

THE  
**Elks**  
MAGAZINE

MARCH 1945  
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**Now Is The Time To Act!**

**BY J. EDGAR HOOVER**  
Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation



*P.M. for  
Pleasant Moments*



## A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

THE month of March is to be devoted by our lodges to the task of securing the reinstatement of thousands of men who were once members of our Order. The Grand Lodge Activities Committee has graciously determined to designate the campaign "The Grand Exalted Ruler's Birthday Class", as my birthday, March 30th, coincides with the end of our lodge year. It gives the present Exalted Rulers an opportunity to bring their administration to a close in a brilliant climax by welcoming back to the Order scores of desirable men, who for one reason or another have been compelled to give up their membership in the past.

Former members who will be reinstated during March will find a very different Elkdom from the one which they left some years ago. In the first place they will find an Order with its patriotic and charitable program greatly developed. The present war has given it an opportunity to show how greatly it can be used by our Country in its hour of need. The magnificent efforts of our lodges, through the Elks War Commission, in securing enlistments for various branches of the Service, in providing Fraternal Centers for men near training camps and for those traveling to and from the battlefronts, and in its program for giving entertainment and comfort to wounded veterans, have aroused our members to a patriotic fervor as never before. Millions of dollars have been invested in War Bonds and our lodges have led in drives for the sale of Government securities, as well as in contributing to the Red Cross, the USO, and similar organizations.

Nor have our charitable efforts at home been overlooked. The expenditures of our local lodges in this direction have never been equalled. The funds of our Elks National Foundation have reached more than a million dollars, its income is spent exclusively on charitable and educational projects. Thousands of aged, sick and crippled persons have been assisted. Hundreds of boys and girls have been helped to secure an education. Hospitals, Community Chest, Boys Clubs, and similar philanthropic enterprises have benefited by our contributions.

These former members will find an organization in a splendid financial condition. Practically every lodge is now free from debt. All live within their budgets and many have accumulated considerable funds which they have safely invested. They will find also many improvements in the lodge homes.

Above all, the man who comes back will find a much higher type of membership than when he left. Our membership has never consisted of a larger number of devoted American gentlemen. While the reinstatement program will be the main objective of our March campaign, many lodges are continuing to enlist new members, and many thousands will be enrolled this Spring. As heretofore, great care must be taken to see that only desirable members are admitted.

THIS will be the last message I will address to the present Exalted Rulers before they go out of office at the end of this month. The reports of my District Deputies have been lavish in praise of their accomplishments; they have set high marks for their successors. The Order has never been in such fine condition. Our financial position has never been equaled. The extent of our charities has never been exceeded. We have not failed for a moment in our patriotic efforts to assist our Country, and its Armed Forces, at a fateful time.

There is still an opportunity for the Exalted Rulers of a comparatively small number of lodges which have not subscribed to the Elks National Foundation, to have their lodges participate in this great enterprise. If the lodge is financially unable to assume the initial payment of \$100, I am sure that individual members will be glad to pay it if called upon.

And so to you Exalted Rulers who have been associated with me in this, the greatest year Elkdom has ever known, I say, "Au Revoir." I am sure we will meet again many times in our continuous work in Elkdom. I wish for you much happiness and prosperity.

Cordially and fraternally,

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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MARCH 1945

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
**We Present—**

**H**OWARD BUTLER has given us one of those G.I. Joe covers, quite handy for Spring. Our principal worry about this drawing, is, "What is Joe thinking?" His facial expression stumps us.

Some time ago we wrote to J. Edgar Hoover asking him to give us his opinions on a problem that strikes us as of great importance; law-enforcement in the post-war world. Mr. Hoover very graciously and very promptly answered with "Now is the Time to Act!", the article which appears on pages four and five of this issue. He stresses the dangers of juvenile delinquency.

Another post-war issue that we must face—and we are facing it now—is the education of service-men. Many of them have had too little schooling and many others who have finished high school are anxious to study specialized subjects. Dickson Skinner, who is somewhat of a specialist in this subject, has written a thorough-going article on what is being done and what will be done in the future for these knowledge-hungry boys in "Teach Joe a Job" on page 8.

John Randolph Phillips is a fiction writer whose work has appeared in almost every big magazine in the country. His short story, "Mission to Ohio" on page 6 is not the first of his works to appear in this magazine. We liked it fine and bought it, but think it only fair to warn you that it's a bit of a tear-jerker. Most stories about returning soldiers are.

The Elks War Commission has again issued an announcement of its program to recruit nurses for the Veterans' Administration Hospitals (an editorial also appears on this vital work of the Order). The announcement is on page 23. Opposite is another page allotted to the War Commission in which that body explains just what it is and what its program has been from its appointment right up to the present day.

Two prominent lodges in the Order have asked for space to announce the candidacy for Grand Lodge office. Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge presents the name of Wade H. Kepner, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for election to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. It will not cause great surprise to read that Charleroi, Pa., Lodge has presented the name of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters to succeed himself. These announcements appear on page 26.

The Grand Exalted Ruler did not send us a story of his visits to various Lodges this month, but he did give us sufficient photographs taken on his travels to enable us to devote two pages to his activities. They are pages 24 and 25.—C. P.

**A Promise that is more important today than ever**



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Men derive a deep satisfaction in finding today's Old Crow unchanged—despite wartime conditions. Not as plentiful, of course, as in pre-war days, but you should be able to get Old Crow if you *keep asking for it.*

**TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, *Bottled-in-Bond***

**W**HETHER or not America is to have another crime wave in the post-war era is an ominous question mark hanging over the head of every citizen. The answer, significantly, is not to be found in the future, but rather it depends on the present. Already the factors conducive to lawlessness are rampant on our home front. The challenge has to be met now and with full vigor, otherwise the toll in shattered lives may indeed be great.

Our private citizens and law enforcement officers alike must awaken to the urgent necessity of counteracting the present trend. Law enforcement is strong, but even further bolstering is needed. Respect for law, personal liberties, life and property—the very roots

present 22.3 per cent of those arrested are under 21 years of age. During the first nine months of 1944, these youths accounted for 63.0 per cent of the auto thieves, 52.3 per cent of the burglars, 35.8 per cent of the thieves, 35.0 per cent of the robbers and 31.4 per cent of the rapists. Although still too young to vote, they already are headed blindly toward the fate which inevitably is that of the hardened criminal. It is a challenge which the people of America must meet today; tomorrow may be too late.

There is no need for pessimism as we look toward the peacetime years, but we must view the situation realistically. There are two factors which undeniably are going to determine the extent of postwar crime in the United States—

Particularly is this true in regard to post-war crime. In their loose and ill-considered talk they blandly intimate that many returning veterans will become criminals because of the low value attached to human lives on the battle fronts.

To the thinking citizen, however, it is apparent that the "kill or be killed" philosophy with which those in our armed forces are being inculcated need not necessarily be a postwar crime factor. The wearing of a uniform does not change a person's inherent tendencies. True, some members of our armed services who were criminally inclined prior to entering the armed forces will have acquired new techniques in the handling of weapons. While this group

# **NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT!**

**The Director of the Federal Bureau of  
Investigation appeals for straight think-  
ing and plain speaking in approaching  
our peacetime problems.**

**by J. EDGAR HOOVER**

of decent society—must be instilled in our youth. Our young people deserve far more attention than in the past. Their neglect has become one of the shames of our nation. Of equal importance in meeting the threat of crime is the restoration of the American home as a vital institution in our way of life. Parents must face the none too pleasant fact that they, more than any others, are responsible for the callous disregard for law and order on the part of our modern youth.

The arrest statistics compiled by the Federal Bureau of Investigation tell a grim story indeed. A total of 3,785 major crimes—one every 22 seconds—were committed daily during 1943. At

first, the degree of economic stability, and secondly, the comparative strength of American law enforcement. Care must be taken lest we repeat the errors which brought about the tragic aftermath of World War I. The cessation of hostilities in 1918 was looked upon by many otherwise patriotic citizens as a signal for a spree of carefree abandonment. Two decades of lawlessness were the result. Indifference and apathy may well bring a repetition of this national disgrace following World War II unless we are alert now to our moral and civic responsibilities.

Unfortunately, there are some in our midst who would seek to shift this responsibility to the shoulders of others.

constitutes a small minority, it nevertheless may present a grave problem to law enforcement after the war. Of one thing we may be certain, the vast majority of those now fighting overseas to preserve our nation are not likely to be inclined toward destroying it upon their return home. For the most part these veterans will have a new and greater concept of citizenship, and it is quite likely that they will be important aids in guiding our young people away from the tight rope of lawlessness which they now perilously tread.

As have all established professions, law enforcement has lost some of its finest men to the armed services. The number of police officers in the United



States is approximately 2 per cent under last year, and 4.6 per cent less than in 1942. In some police departments the annual turnover of personnel has been as high as 60 per cent. In re-equipping itself for the post-war period, law enforcement unquestionably will find in the veterans a splendid source of trained manpower. Their military backgrounds, age, health, education and experience will make them valuable to our profession.

To obtain the services of these men, the law enforcement profession must, of course, be made attractive to them. It is indeed unfortunate that many communities still do not afford their police departments freedom from political influence and the moral and financial support necessary to make law enforcement an inviting career. No law enforcement agency can function efficiently without the wholehearted cooperation and confidence of the community which it serves. Likewise, no police officer can inspire public confidence unless he is well trained. It is false economy for any community to curtail police training programs merely to save money. In the field of police training, the Federal Bureau of Investigation stands ready to assist in every way possible. Important advances have been made, but for most of America police training still remains in its infancy.

Our nation, unfortunately, is plagued by a large number of easygoing people who can't seem to bring themselves to take more than a passing interest in matters of public importance. Their lethargy, unless converted to the active support of law and order, will provide the postwar criminal with an open sesame into every home.

LET no American think for a moment that crime is a chronic condition which we must always have with us. Neither is it a situation which cannot be controlled. To do so, however, calls for the conscientious pursuit of a three-fold course of action. An alertness must be maintained so that each new threat of crime may be detected at its inception. Police strength must be built up so that would-be criminals will realize the futility of crime. Lastly, the causes of crime, particularly among our juveniles, must be eradicated through the re-establishment of the home, church and school as bastions of clean and honest living.

The citizen and law enforcement officer must take care to put first things first. There is yet much to be done toward winning the war, and it is for us to concentrate upon that objective until the final great day of victory. On the other hand, we would be negligent not to consider now our postwar problems. The lessons of procrastination and indecision have been brought home to us by the tragic happenings in other countries. From now on straight thinking and plain speaking must become our watchwords if the peacetime problems which inevitably lie ahead are to be met with the same vigor as those of war.



After a moment she added thoughtfully, "I guess my folks are going to amuse you, Tex."

SOME miles west of Pittsburgh he made himself look out the train window, and he thought instantly: This was home to her. I can remember her singing, It's round at the ends and high in the middle. It's O-hi-o. She couldn't carry a tune very well, but there was a lot of feeling in her voice and music in her soul.

He remembered, too, the first time he'd seen her. That was in Sicily. He had got himself shot down and he was in the hospital and this particular day he was behaving rather badly. He had just told his nurse that they could

take their bloody hospital and stuff it down the Mediterranean because he was well enough to get back to work and he was jolly well going to do it.

Then Virginia walked in, brushed the other nurse aside, and gave him a look that meant business.

"So you're Tex Faulkner. *The Tex Faulkner*. Well, you may have been a big shot back home on the night-club circuit, but over here you're just another flier. You're going to stay in that bed and like it."

A week later he was out of the hospital and he and Gin were married. He'd pulled a wire or two that had dispensed with the Army's cooling-off system. He and Gin were alone and he was teasing her with silly remarks while she tried to write a letter home.

"Now don't," Gin pleaded. "This has

to be good. The family will throw a fit, anyway, when they hear I've married a playboy."

"Former playboy," he corrected her. "Anyhow, they never heard of me."

"They didn't! Look, we get Winchell out in Ohio."

"Winchell never wrote a line about me."

"Well, somebody did. Don't be fussy, darling. Out there in the hinterland we used to follow the doings of Tex Faulkner, son of the Texas oil magnate, all the way from the Stork Club to Churchill Downs. He was something from another, gayer, unreachable world. He was exciting—ummm—but not a chap we ever expected to meet. When he volunteered, we thought it was one of those gestures. Then we read that, through benefit of his pri-



vate plane, he was one of the best fliers in the world. After that I got into the service myself and met the dope, and I have just finished a description of him for my family. Listen!"

"No!"

"Yes, listen. 'My husband is six one and three-quarters in his bare feet. With the proper vitamins he should weigh two ten, but he is rather proud of being scaled down to a puny one eighty-seven. He has big ears, brown hair, and somewhat impudent blue eyes. You'll love him, folks, when you get to know him. He has a mole——' Tex, you crazy, I'm not telling them about *that* mole! 'He has a mole under his right ear, a little scar on his chin, and the sweetest disposition in the world, except that he is very bad-tempered when a person wants to write a letter home and he would rather do something else.'"

"You crazy kid," Tex said, and reached for her.

After a moment she added thoughtfully, "I guess my folks are going to amuse you, Tex. They're so small-townish and you're such big-time stuff." Her brown eyes were darker than he'd ever seen them. "Tex, if—anything

Street. Then you turn right on McKinley and ours is the little hatbox of a white house at the top of the hill."

As he walked along, an icy moment of panic came to him, passed, and came again. This, he thought, was his toughest mission. He would rather have stayed on in New York or else gone down to Texas for a while. But there were some things you couldn't sidestep. You couldn't let the past rest; you had to dig it up again; you had to see them and tell them about Virginia and yourself.

Just after he turned into McKinley Street he passed the high school and he watched a young woman, carrying a teacher's brief case, come walking across the street toward him. His heart stopped and then began to pound frantically. For one wild moment his tragedy released him and it was Virginia who came toward him across the street. There was Virginia's buoyant stride, her warm eyes, her tender mouth: and written deep into this girl's

face he saw Virginia's fine sincerity.

Finally he came to his senses, removed his cap, and stepped in front of her. "Hello, Fay. I'm—I'm Tex."

Always that would remain one of the very special moments of his life. The color drained out of Fay Coleman's face and her luminous eyes were suddenly damp. The brief case slipped to the sidewalk; she put both arms around his neck, kissed him, and clung to him.

"Oh, Tex! Oh, Tex, I'm so glad you came."

He retrieved the brief case, took charge of it, and had then the crazy feeling that he had come not to some alien part of the world but home. Fay tucked her arm through his and they walked together up the hill to the little hatbox house at the top. A spaniel ran barking across the lawn, and Fay said,

*(Continued on page 28)*

The brief case slipped to the sidewalk; she put both arms around him and kissed him.

**A veteran combat pilot finds his most difficult mission at home.**

**By John Randolph Phillips**

## To Ohio

happened to me over here, I'd want you to go to see them. I'd want them to know you—to love you. I'd like you to be particularly sweet to that kid sister of mine."

He looked out at Ohio again. The train began to lose speed. He heard the hoarse warning of its whistle. Then he saw the town, a little, undistinguished town, with shady streets running through its midsection and insolent signboards disfiguring its edges; a little American town beautiful in its own way and ugly in its own way, too.

Tex was the only passenger to get off. The train snorted its impatience and sped on. Tex hastened to Main Street.

"You walk up Main," Virginia had said once, "till you reach McKinley



Illustrated by GILBERT DARLING

# TEACH JOE A JOB



IN CIVVIES — ONE THING IS CERTAIN — HIS MOST SERIOUS CONCERN WILL BE FOR A JOB.

If you want to help Joe you need to know the educational possibilities for him in your own town

By Dickson Skinner

**Y**OUR office boy is now a captain with more authority and an income larger than anything he ever dreamed of having. When he returns, he won't want to be an office boy again."

So *The New York Times* quotes General Adler in a speech before a group of businessmen after his return from service in New Guinea.

"There will be millions of these youngsters," said General Adler, "most of them without roots, coming back after five or six years in service. They will return as men, not as boys."

Men want to support themselves and their families. And these men, the best of America, want something more. They want to "get ahead". The Army and Navy and thousands of civilians are working to help them do it.

Veterans of World War II will never have to sell apples on street corners—not if American wit and will can prevent it. Agencies and programs to fit the fighting man back into the life he battled to save are multiplying beyond count. There are even some agencies set up to tell him which other agencies to go to.

Still more are needed. Certainly the Elks will help to meet that need because it is most acute in the local communities. Between 80 and 85 per cent of returning servicemen will live, at least for a time, in the old home town. They will need the advice and the help of men who know them and their families and the local conditions. Just the fact of being "the folks back home" creates an opportunity and a responsibility that can be met only by a thoughtful—and successful—attempt to under-

stand G. I. Joe himself when he steps off the train in civvies with a discharge button on his lapel.

One thing is certain—his most serious concern will be for a job.

And another thing is equally certain, if less obvious—in many cases, probably in most, he will need training for the job he wants.

It is significant that the organization created to co-ordinate all Federal agen-

cies dealing with post-war employment is called the Retraining and Reemployment Administration. The accent is on the training.

A South Pacific veteran went to the Veterans' Service Center in New York because he did not want to return to his pre-war job, even though it was waiting for him. He had been a hospital attendant. Because of that experience, the Army had assigned him to the Medical Corps and a battlefield hospital had opened his eyes. He had learned to handle laboratory equipment which he had not been allowed to touch before. There was a thrill in making those delicate gadgets tell him their secrets.

LOTS OF THE BOYS DON'T WANT TO TAKE ORDERS FROM ANYBODY AFTER THEY GET OUT OF THE SERVICE.



Illustrated By  
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



A MARINE SITS UNDER A PALM TREE PECKING AT A  
TYPEWRITER — HE IS WORKING OUT A LESSON IN  
AIR-CONDITIONING.

He didn't want to be a hospital attendant again; he wanted to be a laboratory technician. How to go about it?

The Veterans' Service Center got him a job in a laboratory as a trainee and found an evening course in which he could enroll for the necessary studies.

He is representative of many thousands. Before the war they had taken jobs because the jobs were near home—or because they weren't, because a friend of Uncle Elmer's could get them in, or just because they were the first jobs offered. Now war service has given them contact with new kinds of work and opened their eyes to new careers. They will come home better able to choose the work they prefer than any previous generation in history. They will be looking not just for any job but for *the* job.

It is impossible to estimate the number who will need technical training to realize their best employment possibilities. One recent survey arrives at the conclusion that more than a third of the Army consists of men who were formerly working for an employer and are going back to the same type of work. But that tells nothing of their need for training. The laboratory technician is in the same "type of work" that he followed as hospital attendant. But the war has upgraded him, and it takes rigid training to fill the job on the higher level.

A kid who was stock clerk in a Philadelphia department store is now a commissioned officer. He has shown a gift for leadership, is exercising authority and carrying responsibility for

which his old job gives no scope. The officials of the department store will welcome him back with gleefully opened arms. But to the old job? Hardly. Yet a stock clerk's experience is not enough for an executive. Clearly the answer will have to be found in some form of on-the-job training.

The other side of the picture is presented by boys who have gained in the service itself the training needed to shift from their old jobs to a completely new line. A young Marine, home on medical discharge after the show on Guadalcanal, walked into the New York Veterans' Service Center at half past eleven one morning. He had worked in a meat market before the war, but the Marine Corps had given him two years in a Radar Unit. Now he knew radio. He filed a Civil Service application, was given an immediate rating, and at half past five the same afternoon he had a job as Radio Inspector in the Third Naval District.

Everybody concerned with employment of veterans has tried to figure out how many of them are going to want their old jobs back. The Selective Service Act gives the serviceman a priority on the post he held before induction. Will he take advantage of it? Nobody knows. Even the officials best placed to observe the trend are in disagreement. So far as the need for training goes, it doesn't matter. Men will go into new jobs without additional training. Others will go back to the old

stand to find that they have outgrown the job or, through new techniques, the job has outgrown them, and they will have to study harder than they ever studied in school to hold their places in the parade.

