Ana, Porterville, Vallejo, San Pedro and Salinas Lodges met in competition on the afternoon and evening of Monday, the 25th, finishing in the order listed, with 1.5% between the first and last teams.

The first business session was called to order by State President Clifford C. Anglim, Richmond Lodge, at a little past noon the next day. Reports were heard from Vice-Presidents Henry Swanson, El Centro, Dr. Charles C. De Marais, Chico, Stephen A. Compas, Huntington Park, Earl J. Williams, Oakland, Robert J. Craine, Hanford, and W. W. Jacka, San Jose. The six district reports reflected active participation on the part of California lodges in carrying out the Grand Lodge program.

The Association was honored by the attendance of several California Elks who hold or have held high office in the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, of Napa Lodge, was introduced by Past State President James M. Shanly, of Oakland. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight F. Eugene Dayton, of Salinas, introduced by another Past President, L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim, a member of the Grand Forum, who also took a

prominent part in the convention proceedings, gave a fine talk on the objectives of the Grand Lodge for 1944-45. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings, of Glendale, assisted immeasurably in making the sessions interesting as well as constructive. Past President Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and a former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was present in his capacity as Chairman of the California Elks War Commission. His report on the activities of the lodges in connection with the related War Activities was the highlight of the second session. Mr. Benjamin, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, gave a splendid report on the aims and accomplishments of the Foundation. The winners in the contests sponsored by the Foundation were admitted into the assembly room and received their awards personally from Mr. Benjamin. Daily P. Childs, Jr., of Lynwood, was presented with the honorable mention award of \$100 won by him in the national contest; Miss Betty Boehme, of Vallejo, received the State award of \$250.

Nomination of officers was the next order of business. As there was no competition for any office, the Secretary cast a unanimous ballot electing each nominee. Those elected were: Pres., Stephen A. Compas, Huntington Park; Vice-Pres.: South, Robert N. Traver, Ontario; S. Cent., Vincent H. Grocott, Santa Barbara; E. Cent., Justin A. Ireton, Porterville; W. Cent., F. O. Sherrill, Santa Maria; Bay, George Devine, San Francisco; North, Ray Manwell, Marysville; Secy., (reelected) Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., Robert E. Neiman, San Diego; Trustees, two years: North, J. F. Misphey, Sacramento; South, Oscar W. Heving, Anaheim; E. Cent., B. F. Lewis, Fresno. The speech nominating Mr. Compas was made by a Past Exalted Ruler of his lodge, Past State President C. P. Hebenstreit.

The second session was taken up largely with reports of the Standing Committees. At two o'clock the annual Memorial Services were held. Thomas Wood, of Santa Monica Lodge, delivered a touching eulogy, extolling two Past Presidents, Dr. Ralph Hagan and John J. Doyle, who died during the year. Both were Past Exalted Rulers of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. The beautiful decorations, music and solos were in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. Arrangements for the ceremonies were made by Past President Howard B. Kirtland, of San Luis Obispo Lodge, who acted as Chairman.

The state officers were then installed by retiring President Anglim. Upon taking over the gavel, President Compas made the following appointments: Chaplain, Lieut. Col. the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose; Sergeant-at-Arms, Russell Pavay, Long Beach; Tiler, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles. State Trustee James A. Greenelsh, of San Luis Obispo, presented Mr. Anglim with a token of appreciation for his year of fine service, and P.E.R. Charles H. Rabing, San Jose, was presented with a gift in recognition of his efforts as General Chairman and as liaison officer for the Board of Trustees in holding the reunion. Reports of the Secretary and the Treasurer showed that the Order in California was in a thriving condition with close to 60,000 on the rolls of the lodges as of October 1.

No social events had been planned, but on Tuesday evening San Jose Lodge No. 522 gave a very fine dinner, with entertainment, in the Gold Room of the lodge home. The registered attendance of 344 was satisfactory, exceeding but slightly the number set in a pre-convention promise to the Hotel Association of San Jose.

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Editorial

Christmas

THE advent of Yuletide, the season of peace and good will, brings little joy to a world at war.

Christmas, recognized in happier years as a day of good will by men of every creed, and in a religious sense as the birth of a new era of faith and understanding, must be to many a day of anxious longing, to many more a day of sadness and pain, for the shadow of war hangs heavy, and toll of blood and tears is wrung from many hearts.

For millions of kinfolk this once happy day will be saddened by the thought of boys and girls far from the scene of Christmas joys, and members of the Order of Elks cannot forget their 75,000 Brothers, fighting that the Christmas Spirit may survive to redeem the promise of "Peace, good will to men" made at the dawn of the first Christmas Day.

War has ever been the price of peace, and it is always paid at the cost of the lives of the young and strong; and peace must always be fought for, and died for until all human relations are finally based upon mutual understanding and good will.

