

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



APRIL 1945
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No Limit To The Skies BY CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER



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

J. W. Harper



it's always a pleasure

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A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

THE subject of this message is *cooperation*. There is no more important word in the vocabulary of a member of our Order, and I especially commend it to the newly elected Exalted Rulers. Upon the cooperation of their fellow officers, Past Exalted Rulers and members will depend the success of their administrations. I urge them to see that cooperation is secured.

The very first act of the new Exalted Ruler should be to call a meeting of chair officers, trustees and Past Exalted Rulers and discuss with them his program for the coming year. A survey of the building should be made and improvements should be planned. The financial structure should be considered and a budget prepared. Definite plans for taking part in all social and community welfare projects should be made. The holding of three or four important events to take place during the year should be discussed. Participation in Grand Lodge and State Association programs should be assured. Selection of the men in the lodge who are best equipped to form its committees should be agreed upon. Monthly meetings of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers should be held to see that these plans are carried out. The Exalted Ruler is an *ex officio* member of all committees, and should personally see that they function. He should visit the club rooms several times each week to see that everything is in order and arrange to have an officer of the lodge on hand every evening the club is open.

No Exalted Ruler can succeed without the cooperation of his members. Visits to them when they are sick or in difficulties, personal calls at their homes and offices, congratulations on birthdays and other anniversaries, telephone invitations to attend meetings—all help to keep alive their interest. A monthly mimeographed letter or bulletin sent to each member helps tremendously.

And here is a little tip to new Exalted Rulers—take an hour or so off immediately after reading this message and memorize the opening and closing of the Ritual. Your members will be both surprised and gratified at your action and you will start off your administration with a bang. If possible, have your fellow officers do the same.

No one knows better than I do the value of cooperation, for any good I have been able to accomplish this year has been due to the cooperation I have received from those associated with me in carrying on the work of Elksdom. First,

I have had the cooperation of the Exalted Rulers of our 1,425 lodges. They have complied with every request. They have been active and supported my programs. They have been generous in their contributions to the Elks War Commission and the Elks National Foundation. They have never failed me. Not an unpleasant letter has passed over my desk. The few suggestions I have been compelled to make regarding conditions that needed remedying have been courteously received and prompt action taken.

Much of this cooperation of the Exalted Rulers has been due to my District Deputies. No Grand Exalted Ruler has ever had a corps of more efficient aides. Not one has failed to make his official visits on time and send me a comprehensive report of conditions of his visits. Many have made second or third visits at their own expense.

From the Past Grand Exalted Rulers I have had perfect cooperation. Every request I have made of them has been promptly approved. On four of them I have leaned heavily. I could not have carried on without the cooperation of James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission. On him has fallen the great work of carrying out the magnificent program of our war activities. He has been most generous in attributing to me some suggestions that have proven valuable, but it was his efforts and those of the effective organization he heads that put them into effect. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, has been of great assistance. Nothing has pleased me more than the way in which the lodges have subscribed to the great Foundation, which he so successfully administers. My deep appreciation goes to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin and his Committee for the splendid new Ritual they have prepared. Equal gratitude goes to another, the efficient Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, without whose support no Grand Exalted Ruler could possibly succeed. And this goes too, for the great help given me by Grand Treasurer John F. Burke.

It has been truly a year of cooperation, and this is reflected in the sound condition of our lodges generally, throughout the Order. I know that this spirit will dominate all our good works in the months to come.

Fraternally yours,

ROBERT S. BARRETT, Grand Exalted Ruler.





"Oh, she's OLD!
Almost thirty!"



At twenty, thirty seems ancient.

At thirty, forty is distant middle age.

At forty, well, it'll be a long time before you're fifty.

The point is that ten years *ahead* always seems like a long time. Yet, actually it passes "before you know it" . . . and you find yourself face to face with problems, opportunities, needs, that once seemed very far in the future.

This is a good thing to remember today, when you buy War Bonds to speed the winning of the war.

In ten years—*only* ten years—those bonds will bring you back \$4 for every \$3 you put into them today.

Think of what that money may mean to you in 1955. An education for your children . . . a home . . . maybe even retirement to the place and the life of your heart's desire.

All this your War Bonds can mean to you . . . if you buy all you can today and hold them to maturity.

It won't be long till 1955. Not half as long as you think.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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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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APRIL 1945



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IN THIS ISSUE
WE PRESENT—

SPRING is here, as Ronald McLeod points out with his cover design which is the first of a series of four seasonal covers by him. Mr. McLeod is repeating his feat of some years ago—1936. His covers were so successful that we asked him to do it again.

Our feature article is by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker who needs no introduction to the Elks. He is an Honorary Life Member of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. Captain Rickenbacker, when he was rescued after 21 days at sea on a raft, carried with him as his only means of identification his Life Membership card to No. 99. No doubt there is hardly a reader of this Magazine who does not realize that one of the most provocative questions of the postwar world is the disposition of the airways—both national and international. Captain Rickenbacker, who is President of Eastern Airlines, expounds his own views for solution of a tremendously complicated problem.

At the request of the Elks War Commission your Magazine has the sad and proud duty to present the names of those members of the Order who, being killed in the Service, have been awarded posthumously the Elks Medal of Valor. This list makes a deep hole in our membership that can never be filled.

George Weinstein who came up some months ago with an engaging article on secret weapons used in wars as far back as King Tut, now gives us his findings on wacks who pop up periodically in the baseball world. Some of the anecdotes may be familiar to you. Even so, they are still good reading.

The Elks National Foundation, under the chairmanship of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, announces with justifiable pride that its funds have now passed the million-dollar mark and the Foundation on page 13 makes an impassioned plea to the Order to double the pot, now that the times in which we live have so vastly increased the urgency of the Foundation's aims. We add our plea to that of Mr. Malley.

The pages which come under the title, "The Elks in the War", depict some of the diverse activities of the subordinate lodges in the prosecution of the war effort, and farther on you will read of the regular social and business affairs of the same or other lodges.

Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett has resumed the pace of his whirl around the Country and in his Message on page 1 has expressed his appreciation of the cooperation given him by the District Deputies and the general membership. In an editorial on page 52 you will also read of the Grand Exalted Ruler's reaction to the Elks War Commission's decision to set aside \$100,000 for the relief of the members of Manila and Guam Lodges.



A hundred years ago
COL. JAMES CROW
trod this tree-lined path
to Fame

THOSE IN THE KNOW — ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**



A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Men who taste this famous Kentucky Straight Whiskey today, enjoy the same distinguished quality that founded Old Crow's reputation generations ago.

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

Screwballs

Amiable oafs, fun-loving pranksters, or just plain screwballs — they loved baseball too much to allow it to become a grim, determined business

By George Weinstein

THE moguls of major league baseball are everlastingly trying to keep the game on a serious, dignified plane. But some rollicking screwball is always popping up and irreverently disturbing the decorum — to the huge delight of the fans and the deep discomfiture of the moguls.

When that most famous of all screwballs, Rube Waddell, landed with the Philadelphia Athletics, poor Connie Mack suffered more than deep discomfiture. What the Rube really needed was a keeper, and before long, the distraught Mack found himself serving in that capacity.

Some of Waddell's escapades are almost unbelievable. One Spring the

Athletics were training in Dallas, Texas. About a week after they arrived, the Rube disappeared. Mack searched every saloon in town, for Waddell did tarry in these places. He covered all the sandlots. Waddell might, like as not, be pitching his head off for some kid team. He canvassed the nearby fishing holes. Waddell just loved to fish. But no trace of him anywhere.

A few evenings after the disappearance, Mack was standing at the curbstone in front of his hotel, trying to decide on his pitcher for tomorrow's exhibition game. Suddenly there was a clanging of fire apparatus, and, tearing down the street perilously close to the curbstone, came an engine. Mack

stepped back and glanced up annoyed. He blinked and started.

For there, high up in the driver's seat, in the full regalia of the Dallas Fire Department—peaked hat, rubber coat, boots and all—was—you guessed it—his missing pitcher. He had signed up as an apprentice fireman, and if he made good, he would realize his life's ambition—to become a full-fledged fire-fighter.

Mack managed to get him back into a baseball uniform, probably with an assist from the Dallas Fire Department. But not for long. Shortly after the regular season opened he again disappeared. The patient Mr. Mack made the usual search with the usual result. Three weeks went by. One afternoon, after the Waddell-less Athletics had lost a game to the Washington Senators, a bus was waiting to take the victors back to their hotel.

Some of the players were already in their seats relaxing from the day's endeavors. For some unaccountable reason the bus began to rock violently as if it were in the midst of an earthquake. The alarmed players quickly piled out and started an investigation. Under the bus they found the cause of the trouble. It was the playful Rube, bouncing his two hundred pounds and his massive shoulders against the axle.

Waddell's most famous stunt, known to every baseball fan, illustrates what a great pitcher he was and why Mack tolerated him. He usually pulled it in the ninth inning if he were having a good day. All his fielders, except the catcher and perhaps the first baseman, would be ordered off the field. He would then proceed to retire the side.

Quite appropriately, a ninety-eight-cent hat brought to an abrupt close what might have been for the Rube a brilliant if perhaps delirious career in the majors. It happened on a train. Andy Coakley, a team mate, had come aboard bedecked in a brand-new straw hat. But it was after September 15, and Waddell decided that, new hat or not, it should be retired for the season. He snatched it from Coakley's head. Coakley, of course, tried to recover it. A fierce wrestling match ensued, right on the platform, with no holds barred. When it was all over, Coakley had his hat back but Waddell's arm hung limply at his side. He was never any good after that. Truly he was a "million-dollar pitcher with a ten-cent head".

Of a different stripe was Charles D. (Casey) Stengel. As player, coach, manager, and even as minor league club president, he was the perpetrator of a long series of pranks that titillated baseball fans for over thirty years.

Let's go back to Montgomery, Alabama, for the very first one. It is a hot summer afternoon in the year 1912, Stengel's first season in organized base-

Casey Stengel, being taken for a ride, titillated baseball fans for over thirty years.



ball. A high fly is hit to left field, Casey's territory. The fans in the grandstand watch the ball listlessly as it sails to the outfield. A sure out.

But wait. There's no one in left field! The center fielder makes a belated start for the ball but can't possibly make it. Suddenly a player leaps out of the ground as if catapulted from Hades, lunges for the ball, and spears it with a fine one-handed catch.

It was our hero, Casey Stengel. Early in the game he had noticed a manhole cover in left field. Upon investigation he discovered that under it was a drain into which he might fit very nicely. The next inning he managed to secrete himself in it with the lid partly off so that he could watch the game. When the ball was hit he pushed the cover aside and started for it.

All during his career Stengel was at odds with the umpires. He could out-talk the best of them but it rarely ever did him any good. As a rule the greater the verbal victory, the more vehement was his ejection from the game. And so he very often used weapons more powerful than words.

On one such occasion he was managing the Boston Bees. It was a miserable, overcast afternoon in August, 1939. Shortly after the game got under way it began to rain intermittently. The umpires called a temporary halt. Casey thought the game should be called off completely. But the umpires ordered play resumed. As the afternoon wore on, it got darker and darker. Casey's pleas were in vain. And his stalling artifices brought only threats of forfeiture.

Ironically the game went into extra innings. Stengel made a final heart-rending appeal for the game to be called but was waved back to the dug-out. In the eleventh inning the Boston pitcher began to weaken. It looked as if a relief hurler would be necessary. Casey glanced down toward the bullpen in left field but visibility was almost zero. Ever resourceful, he was well prepared for just such an emergency. He fished a flashlight out of his jacket and Morse-coded an SOS for relief pitcher Freddy Frankhouse.

The umpires took the hint but not in good grace. For the next day National President Ford Frick announced that Manager Stengel of the Boston Club was fined twenty-five dollars for dilatory tactics and other behavior detrimental to the orderly conduct of the game.

Another afternoon, Casey, as a member of the Pittsburgh Pirates, was playing in Brooklyn. The fans, who knew him well as a former Dodger, were riding him unmercifully. Stengel bided his time. When his first at-bat came he was ready for his tormentors. As he stepped up to the plate, a mighty razz-berry greeted him. He smiled blandly, made a deep bow of obeisance, and tipped his hat. Out flew a sparrow—as perfect a "bird" as anyone ever got. Stengel had noticed the sparrow in the

(Continued on page 41)



Above: Even the great McGraw couldn't handle one of the greatest pitchers to reach the big leagues, "Bugs" Raymond.

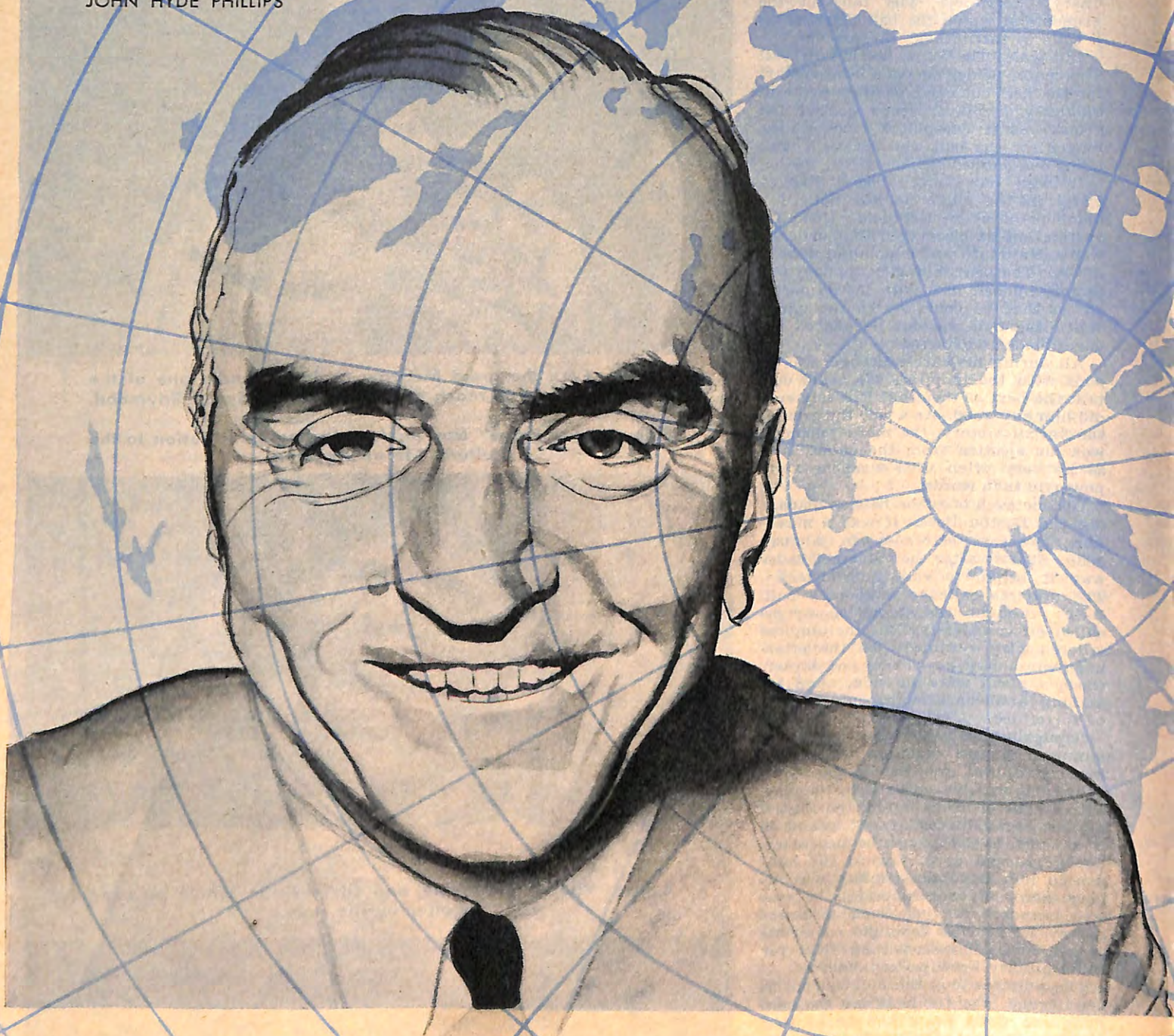
Below: "Pea Ridge" Day made a lasting contribution to the cultural life of Brooklyn.



Below: Rabbit Maranville and Dizzy Dean won't be soon forgotten by the fans.



Illustrated By
JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS



THE limitations of the future are the limitations of the human mind. The curbs on aviation are neither distance, speed, altitude nor space. The only curb is the lack of vision in the human mind and the narrow horizons of the human soul.

I am not predicting that the day is dawning when air travel will sweep the ships off the seas, drive the trains off the tracks, or brush the cars off the highways. But I am predicting that man has set himself to the task of re-making the map through the implements of human flight.

Man has two major ways of geographical measurement. One is the

measurement of distance: the gap between two given points. The other is the yardstick of time: how long it takes to travel between two points.

Man cannot shorten a straight line between New York and San Francisco, but he can shorten the time it takes to travel that line.

Thus, whenever man increases his speed of travel on this globe, he shrinks the size of the globe in terms of time. In other words, our concept of distance changes with our speed of travel.

If we stop to think, we will discover that man's way of life has been determined, to a large extent, by the factors of time and travel. And by

comparison with conditions that existed 100 years ago, we may say that man's span of life has been increased many times in the past century.

This is the air age. But we have not yet reached even the noon hour of aviation. On the contrary, the sun is barely above the horizon in the dawn of human flight. We have just started. We have just begun to fly.

But even at this early hour, because of its speed and cruising radius, the plane has shrunk the globe. It has narrowed the seas, dwarfed the mountains, and whittled down the continents by virtue of the conquest of time over distance. We no longer think in terms

NO LIMIT TO THE SKIES

The president of one of our largest airlines presents his views on the future of air transportation

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker

of miles, but of hours and minutes.

So when we speak of the age of flight, our thinking must keep up with—yes, even go ahead—the great procession of air transportation that is just beyond the horizon.

We must learn to visualize the earth as banded not only by the unseen lines of longitude and latitude, but surrounded as well by a comprehensive but invisible network of global airways that link the continents, the countries, and the leading cities of the world. But we must not forget that planes cannot fly great distances—no matter how fast they go—without stopping at ports where fuel, repairs and weather information

are available—and, incidentally, a few paying passengers.

These bases must be developed in all parts of the world to meet the needs of a system of global air transport. It sounds simple when you say it, doesn't it? And it would be simple were it not for the fact that even at this late date, American leaders are unable to agree among themselves on the question of our international aviation policy.

While they are making no headway on the issues of monopoly versus open competition, other countries are shaping up their programs for postwar international air transportation. And the bitter irony is that the stepping-stones of these networks—the well-equipped airdromes built by American men with American money and material throughout the world from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand—seem destined to be given away as Christmas gifts with Uncle Sam in the role of Santa Claus.

This must not happen. Congress should establish, without delay, a super board or council composed of outstanding representatives from our Army, Navy, Air Forces, Treasury Department, Post Office Department, Civil Aeronautics Board, Air Transport Industry, and, last but not least, our State Department, with an elder statesman as chairman.

This board or council should take immediate steps to protect our birthright in the billions of dollars we have expended on other people's property throughout the world in the form of airports and hangar and shop installations.