There will be more than a million who never had jobs. Before the war about nine per cent of the men now in the Army were going to school or college. How many of them will return, how many who were already at work will take the chance to go back to school, is anybody's guess. The answer will probably depend on the length of the war. Certainly a substantial number will come out of the service to seek jobs for the first time in their lives. And they don't know any job.

The boys themselves are giving more thought to this problem than most of the folks back home. If you believe they don't know what they're fighting for, take a look at those who are studying under fire for the job they want when they get back.

A Marine sits under a palm tree pecking at a typewriter on an empty shell case. He is working out a lesson in air-conditioning and refrigeration while Jap snipers shoot off leaves from the palm. Some of the leaves dropped onto the typewriter, and the student explained apologetically why his paper was so messy when he mail it back to the International Correspondence Schools.

(Continued on page 38)



Above: A few of the 400 blood donors who left the best Christmas gift of all for servicemen at the Red Cross Blood Bank at Burbank, Calif., Lodge.



Right: E.R. Charles Sutton, on behalf of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, presents a two-door sedan to Pres. F. E. McKee, left, of the Muskegon County Red Cross Chapter, for the chapter's home service department.

# THE ELKS IN THE WAR



Right is a picture taken at the time the special citation from the Treasury Department was presented to Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge for its terrific record in the Sixth War Loan Drive when they collected \$1,092,667.50 in cash.



*Under the auspices of the Mass. State Elks Assn. and the Elks War Commission, the wounded veterans in Mass. hospitals are entertained. Above, the Manning Trio puts on its act at the Chelsea Naval Hospital.*



*Right: Wounded servicemen at Bordens General Hospital are entertained at a party given by Oklahoma City, Okla., Elks.*



*Left: On-stage are the prize winners in the Sixth War Loan Drive contest sponsored by Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge among local school children.*

*Below: The presentation of musical instruments donated by Rome, Ga., Lodge for an orchestra among patients and duty personnel of Battey General Hospital.*



Right are some of the members of Oroville, Calif., Lodge with a few of the "G" Boxes they sent their Brothers in the Armed Forces.



Above: Capt. Steve Cibik, in whose honor Cibik Ridge in Bougainville was named, joins hands with E.R. J. W. Hopkins and Warrant Officer A. Zargo, when the two servicemen joined Leechburg, Pa., Lodge recently.



Above: E.R. Frank Ruth welcomes to Alliance, Ohio, Lodge a group of servicemen from Fletcher General Hospital at Cambridge, Ohio.



Left: Burlington, Ia., Elks and their ladies take time out for a picture during the task of packing "G" Boxes.

Below: A picture taken at the Veterans Hospital Christmas morning, when Wichita, Kans., Lodge put on a show for those able to leave their rooms, and distributed gifts to every patient.





Benjamin Franklin's "Electrical Picnic" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 1749\*

# Philadelphia

## The Heritage Whisky



*"A turkey is to be roasted by the electrical jack,  
before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle . . ."*

*Letter from Franklin to a scientific friend, 29 April 1749*

Coupled with an active interest in the arts and sciences the good citizens of Colonial Philadelphia entertained a hearty respect for the pleasures of the table. Natural, then, is Philadelphia's reputation for good living . . . a heritage nobly sustained today by Philadelphia Blend. Whisky of such exceptional character and flavor might justly be reserved for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

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

*J.S. Harper*



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

it's always a pleasure

**I.W. HARPER**

the gold medal whiskey

*since 1872*



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





Above: Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge sends entertainers to lighten the hours for wounded servicemen during their convalescence.

Below: One of the many dinners for servicemen given by Taunton, Mass., Lodge which deserves great credit for its efforts on behalf of those in the Armed Forces. Every baby born to one of its members in the Services receives a War Bond from the lodge.



Right, below: John A. Todd's individual check for \$100,000, which helped put Long Beach, Calif., Lodge over the top in the Sixth War Loan Drive, is recorded by Elk officials.



Below: This attractive picture gives evidence of the work being done by Columbia, S. C., Lodge on behalf of servicemen and women. Here, a dance is enjoyed at the outdoor Fraternal Center.





Left: State Pres. Wilbur P. Baird presents to the ritualistic team of Grove City, Pa., Lodge the special cup donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow as a tribute to the team's sportsmanship in accepting the loss of the State Championship last year.

# Under the ANTLERS



## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

**SYCAMORE, ILL.**, Lodge, No. 1392, has another successful venture to its credit. The first printed edition of the "Elks Call", started as a mimeographed sheet by Secretary Stanley Gullberg six years ago, came out in December and was sent to the members and to the boys in the Service. Their okay on this fine eight-page paper is shown in their letters, many of which are reproduced in the bulletin along with photos and reports of all the latest lodge doings. No. 1392—mostly young men—has grown from 99 paid-up members five years ago to 317 at this writing. There is no doubt that the monthly news sheet helped considerably to revive interest in the lodge.

On his official visit to Sycamore Lodge, District Deputy George S. Moyer, of Galena Lodge, spent most of the afternoon with Exalted Ruler James D. Ward and Secretary Gullberg, inspecting the building, membership and financial records, committee reports, etc. To his great pleasure (not to mention the lodge's) he didn't find a thing to kick about. At the meeting held in conjunction with Mr.

### 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, with lodge officers, is the class initiated into Providence, R.I., Lodge some time ago in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan.

Moyer's visit, Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, described the wonderful work the Commission is doing. Mr. White was presented with a check for \$140 to cover the lodge's contribution to the Commission for 1944.

Acting for the lodge, Trustee Theodore Joslyn turned over a check for a \$3,000 War Bond to Joseph Halsted, Chairman of the Sycamore Sixth War Bond Drive. Mr. Halsted expressed his thanks and then gave a pep talk on the campaign, whereupon individual members present subscribed to \$6,000 in Bonds for their personal accounts. Result: 9,000 Elk dollars in 10 short minutes.

Twelve candidates were initiated at the meeting. The State championship is held by Sycamore Lodge's ritualistic team which placed seventh in the national competition at Chicago in '44.

**SUMTER, S. C.**, Lodge, No. 855, in March, 1944, bought a palatial Southern mansion by selling stock to the membership in what they called Elks Home, Inc. Treasurer Sidney A. Smith reports that the last bit of stock outstanding was redeemed during the first week of the new year, and that now the home is theirs. The place is occupied at the moment by the Cadet Club of Shaw Field—an Army basic training field within six miles of the city—which will be permitted to stay there as long as it likes. In the meantime, the lodge is comfortably but temporarily holding forth in uptown Sumter.

At the beginning of E.R. Hal W. Harby's second term, No. 855 had a very big obligation and a very small membership. Now, less than a year later, the \$15,000 debt is wiped out, there are more than 100 new members, and quite a few candidates are awaiting initiation. The officers expect to see an increase of 50%, or better, for the year by the end of this month.

Wait a minute—that's not the end of this success story. When the new officers took over last April they made up their minds to enter the annual ritualistic contest at the State Convention. After a great deal of preparation, the Team—the first to represent the lodge in a State Ritualistic Contest—won the coveted championship with a score of 99.92%, and was awarded \$800 by the State Association to cover expenses of the trip to the Grand Lodge Session at Chicago. However, in deference to the exigencies of wartime travel, the officers stayed put, way down South in Dixie.

**CONCORDIA, KANS.** The Elks Magazine has been informed of the sudden death, on October 24, 1944, of P.E.R. James E. Welch, Secretary of Concordia Lodge No. 586 for eleven consecutive years. Funeral services, conducted by the Reverend Kent Bates, Pastor of the Christian Church, were held in the lodge





Above is the "Lt. Jos. S. Stotler Memorial Class" initiated into Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge by a team from New Kensington under the direction of Past State Pres. M. Frank Horne, in the presence of D.D. C. A. Shook.



Right: At the banquet given by Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge in honor of Governor-Elect Ben T. Laney were, left to right, Mayor L. P. McLaughlin, Mr. Laney, E.R. John Faye, Toastmaster W. M. Ebel and James R. Campbell who represents Hot Springs in the State Legislature.

room. All of the honorary pallbearers were Past Exalted Rulers of No. 586. Mr. Welch, 58 years old, was the kind of man not soon forgotten. Possessed of a pleasing personality, he was the soul of courtesy and kindness.

**CALIFORNIA ELKS** really put it over during the Sixth War Loan Drive—the goal was \$30,000,000 and final reports showed sales of \$50,708,532.

Right: D.D. Robert E. Walker and a class of candidates are shown with the officers of Needles, Calif., Lodge.

Last October, State Pres. Stephen A. Compas was approached by Treasury Department officials and aid of the 80 lodges in California was solicited. Immediately, at a meeting in Los Angeles, coats were off and chairs were pulled up to the

table by Mr. Compas, Allen DeWitt, Chairman of the State Elks War Commission, R. Leonard Bush, General Chairman of the Rehabilitation and War Committee, M. Penn Phillips, Vice-Chairman of the War Finance Committee of South-

Below: With lodge officers is the "Col. E. G. Buhrmaster Class" of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, initiated in honor of their fellow member who is now Provost Marshal in Paris, France. D.D. Dr. W. R. Eger and State Vice-Pres. Joseph Blase were present.





*Left is a photograph taken when D.D. R. E. Lancaster paid a visit to his home lodge at Bangor, Me.*

ern California, and others. In no time at all, a colossal plan was worked out and an over-all quota of \$30,000,000, based on the 60,000 California Elks, was set. That's an individual quota of \$500 in War Bonds for every Elk and sounds like a lot of money, but evidently those boys out there didn't think so. Final reports show that the quota was almost doubled.

To go into the details, the State President contacted all members of the Committee, District Deputies, State Vice-Presidents and the Exalted Rulers of the 80 lodges. A series of letters, instruction sheets, and what-have-you was sent to each. Al DeWitt was appointed to head the Drive, and headquarters were opened at the Treasury Department in Los Angeles. The Treasury defrayed the cost of printing 60,000 individual letters,

**To the Members of all Elk Lodges**

My Brothers:

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has always been a firm supporter of the American Red Cross, and in 1945, when the demands upon this great and noble organization are heavier than ever before, we should redouble our efforts to raise the necessary funds for its support.

I call upon our 1,500 lodges and our 650,000 members to give generously of their own means, and to join with every effort to make this year one of the most successful and useful that the Red Cross has ever experienced.

Fraternally yours,  
**ROBERT S. BARRETT**  
Grand Exalted Ruler



*Above: Dignitaries of Paducah, Ky., Lodge present a check for \$2,025 to the Elks State tri-member board to aid in purchasing a mobile unit for the fight against tuberculosis.*

*Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick, of Toledo, Ohio, is welcomed to Atlanta, Ga., by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge J. S. McClelland and other Elk officials.*



which were sent to every member in the State with application-blanks. Complete sets were mailed to every Exalted Ruler, who then signed the letters and addressed them to each member of his own lodge. A set of five weekly report cards was sent to each lodge so that a weekly report could be received at headquarters.

Mr. Compas, accompanied by Past Pres. L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Forum, made a 5,000-mile trip through the State the week before the Drive opened. Each district was visited, where meetings were held in central points for

*Below: With the officers who initiated them are 22 new members of Gardner, Mass., Lodge, among them a father and his five sons.*





Above is the largest class initiated into Bedford, Ind., Lodge since 1903, photographed with the lodge officers.

last-minute instructions and briefing. Special slogans and posters were provided and displayed prominently all over the State.

Then on the morning of November 20th every Exalted Ruler in California received a wire from Al DeWitt, urging them to do their best, and the campaign was on.

A series of broadcasts had been arranged. On Nov. 24th Miss Gloria Blondell, movie and radio actress, interviewed Commander Dr. Clark Ryan USN, a veteran of the South Pacific and a member of the Order, on the Gilmore Oil Company's "Furlough Fun" program. A great plug was given the Elks' \$30,000,000 Bond Drive. On Nov. 26th and again on Dec. 10th, Mr. Compas reported to the Elks of the State over "Ten O'Clock Wire", popular news broadcast program conducted by Chet Huntley.

Headquarters sent out news stories and the lodges dreamed up their own "special attractions". Long Beach Lodge No. 888 packed the Municipal Auditorium with 4,000 people, admitted by Bond purchases only. One of the northern lodges gave jeep rides, another auctioned merchandise, and the cash flowed in as sales mounted. San Diego Lodge No. 168 took over the Victory House and did a terrific day's business. Not one publicity angle was missed; not one lodge pulled a "dud".

On Dec. 2nd, the first sales bulletin mailed into headquarters reported \$3,103,399.50. On Dec. 20th, sales had reached \$39,169,681.50. By then, the original quota was just one of those things, so headquarters changed its tune and began shooting at a new goal—\$50,000,000. Well, you saw what the final accounting showed.

By wire and mail, all the lodges were congratulated. Fifty-two of the eighty went over their quotas and these got special Treasury Department Citations, signed by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the State War Finance Chairman and State President Compas.

By selling this amount of Bonds, California Elks raised sufficient funds to enable our Government to purchase forty-eight B-29 Flying Fortresses. Every Fortress will carry a plaque with the inscription, "California Elks Association". Individual citations from the Treasury Department, superimposed on a large photo of the B-29, have been sent to all

eighty lodges, certifying their participation in the purchase of the Fortresses.

Every official in charge did a wonderful job and, for that matter, each one of the 60,000 members deserves individual credit. Press and radio gave plenty of space and time to publicizing the Elks and their campaign; the favorable publicity received locally spoke well for every lodge in California.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Lodge, No. 550, found District Deputy Dr. Joseph H. Rosenberg's homecoming visit a good excuse for a turkey dinner. About 200 Elks were there, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, a Past Pres. of the New York State Elks Assn. and P.E.R. of Queens Borough Lodge, one of the speakers. Other big-names in the Order who addressed the meeting were State Pres. Louis R. Dowd, Cortland Lodge; Past Pres. George I. Hall, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, Lynbrook

Lodge; P.D.D. Judge John F. Scileppi, Chairman of the N. Y. State Elks War Commission, Queens Borough, and Past Exalted Rulers William F. Edelmuth, Mayor of Kingston, and John T. Loughran, Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals. Past Exalted Ruler Vincent G. Connelly did the honors.

The District Deputy received a gold pen and pencil set from the lodge, a set of studs from the House Committee, and a utility case from Exalted Ruler Robert K. Ploss.

WESTERLY, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, and its Exalted Ruler, Dr. Frederick H. Dotolo, got a terrific compliment recently when their war efforts were the object of a Resolution passed by the State House of Representatives and the Senate. A copy of the Resolution was sent to the lodge and to Dr. Dotolo.

Commended in it was the special service No. 678 has given the men and women of Washington County who have entered the Services. Without exception, farewell breakfasts—46 of them when the Resolution was passed—have been served at the lodge home, not only for all inductees, but their friends and relatives as well.



Above, right: When De Kalb, III., Lodge honored its charter members recently, Past State Pres. C. J. Schulenberg, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and D.D. George Moyer, left to right, were present.

Right: The Elks who were initiated into Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, shown with the lodge officers.





*Left: E.R. A. C. McCarthy, Asst. District Attorney, at left, presents Bronx, N. Y., Lodge's check for the purchase of uniforms and equipment for contending teams to the New York City Police Athletic League.*

**SANTA ANA, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 794, in a whirlwind campaign of its own, hit the jackpot in the Sixth War Loan Drive and jumped its quota more than 200%. The final figure of sales, as of December 20th, was \$1,467,500. The certified amount of \$1,092,667.50, up to and including December 16th, was actual cash collected—not just the matured value of the Bonds sold—and for this minor miracle, the lodge got a special citation from the Treasury Department.

**MARION, ILL.** "Bruce Campbell Night" on January 17th at Marion Lodge No. 800 featured a dinner and an initiation of a class honoring Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission and P.E.R. of East St. Louis Lodge. Representatives of the 15 lodges of the Ill. South District, including 25 Harrisburg Elks, led by E.R. Dr. H. J. Raley, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, joined in the tribute to Mr. Campbell in recognition of all he has done for the

Order for more than two decades and of the particular interest he has shown in the District.

Five hundred watched the Bruce Campbell Class of 58 candidates enter the Order for the various lodges whose officers made up the ritualistic team. A War Bond was presented to Mr. Campbell who praised the southern Illinois Elks for their aid in the war effort.

**ENGLEWOOD, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 1157, entertained, on January 25th, about 250 servicemen who are hospitalized at Camp Shanks. The Elk-sponsored variety show was such a hit that the lodge decided then and there to make it a regular monthly event.

Mrs. Alois Havrilla, co-ordinator of entertainment for the Tappan-Zee Council (Red Cross), supervised the whole thing. Radio's Toby Davis was Master of Ceremonies. Walter Cassel, Metropolitan Opera star, John Seams, magician, and the specialty numbers went over big.

Trustees of No. 1157, Mayor C. W. Floyd Coffin and Past State Pres. William

Conklin, addressed the men. Each veteran received a useful gift. Members of the Ridgewood Red Cross Canteen served supper, and later on, the performers were entertained at the lodge home.

**GEORGIA ELKS.** The January 14th meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia Elks Association brought Elks from 12 lodges to Waycross Lodge No. 369, where State Pres. W. Wayne Hinson hails from. Every District Deputy has a clean slate to his credit: Bowdre P. Mays, of Augusta, (Ga., East), Heeth Varnedoe, of Thomasville, (Ga., South), and Robert J. Alander, of Columbus, (Ga., West), made complete reports of their visits to the lodges in their jurisdictions.

Georgia Elkdom is solidly behind the Elks War Commission's program, the purchase of War Bonds, and "Aidmore", the convalescent home sponsored by the State Elks Crippled Children League. Savannah Beach will see a streamlined Elks War Conference May 12-13.

**ASHLAND, ORE.,** Lodge, No. 944, hasn't exactly been taking it easy during the past months. Not to be outdone by other lodges, No. 944 played a leading part in the Sixth War Loan Drive. Every other drive in the Ashland area that has been under Secretary J. S. Reed's leadership has gone over big. Not to laugh in the face of Fate, he was appointed to head this one, too. As usual, the lodge came through with its own Bond purchase which this time approximated \$10,000. On December 7th a mammoth Bond Show and Auction were held at the Lithia Theatre, when E.R. Earl T. Newbry and P.E.R. William M. Briggs auctioned off goods donated by the city's merchants—snaring one Bond purchase of over \$20,000.

The lodge's annual charity stag show was a rip-roaring success. Cries of bark-



*Left: Part of the attentive crowd present at Traverse City, Mich., Lodge's First Annual Football Bust, honoring members of the Big 8 All-Conference Team and the local high school squad.*



*Below: Some of the 65 orphan children who were entertained recently by Sumter, S. C., Elks.*



*Above is part of the crowd which jammed the ballroom of Tampa, Fla., Lodge's home to watch the floor show put on in celebration of the burning of the mortgage on the building.*

ers drew large crowds to the various games in which prizes of tobacco, groceries, turkeys, etc., were handed out to lucky patrons. About 100 people "got the bird" in the raffle, and several other turkeys were given out as door prizes. At about 11:30 Supper Chairman Fred Taylor gave the high-sign and then jumped out of the way as some 500 hungry men staged a blitzkrieg on the food. Later on, a clever show was put on by some of the boys from Camp White and other entertainers. Sergeant Don Stafford emceed. The proceeds of their charity stags are used by the Elks to provide needy people in and around Ashland with household necessities.

Another social event was the dinner the lodge gave for the Ashland Junior and Senior High football teams and their coaches. About 40 boys came and had a high old time.

A Past Exalted Rulers Association has been organized by No. 944 to aid in improving conditions within the lodge and to help in worthwhile activities undertaken by the local Elks. H. H. Gillette and Frank J. Van Dyke were elected President and Secretary respectively.

