



**THE**  
**41ks**  
**MAGAZINE**  
FEBRUARY 1945 20 CENTS PER COPY





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## A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

HAVE just returned from a 10,000-mile trip as far south as Dallas, Texas, and as far northwest as Seattle, Washington. Everywhere I have found Elkdom in an excellent condition. Everywhere I found the deepest sympathy with our plans to care for returning veterans. Everywhere our lodges were happy to add to our war funds which now exceed \$1,000,000. But it is easy to see, by reading the current newspapers, that the course of the war is not yet decided.

I have tried to convey to every Elk with whom I have come in contact the great danger that confronts us unless we realize that the war is far from won and that any let-down on our part may mean the lives of thousands of our boys.

I am seriously concerned at another dangerous situation that may follow the cessation of hostilities in Europe. Many of us who live in the East do not realize the great danger to our Country until Japan is completely destroyed as a military and naval power. I fear the reactions to the news of Germany's surrender. Therefore, I strongly recommend that every Elk lodge adopt a resolution providing for the closing of its rooms for a period of twenty-four hours immediately after the announcement that the Axis Powers in Europe have capitulated. I urge all Elks to refrain from celebrations and to go to their homes or churches when the glorious news of Germany's defeat is broadcast, there, on their knees, to thank God that He has given us a partial victory over our enemies.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE time is drawing near when lodges will be preparing for the election of their officers for the coming year. It is a time of serious import because on their election depends the success of a lodge. Most lodges have adopted the principle of advancing their officers each year. For that reason it is difficult to prevent a poor officer, who has been in line for years, from becoming Exalted Ruler. I believe, in the interest of the lodge, such a man should not become Exalted Ruler. The majority of lodges own property and investments of considerable value. They are expected to assume leadership in community matters. Only a person of ability can successfully fill the office of Exalted Ruler. No man should accept the office unless he is qualified and has the time to give to it. I repeat what I said in a circular to Exalted Rulers concerning a successful administration:

Prompt and Careful Supervision of Lodge Affairs.  
Frequent Visits to Lodge Home between Meetings.  
Interesting Programs for Every Meeting.  
Participation in All Social and Community Welfare Undertakings.  
Regular Conferences with Officers and Committee Chairmen.  
Excellent Rendition of Ritual.  
Insistence upon Prompt Collection of Dues.  
Carefully Planned Selective Membership Campaigns.

A lodge which customarily advances its officers can best secure a competent Exalted Ruler by seeing that the Esteemed Leading Knight, the lowest ranking elected chair officer, is capable of filling the highest office when it is his turn. When it elects the Esteemed Leading Knight, it is often in reality electing the man who will be Exalted Ruler three years hence.

My District Deputies have completed their official visits. The reports show that nearly every lodge is in magnificent condition and taking part in all local charitable and patriotic endeavors. Their growth in membership and their splendid financial condition show how well their affairs have been managed.

The growth of our Order has been phenomenal. Last year the increase in members was nearly 80,000. Since April 60,000 new members have been enrolled. For the balance of the year I urge lodges to concentrate on the reinstatement of former members. The Grand Lodge Activities Committee has sent out literature about the Grand Exalted Ruler's Birthday Class. I would be most happy if the number of reinstatements by my birthday on March 30th would reach 20,000. I would much prefer to have one reinstated member than two new members.

Now that the amendment to the Constitution legalizing the organizing of Past Exalted Rulers' Associations has been ratified, I hope that every lodge in the Country will have one. I know of nothing that keeps a lodge up to a high standard than an active group of Past Exalted Rulers. Their mature judgment often saves a lodge from making serious mistakes. Organized into an association and meeting frequently they can do much more effective work than they could as individuals or in occasional meetings.

ROBERT S. BARRETT,  
Grand Exalted Ruler.





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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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**FEBRUARY 1945**

## Contents

|  |    |  |    |
|--|----|--|----|
| A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler ..... | 1  | The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits ..... | 18 |
| How's the Weather Up There? .....            | 4  | Under the Antlers.....                 | 21 |
| Miss Leighton .....                          | 6  | Rod and Gun.....                       | 28 |
| <i>by Howard Fast</i>                        |    | <i>by Ray Trullinger</i>               |    |
| At Home On the Rails.....                    | 8  | In the Doghouse.....                   | 36 |
| <i>by Fairfax Downey</i>                     |    | <i>by Ed Faust</i>                     |    |
| Books for the Boys.....                      | 10 | What America Is Reading.....           | 42 |
| <i>The Elks War Commission</i>               |    | <i>by Harry Hansen</i>                 |    |
| The Elks in the War.....                     | 11 | Editorial .....                        | 44 |

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## IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

ON OUR cover this month we are making a triple play commemorating with one cover the President's inauguration on January 20th, Mr. Lincoln's inauguration on March 4th, and Mr. Lincoln's birthday on February 12th. This was done from an authentic photograph taken at the time of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration in 1865 when he read his second inaugural address on the south steps of the Capitol. The drawing was executed by the well known illustrator, John E. Sheridan.

Further tribute to Mr. Lincoln is paid by Howard Fast in his short story, "Miss Leighton". Miss Leighton, from the South, ran up against trouble and Mr. Lincoln at the end of the Civil War. Howard Fast, as everyone knows, is one of the outstanding writers of United States historical fiction.

We are also bringing to your attention a little-known factor in the lives of our aviators in the South Pacific: the climate. By order of the War Department the author is anonymous, but we are able to assure you, through wide experience, of his knowledge and ability. The article is called, "How's the Weather Up There?"—or, "It'll Be a Nice Day If It Doesn't Rain". . . . You know, what everybody talks about and nobody does anything about.

Major Fairfax Downey, home from the wars, has directed his attention toward the transportation problem and in his researches became fascinated with the first Pullman excursion across the Continent. "Home on the Rails" makes wonderful escapist literature.

The Elks War Commission this month makes an eloquent appeal for books to be sent to the American Merchant Marine Library Association. It directs you, on page 10, where to send your contributions. The following pages show in words and pictures how active the Order has been in war activities.

The Grand Exalted Ruler recently commented that the January issue of *The Elks Magazine* should have been called "The Grand Exalted Ruler's issue", because it so amply recounted his activities. Once again in this issue you will see that Doctor Barrett has not let up on his attention to the affairs of the Order. The news contained in the Under the Antlers section will also convince you that the lodges themselves are carrying on at a furious rate, mainly, it would appear, in initiating new members. Men are joining the Order on an unprecedented scale. Doctor Barrett himself has stressed in our pages his desire that the lodges obtain reinstatements in preference to new Elks.

Mr. Hansen, Mr. Trullinger and Mr. Faust are again with us with their never-ending chatter about books, dogs, and all like that. Mr. Hansen ain't jus' hummin' "Dixie"; Mr. Trullinger, he shootin' the breeze, and Mr. Faust, he talk like his feet hurt.

THOSE IN THE KNOW — ASK FOR



# OLD CROW

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*A Truly Great Name*

**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. The Old Crow Distillery, sketched above, is cooperating with the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.



# How's the Weather Up there?

**Weather report from the Marianas:  
It'll be a nice day if it doesn't rain**

VETERANS said it looked like old times in the Marianas. There was an air of tense expectancy. For the first time in weeks, soldiers were taking helmets, gas masks and carbines to their jobs. Sandbagging of critical machinery and buildings was going forward at top speed. Huge, ugly bombers were disappearing into their widely scattered dispersal areas. Anti-aircraft gunners stayed close to their field telephones. An unusual number of fighter pilots waited restlessly in island ready shacks.

The Marianas were expecting visitors from the northwest. Everything pointed to their arrival late that night.

Lights had burned all the preceding night in the weather tent on the hill. Forecasters and ranking 7th AAF officers still huddled around maps and charts. They knew the location of the Jap bomber fleet: Iwo Jima. The answer was obvious: Hit the Japs before the Japs could hit Saipan. It meant a long, overwater flight, but 7th AAF bomber crews are veterans of the war's longest missions.

There was just one obstacle. Five days before, Captain Donald A. Norton of Laurel Park, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and his crew of Air Force meteorologists at Weather Central had spotted a disturbance near Eniwetok in the Marshalls. As they had forecast, it was now a full-fledged tropical storm squarely in the path between the Marianas and Iwo Jima. It was a lulu.

The Japs no doubt were well aware of the storm's path and westward speed. By close figuring they could time their take-off to reach the danger

area just after the storm had moved out. The 7th AAF could do the same, but the Jap armada would be well on its way to the Marianas before the heavy Liberators could reach Iwo Jima.

It was on the Liberators' margin of range that the 7th AAF based its hopes. Throughout the preceding night and the early part of that day, fliers and weathermen had checked and rechecked their figures. It would be necessary to fly a dog-leg route. They forecast the position of the storm at a definite time. They charted the course bombers must fly to skirt the storm. They figured the gasoline and bomb loads which the planes must carry to make the trip and do the job.

Much later than usual that day, the heavy bombers took off. Men who stayed behind were pretty sure of the target and of the importance of hitting that Japanese strip. Few men knew of the difficulties—the Marianas' skies were clear—but the unusual take-off time was a tip that this was something special.

The storm followed its course and the bombers followed theirs. The heavies swept around the fringe of their obstacle and thundered toward Iwo Jima. Before the Jap force could get in the air, its runways were pockmarked, some of its planes were destroyed or damaged, its hard-hit servicing facilities were crippled for a few more days.

Back in the Marianas, men slept in their tents as usual that night. If they were disturbed at all, it was not by sirens and exploding bombs, but by the roar of their own planes, returning much later than usual from a tiny





Japanese target and the edge of an outwitted tropical storm.

But lights still burned in the island's weather shacks. The 7th AAF had another assault in mind. Could it reach the target? At what altitude would it find a good tail-wind? From what height could the bombardier best spot a pin-point objective? How about cloud cover? Any typhoons in the neighborhood? The 7th AAF was asking a bunch of kids, most of them in their twenties. And the kids had better be right!

Weather is vitally important to the 7th AAF. It's the airman's battle ground. The surface commander can count on more or less permanent terrain. His mountain barriers are constant, reliable things. His level plains will be there tomorrow. His water hazards follow reasonably definite channels. But the air commander has no such luck. The cloud mountains, wind currents, squalls and eddies over, around, under and through which he must fight are changing constantly, forever forcing him to change the plans he made only minutes before. His only aids are his judgment and the forewarning and advice of his weatherman. Weather is strictly impartial. If it helps a pilot one moment, it probably will help his enemy the next. The air commander can never take weather for granted.

Because weather is not to be trusted, but must be understood, conquest of the Marianas had a little-known sig-



At the lethal nose of their 7th AAF bomber, *Upstairs Maid*, an air crew talks winds and clouds with a weather officer in the Marianas.

Photographs from the 7th AAF



nificance of far-reaching wartime and peacetime consequence

Seizure of bases in the Marianas plugs the next-to-last major gap in the Allies' up-to-date, world-wide weather map. Today's only uncharted highs and lows are in those portions of Jap-occupied China, the Japanese home islands, and adjacent ocean areas not yet within the reach of daily air patrols. And the work of weather observers to the east and west gives the United Nations a reasonably accurate picture of meteorological conditions even within that area.

In a region of vast overwater distances and pinpoint bomb targets, the military significance of Central and Western Pacific weather information is tremendous. But the information will

**AAF meteorologists prepare for a radiosonde test of conditions far overhead. The gas-filled balloon will carry the small, light, transmitting box thousands of feet upward.**

not lose its importance with the crushing of Japan. To an American preparing for vastly expanded peacetime air commerce, weather observations of today are of future significance in the selection of civilian air routes, development of specialized equipment and the training of flight and maintenance crews.

To chart and forecast weather conditions in a tremendous area where observations formerly could be made only from the hazardous deck of an occasional submarine, highly trained officers and men of the Seventh Weather Squadron, First Provisional Weather Group, AAFPOA, are employing established procedure and some not-so-established procedure to do a stupendous job.

Like all weathermen, they use wind vanes, anemometers, barometers, barographs, psychrometers and rain gauges. Unlike most weathermen, they use far-ranging bomber fleets and reconnais-

(Continued from page 25)





Now Captain Andrews turned and looked at her. The flare of a match lit his face.





# Miss Leighton

**It took Mr. Lincoln,  
the President of the  
United States, to  
solve the problems  
which confronted  
Miss Leighton**

**By  
Howard Fast**

**W**HEN the President of the United States entered the ballroom, the guests rose, and Miss Leighton stood up with them. The band struck up music, and the guests applauded; Mr. Lincoln nodded slightly, his long, homely face lined with anxiety and weariness.

"They've changed," Miss Leighton thought. "He is the same."

A year ago, they were against him; they thought him a fool and a clown, and behind his back they mocked at him. Now they pushed toward him, floating on their own delighted ripple of applause, their lips full of small, trite words that they had prepared so carefully. And he stood like a long bent reed, very tired.

Miss Leighton thought she knew how the President felt; she was tired in the same way. She was a ballet dancer treading on a tight wire over a net of sword-points. Long ago, she had hated him; that was when she had first become Miss Leighton and learned a way of life that lay in the shadow of the gallows.

She no longer hated him. She had forgotten the person she had once been; now she was Miss Leighton in every move and gesture and thought, and if she had any feeling toward Mr. Lincoln, it was a deep and abiding pity. Only he, in that whole hall, would understand why she, with the shadow of a gallows tree over her head, had come to see Captain David Andrews for one last time.

The people were crowding close to Mr. Lincoln now, members of Congress and their wives, majors and colonels and generals; and he, for all that he was President of the United States, could not protect himself from them. He gave back, step by step, awkwardly, trying to smile.

A Major Collins detached himself from the cluster about the President

and walked toward Miss Leighton. She tried desperately to avoid him, and then found herself caught in his toothy smile of recognition. She glanced about frantically. In all the world there were two things, a gallows' noose and a Captain David Andrews.

Major Collins bowed. She knew, to each separate word, what the major would say:

"My dear, my dear, you are more beautiful than ever tonight."

Always the same thing, always "my dear" twice, as if he considered that preface elegant and precious. He would smile and glance at his game leg. He was terribly conscious of that leg, which still held a rebel bullet. The bullet had taken him out of the war and put him at a desk in Washington. And across that desk passed certain maps and papers which played a most important part in Miss Leighton's profession.

Miss Leighton smiled at him, and to her the smile came as readily as it does to an actress or a coquette. Until tonight, that smile had taken her everywhere on her silent battlefield; tonight, she was afraid.

The crowd around the President had broken up, and the music became a cotillion. Across the hall from where Miss Leighton stood, a small, dark dapper man, neat as a pin and light on his toes, chose a congressman's stout wife as his dancing partner. This small, dapper man noticed Miss Leighton just as he started to dance. His eyes went wide with surprise and then narrowed with fear. The eyes became expressive, warning, pleading.

Major Collins was offended. "There is a fellow staring at you," he told Miss Leighton. "Shall I—"

"Staring at me?" She saw the dapper little man now. "No, it's nothing," she said quickly. "Please ignore him."

*(Continued on page 27)*

Illustrated by MARIO COOPER

MARIO COOPER



# HOME ON THE

**W**HAT this country needs today is a good five-cent cigar and some such devices as the following:

A combination suitcase-chair, not so broad as to block the car aisle but soft enough for a long session of a rump parliament;

A coat-hanger with parachute harness attachment to support one from a hook while in line for the dining car;

Entertainment for people whose trains are late, as whose aren't, including community singing of the traveler's theme song "I've Been Waiting on the Railroad."

But spoofing aside, the railroads have been doing a grand job under the stress and strain of heavy troop movements and civilian travel, boosted by war activities and gasoline and rubber restrictions. With little expansion of

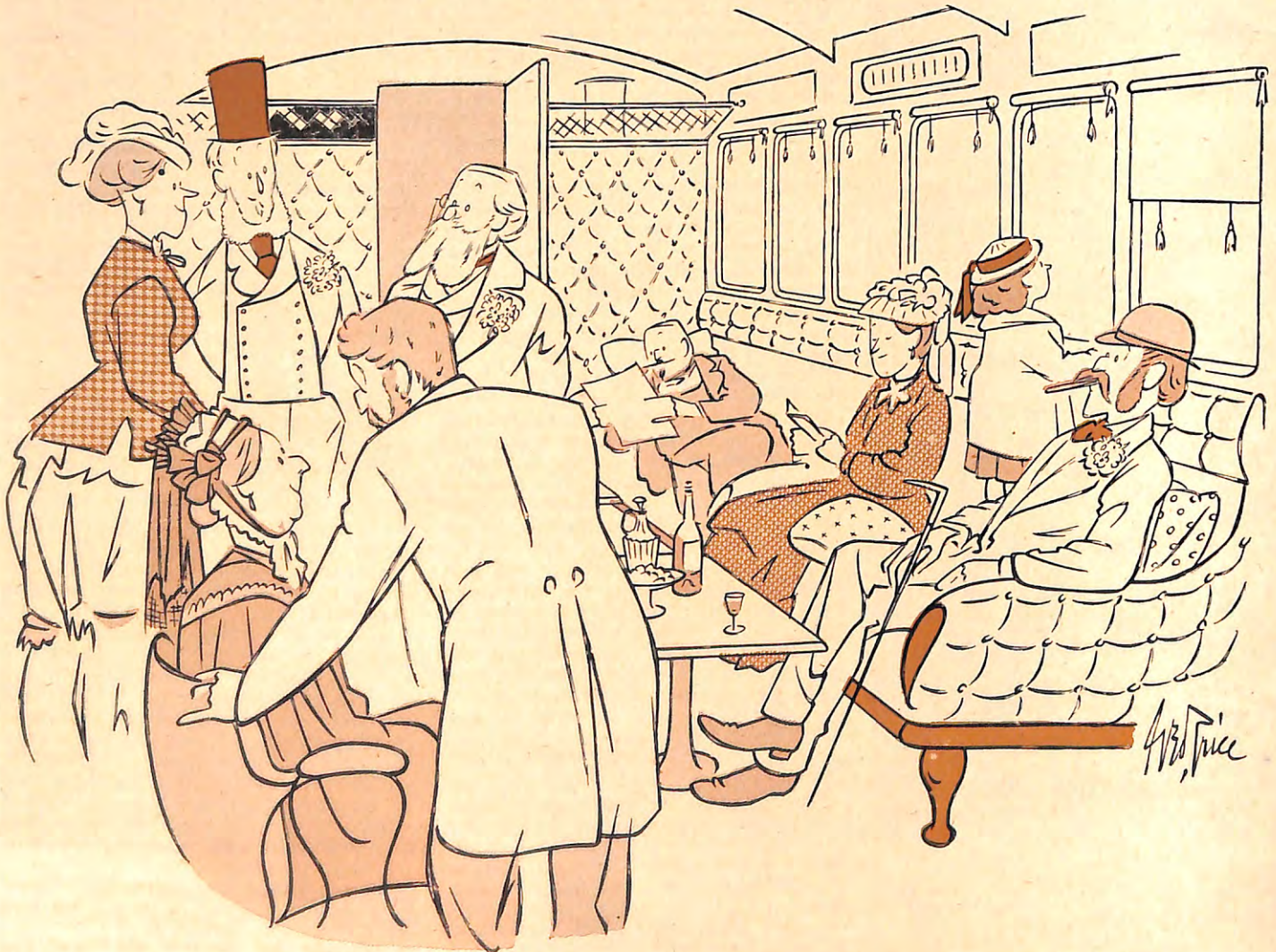
facilities, the railroads have carried a wartime passenger load averaging three to four times that of the years preceding the war.