Instead of having agreements which

now permit the use of these well-equipped air bases for only a period of six months after the war is over, we should have a five-point program in agreement with all other nations for the use of these facilities, covering the following:

Freedom from customs while in transit.

Freedom of communications.

Freedom of weather or meteorology.

Freedom from higher tariffs or rentals than are being paid by the nationals of those countries for the use of their airports and facilities created and financed, directly or indirectly, by Americans and American money.

Freedom from cut-throat subsidies.

With these five basic agreements elaborated on in detail, American free

enterprise, ingenuity and energy will be given an opportunity to flourish, and will hold their own with any and all peoples of the world.

In that way, and that way only, will we in the aviation industry be able to help protect the investment of sacrifice which our American boys are fighting, bleeding and dying for, to win the war. In that way only will we be able to protect the interest of generations of tomorrow whose work and wages will be largely dedicated to reducing the mountain of debt created by this war.

It would be impossible to establish sound and workable international airways systems overnight. Therefore, in order to protect Uncle Sam's stake on the international airways, and to prevent others from jumping our claim, I present this recommendation: Before the end of the war there should be established a unified Army and Navy Transport Command for the purpose of continuing our operations around the world.

This unified military air transport service would carry not only military representatives and materiel, but also would be permitted to carry commercial passengers, mail and express during this interim, the receipts for which would be returned to the Treasury Department.

This recommendation would keep America represented not only on the international airways but also afford opportunity for the gradual taking over of these operations by the commercial air lines of the United States—by those that are qualified—and there are many.

Above and beyond that, there is the matter of public interest and support. American public opinion at the present time, and rightfully so, is too concentrated on the winning of the war—the restoration of normal peacetime happiness, working conditions, and living conditions after the war, as well as shouldering the burden of taxes—to think deeply about our place on the airways of the world. In view of that, it is not difficult to understand the general indifference toward the future of international aviation.

By having our military air services and air experts keep the international airways in operation, we keep the door open for the day—one, two, three or five years from now—when our public will understand the importance of supporting the demands for American rights and privileges on the airways of the globe. This will give our leaders and government the popular support so badly needed.

No nation, nor group of nations, can claim or establish monopoly of the airways and at the same time be in line with our long-proclaimed war aim: a free, open and progressive world.

By keeping the door open for future planning, we would also have a large number of transport planes in international service. This would not only keep large numbers of air and ground crews employed at their chosen art, and let them be returned to civil life as

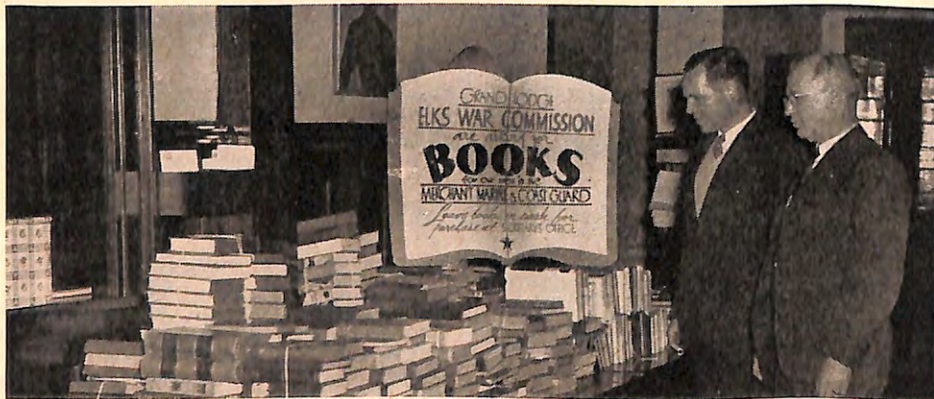
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Above: E.R. Frank H. Ruth receives from Mrs. George Swinnerton of the local Chapter of the American Red Cross a certificate of appreciation for what Alliance, Ohio, Lodge has done in turning over its home two days each month for Blood Donor activity. Paul C. Siddall, manager of the Alliance Review, also accepts a certificate in recognition of the publicity the Blood Bank has received in his paper

THE ELKS IN THE WAR

Below: E.R. H. L. DeCros and Chairman Albert Schlorch of South Bend, Ind., Lodge's War Committee review part of the lodge's collection of 1100 books for the Merchant Marine Library Association.



Right: E.R. Harry W. Nosler, State Treas. Robert E. Neiman and State Pres. Stephen Compas, left to right, photographed when Mr. Compas presented the U. S. Treasury Department's special citation to San Diego, Calif., Lodge for its work in putting over the Sixth War Loan Drive. The lodge sold over \$2,000,000 worth of Bonds.





Above: Jersey City, N. J., Elks who provided entertainment for servicemen at the New York Fraternal Center on the night sponsored by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge.



Left: E.R. Andrew C. McCarthy presents Bronx, N. Y., Lodge's check for \$1226 to Chairman James R. Nicholson of the Elks War Commission when Mr. Nicholson visited the lodge recently.

Below: Some of the hundreds of books collected for the Merchant Marine by Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge.



Below: Activity in the home of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge which is headquarters for the Red Cross Blood Bank.





Above: The submarine-servicemen studying at the Navy School of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., who joined Braddock, Pa., Lodge recently.

Right: Local dignitaries and officials of the Order at the dedication of the Brookings County Honor Roll Board, a gift of Brookings, S. D., Lodge.



Below: A group of Navy men sets out on one of the frequent scenic trips sponsored by the Idaho State Elks Assn. The schedule is planned so that each group will spend some time at one of the Idaho lodges.





Left: Two members of Kewanee, Ill., Lodge get the books the lodge collected ready for packing. About 350 volumes were gathered for the men in the Merchant Marine.

Below is a picture taken at St. Elizabeth's Hospital School of Nursing in Yakima, Wash., during the campaign to recruit candidates for the U. S. Cadet Nurses Corps. E.R. George C. Twohy of Yakima Lodge inspects publicity prepared and paid for by his lodge, with Miss Margaret Stupfel, director of Education, and Cadet Nurses Gertrude Lucas and Hazel McNeil.



Below is a photograph of servicemen located at Gulfport Field with the Army Air Forces, when they were entertained recently by the Elks of that district.





Left: When Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge set aside a night to honor Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon he was surrounded by celebrities. Here are, left to right, Andy Devine, Mr. Shannon, Leo Carrillo, and E.R. Fred Tabery—all good Elks.

Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

ELMIRA, N. Y. Hundreds of fellow citizens said farewell to John T. Osowski, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of Elmira Lodge No. 62, Treasurer of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, at funeral services held February 9th in St. Patrick's Church. A Solemn High Requiem Mass was celebrated by Mr. Osowski's cousin, Rev. Father J. J. Losieniecki, and the uniformed Knights of Columbus Fourth Degree Assembly formed the Guard of Honor. D.D. Roy D. Martin, P.E.R. of No. 62, was one of the active pallbearers. Members of the local Elks lodge, the American Legion, Kiwanis Club, Elmira Area Baseball Club, Inc., Arctic League, Elmira Aerie of Eagles and March of Dimes Drive Committee were honorary pallbearers. The committal service was conducted at the Cemetery of SS. Peter and Paul.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Theodore Moses, of North Tonawanda; William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; D. Curtis Gano of Rochester, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and a great many present and past officials of the New York State Elks Assn. were among the prominent Elks who attended the rites. Practically every New York lodge was represented. Mayor Emory Strachen headed the Elmira city government dele-

Below: Those present at the dinner held to commemorate the homecoming of D.D. Dr. Jos. H. Rosenberg at Kingston, N. Y., Lodge. Many officials of the Order attended.

gation, and Leo V. Lanning, State Commander of the American Legion, came from Buffalo to attend the funeral. For more than 15 years Mr. Osowski served as Treasurer of both the Legion and the Elks Association in New York State.

Mr. Osowski's friends were shocked at the news of his death, since at that very moment he was handling the March of Dimes and a few more jobs of the kind he never failed to let fall on his willing shoulders. He will be remembered as a man of great character, tact and understanding. Possessed of a willing personality, he was a business man, a citizen and an Elk of the highest type.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME. Calling it "A Night in Elkdom", the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., held a most entertaining Past Exalted Rulers Night last February. Prizes were drawn at the "Zero Hour" and at the social session after the meeting refreshments were served, with cigars for all the smokers.

When lodge was opened, the gavel was turned over to P.E.R. Arthur W. Johnson, of Chicago Lodge No. 4, who then appointed his officers for the evening: P.E.R. James H. Fleming, Providence, R. I.; P.E.R. Charles M. Farrell, Elyria, O.; P.E.R. Charles L. Smith, Eau Claire, Wis.; George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va.; Harry M. Sanders, Tulsa, Okla.; P.E.R. Edward E. Otten, Allegheny, Pa.; James D. Cameron, Bay City, Mich.; P.E.R. Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass.; P.E.R. David Fraser, Monessen, Pa., and P.E.R. F. A. Burch, Tallahassee, Fla. Anthony F. Pelstring, of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, was soloist, and short talks were given by the Exalted Ruler of the Home Lodge, Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans. Mr. Fleming and Mr. Farrell, with the main address of the evening being delivered by Thomas McGrew, of Washington, D. C., Lodge.

RHODE ISLAND STATE ASSN. On February 18th, at the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Robert S. Barrett, the Rhode Island State Elks Assn. held a meeting at the home of Providence Lodge No. 14. Owing to wartime conditions, it was decided that those elected at this meeting would continue to hold office until June, 1946, at which time a Convention would be held at the home of Pawtucket Lodge No. 920.

The meeting was called to order by the



A Million-Dollar Fund

...Let's Double It!

THE Elks National Foundation has passed the million-dollar mark. It has been a hard, uphill climb for sixteen years to reach this million-dollar level. The result is satisfactory in view of the economic conditions encountered in the early years. It affords a firm base from which to rise rapidly to proportions more commensurate with Elk stature in philanthropy.

Our principal method of fund raising has been through subscriptions for Honorary Founders' Certificates of \$1,000 each, payable in one sum or by installments each year for ten years. At the present time over eleven hundred subordinate lodges, State Associations and individual members have subscribed. The majority of these have paid in full or are well on the way to completion of subscription payments. At first the response was sectional but now the subscriptions and payments are representative of national support.

THE FUND MUST GROW

The potential receipts from Honorary Founders' Certificates are diminishing rapidly. The demands upon the distributable income of the Foundation are increasing. The fund must grow to fulfill its mission to serve as the great philanthropic fund of our Order. We appeal to you to become a *Permanent Benefactor* of the good works fostered by the Elks National Foundation now and as the "bright hopes" overtake us by making further substantial donations to our fund in accordance with your means.

Why not follow the Biblical admonition to store up for future needs the surplus wealth of the present. Last year, the national income of the United States was \$159,000,000,000. The Elks shared in this tremendous wealth. Everywhere we find evidence of the abundant increase in material prosperity of members and, in sequence, of lodges of our Order. There is no better or surer way to set aside a portion of these riches for future needs than to place it for all time in the permanent principal fund of the Elks National Foundation.

The Foundation is permanent—No part of the principal is expended for any purpose.

The Foundation is secure—A recent survey of its investment portfolio shows the market value of its securities substantially greater than cost and, in addition, a large reserve for depreciation.

The Foundation is effective—During its existence the Trustees have distributed approximately \$200,000 for tuberculosis hospitalization, crippled children rehabilitation, scholarships and other good works.

The Foundation is administered with prudence, economy and close adherence to its philanthropic purpose. The Trustees serve without money compensation and all administrative costs are defrayed by annual Grand Lodge appropriation.

LET'S DOUBLE IT!

We appeal to you to double the principal fund as quickly as possible. We are prompted to make this appeal by the encouraging generous donations of some of our subordinate lodges and Associations, already enrolled as Honorary Founders.

HERE IS THE RECORD OF ADDITIONAL DONATIONS:

		PAID
Tucson, Arizona, No. 385		\$4,000
Allegheny, Pa., No. 339		1,000
Norwich, Conn., No. 430		1,000
Hartford, Conn., No. 19		1,000
Ottumwa, Iowa, No. 347		1,000
SUBSCRIPTION		PAID ON ACCOUNT
Portland, Me., No. 188	\$1,000	\$200
Bridgeport, Conn., No. 36	1,000	100
Milford, Mass., No. 628	1,000	100
Santa Ana, Cal., No. 794	1,000	100
San Diego, Cal., No. 168	1,000	250
Biddeford-Saco, Me., No. 1597	1,000	100
Sanford, Me., No. 1470	1,000	100
Providence, R. I., No. 14	1,000	500
Maine Elks Association	1,000	300

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS

Greenville, Pa., No. 145	\$500.00
Watkins Glen, N. Y., No. 1546	100.00
Muncie, Ind., No. 245	100.00
Lewiston, Me., No. 371	92.50
Gardiner, Me., No. 1293	74.00
Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852	50.00
Cristobal, C. Z., No. 1542	50.00

We know that many other lodges which years ago made the Foundation possible by their subscriptions for Honorary Founders' Certificates are ready and willing to respond with additional donations and to join the ranks of the above-listed Permanent Benefactors.

There will be prepared for distribution to each benefactor contributing an additional \$1,000 or more an artistic plaque which will designate the amount of the additional donation and also a citation or certificate descriptive of the generous action of the donor. The plaque will be designed so that it may be changed from time to time as future donations are made.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the great Americans of all time, said that the true index of a man's character was his disposition to do good. Our Order is composed of men who have this disposition. The Foundation is the national agency through which we can make good intentions effective in action. It is the most efficacious means of transition from thought to deed. The "passing moment" is long enough to make a gift which will endow the future to carry on benevolent and humanitarian deeds down through the ages.

*"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."*

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman
16 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

Choice of a lifetime...



Treat yourself to the finest Golden Wedding in more than half a century. Linger over its lighter, finer flavor. It's the discriminating whiskey drinker's choice of a lifetime.

Golden Wedding

Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years



Chairman, Colonel Thomas J. Flynn, who then turned over the gavel to Pres. John C. Buckley who proceeded to conduct the harmonious session.

Vice-Pres. Thomas E. Harding, Pawtucket, was unanimously elected President. Others selected to hold office for the next 16 months were: Anthony F. Lawrence, Woonsocket, Vice-President-at-Large; P.E.R. Howard Goodwin, Newport, 2nd Vice-Pres.; P.E.R. Richard J. Butler, Westerly, 3rd Vice-Pres.; Edward Basler, Providence, 4th Vice-Pres., and E.R. John J. Lynch, Pawtucket, Secretary. D.D. Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket, who has been Treasurer of the Association since its inception was reelected to that office. Trustees are: E.R. Charles F. Moran, Providence, 5 years, replacing Colonel Flynn who retired from office at this meeting; P.E.R. John W. Baldwin, Pawtucket, 4 years; Frank Mansfield, Westerly, 3 years, who takes the place of the late P.E.R. Wm. F. Donovan of the same lodge; P.E.R. Edwin G. Spooner, Newport, now in the Armed Forces serving in the Pacific War Zone, 2 years, and P.E.R. Frank E. McKenna, Woonsocket, 1 year. Appointments were as follows: Sergeant-at-Arms, Herbert Leddy, Pawtucket; Chaplain, Thomas H. McGovern, Providence, and Tiler, David Collins, Pawtucket.

Above: Fathers and sons who came to the dinner Kingman, Ariz., Lodge gave for the Mohave County Union High School football squad.

At this meeting it was voted to appoint a committee to draw up a resolution of sympathy to the family of Mr. Donovan, and a resolution of gratitude to P.D.D. Thomas J. Flynn for his services to the Association.

A high spot of the session was the presentation by State Vice-President Lawrence of a 3' by 5' silk Service Flag, complete with standard, which carries the legend that 403 Elks of the five Rhode Island lodges are in the Services. Mr. Lawrence made this gift in honor of the families of these Fighting Elks. The banner was presented to President Buckley, and each year will be handed to the newly elected President in whose lodge home it will be displayed. At the cessation of hostilities, when the world is again at peace, the flag will become the property of the lodge of the presiding President, where it will remain as a tribute to these men.

LYONS, N. Y. Past Grand Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, a charter

member and Past Exalted Ruler of Lyons Lodge No. 869, died suddenly at his home in Rochester, N. Y., on February 3rd. Born during the last year of the Civil War, he was nearing his 80th birthday. Funeral services, held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Rochester, were attended by members of the lodge, headed by E.R. John Watt.

Dr. Sykes was one of the "grand old men" of the Order. He served as Grand Chaplain from 1934 to 1937. From the day he became an Elk until almost the last day of his life, he never missed an opportunity to prove his devotion to the Order or advocate its cause. He was one of those who early recognized the value of wider organization to bring the rank and file into closer communion and was chiefly instrumental in organizing the Elks Association of the Central District of the State, parent of the present New York State Elks Association. Dr. Sykes presided at the first meeting of the latter Association, held in Auburn, N. Y., in September, 1913, and there relinquished the office of President to the late John C. Barry of Cortland. In recognition of his services, the office of Honorary President was created for Dr. Sykes with a life tenure of office. For more than 30 years he installed the newly elected State officers; he also had the distinction of installing the officers of his home lodge over a long period.

Dr. Sykes was widely known as a Mason. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War in which he served as a U. S. Navy Chaplain, and was active in many ways on the home front in World War I. He was rector of several



Left are the men who made up a recent class of candidates of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge.

Below: Casper, Wyo., Lodge initiates a class in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, seated sixth from right.





Above, shown with their lodge officers, are nine men who joined Prescott, Ariz., Lodge not long ago.

Right are some of the 200 Elks and their guests who had a wonderful time at Key West, Fla., Lodge's celebration of the Order's Anniversary.



Episcopalian churches, but his most conspicuous service was as chaplain at the New York State Agricultural School of Industry. Hundreds of those who came under his care remember with gratitude his friendly advice and admonitions.

Dr. Sykes was a firm believer in the philosophy and principles of the Order. Devoted to the welfare of his fellowmen, he declared time and again that his vision had been broadened and his faith strengthened through his contact with Brother Elks.

News of the death of Dr. Sykes was received with sorrow throughout the Order and in many homes where the memory of his numerous kindnesses is cherished. To members of the family who survive him—his widow, three daughters and two sons, one of whom is a captain in the U. S. Navy—*The Elks Magazine* extends its sincere sympathy.

STERLING, COLO., Lodge, No. 1336, enters a float in the Overland Trail Roundup parade held out thata way every year. Last Fall the Elks won first

prize with their entry which was built entirely of stuff left over from floats of years gone by. All it cost No. 1336 was \$3.75 for gas and oil for the truck.

Next autumn the letter men of the 1945 Sterling High School football team will go out on the field wearing jackets presented to them by the local Elks. The School Conference rules that the schools in that area may not purchase awards for members of their athletic teams, so the lodge voted to give the jackets to those who qualified and maintained high grades. Twenty of the 22 members received their jackets; the other two were

already sporting sailor suits given them by the U. S. Navy.

Sterling Lodge has voted to purchase a \$1,000 certificate in the Elks National Foundation.

NEWTON, MASS. Nearly 500 Elks from just about every lodge in Massachusetts showed up for D.D. Oswald J. McCourt's homecoming visit to Newton Lodge No. 1327 in the Central District. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield Lodge, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke of Boston and John M. Kelleher of

Right: The presentation of the second Honorary Founders' Certificate to the Elks National Foundation purchased by Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge in honor of Clyde Jones, a member of the Grand Forum. Left to right are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Mr. Jones, D.D. Wm. C. Brunk, E.R. Lloyd Winger and C. E. Richards, Jr., Chairman of the Iowa Elks War Commission.