Ashland Elks who attended a smoker

*Right: E.R. Ed Hogan, left, presents Davenport, Ia., Lodge's \$800 check to D.D. William C. Brunk as final payment on the Lodge's Elks National Foundation pledge.*

at Grants Pass Lodge reported that the Cavemen outdid themselves to show everybody a good time. Those who drove over to the smoker given by Medford Lodge had no complaints either for that program started with a dinner and featured a big turkey raffle and entertainment.

**ROME, GA.,** Lodge, No. 694, believes that one good turn deserves another. Having bought and installed two 2-way portable bowling alleys for the wounded veterans and the staff at Battley General

Hospital just outside the city, the Elks got to work on another idea they had been talking over among themselves—the organization of an orchestra among the patients and the duty personnel for their own pleasure and entertainment.

And they weren't just beatin' their gums, either, for just like that, musical instruments were bought to the tune of \$750. Saxophones—two alto, one tenor and one baritone—a trombone and a string bass were formally presented to Colonel D. B. Faust, Commanding Officer, in a ceremony at the Post. No time was wasted, and an orchestra was soon in full swing. Calling themselves "Sgt. Jack Kranyik and His BGH Rythmedics", the boys give concerts for the patients, play for their parties and dances, and furnish music for soldier shows and Battley General's weekly quiz show.

*(Continued on page 26)*



*Below is a photograph taken on the occasion of D.D. W. C. Brunk's official visit to Burlington, Ia., Lodge. Many State Elk officials were present.*



# What Is The "Elks War Commission"?



**T**HE Elks War Commission is an organization sponsored by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

It is financially supported by the voluntary contributions of the 650,000 members of the 1409 Lodges, located in the United States and possessions.

Its purpose is to aid the United States Government in every possible way; to prosecute the War against our Country's enemies to the fullest extent; to aid in bringing the war to a Victorious conclusion, as quickly as possible; to render every possible aid and comfort to the members of our Armed Forces while in service; and to prepare for the rehabilitation of the 75,000 Elks in our Armed Forces when they are honorably discharged from Service.

The Commission has successfully sponsored the following programs:

1. "KEEP 'EM FLYING"—a program of cooperation with the War Department to secure and assist in qualifying young men desiring to take the Aviation Cadet Training Course by conducting Refresher Schools. (Inaugurated July 1941).
2. EVACUATION OF CHILDREN FROM WAR ZONES—a program to take care of children evacuated from Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam and other areas under attack by our enemies (Inaugurated January 1942).
3. GIFT BOXES FOR SERVICEMEN—a program to promote the supplying of smoking material, candy, shaving material and similar items to members of the Armed Forces (Inaugurated January 1942).
4. "WRITE 'EM A LETTER"—a campaign to promote increased correspondence between the men in service and their families and friends at home (Inaugurated February 1942).
5. DISABLED MEN'S SLIPPER CAMPAIGN—a program to supply slippers to disabled veterans in hospitals. More than 100,000 pairs of slippers have been manufactured and delivered to date. (Inaugurated February 1942).
6. FRATERNAL CENTERS—a program providing for the extension of hospitality to members of the Armed Services, stationed in the U.S.A. 110 Fraternal Centers are now operating under approval of the Elks War Commission (Inaugurated March 1942).
7. ARMY AIR CORPS MECHANIC PERSONNEL RECRUITING—a campaign, started at the request of Maj. Gen. J. A. Ulio, The Adjutant General, to obtain mechanics and technicians for ground crew service. Over 100,000 men were recruited (Inaugurated August 1942).
8. NAVAL AIR CORPS RECRUITING—a campaign, conducted at the request of the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, to assist in obtaining recruits for the Naval Air Corps (Inaugurated November 1942).
9. ARMY CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERS AND NAVY "SEABEES"—a campaign conducted at the request of the Army and Navy to obtain recruits for these two important branches of the Services (Inaugurated April 1943).
10. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL SERVICE—a program designed to supply entertainment and recreation for sick and wounded servicemen confined in the Government Hospitals of the country (in operation since 1918 in Massachusetts; elsewhere since May 1943).
11. CIGARETTES TO THE A.E.F.—a service rendered monthly by the Commission to our Fighting Men overseas. In the year starting May 1943, 15,640,000 cigarettes and 701,280 packages of pipe and cigarette tobacco were shipped abroad to men in the Armed Forces (Inaugurated December 1942).
12. REHABILITATION PROGRAM—a program to provide for the reintegration of the returning Elks war veterans into civil life (Inaugurated January 1944).
13. REGISTERED NURSE CAMPAIGN—a program started at the request of the Administrator of Veteran's Affairs to obtain Registered Nurses for service in Veterans' Administration Hospitals (Inaugurated November 1944).
14. MERCHANT MARINE BOOK CAMPAIGN—a program to obtain one million books for distribution to the Merchant Marine, Coast Guard, and Lighthouse Service—in cooperation with the American Merchant Marine Library Association. (Inaugurated January 1945).

The B. P. O. Elks is a Patriotic organization of American citizens, established in 1868. The Elks War Commission is its central body through which its patriotic efforts are directed. The members of the Commission, who serve without compensation, are:

James R. Nicholson, P.G.E.R., Chairman, New York, N. Y.

James T. Hallinan, P.G.E.R., Vice Chairman,  
Queens, N. Y.

Dr. Edward J. McCormick, P.G.E.R., Secretary,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Henry C. Warner, P.G.E.R., Asst. Treasurer,  
Dixon, Ill.

David Sholtz, P.G.E.R., Miami, Florida.

Joseph G. Buch, P.G.E.R., Trenton, N. J.

John R. Coen, P.G.E.R., Denver, Colorado.

John S. McClelland, P.G.E.R., Atlanta, Georgia.

Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, Washington.

E. Mark Sullivan, P.G.E.R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Frank J. Lonergan, P.G.E.R., Portland, Oregon.

ELKS WAR COMMISSION, 21 EAST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y. Phone: LExington 2-3196



# ELKS MEET A CHALLENGE



## SERVICE NEEDED BY AMERICA'S HEROES!

All of the "soldiers" of World War II are not in military or naval uniform. Nor are they all serving overseas! Nor do they all carry guns—with intent to kill or maim!

Some of our most important fighting men carry on without weapons of any kind—except for the sword of Charity and the torch of Brotherly Love. As a matter of fact, some of our most important fighting "men" are not men at all—they are the courageous women of the various nursing corps, who serve without a thought of glory, taking care of the sick and wounded, and doing a work that will be remembered long after the names of the battlefields of Europe and Asia are forgotten.

You will recall that the Grand Lodge at its meeting in Chicago last July, at the stirring request of Brig. General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, unanimously voted in favor of getting one thousand nurses for the Veterans Administration Hospitals. On that occasion Col. George E. Ijams, assistant to General Hines, said, "When I learned of the outstanding accomplishments of the Elks in assisting the War and Navy Departments in the recruitment of thousands of men for the Army Engineers and the Navy Seabees, it occurred to me that your splendid fraternity might be as successful in assisting the Veterans' Administration in recruiting nurses for the Veterans' Administration Hospitals located in all parts of our Country. We need 1000 nurses immediately."

This was a challenge! You, through your representatives in the Grand Lodge, accepted it. The campaign has been started, progress has been good, but it is not finished!

## VETERANS' NURSES SERVE IN U. S. A.

There has been some confusion in the minds of some of us regarding the various types of nurses. Perhaps this will help to clear up the matter: The Army and Navy each have their own Nurse Corps—uniformed and available in all parts of the world wherever our Armed Forces are serving. The Red Cross also has its own Nurse Corps, for service wherever their talents are in demand.

But—these nurses take care of our fighting men on the field of battle! The nurses sought by the Veterans' Administration, the nurses the B. P. O. Elks agreed to obtain, serve here in the United States, taking care of the men who were wounded and who have been discharged from service . . . men who have served us not only since Pearl Harbor, but who have fought our battles in all of the wars of the past.

There has been a strong campaign going on for the past year to obtain nurses for the Army and Navy Nurse Corps.

G.E.R. Dr. Robert South Barrett at the time he made his appeal for nurses. With him are, left to right, Col. George E. Ijams, Dr. Charles W. Griffith, Miss Rose Dunn and Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines.

There has been much about it in the public press. Our President made an appeal on the radio, during his January Message to Congress. There has been discussion in Congress regarding the possibility of drafting nurses. But—*these are not the nurses that the Elks have been asked to get.*

## NOT COMPETING WITH ARMY AND NAVY

Listen, again, to Col. Ijams at Chicago: "It should be thoroughly understood that the Veterans' Administration is not competing with the Army and the Navy in attempting to secure the services of nurses or other personnel who are qualified to serve with the Armed Forces. There are in America, however, a large number of women who have been trained as nurses, dietitians, etc., who are no longer following those vocations. Many are beyond the age which would enable them to join the Armed Forces. Some may have slight physical defects which would prevent them from serving with the Army and Navy. It is to this group that I should like to appeal to come into our service to assist us in giving proper medical care and treatment to thousands of honorably discharged veterans of all our wars including the present conflict."

These are the nurses we want. Women who are not eligible to serve with the Army or Navy, or who prefer to serve in this Country; women who are willing to render nursing service to wounded and convalescent warriors in one of the ninety-four Veterans' Administration Hospitals, located in the most scenic parts of our Country, amid pleasant, homelike surroundings.

Col. Ijams said, at Chicago, "A nation which does not provide ample care and assistance to its disabled defenders will not long endure. From our earliest history America has always amply provided for those who have suffered in our defense and for their dependents. We cannot and we will not fail them now."

Elks will not fail them now! Work with the War Committee of your lodge; help them to find qualified candidates; if you know of any women who are Registered Nurses, and who are not now working in that profession, urge them to get full information about service in Veterans' Administration Hospitals from the Chairman of your lodge War Committee Chairman.



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



*Above: With the Elks Band in the background, last December Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett was greeted at Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge by Gov. C. A. Bottelfsen, center, and Charles Ratcliffe, right.*

*Right: Dr. Robert South Barrett places a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Treasurer George M. McLean at El Reno, Okla., as local and State Elks officials look on.*





Left: At a banquet marking the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Texarkana, Ark., Lodge were, left to right, D.D.'s Robert Sugar, La., and Weldon G. Poole, Ark.; P.D.D. Will Steel; Dr. Barrett; Est. Lecturing Knight D. K. Williams; A. L. Sims, of Little Rock Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and George A. Milner.



Below: At a dinner commemorating Dr. Barrett's visit to El Reno, Okla., Lodge were, left to right, State Pres. Herbert Johnson, E.R. Dr. V. P. Cavanaugh, the Grand Exalted Ruler, D.D. Earl James and Floyd Brown, Special Deputy.



Above is Dr. Barrett, surrounded by Alexandria, Va., Elk officials, when he paid his home lodge a visit recently.

The picture below, showing the Grand Exalted Ruler with Elk officers, was taken prior to the banquet given by Spokane, Wash., Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Davenport Hotel.



## Wheeling, West Virginia, Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

WHEELING, W. VA., LODGE, No. 28, announces in a resolution dated January 18, 1945, that it will present the name of one of its members, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Wade H. Kepner, for election to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler at the 1945 Session of the Grand Lodge.

Immediately after his initiation on September 23, 1924, Mr. Kepner became a member of the drill team of Wheeling Lodge. He was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1927, and in 1930, having served in all the other chairs, he was elected Exalted Ruler. During his administration, 200 new members were initiated into the lodge. Mr. Kepner was a Trustee of his lodge for 10 years; for many consecutive years he served on the Social and Community Welfare Committee. He also served on numerous other committees.

In Grand Lodge and State Association work, Mr. Kepner has been active for many years. In 1934-35 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee and in 1936-37-38 he served on the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner to fill the unexpired

term on the Board of Grand Trustees of Joseph G. Buch who had become a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Kepner was elected Grand Trustee for five years at the 1940 Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Tex. He has served on the Board as Secretary, Home Member Approving Member and Vice-Chairman and at the present time, he is Chairman of the Board.

Mr. Kepner has officiated as president and as a board member of many civic and charitable organizations, as well as numerous national and local business corporations. He owns and successfully operates several businesses, as well as an 800-acre stock and dairy farm, and is Vice-President of the Security Trust Company, one of the largest banks in the State of West Virginia. He has traveled extensively.

Mr. Kepner is a graduate of Dartmouth College. He is a highly respected citizen and a man deeply attached to his family, which includes three children. His lodge is proud to present for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler a candidate whose ability for leadership has been proven. As an Elk, he is devoted to the Order; as an American, he is intensely patriotic.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 21)

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH., Lodge, No. 323, has started something it doesn't intend to finish—the Annual Football Bust honoring members of the Big-8 All-Conference team and the city's High School grid squad. The first one last December was so successful that big plans are being made to make this an annual event.

A huge crowd showed up, and particularly enjoyed a talk by the principal speaker, Coach Charles Bachman of Michigan State College. The lodge was praised for giving this great American sport a shot in the arm in northwestern Michigan. Coaches and teams from eight cities in the District were there.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. After his election, Governor-elect Ben T. Laney was honored by Hot Springs Lodge No. 380 at a banquet attended by 400 Elks and city, county and State officials. Pheasant was the *pièce de résistance*. A whole flock of the birds, bagged by Brother Elks of Sioux Falls, S. D., had been sent to Hot Springs Lodge. Postmaster S. A. Kemp gave the Invocation and E.R. John P. Fay introduced former Exalted Rulers.

Reviewing the history of his lodge, Walter M. Ebel pointed out that a few years ago the membership had dropped to less than a hundred and No. 380 was up to its ears in debt. Things are differ-

ent now . . . . . all debts have been wiped out, \$10,000 has been invested in War Bonds and \$2,500 is in the bank.

Hot Springs Lodge lost no time in answering the call of the Elks War Commission for books for our Merchant Marine. Its own appeal was made through press and radio, and by noon of the first day, more than 500 books—all in good condition—had been brought to the lodge home in cars and trucks. The last we heard, they were still coming in. Most of these welcome volumes are being shipped for distribution to ships, while others are placed in shore libraries.

(Continued on page 43)

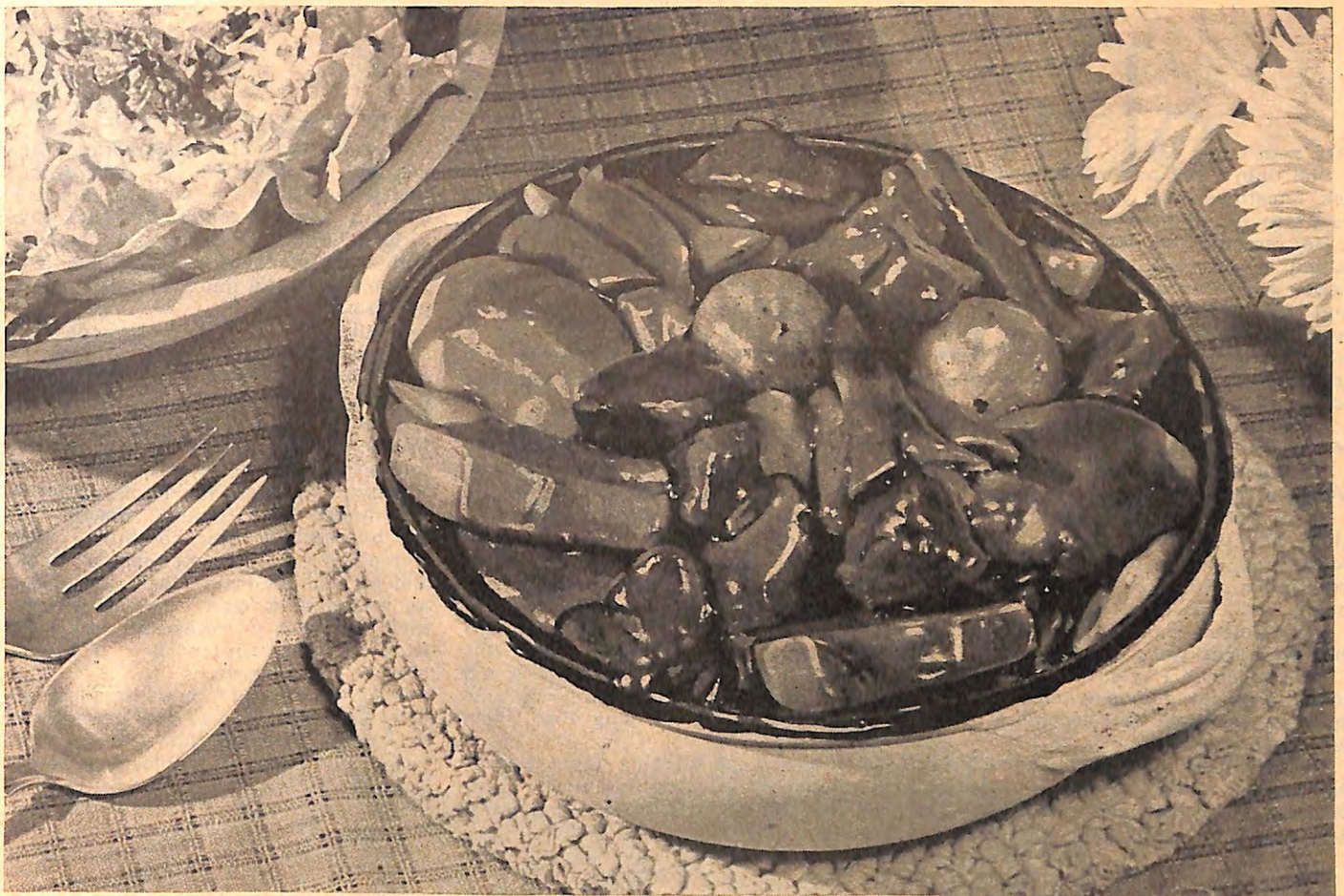
## Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

AT A meeting of CHARLEROI, PA., LODGE, No. 494, on the evening of January the 10th, Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Past Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge, was unanimously endorsed as a candidate to succeed himself as Grand Secretary at the election to be held this coming July. The lodge takes great pleasure in presenting Mr. Masters for reelection, knowing that he has performed the exacting duties of this high office in such a capable manner in the past.

In 1903 Mr. Masters became a member of Charleroi Lodge; he was elected to the office of Exalted Ruler of

his lodge in 1908. Since 1911, when he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, he has served on various Grand Lodge Committees, including the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years. From 1923, when his term as Grand Exalted Ruler expired, until he became Grand Secretary, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Since his election as Grand Secretary in 1927, he has been unanimously reelected at each subsequent Grand Lodge Reunion.



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each other's perfection—are blended by craftsmen with Seagram's 88 years' experience behind them. Every bottle measures up to the high Seagram standard...true pre-war quality!

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# Seagram's 5 Crown

*Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*



## Mission To Ohio

(Continued from page 7)

"He was Gin's dog."

She didn't say any more; she didn't ask questions; she just gave his arm an extra bit of pressure.

He remembered that and was sustained by it when later he sat in the parlor with Fay and his mother-in-law and his father-in-law. Supper was over. Supper had been a quiet meal, with the conversation confined to generalities. But now supper was over—and you had to start sometime.

"I suppose I will have to explain myself to you people."

"Is there something to explain, Edward?" Mrs. Coleman asked.

"Mrs. Coleman," he said gently, "Virginia always called me Tex. I wish you would, too. Sure, I'd consider it explaining. I'd like to tell you about myself."

Mrs. Coleman nodded. "I'll confess that we—that we were—"

"She means," Fay broke in, "that it knocked us for a loop when we heard that Tex Faulkner had become a member of the family."

Fay's brown eyes encouraged him; she seemed to be telling him to go ahead and say his piece. He looked at Mrs. Coleman again. She was a thin,

intense little woman, Gin's mother; the church-worker type, he would have labeled her long ago. And Gin's stubby, stocky little father. A Babbitt in person, he would have called Gin's father back there in his salad days.