Don't travel unless the trip is necessary, the railroads themselves have urged. Meanwhile, by an ingenious method, they have been attempting to take the minds of those who must travel off the difficulties and discomforts. This consists of giving travelers a glimpse of the future, of plans for that post-war promised land when everything is going to be just something. They are soothing standees by showing them the shape of seats to come.

Questionnaires have been distributed on trains asking passengers how they would like their post-war coach and how they will have the sleeping car of tomorrow. Preferences have been re-

quested on seat angles, leg rests, windows, lighting, washrooms, luggage racks, refreshment, and radio en route. Would you like to sleep lengthwise, crosswise, or feet- or head-first? Are berths long enough, wide enough? Have you any suggestions for improving the method of calling you in the morning? In what order are the following important to you: porter, secretary, barber, manicurist, maid, stewardess-nurse, valet? And a question on which people undoubtedly really let go and spoke out: Are there any disturbances that particularly annoy you when you are sleeping on trains?

Among verdicts already announced is a vote by men for air-conditioning and by women for seats as the most important factors in travel comfort. Individual, lean-back coach seats, reserved



Illustrated by  
GEORGE PRICE

A special excursion in 1870 was made aboard "eight elegant and homelike carriages".

At right: Railroad travel today is not an undiluted pleasure.



# RAILS

**Hurrah for a ride without jostle or jar,  
Hurrah for a life on the iron bar,  
Hurrah for a ride in a Pullman car.  
Vive la compagnie!**

**By Fairfax Downey**

in advance, are preferred. Smokers and non-smokers of both sexes object to smoking in coaches and recommend that it be permitted only in the smoking room at the end of the new streamlined cars. Most people think that trains go fast enough and more speed is not craved.

Out of the ideas submitted will come various new wrinkles, for the railroads sense competition ahead and are preparing to meet it. Novelties in Pullman accommodations will be introduced and developments already made will become more widely available at lower fares. All hands are looking forward to that glad day when reservations far ahead will not be necessary as they now are, with almost as much advanced planning required for a berth as a birth.

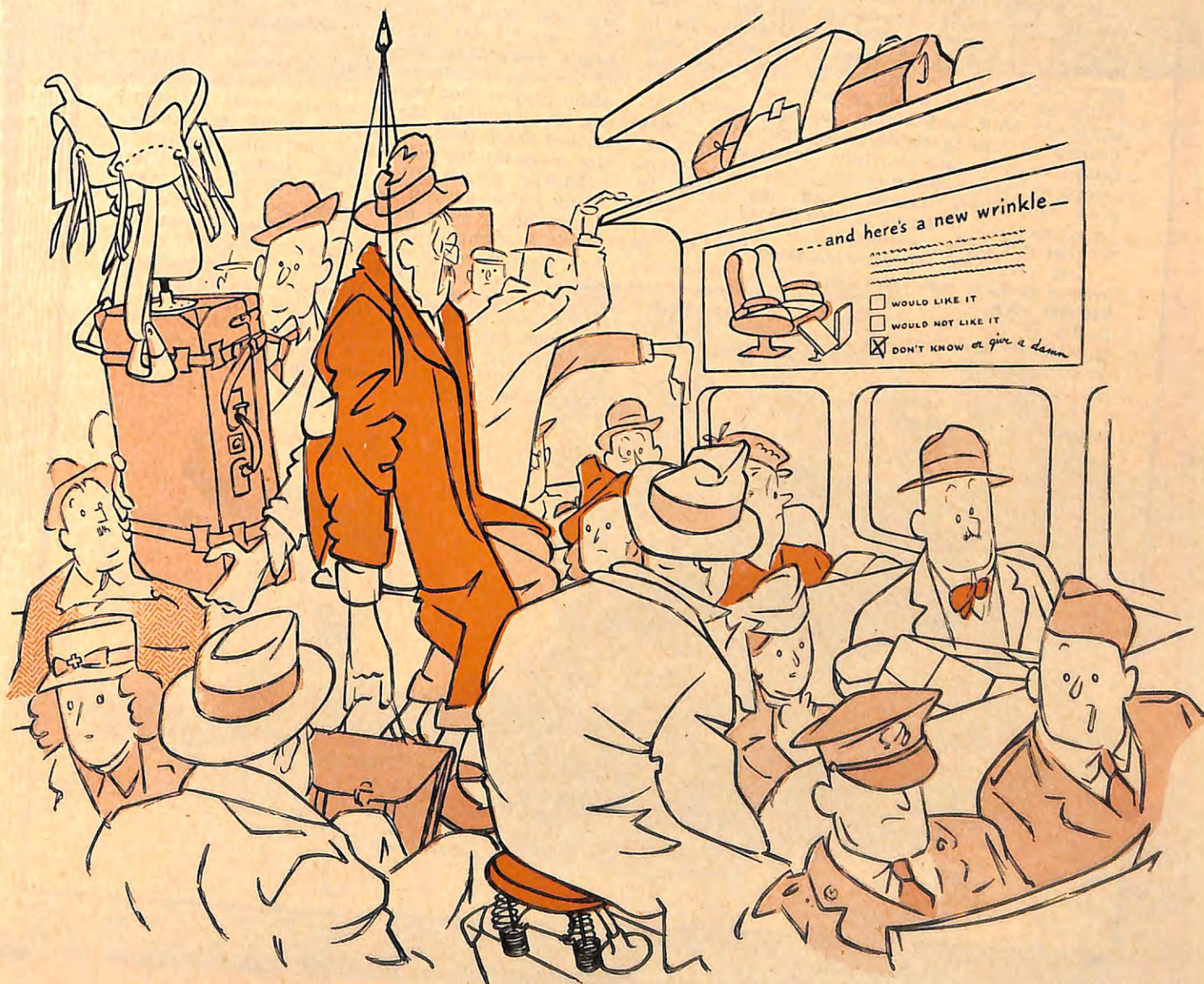
The sleeping car with triple-deck berths—30 to a car—which was designed for troop transport will be carried over and lower the cost of night travel. Another innovation, the convertible section, will be widely offered. In it the upper berth is not used; half of the made-up lower berth can be raised by a pulley, giving the passenger space to dress upright and ending the immemorial struggle to don trousers or girdle while prone. Privacy and altogether plush travel will continue to be afforded by the roomette, duplex room, double bedroom, compartment, drawing room, and master room. The last mentioned has two

rooms but by removing a partition it can be made into one large room for family gatherings or conferences. It contains complete toilet facilities including a showerbath; individual control of lighting, ventilation, and heating, and a shoebox opening on the aisle.

In the peacetime cards will also be a variety of excursions, and for these the Pullman Company need not cudgel its brains for new ideas but can turn back into its own past for a magnificent model.

This year is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the notable junket which was the first through train to cross the

*(Continued on page 26)*





# Books For The Boys!

**H**OW would you like to be on a small boat, at sea for ninety days, with not a thing to read in all that time? Not so good, eh? Well, it isn't quite that bad in the Merchant Marine, Coast Guard, and the Lighthouse-Service, but the fact is that the boys in these services do not have enough books to read in their spare time—and you can build up a lot of spare time on a ship in two or three months.

You probably have heard of the American Merchant Marine Library Association, whose efforts are directed toward providing libraries for the ships of the American Merchant Marine; maintaining shore lending libraries where seamen may personally select reading matter; lending seamen technical books to study at sea and ashore for increased skill and higher ratings; sending libraries to remote lighthouses, lightships, Coast Guard Stations and Maritime Training Stations; compiling and publishing the "Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave", and supporting 15 branches in the principal United States port cities for distributing ships' libraries.

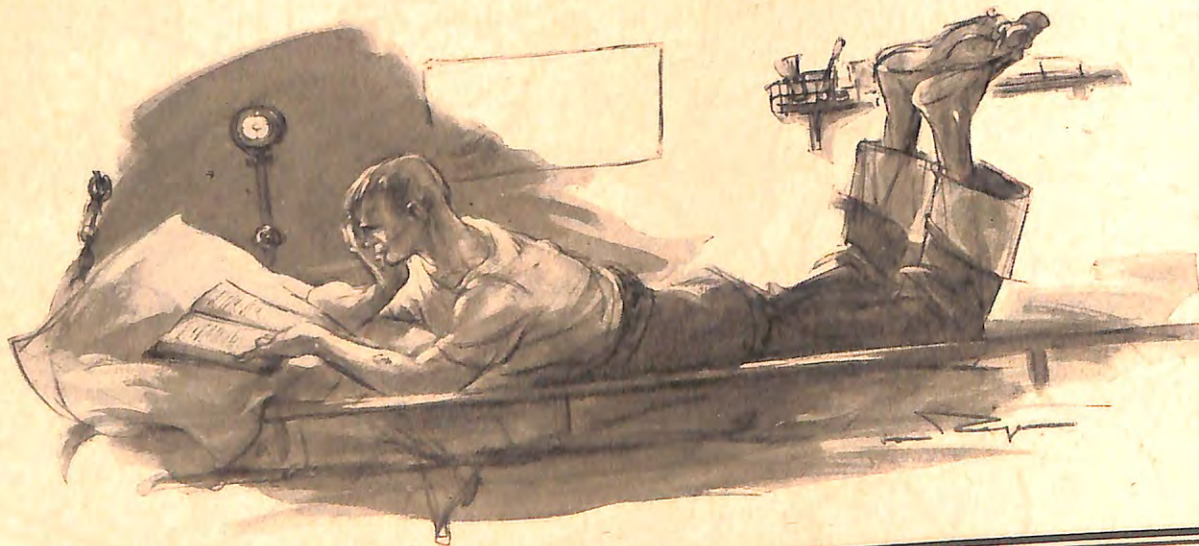
Last year this organization supplied 8,054 libraries to 2,198 merchant ships. This represented 346,000 books. They supplied an additional 60,000 books to personnel of the U. S. Coast Guard, Lighthouse and Lightship Service, and Maritime Training Stations. A total of 9,568 libraries were distributed.

This splendid organization, the American Merchant Marine Library Association, has asked the

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to assist them in this work. They need more books—old books that have been standing idle on your library shelves—new books that you feel disposed to contribute—text books—reference books—historical books—novels—biographies—any kind of books. The Elks War Commission has agreed to lend its assistance in this fine service which is often the only means of recreation open to these seamen for long periods of time.

Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, a member of the National Advisory Board of the A.M.M.L.A., and one who should know whereof he speaks, says, "The work of the American Merchant Marine Library Association is of tremendous importance to the welfare of our Merchant Marine. I know of no project that pays greater dividends in helping to maintain the splendid morale of men aboard ships than that of furnishing them reading material for relaxation and enlightenment."

**ELKS! HEAR THE CALL!** Bring or send as many books as you can to the War Committee Chairman of your local lodge. Do it as soon as possible—right away! When the War Committee has enough books for shipment, they will send them to the nearest Port Office of the Association, and they will be promptly supplied to the men at sea. Here, again, is a chance for Elks to render a much needed patriotic service . . . let's do it, but quickly! The Goal: A book from every member of your lodge—for the Men Who Go Down to the Sea in ships!







*Above: E.R. F. J. Tabery, comedian Joe E. Brown and Ezra Stone, the original Henry Aldrich, at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's pre-game party for the Ramblers of Randolph Field, Tex., and March Field, Calif.*

*Below: E.R. M. M. Finman receives the Bond as Treas. T. H. Johnson presents Pensacola, Fla., Lodge's \$3,000 check during the Sixth War Loan Drive.*

*At bottom: Those who were entertained at a dance at Douglas, Ga., Lodge's Fraternal Center.*

# THE Elks IN THE WAR







Left: Officials of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge are pictured as they prepared Christmas packages for their Brothers in the Armed Forces, as well as for members' sons and daughters in the Service.

Below: With sailors predominating, Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge's pre-Navy Day exercises were well attended.



Right: Harry K. Gilmore with the winners of \$25 War Bonds offered by Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge to six students of local schools, who sold the highest number of individual bonds during the recent campaign.



Below: Elks of Pocatello, Ida., daily distribute hundreds of packs of playing cards to servicemen at the USO hut in the Union Pacific Railroad passenger yard.





Choice of a lifetime...



Today there's new enjoyment in the grand old name Golden Wedding,  
a lighter, finer flavor to sip slowly...something to remember with pleasure.

## Golden Wedding

Has  
had no  
peers for  
fifty  
years





**CAPTAIN BLOOD**, famed adventurer, once disguised himself as a priest in order to enter the mighty Tower of London and thus seize the royal gems. How he was caught, but lived to tell the tale, is a *gem about gems*. Another gem, known to all judges of good whiskey, is William Penn—the *gem of the blends*.

## Off with his head . . . he stole the King's jewels!

"GORRY! They've caught Captain Blood! Caught 'im red-handed, makin' off with the British crown. Yon 'ead will roll in the morning . . . trust King Charles for that!"

But King Charles, amused by Blood's boldness, actually pardoned the adventurer and presented him with gifts of land. The crown itself, with its fabulous wealth of gems, was carefully returned to the Tower of London. Ever since, it has been guarded with utmost care. ☆ With many men, one of today's

carefully guarded possessions is William Penn Blended Whiskey—the *gem of the blends*. Men who know whiskey—men who appreciate premium quality at a non-premium price—guard it for those occasions when outstanding quality is truly appreciated. Here is wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, and unsurpassed richness of flavor. No wonder millions say "When with William Penn!"

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# William Penn

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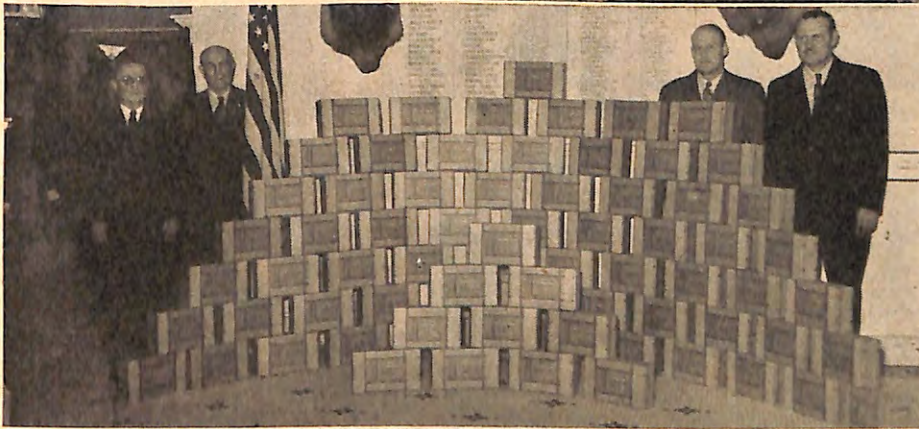




Above: The junior hostesses of the New Jersey State Elks Assn. War Activities Committee who have been entertaining at servicemen's hospitals, were in turn feted by East Orange, N. J., Lodge.



Right: Centralia, Ill., Lodge's check for \$1,049.65 is presented to a representative of the city's USO Fund.



Left are officials of Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge with some of the "G" Boxes they sent to members in the Service in this Country. Just as many boxes were sent to those fighting Elks overseas.

Below are those who attended a party given by Kearny, N. J., Lodge in its Fraternal Center.







Above: Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge's Servicemen's Dance Pavilion is dedicated.



Right: During her Sixth War Loan Tour, America's No. 1 War Mother visited New York City. Here, Chairman James R. Nicholson of the Elks War Commission welcomes to the New York Elks Fraternal Center Mrs. Leo F. Van Coutren, of St. Louis, Mo., and two of her twelve children, all of whom are in the Service. Four of her sons are members of the Order.

Below: Servicemen enjoy themselves at Laredo, Tex., Lodge's Fraternal Center.







Above: Servicemen from Percy Jones General Hospital at a dance in the ballroom of the Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge home where nearly 20,000 soldiers have been entertained.



Left is a picture taken at three o'clock in the morning at Tulsa, Okla., Lodge's Fraternal Center—which will give you a rough idea of how busy the Center must be during the day.

Below: In the presence of Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, fifth from right, Norwich, Conn., Lodge purchases \$10,000 worth of War Bonds.







Above is a photograph of the dinner party honoring Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett when he paid his official visit to Lynchburg, Va., Lodge.



# GRAND EXALTED RULER'S Visits

had been requested to study the advisability of establishing some form of vocational endeavor at the **ELKS NATIONAL HOME**. A meeting of the residents of the Home was addressed by Dr. Barrett on Sunday afternoon.

On November 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. Kepner, went to New York to meet Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and James R. Nicholson to make preliminary arrangements for the next War Conference of the Grand Lodge, scheduled to be held in New York City this coming July.

**MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 842**, was visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler on November 21. He was met by Exalted Ruler Louis P. Camisa and a delegation of members and taken to City Hall where he was introduced to Mayor William H. Hussey and other municipal officials. A dinner, given in his honor at Don's Rendezvous, preceded a splendid evening meeting at Hermax Hall, attended by more than 300 Elks of Westchester County and the metropolitan district. The Grand Exalted Ruler, escorted into the lodge room by former Supreme Court Justice Sydney A. Syme, founder of Mount Vernon Lodge and its first Exalted Ruler, was given an

**W**HEN, on November 17, Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett and Mrs. Barrett were entertained by **LYNCHBURG, VA., LODGE, NO. 321**, a dinner given for them at the Country Club was followed by a dance at the lodge home, attended by a thousand guests. Members of the Board of Grand Trustees, who were in Virginia for their meeting at Bedford, were invited. Dr. Barrett spoke briefly at both affairs. As a gift to Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Barrett on the occasion of the 46th anniversary of their marriage, which fell on this date, Clyde Jennings, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, on behalf of Lynchburg Lodge,

presented them with a sterling silver water pitcher with goblets to match.

Present at Bedford were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Masters, Grand Secretary, and Mrs. Masters; Grand Trustees Wade H. Kepner, Chairman, Charles E. Broughton, Vice-Chairman, and Home Member, George I. Hall, Secretary, and Mrs. Hall, John E. Drummey, Approving Member, and Sam Stern; and Milton R. Greenland, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Mrs. Greenland. Past Exalted Ruler Dr. J. E. Kiffin, of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, and Mrs. Kiffin were guests of the Board. Dr. Kiffin, who is an authority on vocational education,

Below: At Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge are, left to right, P.E.R. V. D. Levitt, Jr., P.D.D. Lee Rivers, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mayor William Hart Hussey, P.E.R. Ranson Caygill and E.R. Louis P. Camisa.







*Above: With the Grand Exalted Ruler and lodge officers is the large class of candidates initiated into Ashland, Ky., Lodge in his honor.*

ovation. With him on the dais were many distinguished Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lt. Col. Charles Spencer Hart, a Past Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon Lodge, D.D. Robert B. Stewart, Mount Kisco, Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, New Rochelle, Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and Secretary Victor D. Levitt, Jr., P.E.R. of Mount Vernon Lodge. In an eloquent address, Dr. Barrett declared that he was more than happy to make this visitation so that he could personally congratulate the lodge upon its wonderful accomplishments of the past 18 months. On behalf of No. 342, Mr. Levitt presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a \$30 check toward the Elks State Scholarship Fund, and \$374 for the Elks War Commission.

On the following day the Grand Exalted Ruler went to Middletown, N. Y., where he was the guest at a brilliant dinner party given by **MIDDLETOWN LODGE NO. 1097**. Present were all of the Exalted Rulers of the New York East Central District, District Deputy Joseph H. Rosenberg, of Kingston, and many other visitors from nearby lodges. Exalted Ruler Anthony J. Veraldi, on behalf of the lodge, presented Dr. Barrett with a gold traveling clock.

On November 25, the Grand Exalted Ruler inaugurated his campaign to sell \$5,000,000 worth of War Bonds by purchasing \$180,000 worth from the First National Bank of Alexandria, Va., and the Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C. On November the 26th, he left for a trip south, continuing into the northwest, that kept him away from home until Christmas. His first visit was to one of the most recently established lodges, **PAINTSVILLE, KY., NO. 1658**, a lodge that has doubled its membership since it was instituted last February. A delightful noon luncheon was given at the Country Club. Introduced by D.D. Paul O. Campbell, of Ashland Lodge, who accompanied him to Paintsville, Dr. Barrett addressed the 65 members who attended, including the Mayor.

On the evening of the same day, November 27, Dr. Barrett was the guest of

**ASHLAND, KY., LODGE, NO. 350**. This was really a tri-state meeting. Officers of Portsmouth and Ironton, O., Huntington, W. Va., and Paintsville and Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodges, were present. A "Fighting Elks" Class of 35 candidates was initiated in Dr. Barrett's honor. The dinner which preceded the meeting was a delightful affair. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a gold wrist watch by E.R. J. A. Walker of the host lodge. The initiation, conducted by the Huntington officers assisted by their lodge's famous drill team, was followed by a buffet luncheon attended by about 500, including J. S. Breitenstein, Pres. of the Ky. State Elks Assn., Past President Arnold Westermann, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, District Deputy Joseph G. Kraemer, all of Louisville Lodge, and District Deputy Campbell.

On a drive through the beautiful Bluegrass region of Kentucky, stops were made at Lexington where the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were luncheon guests of the officers of **LEXINGTON LODGE NO. 89**, and at Frankfort. The many members of **FRANKFORT LODGE NO. 530** who had assembled to welcome the distinguished visitor, accompanied him to the State Capitol where he was received by Gov-

ernor Simeon S. Willis, a member of the Order, and made a Kentucky Colonel, being commissioned an aide-de-camp on the Governor's staff.

**LOUISVILLE LODGE NO. 8** awaited the Grand Exalted Ruler with an elaborate prearranged program, all ready to be carried out. Three hundred guests attended an afternoon party; 75 "Fighting Elks" were initiated at the lodge meeting. Past District Deputy Smith T. Bailey, who but recently had celebrated his 85th birthday, presided as Exalted Ruler. His charges to the Class were delivered impressively and he was warmly congratulated by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Dr. Barrett spoke appreciatively of two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order from Louisville Lodge, the late Astley Apperly and Robert W. Brown. The meeting was followed by a buffet supper and a dance.

The **TENNESSEE STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION**, holding its annual meeting in Nashville at the time, was host to Dr. Barrett on November 29-30. Introduced by State President Alfred T. Levine, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Association on the Elks' war program. The banquet given by **NASHVILLE LODGE NO. 72** at the Maxwell House was a brilliant affair at which 500 leading residents of the city were present. Past Exalted Ruler Frank H. Gailor, of Memphis Lodge, Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, who presided, introduced the two speakers—Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland. A gold mounted gavel, made from wood



*Right, left to right: Secy. John N. Fonk; D.D. Ernest F. Marlatt; E.R. Vernon Hopi; Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett; Past State Pres. Frank Fawcett, E.R. of Milwaukee Lodge, and Judge Clayton F. Van Pelt, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, pictured at Kenosha, Wis., Lodge recently.*





Above: At a dinner at Middletown, N. Y., Lodge recently were, from left to right, State Vice-Pres. R. A. Henry; D.D. Dr. J. H. Rosenberg; Dr. Barrett; E.R. A. J. Veraldi; George I. Hall, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Mayor T. E. Brochu; County Judge R. A. Egan; Rev. S. J. Maher, and P.D.D. Bert Hayes.

of a hickory tree which was on the grounds at The Hermitage when Andrew Jackson was living there, was presented to Dr. Barrett by Mr. Levine. Superb music by the fine chorus of Nashville Lodge added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Visiting JACKSON LODGE NO. 192, the Grand Exalted Ruler found himself shaking hands with practically every Exalted Ruler in western Tennessee. Delegations of lodge officers attended and two District Deputies were present, E. J. Nunn, of Jackson Lodge, representing Tenn., West, and I. J. Scharff, of Corinth, Miss.

Past Grand Inner Guard Hugh W. Hicks, P.E.R. of No. 192, introduced Dr. Barrett and presented him with two Tennessee hams from the lodge.

On December 1, the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained by members of TEXARKANA, ARK., LODGE, NO. 399, at a dinner at the Country Club. Among those present were Albert Sims, Little Rock, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Dr. L. J. Kosminsky, Texarkana, Pres. of the Ark. State Elks Assn., Weldon G. Pool, D.D. for the State of Arkansas, D.D. Robert Sugar, Shreveport, La., and many Elks' from nearby

lodges. Dr. Barrett expressed himself as being delighted with the fine service No. 399 is giving to the men and women of our Armed Forces.

At Dallas, Texas, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the Memorial Address at the services held by DALLAS LODGE NO. 71 on December 3, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge William Hawley Atwell, P.E.R. of No. 71, eulogized those members who passed away during the year. Dr. Allen W. Moore, Pastor of First Methodist Church, delivered the welcoming address. The invocation was given by Chaplain Dave McCord and the names of the departed seven members were read by Secretary W. H. Mulvoy. The musical background for the ritualistic service was furnished by the Choir and Male Chorus of the First Methodist Church where the Service was held. Before the Service, Dr. Barrett was entertained at a luncheon at which all of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers were present and also P.E.R.'s George W. Loudermilk, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, John Smart, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, and John D. Carter and W. R. Beaumier, D.D.'s for Texas, North and East, respectively. Dr. Barrett was presented with a sterling silver coffee set from Dallas Lodge and a sterling compote from Mr. Loudermilk.

Shortly after his arrival in El Reno, Okla., on December 4, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett visited the grave of Past Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, P.E.R. of EL RENO LODGE NO. 743. In the performance of a simple but heartfelt ceremony, Dr. Barrett said, "I place this wreath on the grave of one so faithful to all the duties entrusted to him that the highest office in our Order would undoubtedly have been bestowed upon him had he lived." Following a luncheon given

(Continued on page 40)



Above, left: To begin the Order's campaign to purchase \$5,000,000 Sixth Issue War Bonds, Dr. Barrett buys \$180,000 worth at Alexandria, Va., and Washington, D. C.



Left: At the Fall Conference of New York State Exalted Rulers and Secretaries at Rome Lodge were, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett, P.E.R. James A. Spargo, E.R. Francis J. Iseneker and, standing, Secy. A. L. MacMaster.



# Under the ANTLERS



## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

**TAMPA, FLA.** Our hats are off to Tampa Lodge No. 708. At a time when many fraternal groups found the going tough and were forced to curtail activities, these Southern gentlemen put on more steam, stepped out and paid off in only 15 months a 32-year-old mortgage when it still had 15 years to run. The debt totaled \$36,500 and that ain't hay!

The mortgage-burning celebration was held on December 5, beginning with a reception and concert in the late afternoon, followed by a dinner for members and their guests. At 8 o'clock the renovated and newly furnished ballroom was opened officially and a floor show of ten terrific

acts from "Sideshow Revue", a unit of the Tampa Variety Artists which has been showing for sixteen weeks at various military posts and hospitals with no financial compensation, was put on.

The highspot of the evening was the actual burning of the mortgage by District Deputy J. Frank Umstot, Exalted Ruler L. D. Simmons, P.E.R. P. J. Harvey and Victor V. Sharpe, Chairman of the Board of Directors. The oldest charter member of the lodge, E. D. Lambright, spoke briefly, and music for dancing, both in the ballroom and on the second floor, was played by two popular bands.

## Elks Award Medals of Valor

On Memorial Sunday, December 3, 1944, the Lodge of Sorrow convened in the 1,409 B. P. O. Elks lodges throughout the United States to pay homage to departed members, particularly those who have given their lives in the service of our Country in World War II.

Through the efforts of the Elks War Commission, at the request of Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett, Medals of Valor were presented to the next of kin of those 819 members who have made the Supreme Sacrifice. In each case the Medal was accompanied by an engrossed Certificate of Valor in memory and commemoration.

More than 75,000 members of our Order are now serving in the Armed Forces, and to date 819 have been reported as having died in the line of duty. In World War I an equal number of Elks served in our Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and more than 1,000 of them laid down their lives in the exemplification of that patriotic loyalty and devotion to which they pledged themselves upon entering our Order. These are our Brothers who are memorialized by the beautiful shrine which serves as the Elks National Memorial and Headquarters Building in Chicago.

When the Hour of Eleven strikes, remember these departed Brothers, and at the same time say a silent prayer for those others who are risking their lives, every minute of the day and night, that Justice and Right may prevail.



*Left: At a dinner held in connection with the initiation of 40 new Elks into Towson, Md., Lodge were, left to right: E.R. John C. Fowble, P.D.D. Judge J. Howard Murray and D.D. John H. Mosner.*

*Below is part of the class of 83 candidates initiated into La Porte, Ind., Lodge to celebrate the purchase of the LaPorteCountry Club.*







At top: When Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee visited Norwich, Conn., Lodge recently, 25 candidates were initiated.

as a wonderful tribute to Mr. McGovern, who is Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee—and we think they're right about that! To its own War Bond holdings, the lodge added another \$10,000 purchase. Since Pearl Harbor, \$2,000,000 in Bonds have been sold by No. 430.

Above: The class of candidates initiated into Inglewood, Calif., Lodge during the visit of D.D. William J. Goss. The lodge's new Drill Team appears with them.

A reception for Mr. McGovern was followed by a full-course turkey dinner, with all the trimmings, for about 600 members and guests. Abraham Silverberg reported on the lodge's piano col-

lection campaign, in which 50 instruments were obtained for the Mansfield State Training School. He said that those who came through so generously would be well repaid if they could see how much the children enjoy the pianos.

**NORWICH, CONN.** Killing two birds with one stone, Norwich Lodge No. 430 chose its first regular December meeting to honor one of Connecticut's best known Elks, Past Exalted Ruler James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport Lodge No. 36, and to announce the sensational sale of \$467,320 in Bonds in its Sixth War Loan Campaign. Oscar Silverman, Chairman of the Bond Drive Committee, passed this news on to the members who reacted just the way you'd expect. Too, they regarded it

Below is the large crowd which attended the free chicken dinner party held for members and their families by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge.

Twenty-five men were initiated at this affair, including a local boy, Sgt. Victor Richard, recently returned from overseas, and John Leo Carter, a sailor stationed at the Groton Submarine Base, who was initiated for Canton, Ohio,







Above: With lodge officers is the class of candidates initiated into Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge when D.D. Harry Baker and State Pres. W. P. Baird paid their official visits.



Left is the speakers' table at a dinner honoring Grand Esquire Joseph B. Kyle, third from right, when he visited Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge.

Lodge. Sailor Carter received the surprise of his life when he saw his father who had traveled all that distance just to see him become an Elk.

D.D. George H. Williams, of Rockville, Conn., Lodge, was the first speaker and paid a fine tribute to Mr. McGovern, as did P.E.R. William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who called Mr. McGovern "one of the grandest Elks in America and one who has given 42 years of service to the Order". Mr. McGovern expressed his appreciation and complimented Norwich Lodge on its many activities, mentioning in particular its fine Fraternal Center, one of the first established, and its successful Bond Drives. Exalted Ruler Aubrey H. Brown, who presided at the meeting, then presented a gift to Mr. McGovern.

**TOWSON, MD.,** Lodge, No. 469, had a really big night not long ago. The largest class in its history—40 members—was initiated in honor of Judge J. Howard

**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: Thirty-two representative citizens recently became members of the Order in San Diego, Calif.

Murray—an Elk for 21 years, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 469, and a Past District Deputy for Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia; District Deputy John H. Mosner, of Cumberland Lodge No. 63, paid his official visit, and Judge Murray was given a testimonial dinner.

The class, representative of the best in Baltimore County, was initiated by E.R. John C. Fowble and his officers, assisted by several Past Exalted Rulers. Though this happened only recently, steps had even then been taken to assemble another class, just as large, to be inducted early this year.

Towson Lodge's home is a mighty busy place these days. It houses the Civilian Defense and County Red Cross organizations, and the local Boy and Girl Scouts. Nevertheless, there is room for all, including the Elks' meetings and social doings. Full support is being given the Order, and aid to the community in the war effort is one of No. 469's chief concerns.

**ROCHESTER, MINN.** In the death of charter member Eugene Schwarz on November 22, Rochester Lodge No. 1091 lost the only secretary it ever had. Funeral services on Saturday the 25th at the Universalist Church were attended by members of lodges throughout the State.







*Above: The class initiated into Jeannette, Pa., Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.*

Among the Twin City Elks present were William P. Faley, of St. Paul Lodge, Past Pres. of the Minn. State Elks Assn., and State Trustee John Meurer, Minneapolis. Mr. Schwarz was an honest, friendly man, faithful to the tenets and teachings of the Order he loved so well. Living as he did in Rochester, he came to know many members of the Order who came to the great hospital center from all parts of the country. They, in moments of duress, sought and always found courage and comfort in his understanding. Mr. Schwarz served for many years on the Auditing Committee of the State Association.

**WALTHAM, MASS.** When a man has devoted twenty years to the advancement of his lodge, he deserves recognition. One of these men is Dr. John H. Walsh, P.E.R., Waltham Lodge No. 953, formerly a member of Homestead, Pa., Lodge, who joined No. 953 by dimit and who, from the very first day, has been a model Elk. The boys got together recently and rewarded him with a testimonial dinner at the lodge home. Mayor John F. Devane was there, as well as many Past Exalted Rulers. William J. Madden, Robert Neal and Joseph M. Kohler, a former member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, who gave the guest of honor a wrist watch, took care of the arrangements.

For eight years Dr. Walsh has served as Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee which has lately concerned itself mainly with the "G" Box program, sending, in the past two years,

more than 700 boxes to members in the Services and to their male and female progeny in uniform.

Not long ago the official visit of D.D. Oswald J. McCourt, of Newton Lodge, drew Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and more than 200 Elks to the Waltham Lodge home. The District Deputy praised the lodge for its war activities and its contribution to the Elks War Commission Fund, and Mr. Malley also added his compliments. After Past State Pres. John P. Brennan gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast, a banquet was held under the supervision of Chairman Thomas O'Toole of the House Committee. A good time was had by all.

**LANSING, MICH.** During a moving patriotic ceremony on Armistice Day, an Honor Roll Board, bearing the names of 8,500 Lansing men and women of the Nation's Armed Forces, was presented by Lansing Lodge No. 196 to the people of the city. Acceptance was made by Mayor Ralph W. Crego, and the Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Gabriels, a member of the lodge's War Commission, delivered a eulogy for those whose names were marked by the gold star. The invocation and the benediction were given by Rabbi Arthur Lebowitz, of the Jewish Synagogue, and the Reverend C. M. Mullenberg, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, respectively, carrying out the non-sectarian principles of the Ritual.

The emblem of the Order centers the Memorial at the pinnacle and on either side is an American Eagle. The ground, (Continued on page 38)



*Right: Two wheel chairs are presented to the Cape Cod Hospital by the members of Hyannis, Mass., Lodge.*

*Below: With Elk officials are the 36 new members of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge who were initiated at a meeting attended by D.D. C. L. Mattice of Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge.*





# How's the Weather Up There?

(Continued from page 5)

sance planes. And they have other methods, some of which must remain secret until after the war.

One way or another, they know pretty well each day what the weather conditions are from Hawaii to the Philippines, from the Aleutians to New Zealand—a watery, dangerous area of more than 30,000,000 square miles. They are equipped to rush that information safely to any part of the world.