Below: Those present on Leominster, Mass., Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers Night when a number of men joined the Order.





Above, shown with the lodge officers, are 37 men who were initiated into Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge in honor of E.R. A. L. Robertson.

Right: In the presence of Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and many State and local Elk officials, the mortgage on the home of New London, Conn., Lodge was burned recently.



Newburyport, D.D. for Mass., N.E., were there. E.R. John J. Keeffe, who presided, initiated a large class, assisted by his officers.

At the meeting before supper, Mr. McCourt announced that his lodge had voted to pay the \$818 balance due the Elks War Commission and that the Commission's Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, would get their check within a few days.

MONESSEN, PA. Whether at home or overseas, Sgt. Howard P. Odbert, a member of Monessen Lodge No. 773, is a real Elk. At Christmas he gave out the contents of his "pack" to the crippled children at Henwick Hall School in Wellingborough, England. The sergeant had had occasion to visit the school shortly after his arrival in England. Eager to bring a ray of sunshine into the lives of these unfortunate children, he wrote his lodge about them, and promised that if toys or Christmas treats were sent, he would be on hand to play Santa on Christmas Eve.

The matter was referred to the Elks Canteen Committee and no time was lost in purchasing boxes of goodies and gifts and getting them in the mail.

Sgt. Odbert has since written home, expressing his pride in the lodge's generous response. School Superintendent J. Riding wrote also, to thank the Elks for giving "his boys" a really happy Christmas. He added some information that the sergeant was too shy to include—that in order to get there, Sgt. Odbert and two other officers traveled a great distance through a thick black fog.

KENT, O., Lodge, No. 1377, conducted such a successful book campaign for our Merchant Marine that before the drive closed on February 20th, 700 fiction, bi-

ographical and text books had been turned over to P.D.D. A. J. Kunsman, Chairman of No. 1377's War Commission.

The collection was handled at the Kent Free Library by Mr. Kunsman and Miss Marjorie Cochran, librarian. All the books will go to the Merchant Marine and men in the Services.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF. Bringing along a couple of fellow Californians—L. A. Lewis of Anaheim Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum, and D.D. Robert E. Walker of Santa Ana—Grand Esteemed Leading Knight F. Eugene Dayton of Salinas recently paid a visit to San Diego Lodge No. 168. Greeted at the El Cortez Hotel by a welcoming party headed by P.E.R. Robert M. Gregory, the visitors

Right: When Waterbury, Conn., Lodge's \$10,000 mortgage was destroyed, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and Chairman James R. Nicholson of the Elks War Commission were there.



Below is a picture taken on Chicago, (South), Ill., Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers Night when a class was initiated.





were guests of honor at a dinner at the lodge home before the seven-thirty meeting and entertainment.

In his address to the members of No. 168 and visiting South District Elks, Mr. Dayton thanked the lodge for pledging its second \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. He explained the work being carried on by the Elks Fraternal Centers and urged the lodge to back the Grand Exalted Ruler's rehabilitation program.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 335, held a terrific meeting in February. They called it "Stray Elks Night", and nearly 100 members from lodges all over the Country were herded in with the rest. When the evening ended, No. 335 had taken a mighty big step in what is important to all of us—the rehabilitation of Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761.

P.E.R. A. W. Crane, who this year is Chairman of the War Service Commission of the Arizona State Elks Associa-

Above is a striking view of the men from Illinois South District lodges who were initiated by a picked Degree Team at Marion, Ill., Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell.

tion of which he is a Past President, spoke of the fate that befell Manila Lodge during the Japanese occupation and expressed the hope that our lodge there may shortly be back on its feet. He suggested that concrete support in a financial way be given No. 761 by his lodge, and offered a motion that everyone listening to his words make an individual contribution and that the amount thus raised be matched by a donation from Phoenix Lodge's treasury.

The motion was adopted unanimously and the members and guests parted with nearly \$200 which meant that Secretary Clyde Timberlake sent a check for \$400

to the Elks War Commission headquarters.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, has a unique patriotic activity to its credit. Through the ingenuity of J. Adona Lajoie, an Elk for 27 years who was selected three years ago as Chairman of the local Office of Price Administration, Woonsocket Lodge is sponsoring in the schools in the vicinity an essay contest in connection with the OPA.

A \$25 War Bond will be awarded by the lodge for the winning essay submitted by the contestants of every school in the district. This means that twenty-eight \$25 Bonds will be handed out by No. 850 through its War Commission. Eighth grade, junior and high school students are eligible to enter the contest which is now in progress. Eight hundred words are desired on topics in line with price control, rationing and avoiding inflation, designated by the Community Service Panel of Woonsocket's OPA, on which several prominent Elks are serving. It is only natural to expect that through the students, parents will become more familiar with the OPA rulings—a result which, everyone will agree, is not to be sneezed at.

Left: E.R. Al Johnson sets fire to the \$29,500 mortgage on the home of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge.

Below: Photographed in the good-looking jackets awarded them by Sterling, Colo., Lodge are the members of the local High School football team.





FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, Lodge, No. 1551, celebrated Past Exalted Rulers Night on February 15th with the biggest crowd in its history—152 men, counting visiting Elks and the 15 candidates who were initiated. After brushing up on the Ritual, P.E.R.'s R. T. Thayer, C. J. Woofter, Ray Kohler, Frank Nash, E. B. Collins, Frank H. Mapleton and Ralph B. Norris occupied the various stations. Dr. Ed Baggen acted as Inner Guard.

On behalf of No. 1551, E.R. Al Lenon presented the Past Exalted Rulers with gold lapel emblems, signifying their former service. Steward Chet Burns put on a fine feed after the meeting.

DODGE CITY, KANS., Lodge, No. 1406, isn't doing bad at all. In business only a year, it now boasts more than 200 members—a 100 per cent increase over its charter list. In January at its first anniversary celebration, 25 men—including the Mayor of the town, Z. A. Nevins—were initiated with the help of Frank L. Murphy, who was Exalted Ruler of Garden City Lodge No. 1404 last year.

Members from ten other lodges, including D.D. O. K. Stewart of Pratt, and State Treas. Clay E. Hedrick of Newton, P.D.D., who did a lot toward the organi-

Right, as interested Elks look on, one of the E. & J. resuscitators which Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge presented to two local hospitals is demonstrated.

Below are officers and trustees of Yuma, Ariz., Lodge with the Twin Iron Lung the lodge purchased and gave to the Yuma General Hospital.

Above, left to right: State Vice-Pres. Dr. Harry Tripp, Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, Mayor Stanley Church, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Senator J. Raymond McGovern and D.D. Robert Stewart, at New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge's Anniversary Dinner, honoring E.R. McGovern.

zation of Dodge City Lodge, were among the 135 Elks who came to No. 1406's birthday party.

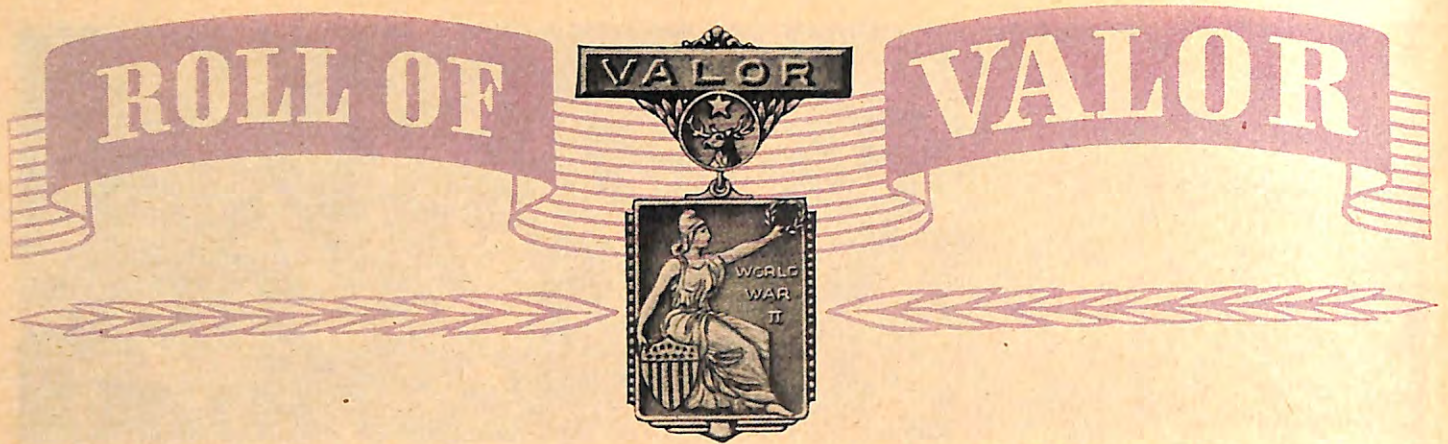
BRADDOCK, PA. When Navy men join lodges located near seaports or U. S. Naval training stations, no one is surprised. But when sailors become members of inland lodges or of those far, far away from any training station, the news is not

received with such calm. Braddock Lodge No. 883 is one of these inland lodges, and recently initiated fourteen Navy men who have been taking special courses at the giant Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing plant at East Pittsburgh, Pa., about two miles away. No. 883's up-and-coming officers took over the initiatory ceremonies, made colorful by the singing of patriotic airs by the lodge's Male Chorus, directed by Evan Lloyd.

About 50 disabled veterans from Deshon General Hospital had a bus ride to the Braddock Lodge home not long ago. After they had dinner, a two-hour professional show was put on for them, followed by dancing. Quite a bunch of Elks and their families were there, all knocking themselves out to show the war heroes a good time. Other doings of this kind are on the books—some to be held in the lodge home, others in the various hospitals for convalescent servicemen.

(Continued on page 30)





Below are listed the names of those members of the Order who have given their lives in the service of our Country, and whose families have received the Medal of Valor from the Elks War Commission. If any members of your lodge have died while in the Services, and whose families have not received the Medal of Valor, send their names, rank and branch of Service to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, 21 East 40th Street, New York City 16, New York.

ALABAMA

Anniston Lodge No. 189
LT. JAMES EDWIN PAULK
 Birmingham Lodge No. 79
J. J. BARRY
 Ensley Lodge No. 987
RAYMOND EARLE BOLLE
 Mobile Lodge No. 108
PVT. EUGENE JACKSON GEORGE
HUGH A. SPENCE

ALASKA

Petersburg Lodge No. 1615
ARNOLD M. ENGE

ARIZONA

Ajo Lodge No. 1576
FLOYD SIMPSON
 Bisbee Lodge No. 671
ALFRED C. STODDARD
 Clifton Lodge No. 1174
RAYMOND WESLEY HENDERSON
 Globe Lodge No. 489
MERL ANDREW PYEATT
 Jerome Lodge No. 1361
SAM L. OVIJANOVICH
 Miami Lodge No. 1410
S/SGT. PATRICK GORHAM, JR.
 Phoenix Lodge No. 335
LEX JACKSON
 Safford Lodge No. 1607
A. E. JAMESON, JR.
HUBERT A. PECK

ARKANSAS

North Little Rock Lodge No. 1004
MAJOR SETH V. DUNCAN
SGT. JIMMIE McCAIN
LT. WILLIAM S. YOUNG

CALIFORNIA

Alameda Lodge No. 1015
GERALD D. BLAIR
 Bakersfield Lodge No. 266
BERNARD C. O'REILLY

Bishop Lodge No. 1603
ARTHUR JOHNSON
GUS WICHTRICH
 Coalinga Lodge No. 1613
LT. HERMAN C. ZWANG
 El Centro Lodge No. 1325
DANIEL H. JUDD
ROBERT W. TACKETT
 Fresno Lodge No. 439
PIKE B. MARTIN, JR.
 Glendale Lodge No. 1289
Chief Boatwain's Mate ROBERT E. SVEDEEN

Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415
SGT. ELMO E. McKELVEY
 Lancaster Lodge No. 1625
LT. EDWARD G. FOOTE, JR.
LT. RUSSELL H. GODDE
 Long Beach Lodge No. 888
BERNARD A. BACKERS
PETER J. BIZUB
FRANCIS A. BRESNOCK
LEO F. BROM
LOUIS DOBNIKAR
ALLEN O. FERRIS
RICHARD T. LEADER
DENNIS F. MAHAN
GEORGE F. MORRIS
E. C. PARILLA
ROY W. PHILLIPS
E. G. ROBINSON

Los Angeles Lodge No. 99
JAMES C. BAKER
CHARLES H. BECKER
PAUL F. RAU
JOHN V. WALLEN
JOSEPH LUCAS WISE, JR.

Ontario Lodge No. 1419
WALTER W. HOSIER
JOHN A. KIEFFER

Oxnard Lodge No. 1443
ERNEST LEROY EAVEY, JR.
HARRY C. GEYER, JR.
CLEMENT GILL
GLEN WARREN WOOD, JR.

Pittsburg Lodge No. 1474
LT. JOHN SUTTON, JR.

Porterville Lodge No. 1342
SGT. SAM MIKE MILINICH
 Red Bluff Lodge No. 1250
ERNEST FORBES
 Redlands Lodge No. 583
MAJOR ALBERT D. NEUBERT, M.D.
 Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378
JAMES B. LAURENCE
 Riverside Lodge No. 643
RALPH BUTCHER
 San Diego Lodge No. 168
WAYNE D. McIRVIN
ROBERT SAMPLE
 San Jose Lodge No. 522
1ST LT. EDWARD A. RICHCREEK
 San Pedro Lodge No. 966
CLYDE SUTTON
 Santa Rosa Lodge No. 646
JAMES C. GRACE
 Sonora Lodge No. 1587
LT. WILLIAM A. BALSLEY, U.S.N.R.
SGT. LOUIS J. QUEIROLO, JR.
 Susanville Lodge No. 1487
DOUGLAS McDOW
EVERETT D. MINCH
 Taft Lodge No. 1527
JOHN W. BEAUCHAMP
EDWIN W. HAMPTON
DONALD D. McEACHRAN
 Ventura Lodge No. 1430
RALPH C. LAMBERT, JR.
 Visalia Lodge No. 1298
DAVID E. LOGAN
 Watsonville Lodge No. 1300
STANLEY NORMAN SECONDO
 Whittier Lodge No. 1258
J. C. HOLDER, JR.
 Woodland Lodge No. 1299
ROBERT W. HUSTON

CANAL ZONE

Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414
JOHN WYATT HENSLEY, Chief Gunners' Mate, U.S.N.



COLORADO

Alamosa Lodge No. 1297
LT. ROBERDEAU W. DRURY
LT. ALBERT W. STRAUER

Boulder Lodge No. 566
FRANK BERNZEN, JR.
ROY B. LEWIS
E. W. MACKENZIE

Canon City Lodge No. 610
EDWARD CONWAY
RAYNOR HOLMES

Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309
WILLIAM E. SNOW

Delta Lodge No. 1235
LT. J. W. INGRAM

Denver Lodge No. 17
GEORGE FRED LINSTEDT

Fort Morgan Lodge No. 1143
LT. HILLIARD H. GRAHAM
LT. LAUREN H. QUILLEN

Grand Junction Lodge No. 575
1ST LT. HOMER C. BIGGS, JR.
LT. ROBERT O. LITTLEJOHN

Greeley Lodge No. 809
CLARENCE F. CROSIER
CLIFFORD A. GUSTAFSON
PAUL L. WARMUTH

La Junta Lodge No. 701
E. C. KELLEY

Leadville Lodge No. 236
LT. FRANKLIN J. McDONALD, JR.

Longmont Lodge No. 1055
WARREN M. HARTMAN

Montrose Lodge No. 1053
CARL BEN CARLSON
GREGORY K. LOESCH
EDMUND JAMES O'FALLON

Pueblo Lodge No. 90
A. E. CLEMENS
MAJOR O. S. PEABODY

Sterling Lodge No. 1336
LYLE R. JENSEN
WILLIAM L. PETERSON

Walsenburg Lodge No. 1086
ELBERT LeROY KITCHEN
GEORGE LUCERNE

CONNECTICUT

Ansonia Lodge No. 1269
DAVID S. MILES

Bristol Lodge No. 1010
RAYMOND J. CARROLL, A.M.M.1/C,
U.S.N.

Danbury Lodge No. 120
LT. JOSEPH E. MEAD

Hartford Lodge No. 19
LAWRENCE J. DALY

New London Lodge No. 360
DAVID G. BERNSTEIN
JOHN McMAHON

Norwalk Lodge No. 709
Chief Petty Officer JOHN J. SKIDD,
U.S.N.

Norwich Lodge No. 430
SGT. EDDIE J. SKOCZYLAS

Putnam Lodge No. 574
LEO N. JARVIS
GEORGE R. VIENS

Rockville Lodge No. 1359
LT. BYRON P. YOST

Stamford Lodge No. 899
ROCCO P. DEDONATO
KAHLMAN D. PERLMAN

Wallingford Lodge No. 1365
JAMES J. DALY

Waterbury Lodge No. 265
S/SGT. JOHN J. GILSON

West Haven Lodge No. 1537
GEOGE HESS

Willimantic Lodge No. 1311
CHARLES J. FITTABILE

DELAWARE

Wilmington Lodge No. 307
LT. ROBERT McPHERSON, II

FLORIDA

De Land Lodge No. 1463
A. D. HOLDER
JOHN W. JENSEM

Fort Lauderdale Lodge No. 1517
LT. WILLIAM G. WARNOCK, JR.