"Usually," Fay said, "the brutal truth begins with 'I was born in—' Does that help you, Tex?"

She was doing her darnedest to make it easy for him, and he thanked her with his eyes.

"I was born in a little Texas town not so very different from this little town: My father happened to strike it rich and we moved to New York. I had everything that money could ever buy for me. I was as spoiled as they ever come. Up until December of '41 I'd never done a lick of work in my life.

"Then I volunteered. I guess you might say I sort of came of age. But I didn't have it easy. The papers ran pieces about me, with captions like this: Playboy Now Flying For Uncle Sam."

He hesitated, wanting them to understand this, wanting terribly for them to know something of the peculiar problem that had been his.

"It hurt like hell when the kids I was training with seemed to think I was just going along for the ride. Looking back, it seems I fought half the guys at Kelly Field. I whipped some of them, and some of them whipped me. But I was one of the gang when they sent us across."

Faulkner's Brief Autobiography, he thought, when he had finished. And he hadn't put it across. They hadn't got it. Oh, maybe Fay had an inkling, but her mother and father just sat there waiting. After all, he wasn't a true son-in-law; they'd never seen him and Virginia together. He was a side issue, a stranger they couldn't visualize as the husband of their daughter. They weren't, really, interested in him at all, and he couldn't blame them. Actually, he was just a man who had known their daughter overseas and had come back bringing word of her. The man himself didn't matter.

They were going to ask him questions now. Mr. Coleman had his fingers laced so tensely together that the knuckles looked like the ends of bleached bones. Fay dodged his eyes when he glanced at her. Gin's mother was twisting the handkerchief in her hands.

Mr. Coleman said: "Was—was it bad when Virginia—"

"She was killed instantly," Tex said, and for a moment then the people in this room ceased to exist for him. Finally he added, "It was just a stray plane that came over the hospital."

"And you," Mrs. Coleman said, "you were there with her, Edward?"

"I was several hundred miles away."

It was the wrong answer and he knew it. He should have been there. In their dumb, unreasoning grief they would never understand why fate had sent him on a mission that day. Less than ever was he Gin's husband.

"They gave me a short leave," he said tonelessly. "After that I went back to work and didn't duck a single mission. It was a bargain between Virginia and me. If one of us—got knocked out—the other was to hit the ball harder than ever. You see, we believed in what we were doing."

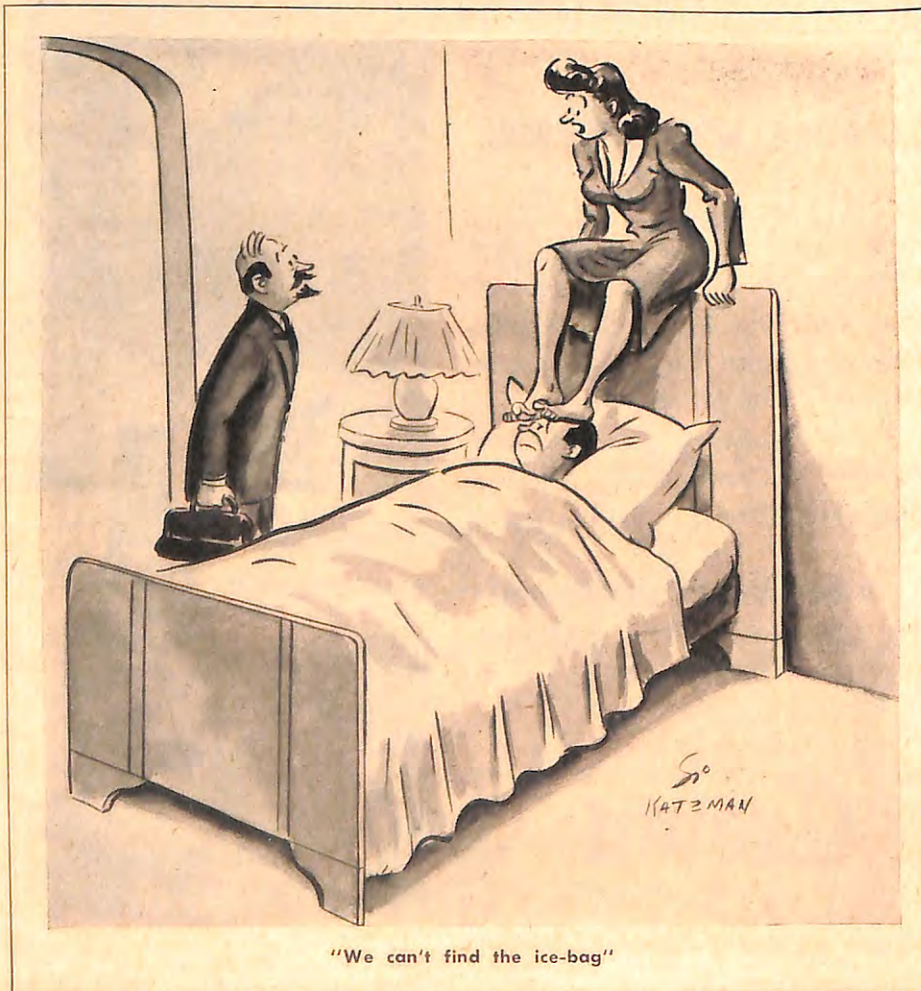
He got up suddenly and walked out of that room and out of that house. He prowled restlessly through the town. He revisited the station and saw a train stop, take on a passenger, and then go plunging east again. Finally he walked back up Main to McKinley, turned right, and climbed the hill.

"They've gone to bed," Fay said, when he found her still in the parlor. "You hurt them, you know, when you walked out."

"I couldn't help it, Fay."

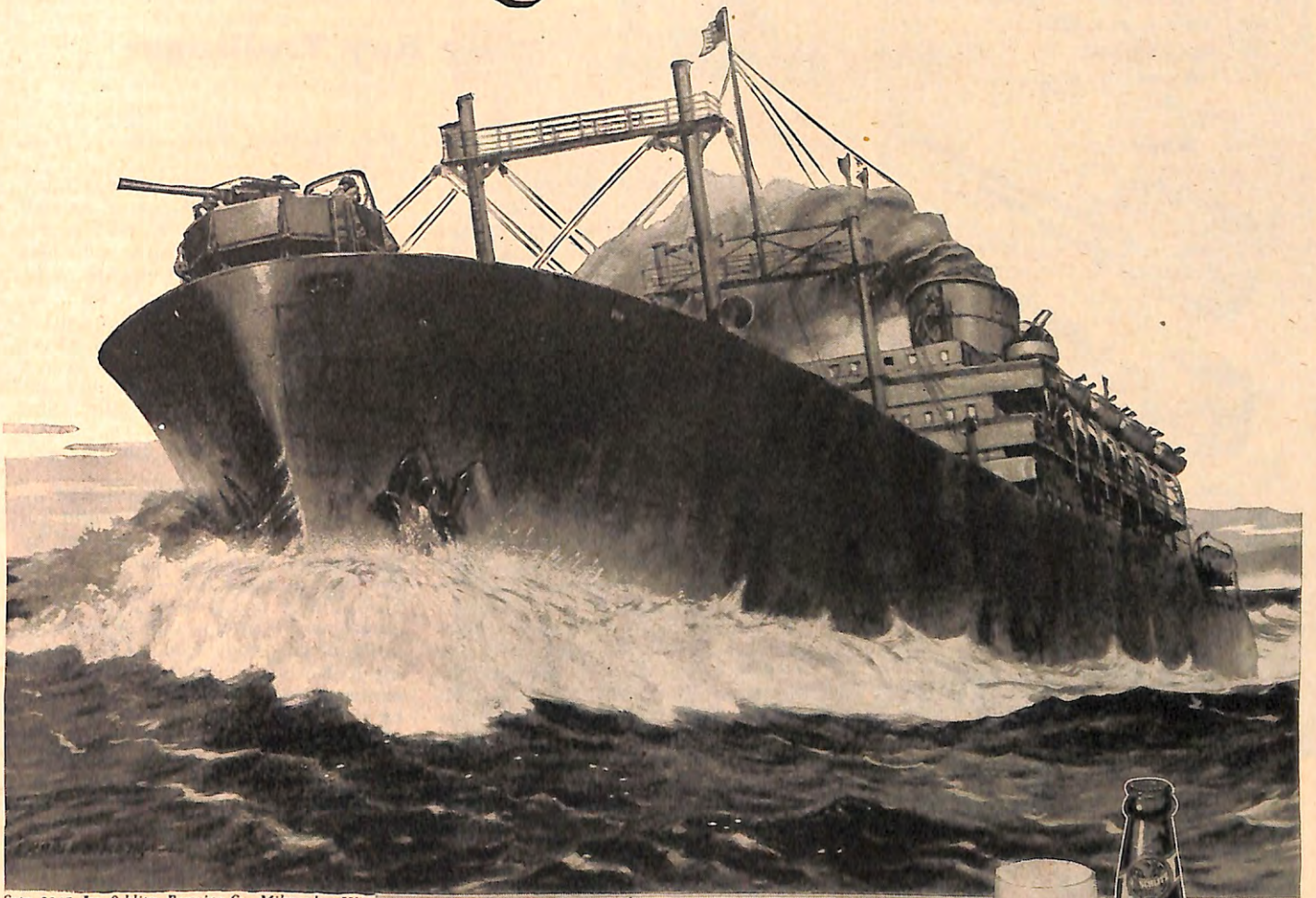
"I know. I told them. But it hurt, just the same. They knew her even before you did, Tex." She climbed the stairs ahead of him, switched on the light in his room. "Good night, Tex."

(Continued on page 32)



"We can't find the ice-bag"

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# Rod AND Gun



## A post-mortem and a few predictions of interest to you and you, and especially you

By Ray Trullinger

*This year's Fishing Tackle Situation.*

Early last Fall there were indications that anglers could expect to find some replacements for broken or worn-out items of angling gear on sporting goods counters this Spring. No great supply of rods, reels or other fishing gadgets was expected, but for a while it looked like enough new stuff would be on the market to plug growing gaps. Later developments, however, as everyone who reads newspapers knows, changed that rosy prospect almost overnight. Now it doesn't appear likely that anything will be available except what already is in stock. At this writing tackle store stocks are down to bedrock and early Spring buying is expected to just about clean out what remains.

A few fly reels—somewhat overpriced, incidentally—bobbed up in several of New York's shops around Christmas time and lasted about as long as a smuggled quart of booze on an Indian Reservation. Two or three stores announced the expected delivery "of a few rods, maybe a dozen", sometime in the Spring, but other dealers scouted that optimistic notion.

"Rodmakers," they declared, "are just about out of bamboo and you can't make rods for Spring delivery without cane. Reels? Don't be silly! The reel manufacturers are still making gadgets for the Government."

Fair supplies of flies, bass bugs and other lures are still on hand in most stores at this writing, but even these stocks are definitely on the lean side and beginning to look "picked over". From this pew it would appear that fishermen will have to make what they've got do for at least another season.

*More Sporting Ammunition? Well, Maybe.*

If the European battling continues through Spring and summer, as well it might, prospects for fresh sporting ammunition this Fall in sufficient quantity to supply nationwide hunting requirements are very slim, indeed. At the moment ammunition companies are bending every effort to fill recent huge Government orders for small arms military ammo, including .50 and .30 caliber stuff. And also to build up a reserve of this much-needed rifle and machine-gun fodder.

One factory official interviewed by this reporter stated he thought all companies would be "caught up" by late Spring, and, if by that time the end was in sight for Germany, cut-backs likely would be ordered which would permit resumption of sporting ammunition production. If the fighting in Europe continued through the summer, he further stated, it would be unlikely that other than a minimum amount of ammunition would be released by the Government. This would go to farmers and ranchers for predator control and probably would be rationed out in small quantities from stocks now on hand.

Of the nation's gunners, deer and other big game hunters are perhaps sitting prettiest. Most managed to pick up a box or two of high-power cartridges last Fall, and, unless burned up on tin cans around camp, should be sufficient to carry them through another deer season if not two. Smallbore match shooters aren't so fortunate. Good .22 match ammunition was almost unobtainable even before the Government froze all sales and the three-box allotment of regular or high-speed stuff was not enough to keep them happy for more than a weekend.

## CONSERVE PAPER



So it doesn't seem likely the talent will be shooting skeet this spring, as your reporter predicted several months ago in a moment of unguarded optimism. We were all wrong like a three-dollar bill, but then so was Churchill, General Eisenhower, and, as we recall, Admiral Halsey.

*East Coast Duck Season Post Mortem:*

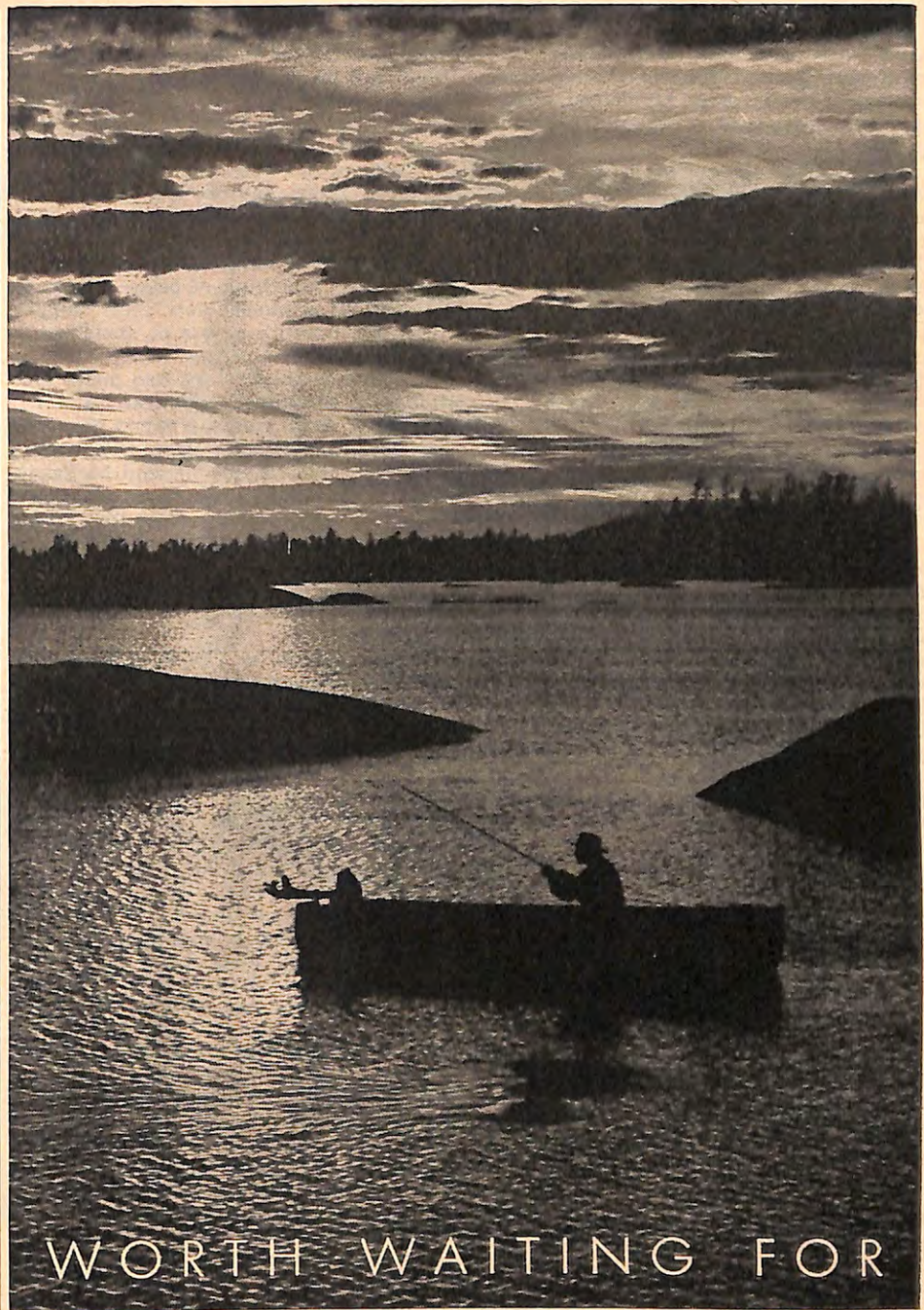
There might have been a heavy increase in this continent's duck and goose population this past year, but it will take fast talking to convince Atlantic Coast wildfowlers of that fact. The boys didn't tab any increase; matter of fact, they saw fewer ducks and geese this past season than during the '43-'44 gunning period, except, perhaps, in the instance of redheads and canvasbacks.

From Maine to the great wintering grounds along the Chesapeake, and from the Back Bay region of Virginia southward through Currituck Sound to Pamlico and Mattamuskeet Lake, geese and marsh ducks were conspicuously fewer in number.

Those great flights of pintails, which two, three and four years ago clouded the skies from Maryland to Hatteras during the gunning season, were no longer in evidence. There were pintails, of course. But this and other reasonably competent observers estimated their numbers reduced by at least two-thirds. Widgeon, which a year ago were exceedingly plentiful in the Currituck area, were almost equally scarce.

All observers were agreed the Canada goose population in the same great wintering area was considerably less than formerly. There were differences of opinion over the estimated decline, but guesses ranged from 25 to 40 per cent, and nobody could explain this drop.

Some professional guides and a number of shooters hazarded a guess that the sprigs and widgeon winged a different migratory route last fall for some reason best known to the birds. There might be something to this



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OUTBOARD MOTORS



"He's traveling incognito"

theory, although it's difficult to understand why the ducks would pass up a wintering ground like Currituck, loaded with wild celery, sago pondweed, oyster and eel grass and other quacker delicacies.

The East Coast bluebill flight, which with black ducks supply the bulk of duck shooting sport for the New England, Connecticut, Long Island and New Jersey talent, left considerable to be desired, too. A goodly number of birds were in evidence on Narragansett Bay, but this observer doubts this annual concentration approached the '43-'44 total in those parts. Long Island Sound shooters had an occasional fair day but on the whole shooting was definitely on the spotty side. And Jersey's gunners didn't do anything to write home about, either, mainly because ducks were something less than plentiful.

In short, the bluebill flight along the Atlantic Seaboard appeared well below expectations and the talent now is pretty well agreed that someone was swinging a hefty bull by the tail when those optimistic duck increase announcements were made early last fall. There might have been a duck increase, but this alleged increase didn't show along the East Coast.

Incidentally, this reporter would like to hear from other duck-shooting Brother Bills who gunned in other sections of the country this past fall.

*Idle Thought Department.*

Wonder if the arms companies ever will get around to producing a non-rusting gun steel after the war? This development is overdue by about 20 years—probably because Joe Shooter hasn't had the gumption to stand up on his hind legs and howl for better things.

Automobile manufacturers found a way around the front-end hand cranking and carbide headlight nuisance and the makers of radio sets eliminated the banshee wails and squeals from their product. But the gunmakers continue to turn out sporting arms, which, if not stripped and fondled for an hour with an oily rag after a wetting, look like something salvaged from the village scrap heap next morning.

If can be argued that gun cleaning is

a delight and labor of love, and maybe it is. And it also can be argued that there are plenty of good gun oils on the market which eliminate the rust nuisance. But gents who so argue never have seen the effect of salt water on a pair of pumpguns which weren't stripped down to the last spring and screw, oil or no oil. And anybody who argues that such an evening-long chore is fun, after a tough day's gunning, is batty. We can think of better things to do around a duck club after supper than wet-nursing a pair of shotguns.

*Speaking of Duck Guns. . .*

Several years ago we had some nice things to say about Winchester's Model 12 heavy duck gun, a weapon designed for the skilled duck shot who knows where to hold on 'em beyond 55 yards. Since purchasing this nine and one-quarter-pound fowling piece we've shot it from James Bay, in northern Ontario, to the Carolinas, plus a lot of places in between, and for our dough it's the greatest duck gun ever produced.