Information on the Marianas weather maps comes from three main sources: Visual and mechanical observations from the islands themselves, reports flashed by radio from adjacent areas, and data brought back by flying weathermen and air crews.

Every day, planes drone out from bases in the Marianas on bombing and search missions. On one long-range reconnaissance plane each day is a trained weather observer. Crewmen on other planes have been "briefed" by a weather officer and are on the alert for information he needs. Fourteen-hour search-plane sweeps, 1,000 miles out and 1,000 miles back, are routine. They net weather observations south to the Palau area, west almost to the Philippines, north beyond the Bonins.

Chasing cloud banks and testing air currents a thousand miles or so from the nearest friendly shore isn't the safest way in the world to learn when it's going to rain and where.

Lieutenant Glenn G. Balmer of Denver, Colorado, one day found it a job of distinctly unpleasant possibilities. A flying AAF weatherman on a northward junket with the crew of a Navy PBM, he was casting somewhat apprehensive eyes on the scenic beauties of Jap-held Pagan when one of the plane's two motors coughed and died. Flying at 1,300 feet, just below the clouds, Balmer and his naval hosts picked up everything they could lift and threw it out the windows. But they were only 15 miles from Pagan when they hit the water.

The Japanese attitude toward U. S. airmen is definitely hostile. And there is no reason to believe that they think any more highly of U.S. weathermen. Lieutenant Balmer has a co-worker from San Rafael, Calif., Lieutenant Conrad F. Praetzel Jr., who has been known to man a Navy machine gun and strafe Nipponese targets of opportunity. That sort of thing does not make for amity. So Balmer and the Navy were equally nervous. With the one motor still in operation, they taxied a little more distance between themselves and the Japs, got out their tools and went to work on the gas line which had failed. They radioed news of their difficulty and were comforted a few minutes later by the arrival of another reconnaissance PBM, which circled overhead and dared the Japs to send any launches out that way. After two hours and fifteen minutes, Lieutenant

Balmer's pilot gave it a try. The motor caught and held. The sea was smooth. They took off and went away from there. It had been a strenuous day for a former math teacher at Esterville, Iowa, Junior College.

Flying weathermen have no corner on an occasional risk. The four-man weather crew which reached an air base in the Marianas only 12 days behind the invading Marines had a fox-hole view of something like 18 air raids, a shelling and two strafing attacks. They came to view clear, moonlit nights as very unpleasant weather.

In mid-September, the guard on duty at an anti-aircraft artillery unit, with which a half-dozen AAF weathermen were living in the Marianas hills, heard steps along a nearby road. His shouted challenge was the signal for a 30-minute battle royal between American troops and a remnant band of Japanese.

Even going to sleep has had its drawbacks. Lieutenant Bob Heft of Chicago lost his pants that way one night. He also lost a shirt and a pair of socks to a pair of Nipponese marauders who slipped into the camp area to strip the weather officer's clothes line, leave precious clothes pins scattered over the ground and escape through a shower of pistol shots.

While weather observers fly, as a rule, with long-range Navy patrol bombers, the squadron also has its own plane and air crew. Japanese defenders hardly had been driven from the fringes of one of the first airfields taken in the Marianas before the squadron's C-47 landed with a complete weather station, the crew to man it, even a jeep. Captain Albert G. Downing of West Medford, Massachusetts, at the age of 27, was starting his third weather station under the noses of the inhospitable Japanese.

Since another station removed the need for a rush job, Captain Downing and his men took two days to complete their station. Then they settled down to observe the weather and doctor their dengue fever, a prevalent malady which had all but two of the men tottering.

Lieutenant Michael C. Tonilas of Detroit, who succeeded Captain Downing as chief of the station a few days later, was charged with supplying weather information to Marine pilots, then hitting Rota, only about 50 miles away. He made his forecasts after studying the situation through binoculars, the only instruments necessary on reasonably clear days. It reminded weathermen of the early days on Saipan when observers had only to look out the door to learn weather conditions over the then chief target of 7th AAF Thunderbolts—four-mile distant Tinian.

But targets as close as Rota and Tinian are rare, and this is true even in the extreme forward areas of the Central Pacific. Observers and forecasters are plagued, as a rule, with

the problems of enormous distances.

Regional control officer with overall supervision of Seventh Weather Squadron stations scattered through the Hawaiian Islands, Phoenix Group, Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas, Carolines, and whatever other Central Pacific areas may fall into American hands during the westward push is 29-year-old Major Henry K. Borden of Fall River, Massachusetts. Significantly, he maintains his headquarters at the very tip of the Allied offensive spearhead.

Since relatively little is known about weather trends and peculiarities over and near Japan, forward area stations must analyze the conditions they forecast. Their fact-gathering specialists conduct normal tests at their island stations and follow storms and fronts by plane to be sure what the weather is doing. The job has certain pleasures.

Once in mid-summer, for example, Saipan meteorologists were able to follow the birth and antics of a typhoon with both paternal and warlike interest. Born over Saipan as a tropical storm, the disturbance moved westward toward the Philippines, then turned north and northeast. Growing in intensity as it progressed, it reached typhoon proportions with wind speeds of 75 miles an hour about 700 miles at sea. Still growing and moving with the loud blessings of Saipan weathermen, the typhoon ripped playfully up through the Japanese home islands.

But then the typhoon played a dirty trick on its well-wishers. After blowing the Japs around a bit, it joined forces with east-bound air masses to form a front. And the southern end of the front swept down over Chichi Jima, protecting that Japanese base from 7th AAF bombers for two days.

You just can't trust the weather.

Observations and reports pour into Weather Central, where the emphasis is on long-range forecasts for air arm planners. Forecasts from Weather Central usually predict weather conditions over a wide area for the next three to five days. Immediate strike forecasts are made as needed by Weather Central or by combat squadron weather officers, to whom are available all the facilities and information of the central organization.

Forecasting Nature's antics is a hair-whitening job at best. And when man sticks his oar into the currents, it's almost too much of a good thing. The man, oar and currents being no mere figures of speech.

Lieutenant John J. Delp of Mullens, West Virginia, swept low over Pagan one day and his 7th AAF Thunderbolt took an overdose of Japanese lead. Out over the water a few miles, Lieutenant Delp hit the silk. His fighter squadron companions watched him land in the water. They flew an unending patrol overhead while a cargo plane flew out with a big rubber life raft. The sea



ran heavy that day and it was impossible to land a Navy rescue plane near the floating pilot. Then it was dark.

When Lieutenant Delp was no longer visible, the pilots overhead flew home. There wasn't much laughter among fighter pilots that night. Wind and ocean currents, they knew, would carry Lieutenant Delp and his raft many miles before daybreak. Spotting a lone man in a vast expanse of sea might not be possible the next day.

So far as was known, no one in the combat areas ever had forecast the drift of a rubber raft at sea. The relative effects of wind and water currents

were little known. But, up in Weather Central, Lieutenant Bill Troutman agreed to try. An oceanographer from Elizabeth, Pa., he knew something of the behavior of Central Pacific ocean currents. They play an important role in development of overhead weather.

Lieutenant Troutman added a few theories of his own to everything he had learned in University California Los Angeles and University of Chicago weather schools, took a deep breath and pointed out the spot where the raft should be next morning. On his map, he traced the probable course of the raft. It should sweep in toward

Pagan, pass a short distance off shore and drift back out to sea.

When searching pilots next morning found Delp only five miles from the spot Troutman had predicted, 7th AAF chiefs were impressed. The only unsatisfied man was Troutman. He hunted a reason for his five-mile miss; when he found it, he sizzled.

How can any weatherman predict that a lone American airman, dumped unceremoniously into the ocean and carried uncomfortably close to Japheld Pagan, will row ashore, take a look at the island, and casually put back to sea?

## At Home on the Rails

(Continued from page 9)

continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back. The trip was a special excursion taken by the Boston Board of Trade in May, 1870.

Only a year before had the golden spike been driven to link the rails of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific in Utah. At once the enterprising Bostonians began planning. They told George M. Pullman, builder of the cars which bear his name and inventor of the folding upper berth for which posterity is not particularly grateful, what they would like in the way of accommodations. Mr. Pullman, sensing an historic occasion and no end of publicity, obliged by building the cars to order.

The result was acclaimed by the Boston board as "eight elegant and homelike carriages" which together formed a "beautiful and commodious moving hotel." The exterior of the cars was painted a deep wine color, relieved with gilt, and the interiors were adorned with mirrors here and there and everywhere, and countless gas lights. The cars consisted of:

1 baggage car, with refrigerators and a printing press;

1 smoking car divided into compartments which housed a printing office, wine room, large smoking room with euchre tables, a hair-dressing and shaving salon;

2 hotel cars with 22 berths in each and a kitchen and pantry at the end;

2 commissary cars, used both as dining cars and as sleeping quarters for the single gentlemen;

2 saloon cars with 24 berths in each and in one a full-fledged bathroom. Each also had sofas and portable chairs, writing desks, a library, and an organ.

For the excursion 130 signed up, fifty of them women and six children, members of the families of the Board of Traders. One Boston banker definitely traveled *en famille*. His party went down on the passenger list as follows: F. H. Peabody, wife and servant; Miss F. Peabody, Miss L. Peabody, Master F. E. Peabody. On the trip were a minister, a doctor, and an editor for the *Transcontinental*, the daily newspaper published en route. It carried Associated Press dispatches, market

quotations, train news, woodcuts, and bad puns. The editor offered to exchange with other papers, and fortunate were those who took him up, for the twelve issues are now a rare item worth at least \$85.

The day of departure of the excursion brought out a crowd of 5,000. All cars were decked with floral tributes, and each gentleman had been provided with an immense nosegay while the ladies had smaller but more elaborate bouquets. Two husky engines named "William Penn" and "Meteor", all over bunting and flowers, puffed up and hooked on. "All aboard for San Francisco!" shouted the conductor. Those words could not be considered commonplace, observed the *Transcontinental's* editor, since all Helen of Troy said to Paris was "yes" and look what that led to. People ran along the tracks beside the train for half a mile cheering lustily.

GIVEN right of way, the train fairly dashed along at 40 miles per hour. Such was the fame of the excursion that it drew crowds at almost every station. At various stops local merchants came aboard bearing gifts including a barrel of ale and two large boxes of chewing tobacco. At such overnight stops as Chicago, committees appeared with carriages to take the travelers on tours of the city and put them up in style at hotels. They were wined, dined and chronicled. At Council Bluffs a reporter on horseback accompanied the excursionists on their carriage drive, taking notes in the saddle and galloping back to the office to catch the edition.

East of Cheyenne the Indians were on the warpath, but the travelers were reassured when they saw from the windows a detachment of troops on guard along the line. No Indians halted the train, but once a multitude of grasshoppers on the tracks did. Farther west it was safe to leave the train and inspect geysers, field trips for which the more daring lady excursionists adopted the bloomer costume. No visitor to the train aroused more interest than the Mormon leader, Brigham Young,

who dined with the Bostonians. The patriarch informed them that he now had only sixteen wives and forty-nine living children. He added that he was 69 years old and had attended school in his boyhood no more than eleven days. Whereupon a Mr. Plumer, of the excursion party, was moved to remark that there was no telling what would have happened if Brigham had gone to school a full quarter.

Slowed only by hotboxes, the train hummed on. During the six-day journey to San Francisco there was never a dull moment. The writing desks always were filled, and a messenger boy in uniform was kept busy collecting letters. Frequent telegrams also were dispatched. "While traveling at 40 miles an hour," wired one of the trippers, "we enjoy all the luxuries of home, with music and botanizing at prairie stations. We unite in drinking your health."

Spirited games of euchre alternated with concerts in both the cars equipped with organs. In the train paper, half of a hopeful quartet advertised for a tenor and a bass. A train chorus was composed and rendered ringingly:

*Hurrah for a ride without jostle or jar,*

*Hurrah for a life on the iron bar,*

*Hurrah for a ride in a Pullman car.*

*Vive la compagnie!*

Was there any discordant note in all the jollity? Well, it must be recalled that there were six children along. While the excursion was a practical lesson in geography for them, as their parents pointed out, there is evidence that the little ones became restless. Small boys will be boys and girls ditto when cooped up during a train trip of a few hours, and this trip took twelve days. Reported the *Transcontinental*:

"Several children on the train and some of larger growth amused themselves last night in one of the saloon cars by playing leap-frog and other games. We are like one great family, full of fun and frolic, and having a good time."

The editor could not sustain that



optimistic note. Soon he was printing a suggestive statistic: "The State of Iowa claims to have 401,168 children." Maybe it only seemed like that many, but anyway there was room enough for them there in the great open spaces. Finally he became downright cross and scolded right out in print: "Do not interrupt an editor when he is writing. Kindly consider his feelings and thus indirectly oblige all subscribers who read his paper." Obviously some train-roaming moppet had climbed up on the back of the editorial chair and dropped orange peel down the editorial neck.

A passenger who had been left behind at Chicago pursued in a special train and overtook the excursion at Omaha. From the snow-covered Sierra Nevada mountains the excursionists wired home that they were all in good

health. Arriving at last at their destination, San Francisco, they were given an enthusiastic reception by an immense throng and greeted like pioneers which indeed they were. Though "rolling palaces", not covered wagons, had brought them, they had come all the way through from Boston in six days and without a change.

As the Bostonians and the San Franciscans kept saying to each other in speeches, the transcontinental railroad had blended all the States into one nation. To symbolize it a bottle of salt water from the Atlantic was poured into the Pacific, and some of the latter taken back to empty into the former, thus keeping the two oceans nicely balanced. The gold rush was long over, but San Francisco hospitality was sumptuous. At one of the parties, a Boston Board of Trade member prophe-

sied to his hosts that "in the future the orchards of California may prove more conducive to its fame and wealth than its auriferous deposits". He spoke in purest Bostonese, but he had something there.

The return was no less of a triumphal journey, with crowds out everywhere. Bringing out the last issue of the *Transcontinental*, the editor told his readers that on their return they would expend much time in answering the questions of their brethren of the Hub of the Universe.

That was sheer optimism. Undoubtedly questions asked the excursionists by friends and relatives who had stayed home ran pretty much as follows:

"Have a good trip? Fine. Now let me tell you what has been happening in Boston while you were away" . . .

## Miss Leighton

(Continued from page 7)

"Do you know the fellow?"

"I don't—but please ignore him."

"If you wish," the major nodded, "if you wish." He escorted Miss Leighton across the hall, and managed to tell her, in words he had used many times before, just how beautiful she was.

She acknowledged his compliment gracefully. Miss Leighton was very lovely, tall and poised. Some said she was a mysterious type of woman, ladies mostly, for when Miss Leighton smiled men saw little of mystery in her. Tonight, she was wearing a dress of orchid velvet, and her curls lay against it so innocently that Major Collins was filled with delight at her appearance. It was enough for him to be near her.

"You look like a child tonight," the major stammered.

"Thank you, sir."

But now, again, Miss Leighton's eyes were on the dark man, who was dancing so gracefully and easily, for all that her very presence here tonight had put his neck in the same gallows noose that lay about hers. He who had calmly ordered her so often to put her head in the lion's mouth while he crouched under the lion's claws, could not tonight even approach her. He could only signal desperately with his eyes, telling her that if she cared so little for her own life, she should at least remember the lives of those who had been her comrades.

Her very way of dancing, so lightly and gracefully, brought her memories of loneliness and fear. She, who looked like a child, had built her pride out of the fact that she had never been afraid. Yet tonight she was afraid.

"I anticipated your presence tonight," the major said to her. As a matter of fact, he had asked at least five persons whether Miss Leighton would be at the ball.

"May we dance?" Major Collins asked.

Now the dark man avoided Miss

Leighton's eyes scrupulously; but in the brief moment when their glances had met, she read all of his message. That was her profession, to see in a glance a world of warning and terror. The glance asked, who else was she planning to betray? Herself she had already betrayed.

She danced with Major Collins, but all the while her eyes sought frantically for a certain Captain David Andrews. The mask of her face was calm, but her eyes sought desperately.

That was the way it had to be for Miss Leighton—each action measured. She had made no mistakes before tonight. She knew of others in her clan who had made mistakes, once, twice. A hangman slipped a trap, and for them it was over. She was afraid tonight. Washington was cold and unfriendly and terrible. Creeping up from the Potomac was a wet, gray mist.

She looked up and into the eyes of Mr. Lincoln. They had danced close to the tall, homely man who was President. He smiled at Miss Leighton, and she broke the dance to drop a curtsy. When she rose, there were tears in her eyes.

"My dear," Major Collins said.

"It's nothing—I'm upset tonight," still watching the President and thinking, "God forgive me, I hated him."

"I'm an old man," Major Collins said suddenly, humble. "You're looking for Andrews. If you looked for me, just once, the way you look for him. . ."

Her pride was gone. "Will he be here?" she asked. "Please, tell me!"

"My dear, my dear Miss Leighton," the major said, leading her out of the dance, gallant, tender, the best of good fellows and good losers. "My dear Miss Leighton, I didn't know—lucky dog, damned lucky young dog."

"Will he be here?"

"Said he would," the major nodded gruffly.

Then it sang inside of her, David Andrews, Captain Andrews, David Andrews. She was disobeying orders;

she was endangering her own life and the lives of a hundred others. They were her kind; their lives were no more their own than hers was her own.

The small, dark man glanced at her. At first, his glance had been a threat; now it was a plea.

The cotillion was over, and the band struck up "Dixie". Long, long ago, she had heard a company of Jackson's men sing "Dixie" as they marched through the streets of Richmond. (Oh, I wish I were in the land of cotton.) Brave and bright and beautiful! But Jackson was dead and Richmond was taken. A fog rolled up from the Potomac, and the sun would never shine again.

Out of the cluster of small men, the President's head loomed up. She felt: "The song, it cuts him as it cuts me. If I could go to him now—" There was no one else she could go to, not even David Andrews.

"You know," Collins said, "Andrews accused me of making a fool of myself. The young dog—but I was."

"No!" She shook her head. "I didn't want to hurt you, believe me."

"I would believe you, Miss Leighton," the major said gallantly, "if you told me I was General Grant himself."

They walked toward the side of the room. Across the hall, the dark man laughed at his partner. "When a soldier disobeys orders," she thought, "his usefulness is over."

She was very tired.

"His damned impudence," Collins said. "Is he in love with you?"

"I don't know."