Throughout the course of history leaders dominated by lust for power and possession and the will to rule have led nations into war. But always they have been met and their plans defeated by those equally determined that liberty shall not perish from the earth.

The war now raging over the face of the earth is the most cruel and devastating that ever afflicted human kind; it is conducted with such insensate fury, wanton murder, senseless destruction that one may well say with Marc Antony—"Oh! Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason."

Truly men have "lost their reason" blinded by "vaunting ambition", lust for power, insane ego, following false gods and wicked fantasies along a path that must end in their own destruction, for which the world pays in "blood, and sweat, and tears".

Yes! Christmas in this year of 1944 will be a day of bitter fighting and prayerful longing, but it will also be a day of hope for the future of the world. Victory is in plain sight, and as the tempo of battle increases it brings the forces of right and justice closer to the end.

Unless all signs fail, the war is drawing to a furious and bloody close, and before another Christmas dawns the world will be freed from strife, and all mankind united in a better understanding of the message—

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

It Must Go On

THE work of the Elks War Commission must go on. More than 1700 representatives to the Chicago War Conference unanimously decided this, and pledged the lodges of the Order to a voluntary contribution of \$1.00 for each member on its rolls. The funds thus collected will be applied to a continuance of the splendid work now being carried on by the Commission, and to further the extensive program of rehabilitation and hospital service, already beginning to operate.

The end of the war will only be the beginning of the opportunity for the Order of Elks to serve those who served our Country. This is fully realized by the membership, and no lodge of the Order will fail to redeem the pledge of the representatives to make this contribution.

Memorial Day

THE Annual Memorial Service has been an institution of the Order of Elks since its foundation. At first a voluntary ceremony held at the discretion of the lodge, the underlying sentiment met with such universal favor that Grand Exalted Ruler Hamilton E. Leach, was moved to recommend to the Grand Lodge of 1889 that it be included in the Ceremonies of the Order, and a resolution was adopted fixing the first Sunday in December as the time for holding the annual "Lodge of Sorrow".

Later the designation of the ceremony was changed to the more appropriate "Memorial Day", in keeping with the thought expressed in the ritual, "We are born, not to die, but to live," and that the day is one not of tears, but of tender memories and gentle retrospection.

The Memorial Service affords an opportunity to present to the public the finer side of the Order and to give a recurrent assurance that "an Elk is never forgotten". The Service has done much to attract members to the Order, and presented with dignity and feeling, appropriate music and a speaker who can sound the depths of the day, it must leave its impress on the people of the community.

Those who attended the Memorial Service at the Grand Lodge Conference in Chicago, staged by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, can never forget the dignity and beauty of the ceremony. It should serve as a model for subordinate lodge services held in this eventful year.

It is the desire of the Grand Exalted Ruler that each lodge put forth unusual efforts to make the Memorial Service this year truly memorable, not only as a tribute to our absent Brothers at home, but also to the memory of those who have died in the service of our Country.

The Lodge Activities Committee has communicated with each Exalted Ruler, urging him to make the Memorial Service an outstanding presentation of the Elk faith, and the Order's appreciation of the sacrifice of those who died that our Country might remain free. He has been requested to do everything possible to secure a large attendance of the public, as well as the members of his lodge. *The Elks Magazine*, cognizant of the Grand Exalted Ruler's hope that Memorial Day will be a "day of days", earnestly and urgently requests every Elk who can possibly do so to attend Memorial Services.



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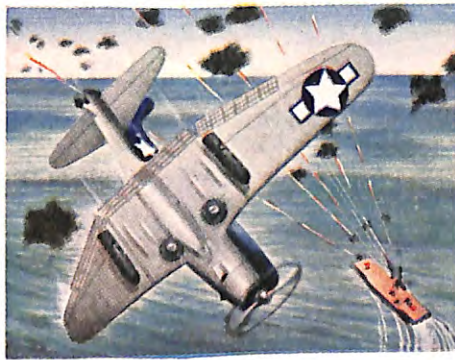


Pair of Aces... back to back

**Typical Navy Action in South Pacific —
how pilot and rear gunner of a dive bomber team up for attack**



1 Only fifteen minutes before that Jap carrier was sighted, we stubbed out our cigarettes (yeah, Camels) and ambled into the back-to-back cockpits of the Dauntless. Did I say ambled? Scrambled! Soon, target sighted. Then came the dive.



2 Down... Down... Down! The Nip planes couldn't get a shot in... yet. But wait! They have their innings. Wow, that ack-ack! Shrapnel and tracers tear the sky apart. But—luck holds. No vital spot touched. And... bombs away!



3 The pull-out... and the climb. Our rear guns start talking—and, brother, don't think those twin-thirties aren't eloquent! Hot lead is the only weapon at a time like that when you're practically down on the enemy's deck. That takes shootin'. And... well, we don't want to brag, but look at the Navy's record!

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