This shotgun is chambered for the three-inch magnum shell, which in pre-war days could be obtained in either the "light" or "heavy" loading. The "light" load is stuffed with four drams of powder and one and three-eighths ounces of shot, the "heavy" with four and one-quarter, one and five-eighths. Neither is available these days because no magnums have been loaded since the start of the war.

For quite some time factory ballistic sharks have been trying to convince us that the lighter load is the more effective of the two. It might be. The only hitch is that, so far as we're concerned at least, the "heavy" load kills more ducks and geese and does it over longer ranges. Recently we got our lunc'-hooks on several boxes of pre-war Western stuff, loaded with Lubaloy fours, and what it did to those high flyers was something to see. These three-inch magnums, however, were the lighter loads and we're still to be convinced that a heavier loading with Lubaloy shot wouldn't be even more effective.

Anyway, when peace comes and guns again are available it's suggested that

skilled pumpgun shooters look over Winchester's magnum pump. It's the answer to a pass-shooter's prayer, and to the guy who gets a kick out of smacking 'em down at 70-yard range. Incidentally, the recoil is no bother; in fact, it's less noticeable than the "kick" of lighter 12-gauges, shooting the standard duck load. And the weapon's weight makes it swing with the smoothness of a bank vault door.

*Rod and Gun Hash Dept.*

Despite the war and travel difficulties, hunting and fishing camps throughout the country reported the best business ever for 1944. . . . In many instances customers were turned away because guides and accommodations weren't available. . . . This year the turnout is expected to be heavier. . . . Which is a tipoff on things to come when the world brawl is over. . . . Returning fighters will increase the fishing and hunting pressure an estimated 30 to 50 per cent, according to game officials.

Everybody and his dog seems to be planning some sort of sporting camp after the war. . . . Veterans appear especially interested in the establishment of such a business. . . . Rod and reel salmon trolling on the lower Columbia River has become big league business in recent years. . . . We can remember when that game was unknown in those parts. . . . Wonder why West Coasters don't raise and liberate a few eastern black ducks in Oregon, Washington and California, where those great game birds are now unknown? . . . In a few seasons they'd have something. . . . That whole coastal area was made to order for black ducks, the smartest of the webfoot clan.

More states are earmarking dough for better hunting and fishing after the war. . . . Maine is all set to build six modern hatcheries, and the Pine Tree State already boasts swell fishing. . . . Instead of killing off everything wearing feathers and fur, and catching fish like mad, as some of our more noted swivel chair sportsmen were urging two years ago, there now is a definite movement to save what we have and increase fish and game production.

## Mission To Ohio

*(Continued from page 28)*

Breakfast is invariably early on this ranch."

They were waiting for him when he came downstairs the next morning. He seated Mrs. Coleman, then found a chair for himself beside Fay. It was a good breakfast—tomato juice, wheat cakes, sausage, and eggs; a breakfast that would stick.

"We were just saying, Edward," Mrs. Coleman told him, "that it would be nice if you took the car and ran Fay to school and Dad down to the store. Then you can come back and I will steal a march on the rest of the family by getting really acquainted with you."

The old Chev was pretty tame after a Fort, but he liked the way she handled. He let Fay out at the school. Then he and Mr. Coleman parked on Main Street and walked into the store. It was a general store not so dissimilar to one he remembered down yonder in that little Texas town that had been his birthplace.

Mr. Coleman introduced him to his clerks, making something of a ceremony of it, a shy but unmistakable pride humming in his voice when he said, "This is Major Faulkner—my son-in-law." Then they walked back to the office and Tex looked at the morning

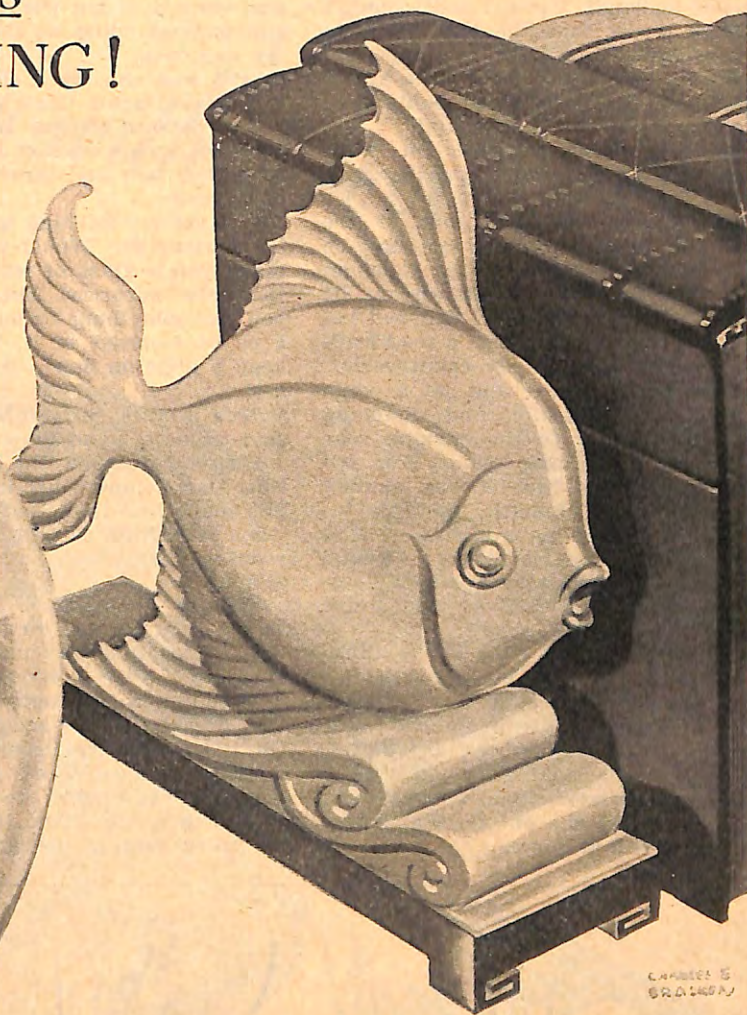
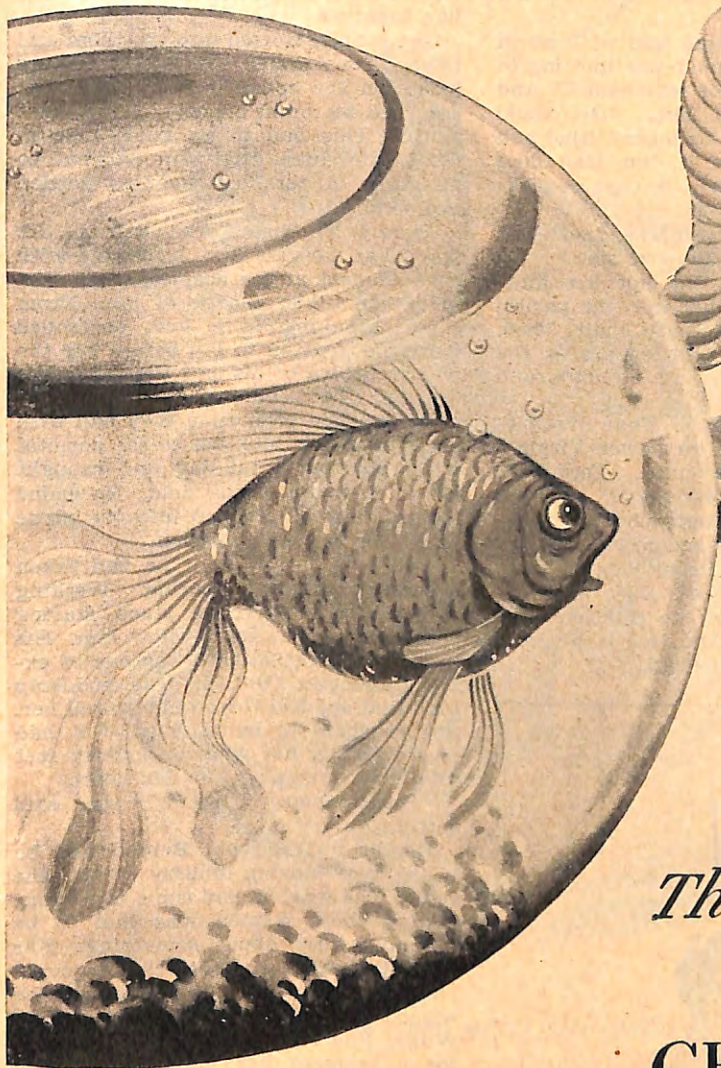
paper while Mr. Coleman ran through his mail. Finally Mr. Coleman swiveled around in his chair, his tired brown eyes smiling vaguely at Tex.

"Well, I guess Mother will be expecting you back. I'll see you at lunch. But don't come for me. I'll walk. You—you and Mother have a good time, son."

"I'll come down at lunchtime and walk up with you," Tex said impulsively.

"Oh, don't bother. I expect Mother will have you tied to her apron strings by then. But—there is one thing, Tex. The Rotary Club is having a luncheon

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can tell the REAL THING!



*That's why.*

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tomorrow. I'd—I'd like it a lot if you went with me and—well, made a little talk."

Tex turned cold and then hot with a sudden angry resentment. But he got himself in hand. The old gent couldn't possibly know that the last thing he wanted to do was to make a talk. As gently as he could he said, "I'm afraid I can't, sir. You see, I'll probably have to go back to New York tonight."

"But you've just got here. Oh. Well, if— Well, of course, if you have to go."

Tex walked unhappily out of the store and climbed into the car. But he did not at once return to the Coleman house. Picking a street at random, he followed it until the town dropped behind and the street became a road leading into the level, windy countryside.

He stopped the car and sat a while smoking thoughtfully and listening with half an ear to the buzzing roar of a distant training plane. For the first time in his life he was acutely dissatisfied with himself, and his inability to analyze his trouble served to increase his dissatisfaction. Finally, crushing out a last half-smoked cigarette, he turned the car and drove back.

Mrs. Coleman was busy in the kitchen when he returned, but she wouldn't let him help. She made him sit in a chair by the window while she went skipping to and fro about her duties. She talked a lot and he would always remember the tremendous and yet self-conscious effort she put forth to make him really feel at home.

She told him all about her church-work. The Sunday School class she taught had the best attendance record of any in town. It also had the best softball team. Their current minister was very good but not as sympathetic and understanding as old Doctor Gentry had been.

"He was an Army chaplain in the last war. Doctor Gentry."

She finished wiping the dishes and put them away, took off her apron, and tidied her hair and threw him a quick little smile.

"I'll get my knitting and we'll go in the parlor. Oh. Would you like me to make you a glass of lemonade?" And then she surprised him. "Or would you like something stronger? Dad and I never believed in it, but Dad does keep a little on hand—in case of sickness!"

"It's a little early in the day," Tex said, amused, "and I'm not sick."

He waited while she got her knitting, then followed her into the parlor. She made him take Dad's chair. Then, busy as a bird, she flitted across the room and came back with a photograph album.

"This was Virginia's. That first picture is Virginia and Fay when Virginia was eleven and Fay nine. They look very much alike, don't they? . . . Here is Virginia in her high-school graduation dress. . . . I wonder who this is. Oh, it's a boy Virginia used to go with. Freddy—Freddy Wilks. Such a steady boy. I always knew the children were safe with him. . . . And this is Virginia her third year at college."

Then, quite without warning, she began to cry. Tex felt her tense little body quivering inside the circle of his big arm. He guided her to her chair, and he stood by her until she was quiet, until she let go of his hand and motioned him to sit down again.

"You have to tell me," she said then. "I have to know."

It would have been so much better for her, he thought, if Gin had married Freddy Wilks. Then she would have known what Gin and her husband were like together.

The spaniel trotted into the room and licked Tex's hand. With his fingers locked in the spaniel's silky hair, Tex searched his mind for words, the right words. This had to be good, just as Gin's letter home that time had had to be good. A terrific loneliness settled over him.

Finally he found the words. He started at the very first, beginning with that moment at the hospital when Virginia had taken charge of him. From there, speaking in a low, controlled voice, he went on to lay before her the whole pattern of his and Virginia's life together: his headlong courtship, their marriage, the brief time they had with each other. He took her to the hospital with him that fatal day and brought her back to the flying field. He ended his story as he stepped into the plane again for the next mission.

And now he felt as if he had taken a severe physical beating. Walking over to a window, he stood staring sightlessly at the town below him. His principal sensation now was one of extreme fatigue. But he was suddenly glad that she had forced him to tell her. She deserved to know, even if it had meant letting her walk on clumsy feet into the secret places of his heart.

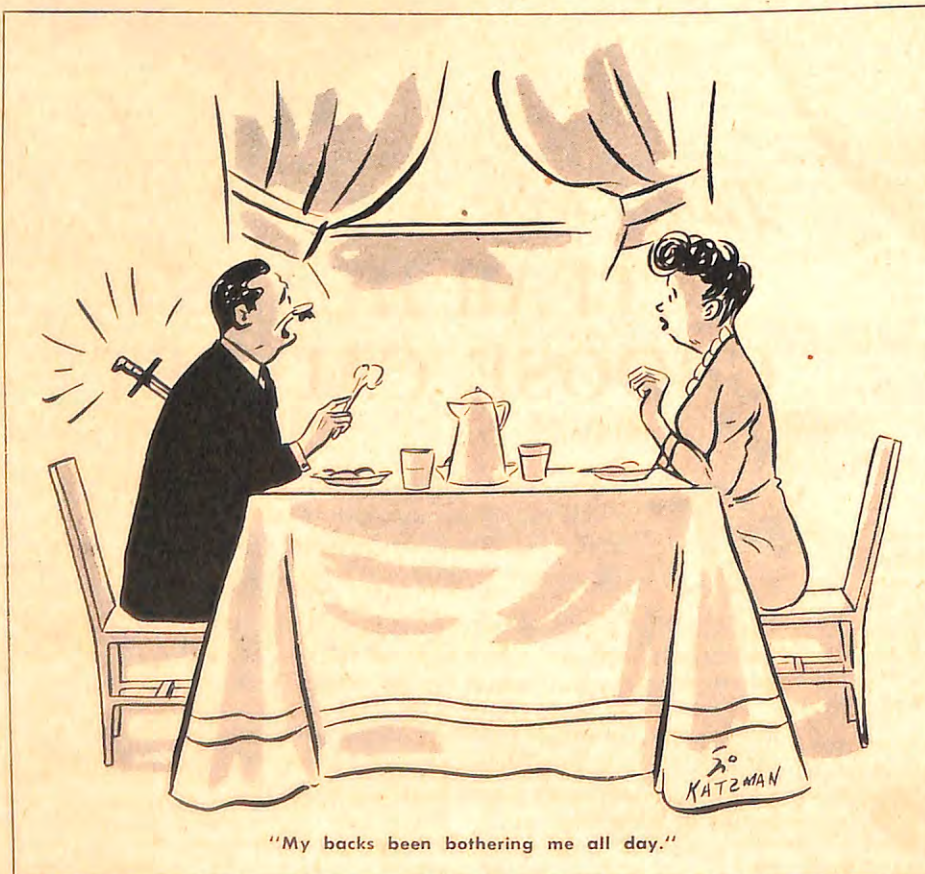
"Thank you, Edward," she said softly.

He did not answer. Behind him he heard her moving quietly about the room. She was, he had come to realize, one of those women who had to be eternally busy about something. For Virginia's sake he wished that he could have loved her; for Virginia's sake he wished crazily that he had been Freddy Wilks. She walked up behind him and for a moment her hand dwelt upon his shoulder.

"You have your life ahead of you, Edward. You've still got to hit the ball hard—harder than ever. I hope—I hope you will always come to see us."

"Thank you." The two words echoed hollowly in the room, and it was as if he and Mrs. Coleman had just said goodbye to each other. Everything was wrong, so miserably wrong. He turned impulsively toward her and found that she had gone silently out of the room; he heard her now in the dining room busily setting the table for lunch. Freddy Wilks would have been in there helping her.

Tex turned back to the window and stood there until Mr. Coleman toiled up the hill. They greeted each other shyly. Then Mr. Coleman climbed the stairs and Tex heard him washing



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noisily in the bathroom. When he came down again, Mrs. Coleman announced lunch.

"You offered me a drink a while ago," Tex told her. "I could use one now if you're sure you don't mind. Won't you join me?" he added to Mr. Coleman.

"No. No, thanks. I never touch it except once in a while when I've got a cold. But you help yourself if you're used to it."

The whisky was a medium grade of rye and he did not like rye, but he poured a stout drink and took it neat. He felt Mr. Coleman's eyes upon him, gentle, tired eyes. Once, Tex imagined, they'd had a vital sparkle to them; once Mr. Coleman had doubtless been rather dashing for a small-towner. Along about the time he'd been courting Mrs. Coleman. Later, too, his eyes must have mirrored that sparkle, when his little girls were growing up and he was getting his business on a solid foundation.

But the eyes were listless now. More keenly than ever Tex felt himself out of place. It wasn't anybody's fault, and it wasn't anything you could reach out and lay your hands upon. But the fact remained that he, Tex Faulkner, was an alien here, a terrible reminder to these people of their tragedy.

Which was a situation he would correct tonight. After lunch he'd see about reservations. The rest of the afternoon he'd spend with Mrs. Coleman and with Fay when she came home from teaching school. Tonight they'd all have supper together and he'd tell them anything under the sun they wanted to know. Then he would board a train for the East and he would be in New York tomorrow and the first thing he'd do would be send each one of them a present.

Then, quite unexpectedly, a sensation of shame assailed him. Send them each a present! Some little thing you bought in a store. They didn't want presents; they wanted something else. He looked down the table at his father-in-law and suddenly felt less dissatisfied with himself, because he heard himself saying, "I really don't have to leave tonight. I'd like to stay over and go with you to that luncheon tomorrow."

The sudden pleasure in Mr. Coleman's face approached the pathetic. Then he got his features back to normal. "That'll be swell, Tex," he said. "I think I'll take all day off tomorrow and sort of knock around with you. Probably a lot of things, you know, that we could find to do together."

He sat alone on the windy front porch and waited for Fay. Glancing at his watch, he frowned, remembering that yesterday she had been home a full thirty minutes earlier than this. Then he saw her coming up the hill and again it could have been Virginia who walked toward him.

"Hello, there. Where's Mother?"

"She went up to her room a few minutes ago."

"Did—did everything go all right today, Tex?"

"Everything was okay."

"You wouldn't want to come back to the kitchen with me and help eat some apple pie?"

They sat on stools in the kitchen. He liked sitting there with Fay. She was the kind of person you could be silent with. You could relax and have your own thoughts. You could look up occasionally and nod or smile and then go on where you had left off.

"I hear Mother coming down," Fay said suddenly. "Look. There's something I want to say. Nothing—nothing is ever the end of the world, Tex. . . . Say, how would you like to help us get supper? You can peel potatoes, can't you?"

But he didn't peel any potatoes, because Mr. Coleman arrived unexpectedly. "I came home early, Tex, thinking maybe you'd like to ride out to the farm with me. I've got a little farm a few miles out and I thought you might like to see it."

"It's a conspiracy," Fay said. "We had just put the major to work. Dad Coleman is unfair to kitchen labor."

Tex stood up and, flushed with sudden pleasure, began to shed his apron. This was a moment he would long remember, and he would remember, too, the strident ringing of the doorbell and Mr. Coleman going to answer it and coming back to say, "It seems to be a telegram for you, Tex."

In some ways it was a relief when he read it. Things were out of his hands now. His difficulties had been solved for him. Yes, his difficulties were solved just when, ironically, they were about to solve themselves.

"Orders," he told them briefly. "They're sending me to the Pacific. Special mission. Let me get to the telephone, please."

Once more he was a man of action. He called the station and learned he could get a train in forty-one minutes. He called Washington and reported receipt of the telegram. He whirled away from the phone and crashed headlong into Mr. and Mrs. Coleman.