"He came to me and demanded a set of maps," Collins went on. "Number fourteen—that's a military district in Virginia. You wouldn't understand those matters, my dear. I told him it was none of his business, and then he showed me his papers, brought your name into it. Secret service, army intelligence—something of the sort. I

(Continued on page 30)



# Red AND Gun



**A jacklighter is a jackass if he thinks he can get away with it.**

**By Ray Trullinger**

THE warden was sleeping on a swayback couch which graces one corner of his slightly cluttered "office". One arm cradled his second-born, aged eleven months, and occupying a precarious position on the right side of the couch was a lean, briar-scarred pointer. Which of the two animals the warden cherishes most has been the topic of many neighborhood debates.

Aside from the dog, which opened a disapproving eye when we barged in, nobody paid any attention to our arrival.

"A fine way to be earning your salary," we spoke up. "Almost noon, and here you are, sleeping away the daylight hours like a tomcat. What'll I tell the Commissioner about these curious doings?"

The warden awakened, disentangled himself from baby and dog and felt the seat of his heir's pants before replying. Then he grunted. "That explains that," he announced, sleepily.

"I don't get it. What explains what?"

"My leaky waders," he replied. "I was having a lovely dream. I was fishing. And then, all of a sudden, my waders sprung a leak."

"The minor hazards of fatherhood," we answered him. "However, you're usually all wet anyway so a little moisture more or less won't make any difference. But that doesn't explain why you're pounding your ear at this time of day. How come?"

"I earned my day's pay long before sunup. Look under the couch."

A glance under the couch revealed five rifles and two shotguns, all with tags attached to the trigger guards. Scrawled across each tag was a name and address, followed by the notation: "Illegal night hunting."

"Jacklighters, eh?"

"Yep," he replied. "They never seem to learn. Wise guys, mostly from out-of-state. Picked up five since last week. Well, they're all wiser but somewhat poorer. The violator I grabbed last night coughed up around \$70 in fines and costs this morning and his guns will bring a nice price when they're auctioned off later on. That .32 Special with the trick sights will go for about \$100, and that Browning autoloader with the polychoke ought to fetch \$150. The shipyard boys with the heavy rolls sure bid 'em up these days."

So the Department of Fish and Game auctioned off confiscated guns, eh?

"Darn tootin'," replied the warden. "Brings in a tidy little total every year, too. The money goes into the conservation fund," he added.

"How about giving us the lowdown on this illegal jacklighting of deer?" we asked him. "It ought to make an interesting story for sportsmen all over the country. How do these guys operate, and who goes in for that sort of thing?"

"There isn't much I can tell you that isn't pretty well known," he replied, "but first let me change this kid. Darned if I don't wish there was some way to house-break a baby, same as a pointer pup."

He was back in a few minutes, munching a doughnut, his ever-faithful bird dog at his heels.

"As you know," he began, "it's no trick to 'jack' a deer. Any half-wit with a two-cell flashlight and a gun can kill a deer. A deer's eyes reflect light—you can shine 'em on any back road after dark in good deer country. The light dazzles 'em and the silly things stand there looking at you like a cow."

"What kind of guys do that sort of

hunting? And why?" we asked him.

"All kinds," he replied. "City sports who don't want to go home skunked and be kidded by the neighbors. Sporting camp operators, who, for business reasons, want their customers to take home a deer. Neighborhood outlaws, who hunt for the market. Such guys usually are the smartest operators, although they're all dumb, in my opinion. Eventually we catch 'em and it costs 'em plenty when we do. They generally have an understanding with some camp owner who isn't above breaking the law for business reasons. A nice buck in such instances will bring \$20 to \$30 these days and anything which dresses out 200 or better and carries a good rack of horns might fetch \$50 and a box or two of shells. I've even known a sport to swap a brand new rifle for a deer and pay cash, to boot.

"The smartest and hardest night hunter to catch generally is the local guy who knows his way around. Such fellows know where deer come out after dark; they usually pick a windy night for their operations and more often than not do their hunting with a .22."

A .22? Why a .22?

"Because that's all it takes to kill a deer at close range with a shot between the eyes or behind the ears. And when the wind is blowing you can't hear the report for more than a few hundred yards, if that far. Not only that," he continued, "but these guys do most of their jacking between sundown and eight o'clock, when most folks, including wardens, are busy with their evening chores or eating supper."

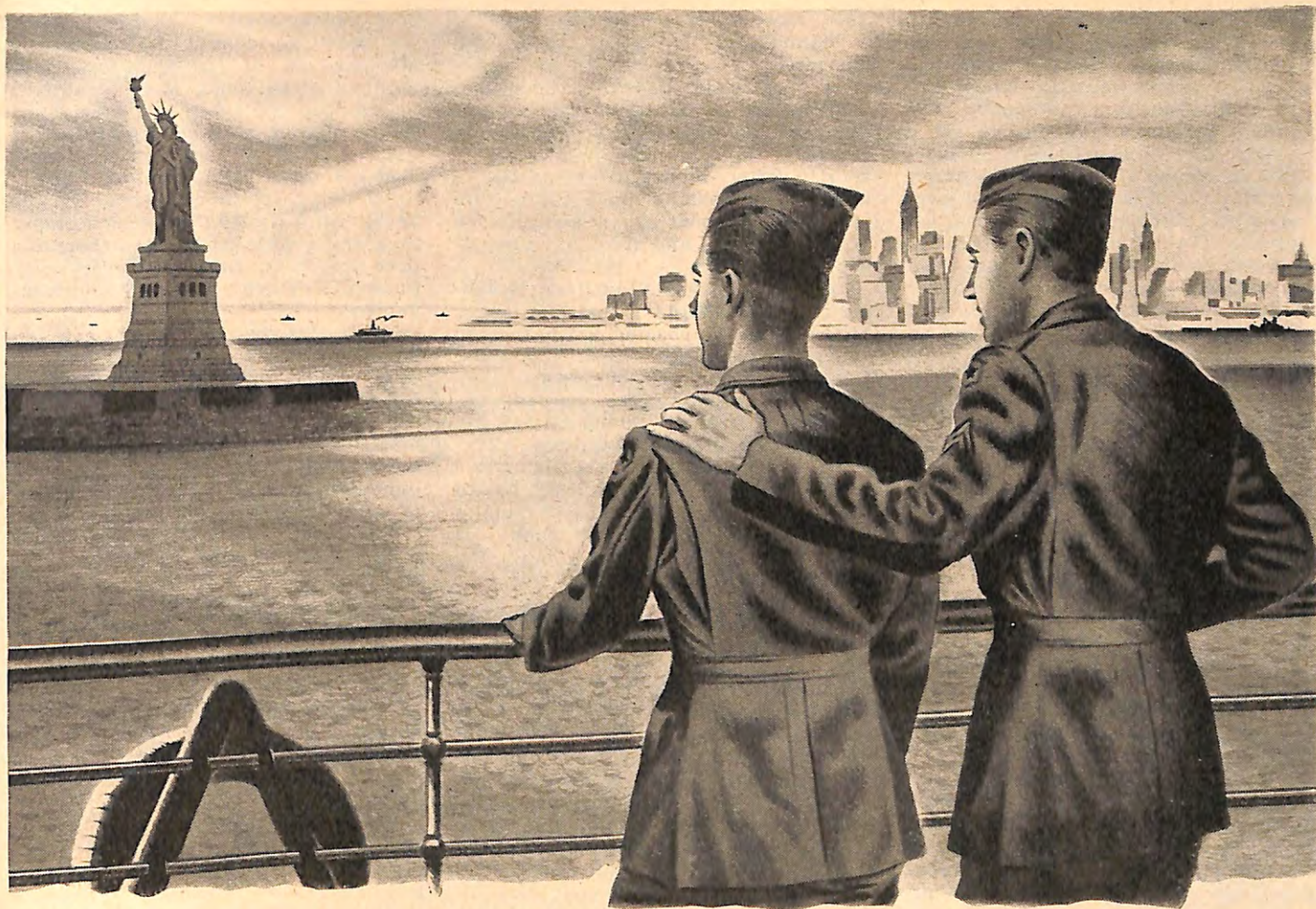
Tricks in every trade, eh?

"Yeah," he answered, "and sometimes they think up some pretty smart ones. I pinched a guy early this season who'd been getting by with a good gag. He'd pick up a girl friend in his car and the two of 'em would go out on a back road and park. I saw his car several times when I was prowling around at night and figured it was just another one of those back-road petting parties, which was exactly what he wanted me to think. What set me to wondering was the way he always parked his car. He'd back in off the road at right angles so his car always was pointing across an open field where a dozen or more deer came out every night to feed. It finally dawned on me that the guy was interested in something other than love-making. So one evening I hid my car about a mile away and sneaked up that back road on foot. Sure enough, this couple was parked, as usual. And every so often the fellow would flick on a spotlight, sweep the margin of the field briefly with its beam and then turn it off again. So I finally moved in and, sure enough, the guy had a loaded rifle across his knees. That was all the evidence I needed for a conviction."

Did it cost the guy plenty?

"Yeah," he replied, "it did. And in more ways than one. You see, this couple was married all right—but not to each other. And I don't believe their respective spouses ever believed it





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was an innocent night-hunting party."

The phone tinkled briefly and the warden answered. Some hunter had shot a bobcat and wanted to know how to go about collecting the bounty. The warden told him, urged him to get a few more and replaced the receiver.

"But of course all jacklighters aren't smart like the bird who combined love-making and night hunting," the warden resumed. "Take the guy I picked up last night, as an example. He was from out-of-state; the typical city slicker although dumber than most. This bird is really equipped to jack deer, and no foolin'. Instead of using his car spotlight or a two or three-cell flashlight, he buys himself one of those portable searchlights like fire chiefs use at a five-alarm blaze. There it is on my desk. It'll throw a brilliant beam a quarter of a mile. Probably cost him about twenty bucks."

"Maybe this guy was like the Indian who figured that if a little whiskey is

good, more is better," we suggested.

"Something like that," the warden answered. "No jacker with the brains of a goat would go out with such a contraption. A light like that can be seen for miles. Anyway, I'm rolling over the top of a hill in the jalopy shortly after midnight and notice a bright light flashing along the margin of a woodlot about a mile away. Then I heard a shot, and it wasn't any .22 pop, either.

"Well, well!" I said to myself, switching off the headlights. "Just like money in the bank!" I coasted down the hill and parked the bus.

"It didn't take me long to catch up with this monkey," the warden continued. "But first I located his car and let some air out of both rear tires."

"Just some?" we interrupted.

"Well," he replied, "maybe I let all the air out of his tires. Then I found a little spikehorn he'd just shot. He hadn't bothered to dress it out. Too

busy looking for another deer, I guess.

"Whatcha doin'?" I asked him, stepping out of the shadows, 'snipe huntin'?' The fellow was so startled he dropped his rifle. I stepped on it just in case he got a sudden idea.

"No, warden," he replied, "I wasn't. Just out for a little walk."

"I didn't figure you were," I came back. "All you need for that is a gunny-sack and a lantern. Besides, there's no open season on snipe this year and I know you wouldn't break the migratory game laws."

"Well, this chump is caught cold and he knows it and offers me fifty bucks to drive off and forget the whole business. But it's no dice. So he paid up in court this morning like a good boy, and lost his hunting license, the deer he'd jacked, two good guns and that trick \$20 spotlight. And was he burned when he had to pump up those tires last night!"

"My, you're sure full of cute little  
(Continued on page 40)

## Miss Leighton

(Continued from page 27)

told him I lost the maps and—"

"You told him that!" she cried.

"Why not? If you're worrying about me, my dear—"

"No, no. It doesn't matter."

The band played "Yankee Doodle". The South was in retreat. This was a time for rejoicing. They formed for a reel, but she didn't want to dance. When General Rutfield complained that the major was monopolizing her, she could find no lilting words to hold up her reputation as a lady of wit.

"I'd rather not dance," was all she could say.

"The Republic's loss," the general said gallantly.

The whole ballroom was tilting, topsy-turvy, this way and that way. A cabinet member demanded an introduction to her, and he spilled with many words that had no meaning. The major brought her an iced drink with lemon and bits of mint in it. A congressman joined her salon and told her how beautiful she was. Age gave him the right, he insisted.

"A childlike beauty, my dear," he said. "The possession of great ladies. I have seen it abroad, but it is a rarity here."

And she was telling herself only one thing: "He won't come. David won't come."

For three years she had been as strong as iron, and now she was weak and foolish and helpless.

The dark man glanced at her again. His plea had become desperate.

Looking at the tall man, the President, she had to repress an almost insane desire to go to Mr. Lincoln and cling to him as the one bit of strength and security in all that wide hall.

Then she saw David Andrews come into the room. He stopped, and his eyes began to search. She knew it was for her. In that instant, the music stopped and the world stopped.

Andrews, Captain Andrews, wasn't in dress uniform. He was out of place, or on duty—on active duty. He wore the dark blue of a soldier of the Republic and all around him was eggshell and shining white and gold braid and epaulets. But how badly they wore their dress uniform here, civilians putting on the garb of soldiers to fight. She hadn't thought of it that way before, but tonight everything was new.

Had it taken three years of learning every other skill to give her such a small portion of understanding?

Suddenly, she told herself: "It's not too late. You can go. You can still get out of this place. He hasn't seen you yet."

For a moment the impulse to flee was overpowering. In the eyes of the small dark man were her orders, plain to see and to read. And for three years she had obeyed orders—until it had become a part of her.

She had a brief vision of flight, what it would mean and how it could be accomplished. A certain boatman who had rowed others across the Potomac would take her too. There were farmhouses where she could hide in the attic. There were broad farm wagons to crouch in while the wheels trundled over the war-ruined southern roads. And then, in the end, she would be home. Home for always, because they knew her usefulness was over. All her hard-learned skills and subtleties were no good now. At home, she could rest, let the mask of her face drop, rest; how she needed that rest! She would find herself again.

The moment was over, and Captain David Andrews saw her. His face broke into that slow, puzzled smile that she knew and loved. The smile was his weapon, disarming her quickly. It took away all her carefully hoarded strength.

No one would ever know how she had fought to keep from loving him.

She smiled back at him, her heart beating savagely. He had only to look at her breast, and how could he help knowing that her heart was wrenching the life out of her?

Her tricks were forgotten, her art, her skill. Her black curls lay on the shoulders of a girl.

She begged Major Collins to excuse her. They were playing a waltz now. He pleaded, "But I was counting on this dance, this one dance, Miss Leighton."

"Please, another time."

There would be no other time. With sudden insight, the major nodded and hurried away.

As she stood there, the President came by, walking slowly, pausing for a moment beside her.

"Miss Leighton—"

She had been introduced to him only once. How was it he remembered her? She dropped a curtsy and said, "Good evening, Mr. President."

"I must thank you," he said.

"But why?"

"You brought memories. When we remember the good things, I think we are the happiest."

Then he went on. "The good things," she whispered to herself. In the mist, the boat would steal across the Potomac. In his tall, bent ugliness he made her want a thousand things that could never be hers.

Captain Andrews bowed. Taller than she, he stood over her, saying, "I thought I knew how you would look tonight. All the way here I was making a picture for myself of how you would look. But you are different—always."

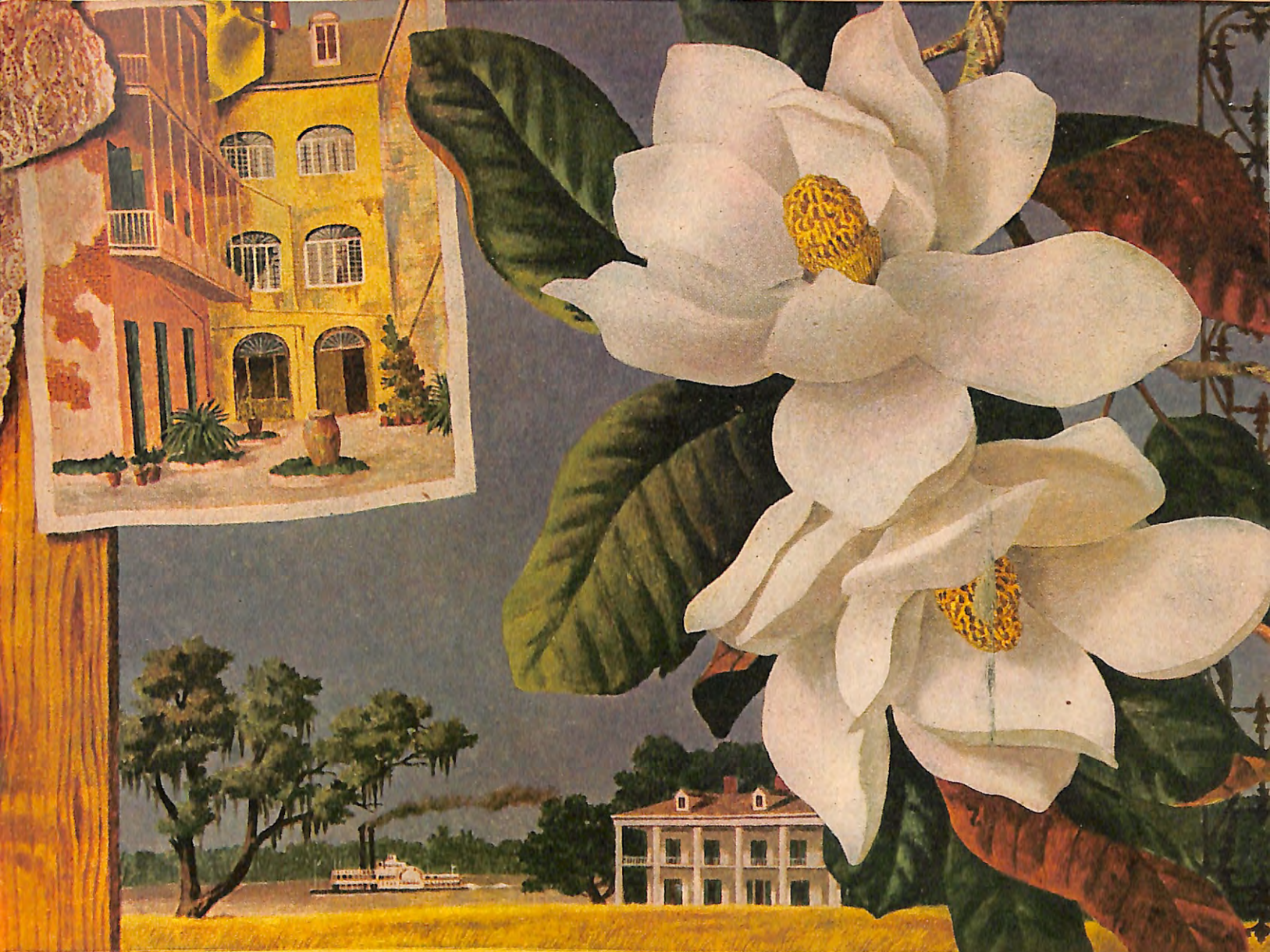
"Thank you," she said softly.