Lake City Lodge No. 893
SGT. JOSEPH L. CLEMENTS
LT. JAMES H. MOORE

Lake Worth Lodge No. 1530
RUSSELL L. BULLARD
JOHN E. McNALLY
JOHN OFFUTT

Miami Lodge No. 948
COMMANDER ALBERT J. BERTRAM
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ROSS
SINGLETARY

Miami Beach Lodge No. 1601
GEORGE E. SHELTON

Pahokee Lodge No. 1638
CECIL BARNES

Panama City Lodge No. 1598
LT. JAMES ROBERT WILSON

Sarasota Lodge No. 1519
IRVING J. SHOOR

Sebring Lodge No. 1529
W. J. ANDRE

Tallahassee Lodge No. 937
WILLIAM J. LANDRUM

Tampa Lodge No. 708
ROY D. BACHMAN

GEORGIA

Athens Lodge No. 790
LT. VICTOR S. CROWE

Atlanta Lodge No. 78
PEDRO N. DODYS
J. LEE McCUTCHEON
WILLIAM D. MONTGOMERY

Augusta Lodge No. 205
ROBERT W. LAMON

Gainesville Lodge No. 1126
LAUDE TITWELL, SEAMAN, 2/C
PVT. HERSCHAL H. MILLER

Griffin Lodge No. 1207
T. I. HAWKINS

Waycross Lodge No. 369
CHARLES FLEMMING NEWTON
JOCK T. WATT
JOHN L. YOUNGBLOOD

IDAHO

Blackfoot Lodge No. 1416
WILLIAM S. BARTON
LT. KIEFER WHITE

Boise Lodge No. 310
ROBERT E. FULTON
GENE LONG

Burley Lodge No. 1384
DICK GUDMUNDSEN

Caldwell Lodge No. 1448
LT. GLEN S. ADMYERS
LT. COL. RUSSELL S. CLORE
LT. PURSER W. FROST
CPL. MERRILL W. RINER

Idaho Falls Lodge No. 1087
FRED M. EDWARDS
JACK C. GRAY
COL. GEORGE D. GRUBB

Lewiston Lodge No. 986
GORDON ALFORD
JAMES C. JEWELL
GEORGE MUDD
WILLIAM LOYD SHANGLE
STEVE SUMMERS
SIDNEY C. THIESSEN

Moscow Lodge No. 249
K. E. EICHENBERGER
CRAIG SHAMPINE
JACK I. WEBER

Nampa Lodge No. 1389
JOHN C. GRAY

Pocatello Lodge No. 674
MAJOR WILLIAM H. CLARK
MAJOR ERNEST MANN

Wallace Lodge No. 331
LT. JOHN A. BRENNAN
GILBERT D. HENDRICKSON
JOSEPH M. LAMUTH
GEORGE PAPESH
MAJOR FRED A. ZAMBONI

ILLINOIS

Aurora Lodge No. 705
SGT. JOHN W. HOERR

Blue Island Lodge No. 1331
STEWART KAUFMAN

Canton Lodge No. 626
LT. HAROLD C. COOK

Champaign Lodge No. 398
ALFRED D. HUSTON
EDWIN S. KENNY
LESLIE PETTYJOHN

Cicero-Berwyn Lodge No. 1510
EDWARD BUSTA

Danville Lodge No. 332
HORACE A. JOHNSON
G. KNOX MARTIN

Dixon Lodge No. 779
LT. WILLIAM R. HARDY

Du Quoin Lodge No. 884
JOE REMINGER

Elgin Lodge No. 737
ALFRED WILLE

Galena Lodge No. 882
PVT. FRANK J. SARNA

Harrisburg Lodge No. 1058
JAMES HENRY TURNER

Herrin Lodge No. 1146
LT. CHARLES GUALDONI

Kankakee Lodge No. 627
LT. GAIL E. CLOSE

La Salle-Peru Lodge No. 584
WILLIAM R. MERRICK

Lincoln Lodge No. 914
NORMAN STANLEY WOODS



Marion Lodge No. 800
JAMES VOLLIE CALVIN
Mendota Lodge No. 1212
WILLIAM T. HERBERT
Mount Carmel Lodge No. 715
RICHARD MARX
Murphysboro Lodge No. 572
CHARLES REIFSNIDER, JR.
Oak Park Lodge No. 1295
FREDERICK M. VON DE HOUTEN
Pekin Lodge No. 1271
PAUL V. EVANS
Pontiac Lodge No. 1019
JACK L. BOYER
H. L. MOSER
Robinson Lodge No. 1188
O. C. CALDWELL, JR.
GLENN HEIN
WILLIAM H. MASTERS
ROBERT RANKIN
HARRY S. TEASLEY
Rockford Lodge No. 64
OWEN L. DAY
Springfield Lodge No. 158
HAROLD HOFFACKER
ANTHONY KERASOTES
Streator Lodge No. 591
CAPT. DEAN B. RAYMOND
Woodstock Lodge No. 1043
PFC. JOHN W. ADAMS

Madison Lodge No. 524
LOREN H. FURNISH
Marion Lodge No. 195
BILLY S. BOXELL
Noblesville Lodge No. 576
RALPH W. LEHR
Peru Lodge No. 365
SAM COLE
Shelbyville Lodge No. 457
HARRY D. MILLER
JOHN V. YARLING
South Bend Lodge No. 235
FOREST M. HARPER
HERSHEL G. HORTON
LEONARD J. SMITH
RICHARD D. YOST
Terre Haute Lodge No. 86
WAYNE ANDERSON
Union City Lodge No. 1534
RALPH E. SCHOLL
Vincennes Lodge No. 291
LT. EDWARD C. THEOBOLD
Wabash Lodge No. 471
LT. GEORGE WILLIAM PORTER
Warsaw Lodge No. 802
GEORGE MYERS, II
Washington Lodge No. 933
LAWRENCE W. CHEW
JOHN SIMPSON
EARL SMITH
DAN VOLLMER

Perry Lodge No. 407
LT. JOHN W. MARCKRES
Sioux City Lodge No. 112
HARRY BERNSTEIN
VINCENT HARRINGTON
Waterloo Lodge No. 290
JOHN C. HULTQUIST
WARD S. WILLIAMS, JR.
WAYLAND D. WOODYARD

KANSAS

Atchison Lodge No. 647
LT. JOHN C. FOULKS
PVT. PAUL G. WEITZ
Goodland Lodge No. 1528
LT. LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
LT. K. ROBERT KESSENGER
Hutchinson Lodge No. 453
MAJOR ALFRED J. LUDWIG
PFC. E. J. NIETO
PFC. MAX SHIRK
Junction City Lodge No. 1037
PVT. CARL SAMUEL MYERS
Manhattan Lodge No. 1185
FRANK P. ROOT, JR.
Newton Lodge No. 706
ROBERT BARR
Pratt Lodge No. 1451
DICK DARLING
GEORGE R. LaBRUE
Salina Lodge No. 718
CHARLES W. SHEDDEN

INDIANA

Anderson Lodge No. 209
REX WHETSEL
Bicknell Lodge No. 1421
RUSH B. FREEMAN
GILBERT HUNTER
Bluffton Lodge No. 796
IRVING W. KROHN
JOHN H. SCHLAGENHAUF
Columbia City Lodge No. 1417
ROGER B. REESE
Columbus Lodge No. 521
HOWARD RENO
Crawfordsville Lodge No. 483
WILLIAM Q. O'NEALL
Elwood Lodge No. 368
KENNETH WILLIAMS
Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155
LT. LAWRENCE RESS
WALTER CLEMENS SPEISER
Frankfort Lodge No. 560
DONALD M. RYNEARSON
Goshen Lodge No. 798
DALE BASSETT
Jeffersonville Lodge No. 362
PVT. JOSEPH A. WAGNER
SGT. ALBERT F. WILLIAMS
Kokomo Lodge No. 190
MARK H. BRIGGS
ELWOOD W. LEWIS
HAROLD G. SMITH
Lebanon Lodge No. 635
JAMES A. BASSETT
Linton Lodge No. 866
VINCENT E. SINGER
Logansport Lodge No. 66
FRED A. COPPOCK
LOWELL R. LENON

IOWA

Ames Lodge No. 1626
EVERETT IHLE
R. C. WYMORE
Atlantic Lodge No. 445
GEORGE P. HOPLEY
Carroll Lodge No. 1637
LT. ALBERT J. BUSS
Charles City Lodge No. 418
CLYDE E. DOBBS
DARRELL A. KELLUM
Clinton Lodge No. 199
JACK BOYSEN
Davenport Lodge No. 298
LT. F. B. CLEMONS, JR.
Estherville Lodge No. 528
H. G. JUDD, JR.
MAURICE M. McCALL
Fairfield Lodge No. 1192
HARRY JAMES BEAN
Fort Madison Lodge No. 374
FREDERICK A. SAAR
Marshalltown Lodge No. 312
NEWELL L. CADWELL
WAYNE HILDRETH, JR.
LLOYD H. LAUNDER, JR.
Mason City Lodge No. 375
CURTIS D. FRIESNER
ROLAN G. HOWARD
Muscatine Lodge No. 304
2ND LT. MYRON G. JACOBS
NORMAN A. KLEIST, F 1/C
T/SGT. JOHN W. ROACH, JR.
2ND LT. CHARLES M. WEBER, JR.
1ST LT. JOHN E. WILSON
Newton Lodge No. 1270
JOHON S. GREENE
Ottumwa Lodge No. 347
BERLE E. SAMPSON

KENTUCKY

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CAPT. JOHN C. STANLEY
Cynthiana Lodge No. 438
KARLE H. ROHS
Middlesboro Lodge No. 119
ROBERT L. BLEVINS
WALTER F. EARLY
Richmond Lodge No. 581
LT. Z. T. RICE, JR.

LOUISIANA

Houma Lodge No. 1193
JAMES H. MARMANDE
Morgan City Lodge No. 1121
HERBERT L. MILLER

MAINE

Biddeford-Saco Lodge No. 1597
FRED N. THOMPSON
Houlton Lodge No. 835
CARL G. HOVEY
Portland Lodge No. 188
THOMAS S. BOURNE
Rockland Lodge No. 1008
B. HENRY BENSON
ORA R. BROWN, JR.

MARYLAND

Baltimore Lodge No. 7
ALBERT ZIRKLER
Cambridge Lodge No. 1272
DR. VARNUM C. SOUTHWORTH
Cumberland Lodge No. 63
LT. ELDRAD A. CROMWELL, JR.
Hagerstown Lodge No. 378
HARRY G. DOUB, JR.
Pocomoke City Lodge No. 1624
ALFRED C. HAYMAN, JR.



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SGT. JAMES P. KELLY
Brookline Lodge No. 886
WILLIAM F. THOMPSON
Clinton Lodge No. 1306
JAMES J. SALMON
Fitchburg Lodge No. 847
LT. COL. JAMES E. WHITTAKER
Hyannis Lodge No. 1549
SGT. KENNETH J. DUNN
Lawrence Lodge No. 65
JEREMIAH W. CRONIN
Lowell Lodge No. 87
CPL. JAMES T. DOYLE
PFC. FRED S. HEALY
SGT. EDW. J. SULLIVAN
Melrose Lodge No. 1031
JOSEPH A. GAINARD
North Adams Lodge No. 487
LLOYD HODGDON
BURKE MARTIN
ANDREW A. WILLIAMS
Northampton Lodge No. 997
HYMAN A. AUGUST
North Attleboro Lodge No. 1011
1ST LT. LEO M. MacDONALD
CPL. JOSEPH T. McGRATH
Salem Lodge No. 799
JOHN J. CUDIHY
Webster Lodge No. 1466
HARRY B. CLARK
Winchester Lodge No. 1445
S/SGT. ROBERT J. LYNCH
LT. COMMANDER RICHARD W. Mc-
ADAMS

MICHIGAN

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JACK BLANCHARD
Battle Creek Lodge No. 131
THOMAS A. BOWDEN
RICHARD B. FRANKLIN
FRANK F. MAUER
Big Rapids Lodge No. 974
DONALD MERRILL
Coldwater Lodge No. 1023
ALPHONSO TYLER
Detroit Lodge No. 34
JAMES McKEOWN
JAMES MORRILL
HARRY SCHREIBMAN
Ferndale Lodge No. 1588
JAMES J. GAFFNEY, JR.
Flint Lodge No. 222
WILLIAM L. BARRETT
DAVID E. CONROY
Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48
LT. ROBERT B. BENTON
LT. COL. J. IRL CROSHAW
Holland Lodge No. 1315
JOHN R. HARINGSMA
Ionia Lodge No. 548
GEORGE E. RIEGEL
Ironwood Lodge No. 1278
GEORGE APOSTLE
WALDEMAR A. HAKALA
JOHN LESSELYONG
DR. J. D. REID
Jackson Lodge No. 113
JAMES R. FREIBERG

Kalamazoo Lodge No. 810
STANLEY J. AMBRO
Midland Lodge No. 1610
AMMON MILLER
Niles Lodge No. 1322
ROBERT BROWN
Pontiac Lodge No. 810
EDWARD M. SHERBY
Saginaw Lodge No. 47
1ST LT. JOHN L. SARLE
St. Joseph Lodge No. 541
SGT. RAYMOND ADLER
FRANKLYN CHREST
Sault Ste. Marie Lodge No. 552
LT. FORD C. CRAWFORD
PVT. DAVID J. RANSON
South Haven Lodge No. 1509
GORDON BARNES
Three Rivers Lodge No. 1248
PFC. RICHARD J. HAY
LT. JAMES F. HUTTON
Traverse City Lodge No. 323
DONLEY BOUGHEY

MINNESOTA

Crookston Lodge No. 342
ARTHUR McNAIR TAYLOR
Owatonna Lodge No. 1395
JAMES BUTSCH
Rochester Lodge No. 1091
JACK R. KINGERY
Virginia Lodge No. 1003
BERNARD DORFMAN
HENRY S. FABISH

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson Lodge No. 416
SAM H. FLOYD

MISSOURI

Joplin Lodge No. 501
HARRY MOSKOVITZ
Louisiana Lodge No. 791
JAMES HOWARD ALLEN, JR.
Sedalia Lodge No. 125
DONN. F. HARRINGTON
Trenton Lodge No. 801
REX L. HIBBERT

MONTANA

Billings Lodge No. 394
NIELS CHIEVITZ
GLENN VAN BRAMER
Dillon Lodge No. 1554
DONALD R. NELSON
Glendive Lodge No. 1324
PAUL L. BACH
Great Falls Lodge No. 214
KENNETH I. SCOTT
Havre Lodge No. 1201
MARK P. MOWRY
Helena Lodge No. 193
CAPT. R. E. MORRISON
Kalispell Lodge No. 725
OSCAR JORGERSON
JOHN G. PROCTOR
Livingston Lodge No. 246
JOSEPH W. GLEASON
JACK G. ROSEBOROUGH
JAMES E. WIGGINS

Missoula ("Hellgate") Lodge
No. 383

RALPH KUHN
LEO PAUL MARTIN
Virginia City Lodge No. 390
WALTER ROMINE

NEBRASKA

Beatrice Lodge No. 619
PAUL MUMFORD
Chadron Lodge No. 1399
CHARLES L. MULLINS
Grand Island Lodge No. 604
ELLIS SHEPARD
Hastings Lodge No. 159
E. E. SCHMELDT
Lincoln Lodge No. 80
LT. RICHARD R. ROSS
Omaha Lodge No. 39
S/SGT. PAUL M. ROEPKE
LT. HAROLD T. McKENNA, JR.

NEVADA

Elko Lodge No. 1472
DONALD R. HENNEN

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord Lodge No. 1210
ARTHUR L. RACINE
LIBERO V. RUFO
Franklin Lodge No. 1280
HARRY W. ROGERS
Nashua Lodge No. 720
DORIUS GEORGE LABBEE

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park Lodge No. 128
FRANK X. JOYCE
Burlington Lodge No. 996
CAPT. CARLTON P. HOGAN
Hoboken Lodge No. 74
JAMES J. PALACK, U.S.A.A.C.
ERNEST B. RAY, U.S.N.
Jersey City Lodge No. 211
RALPH WHITEHEAD
Lakewood Lodge No. 1432
J. PHILLIP CITTA
Lambertville Lodge No. 1070
ROBERT RIORDAN
Morristown Lodge No. 815
DELAFIELD WYCKOFF
Newark Lodge No. 21
PVT. ALEXANDER HAMARA
New Brunswick Lodge No. 324
THOMAS V. KANE
Phillipsburg Lodge No. 395
PVT. WILLIAM WEAVER
Plainfield Lodge No. 885
LT. SAMUEL J. YARGER
Rahway Lodge No. 1075
LT. HARRY GARTHWAITE
Somerville Lodge No. 1068
JAMES DALLESSIO, Seaman 2/C
Summit Lodge No. 1246
JAMES DEMPSEY
Trenton Lodge No. 105
BERNARD COHEN
Union Lodge No. 1583
LT. EDWARD BURKE



Vineland Lodge No. 1422
MAJOR BARNEY LIHN, M.C., U.S.A.F.
Washington Lodge No. 1563
ALBERT LEMMERMAN

NEW YORK

Albany Lodge No. 49
IRVIN T. BALDWIN
CHARLES E. FOLEY
FREDERICK A. WATKINS
HARRY W. WILLIAMS
Albion Lodge No. 1006
CHARLES G. MANSFIELD
Auburn Lodge No. 474
GARDNER WILLS
Batavia Lodge No. 950
CPL. BERNARD J. QUINLAN
Binghamton Lodge No. 852
BERT SCRAFFORD, JR.
Bronx Lodge No. 871
DR. CHARLES H. FEINGOLD
Brooklyn Lodge No. 22
CAPT. CHARLES H. MCGAHAN
SEAMAN EDWARD J. SCHILLING
Buffalo Lodge No. 23
WILLIAM J. CLEMENTS
JOHN H. THURN
Cortland Lodge No. 748
LELAND ELLIOT
DONALD WEST
Dunkirk Lodge No. 922
JAMES CONNALLY, JR.
Elmira Lodge No. 62
PVT. DOUGLAS G. JOHNS
SGT. LEWIS RABINOWITZ
Freeport Lodge No. 1253
LT. JOHN J. MURRAY
Glen Cove Lodge No. 1458
BRIG. GEN. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Glens Falls Lodge No. 81
SEABRON M. SMITH, Chief Petty Officer
Gloversville Lodge No. 226
LEON E. ARMSTRONG
Haverstraw Lodge No. 877
LT. VINCENT J. JASINSKI
Herkimer Lodge No. 1439
WEBSTER H. CHASE
Hornell Lodge No. 364
JOHN F. JOHNSON
Ilion Lodge No. 1444
HENRY F. REMMERS
Little Falls Lodge No. 42
LT. EUGENE J. HOOKS
Lowville Lodge No. 1605
C. INGALS FISHER
Lynbrook Lodge No. 1515
GEORGE W. PETERSEN
Lyons Lodge No. 869
LT. MERRILL F. RODDA
Newburgh Lodge No. 247
FREDERICK C. BARRY
LOUIS J. ORTALE
GORDON TAYLOR
Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346
LT. JOHN R. BURNS, JR.
North Tonawanda Lodge No. 860
PRESTON T. NILAND
ROBERT J. NILAND

Olean Lodge No. 491
HENRY M. BECKER
Oswego Lodge No. 271
FRANCIS J. COUGHLIN
LOUIS D. DANKSHA
Owego Lodge No. 1039
JOHN A. STILES
Plattsburg Lodge No. 621
ARTHUR F. SORRELL
Port Jervis Lodge No. 645
ENSIGN RAYMOND J. MacGREGOR
Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 275
CHESTER ROSE
Queens Borough Lodge No. 878
MAJOR GENERAL ALEXANDER E. ANDERSON
PVT. JOHN B. CLARK
PVT. JOHN B. SMITH
Rochester Lodge No. 24
LT. COMMANDER ARTHUR E. LOESER
CPL. CHARLES J. VLAHOS
Rome Lodge No. 96
MAJOR H. B. LEETH
Saranac Lake Lodge No. 1508
ALBERT J. LATOUR
Schenectady Lodge No. 480
JOHN B. NOLAN
Staten Island Lodge No. 841
WILLIAM INGRAM
Syracuse Lodge No. 31
CARL E. GRESSENS
Ticonderoga Lodge No. 1494
JAMES W. WELLS
Utica Lodge No. 33
LAWRENCE J. FITZPATRICK
BERNARD J. HANDLEY
Watkins Glen Lodge No. 1546
W. DeZANG KNAPP, JR.
BERNARD G. ROSS
Wellsville Lodge No. 1495
SGT. EDWARD J. DORNEY

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville Lodge No. 1401
RALPH LAKE DITMORE, Chief Purser,
U.S.M.S.
HENRY GRADY FLEMING, Gunner,
U.S.N.
Fayetteville Lodge No. 1081
W. P. JOHNSON