They were shouting at him and he didn't have time to listen. But he heard them clattering after him as he charged up the stairs. Rushing into his room, he collided with Fay.

"Your bag's packed, Tex."

"Well!" he said. "Well, you're pretty darned fast, aren't you? Thanks, Fay. Thanks ever so much."

The Colemans puffed into the room.

"But, Tex, you've just got here!" Mrs. Coleman cried, and he realized this was the first time she had called him Tex. "It's not fair. They can't send you back so soon!"

He was keyed up now, the way you were keyed up on the bombing run. Speed! Speed and precision counted. He had nearly forty minutes, but he had to hurry. Say goodby quick and clean and get the hell away from there. No! No, don't come down to the station with me. I'll be all right.

"He has to go," he heard Fay saying, "because it's orders and he's important. Please, Mother. Dad!"

And then, for the second time that

day, Mrs. Coleman began to cry. Fay went to her. A little of the terrific urge, to hurry washed out of Major Faulkner.

"Tex," Mr. Coleman pleaded, "I know one of our senators fairly well. I can get him on the phone in five minutes."

"And they would tell him to go jump in the Potomac. Don't you know what orders mean?"

"Let Dad call him anyway, Tex," Mrs. Coleman begged. "We—we were just getting to know each other. You don't know what your coming meant to us. We're slow and old-fashioned and we were so sure you wouldn't like us. Except Fay said you would. Couldn't you let Dad—"

"The War Department!" Mr. Coleman shouted. And Mr. Coleman's eyes were no longer listless; they flamed with an unfair but sincere anger. "The War Department. Bringing this boy home and then sending him out again the next five minutes. It's a damned outrage!"

Tex let his hand fall on the old gent's shoulder. "Take it easy, Dad. You're quite a guy, and I had no idea you could be profane, and I like you a lot. We'll see that farm of yours the next time I'm home." His voice quit working then and he looked at Fay and saw her start out of the room.

"Home," Mrs. Coleman said. "Then you really are coming back, Tex?"

"Certainly he's coming back," Fay called from the doorway. "He belongs to us now."

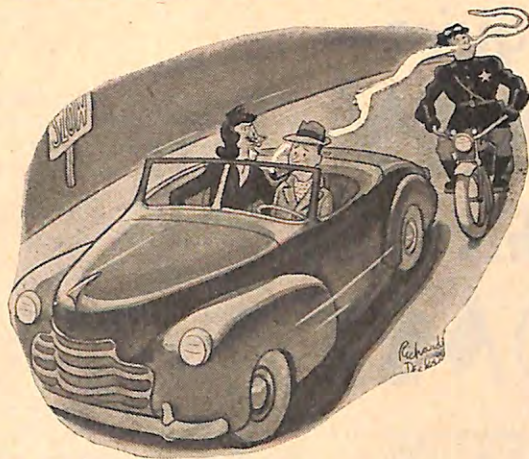
He ran down the stairs and Fay had the car at the front door. They roiled swiftly down the hill. When they turned left off McKinley into Main, she said, "The family went all out for you in the pinch, didn't they, Major?"

They reached the station and Fay got out when he did. She tucked her hands into the pockets of her jacket and leaned against the wind with him. They walked up and down the platform together in the red haze of sunset. In the distance sounded the locomotive's impatient challenge and then the whine and cry of the rushing wheels.

"You'll look after yourself, Tex? You'll—you'll be careful?"

"Goodby, Fay," he said. "Yes, as careful as I can. And I'll be back. Will you believe that every minute?"

He ran up the steps. The door closed behind him. He went through the vestibule and looked out the window and saw Fay walking to the car, with the last sunlight clinging softly to her. The train began to roll. He waved hurriedly, but Fay didn't see him. She didn't have to, he thought; she already knew that he was coming back.



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Name.....Age.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

## Teach Joe a Job

(Continued from page 9)

An army sergeant wrote that he got in some good study in a captured German pillbox during a counterattack. It helped to take his mind off the battle till orders came to move on again.

Because of the demand for study, Uncle Sam himself, rather hesitantly at first, offered his services as teacher. He set up the United States Armed Forces Institute, a correspondence school for the fighting men. Today it has 400,000 students, more than half of them overseas, using courses prepared by a number of schools, colleges and universities. Thousands more are following courses with private correspondence schools. Never before have soldiers and sailors given so much of their spare time in the midst of war to training themselves for peace.

Many for the first time in their lives are thinking not just of a job but of a career. They'll be thinking that way when they come in to talk with you after they get back home.

One spoke for regiments of his buddies when he wrote to International Correspondence Schools:

"I'm with the Army. I have been a jack of all trades—a long-distance truck driver, a sheet metal worker, a plumber, a county bridge worker, a carpenter doing rough construction, a salesman, a collector and a roofer. I have quit, been fired and laid off. I want you to help me decide what course to get a job to support a wife and boy."

What are you going to tell him? It's the sort of question you will have to answer many times in the future.

Lots of the boys don't intend to take orders from anybody after they get out of the service. Perhaps this is because they have taken too many from the sergeants; perhaps it is just old-fashioned American ambition. Whatever the reason, many veterans are going into business for themselves. They say so in answer to survey questionnaires, and they mean it by their studies. Of the courses they are studying, both with USAFI and with International Correspondence Schools, book-keeping, accounting and other business courses are among the leaders in numbers of enrollments. Letters from the students show that most of this work is preparation for going into business on their own. When Joe is one of this group, he has special need for advice in his local community.

The government is doing its part with all the tender care of a doctor who lost too many patients in one epidemic and doesn't dare let another get started. After the last war, as one naval officer put it, Uncle Sam gave the serviceman a pat on the back and a boot in the stern sheets and said, "Thanks, but we don't need you any more. Goodbye."

This time both Army and Navy are giving him more careful attention when they send him home. Although the Navy does not yet have enough men

to man its ships, it has organized a Civil Readjustment Bureau and its first Discharge Center is in operation at Lido Beach, Long Island. Most of the men now processed there are being discharged for medical reasons, but a routine is being developed to channel the flood that will come after the Rising Sun has set. For ninety days after discharge, the Navy follows a former gob with help on health, employment, government rights—and training.

When he has been out a month, the ex-sailor gets a letter saying in effect, "How's it going? Is there anything we can do?"

And he answers because he knows the Navy means it. He kicks about the job he has and the job he didn't get, wants to know the effect of part-time work on his disability pension and how can he get a course in Diesel engines?

One writes, "I was refused a patrolman's job at the Arsenal. They said it was too hazardous. Was it too hazardous when I was on Guadalcanal?" And the Civil Readjustment Bureau sends him to a placement agency to help him find an employer who does not think his business will scare a Guadalcanal veteran.

Another writes, "I am very upset, due to the fact that I am very short winded. Please let me know where I can get an X-ray. I am not doing so well where I am working now. I thought I would piddle around there until I got my wind back." So the Navy arranges for the X-ray. But it does more than that. With expert advice, it tries to get him into a frame of mind and a job or training for a job in which he will not merely "piddle around" while he gets his wind back.

Both Army and Navy have been great technical schools for millions of men, and both help their "graduates" to adapt the skills they have gained in war to the uses of peace. For every man discharged there is a detailed record of his prewar schooling and experience and of what he did in the service. Before he pockets his pay, counsellors have discussed with him the work he is fit to do, what career he may have with additional training and how he can get the training.

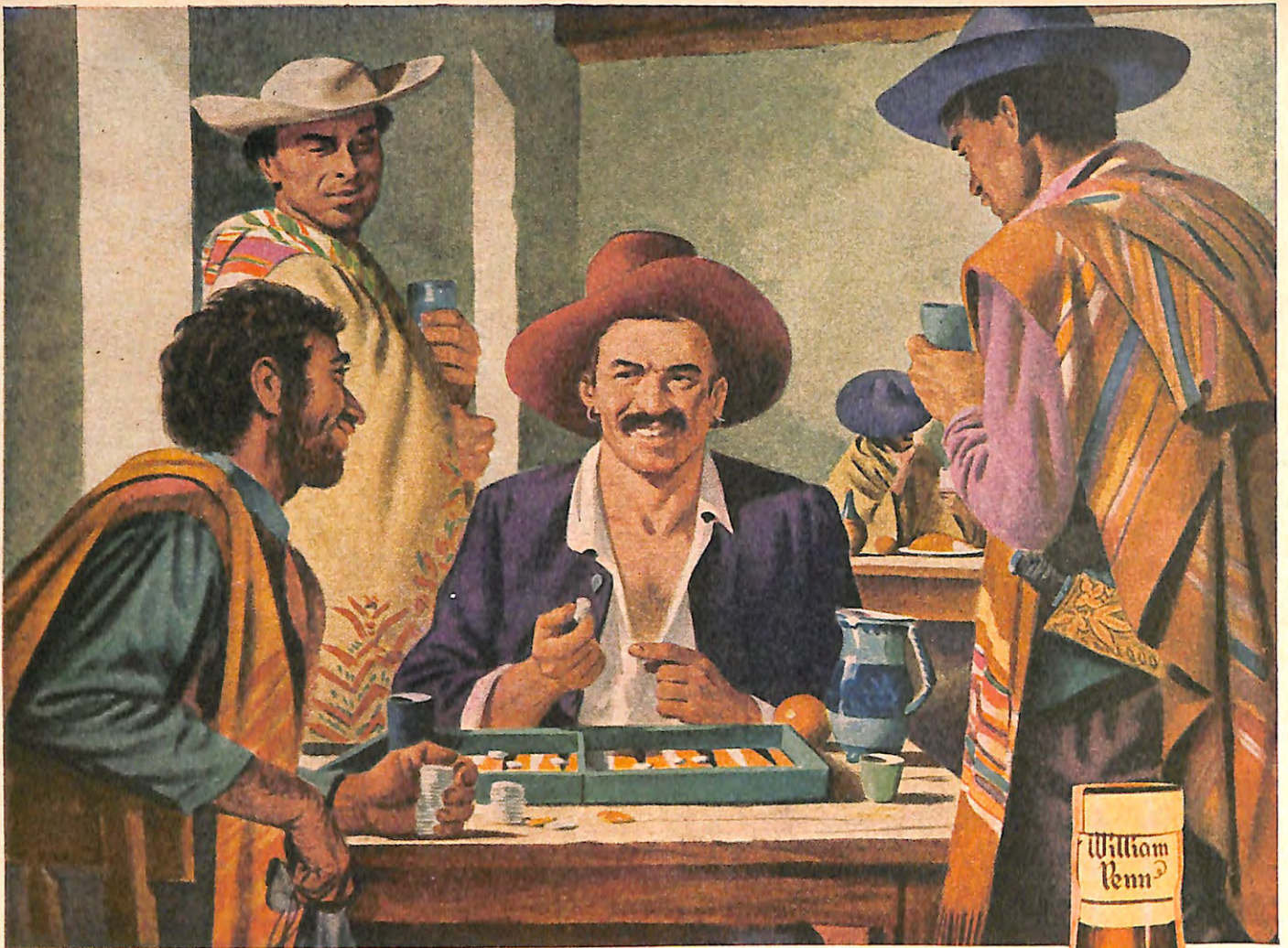
At Fort Dix the Army is conducting a school to train sixteen or eighteen hundred counsellors for the Separation Centers that are being established. They are a hand-picked lot, mostly personnel directors or psychologists before the war. When Joe is being "processed," he may talk with his counsellor as long as he wishes—a half hour, three hours or four. He may come back the next day and a third if he will, until he himself is satisfied that he has all he can use of the best advice the Army can give him.

The Separation Center now operating at Fort Dix seems screwball to the 1918 veteran who was turned lose on the

(Continued on page 42)







"MY LUCK . . . EET EES ALL BADI!" Thus spoke the Portuguese stranger as his opponent again and again swept the backgammon board of "men." But, actually, the peculiar shape of the "men" had given him a clue to the great diamond wealth of Brazil. Similarly, your clue to a wealth of drinking pleasure is William Penn Blended Whiskey, *the Gem of the Blends!*

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E. MARK SULLIVAN, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 209 Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass.

FRANK J. LONERGAN, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 1022, Corbett Building

EMMETT T. ANDERSON, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. 756-758 Commerce Street

## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title 1, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the home, address Charles E. Broughton, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 626-636 Center Avenue, Sheboygan, Wis.

# Teach Joe a Job

(Continued from page 38)

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world with \$60 and a four-page pamphlet. Joe gets a far more searching physical examination than he got when the Army took him in—everything from X-rays that would cost him a month's pay in a hospital to the minute probing of the dentist's crooked needle. He gets lectures on the world and the Army and what he can do about it. And he gets all the interviews he wants with his counsellors.

Along the walls of a large room are booths about the size of those in a beer parlor, but neither beer nor baloney is served here. Joe sits at a table in one of these booths to talk in complete privacy and confidence with the counsellor.

Both Army and Navy are at great pains to make the boys understand that their confidence will be respected as rigidly as if they were talking to their own doctors or lawyers. Some of the boys seem to have their fingers crossed, but they are learning that the story is true and the word is getting around.

A Negro lieutenant in one of the little booths at Fort Dix told the counsellor that he didn't need any help for himself. He had degrees from two universities and his career stretched out before him like a well-built road, but he had a friend who did need advice. Could he get some help for him at second hand? The counsellor said, "Of course—gladly." He was an experienced interviewer, as they all are, and he knew that the "friend" they were discussing was the lieutenant himself. He gave carefully considered, detailed advice—a complete professional piece of vocational counselling—for the "friend." A week later the lieutenant returned to say, "Thanks." The advice had made it possible for him to get an excellent supervisory position in the Veterans' Administration.

The governmental and semi-governmental agencies are winning the confidence of the servicemen by the job they are already doing, but they cannot do everything needed. The New York City Veterans' Service Center has been dealing with the individual problems of more than a hundred men a day since it opened on April 3, 1944. Out of this experience, its director, Louis L. Bennett, wrote in a recent issue of the *Survey*, "No matter how well the military and naval forces pave the way for a return to civilian life, a large share of the readjustment process will still be a responsibility of the local community."

About two years ago a group of the nation's leading business men organized the Committee for Economic Development to plan during war for reconversion to peace. It became apparent to the men of the CED that training would be a major post-war problem for industry. Recently they began a drive through the United States Junior Cham-

ber of Commerce to stimulate the development of training plans by the industries of every district throughout the country. They have the co-operation of the Training-within-Industry Division of the War Manpower Commission and the International Correspondence Schools, the two organizations with the greatest experience in industrial training programs.

At the same time, there is a movement to broaden the use of apprenticeship training by such means as the New York State Apprenticeship Council, established under the State Department of Labor. These plans are pointed at Joe as he comes marching home and are co-ordinated with the work of veterans' agencies.

Many of these programs may turn out to be permanent even though war conditions created them. Lieutenant Colonel Colin D. MacRae, commanding officer of the Separation Center at Fort Dix, had supervised the discharge of more than thirty thousand men up to the middle of November, 1944. He had also kept in close touch with business and industry to make the Army's farewell work with G. I. Joe the best possible preparation for his new job. His experience has convinced him that industry will have to install some form of on-the-job training as a permanent thing.

Col. MacRae puts emphasis on the fact that the training problem is not a concern of great mass-production industries only. No work is more important to the country than farming. No group of men returning from the Army needs more encouragement, more help—or more training—than those who hope to own their own farms. When a man expresses that ambition in one of the little booths at Fort Dix, he gets information about farm opportunities in different parts of the country, about ways of buying a farm, about the help the government will give him, and about the courses he can study—the courses he will need to study if he is going to be a successful farmer.

If Joe takes a job on an assembly line—and is content to stay there, he may actually need less training than before the war. Our fantastic war production records have been made to a great extent by teaching green workers to do a single operation. Under mass-production methods such workers can contribute their part to the final product without knowing any more of the whole craft than the one little detailed job they can learn in a few hours. But for that very reason, a broad training is all the more essential for foremen and all others in supervisory positions. They may well become the only thoroughly trained and skilled craftsmen in the larger industrial organizations.

Both industry and government contribute to the training needs of many of the veterans—industry through various

forms of on-the-job training, the Government through the educational benefits provided by the so-called G. I. Bill of Rights. The Government contributes also by the work of the USAFI, which will almost certainly reach its highest enrollment during the "occupation" period after the shooting stops. This will be advance training for jobs, as the greater part of the students enrolling in USAFI are choosing the vocational courses prepared by International Correspondence Schools. But even these aids do not take care of every case.

The Bulletin of the New York Adult Education Council for November, 1944 says:

"There is no greater fallacy than that the G. I. Bill 'takes care of education'. It takes care of some kinds for limited numbers of veterans under definite restrictions. The educational job for the ma-

jority must be done through adult education in both public and private organizations, and almost entirely through the initiative of local communities."

Joe needs local help most when he wants to start at once on a job without waiting months or years while he goes to a school. Then he needs to learn while he earns. The answer for him may be special classes in the local public schools; it may be a training program within the plant where he works; it may be a night school or a correspondence course.

If you want to help him, you need to know the possibilities for him in your own town.

Joe is the grandest human stuff in the country. His Uncle Sam is doing his best for him—far better than he's ever done before in the history of American wars. The rest is up to us.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 26)

**BATH, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1547, put in a claim recently—that it's the smallest lodge (300 members) to get out a monthly Elks Service Bulletin. The paper has caught on, for the boys write in from everywhere, and all say they like it. They get four pages of news and photos—four columns to a page—and sometimes they even see their own letters in print. This way, they read in every issue letters from those who are their Brothers in arms as well as in spirit. Something to think about is that one-fifth of No. 1547's membership is in uniform. The wife of each fighting Elk received a gift from the lodge at Christmas.

District Deputy Roy D. Martin, of Elmira, paid Bath Lodge a visit recently, with dinner at the National Hotel preceded by a social session and followed by a meeting, when a number of men joined the Order. About one hundred and thirty-five local and out-of-town Elks were there. Mr. Martin told of the Order's rehabilitation and hospitalization programs for returning veterans. Later, on behalf of the lodge, P.E.R. William E. Brooks gave the District Deputy a pair of sterling silver candlesticks.

**LOCKPORT, N. Y.** Last Fall, when Lockport Lodge No. 41 was considering the question of building up its membership, bringing in young men in particular, and, in addition, doing something for the boys when they come home from war, Alexander Campbell, a member, proposed the sponsorship of memberships for servicemen. The idea was studied and approved and a committee, headed by Mr. Campbell as chairman, was appointed by Exalted Ruler William H. Croose to acquaint the membership with the proposition.

In explanatory letters sent to all of the members, each was asked to pledge a membership for a returned serviceman, the initiation fee to be \$10 for a candidate under twenty-six years and \$25 over that age. The goal of seventy-five pledges set by the committee was reached in no time at all. At the last meeting in January, Mr. Campbell reported that cash for ninety per cent of the pledges had been banked, to be drawn out as applications came in, and that he expected to have at least twenty-five more pledges signed before the next session.

Every serviceman selected is contacted and his assurance procured that he desires to join the lodge and will maintain his membership. The members are in a

position to take a material interest in the program, for the lodge is clear of debt, no extra assessments are being levied and no financial problems are in the offing.

**CORRY, PA.**, Lodge, No. 769, instituted forty-three years ago, has spared no effort in sponsoring projects of interest and entertainment to its members. One of the most successful of these is the Elks Male Chorus of twenty-five voices, organized less than a year ago under the direction of H. Lynn Rice, Director of Music for the Corry Public Schools. The Chorus, with its accompanist, Lucille D. Rice, won immediate recognition and has been enthusiastically received not only at home, but in neighboring communities.

**GROVE CITY, PA.**, Lodge, No. 1579, has something to shout about—the greatest number of members in its history. District Deputy Harry T. Klean, of Oil City, and Wilbur P. Baird, of Greenville, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, were guests at the celebration of this record and nine new Elks were initiated.