"I don't know whether I meant it as a compliment."

It was hard for her to speak; her throat was tight and hot.

"I was hoping—that you wouldn't be





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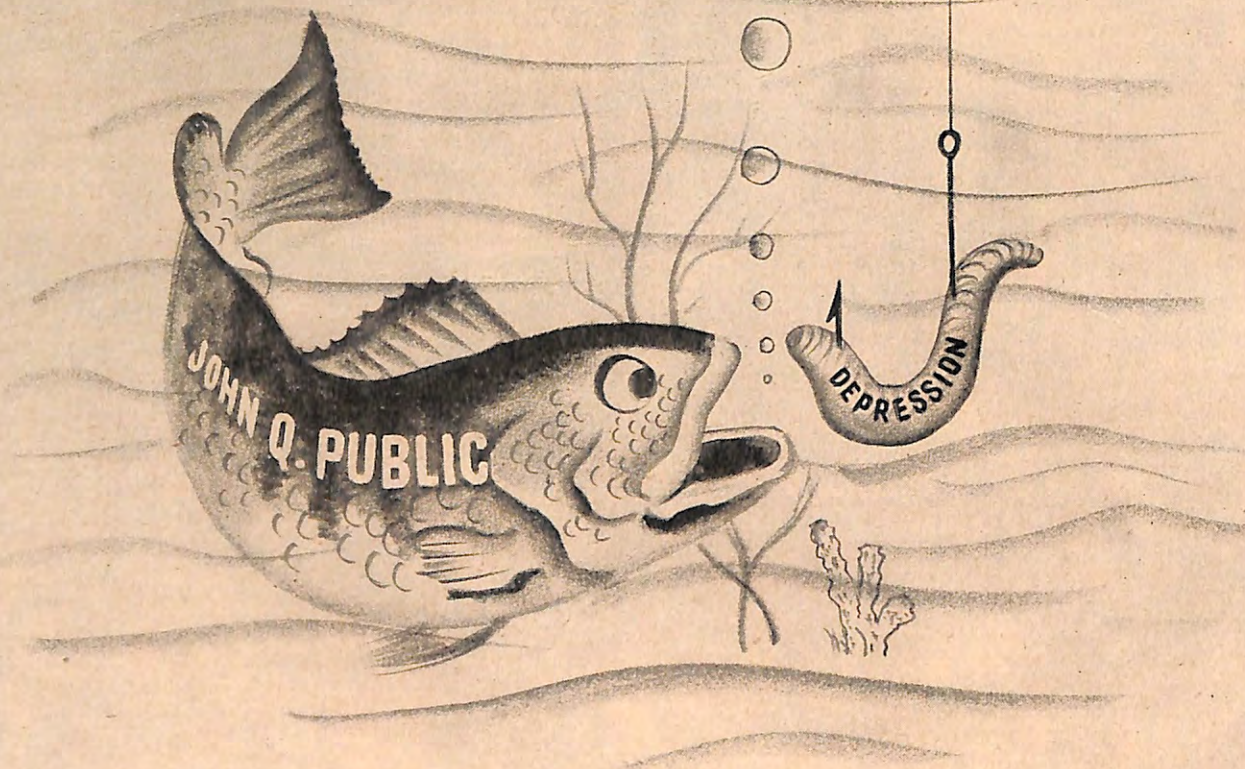
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here," he said, looking down at her.

"That's not very gallant."

"I am not trying to be gallant, Miss Leighton." He had stopped smiling, and his face was grave and puzzled. "I saw the President speak to you," he said, adding, before she could speak, "You charm even him."

"Captain Andrews," she whispered, "that's the cruelest thing you have ever said to me."

"I'm sorry. Shall we dance?"

She nodded. There was no more space for words.

He danced badly. Whirling around the room, they passed close to a small, dark man who danced brilliantly—so close to him that Miss Leighton could hear him say, "I must go right after this, really, it's so late."

Miss Leighton stared at her partner's face, but either he had not heard the words or they had meant nothing to him. That was best. She was glad that no one else would have to suffer for her own madness.

When the waltz had finished, they walked toward some potted palms that fringed a pair of French doors. The doors opened onto a balcony.

"Will you go outside?" Captain Andrews asked her.

"There's a mist."

"You're not afraid of the mist?" he smiled.

As they stepped out to the balcony, the band struck up "Dixie" again.

"They keep playing that tonight," she said.

Captain Andrews nodded.

"It's a southern song. It can't mean anything to them. Why do they keep playing it?"

For a while they stood and listened, and then Andrews put his hands on her shoulders, turned her and looked at her face. She made no effort to resist. Her face was stilled; there was an expression on it he had never seen there before.

Underneath the balcony was an empty fog-layered street, and beyond the street, faintly through the mist, came a glitter of the still Potomac. Moonlight on the half-hidden river was soft as silk.

"What is it?" she asked him quietly.

He let go of her shoulders and walked away from her to the edge of the balcony. He remained there, leaning on the rail. Miss Leighton took a step after him, then stopped. The broad, bent back belonged to a stranger.

She knew that in the hall inside the small, dark man would be leaving. In a book he carried, there was a name, not "Miss Leighton". And he would cross that name out, carefully and precisely.

From far away, through the mist from the banks of the Potomac, came the notes of an army bugle pounding "taps".

"How much strength can a woman have?" she wondered.

Now she recalled her first meeting with this man who was Captain David Andrews. It had been another state ball, one very similar to tonight. The

moment she had entered the hall, then, she was conscious of his eyes fixed on her, his smile. From the first, he had been awkward and possessive and humble all at once, a big long-legged, long-armed New England Yankee. He was a new man, a strange man, a Boston Abolitionist who knew Emerson and Thoreau as gods. He was all that she should have despised; but instead of hatred there was love.

No one would know how she had tried to hate him.

For one month, they were together, everywhere. Four years of the war had put a rock inside of him, and in one month she dissolved that rock.

Now Captain Andrews turned and looked at her. He kept his gray eyes on her, fumbling for his pipe, filling it, striking the match. The flare of the match lit a face that was old and lined.

That was the only hope she had had all this evening. It was as hard for him as for her.

He spoke aimlessly, picking his memories from here and there. "Taps—I never hear it but that it gets inside of me, deep inside. I heard them play taps once for a company, a whole company wiped out and dead—seventy-three boys who didn't want to fight and didn't want war, but they had died. It was my company, and a spy had trapped them. Before that, I thought one could be a spy and honorable. They hanged that spy, but it didn't bring my company back."

"I thought, Captain Andrews," she said painfully, "that we might not speak of the war tonight. There are other things we can speak of. I am tired of war."

Then she added, "If this is the last time for us to be together and speak—"

He was smiling.

"Why are you laughing at me?" she cried.

"I wasn't laughing. I was merely paying tribute to your great abilities. Why should this be our last time together?" He was puffing casually now, blowing clouds of smoke over his face. And behind the smoke was a man she had never known. You do not get to know a man in a month—or a woman either.

"Captain Andrews," she said.

"You are trembling," he said quietly.

"It's cold for April—colder here than it is in the South. Shall I get your wrap?"

Was he giving her a chance or tormenting her? What could she say to him? Her pride was gone; she had no shame and no strength.

"No," she whispered.

"Shall I leave you alone for a while?"

"No."

"Your wrap, surely."

"Does it make you happy to do that?" she asked. "Don't you see that I love you?"

He took the pipe out of his mouth and stared at her, as if he were weighing the question with complete detachment. He pursed his lips and stared at the bowl of his pipe. Over his head and beyond him, the moon was emerging



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clear and fine. It meant that the mist over the river was dissolving. It meant that the last way had been closed to her.

"What are you thinking?" she said. "Nothing very important, I'm sure, Miss Leighton. I was in love once, but that's not very important, is it, Miss Leighton?"

She was clinging to straws, desperately. "Isn't there forgiveness in anyone, Captain Andrews? I used to hate him, but when I saw him tonight, I didn't hate him. Then he came over and spoke to me." Her words were meaningless; she couldn't comprehend now how she had carried on for three years. "That won't work, Miss Leighton," he said.

"I'm not trying to trick you," she said hopelessly.

He shrugged, walked to the French doors and laid a hand on the knob, turned back to the railing. The pipe had gone out, and he lit it again.

"Do you know what's out there?" he asked her, pointing south, across the river.

He turned back to her, the pipe clenched in his teeth. She stood as before, shorn of all her mask and possession. She was herself, but he wouldn't know. He would watch and parry and wait for a trick.

"I'm beaten," she said simply. "That's all. So tell me, and that will be the end of it."

He took out the pipe and knocked the red coal from it. The music inside had stopped, and there lingered a stillness bound in tendrils of lifting mist.

"I still hoped, tonight, Miss Leighton," he told her. "You will not believe that because such things are not a part of your world or your code or your understanding. I hoped that you would tell me, at least try to explain. Believe me, it was hard for me to come here tonight and face you, beautiful as you are, and say what I have to say."

"I told you that I love you," she whispered. Pride was gone and shame was gone. "Could I tell you any more than that? Could I humble myself any more?"

"Do you know why they sent me to Washington?" he asked.

"I think I know, Captain Andrews." "I was a new face. Also, as they made plain to me, I was disarming. There was a woman here who was the cleverest spy of the Confederacy. I was told to find that woman."

"You are a brave man, Captain." He ignored her irony. "They told me she was very clever and strong as iron." "And you believed that, Captain Andrews, that a woman can be strong?"

"I was given my orders." "So you made love to her." "Yes, Miss Leighton," he said, almost fiercely, "I made love to her. Because I hate spies and everything they stand for, I made love to her. But I wasn't strong as iron. I fell in love with her, and I was fool enough to believe that she loved me—fool enough to deny that I had traced her and discovered who she was. I disobeyed my orders. I was as vile as she was."

"As vile as she was," Miss Leighton repeated. The spell was passing, and in hate there would be strength. Before she had pitied him, but one word had destroyed the pity. The small, dark man was gone and all she had worked for for three years was broken and destroyed. The one word was like a canker, and when it destroyed love, nothing would be left.

All this she had done for him, for Captain Andrews who had so gallantly pitted himself against a woman.

"Go ahead, Captain Andrews," she said. "There is no reason why you should spare me."

A roar of sound had broken out inside the ballroom. The band was playing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". But the two on the balcony were alone and beyond hearing.

"I have no desire to spare you, Miss Leighton," he said. "I loved you and I thought that you loved me, and for that reason I disobeyed my orders. I believed in you."

"Thank you, Captain Andrews." "I believed as much as any man can believe—or more. I closed my eyes to my duty."

"There is nothing else in the world but duty, Captain Andrews," she said. "Only duty for a man. Only to kill and be killed. What fools you are with your wars! What children! Don't ever forgive or understand, Captain Andrews. That would be a greater evil than neglecting your duty."

He went on as if he had not heard her. "I closed my eyes and my ears. I knew that you had been twice to General Harvey's rooms. And how many times to the rooms of that fool, Collins? I didn't want to believe. I said to myself, you loved me enough to give up all that rottenness. But then there were the maps—number fourteen, stolen from Collins; number twelve, stolen from Harvey while you made love to him—"

"Do you believe that?" "It no longer matters what I believe. We picked up your man this morning in Virginia. He had the papers with him. They ordered me to arrest you tonight." "It's your duty, Captain Andrews," she said, almost lightly.

He nodded, and Miss Leighton walked to the railing of the balcony and leaned against it. In the faint moonlight that came through the curtained French doors, she was more beautiful than Captain Andrews had ever realized.

Perhaps he also realized that she was not afraid any more. Her fear had vanished and the old, old calm had come over her. Because of a word he spoke, all things were gone—except for love. She would love him; she couldn't cast it off as one does an old coat.

He was not iron. "Why didn't you tell me yourself?" he begged her.

"It wouldn't have mattered." He shook his head, as if he were completely at a loss to understand her calm.

"We were both caught in it," she said. "What could I tell you? You were doing your duty; perhaps I was doing mine. We had a plantation, houses, stock, crops—all that went with

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a plantation before the war."

"And slaves," he said.

"And slaves. It was our way of life. Then the plantation became mine. My father was killed by your people. And then I began to hate. Don't try to understand why I became like that. It was my land. You wouldn't know—what it means to have your land invaded, your home plundered and destroyed. I wanted a way to strike back."

He shook his head dumbly. "Why didn't you tell me, Miss Leighton?"

"Because I learned not to hate. I never wanted you to know. I think that man, your President, knew tonight. He said I gave him some memories. You said I was made of iron, but the last bit of iron he took away."

The pipe drooped in his hands. "Why didn't you go away, Miss Leighton?"

She called him by his name for the first time. "I wanted to see you, David."

"But you knew?"

"I knew, and I was afraid. Frightened like a little girl, like I used to be frightened at night, when I couldn't sleep. But now, I'm not afraid."

She took a crumpled bit of paper out of her dress and handed it to him. He smoothed it out, holding it up in the faint light, so that he might read:

"They intercepted Robbins with the maps. Warrant for your arrest out. Seven has a boat at south landing and horses on Virginia shore. Make no contacts and burn all papers."

"My God," he whispered.

"You see, I did know, David."

"You waited for me."

"Tell me I'm not vile, David, not completely vile."

"God forgive me," he said.

"I didn't want to hurt you, David."

He nodded; he stood wrapped in a shame that would be his forever.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered.

They stood against the rail. The mist had lifted, and the Potomac was a silver ribbon in the moonlight. They heard the doors to the hall, the doors to music and cheering, open, and they turned to see the tall, homely man step out.

He was wrapped in his shawl; he was cold and tired, and he had come here seeking some place where he could be alone. They saw how deep the lines of sorrow and weariness were etched in his face. As if all their own bitterness and regrets were there, placed over manifold layers of memory.

Then he noticed them, and he smiled at Miss Leighton.

"I thought you had gone."

"No—" she whispered.

"It is late for children, very late."

They went to him slowly, hesitantly, and Captain Andrews said, "Sir, please, if I could ask something—"

"There is nothing to ask," Lincoln said quietly. "Lee has surrendered his army today, and it's over now. There is nothing now but forgiveness, if men and women can forgive. If your work is over, Captain Andrews, take Miss Leighton and go away."

Captain Andrews led Miss Leighton back into the hall, leaving the tall man alone in the moonlit night.



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# In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Mr. F. is rabid on the subject of rabies

**R**IGHT now in the eastern part of the United States our friend Fido has become a critter of deep concern to the gendarmes of many communities. In fact he has big, overgrown New York City sitting up nights worrying about him—and his sister. Now this is not without reason because there have been discovered here and there in and about Manhattan a few locoed purps whose bites carried the germs of that dreadful malady, rabies. Hence the constabulary there and in other places as well are on the prowl more than ever to pick up loose dogs. It may seem inconsistent with what I've previously written in these pages to the effect that rabies is a rare disease, to say that in many places it has become epidemic, but that's precisely the case. The reason for this is that it is one of the most highly contagious diseases known. It can start with a single dog biting one or two others and they in turn biting still others and before you know it, it becomes a serious problem wherever it originates. I may add that only the slightest nip is all that is needed to begin the epidemic. Already in greater New York many dogs and people have been bitten and infected. One woman there, bitten by her own house pet, died. Please get me right, I'm not writing this as a knock against Fido. On the contrary, it's because I sincerely care for dogs that these facts are cited. I hope that they may influence certain folk who may carelessly permit their dogs to run loose and thus expose them to hydrophobia. If not checked in time by proper treatment this disease can result in one of the most agonizing forms

of death known. In a congested area the danger becomes all the greater hence the enforcement of laws against the stray dog is the more strict. In most cases the prompt administration of the anti-rabic treatment—injections given by a doctor—will prevent the disease from developing. But if the bite is neglected and rabies gains headway, there is no known cure for it. It can only be transmitted by a bite which permits saliva from the animal's mouth to enter the blood stream, but so powerful is the poison that, as stated above, it only requires the slightest bite to cause infection. In New York it has been found necessary to extend the anti-rabies quarantine to cover the entire city. Responsibility for apprehending stray dogs has been delegated to the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. From the period beginning October 16th, 1944, to December of that year, 3,119 dogs were seized. Of these 2,771 were destroyed. Now this doesn't mean that all of the last named purps were found to have hydrophobia—not by a long shot. It simply was necessitated by the fact that the owners of those dogs, where any were owned, did not come forward to claim their pets and it is obviously impossible for the Society or the city to maintain a kennel of that many dogs. Pretty tough? Yes, but the fault lies entirely with those people who allowed their dogs to wander at will. Of all the dogs taken only 218 were licensed. Again to cite New York, the law or ordinance requires that all stray dogs seized must be claimed by their owners within forty-eight hours. It



further reads that where claimed, the owner must pay for board and lodging for his dog for a six-months' isolation period. Perhaps you remember reading a sob story of "Queenie", a dog owned by a boy living in greater New York who was unable to pay for that quarantine upkeep for his pet. After the story broke in the newspapers hundreds of dollars poured into the Society's office, far more than was necessary to get Queenie out of hock.

So seriously did the City Fathers regard rabies that in 1934 a law was passed requiring all dogs to be kept on leash when outdoors and the penalty for failure to observe this law is no less than a \$500 fine. Whether or not such a heavy fine has ever been imposed I don't know. In my own town where I live close to the city the maximum fine is \$50.