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck Lodge No. 1199
J. D. ABELEIN
OTTO BRT
WALTER DENNIS
DAN G. HEIDT
JACK KAVANEY
FRANCIS REGISTER
VICTOR A. SMALTZ
Fargo Lodge No. 260
LT. EDWARD F. HANOLD
Grand Forks Lodge No. 255
LAWRENCE A. QUINN
Minot Lodge No. 1089
NORMAN L. HUNSAID
EDWARD ALLEN SHIRLEY
WALTER WILDGRUBE

OHIO

Alliance Lodge No. 467
GERALD I. CROOKSTON

CHARLES E. RUSH
HAROLD SERAFY
Chillicothe Lodge No. 52
ERNEST HUGHES
Columbus Lodge No. 37
ROBERT A. SUYDAM
Conneaut Lodge No. 256
ROBERT J. NEAL
East Liverpool Lodge No. 258
EDWARD McMASTERS
WILLIAM T. PHILLIPS
HARRY C. SMITH, JR.
PAUL V. UNGER
Elyria Lodge No. 465
EDWARD KEISLER
Fostoria Lodge No. 935
ANDY F. DRAKE
Fremont Lodge No. 169
STEPHEN STANISLAUS DOSENCZUK
Greenville Lodge No. 1139
DR. C. C. PHEANIS
Hamilton Lodge No. 93
CHARLES R. RENNERS
Ironton Lodge No. 177
LEWIS C. FULLER
JAMES W. SIMPSON
WILBERT WALTON TIPTON
Kent Lodge No. 1377
J. PAUL HELTMAN
Lakewood Lodge No. 1350
PAUL J. BRADNAN
Lebanon Lodge No. 422
WARD TALCOTT
Lima Lodge No. 54
THOMAS A. McCRATE
Mansfield Lodge No. 56
ROBERT SPRENG
Marion Lodge No. 32
THOMAS J. COLEMAN
BUSHBY W. SWENEY
Martins Ferry Lodge No. 895
WILLIAM LEE WILSON
Painesville Lodge No. 549
PHILO R. PEASE
Piqua Lodge No. 523
LT. ROBERT S. GRAEF
Portsmouth Lodge No. 154
LT. J. H. MILLER
Tiffin Lodge No. 94
BURTON R. FLEET
JAMES A. HAYES
Troy Lodge No. 833
JOSEPH COVAULT
Uhrichsville Lodge No. 424
JAMES E. KINNEY
Van Wert Lodge No. 1197
RICHARD H. LININGER
THANE M. SPAHR
Wapakoneta Lodge No. 1170
ARTHUR BROWN
DON. A. WINTERMAN
Warren Lodge No. 295
HOWARD R. LATIMER
Willard Lodge No. 1370
ROBERT J. EYLER
Wilmington Lodge No. 797
LeROY DAVIS
Wooster Lodge No. 1346
CLINTON C. SIEGEL



OKLAHOMA

El Reno Lodge No. 743
G. D. FUNK
JOHN L. LUCUS
Muskogee Lodge No. 517
WILLIAM D. THOMPSON

OREGON

Albany Lodge No. 359
WILLIAM L. FRAGER
CLARENCE W. STOLTZ
Astoria Lodge No. 180
JOHN H. ELFVING
Baker Lodge No. 338
WILLIAM J. BURKE
J. STEWART CATE
W. LEE JAMES
Bend Lodge No. 1371
JOHN W. ANDERSON, JR.
CLAYTON LAMB
Eugene Lodge No. 357
NEIL GILLON
EARL R. SCOTT
Klamath Falls Lodge No. 1247
I. M. COLEMAN
KEITH POWERS
HARRY A. WIECHMAN
Marshfield Lodge No. 1160
C. E. BURKETT
DONALD N. KEATING
Medford Lodge No. 1168
JACK R. EVANS, U. S. Navy
ROBERT R. HAMMOND
RAYMOND MARX
ROBERT L. RILEY
Roseburg Lodge No. 326
PAUL E. MORRIS
Salem Lodge No. 336
FRANK LYNCH
The Dalles Lodge No. 303
KENNETH G. STONE
Tillamook Lodge No. 1437
CLAUDE MEYERS

PENNSYLVANIA

Apollo Lodge No. 386
VICTOR J. DRY
Ashland Lodge No. 384
DR. LUCIUS GOULD McLAUHLIN
Beaver Falls Lodge No. 348
CHARLES R. EAZOR
DONALD E. ISENBERG
ROBERT S. PHILLIS
JOHN E. WITHROW
Berwick Lodge No. 1138
1ST SGT. JAY S. CANOUSE
W. A. WAPPENSTEIN
Bethlehem Lodge No. 191
JOHN M. BRUNO
Butler Lodge No. 170
GEORGE W. DITTIG
Canonsburg Lodge No. 846
JOSEPH P. LEACH
Chambersburg Lodge No. 600
C. S. McLAUGHLIN
Charleroi Lodge No. 494
JAMES R. HAMILTON
LEO V. HENDERSON
EDWARD V. ONDRIS
SOLBERT B. ZAKON
Clearfield Lodge No. 540
WALTER P. MANN

Connellsville Lodge No. 503
ROBERT M. DOM
Coraopolis Lodge No. 1090
R. M. BERKEY
R. D. BOYD
CLAY TUCK
Corry Lodge No. 769
GEORGE J. FRANZ
LEO K. HUTZ
CLAUDE F. PRICE
HAROLD F. WALSH
Danville Lodge No. 754
MARTIN MILLER
DuBois Lodge No. 349
MAJOR N. W. IMBODEN
S/SGT. EARL SMITH
Easton Lodge No. 121
JOSEPH J. MAYROSH
Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356
R. WILLIAM IFFT
Erie Lodge No. 67
HOWARD A. BUMAN
EDWARD R. HAMILTON
PATRICK R. MURRAY
RAMON W. PETERS
Gettysburg Lodge No. 1045
HORACE MANN BUSHMAN
Greenville Lodge No. 145
JOHN D. WEAVER
Hanover Lodge No. 763
ELLIS C. MYERS
Harrisburg Lodge No. 12
DR. NATHAN SHUSER
Indiana Lodge No. 931
ROBERT P. KAUFMAN
Jeannette Lodge No. 486
JOSEPH U. MICHAUX
TRALL W. WERTZ
Lancaster Lodge No. 134
WILLIAM R. LEONARD
Lansford Lodge No. 1337
CPL. EVAN L. JONES
Lebanon Lodge No. 631
LT. CHARLES E. CANTER
SGT. MAX COHEN
CAPT. GEORGE J. SPEICHER
McKeesport Lodge No. 136
THEODORE R. WINTERS
Meadville Lodge No. 219
FRED WALKER
Monessen Lodge No. 773
JACK E. JENNINGS
JAMES WOODS
Monongahela Lodge No. 455
JOHN P. BRADY
CHARLES C. CARPENTER
JAMES C. FORD
Mount Pleasant Lodge No. 868
LT. JOSEPH S. STOTLER
New Castle Lodge No. 69
HUGH D. GRAHAM
THOMAS H. PERRILL
New Kensington Lodge No. 512
HAROLD HILEMAN, JR.
JOSEPH E. MORAN, JR.
S. SHELDON STEINER
Oil City Lodge No. 344
LT. WILLIAM J. PALM
Philadelphia Lodge No. 2
LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROBERT E.
DeMERRITT
WILLIAM FRANCIS GORMAN

CAPT. OSWALD J. GRIFFIN
JOHN L. HARRIS
SAMUEL LIVINGSTON
Pittsburgh Lodge No. 11
JAMES W. HUFFMAN
Renova Lodge No. 334
S/SGT. ROBERT F. EATON
1ST LT. JOHN S. HOOVEN
Ridgway Lodge No. 872
ROBERT MILLIS
Sayre Lodge No. 1148
THOMAS F. SMITH
Scranton Lodge No. 123
JOHN J. BARTRON
JEROME BOLAND
ROBERT E. JENKINS
EARL G. SHERMAN
Shamokin Lodge No. 355
SPENCER KIMMEL
Sharon Lodge No. 103
JAMES F. GRAHAM
Shenandoah Lodge No. 945
LT. GEORGE JOHN SCHAAF
Sheraden (Pittsburgh) Lodge No. 949
JAMES BERNARD BAINE
Sunbury Lodge No. 267
PFC. HARRY A. BICKEL
LT. HENRY A. BROSIUS
PFC. JOSEPH P. KOCHIE
Warren Lodge No. 223
PFC. JOHN H. DRISCOLL
CAPT. GLEN K. HYER
Waynesboro Lodge No. 731
JOHN DOWNEY BENEDICT
Waynesburg Lodge No. 757
DON J. STEELE
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LAWRENCE F. DURGAN
LT. JAMES N. WATSON

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San Juan Lodge No. 972
MAX J. GILET
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NELS HELGESON
LOUIS JOHNSON
C. J. A. LARSEN
HENRY E. MALLOUK
ELLERY L. NICKERSON
CONRAD J. NILSEN
GREGORY URIARTE

RHODE ISLAND

Providence Lodge No. 14
RAYMOND W. FLYNN

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia Lodge No. 1190
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WILLIAM H. HARTH, JR.
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FURMAN H. FINKLEA
WILLIAM J. MAXWELL
Greenville Lodge No. 858
ROBERT C. ABERCROMBIE
Rock Hill Lodge No. 1318
SGT. S. McNEIL EPPS

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046
RICHARD JAMES BALOUN
JAMES ROBERT HAGERTY
WALLACE M. HAY
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Deadwood Lodge No. 508
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Huron Lodge No. 444
MARVIN FURCH
DOYL J. SYRING

Madison Lodge No. 1442
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Mitchell Lodge No. 1059
DON. M. HOON
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Morris G. SIMCOKE, JR.
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LT. RALPH M. KAMMAN
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TENNESSEE

Columbia Lodge No. 686
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Knoxville Lodge No. 160
DR. CLAUDE R. HUFFMAN

TEXAS

Amarillo Lodge No. 923
JOE W. BOONE
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ALLIE JENNINGS OLIVER

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Marshall Lodge No. 683
GEORGE S. YATES

Port Arthur Lodge No. 1069
M. MILTON BURFORD
GLEN H. DEMPSEY
J. D. HOLMES
R. E. HUECKER
J. H. LEVINGSTON
CLYDE W. LOMAX
WILLIAM D. NELSON
CAPT. I. C. NILSEN
KARL RAGNAR OLSEN
CAPT. MAGNUS O. B. PEDERSEN
CAPT. THOAS. A. PETERSEN
C. P. WAHL

Ranger Lodge No. 1373
HERMAN LLOYD POST

Seguin Lodge No. 1229
LT. ARTHUR G. HARTMAN

Tri-Cities ("Goose Creek") Lodge
No. 1649
MAJOR HARRY R. BOLSTER

UTAH

Eureka ("Tintic") Lodge
No. 711

LT. JOSEPH E. CHEEVER
Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85
PARLEY D. MERRILL

VERMONT

Brattleboro Lodge No. 1499
HARRY A. C. MORSE
Burlington Lodge No. 916
HERBERT F. ZOBEL

Rutland Lodge No. 345
CAPT. PERRY E. BOVE
PAUL J. MINOGUE, Ph. M 1/C
AV. C. ARTHUR P. PROUSE
LT. WALTER F. RALEIGH

VIRGINIA

Alexandria Lodge No. 758
MAJOR GEN. CHARLES D. BARRETT

Fredericksburg Lodge No. 875
LT. GARNETT E. MASON
E. M. YOUNG, JR.

Hampton Lodge No. 366
HAROLD V. PARKER

Harrisonburg Lodge No. 450
TH/SGT. TED MOUBRAY
SAYRE THOMPSON

CAPT. WELDON F. TUTWILER
Lynchburg Lodge No. 321

H. L. KEESEE
E. P. WRIGHT

Newport News Lodge No. 315
LT. SIDNEY BECKER

Petersburg Lodge No. 237
GILBERT T. DAVIS
DAVIS SAWYER

Pulaski Lodge No. 1067
LT. JAMES R. MORRELL
TECH. SERGEANT HENRY C. PATTER-
SON, JR.

Richmond Lodge No. 45
ROBERT H. LEAHEY

WASHINGTON

Ballard (Seattle) Lodge No. 827

HELMER P. AAKERVIK
S. A. SATHER

Bellingham Lodge No. 194
CARL LOBE, JR.

Bremerton Lodge No. 1181
DELMAR H. BARNES
MARK H. CROUTER

RUSSELL P. CUNNINGHAM
WALTER J. CZARZASTY
I. C. KING

R. S. KING
GEORGE L. VON MOHNLEIN
RALPH ARTHUR WILSON

Centralia Lodge No. 1083
LT. CHARLES L. DeCRANE
LT. DONALD DeLISLE

LT. SIDNEY C. MINK
Chehalis Lodge No. 1374

CURTIS P. LUND
Ellensburg Lodge No. 1102

EDWIN K. BROWN, JR.
CHARLES H. ROESS

Longview Lodge No. 1514
GERALD BEARG
ROBERT GOURDE

MELVIN E. OLSON
Olympia Lodge No. 186

R. J. BELFORD
VIRGIL F. STOW

Port Townsend Lodge No. 317
THOMAS A. MAROLDO
LE ROY C. PORTER

Raymond Lodge No. 1292
EMIL S. BITAR

Seattle Lodge No. 92
IVAN E. HUNT
THEODORE McLEAN

EDWARD D. O'MALLEY
EARL F. SAUCER

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PETER A. PETERS

Wheeling Lodge No. 28
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PVT. RUSSELL N. SOLHEIM

Manitowoc Lodge No. 687
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CARL F. ZEIDLER
Platteville Lodge No. 1460

DONALD DONAHOE
Racine Lodge No. 252

MELVIN BERTZYK
HENRY B. NIELSEN

Rice Lake Lodge No. 1441
PVT. R. J. KELNHOFER

Stevens Point Lodge No. 641
DOUGLAS K. STROPE

Superior Lodge No. 403
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SGT. TED A. GESKE

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WYOMING

Casper Lodge No. 1353
GERALD HARDIN PENLEY

Cody Lodge No. 1611
FRANK BLACKBURN, JR.
CHARLES SALISBURY

DEAN G. VANDERHOFF
Laramie Lodge No. 582

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ARTHUR SAMUEL HOSTETTLER

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RAYMOND WINNHAM
Sheridan Lodge No. 520

PAUL BYRTUS
R. C. CARROLL

JOHN H. DENNISON
HUGH E. MORROW



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett paid the first of his official visits after the holidays to his home lodge, **ALEXANDRIA, VA., NO. 758**. The banquet given for him was served to 250 guests. At the lodge meeting, presided over by Est. Lead, Knight W. M. Barbour in the absence of the Exalted Ruler who was ill, Dr. Barrett was presented with a life membership.

On January the 16th, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of **HAGERSTOWN, MD., LODGE, NO. 378**. A large class of "Fighting Elks" was initiated in his honor. Dr. Barrett and D.D. John H. Mosner, Cumberland, were introduced by P.E.R. Charles L. Mobley. E.R. Hugh S. George presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a check for \$100.

On February 4, Dr. Barrett made the

first of a long list of official visits that took him over the Country until Spring. The first was at Boston where he was the guest of the **MASSACHUSETTS STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at a reception and banquet at the Hotel Statler. The 1,340 Elks assembled gave him a tremendous ovation as he pledged resources and combined efforts of the Order in giving aid to returning war veterans and assisting Brother Elks of Manila and Guam. Although it was a stormy night, the turnout was the largest of its kind in the history of the city. All of the Massachusetts District Deputies were present. At the conclusion of his address, Dr. Barrett was presented by State President George Steele, of Gloucester, with a picture—"Old Salt at the Wheel", emblematic of the major natural industry of the State—and a \$100 War Bond. The Nicholson silver cups for ritualistic excellence were presented to Wakefield Lodge No. 1276, holder of the State championship, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. Massachusetts will be represented by Wakefield Lodge in the next national ritualistic contest.

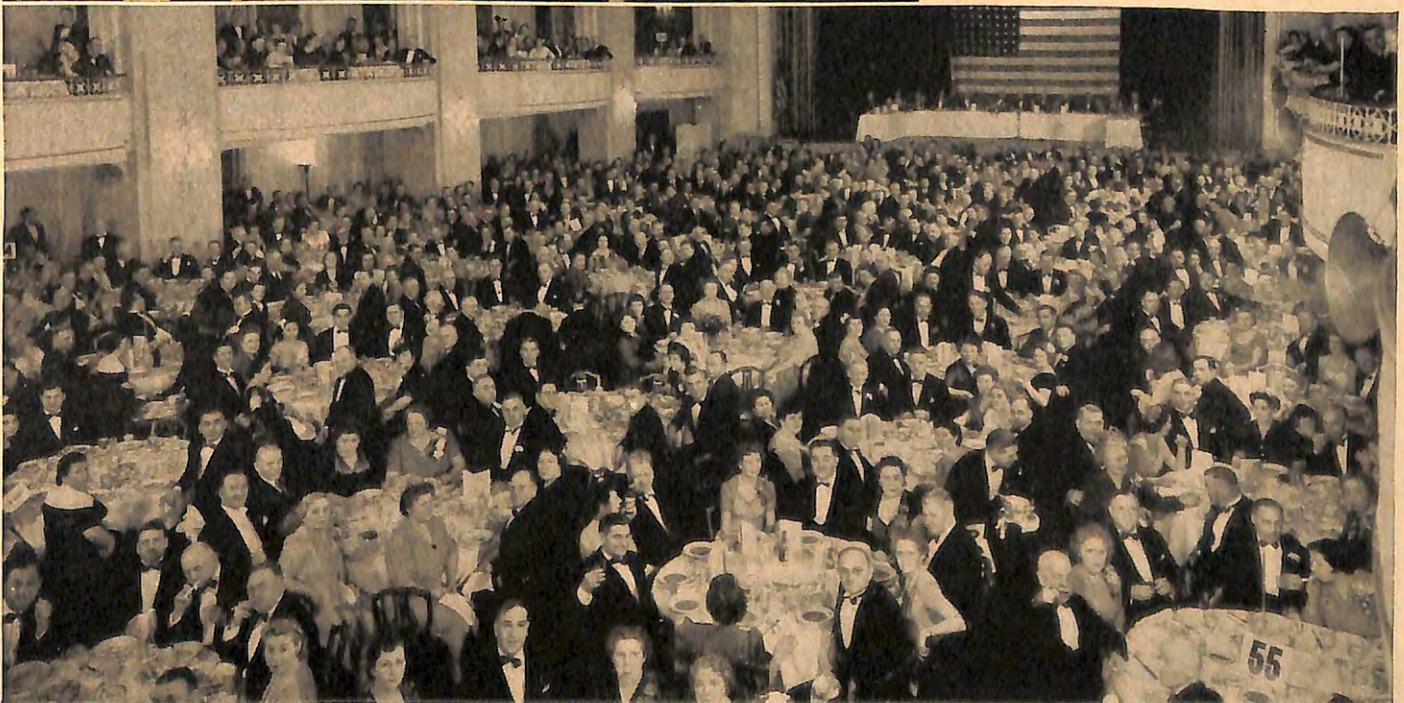
Enthusiastic tribute was paid the Grand Exalted Ruler by Maurice J. Tobin, of Boston Lodge, Governor of the Commonwealth, and Acting Mayor John E. Kerrigan, both of whom gratefully acknowledged the good resulting from the Order's work in the State and the community. P.E.R. George N. McMahon, of Somerville Lodge, was General Chairman, and P.E.R. Wilfred J. Paquet, of Watertown Lodge, Lt., USN, was Toastmaster. Among the guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke.