At this meeting, the loser won a prize—and no one objected. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Past Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, was present at the Pennsylvania State Elks Convention last August when the first announcement named No. 1579 winner of the State Ritualistic Contest. Then a recount showed that Ellwood City Lodge had won by a fraction of a point. The reverse decision was taken with such good grace that Mr. Grakelow said he would personally donate a cup to the Grove City Team. This meeting night was the one picked on which to present the cup.

**WAYNESBORO, PA.** With every one of its members serving with the Armed Forces never out of its collective mind, Waynesboro Lodge No. 731 mailed out more than one hundred gift boxes which were especially prepared by a New York firm. It cost the Elks over five hundred dollars and they got plenty for their money—in each box were crackers, melba toast, marmalade, fruit cake, candy, tubbed cheese, canned anchovies and crackers, and soap, playing cards, stationery, pencils and other articles the boys are always anxious to get. W. J. Davis was Chairman of the committee handling the job.

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**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.** Five years ago, Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85 organized a special committee to do something for the local crippled and handicapped children. Four years ago, the Utah State Elks Association organized a similar group. The fruits of their labors are now being fully recognized throughout the State.

The Elks fought for legislative help and urged the local Board of Education to send teachers into homes and hospitals—even going so far as to hold classes in the lodge home for one whole year to prove to the Board of Education that these youngsters have possibilities. No limits were put on their services—they have either sponsored or wholeheartedly supported every fund-raising campaign for the aid of these children. Now they hope to establish a fine hospital in Salt Lake.

The Elks give several parties each year for their handicapped charges, and an excursion to Lagoon, a large resort half way between Ogden and Salt Lake City, is an annual affair. Thanks to those good Elks, the Cole Brothers, who own a circus and make it possible to entertain the children all through Utah, the show was enjoyed again last year. Seventy wounded veterans from Bushnell General Hospital and a large group from an orphans' home were also entertained in 1944.

Bright-eyed with anticipation, nearly 150 crippled youngsters and shut-ins from private homes were brought to Salt Lake City Lodge for the big party in December. The transportation problem had the Elks stymied for a while, but the Police Department, the Sheriff's Office and the City Parks and Health Departments—together with members of No. 85—came through with ambulances and private cars.

E.R. William J. Fouyer, L. E. Holley, Chairman of the Elks Crippled Children's Committee, and their assistants welcomed their guests, and Mayor Earl J. Glade was a speaker. The City Recreation Department arranged the entertainment, with many city and county school children and a "brass quartet" from Jordan High School on the program. Besides refreshments, every child received a gift. The door prize was a large box of candy. But the climax was reached when one of the Elks donated some money for special prizes. This caused such a happy commotion among the wheel chairs that the Elks began donating a dollar apiece to keep the drawing going until all of the children had received either money or a box of candy.

**MINOT, N. D.** North Dakota lost one of its most active and influential Elks when Attorney John J. Coyle, President of the North Dakota State Elks Association, and P.E.R. of Minot Lodge No. 1089, died in a Minot hospital on January 13th. He had continued his law practice during an illness of several months, until he entered the hospital on Christmas Eve. Funeral services were held at St. Leo's Church, and were attended by Grand Trustee Sam Stern, of Fargo, a Past State President, and District Deputy Edwin C. Rickard, of Williston. The ten North Dakota lodges were also represented at the rites.

Mr. Coyle was elected President of the State Association last June. He was Exalted Ruler of Minot Lodge in 1918-19 and District Deputy in 1920-21. For a number of years he served on the Crippled Children Committee of No. 1089 and was made Chairman in 1941. In his pleasant and effective way, he brought national recognition to this Committee, thereby bettering the program for the entire State. For years, as a member and as chairman of its Crippled Children Committee, he gave the same fine service to the State Association. When he assumed his duties as President, he relinquished the chairmanship but maintained his membership on the Committee.

Mr. Coyle was born at Forreston, Ill., in 1877, and first became an Elk in Freeport Lodge No. 617. He became a member of Minot Lodge when it was organized in 1907, since he had been a resident of that city since 1901.

Mr. Coyle had been State's Attorney for Ward County and City Attorney for Minot. He was a Past Master of the Fourth Degree Organization of the Knights of Columbus in his State, and a local Past Grand Knight of that body.

**DE KALB, ILL.** Back in 1922—twenty years after it had been granted a charter—De Kalb Lodge No. 765, bought itself a home. Since then the building has had its face lifted several times and has been enlarged to keep pace with the growing membership. One night last December, 250 Elks—including members of the State championship ritualistic team of Sycamore Lodge No. 1392 and officers and members of neighboring lodges—gathered in that home to honor five of De Kalb's charter members who are just as active in lodge affairs today as they were when the lodge was organized. They were Dr. J. S. Rankin, F. O. Crego, W. F. Wiltberger and P.E.R.'s Thomas F. Olsen and Gus Kirchner.

Each charter member received a life membership from D.D. George S. Moyer, of Galena Lodge, and a highlight of the affair was the inspirational talk given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, who was introduced by P.E.R. C. J. Schulenberg, a Past State Pres. Exalted Ruler Dan Skelly presided during the early part of the program, and L. E. Ronan took up where he left off.

The home of De Kalb Lodge is bristling with activity these days, and is used as headquarters by the local branch of the Red Cross for all its blood banks. No. 765 has an enviable record for charity work—especially on behalf of crippled children. Hundreds of them have been examined and treated in the clinics sponsored by the Elks.

**BRADFORD, PA.** Various committee chairmen of Bradford Lodge No. 234 reported on their midwinter activities at a recent meeting and the members found out that \$2,500 of their funds had been spent on charitable activities. The Charity and Community Welfare Committee boasted that 200 children were supplied with shoes, stockings and rubbers, and that many elderly people were provided with warm clothing and necessary home comforts.

The news evidently didn't bother the Bradford Elks very much because they immediately voted to give the Navy Relief Society, the March of Dimes and the Bradford community ski jump enterprise \$50 apiece. Further substantial contributions, to be voted upon later, included \$500 to the American Red Cross. Plans were made for the initiation on February 19th of the J. E. Masters Testimonial Class honoring the Grand Secretary who is one of the Keystone State's Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

**OIL CITY, PA.,** Lodge, No. 344, honored D.D. Harry T. Klean at a dinner-meeting on his official visit to his home lodge recently. Over 500 people attended, with State Pres. Wilbur P. Baird, of Greenville, State Trustee John T. Lyons, of Sharon, and District Vice-Pres. Verne R. Carr, of New Castle, among the out-of-town guests present. The Oil City membership was out in full force, with large delegations from some of the Northwest District lodges.

During the regular lodge session, P.E.R. James L. Gilliland presented Mr. Klean with a beautiful gold watch, a gift from the members of his lodge.

The Corry Elks Male Chorus, one of the leading musical organizations of western Pennsylvania, gave a concert later in the evening, and professional talent put on a lively floor show.

# What America is reading



**Reviews of a general  
selection of the best  
new books.**

**By Harry Hansen**

THE onward march of the generations across this broad land has always stirred the imagination of Edna Ferber. It made her write "American Beauty" and "Cimarron". It has turned her thoughts to the Far West, the last frontier, Seattle. She invariably sees dramatic characters taking part in significant episodes, indulging in romantic scenes, when she develops her novels. "Great Son", her latest, is no exception. If you enjoy this feeling for drama, this high-pitched way of telling a story, then you will enjoy "Great Son". It moves forward by its characters and it has a lesson to impart. It has one woman of 90, Madam Exact Melendy, who reached Seattle in frontier days as a babe, grew up with the town, watched the progress of her son and his son, and his son's son—the matriarch, always portrayed with deep insight by Miss Ferber. Vaughan Melendy went to the Yukon, where he picked up a mistress who became the mother of Dike Melendy. Dike's progress was less imposing, he was a creature of conditions, when Americans needed a renewal of the old pioneer spirit. That spirit is renewed in Michael, Dike's son, who goes to war, and of whom the old matriarch may well be proud. Miss Ferber is always intensely interested in the way American men and women use their gifts and the gifts of the land. It's a better story than "Saratoga Trunk", which I thought just too melodramatic, but whether Seattle will recognize its sons is a question. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

War novels are rare these days, but a new one that will revive our memories of Greece is called "Apart-

ment in Athens" and comes from the pen of Glenway Westcott. Strangely enough, it may remind you of that little book, "The Silence of the Sea", by a Frenchman who signed himself Vercours in the early days of the German occupation of France. But chiefly by its divergence. "Apartment in Athens" deals with the development of the relations between a Greek family named Helianos and a German officer, Capt. Kalter, who is billeted in their house. The captain is well-named, if we translate his name as Colder—he is a cold Nazi, precise, uncommunicative, demanding attentions from the family. In time he thaws out a bit, but not enough to create any feeling of warmth. But after a visit to Germany he returns downcast, things have gone awry and his advice has not been taken. When he becomes critical of German affairs Helianos makes the fatal mistake of adding that Hitler and Mussolini have done the world great harm. This is an affront to Capt. Kalter, and what happens after that illuminates the fanaticism of the Nazi who can tolerate no criticism from outsiders. Mr. Westcott is at his best when he describes the relations of the family and the officer up to this incident. To make this a powerful novel he would have had to develop a much stronger ending. But whatever criticism I make of this story, the picture of ruthless power versus the unarmed and innocent patriots is complete. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

A new novel that may also be called a mystery is "Cry Wolf", by Marjorie Carleton, which gives an inquisitive woman the task of solving the mysterious disappearance of her husband. She is Sandra, wife of the

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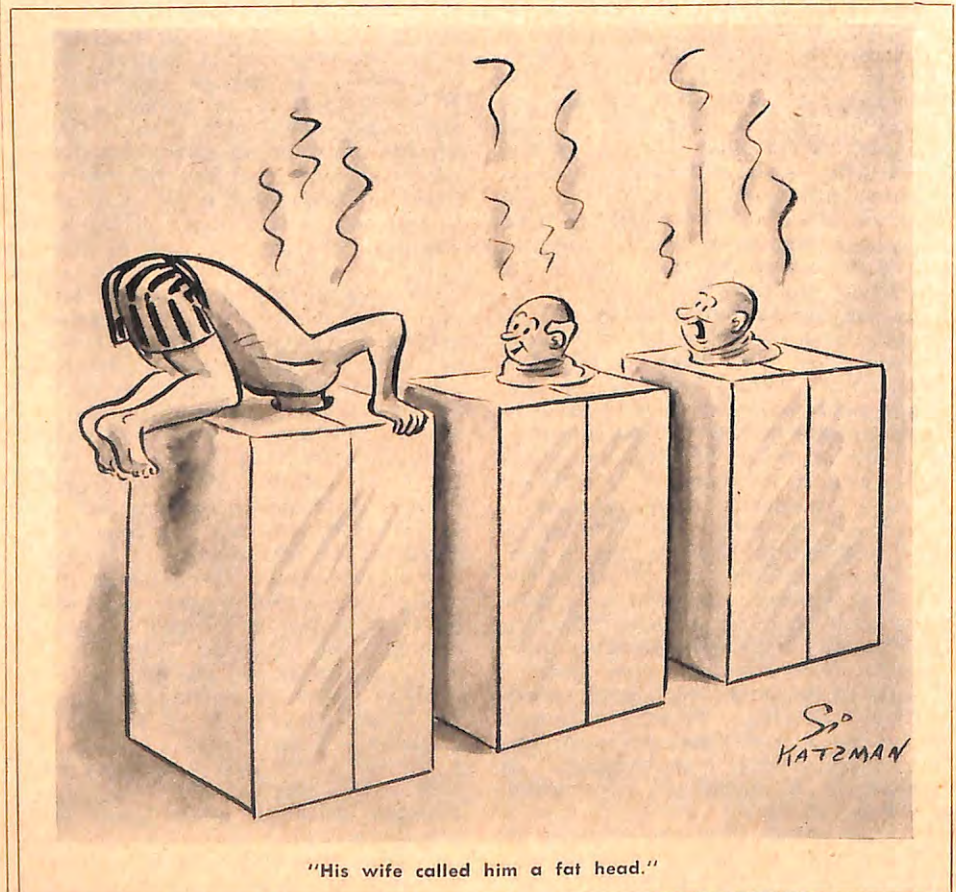
nephew of Mark Caldwell. Her husband vanished immediately after she married him and Mark assures her that he is dead. But strange things happen in Mark's house and Sandra begins prowling around in the dark, as curious as Bluebeard's wife. Her husband's sister, Julie, hears screams in the night, but Mark ridicules that. So there is nothing for Sandra to do but to track things down to earth and she does that. It's a deliberately planned story, without the swift pace of a thriller, but it builds up some suspense as it goes and manages to make us place the blame on the wrong person—one proof of success. (Morrow, \$2.50)

The humorous stories, essays and drawings of James Thurber have just been published in a new book, "The Thurber Carnival", which gives the public another chance to assess and enjoy this original writer. Mr. Thurber is usually called a humorist of the sophisticated, but I doubt that he is so exclusive. He is mighty good at parody and some of his essays take off people and stories in amazing fashion. Here are his fables—every humorist tries his hand at fables, just as George Ade did—and some of his funny drawings and poems. Many readers of the *New Yorker* think Mr. Thurber an institution, the mirror of his time; some put him ahead of Mark Twain. This book gives you a chance to enjoy him or to be puzzled by him. He is now 49 years old and Clifton Fadiman says this book "marks the dwindling of Thurber as a modern cult and his emergence as a modern

classic". (Harper & Bros., \$2.75)

The two most powerful rivers in this country are the Mississippi and the Missouri and between them they have moved a pretty piece of continent into the Gulf of Mexico. How to make the Missouri move water and not land is the great problem of the people who live in its valley and see their farms rushing down its waters to the sea. The state of Missouri is getting the Government interested, but Stanley Vestal, who writes "The Missouri" in the *Rivers of America* series, says it is one of the biggest undertakings yet tackled—this taming of the unruly river. There is already an enormous dam, the Fort Peck dam, in Montana, half a mile wide at the bottom, 242 feet high, with a four-mile dike on one side, making a lake 180 miles long and 16 miles across at its widest. There is enough water in it, says Mr. Vestal, to cover Montana 2 1/2 inches deep—Montana is a huge state but even for Montana this is a big dam.

And what a history it has! Mr. Vestal recalls all the pioneers who crossed it in the early days, from Lewis and Clark to Custer and Wild Bill Hickok and Theodore Roosevelt, who fell in love with the Badlands. Indians, prospectors, cattle men, sheep raisers, troopers of the U. S. Army, immigrants in prairie schooners, miners, fur traders, and eventually ranchers and farmers, all have known the Missouri. And the Missouri never took any notice of them or their wishes. It will take many years and vast sums of money to tame



"His wife called him a fat head."



this river, says Mr. Vestal. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

There is snow on the ground as I write this and the winds are playing a tune on the bare trees and the indoors seems preferable to the outdoors, however great. But obviously, this is an excellent time to plan future vacation trips, fishing or camping, just as Ellsworth Jaeger advises in his excellent book, "Wildwood Wisdom". You rarely run across a book that gives so much information about outdoor life and indulges in so few eulogies of nature. The book not only tells where to camp and how to pitch your tent but illustrates it. It tells how to fell a tree and how to split wood. It tells how to weave brush shelters, make tepees, prepare the Adirondack pack, make moccasins, bake sourdough bread and flapjacks and tortillas, and how to prepare game. It tells how to recognize birds and track wild animals. Memorize this book and anybody will take you for a veteran woodsman. If you are going to do any serious camping or hiking this year, you ought to consult it. (Macmillan, \$2.95)

When this war ends—and may it end soon—some of our readers may wish to explore the possibilities of northern Canada and Alaska. Evelyn Stefansson, who wrote "Here is Alaska", returns to this theme and widens it in "Within the Circle: Portrait of the Arctic", which has both pictures and descriptive passages about Alaska, Greenland, Canada and Siberia. If we fly north to reach the East, we shall probably land at Aklavik, on the Mackenzie river, which is already an airport on the route of the Canadian Pacific Airlines. Reindeer were introduced from Alaska and today there are 12,000 head here. The author of this book is the wife of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer. (Scribner, \$2.50)

Beardsley Ruml's new book, "Tomorrow's Business", should be of special interest to business men. In it Mr. Ruml—chairman of the Federal Reserve bank, treasurer of R. H. Macy & Co., member of the Committee for Economic Planning and the National Planning Assn., discusses the fiscal and economic policies of tomorrow. Mr. Ruml believes that labor unions are now riding high as big business once rode high, and that they will have to settle down and learn to place the welfare of America as a whole above that of the financial benefit of their own members. Business, too, must cooperate. "Business must bring order and certainty to the production of things for use, to the providing for people of useful things to do, to the making of a place where savings can be invested. Business must preserve for the governed an adequate area of choice and must administer its rules in an atmosphere of consent." The worker must have freedom of choice of his job—and the closed and union shops deny this. The "unregulated monopoly position of the labor union creates an absolutism that is incompatible with government of the democratic type, where rule by consent

and not by force is the fundamental law," writes Mr. Ruml. He asks government regulation of labor unions, especially on three counts: no membership restrictions, no make-work devices that raise costs of production and the reporting and auditing of all funds. He has plans for a revision of corporation taxes, so that enterprise may develop new fields and new jobs, and he thinks public works systems can only be used to a limited extent to help the ills of the business cycle. His remarks on the construction industry are to the point; he thinks it is misleading the public and ought to be the subject of a Congressional investigation. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

Richard Wright's autobiography of boyhood and youth, "Black Boy", is bound to make a sensation, for it is one of the frankest books of this genre ever written in America. And by frankness I do not mean questionable situations so much as a willingness to reveal his own shortcomings to the world. Richard Wright's position is unusual—he is a serious Negro writer who is greatly concerned about the future of his race, and he has already written one novel, "Native Son", that caused considerable controversy. In "Black Boy" Mr. Wright tells what sort of boy he was and why—and the blame is not placed wholly on southern whites, as you might expect. He was a cantankerous child, hard to discipline; his teachers had a tough time with him; he even set the house afire when he was 4. On the other hand, his Negro teachers did not know how to deal with children; they browbeat them; one of them, his aunt, refused to recognize his relationship to her, and another, the principal of a high school, insisted on writing the text of Richard's valedictory and became angry when Richard determined to say his own. Moreover, Richard's Negro relatives were no help to an imaginative boy. His grandmother slaved for her family; she was white. When Richard got a job in Memphis the white employes tried to make the Negro boys fight one another. The petty persecution is quite comprehensible and the wonder is that Richard Wright ever broke out of his cage, but he realizes himself what a battle went on inside him. So let me warn the reader that this is not an easy book to read; some of the passages are shocking; but it is an American story, of restlessness, hunger, poverty and degradation and of some conditions that surely can be changed. (Harper & Bros.)