You may wonder why the quarantine should be extended to six months. There's good reason for this. You see, there is no test that tells whether or not a dog has become infected until the dog is dead and its brain has been examined. The only safe way has been to keep the dog under observation for the six-months' period. A dog bitten by one that has hydrophobia may not develop the disease for as long as two weeks or even six months. During that time the bitten dog may appear perfectly normal and healthy. As the poison filters into the brain the dog's saliva becomes more and more loaded with the virus and even before any symptoms appear the bite from such a dog can transmit the disease. As I've described it before in your magazine, there are two forms of rabies—the active and the inactive. The first is marked by extreme excitement, a furious rushing around and blind snapping at anybody or anything in the dog's path. Short intervals of rest space out these periods. The second form, the inactive rabies is perhaps the more dangerous because it is so deceptive. In this the dog appears unusually quiet to the point of sulkiness. It may seek dark corners and seem only to be sick. But the bite of Fido afflicted with this form of heebie-jeebies is just as potentially deadly as that of the purp that has the active type of this disease. In both forms the climax is paralysis followed by death. The Health Department of New York City advises that if you should be bitten by a dog, no matter what the dog's condition, first WASH the wound thoroughly under running water to remove all traces of the dog's saliva. Next go to the nearest doctor at once for cauterization and treatment. He alone will decide whether or not you should receive the anti-rabic injections. The latter, of course, can prevent the disease from developing in you. If in your city there are anti-rabic stations maintained by your local Board of Health you can very likely get treatments free. But don't permit the thought of spending a few dollars for doctor fees keep you from getting immediate treatment. The ultimate cost can be far greater if by chance you

have been bitten by an infected dog. Yes, even your life may be at stake. The nearer the wound is to the brain, the quicker the disease develops because the poison always seeks the brain. Head and neck wounds of this sort are particularly malignant. In certain foreign countries where rigid quarantine laws are enforced rabies is practically unknown. England for example has not had a single case of rabies since 1922 and in that country no foreign dog is permitted to enter without first being quarantined for six months. In Sweden where laws affecting dogs are equally strict, no trace of rabies has been recorded since 1886.

To repeat, I don't write this as a knock against our four-legged friend but on the contrary I deal with the subject entirely from the standpoint of the dog's own good.

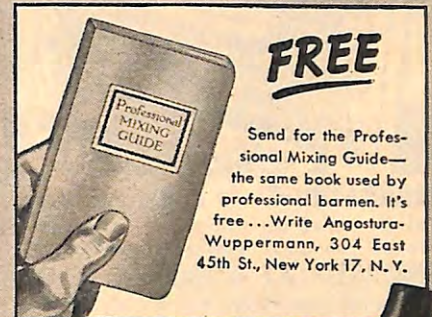
No one who assumes to understand dogs and truly like them is in favor of permitting them to gallop all over the landscape unrestrained. The ownerless dog that is picked up by the dog catcher is unfortunately the innocent victim of those folks who do own dogs and permit them to stray.

Oddly enough, many people who may take the trouble to license their dogs seem to think that the license is also a permit for the dog to wander where it will. Such reasoning carried further would then permit the holder of an automobile license to drive his car anywhere or any way he likes—right smack into your front door. Yes, the loose dog can be a source of danger even to life itself—its own life or that of anyone he or she may encounter and as a destroyer of property can and does do untold damage. Now let me soften this diatribe on rabies and point out that there's a whale of a difference between a dog so afflicted and one that is simply flinging a fit. The rabied dog does *not* foam at the mouth. Instead his saliva drools. Nor does he always gallop across the scene in a mad way as I've indicated a few paragraphs back. The pooch that has a fit may foam at the mouth and will go rocketing around. But his or her bite under such conditions is no more dangerous than any similar wound requiring anti-septic treatment. All needed for such a bite is that the bitten part be sterilized, kept clean and bandaged if necessary. The dog should be taken under control, soothed if possible and if the fit is prolonged should be confined to a quiet, darkened place until the vet arrives. Fits can be caused by a number of things among them, extreme fear, nervousness, worms, indigestion, etc., but they are definitely not a potential death maker for the person who may be bitten. Too often, unfortunately, many poor dogs are hastily killed by panic stricken people who mistake any kind of fit for rabies.

I'll say this again and again—and once more, every dog should be kept on a leash for the protection of not only the dog but its owner. Likewise, every dog should be licensed. The latter provides a sure means of identification

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should the dog break loose, get lost and picked up by police or dog catcher.

In certain foreign countries laws pertaining to dogs are national but then those are nations much smaller in area than the United States. In Uncle Sammy's bailiwick dog laws are matters for the various states and in many cases the various communities within the states. In every state the law obliges every dog owner to take out an annual license for his or her dog—for each dog he or she may own. However, the requirements are not the same for every state; in some, dogs younger than six months are exempt; in others four months may be the limit while still other states insist that all dogs be licensed from puppyhood onward. The latter means from the day they are born. Not only is a license a means of identification for the owner who may lose his dog but it also definitely fixes responsibility for that dog. Liability for the dog's actions or whatever damage it may do to another's property is placed squarely on the owner OR who ever harbors the dog whether owner or not.

In nearly all states custom holds that a dog may be killed if attacking persons or livestock and this without liability on the part of the killer if he or she can prove a case against the dog. But in many states it is held that the dog is entitled to one bite. This ruling is for the protection of the owner to exempt him or her from legal damages if he or she has no previous knowledge of the dog's viciousness. To have such knowledge therefore, the dog must actually have bitten someone and that fact be known to the dog's owner or person who habitually shelters the dog.

For the sake of the record I want to add that the mere fact that Mr. or Mrs. Dog Owner has NOT taken out a license for the dog by no means exempts that owner from liability for damage done by that dog to another person or another's property. In fact

in certain instances it may increase the legal headache for that owner. The degree of responsibility varies but it's by no means always safe for an owner to assume that if there is a sign posted giving warning that the resident pooch is dangerous the owner is immune from such responsibility. The person the dog may bite may be one whose regular duty it is to visit those premises in the course of delivering mail, reading gas or other household meters, etc. To digress for a moment—your reporter as a kid was briefly and unhappily employed by a water company to read meters and I can recall that one of the first things handed to me along with my meter record book was a leather sandbag. When getting that job I viewed it as a happy event but my enthusiasm vanished when I was told that there were several vicious dogs housed along my route and that curious addition to my equipment—the sandbag—was my only defense if or when attacked. Several days later I met one of those canine villains. I thought at the time that he was a cross between a great Dane and a Bengal tiger. He gave me no time to use my weapon but it took more time than I could afford for the lady of the house to sew my pants.

Perhaps the only time that Sir Pooch or his owner is held free from legal guilt when attacking a stranger is when that person is willfully idling on the owner's property or is plainly there to do some damage. Another exemption too may be when a stranger attempts to enter another person's home at night under suspicious circumstances.

To return to the subject of rabies for a moment I want to say that few, very, very few show dogs have ever been afflicted with that disease. Can you guess why? Right. It's because with rare exception they are never permitted to wander loose but instead are carefully restrained to their kennels—and this because they are valued property.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 24)

on which the Board was erected, will be landscaped by the city's Park Department.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.** Outdoing itself again—an old story out California way—San Francisco Lodge No. 3 bought more than three times its quota of War Bonds in the Sixth War Loan Drive, parting with about \$160,000 to do so. This information came to us from Secretary Arthur J. Mangin, Lodge Chairman Peter Tarantino, and Committee Secretary Henry Warkheim. A \$30,000,000 quota for the State membership was handled by the California State Elks Association Committee headed by Joseph M. Kidd who is No. 3's Exalted Ruler.

The San Francisco Elks' traditional Christmas Jinks brought out the usual capacity crowd. Big-name artists from the ranks of the lodge's membership took part in the festivities; W. N. Kindel was Chairman. The Exalted Ruler dedicated a special group of patriotic vocal and instrumental numbers to our Armed Forces, including the three hundred

members of San Francisco Lodge who are in the Services.

**MONTPELIER, VT.** Never let it be said that *The Elks Magazine* doesn't give credit where credit is due!

In the story of the meeting of the Vermont State Elks Association, published in the December issue, Montpelier Lodge No. 924 was not mentioned as one of the benefactors of the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children which is maintained by the Vermont Elks. We hasten to rectify this omission and record in our columns the fact that Montpelier Lodge donated \$200 as its contribution to further the magnificent job being done by the Elks of this New England State.

**FARGO, N. D.** Before he left Fargo to be consecrated as Bishop of the Covington, Ky., diocese, Bishop-elect William T. Mulloy was presented with a life membership in Fargo Lodge No. 260. About 400 members were present in the lodge



room to honor him and witness the presentation, which was made by former Governor L. B. Hanna, a Past President of the N. D. State Elks Association.

### 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.

**ELKS NATIONAL HOME.** The way Christmas was observed at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., left nothing to be desired. Not one of the 250 Elks there was forgotten.

Superintendent Robert A. Scott and his assistants decorated the rooms with wreaths and holly, and the sadness felt by many of the residents who have sons, grandsons and other close relatives overseas, was offset by the peaceful atmosphere and the festivities of the Holiday. On Christmas Eve, the Rev. A. W. Potts of the Methodist Church at Bedford brought his choir to the Home to sing Christmas Carols.

The program for Christmas Day began when breakfast was served, with cigars, tobacco and greeting cards at each plate. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Scott took his place beside the Christmas tree to give out the presents and large baskets of fruit, candy and nuts.

The dinner hour was a delight. As the full-course meal was served, with more cigars at every plate, Mrs. Jeff D. Smith sang several lovely Christmas songs. Then movies were shown in the auditorium on the grounds. All in all, it was a pretty full and extremely pleasant day.

**N. J. STATE ELKS ASSN.** At the second quarterly meeting of this Association on December 10 at the home of Atlantic City Lodge No. 276, the impressive report of the War Activities Committee of the Association was the main feature. Daniel J. Honan, Past President of the Massachusetts State Elks Assn., addressed the gathering, praising the magnificent efforts of this Committee.

The tremendous amount of work this group of Elks has accomplished during the year, under the leadership of Chairman A. M. Herman and William J. McCormack, has been reported often in these pages. However, it should be mentioned here that in the twelve weeks prior to the meeting, seventeen visits had been made to Service hospitals by the War Activities Unit, together with its hostess group and entertainers. On these visits, gifts and cigarettes (secured with great difficulty) were distributed to the wounded.

The report of the Committee further showed a renewed drive for blood donors and the adoption of letter-writing and other campaigns sponsored by the Elks War Commission.

President Russell L. Binder, of Hackensack Lodge No. 658, presided at the meeting. George A. Kee, Exalted Ruler of No. 276, welcomed the delegates, and William F. Casey, Atlantic City Commissioner and a Past Exalted Ruler of the lodge, extended the official city welcome.

Memorial Services were held for members of the Association who died during the year, with the memorial address being given by Chain Sandler, Est. Lecturing Knight of Atlantic City Lodge.

**HARRISBURG, PA.,** Lodge, No. 12, reports what must have been a very busy evening. The meeting was an observance of Honor Roll Night, beginning with a dinner honoring D.D. H. Earl Pitzer, of Gettysburg Lodge, new members and visitors, and ending with a vaudeville show. In the interim, 74 candidates were initiated and talks were given by Mr. Pitzer, E.R. Donald S. Davidson and William H. Neely. The District Deputy told the members what an active Elk lodge can mean to a community, while Mr. Neely's talk was of particular interest to the new Elks. Est. Lead. Knight William J. Kirby reported on the outcome of the lodge's Dog Show, which we are sure must have been a howling success.

Other matters taken up were plans for distribution of turkey dinners to the Home for Friendless, Sylvan Heights Orphanage and the Industrial Home, and a memorial service for the late William K. Meyers, a Past Exalted Ruler of Harrisburg Lodge.

**WINDSOR, VT.** The Elks are really Meyers, a Past Exalted Ruler of Harland, Vermont's newest Elks lodge, No. 1665, was instituted on December 17th at Windsor by Massachusetts' Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke of Boston, State Pres. George Steele of Gloucester, and Past State President William F. Hogan of Everett. The other members of Mr. Malley's suite hailing from Vermont, were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier; E.R. Raymond E. Sinclair, Brattleboro, State President; 1st State Vice-Pres. G. Herbert Moulton, St. Johnsbury; Past Presidents Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, and Joseph T. McWeeny, Bellows Falls; State Trustee Andrew P. Morrison, Springfield, and P.D.D. Patrick J. Kaney, Hartford. Seven of Vermont's lodges have been sponsored by Mr. Bowers who is one of the most popular Elks of the State.

Three hundred enthusiastic Elks from all over Vermont and from nearby New Hampshire and Massachusetts lodges showed up for the ceremonies in the Windsor High School auditorium. Thirty-six new Elks were initiated by D.D. Lawrence F. Heaphy and the officers of Brattleboro Lodge No. 1499. Mr. Malley's, Mr. Burke's and Mr. Heaphy's remarks were received graciously, and then the Elks transferred their attention to a chicken-pie dinner.

**REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.** Hailing from all parts of the country—even from New York, Philadelphia and Boston—600 members of the Order turned up to help Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378 celebrate its 25th Anniversary on December 5. Santa Monica Lodge sent 94 members, including the band and glee club.

The Jubilee was planned by P.D.D. Victor D. McCarthy, with the assistance of officers and members of No. 1378. The guests partook of meat and drink from six in the evening until E.R. David E. Proctor opened lodge shortly after eight.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, a Past Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge, praised the lodge he helped institute for its vigorous participation in so many worthwhile activities and for its hospitality and large membership. He commented on the splendid financial condition of the lodge. We must admit that it is sitting pretty—what with a comfortable home, \$40,000 in War Bonds, no debts and money in the bank besides.

L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum, presented "Award of Merit" certificates to six members and delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. For all California lodges State President Stephen A. Compas congratulated the Redondo Beach Elks, while District Deputy William J. Goss brought greetings from Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett.

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## CONSERVE PAPER

# Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 30)

tricks, aren't you?" we chided him. "Oh, I know a few," he replied. "You can't be in this business long without learning something. Now take that rainy, blowy night last week when we picked up four fellows. It was an ideal night to go jacking and I figured some of the natives would be working the back roads. So shortly after supper me and another warden rode out to a likely place and parked off the road. Pretty soon a car came along. There were four guys in it, so we trailed this bus with our lights out. Every now and then the car would stop and a spotlight would sweep a field or woodlot. Twice we almost lost 'em in the darkness and once we hit a guardrail along the road. That explains the crumpled right front fender on my car."

"I was wondering about that," we interrupted.

"Finally," continued the warden, "they shined a deer and dropped off one guy with a flashlight and gun. Then the other three guys drove on in the car and we followed."

"About two miles down the road the jackers' car stopped again and a guy poked a rifle through the window and touched off a shot. He got his deer, all right, and then we moved in and grabbed 'em. They had three guns in the car and that was that. But we wanted that fourth guy. The jackers denied there was a fourth guy—claimed

we were nuts, that there only were three in the party.

"Okay," I said, "there isn't any other guy. But just in case there is, we'll drive down to where this road joins the highway and see what shows up." So we dressed out the doe they'd killed, tossed it over a fender and drove down to the highway. I was pretty certain that guy, whoever he was, would get awfully sick of wandering around on a dark back road, late at night, with the rain running down the back of his neck and no chance to get home."

"What happened?" we questioned. "Just what I figured would happen," replied the warden. "This monkey went over to a farm and phoned down to the village for a taxi to come out and pick him up. There wasn't any other way he could get home at that time of night, barring a 100-to-1 chance someone would come along and give him a lift."

"Well, pretty soon a taxi passed our parked car, headed up this back road, and in fifteen minutes it came back and ran into a sort of road block. And out of that taxi we pulled the wettest, most surprised guy you ever saw. That made the four of 'em, and they all paid up in the morning. And those are their guns under this sofa. Oughta bring a nice price when they're auctioned off, too. Boy, how those war workers bid for good deer rifles these days!"

# Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 20)

for him, Dr. Barrett, introduced by State President Herbert P. Johnson, of Sapulpa, addressed the members. E.R. Dr. V. P. Cavanaugh announced that El Reno Lodge had formed a rehabilitation commission, headed by John C. Kerin. A portion of the \$1,500 fund established for use of the commission was derived from the sale of the automobile owned by Mr. McLean at the time of his death and given to the lodge by his brother and sister. That afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler inspected the Fraternal Center established by No. 743, pronouncing it one of the most comfortable in the entire country. He then drove to Tulsa in a heavy downpour of rain to fill an engagement as an honor guest of the OKLAHOMA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION at a banquet attended by 600 Elks and ladies. State President Herbert P. Johnson presided. District Deputies J. Thad Baker, of Muskogee Lodge, and Earl E. James, Oklahoma City, were present at both of the meetings attended by Dr. Barrett on that date. From Tulsa, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Oklahoma City.

**AMARILLO, TEX., LODGE, NO. 923**, was visited on December 5. After a delightful barbecue honoring Dr. Barrett, a class of 26 new members was initiated. The District Deputy for Texas, West, H. V. Tull, Jr., of Plainview Lodge, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler at the meeting.

For his visitation on December 6, **DENVER, COLO., LODGE, NO. 17**, had arranged a busy schedule. At noon, the officers and Past Exalted Rulers were hosts at a luncheon. At the afternoon meeting, practically every Colorado lodge was represented by one or more of its officers, and the program of the Grand Lodge was fully discussed. A dinner given by No. 17 for the Grand Exalted Ruler

and other distinguished guests, and 300 of its own members, was followed by the big evening meeting. A class of 89 candidates from all over the State was initiated by the crack Degree Team of Canon City Lodge No. 610. When Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett was presented at the Altar, a huge American Flag suspended at the ceiling was lowered and he was showered with hundreds of rose petals. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen introduced Dr. Barrett who spoke on "Problems Facing America."

December the 8th found the Grand Exalted Ruler in Idaho. At Pocatello, he took advantage of the opportunity to visit a favorite project of **POCATELLO LODGE NO. 674**—the U.S.O. Hut at the railway station, where wives and daughters of the members serve daily.

At Minidoka, Dr. Barrett was met by officers of **TWIN FALLS LODGE NO. 1183** who escorted him to Twin Falls, making but one stop en route. That was at the attractive home of **BURLEY LODGE NO. 1384**, where he addressed the large group of members who had turned out to meet him. Arriving at Twin Falls, the official party was met at the city limits by the Mayor, the Boys' Band of No. 1183, and a police detail, and escorted to the lodge home. Awaiting them there were the Honorable C. A. Bottolfson, Governor of Idaho, and Ed. D. Baird, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, both of whom are members of Boise, Ida., Lodge, State Pres. E. M. Grant, Lewiston, and E.R. L. J. Peterson, Boise. A dinner given by the lodge was attended by more than 600 Elks and the evening meeting by an even larger number. Both District Deputies of the State, E. J. Elliott, of Sandpoint Lodge, and Joe H. Blandford, Twin Falls, were present. On behalf of Twin Falls



Lodge, Mr. Blandford presented Dr. Barrett with a pair of Idaho wool blankets.