(Continued on page 35)



Left: A photograph taken on Dr. Barrett's visit to Dallas, Tex., Lodge shows, from left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell, the Grand Exalted Ruler, E.R. Floyd B. Ford, and P.D.D. John Smart.

Below is a view of the huge banquet held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Elks Association at the Hotel Statler in Boston.



No Limit to the Skies

(Continued from page 7)

commerce and industry were able to absorb them, but also would help support the aviation industry of America in its hour of need.

We must definitely and unalterably oppose the single international aviation company—the so-called “chosen instrument”. For that would be the direct route to the un-American evils of government ownership or inner-sanctum cartels. It is the road to ruin which our friendly competitors in the Old World would like to see America take.

The chosen instrument, or World Airways Trust, with its inherent inefficiency, would be the easiest and simplest type of competition our competitors could be called upon to face, as they have been internationally-minded for centuries, whereas we have a lot to learn in that kind of a game. On the other hand, foreign air monopolies truly fear the frank and free competition of American air transport companies with their “know-how”, initiative, and energy to back it up.

Even while we are discussing the relative merits between the “chosen instrument” and regulated open competition, the English and Canadians, who have been operating with the “chosen instrument”, are now discussing ways and means of eliminating it for the more logical and stimulating regulated open competition for themselves.

Today our independent air transport industry is being attacked from two sides: on one side by certain railroad interests, and on the other side by certain steamship interests. These groups are waging a campaign to break down the provisions of law designed to guarantee the independence of America's air transportation.

The present law does not prohibit railroads or steamship companies from controlling or operating air lines. It does, however, contain a provision, in line with sound precedent in other transportation legislation, to assure that a surface carrier can be permitted to operate or control an air line only if the air line is supplementary to the surface carrier's surface operations.

It is the purpose of the provision to forestall, by express mandate of law, any possibility that surface carriers might attain a position dominating this new form of transportation, driving out independent interests, and suppressing its development.

The surface carriers, on the other hand, would have Congress repeal this mandate and leave entirely to a government bureau the extent to which such interests should control the air. This amounts to an advocacy of rule by bureaucracy instead of by a wisely formulated mandate of the duly elected Congress.

This assault upon the independence of air transportation has been spearheaded by a vast propaganda organization known as the Transportation

Association of America, clothed in the innocent garb of purported goodwill.

A senate committee not so long ago revealed that this association is but the front for the railroads—its birth conceived and paid for by the same railroad interests which for years have been attempting to secure a stranglehold upon the independent trucking industry of America.

The surface transportation interests had a wide opportunity to develop air transportation for nearly fifteen years. Their utter failure to do so is a matter of history. That development was left to independently owned and financed air lines which went forward despite every conceivable obstacle and in the face of great financial loss.

When the war came we had an air transport system. Had it not been for those independent interests, and had the destiny of air transportation been left to the surface interests, war would have found us with no air transportation worthy of the name.

Shall the American people allow their elected representatives in Congress to change our 30-year-old policy of preserving honest competition between all forms of transportation and keeping aviation free from the clutches of other form of transportation?

America was late in and unprepared for its entrance into the war. Let us not be late in and unprepared for our conversion to peace in the aviation industry.

Every industry, every business in the country has been torn out of its normal orbit in the interest of war production. But, looking the field over, I don't think any industry has gone through a wider swing of the pendulum than the aircraft industry. Today aircraft manufacturers have a 20-billion-dollar enterprise—more than four times the size of the automobile industry at its pre-war peak.

The spirit of leadership which has made this pace of production possible in the interest of victory must not be lost in the interest of peace.

One of the main reasons for the costly labor turnover in the aviation industry is fear on the part of aircraft workers that the industry will collapse and jobs will vanish when the war ends.

To prevent this, every effort must be made by our Congress, in cooperation with the aviation leaders, to keep this vast industry at work by creating a postwar policy that will keep our aircraft factories operating at a steady tempo when victory is ours, and I offer the following recommendations:

1. Encourage the expansion of domestic air lines, including pickup and local services.

2. Maintain the military overseas air lines until commercial companies can take over.

3. Scrap all obsolete combat and transport planes and plane equipment

used by our military services over six months old, and return the metal to augment our dwindling supply.

4. Lease only those transport planes used by our military services during the war that are in good condition and of the latest production series to our domestic and international air transport services.

5. Limit the use of these transport planes to our commercial companies to not less than one year and not more than two years to bridge the gap between the design of new and more efficient types of transport planes and their production.

6. Advocate that all air transport companies to whom the government has leased these obsolete models for a year or two years, place orders with the manufacturing industry for an equal number of the new and more efficient types, then scrap the leased ones as manufacturers deliver new ones.

7. Develop new and more efficient types of cargo planes to be used for the ever-increasing tonnage of air cargo.

8. Keep the training program of approximately 600 training schools and colleges active by leasing to these schools and colleges the surplus training planes for a period of one, two or three years with the express understanding that each training school will place an order for a new and more up-to-date training plane for each one leased to them by the government. As the new planes are received from the manufacturer, the leased ones would be returned to the government to be scrapped.

This would open up a tremendous market among the youngsters who were being trained and who would wish to purchase and fly their own planes as private owners.

9. And last, but not least, enact legislation that will make all first class mail that travels beyond 150 miles *air mail*.

My recommendation for the scrapping program mentioned above is based on the fact that 75 percent of the estimated 15,000 to 20,000 transport planes, as well as the combat planes now being used by our military services will be obsolete, and should find their way back to the empty material bins. For we must remember that these planes have already been paid for and the loss would be insignificant compared to the loss through the collapse of our aviation industry—to say nothing of the vast unemployment that would accompany such a disaster.

Further, our research laboratories, engineering geniuses, and the aviation industry would be given the opportunity to design and build new planes for replacement in our military and air transport services, as well as training schools and private owners, thereby keeping our technical units up-to-date and abreast



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The Army Institute was founded right after Pearl Harbor, quickly broadening out to USAFI as the Navy joined in. Its courses reach into fox-holes and bomber stations — include a large number of I. C. S. lesson texts.

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men in I. C. S. goes forward, too. And many coming from the Armed Forces, honorably discharged, are continuing with us the training they began in service. This is a work of developing skills that are helpful to the war effort . . . and later will be converted to peacetime careers.

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of the times, need and demand.

We must realize that in spite of the beautiful rainbows that are being painted, there is a practical approach for postwar aviation which means that we will need, in domestic as well as international air transport, the new and more efficient designs in order to help lower our tariffs and fares—to say nothing of the ton-mile cost on express and freight—so they will be in keeping with the new and lower standard of living, while our debt of hundreds of billions of dollars is being liquidated.

Certainly, above all else, we must not make the same fatal error we made after World War I, when all surplus military aircraft was indiscriminately thrown on the open market, thereby flooding it and practically destroying the manufacturing industry for many years after.

Such an aviation program would bring with it widespread construction activity in providing ground and airways facilities. There would be at least three distinct types of airports needed in metropolitan centers throughout the country:

1. From one to three airports, depending on the size of the communities, to serve passenger-carrying planes only.

2. From one to three airports, depending on the size of the communities, to serve first-class air mail and air cargo planes only.

3. An integral system of airports and landing strips for private plane owners, charter services and training schools, distinct and apart from the first two, in order to keep the airways and commercial ports clear, and thus minimize the hazards.

Plans for such a program must be developed now, and by the leaders of the aviation industry.

Today the aviation industry—both manufacturing and transport—has one of the greatest opportunities in its history to prove its leadership in developing a postwar program which will result not only in a quick conversion from wartime to peacetime production and expansion, but will help rehabilitate and reestablish the hundreds of thousands of our servicemen who will be returning after the war is won.

Thousands of these men will be anx-

ious to continue in their chosen field, and many will be qualified to assume leadership in the aviation industry through knowledge gained while serving their country.

Unfortunately, there are many persons who fail to understand that the closer we get to victory, the nearer we are to the crossroads of a crisis. We are confronted by the perplexing situation whereby we must not only maintain our pressure of production for war and victory, but plan our conversion from war to peace.

Unless that very difficult maneuver is handled skilfully by cracker-barrel thinkers instead of crackpot tinkers, it is quite possible that our elaborate war production structure may collapse like a deflated balloon—only to rise again, like a balloon, filled with the deadly gas of inflation.

Let us take off our rose-tinted glasses and face the facts in a realistic and practical manner.

There's a good old American saying that "the sky's the limit".

No, the sky is not the limit—there is no limit to the future. My faith is in tomorrow!

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 19)

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, had a double-header recently when a dinner was held for its Exalted Ruler, State Senator J. Raymond McGovern, on the lodge's 43rd anniversary. Five hundred Elks, their friends and many of Westchester County's public officials turned up for the celebration. The program, opened by Mayor Stanley W. Church—New Rochelle Lodge's Esteemed Leading Knight—had Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday as Toastmaster and such luminaries as Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, D.D. Robert B. Stewart of Mt. Kisco and State Vice-Pres. Dr. Harry Tripp of Beacon as speakers.

On behalf of the Elks, Mayor William Hart Hussey of Mount Vernon Lodge gave Mr. McGovern a gold card case. Since it was the McGovern's ninth wedding anniversary, Mrs. McGovern was not overlooked. She received a bouquet of American Beauty roses from her husband's lodge.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., Lodge, No. 957, held a mighty successful Past Exalted Rulers and Old Timers Night on February 15th. A good-looking Souvenir Program was handed to every Elk who attended. We got one too, and it tells a lot about No. 957's interesting 47 years. These New England Elks burned their mortgage in 1940, and the reports given the night of the party showed that the building is in top-notch condition and debt free, that \$17,500 was invested in War Bonds and that there are 348 members on the rolls.

New Britain's Elk-at-War is not forgotten. Since Pearl Harbor every member in uniform, through the Servicemen's Committee, gets a check on Christmas, Easter and the Fourth of July. Organist John J. Crean gets a lot of credit for keeping the lodge informed as to the welfare and whereabouts of its members in the Services. His voluminous correspondence with them is staggering. His efforts to collect playing cards for hospitalized servicemen and books for the Merchant Marine are always successful.



RICH HILL, MO., Lodge, No. 1026, thinks one of its members, Marvin Hurst, is quite a lad—and so he is. He used his initiative recently and performed a service as original as it was patriotic.

You see, the Government needs milkweed floss—the only satisfactory substitute for kapok, most of which came from Java—for life belts, airplane insulation and other vital war products. Mr. Hurst immediately went to work and personally conducted and supervised the gathering of a carload of milkweed pods. This is believed to be the largest single contribution of its kind, and recognition was given Mr. Hurst's work by many Government agencies. Much interest was aroused throughout the State, and photographs appeared in the rotogravure section of a St. Louis newspaper. A letter from the Department of Agriculture in Washington, complimenting Rich Hill on its harvest of 4,000 bags, stated that this was enough to make two Mae West life belts for every Bates County man and woman in the Service.

BROOKINGS, S. D. One of the biggest crowds ever to show up for a local patriotic meeting came from far and near to the dedication of the Brookings County Honor Roll Board, a gift of Brookings Lodge No. 1490. Governor M. Q. Sharpe, introduced by P.D.D. A. A. Harris, spoke, and music was furnished by the High School Band. The Board was presented to the city by E.R. Max Austin and accepted by Mayor Homer Dwiggin, a Past Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. C. B. Smith, Chairman of the Elks Honor Roll Committee, told how the lodge got the job done.

Although No. 1490 financed and arranged for the construction of the Board, on which are the figures of two illuminat-

ed American eagles, valuable aid was given by many interested outsiders—a local artist designed the Board, another did the painting. Several ladies helped Secy. H. M. Cornell to arrange the names, which will probably number 2,000 before the end of the war, in alphabetical order. The Mayor, city commissioners, selective service board and the press all had a part in the project. Already, 50 gold stars, made visible by indirect lighting, shine brightly at night.

BOISE, IDA. Two hundred Elks, classed as "Old Timers", had just as much fun as the young fellows when Boise Lodge No. 310 held its annual get-together in their honor not long ago. Members of the State Legislature which was in session in Boise at the time, joined the crowd with E. J. Frawley and W. S. Maxey, two of No. 310's three remaining charter members. The third—W. N. Northrop—was not in town at the time the get-together was held.

The main speaker was P.E.R. Raymond L. Givens, Justice of Idaho's Supreme Court, an Elk for more than 30 years and a former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. After a buffet supper, a concert was given by the Elks Band under the baton of Frank Pratt. P.E.R. E. M. Rogers is the Band's impresario.

GREENEVILLE, TENN., Lodge, No. 1653, through its Secretary, D. B. Kiser, has sent us a story too good to pass up.

Mr. Kiser had a couple of meetings to remind the members about—a special one, called to hear a committee report, and another to witness the initiation of nine in the "Fighting Elks" Class. He got busy and sent out his notices to all the Greeneville Elks. When we say "all", we're not fooling—even the members overseas were on the mailing list.

From "Somewhere in Italy"—a little late, we admit—Pfc. Clive W. Bare, a member of No. 1653, sent his regrets, saying he'd be unable to attend, owing to travel priority. He added, "We could certainly use those 'nine Fighting Elks' over here."

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Rod AND Gun



Mr. T. tells us that the grass is not so green in the literary hook-and-bullet vineyard.

By Ray Trullinger

ESTIMATES vary, but it's generally agreed some 20,000,000 hunting and fishing nuts inhabit this fair land, of which not more than 19,999,999 would like to hold down a rod and gun writing job. The reason for this misguided ambition has always escaped us.

"Imagine getting paid to go hunting and fishing," chirp these deluded enthusiasts. "Why, it's a perpetual vacation with full pay, plus a swindle sheet. The life of Riley, if you ask me, with never a worry or care. What a racket!"

As a steady toiler in the literary hook-and-bullet vineyard we can testify that the delights of fish and game reporting exist largely in the minds of gents who know nothing about this highly specialized branch of sports writing. Actually, it's a tough racket. You think we're kidding? Okay, wise guy, bend an ear...

It's Spring, and you're the rod and gun editor of a great city newspaper. Thousands of winter-weary sport page readers are planning Spring and early summer fishing jaunts. Other thousands, who cannot get away from the big town, want to read some red-hot fishin' stories. So it's up to you to sally forth and justify your pay by providing the stories and other first-hand angling information which the customers are anxious to read.

So you hit the cashier's damper for an advance, make a train reservation, get your gear together, wind up several dozen loose ends at the office, collect your partner and shove off for good old Lake Bazookus, 'way up in the north countrie, tra la. Next evening, which happens to be a Sunday night, you unload at a backwoods whistle stop shortly after dark and are met by a guide, who drives you to camp over a road

which combines the thrills of a Coney Island roller coaster and shoot-the-chutes ride, but without the safety features of either.

And need we add it's a beautiful Spring evening when you finally pull up at camp? Just beyond, the quiet lake is rippling black velvet, spangled with a million reflected stars. The air is balmy and woodsy smells go to your head like venerable brandy. Sounds of merriment and the musical tinkle of glasses emanate from several cabins and from the camp dining-room comes the homey clatter of dishes and the fragrance of good home-cooked grub.

While the guide totes your gear to a nearby cabin you step into the camp owner's "office" to pay your respects, shoot the breeze and get a line on things. You're introduced to four happy and delightfully plastered characters who are settling their account before shoving off for home.

"Boy oh boy oh boy oh boy," booms one husky individual, brandishing a bottle, "but are you guys gonna get some fishin'! Boy oh boy oh boy oh boy! Here, havva lil' drink."

It develops our four new-found friends have been murdering fish for days, as has everybody else in camp. The fish have been hitting like mad; limit catches have been a dime a dozen. And what fish! All whoppers!

"You couldn't have arrived at a better time," the camp owner informs you, as you and your partner exchange a delighted glance. "I've never known better fishing on Bazookus," he continues, "and I've been here twenty seasons."

Fired by this enthusiasm, plus the sight of monstrous trout and salmon in the camp icebox, you retire to the

cabin, break out the portable and knock out a story which begins something as follows:—

"Four happy and successful anglers, redolent of fish, Scotch and birchwood smoke, are on their way home today with limit catches of trout and salmon following a week of the best fishing in the memory of local guides. The lucky party included. . . ."

And you conclude your 650-word story with:—

"So tomorrow morning, folks, we'll be right out on good old Bazookus Lake, battling those finny fighters and enjoying the brand of sport which has made this region famous to countless sportsmen."

Later, your story is filed with the telegraph operator down at the whistle stop and an hour later it's on the sports desk of your paper, 700 miles away in the city. The die is cast. Your boss and a half-million readers expect you to catch fish on the morrow, and come up with something extra special in the way of angling literature. And why not? Didn't you just report the best fishing on Bazookus in 20 years? And aren't you an angling expert?

YOU hit the hay early that night, following a game or two of crib with your pal, but you sleep restlessly. Finally, sometime after midnight, you're brought to complete wakefulness by your friend's muttered cursings. He's stumbling around the cabin in slippers and pyjamas, a flashlight in one hand and a baffled expression on his puss.

"I'm so c-c-c-cold I can't sleep," he replies to your profane query. "Where the heck do you suppose they keep the spare blankets in this joint?"

It isn't until then that you realize you're freezing, too, and that a roaring northeast wind, direct from Greenland's icecaps, is buffeting the cabin and trumpeting down the chimney.

"I hope this blows over by daylight," remarks the partner, tossing a quilt over your shivering form. A crazy quilt, you note, which seems quite fitting, all considered.

You sleep fitfully thereafter. You're not quite warm, not quite cold. Just uncomfortable. And you awaken completely every time an extra heavy gust of wind shakes the cabin. Finally, the cabin door bursts open and in comes your guide with an armload of wood, closely followed by an arctic blast of wind. It's morning, and what a morning!

"Mornin'," the fellow greets you. "Temperature dropped almost fifty degrees last night. Want me to build you a fire?"

"Yeah," answers your partner. "Build it under this icebox of a bunk. Then hand me that bottle on the table. Getting up this morning will take Spartan courage."

"Don't take it so hard," replies the guide, who's getting his ten bucks whether he works or not. "Maybe she'll blow herself out and we'll get in a little fishin' along towards evening."



Here's where you stand today!

**Look ahead a year or two
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Over on the dark side is this: Every unnecessary thing you buy helps shove the country one step nearer inflation and the bad times that come in inflation's wake.

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YOU SHOULD. Because if every man Jack (and every girl Jill) buys nothing he can get along without . . . (avoids Black Markets and "Just-a-little-above-the-ceiling" like the plague!) . . . pays off the mortgage or any other debts . . . takes out more insurance . . . builds a healthy sock of savings . . . buys and holds more War Bonds—inflation will stay away from our door.

And Jack and Jill will be in a

sound position no matter what times come.

Maybe you ought to clip this signpost and paste it in your pocketbook as a reminder that you can BUY your way to bad times. Or you can SAVE your way to good ones.

That's where YOU stand today.

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2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask more for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and protect your future. Keep up your insurance.