In 1944 *Esquire* published its first yearbook of jazz, and now it issues its second, "Esquire's 1945 Jazz Book", which will tell you more about jazz orchestra and compositions than anything you read in the papers. Recording of jazz numbers is a mighty big industry and apparently there is more jazz tooting than ever reaches our ears. Leonard Feather puts us right on the difference between jazz and swing. He writes: "Whether it be called jazz or swing, whether it be improvised or arranged, played by a honky-tonk

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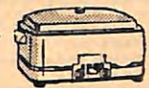
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pianist or a six-piece Dixieland band or an 18-piece orchestra, the musicians themselves are agreed that all this music has the same basic technical characteristics, such as the uses of syncopation and the blues scale." You may go on from there and consider "the main currents of jazz," which, we are assured has its place among the arts. It has its critics, its collectors, its libraries, its awards. A great many people make a living playing it and many more dance to its tunes. (A. S. Barnes & Co., \$1)

**B**ERNARD SHAW, at 88, writes as brilliantly and as forcefully as ever. In "Everybody's Political What's What" he tells us what's wrong with nearly everything for the 100th time, and we enjoy the way he tells it. I doubt that he has ever converted a reader to socialism, but he has certainly converted many to Bernard Shaw. Once more he takes stock of the world, professes to be alarmed at the way we jumble capitalism and socialism in Great Britain and the United States, thinks nothing will make democracy work until the consumers are organized and able to force their will on the producers. But he makes one important reservation about placing power in the hands of the people at large. He thinks capitalism will never be just to the proletariat, but politically he is suspicious of the popular choice that operates without guidance and knowledge. He believes the majority in any country too ignorant to pass on government. This should be done by people who know what is going on. In this Shaw, as a man of intelligence, realizes how often the wellbeing of all is defeated by corrupt bosses, special interests and selfish leaders. In the United States we believe that the widest possible discussion will awaken every voter to the real issues at stake, yet we know from bitter experience how wards are led around by the nose by corrupt machines, how pressure groups fight only for their own profit and let the devil take the hindmost. Even an antagonist of the capitalistic system such as Bernard Shaw would not be wholly at ease in a country where the proletarians really ruled. And it will be hard for statesmen, he admits, to "build a perfectly scientific policy on a perfectly scientific basis", for not even Bernard Shaw knows everything. It is a brilliant book, evidence of the lively mind of its author, but not one likely to change our views. (Dodd, Mead, \$3)

**T**HIS reminds me that William B. Ziff, who is half of Bernard Shaw's age, is much more positive than Shaw about the way the world should be run. In "The Gentlemen Talk of Peace" he describes the terrible prospect ahead of Uncle Sam if all the nations do what he thinks they will. There's the Soviet Union, turning imperialist; there's China, about to become industrialized and throw out the white men, and possibly adopt Japan's fascist policies;

there's South America, ready to follow Europe if we stop subsidizing its governments—and everybody everywhere jealous of the nation that has all the money and a great share of the world's resources.

The Atlantic Charter? A swindle, says Mr. Ziff; no nation fighting for its life would suggest it; it would ruin the British empire and deprive us of all bases outside our frontiers. When Mr. Ziff's book is at its blackest—after he had denied that the peace plans of Clarence Streit, Ely Culbertson and others have anything to give us—he turns around and suggests a plan that he thinks is sound—and it turns out to be a division of the world into five great "political aggregates", each of which contains self-sufficient means for all living within it—with the abolition of barriers within and an end to all national lines and boundaries. Mr. Ziff's proposals are even more Utopian than those he condemns, and if the world is really in as bad a state as he outlines in the first part of his book, there would hardly be any chance for his "political aggregates" to survive. (Macmillan, \$3)

**T**HERE is an impression that most authors are a bit screwy, or batty, or cockeyed—at any rate, that they don't act like normal people. Ditto, actors and movie stars. And by the testimony of Bennett Cerf's collection of jokes, anecdotes, repartee, wit and wise-cracks in "Try and Stop Me", this is probably true. Who but an author would rent an office, hire a secretary, pay three months' rent in advance and the girl's salary for a month, and then forget the location of the office? That, we learn, happened to Elliot Paul, author of "The Last Time I Saw Paris", and Mr. Cerf reports that Paul hasn't seen the office since. There are probably a good many of us who wish we could do the same thing.

The American public enjoys stories about personalities. Some oft-quoted men and women no doubt enjoy making them up. There was Robert Benchley, who came home soaked in a rainstorm and called his man, "George," he said, "get me out of this wet suit and into a dry martini." There was Fred Allen, saying that his next sponsor on the air would be the manufacturer of Lumpo soap. "It doesn't lather," said Fred. "It doesn't float. It contains no secret oils. It is designed solely to keep you company in the tub." And there was that celebrated meeting between the Russian composer Stravinsky and George Gershwin. Gershwin asked Stravinsky how much he would charge him for lessons in orchestration. "How much do you make a year?" asked Stravinsky. "\$100,000," said Gershwin. "How about your giving me lessons?" said Stravinsky.

Stories, anecdotes, jokes—a whole book filled with them. You read them and first thing the family will be listening to you reading them. And you'll be saying, "Try and stop me." (Simon & Schuster, \$3)

# In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Mr. F. outlines a method for  
your kids to go to the dogs—  
and stay out of trouble.**

EVERY so often somebody gets up and sounds off about the general hellishness of the younger set today and what are we going to do about it. Now I could be wrong and maybe my memory is made misty by distance—and, Brother, that's a lot of distance, but the youngsters I observe don't seem to be very much different from those who were around when I was a boy. The loose fish among them were either sassy kids or bad brats and the social workers hadn't yet gotten around to calling those among them sufficiently steeped in sin—juvenile delinquents. Nor did those workers, if any there were, go around asking the old man to cut his pinochle classes and be a pal to little Harry or suggest that Mom forego a few movies to play Big Sister to teen-age Harriet. While we didn't have so much experting—in fact, the only such expert I recall was that bugaboo the truant officer—there was always a convenient slipper ready for the brash youngster while the downright no-good, if he was old enough, discovered that the gendarmes were ready with a welcoming committee.

You can take your pick of any of a score of reasons advanced by the experts as to why juvenile delinquency flourishes today. As I said, I wouldn't know; the kids seem pretty much as they've always been. Some say that lack of discipline is to blame; others, too much coddling; still others blame parents for bad home conditions. The only thing I am sure about is that the odds favor the kid whose parents will take the time to encourage that youngster to develop a healthy hobby. With me this is more than theory, more than hear-

say. I know because when I was in my nonage, I studied hard to become what would now be called a juvenile delinquent. I don't think I ever worked harder at anything else since then. But came one of the rare evenings when I was home and found my old man reading military school catalogs—with me in mind. I sparked at the idea, particularly favoring one that had the gaudiest uniform you ever saw this side of the footlights. The thought of going away from home on my own wasn't exactly displeasing either. But Faust Senior seemed to have some difficulty in making a decision despite my enthusiastically inspired suggestions. The enthusiasm vanished at once when I learned that his indecision was due to nothing more than a shabby search on his part for the school that promised to be the toughest in the way of discipline. He was a hard man to please and never did find one that met with his expectations.

Later, it occurred to him that most kids like animals. Living where circumstances permitted their keeping, he bought a small flock of chickens and appointed me their guardian. I recall how hopefully I used to look for eggs in the coop of those young birds each morning and it was not until all seven of them began to crow that I knew they weren't that kind of chicken. But the experience got me started and the hobby stayed with me for many years to keep me away from street corners and other places more or less unprofitable.

From chickens, as you may have guessed, I went to the dogs and have stayed there ever since. The point I want to register is that this was

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just one of many instances where the encouragement of a hobby helped a kid to get straightened out.

One of the finest features connected with riding a hobbyhorse—and that nag can be anything from amateur photography to collecting match-covers—are the get-togethers that hobbyists hold to compare collections. This might be a poultry show, stamp collector's exhibit—anything. Best of all that I've found to date, of course, has been a dog show. Now you may say, "That's a pretty expensive way to reach and influence a youngster for the better." Is it? Not by a long shot. All you need do is take a look at the costs of juvenile delinquency as compiled by the various law enforcement agencies—or Mr. Hoover's FBI. Unfortunately there are no statistics that reach into the hearts and minds of parents embittered by wayward children. There is no price tag attached to that. Now I know little about hobbies other than those dealing with the animals I mentioned so I won't venture out of my depth, but I will speak a word or two in favor of dogs. Dogs for youngsters. No, I'll not hand out any of the sentimental stuff about the dog being Willie's best pal, good for both to grow up together, etc. Instead I'd like to point out that to begin with, the responsibility for taking care of a dog is a good thing for a child. But too often, unfortunately, the dog for junior or his sister is bought with solemn assurances from the young people that they will attend its every need. How long does the self-imposed guardianship last—well, not very long for most people. From being a valued playmate whose simple necessities call for attention, the dog becomes a plaything, to be looked after for its care by older people.

**B**UT back to the get-togethers, the shows that a child with a hobby can follow: Let's take the dog show. Now you don't need to have a pooch of championship calibre. Any dog conforming to the standard of whatever breed you select for the boy or girl will do. The idea is that it's a pure-bred sufficiently good to put on the show bench. It needn't even be a blue-ribbon winner. You'd be surprised what a thrill junior can get from winning ANY kind of ribbon with his pup and then too, the winning of a blue ribbon is quite possible if the youngster's dog is the only one entered in its class. But blue for first, red for second, yellow for third or even the white for fourth, that boy or girl is going to be as proud of that pooch as he or she will ever be proud of anything. And you can bet them higher than a cat's back that will be one dog that foreverafter will be well taken care of—by its young owner. Depending upon the breed, its scarcity and its physical size, such a dog as I've described need not be expensive. Starting at about \$35 to \$40 a fair specimen of one of the smaller breeds may be bought—provided it's a female. The larger breeds cost more because it costs the breeder more to

feed and raise them. For a male dog you may find prices a trifle higher. Now I'm not attempting to fix the rates for kennels. These are bound to vary with location and, as I've said, with the breed. In high living-cost areas where wages are usually higher (praise the Lord) prices are likely to be higher than in rural and less expensive places. The point is, you don't need a sure show winner (if there is such a thing) to intrigue the interest of a boy or girl if he or she likes dogs. Does this seem a high price—\$35 to \$40? Then re-read a few lines of what I've previously mentioned. Consider too that a dog, if given reasonable care, will live from ten to fourteen years and where will you or a youngster get anything in the way of living devotion, unquestioning loyalty, for as little as from \$3.50 to \$4 a year—based upon a ten-year life expectancy for the dog? Stretch this to the more usual 12 to 14 years and the yearly cost takes a swift nose-dive. Now, if you do get a blue-blooded pup that you'll want the youngster to show, don't make the mistake that a doting Papa of my acquaintance made. His intentions were fine—bought a dog to help keep his two little daughters disinterested in boy friends—for a few years longer. Those poor kids never did get a chance to show their dog because their old man got so interested that he did all the showing. Result—father had a swell time for a few years while the daughters grew to become werry, werry interested in the boys.

**A**LL RIGHT, so you're going to get a dog good enough to enter in a formal show? Here, you'll find a kennel your best bet when buying your dog. I've time and again given reasons why this is so, chief among which (for the benefit of those who may not have read previous articles of mine) is that you're likely to get a healthier dog and one that conforms in every way to the standard of the breed. In other words, the medical upkeep for the dog will in the long run be less and you'll get a pooch if it's an airedale, let's say, that looks like an airedale and not like a canine experiment. I've also told in other articles what to look for when getting your dog and this goes whether it's a pure-bred or not. So for the late-comers here it is again—a clean breath, clean eruption-free skin, glistening coat, bright eyes with clear whites, and firm pink gums—unless it's chow chow whose gums must be black. When getting the dog be sure to get a three-generation pedigree signed by the breeder and a properly signed registration certificate. The latter you'll finish filling out with the dog's name, etc., and forward to the American Kennel Club. In return you'll get a certificate certifying that your dog has been registered and giving the number, which is one that will never again be duplicated for any other dog and is your dog's number for life. When sending in the certificate send along a note asking for show entry blanks for events scheduled in your vicinity or within reasonable gas-

permitting range. The address of the Kennel Club will be on the certificate given you by the breeder or seller of the dog or puppy. If they are not the breeders then you should get a transfer-of-ownership certificate from the person who sells you the dog. When you get your entry blanks select the show you want to enter. Entry fees are usually about \$2 to \$3. Prizes depend upon the number of entries in a given class. These may range from \$3 to \$10, or \$15 for the larger shows. You will find that the entry blank may also list other prizes such as silverware, cups, special medals and ribbons, etc. All other information relating to the show will be found on the blank.

The smart thing to do is to permit the youngster to handle all details of entry. If your child is so young as to require a little assistance with this, so what? Give it. One other thing—if the dog doesn't win a blue ribbon or win any kind of ribbon or prize, don't join that army of hard-losers who'll tell you that the judge is a crook, doesn't know the breed or furnish scores of other alibis. Bear in mind that the judge is human, can make honest mistakes. Perhaps your dog didn't show at his best the moment the judge was examining it. Perhaps a dozen other good reasons might influence the decision without its being crooked or premised upon lack of knowledge. To get a license to judge, a man or woman has to be certified by a number of reputable breeders of the kind of dogs the judge wants to appraise. As for honesty, well, the certification implies that too.

**B**EFORE your dog is shown it must of course be put into some kind of condition so it will show at its physical best. This isn't as difficult as it may seem and is only such in those kennels that go after championships with their dogs. You or your youngster as owners of a dog that is more house-pet than top-flight show dog won't be so much concerned about this as long as the dog is healthy and active. A long daily walk will help harden the dog's muscles and keep it in trim. This should be taken at the same time every day, if possible at the same distance. All else required are a well-balanced diet and a daily grooming to keep the coat vigorous and healthy. If yours is one of the terrier breeds it may need a bit more than usual attention to posing for the ring but this isn't absolutely necessary. Many exhibitors pay no attention to posing their dogs and go into the ring with animals on a loose leash (not off the leash, however). It's the dog that counts, not his or her ability to stalk the stage. Beyond this there isn't much to the business of showing that you won't quickly pick up as will a youngster who follows one or two show experiences. The wise exhibitor at first will cultivate the acquaintance of professional handlers of his dog's breed or other exhibitors and will learn much this way. Dog people pretty generally are friendly and helpful to the beginner, most of them never having forgotten

that they once were beginners too. Related to the business of grooming may be—depending upon the breed you select—the matter of trimming (hair cutting). This you'll be told about by the kennel man or woman, so I won't go into it here as there are too many different breeds, each one requiring different trimming.

This isn't exactly pertinent to the purpose of getting a dog or the showing of it but because it sometimes puzzles people I'll explain that when you see the letters CH in front of a dog's name that indicates that the dog has won a championship. Some day in the near future I'll be more explicit about this and other show matters.

**B**UT perhaps you think all this too much trouble or that despite what I've said, you believe a pure-bred dog to be too expensive. Well, I've always had the opinion that what is one man's meat can well be another's spinach. Besides, you may already have a dog, an unpedigreed kind. Aristocratic poodles are out and so are dog shows, you may say. Well, that's nothing to stop a youngster from organizing a neighborhood show. Maybe you can direct it or give a bit of help. Maybe the youngster has such initiative that he or she needs no help. In most neighborhoods there are sufficient numbers of just plain house pets to round up and stage a fine, friendly, who-cares-who-wins-what competition. It isn't the first time by any means that this has been done. In New York City alone, one of the largest department stores holds an annual pet dog show. In this pedigrees mean nothing. Prizes are awarded to the biggest dog, the smallest, the funniest, the fattest, the best physically, the smartest, etc. Such affairs have also been held in many a neighborhood too, and I can assure you they are a lot of fun. In some communities they've grown to city-wide proportions with the mayor or other prominent official giving the prizes, many of which have been contributed by local stores or individuals. Here, the purpose isn't to breed and show the finer specimens but to give an owner—whether a child or grown-up—a chance to show the best that is in his pet and it serves still another purpose as an incentive for dog owners to take better care of their dogs whether they show them or not. Better care is better feeding, housing, grooming and that's something that Fido, with or without pedigree, will enjoy more than all the ribbons or cups that can be won at any formal show. Better feeding, of course, means feeding any of the better known dog foods. Better grooming, housing—well, anyone knows what these mean. As to better foods, if you care to drop me a line I'll be only too glad to tell you about a few of them.

Yes, a healthy hobby will do much to engage the interest of a growing youngster and what better hobby is there than the care of a good dog? It's no guarantee to keep the adolescent out of the clink but it certainly will help.



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# Editorial

## Emergency Call

THE Grand Lodge War Conference, responding to an appeal of the U. S. Veterans' Administration, unanimously voted to take over the task of recruiting nurses for duty at Veterans' Hospitals throughout the country and by this act incurred an obligation—humane, patriotic, so essential to the war effort that it must not fail.

The Veterans' Administration does not compete with the Army and Navy in its Nurses Recruiting Campaign. The needs of these branches of the Service are great indeed, but a crisis has arisen in Veterans' Hospitals and the Administration appeals to nurses beyond the age limit or who may have incurred some slight disability that would bar them from the other Services, to enroll at once.

The appeals of the Army and Navy have overshadowed the efforts of the Veterans' Administration to secure nurses for the hospitals under its jurisdiction, but the situation of the latter is critical and can be relieved only if older women and those who have retired from the practice of their profession come forward in this great emergency.

No woman could utilize her professional skill to a nobler purpose than the care of the boys who have come home broken in body and sick in mind, for the ministrations which would bring them back from the darkness into the light of restored civil usefulness.

The Elks War Commission is appealing to the lodges of the Order to make good the pledge of the Chicago War Conference to secure these nurses for our wounded veterans, and *The Elks Magazine* is confident that when the women of America are awakened to the urgency of the situation they will respond to the call.

## The Birth of the Grand Lodge

PREVIOUS to the year 1871 the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks existed only in the City of New York. The organization was incorporated in 1869 but its articles of incorporation made no provision for the expansion of the Order or conferred upon it none of the authority of a Grand Lodge. As the fame of the Elks began to spread, the question of the establishment of other lodges arose and at a meeting held on January 1, 1871, a committee, consisting of Henry P. O'Neil, Tony Pastor and Samuel K. Spencer, was appointed to devise ways and means for the creation of a Grand Lodge, with power to organize subordinate lodges and otherwise function as a supreme body. At a meeting held the following February 12 this committee submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

"Resolved that the first Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks shall consist of the following; the original founders of the Order together with all past and present officers of the first and second degree, who are now in good standing in the Order, and that the above shall take effect immediately."

With the adoption of this resolution a tentative Grand Lodge was formed with George J. Green as Exalted Grand Ruler, as the office was then called. Application was made to the legislature of the State of New York for a charter and on March 10, 1871, this was signed by Governor John T. Hoffman, and the corporate life of the Grand Lodge began. A charter was immediately issued to New York Lodge No. 1 and two days later to Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, and the Order was on its way to nation-wide expansion.

Henry P. O'Neil, who devised the formula by which the Grand Lodge was created, and wrote the first constitution and statutes, was one of the great minds of the early years of the Order. It was his faith in fraternal ideals that envisioned the Order's great future and his qualities of mind and heart guided it through the vicissitudes of its formative years. He had much to do with the early ritual of the Order and his wisdom kept it clear of the rocks and shoals upon which many a young organization with high ideals and great ambitions has foundered. Henry P. O'Neil was not one of the original founders of the Elks. He entered the Order in 1869, and was Grand Exalted Ruler in 1875-6 but he may well be called the "Father of the Grand Lodge".

## Security Trust

THE *Elks Magazine's* January issue carried the text of a resolution recently adopted by Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, which it hopes was widely read and carefully studied. It provides for the establishment of a fund to be known as "The Elks Rehabilitation and Security Trust", the initial principal consisting of \$100,000.00, in Series "G" War Bonds, the income devoted to the assistance and rehabilitation of members in the Armed Forces, and to "assure the security of the lodge home". A wise and patriotic provision also prohibits any change in the original investment until the Bonds mature, and further provides that all future investments of the Trust shall be bonds and securities of the United States.

This action of Duluth Lodge is in line with the urging of the Elks War Commission that all lodges appoint a Rehabilitation Committee, prepared to aid its members of the fighting forces when they are released from Service. Many lodges have responded, and some have appropriated large sums for the purpose of rehabilitation and veterans' assistance. The Duluth Trust Fund, however, is the first set-up of this kind reported to date, and is emphasized by *The Elks Magazine*, not only for its avowed purpose of aiding returned fighting men solve their problems, but also for its patriotic provision that the Trust throughout its existence shall be made up of securities of the United States.

Many of our lodges have invested heavily in War Bonds. "Freezing" them in a trust fund until maturity will remove the temptation always offered by a full treasury—to build bigger and better homes, and it will provide a cushion to soften a possible postwar depression.



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