The next day, accompanied by Governor Bottelnsen, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to the home of **BOISE LODGE NO. 310**, which he inspected and found still comfortable despite the disastrous fire of a year ago. Then they drove to the State Association Convalescent Home and on to Nampa where the midwinter meeting of the **IDAHO STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** was in session. The visitors were guests of **NAMPA LODGE NO. 1389** at a luncheon at which Dr. Barrett spoke to 120 members and guests on the program of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced at the State Association meeting by President Grant and presented with a gift from the Association, an oil painting of the Sawtooth Mountain Range. Other distinguished guests were Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Arthur L. Barnes, Lewiston, and Lott D. Brown, Baker, Pres., of the Ore. State Elks Assn.

Dr. Barrett was a guest of **PORTLAND, ORE., LODGE NO. 142**, on December 11-12. Several entertainments were given in his honor, including two breakfast parties, a luncheon and a banquet. During his stay he attended a conference of the officers of the State Association and outlined plans for their participation in the Grand Lodge's Hospitalization Program. The meeting at Portland Lodge on the evening of the twelfth was outstanding. Among those present were District Deputies A. N. Nicolai, of Oregon City Lodge, and George E. Dix, Marshfield. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, who introduced Dr. Barrett in the lodge room, presented him with a pair of blankets made in Oregon.

Accompanied by Mr. Lonergan, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett visited Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle, Wash., being given tremendous ovations by large crowds at all three places. At Tacoma they were met by P.E.R.'s Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks War Commission, and District Deputy K. M. Kennell. Before the lodge meeting, a dinner was given by **TACOMA LODGE NO. 174**, attended by all the Exalted Rulers of the section. On his Tacoma visit, checks for the Elks War Commission were presented to Dr. Barrett, one from Olympia Lodge No. 186 for \$844, and one from Aberdeen Lodge No. 593 for \$1,000.

While in Seattle, Dr. Barrett placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, who, in life, was one of his closest friends. The Grand Exalted Ruler was a luncheon guest of **BALLARD LODGE NO. 827**, attended by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers, and the guest of honor at a dinner given by **SEATTLE LODGE NO. 92**. At the lodge meeting, he was introduced by Grand

Trustee John E. Drummey, and at the conclusion of his address the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a silk American Flag.

The first event on the elaborate program arranged by **SPOKANE LODGE NO. 228** was a luncheon to which were invited many members of the Masonic fraternity of which Dr. Barrett is a high official. At the dinner given in his honor nearly all of the Past Exalted Rulers were present. More than a thousand Elks attended the lodge meeting. P.E.R. Nave G. Lein, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was Master of Ceremonies.

The first lodge in Montana visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler on his trip was **HELENA LODGE NO. 193**. Elks from all parts of the West District joined in giving him a hearty welcome. District Deputy Ernest Beaudin headed a delegation from Kalispell Lodge. Helena Lodge gave a luncheon for him at the Montana Club and a dinner at the lodge home. Dr. Barrett was introduced at the meeting by Governor Sam C. Ford. P.E.R. A. I. Reeves—"Daddy" Reeves to his Brother Elks—who for 49 years has acted as Santa Claus at the lodge's Christmas parties, was presented with a 50-year membership pin. Checks for the Elks War Commission, in excess of \$4,000, were presented as a gift from six lodges represented at the meeting, and it was stated that all of the lodges in Montana had fully subscribed to the work of the Commission. Robert E. Lee, of Cut Bank Lodge, Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn., delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

With Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Frank R. Venable, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett drove to Butte, Mont., to pay his official visit to **BUTTE LODGE NO. 240**. A luncheon given in his honor was attended by 100 members of the lodge. R. B. Vickers, E.R. of Virginia City Lodge No. 390 which has the distinction of having two more members than the entire population of Virginia City, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a check for the Elks War Commission. The \$186 check represented a one-dollar donation from each member. Dr. Barrett was presented with a pig-skin brief case.

On December 17 the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Aberdeen, S. D., where for the first time in its history **ABERDEEN LODGE NO. 1046** held a Sunday meeting. A class of 31 new members was initiated. Dr. Barrett, introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, spoke on "The Elks' Religious Creed". On behalf of the lodge, P.E.R. J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, presented him with a War Bond.

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# What America is reading

These are the books for which  
you have probably exchanged  
unwanted Christmas ties

By Harry Hansen



IF THE military authorities were at all apprehensive about giving information to the enemy they would hardly have allowed the editors of "The Aviation Annual of 1945" to give American citizens such detailed news about Army and Navy aircraft as we find in this valuable book. Obviously they are pretty sure of what they can do with their airplane superiority. The Annual, for instance, describes America's wonderful fleet of over 100 carriers, a long way forward from the three carriers—*Enterprise*, *Ranger* and *Saratoga*—left to us in the summer of 1942. By the time the Gilberts were invaded we had nearly forty carriers at sea and more were coming off the ways every month. By D Day we had 70, and twenty to thirty were to be completed before the end of 1944. These carriers have played a big part in American victories and will play bigger parts in the future.

In the Pacific the *Essex* class carriers, of 25,000 tons each, have led the way, followed by the *Independence* class of 10,000 tons each, but soon a new super-carrier class, of 45,000 tons each, will become floating islands from which big bombers will fly to bomb Japan. With the Japanese fleet checkmated and air superiority established, the big carriers can approach close to Japan. In the Atlantic the smaller carriers converted from tankers and cargo ships have done great service in protecting the big convoys against submarines. The Annual also describes the aircraft carried and how changes have been made to meet conditions at sea, such as a small area for rising and landing and for stowing planes below.

What a wonderful story this airplane record is! Basically, as Gen. H. H. Arnold says, our plans have changed little; our designs were sound, but modifications have been made constantly from experience. The great lesson of experience is that no matter how big the bombloads or how powerful the fighter plane, the enemy cannot be knocked out by air power alone. Air power is of tremendous importance—even, perhaps, of dominant importance, as the editors of the Annual, Reginald M. Cleveland and Frederick P. Graham, contend, but success in battle comes from coordinated effort and cooperation.

The war record is remarkable, but the uses of the airplane in peace are also foreseen by the editors of this book. Well known authorities, such as Glenn L. Martin of the company that bears his name, G. W. Vaughan, president of Curtiss-Wright, Eugene E. Wilson, vice chairman of United Aircraft, Robert H. Hinckley of Sperry, and others discuss this subject in detail. At present we have more airplane factories and output than we can use in peacetime. How large the shrinkage will be no one can tell positively, but in conservative circles it is expected that only one-tenth of present capacity will be needed. Private flying is a romantic subject and many of us wonder whether we will have a plane parked in the back yard and use it to go to our offices many miles away, but estimates of the number of private planes after the war range 9,500 sold to private fliers, the figures of the Sperry analyst, to 500,000 private and commercial planes by 1950, the



figures of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. The "armchair" airplane, slower but simpler to fly than the conventional plane, is expected to appeal to family business; at speeds of 90 to 150 miles an hour it will cost from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Planes equipped with tri-cycle gear, spinproof, more controllable on the ground and comparatively quiet are promised for the private trade. But when you study this book you become convinced that the private flier can't begin building too many roseate hopes. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.75)

A fine collection of short stories is to be preferred many times to an undistinguished novel. The best collection of the season, I believe, is "Pause to Wonder; Stories of the Marvelous, Mysterious and Strange", edited with special skill by Marjorie Fischer and Rolfe Humphries. Most readers think of strange and mysterious stories as necessarily dark and forbidding, filled with suggestions of horrors, but these editors have had the good sense to know that such stories may also be humorous and highly amusing. "We have no wish to exalt the gloomy," they say; "our own prejudice favors the bright and gay." That's good news, isn't it?

We all have our own ideas of what is amusing, but the chances are that G. K. Chesterton, Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, W. W. Jacobs, John Buchan and Alfred Henry Lewis can amuse us—and here, too, are Ludwig Bemelmans—who has told us so many inside stories about luxury hotels—and Finley Peter Dunn—who created the inimitable Mr. Dooley something like forty years ago—and W. Somerset Maugham, Elizabeth Goudge and other well-beloved authors. Here, even, is a piece called "Panic", by Orson Welles, which turns out to be the script of that amazing broadcast of Oct. 31, 1938, in which Mr. Welles, presenting a dramatized version of H. G. Wells' novel, "The War of the World", made the show so realistic that householders in New Jersey rushed into the streets with towels over their heads to ward off gas bombs. It may be amusing to read this "panic", but it also has its serious side, for if the Nazis should make good their threats to send bombs across the ocean we shall have fire descending from the stratosphere with all the violence of a Martian onslaught.

But most of the stories have no such implications. As an index to the mood of the tales we have Ralph Hodgson's little quatrain:

Reason has moons, but moons not hers

Lie mirrored on the sea,  
Confounding her astronomers,  
But oh, delighting me.

Take a small segment of the world you know—a business corner or two, an apartment building, an office structure—record the patchwork of daily living, the repeated activities, the routine of coming and going, trading, dining, sleeping, and you a spectacle similar to that which John Steinbeck reveals in "Cannery Row." But his Cannery Row,

in Monterey, Cal., where the sardines are canned, is shabbier than your world—run down, peopled by a sort of submerged tenth of workers, parasites, bums, native shrewdness and low life. Mr. Steinbeck has made a parade of them, trying to present them true to life. The story hasn't much to tell us except that this is the way some people get along. It is one of his minor tales, but as individual as anything he has written. Mr. S. is a versatile writer, never harping on the same string for long.

Doc, who works in the Western Biological laboratory, is the most likable human being, and somehow those he meets are specimens no less than the animal life he deals with inside. Lee Chong, the Chinaman, is the quiet, shrewd trader, who plays along with his improvident customers because he manages to cash in at the end. Mack and "the boys" lived a rowdy, disorderly life and never have any money. Several shady women parade through the Row. But Doc keeps the story moving—although he does little to influence events. He has a patient nature, probably because he sees all these men as children of earth. (Viking Press, \$2)

The octopus is another curious phenomenon and Gilbert C. Klingel describes it here. Mr. Klingel thinks the octopus has been a victim of unfair propaganda; it suffers under the stigma of being horrible and exceedingly repulsive. From his observations he concludes that the octopus is highly intelligent and represents amphibians that have lived on the earth for 500,000,000 years; if they had developed "an opposable thumb and fingers instead of suckers with which to manipulate various objects the entire course of the earth's existence might have been altered." With this happy thought we turn to Bassett Digby's comments on the mammoth—this great beast didn't survive, but its bones are still found in the Siberian wastes and several complete carcasses were found in the ice in the 19th century. The story of the sea otter comes from one of Ernest Thompson Seton's captivating books; Theodore Roosevelt, big game hunter, is represented by an essay on the game of an East African ranch; Maurice Maeterlinck tells about the habits of the bee, and it may turn out that this study will bring him more fame in decades to come than his more purely literary works. To read about life on the plains of Patagonia as described by W. H. Hudson is a treat indeed. How important it was to have William Beebe for the editor of this collection, for he knew where to go for the natural history that interests everybody, but that few of us have access to, because we do not have the books. Mr. Beebe has not been satisfied with his own observations in the jungle and in the depths of the sea; he has read about them with keen excitement, and vice versa, he had gone from books to personal observation on the spot. I think you'll find "The Book of Naturalists" a treat, if the subject interests you. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50)



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# Editorial

## Glorious Birthdays

ON FEBRUARY 16, 1945, the Order of Elks will pass its seventy-seventh milestone. Seventy-seven years is comparatively few beats of the great heart of time, but for the Order they are rich in achievement. And, as we look back over the record of human and patriotic service, which began with its very inception, it seems fitting indeed that the Elks share the natal month of those two great Americans who stand out so sharply against the background of the ages—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The Order of Elks, if the comparison may be permitted, was, like Lincoln, born in humble circumstances, and inspired by the loneliness and needs of men who followed a wandering profession. It is a direct descendant of "The Jolly Corks", which began meeting in the late months of 1867. This informal organization, presided over by Charles Vivian, an English performer, was, as the name implies, entirely social and convivial in purpose.

In the days of "The Jolly Corks", the theatre was an uncertain means of livelihood, and the improvidence of those who followed it proverbial. Misfortune overtaking the actor seldom found him prepared to meet it, and it usually devolved upon his fellows to help him over the rough places. Not long after its organization the "Corks" began taking over from individuals the work of relieving the distress of their unfortunate brethren, and the success of their collective efforts inspired the ideals of fraternity which found final expression in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The Order was born in modest quarters on New York's Bowery, the Rialto of its day. In the beginning, membership was confined to the amusement profession in its various branches but the guiding spirits of the formative period, having in mind the failure of other organizations with such limits to membership and realizing that members of a migratory profession could not give the continuous application essential to success, opened the doors to all men of good moral character who sympathized with its objects and ideals.

The Order has long since outgrown the profession which gave it birth, but the principles and purposes of its forebears have been carried down through the years. The Order still pauses at the "Hour of Eleven" to recall the absent, as it did in 1868, when George McDonald first proposed the toast which was immediately incorporated in the Ritual; it still holds annual Memorial Services to give reassurance that "an Elk is never forgotten", and the cry of distress never goes unanswered.

It must not be forgotten that the Order of Elks had its

origin in the hearts of members of a profession which is always the first to answer charity's call, nor can we forget those who down the years have given heart and mind to the building of the great, patriotic institution it is today. The Order is not the result of the labors of any one man, but of the loyalty, unselfish service and wise leadership of successive generations. The Order of Elks has been fortunate from the beginning in attracting to its leadership men progressive enough to meet changing conditions of a fast moving world, and wise enough to hold to our ideals and traditions, fundamentals unchanging in the midst of change.

In war, as in peace, the Order has kept the faith. During the present conflict that finds so many Elks in the battle line, it has offered its all to our Country. It has effectively and efficiently cooperated with our Government in every phase of the war effort. The Elks War Commission has wasted no effort, but made every detail of its service count, and is now making a close study of the problems which must follow the end of this dreadful war, and how those which come within the province of the Order may best be solved.

The Elks, in view of its record of service to humanity and to our Country, may modestly hope to share, in a small way, the glory of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, which make the short month of February the greatest of all the year.

## Musical Memories

A MOVIE musical, "Irish Eyes Are Smiling", now going the rounds, takes its title from a song written by the late Ernest R. Ball, one of the popular songsmiths of his day, a good Elk, and a lovable character whose services and talents were freely given to the Order. He became an Elk in Queens Borough, in days when that fine lodge was young, and remained active and interested until summoned to join "The Choir Invisible", some seventeen years ago.

Ernie Ball was prolific and talented. A list of his compositions resembles the catalogue of a good-sized publishing house, and few "Community Song Sheets" are even now published that do not bear at least one of his compositions. Theatre goers of a few decades back will recall with pleasurable emotion J. W. Kelly, the famous "Rolling Mill Man", a top performer and a good Elk, and his recitation, "You May Forget the Singer But His Song Will Never Die." How true this is of so many of our sweetest singers! It will likewise be true of Ernie Ball. Those who knew him in life are slowly passing from the stage; when they are gone only the songs will remain, and here are a few that will linger through the years: "My Wild Irish Rose", "When the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold", "A Little Bit of Heaven", "Let the Rest of the World Go By", and the beloved "Mother Machree".

In this birthday month of the Elks we may well recall the memory of Ernie Ball. He carried on in the best traditions of the Order's theatrical forebears. He contributed time and talent to its progress. He was a good American and left his mark upon the music of our Country. His songs were simple, clean and sweet, without a single Freudian touch, and they will be "harmonized" by future generations, long after the "torch" song, and its lugubrious tale of unrequited love and jungle drum accompaniment, has faded away into the silence of oblivion.





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# Philadelphia

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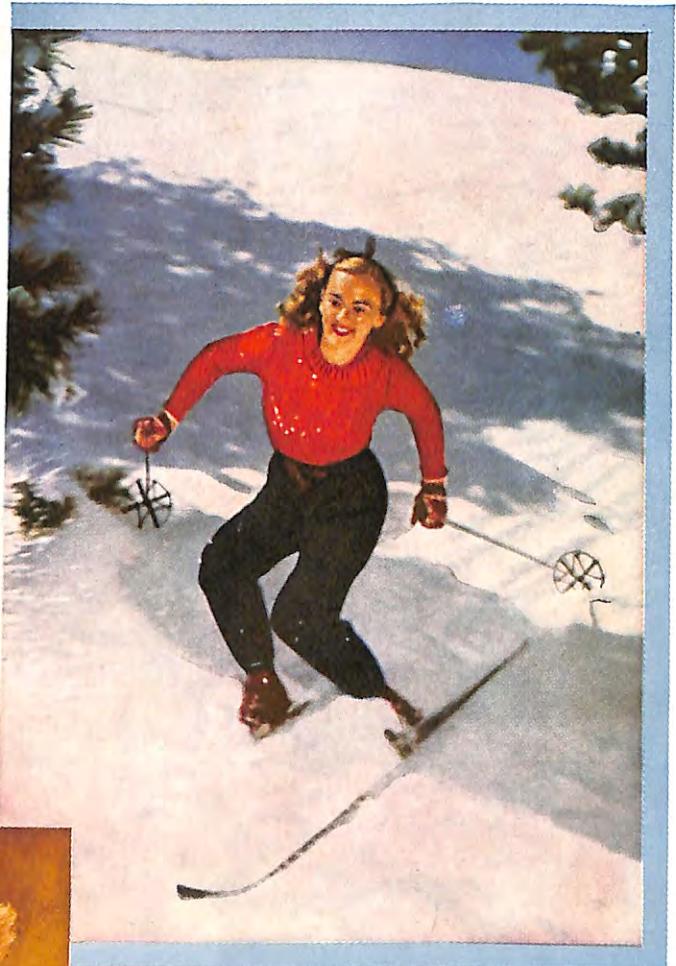


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