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AFTER THE WAR IS WON

CONSERVE PAPER

By that time a fire is crackling and you root out your heaviest woollens and dive into them. A gander out the window reveals last night's calm lake a seething mass of whitecaps. Waves are dashing over the landing and the boat-house is delicately encrusted with ice. It's quite obvious you're not going to do any fishing that day.

So what now, little man? In the big town 700 miles away you've promised the customers a red-hot fishing story. They'll be looking for that yarn in tomorrow's paper. Ah, well. The telegraph office doesn't close until eight P.M. and that gives you plenty of time to come up with an idea. Maybe it will stop blowing, after all. So you go to breakfast and hope for the best.

The camp dining room atmosphere is definitely glum, and your waitress has developed a pronounced case of sniffles. It's a joyless meal, eaten silently. The camp owner makes the rounds of the tables, radiating good cheer and wise cracks about the vagueries of early Spring weather, but the boys have heard that song before. They're not amused. Neither are you. You're on the horns of a dilemma, and carrying an armload of eight-balls.

After breakfast you scurry back to the cabin, between chilly blasts of wind, and pace the floor. Your companion, an M.D. by trade, loses himself in the fascinating pages of the A.M.A. Journal. He's reading about leprosy, or something, and you wish you had it. Before you know it's time for lunch, then it's midafternoon. Time's getting short. There's a story to write, but what?

In desperation you finally rehash the better parts of yesterday's yarn. You hope it will get by. You also pray the weather will break, and that there will be fishing on the morrow and inspiration for worthwhile stories. At that time you're blissfully unaware the storm is scheduled to rage for another three days and nights.

The telegraph operator is just putting on his coat when you barge in with your two pages of deathless prose.

"Sorry, Bud," he announces, "but I can't do anything for you. The storm has knocked down the wires somewhere between here and Lakeville. Can't get your stuff through. Maybe get things fixed up by tomorrow."

So what do you do now? A good reporter doesn't "miss" with a story, come hell or high water. Well, you trudge back to camp, locate your guide and slip him a sawbuck to drive you to Lakeville, 50 miles away. You hope the telegraph office won't be closed when you get there, but it is. Two hours later, after a spot of sleuthing which would do credit to a topflight dick, you flush the operator in a back street ginmill and he finally gets your story away. You get back to camp about three A.M., and the wind is still howling.

The life of Riley, eh? Never a worry or care, eh? Well, friend, you're camp-bound for four days before you even wet a line, and then you discover, when the weather finally clears on Friday

morning, that the storm has wrecked the fishing and that you're not going to get a good story, after all.

Still aspire to be a rod and gun reporter, pal? Well, listen. . . .

You're back on a wilderness trout lake with some friends, and you've all had the kind of fishing people dream about, but seldom get. Not piddling little eight and ten-inch fingerlings, but two, three and four pound squaretails. Dozens of them, and all released except a few saved for the skillet.

In addition to swell fishing, there have been upset canoes, an encounter with a camp-raiding bear and other hilarious episodes, all of which have been chronicled in three stories which will be picked up and flown out of the woods to the nearest open telegraph wire by prearranged plan. You're sitting on top of the world, with your job well done and three more days of glorious fishing in prospect. The plane is due to splash in any minute now; you're idly casting a fly near the canoe landing, waiting to catch the first distant hum of that seaplane motor.

And you're still waiting when darkness closes in. Obviously, something has gone sour. It isn't until then that you realize you're 100 miles from the nearest telegraph wire, 27 miles from the nearest crank-'em-up forest ranger's phone and in a beautiful jam. For you see those wonderful stories aren't wonderful at all unless you can get 'em into print. And between you and that party-line phone are three snag and rock-studded lakes, which will have to be navigated in pitch darkness with an outboard-powered canoe. Also, there will be a pleasant little four-mile ramble over a rough trail, with an excellent chance of breaking your stupid neck.

So you start out after a quick meal, and your hilarious companions wish you well. They're pleasantly corned, with an enjoyable evening of stud poker ahead. All you have to do is cover 27 miles of woods and water in the dark, and hope your flashlight won't conk out, the outboard will perk faithfully, and that you won't ram a rock or dead-head with the canoe. And you also hope the forest ranger's phone is working, if and when you reach his place.

Somehow you make it, an hour before dawn. And, praise be, you raise a sleepy long distance operator after a spell of vigorous cranking. And then, over nearly a thousand miles of wire you hear a familiar voice say, "Okay, put the dizzy illegitimate on the wire."

It's daylight when you've finished dictating your story and the connection broken off. The ranger puts some coffee on to boil and agrees to drop your other two stories at the nearest open wire later that afternoon. You're finally in the clear, with nothing to do but return to camp and fish for three days.

Halfway back to camp, dazzled by the early morning sun, you smack an unseen rock ledge and knock the wheel off the outboard. So you paddle nine miles and walk another four to camp.

You still want to be a rod and gun writer, little man? If so, you're nuts!

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

both of Boston Lodge, Judge John E. Mullen, Providence, R. I., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, Conn., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, John E. Moynahan, Lowell, Mass., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., State Chaplain John F. Conlon, Exalted Ruler of Lowell, Mass., Lodge, and Clarence R. Preston, Executive Secretary of the Florence Crittenton League. The banquet was followed by a ball. Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley and Grand Treasurer Burke, Dr. Barrett left the following morning for a tour of New England. The first stop was at **FITCHBURG, MASS., LODGE, NO. 847**, where luncheon was served to 200 members of the Order. E.R. David J. Hawthorne presided; the guests were welcomed by the Mayor. Dr. Barrett congratulated the lodge on the great success of its team in winning the National Ritualistic Contest held at the Grand Lodge sessions in Chicago last July. A gold traveling clock, barometer and thermometer were presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Dr. Barrett's visit to **BRATTLEBORO, VT., LODGE, NO. 1499**, on the sixth of February, was the tenth made to the lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler in twenty years. The dinner and reception at the Hotel Brooks, presided over by E.R. Raymond E. Sinclair, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., and attended by a great gathering of Vermont Elks, was followed by an informal get-together and a buffet luncheon at the lodge home. State Secy. Byron C. Leach, Secy. of Brattleboro Lodge, at the organ, and Robert Barrett, blind organist of Barre Lodge, who sang several songs, were soloists. Mr. Barrett's Seeing Eye dog was with him.

Just before the speaking program began, a telephone call came in from Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, bringing news of the appropriation of \$100,000 by the Commission for relief and rehabilitation work in Manila, assisting the members of Manila and Agana, Guam, Lodges. The appropriation had been recommended by Dr. Barrett, who was visibly moved when he made the announcement, and the audience rose, with tumultuous applause, when he declared that he was ready to fly at a moment's notice to Manila to personally supervise the distribution of the fund. Another appropriation of \$500,000 for the aid of returning wounded servicemen was reported by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Seated at the head table at the banquet were Dr. Barrett, the principal speaker, Mr. Malley, Mr. Burke and Mr. Bowers, Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who arranged the meeting, P.E.R. Martin Austin, Brattleboro, D.D.'s R. F. Batchelor, Keene, N. H., Lodge, and Dr. Lawrence F. Heaphy, Brattleboro, John F. O'Loughlin, of Laconia Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. H. State Elks Assn., and Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. and New England representative of the Elks War Commission. A specially built Estey organ of the type used by Navy chaplains was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Mr. Austin on behalf of Brattleboro Lodge. The organ is finished in navy blue leatherette and bears an engraved inscription noting the occasion of its presentation. Dr. Barrett was greatly pleased with the gift and said that it would be used for the present in a hospital for entertainment purposes.

Mr. Bowers, veteran Vermont Elk, announced that seven Vermont lodges had



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contributed \$100 each to an Elks National Foundation subscription for Windsor, Vt., Lodge, No. 1665, recently instituted. Guests were present from Boston, Springfield, Greenfield and Holyoke, Mass., Keene and Laconia, N. H., and Springfield, Bennington, Bellows Falls, Montpelier and Barre, Vt. Music at the banquet was furnished by Williamson's Orchestra.

The next day the official party, which included Mr. Honan, was driven through New Hampshire by D.D. Batchelor. Stops were made at **KEENE, CONCORD and FRANKLIN**, where groups of Elks assembled to meet the Grand Exalter Ruler and where he spoke briefly on each occasion. At **FRANKLIN LODGE NO. 1280**, a buffet luncheon was served, and Dr. Barrett was presented with a box of woolen hose manufactured at a local mill.

At Laconia the banquet given by the **NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** was held attended by 300 guests. After the banquet, adjournment was made to the High School auditorium where the attendance was even larger. Past State Pres. John O'Loughlin, Acting Exalted Ruler of **LACONIA LODGE NO. 876**, was in charge of the arrangements, and E. Harrison Merrill was the exceptionally clever Toastmaster. Addresses of welcome were made by Charles M. Dale, Governor of New Hampshire, and Robinson W. Smith, Mayor of Laconia. Dr. Barrett spoke on the accomplishments of the Elks War Commission, and Mr. Malley described the work of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Presentation of a War Bond of \$100 to the Grand Exalted Ruler, a War Bond of \$25 to P.D.D. Patrick Hershey, a check of \$100 to Mr. Malley for the Elks National Foundation, and one for \$551 to Mr. Honan for the War contribution, were generously presented by Laconia Lodge.

A delegation of Maine Elks took charge on the following day and motored the official party to Sanford, Me., where many Elks from the Maine lodges had assembled. Luncheon was served at the luxurious Sanford Club, after which the visitors had an opportunity to visit the huge textile mills of the Goodall interests. Dr. Barrett was presented with a suit of clothes by Frank E. Nutter, Vice-President of the Goodall Company. In the evening a banquet was served for 300 members. The Toastmaster was C. Dwight Stevens, of Portland, Past Pres. of the Me. State Elks Assn., who regaled his audience and Dr. Barrett himself with a few hitherto unpublished "events" in the boyhood life of the Grand Exalted Ruler he had dug up as a newspaperman. Dr. Barrett was most generously remembered by his Maine Brothers. Carl J. Broggi, E.R. of **SANFORD LODGE NO. 1470**, presented him with a diamond Elk pin, the members of Biddeford-Saco Lodge No. 1597 presented him with a pair of virgin wool blankets, and members of Portland Lodge No. 188 gave him a tourmaline mounted ring. While in Sanford, Dr. Barrett and Mr. Malley were guests of Albert Rohaut, of Sanford Lodge.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., LODGE, NO. 850, was one of the lodges included in the Grand Exalted Ruler's official tour through New England, the visitation being arranged by Rhode Island's District Deputy, Dr. Edward C. Morin, of Pawtucket Lodge. The date was set for Friday, February 9. General Chairman P.E.R. Joseph W. Marceau, who represents the Grand Lodge Activities Committee as Chairman for the State of Rhode Island, appointed committees capable of handling a celebration that would surpass any other the lodge had ever held. Secretary Anthony F. Lawrence and P.E.R. Frank E. McKenna were Chairmen of the Ticket and Reception Committees respectively. Close to six hundred tickets were sold for the event, which was to take place in the Mt. St. Charles gymnasium. Everything went so well in the way of preparation that all was in readiness for the festivities ahead of schedule. Then came Thursday's blizzard, with even local travel at a standstill, and on Friday morning,

weather conditions were so bad that the lodge felt it necessary to announce—in the radio and in a notice inserted in the local newspaper—that the banquet arrangements were being canceled, but that if it were at all possible for the Grand Exalted Ruler to fulfill his engagement, a reception would be held at the lodge home.

Not until nearly six p. m. did Dr. Barrett and his official suite arrive in Boston from Biddeford, Me. A telephone call was put in to Dr. Morin who, when he learned that although delayed the Grand Exalted Ruler did not intend to forego his Woonsocket visit, advised Secretary Lawrence to get in touch with the officers and make reservations and prepare for an informal luncheon at the Hotel Blackstone. At 8:30 Dr. Barrett arrived, accompanied by Mr. Malley, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Burke and Mr. Honan. All were pretty well tired out, but happy to keep the appointment.

From then on, everything was fine. After the luncheon at the Blackstone, the visitors were escorted to the lodge home where E.R. Roy P. Harrison extended a hearty welcome to the distinguished guests and the large number of members who had been able to weather the storm. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address, beautifully delivered, made a lasting impression. He spoke on phases of Grand Lodge work of great interest to subordinate lodges and was enthusiastically applauded. General comment was to the effect that it was too bad so many had been deprived of the privilege of hearing him speak.

Presented with a \$500 War Bond by Exalted Ruler Harrison on behalf of the lodge, Dr. Barrett was visibly affected. He said that he intended to turn over the proceeds of the gift for useful purposes and that a hundred dollars would be given to a student who had received an Elks National Foundation Scholarship, to enable her to complete her college training this summer. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by Mr. Honan and the Elks Pledge of Allegiance by Mr. Sullivan. At the close of the session, guests and hosts made themselves comfortable in the parlors and just enjoyed the rest of the evening. (Incidentally, all who purchased banquet tickets, were refunded their money.)

Accompanied by George H. Williams, of Rockville Lodge, D.D. for Conn., East, the official party moved on to Hartford to attend the banquet given by the **CONNECTICUT STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** in the ballroom of the Hartford Club. This was another magnificent affair, every Elk lodge in the State being represented. Among the distinguished Elks present were Governor Raymond E. Baldwin and Acting Mayor John H. Hurley, both of whom are members of **HARTFORD LODGE NO. 19**, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, Raymond Benjamin, John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Treasurer Burke, Mr. McGovern and D.D. Williams. The Toastmaster was Col. Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of State Police and a member of New London Lodge No. 360. The speakers were the Acting Mayor, the Governor, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Malley and Dr. Barrett. The Grand Exalted Ruler roused his audience to a high degree of patriotic fervor as he described the war work of the Order of Elks. Mr. Sullivan delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast and State Pres. Clarence J. McCarthy, Rockville, presented Dr. Barrett with a \$100 War Bond.

On February 12 the Grand Exalted Ruler attended Past Exalted Rulers Night observed by his lodge, **ALEXANDRIA NO 758**, at which Howard W. Smith, Congressman for the Eighth Congressional District of Virginia, was the principal speaker. Congressman Smith related many amusing incidents occurring when he was Exalted Ruler of the lodge and the present Grand Exalted Ruler was his Esteemed Leading Knight.

On February 12-13 Dr. Barrett was in Richmond, Va., taking part in the two-day celebration of the burning of the mortgage of **RICHMOND LODGE NO. 45**. On

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Name.....Age.....
 Present Position.....
 Address.....

the first evening, the elaborate ball was attended by 900 ladies and gentlemen; on the second, a meeting of the lodge was held, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. Another guest was Randolph H. Perry, of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, a Past Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn. and former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The following day Dr. Barrett visited McGuire General Hospital to personally inspect the fine work the Virginia State Elks Association is doing in connection with the operation of the Hospital.

A full week of celebration of the 50th anniversary of NEWPORT NEWS, VA., LODGE, NO. 315, was brought to a climax on February 14 with the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Dr. Barrett was met at the train by a large delegation of Elks, including the Mayor of the city, and escorted to the lodge room where he witnessed the initiation of the 57 candidates of the "Bob Barrett Birthday Class" by E.R. E. V. Foretich and his officers. Dinner was served to the visiting delegations from Tidewater, Va. A public meeting was held later in the High School auditorium at which a thousand ladies and gentlemen were present. Dr. Barrett, introduced by D.D. Rennie L. Arnold, of Petersburg, was greeted by frequent outbursts of applause as he described the Order's war activities. The Golden Jubilee Celebration was attended by officers and members of many of the lodges in Virginia, State and city officials, industrial leaders, and Army and Navy officers and personnel. General Chairman W. Camp Abbott, Past Pres., who presided, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a gold fountain pen.

Two days were spent by Dr. Barrett in Chicago, where he attended sessions of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Elks War Commission, the Elks National Foundation Trustees and the Past Grand Exalted Rulers' Conference.

A tour through Missouri, beginning on February 18, was next on the itinerary. Dr. Barrett's first stop was at KANSAS CITY LODGE NO. 26 where he met with Elks from lodges in Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas. In the afternoon, a large class was initiated by a degree team headed by P.E.R. John M. Cosgrove. A dinner, given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Phillips Hotel, was a delightful affair. Among the

200 guests present were three District Deputies—Paul V. Woolley, of Excelsior Springs Lodge, and H. H. Russell, Warrensburg, D.D.'s for Mo., Northwest and Southwest respectively, and J. S. St. Clair, of Lawrence Lodge, D.D. for Kans., East,—and the President of the Missouri State Elks Association, Dr. Oliver F. Ash, Jr., of St. Louis Lodge. Past State President Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City, presided and Dr. Barrett was the principal speaker.

On the nineteenth, the Grand Exalted Ruler accompanied by Dr. Ash, visited WARRENSBURG, MO., LODGE, NO. 673. Dinner was served for the official party and visiting Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers. At the evening meeting, 240 members of the local lodge—60 per cent of the membership—were present in the lodge room together with delegations from Sedalia, Clinton and Trenton, Mo., Lodges. Talks were made by Dr. Barrett and Dr. Ash, introduced by D.D. Russell, and Past State President H. R. Garrison was a speaker.

ST. LOUIS LODGE NO. 9 was visited on February 20. A dinner, attended by 300 Elks and ladies, preceded the evening meeting at which a class of 14 new members was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by D.D. John T. Dumont, P.E.R. of No. 9. Among the many distinguished St. Louis Elks present was Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, D.D. Charles Thetford, of Murphysboro, Ill., was a guest.

Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett filled an engagement to speak at the N. D. STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION'S WAR CONFERENCE at Fargo on Washington's Birthday. Upon his arrival he was greeted by Elks from all parts of the State. At the meeting he was introduced by Grand Trustee Sam Stern, P.E.R. of FARGO LODGE NO. 260 and a Past State President. Mr. Stern presented Dr. Barrett with two \$100 War Bonds and a gold fountain pen and pencil, and Past President L. B. Hanna, former Governor of North Dakota, presented Mr. Stern with a gold pen and pencil set. Other speakers were E. C. Rickard, of Williston Lodge, D.D. for North Dakota, and Acting State President M. Dave Miller, of Grand Forks.

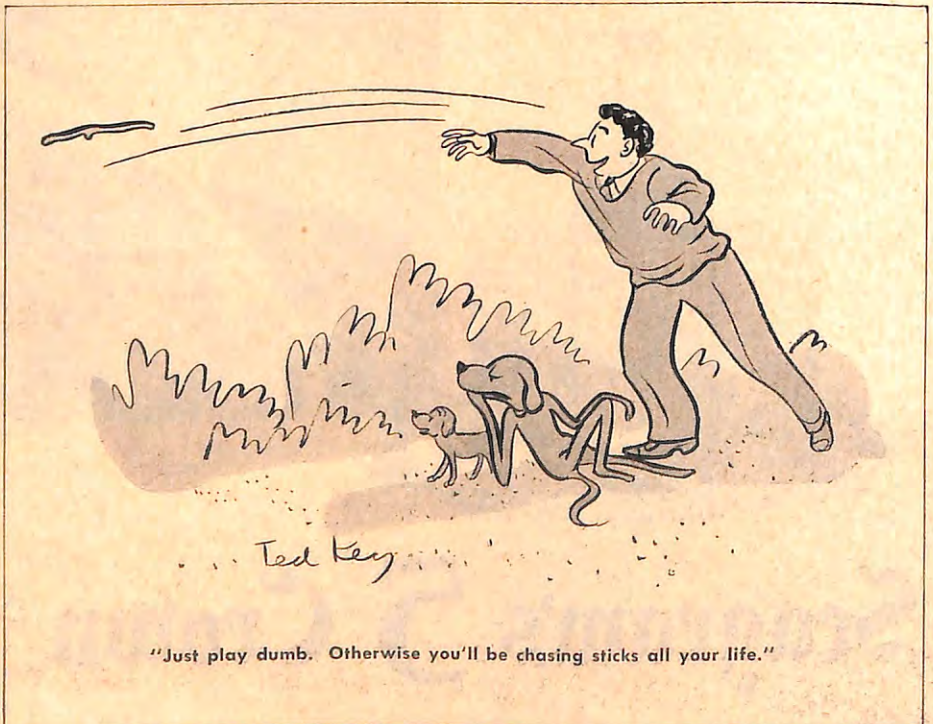
On February 25, Dr. Barrett left for a southern trip that would keep him away from home until April.

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Screwballs

(Continued from page 5)

grass on the way in from the outfield and had slipped it under his cap with the "bird" idea in mind. The crowd roared with laughter and for the rest of the season it was cheers for Casey instead of jeers.

"Pea Ridge" Day of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, in his short stay with the Dodgers, made a lasting contribution to the cultural life of Brooklyn. It started with his very first appearance on the mound at Ebbets Field. Along about the third inning he struck out an opposing batter to retire the side. He dropped his glove and began to flap his arms like a hen getting ready to lay an egg. Then, instead of the clucking which should have accompanied this movement, there came a series of weird, raucous noises which no one in the stands could identify.

Pea Ridge made his way to the dug-out flapping his wings and emitting the unholy sounds all the way. The honest citizens of Brooklyn were mystified. They waited for a repeat performance. In the sixth inning they got it. Day breezed a third strike past a batter for out number three and immediately went into his strange act again.

Dodger fans are used to almost anything. But they had never seen or heard the likes of this before and didn't know what to make of it. The next day the mystery was solved—but only partially. A sports writer who had been raised on a farm identified the sounds as hog-calling but could not figure out the accompanying wing-flapping.

The following Sunday Pea Ridge was scheduled to pitch and a capacity crowd was on hand. They waited impatiently. In the fourth inning they were rewarded. With two out and a three-two count on the batter, Pea Ridge hooked one across the corner of the plate. The batter swung and missed, and almost before the ball came to rest in the catcher's mitt, Day went into his act.

But this time he was not alone. Twenty-five thousand voices joined him in a hog-call that must have been heard all the way back to Arkansas. All during that season every hog-call of Day's was answered in the stands. All Brooklyn had apparently gone in for hog-calling. Pea Ridge grudgingly allowed late in the season that was the equal of anything he had ever heard in the Ozarks.

Another quaint and perhaps apocryphal baseball character was Hat Pin Harry. Harry didn't last long enough for his surname to be remembered but he did make a deep if only temporary impression on everyone he came in contact with.

Harry was a first baseman and he specialized in put-outs—after the runner was safe. His method was simple yet very effective. The pitcher would whirl and snap the ball to first. The runner, naturally, would scurry back to the base and in most cases would reach it ahead of the ball. But Harry, with

a graceful, sweeping motion, would slap the ball—and glove—on the runner anyway.

For some unaccountable reason the runner would jerk his foot from the bag. Harry would then tag him again, and the umpire, perhaps wondering, would be forced to call the out. He didn't know, of course, that, concealed in the padding of Harry's glove, was a hat pin which would unerringly jab the leg of the runner and cause him to withdraw it from the base. Harry didn't have much else besides his pin and was soon out of baseball. But his memory lingers poignantly on.

It would be unfair to the memory of Wilbert Robinson to class him as a screwball. But all during his managerial career screw-loose ball players gravitated toward him like flies toward a sugar bowl. His tolerance, his patience, his ability to get more out of them, really makes him their patron saint—but not one of them, as many people supposed.

The closest thing to screwiness about Robbie was his willingness to argue about the day's doings at Ebbets Field with anyone—anywhere. The debate could be with a taxi driver in a traffic jam, a bank president at a club directors meeting, or with a street cleaner resting on his broom. Robbie would be ready to defend, at the drop of a hat, the day's pitching selection or anything else about the game.

Another of Robinson's foibles was his difficulty with names, even of players who had been with him for years. Lombardi, for example, seems like simple enough a name. But to Uncle Robbie it became Lumbago and it stayed that way despite Ernie's repeated efforts to set him straight. On one occasion Robbie picked Dick Cox to play the outfield because he could neither spell nor pronounce the name of Oscar Roettger.

There is a section in the baseball rule book which says that no player shall run the bases in reverse order with the purpose of making a travesty of the game. Sounds superfluous, doesn't it? Well, the rule was made necessary by one Herman (Germany) Schaefer, about whose wackiness no one ever had any doubts. Not only is Schaefer responsible for the addition of this rule but he is the one and only player on record ever to steal first base.

It happened one balmy afternoon in 1911. Germany had reached first—legitimately. A team mate was on third. The double steal signal was flashed and Schaefer, off with the pitch, slid into second safely. He got up, dusted himself off, and looked around. To his surprise and chagrin he saw that his team mate was still planted on third. He had missed the signal completely.

On the very next pitch, Schaefer, with a burst of speed that he later admitted was the fastest he had ever displayed, tore back toward first. He

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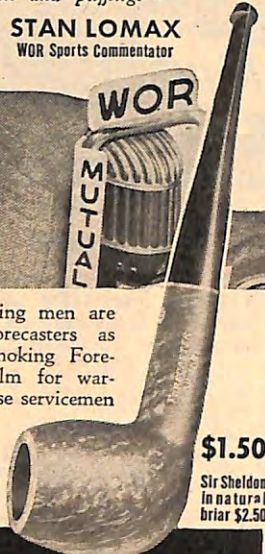
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made it with a beautiful fall-away slide. Again dusting himself off, he cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted across the diamond to his still stationary team mate, "Come on, Joe, let's try it again."

Another afternoon, this one not so balmy, Detroit, Germany's team, was playing in Cleveland. The Indians took a commanding lead in the early innings. Then the rains came. And, as every baseball team which is behind has always done, Detroit began to stall, in the hope that the umpire would call the game before 4 1/2 innings could be completed. Wise old Umpire Billy Evans kept urging and threatening but got nowhere. And so, because of Detroit's stalling tactics, he refused to stop the game. The base paths became quagmires and the field a miniature Lake Superior. But the adamant Evans stood firm.

Detroit came to bat and the first hitter was our friend Schaefer. There was a slight delay. Impatiently Evans called, "Batter up," and up the batter came—adequately outfitted for the exigency. His progress to the plate was rather slow, for the fisherman's hip boots he was wearing were not designed for speed. Nor was the huge rubber coat which ensconced him, streamlined enough to buck the high wind sweeping across the field. And furthermore, this same wind was playing didoes with the open umbrella Germany was carrying to ensure complete protection. He probably could have managed the umbrella better with two hands but that was impossible because he was carrying a bat in one of them.

It must be regretfully recorded here that Schaefer's tactful suggestion as to the nature of the weather was com-

pletely disregarded by Umpire Evans.

Bugs Raymond was one of the greatest pitchers ever to reach the big leagues but he really was "bugs"—especially about malt, hops, and corn in liquid form. Manager John McGraw had his hands full trying to keep him out of saloons. Finally he hit upon the idea of keeping Raymond's pockets empty of the wherewithal to buy the stuff. Players, reporters, club employees, were forbidden to give or lend him money for any imaginable reason.

The plan worked perfectly—for a while. McGraw began to have visions of Raymond pitching every fourth day, winning twenty-five games, and starring in the World Series—if only he could keep him on the water wagon.

But, alas, even the great McGraw could not think of everything! One afternoon he assigned Bugs to relief duty. This was to be his tune-up for a regular starting berth. The bull pen was down behind the bleachers. About halfway through the game the Giant starting pitcher got into trouble. Mac sent the bat boy down to summon Bugs. But Bugs was nowhere in sight. Meanwhile base hits were bouncing all over the park. Mac hurriedly warmed up another pitcher and then organized a searching party. It didn't have to go very far.

They found Raymond in a refreshment parlor just around the corner, with a long row of foaming beers in front of him. He had sold the brand new warm-up ball to the bartender. And with the amber fluid at a nickel for a huge glass in those good old days, the purchase price had added up to lots of beer. The spell was broken and McGraw was never able to hoist Raymond onto the water wagon again.



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Walter "Rabbit" Maranville was a lover of robust, wholesome fun. And if it could be spiced with a little excitement, so much the better. There's the time, for example, that Maranville, passing Manager George Stallings' hotel room, heard him drawing water for a bath. Stallings was a fiery, irascible individual—which gave the Rabbit an idea. He waylaid a colored bell hop, borrowed his uniform, and crawled into it. He then blackened his face and hands, got hold of a blank telegram, and rang Stallings' bell.

"Telegram," he announced. Stallings told him to come in. Maranville walked into the bathroom, handed the envelope to Stallings in the tub, and stood there, unrecognized.

"What are you waiting for, boy?" Stallings asked, impatiently.

"Slip me a dime, you piker," replied the Rabbit, in his best Southern accent.

The hot-tempered Stallings, hardly believing his ears, lunged for Maranville and missed him. He jumped from the tub and started for the retreating Rabbit, who foresightedly had left the outside door open. Maranville dashed out into the hall, followed by the enraged Stallings, who was so intent on catching his quarry that he was completely oblivious of where he was going. At the end of a long hall the Rabbit disappeared and Stallings, horror-stricken, suddenly realized where he was. He never forgave Maranville.

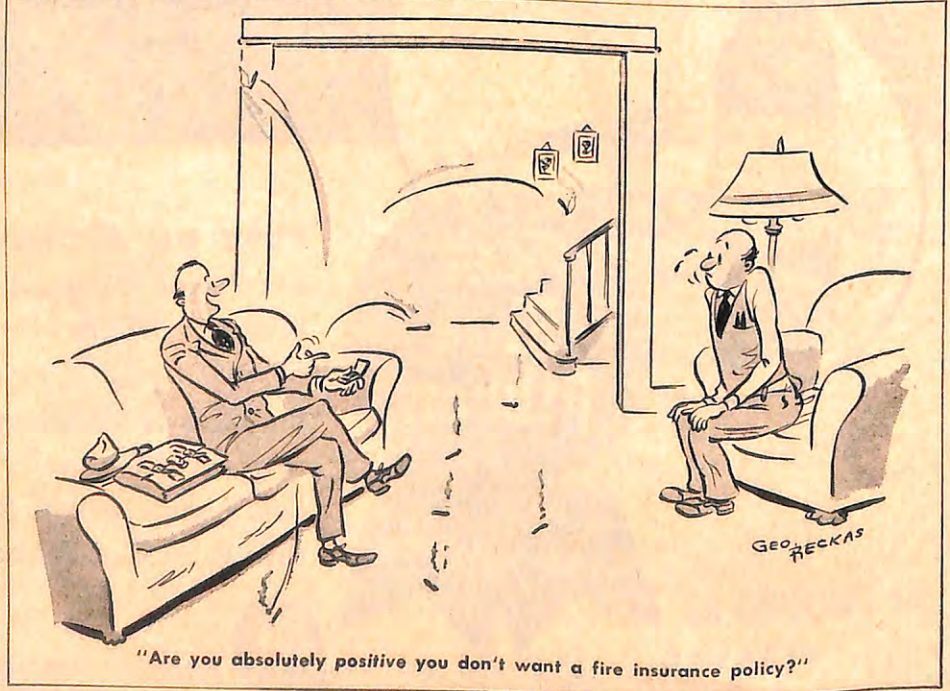
One sultry evening in St. Louis, the Rabbit and some team mates were sitting in the hotel courtyard gazing idly into the goldfish pool. They were utterly bored—that is, all except the Rabbit. The goldfish had suggested something to him and he was working it out. He excused himself and returned in a few minutes. He had it worked out. He'd bet that he could dive into the pool and come up with a goldfish in his mouth. And if they'd put up

enough money he'd eat the goldfish. Enough money was put up. Then, with a belly-smacking splash, he dived in. Two horrified old dowagers seated nearby were nearly inundated, as was his straw hat, which he had carefully placed on the edge of the pool. His team mates thought he would never come up. But eventually he rose to the surface on the far side of the pool. And, sure enough, between his teeth was the object on which bets were to be paid off. Satisfied that everyone had seen it, he pushed it into his mouth and paddled around, munching away. The boys paid off but they never knew that the object between the Rabbit's teeth was not a goldfish but a carrot.

Another evening in Philadelphia, Maranville had been locked in his hotel room, high up on the twentieth floor, by irate team mates. They wanted for once to have a peaceful little poker game. A guard had been placed outside his door and the telephone operator had been instructed not to answer any call coming from his room. Every precaution had been taken.

The boys went down the hall and settled back for a quiet game. They had one—for about half an hour. Then, just as someone with four kings was getting ready to rake in a nice pot, there was a splintering of glass, and the irrepresible Maranville came hurtling through the window. He had opened his own window, climbed out on a ledge (twenty stories above ground, remember), and had worked his way along it to the room he suspected of harboring the game. It is superfluous to add that there was no more poker that night.

The Maranvilles, the Schaeferes, the Stengels have done much for baseball. Amiable oafs, fun-loving pranksters or just plain screwballs—they all loved the game. And they loved it too much to allow it to become a grim, serious, determined business.



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What America is reading



**The war is still the great
subject of our time.**

By Harry Hansen

WITH the plane carriers of the United States Navy providing bases for plastering the homeland of Japan with bombs, such a book as "Carrier War", by Lieut. Oliver Jensen, USNR, is especially welcome to the people at home. It is the second of the books published by the Council on Books in Wartime with the help of the Navy Department, "Battle Report" having been the first. The new work describes the accomplishments of Task Force 58 from the raid on Marcus in September, 1943, to the invasion of the Philippines and the sea battles around them in October, 1944. Artmus L. Gates, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air, says that at the end of August, 1944, the Navy had about 100 aircraft carriers either in or nearing action and 47,276 Navy and Marine fliers and at the end of the first half of 1944 it had 34,071 planes. "Task Force 58 is not only a portion, though a sizable one, of the Pacific fleet," he writes. "Combining the hard-hitting punch of carrier planes with the big guns of modern battleships, this new arrangement of naval power has no master on the seas. . . . It is now apparent that overwhelming air power must accompany any surface force which ventures to attack a modern enemy fleet or enemy territory defended by aircraft."

There is nothing dull or documentary about "Carrier War"; it is a lively, informal narrative, and with its pictures, in color, of life on board a ship both in and out of action it brings closer to us the way the men live, the tensions of dangerous moments—just before dawn, when the planes are about to start their

engines and leave on a mission; in the dark of night when neither lights nor radio signals can be used and during the period when planes are missing and no one knows what became of them. There is an extraordinary report of life on the *Yorktown*—"a big city where people worked, lived and played. It was futuristic, a dream city with no dirt, no slums, no waste space". This is the new *Yorktown*. "Everything about a carrier is thrilling, her lines, her impressive bulk, her speed, but the greatest thrill to the oldest hands remains the landing and takeoff of her planes." And no wonder. An Avenger cannot take off until the air passes under its wings at a speed of about 83 miles an hour. When a plane lands at the stern it is coming at a rate of 80 or 90 miles an hour, yet the arresting wire catches on a hook lowered by the plane and stops it within a few yards.

It is not only thrilling to read these stories of attacks by the carrier force—at Wake, the Gilberts, the Marshalls, Truk, Marianas, Yap, Hollandia and elsewhere, but to recognize what "the rebirth of the American sea power in the Pacific" really means. In the winter of 1942 and until Spring of 1943 the Navy fought with only one aircraft carrier, incompletely repaired! The Japanese had six to a dozen carriers ready to fight. On Memorial Day, 1943, the new *Essex*, 25,000 tons, reached Pearl Harbor. The nation that had been despised by the Japanese for its lack of military spirit was ready to turn all its immense power and ingenuity to the defense of its integrity. The clock had struck; the high tide of Japanese imperialism

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was over (Pocket Books, Inc., \$2.50)

Some publishers think the public is surfeited with books about the war because the newspapers and picture weeklies have told everything so fully. There may be a slight falling off in purchases, but the war is still the great subject of our time. Moreover, personal experiences can be related over and over again, for no one individual repeats the feelings and impressions of another. I came to this conclusion upon reading "Tourist Under Fire", by Thomas E. Healy, a London newspaper correspondent. Mr. Healy was bombed out in London, his wife being killed in the blast that injured him; he was present during all those weeks when Rangoon fell to the Japanese and the Burmese showed their hatred for the British and he was in North Africa when Rommel made his successful dash with panzer divisions to the very gates of Egypt. These places have been described often, yet the personal angle in Mr. Healy's narrative makes them highly readable, so long after the campaigns have faded into history. Mr. Healy's book is valuable to us because it is frank and critical. He has praise for the Pan American Airways, which had done so well over African territory that the British had left the field to them. Mr. Healy says: "I do not believe the Americans will ever relinquish the hold they have established here. Nor do I believe they should. I favor the freeing of the air routes. . . . I wonder whether the American interests who urge the freeing of the African air routes will be

prepared to make the same concessions in the United States." Planning for the future airways is already going on and it is clear that for the good of the world and future peace we cannot become bitter rivals of the British. A cooperative plan, if that were possible, would better serve all of us. Mr. Healy's comment on British rule in Burma is withering and all the unfavorable things we have heard about the conduct of British officialdom there is verified by him. Born an Australian, he has little sympathy for men who cannot deal properly with the natives. (Henry Holt & Co., \$3)

Here comes a surprise package—a novel of political intrigue in Chungking. "Crows Are Black Everywhere" has been written by Herbert O. Yardley, who wrote that book about secret codes and ciphers—"The American Black Chamber", and Carl Grabo, a professor of English, once the teacher of Major Yardley. These two authors have concocted a novel that is practically unique. For there are no spy stories out of Chungking and few about China these days. In the 1930's we were all highly entertained by John P. Marquand's Mr. Moto, who was a Jap, but Mr. Moto was too friendly a villain to appear during wartime. "Crows Are Black Everywhere" is also rather startling because there are double-dealing Chinese in it, right in Chiang Kai-shek's capital. Major Yardley sees things too realistically to become romantic about them. His story deals with the adventures in Chungking of Peggy Cameron, a newspaper corre-

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spondent, but Peggy is by no means the most interesting character in the narrative. That distinction belongs to Bill, a professional soldier, now "official air advisor", although the air force is puny. Bill is engaged in trying to determine who is giving the Japanese planes signals that they can use when bombing Chungking and he is being helped by his lady-love, a Eurasian girl named Tina. None of the characters is quite above suspicion. Secret codes come into the story—and that is where Major Yardley's special knowledge serves a real purpose. Altogether the collaboration between an expert on ciphers and a professor of English has been most successful; the story has suspense and snappy dialogue and like a good mystery keeps you guessing who is black, white or gray to the very end. (Putnam, \$2.50)

PIONEERING in the wilds still lures scientists and great opportunities for studying Nature are still available in the jungles of the Amazon and the wilds of the Andes mountains. But four men who blazed trails in the wilderness lived such exciting lives and got so much out of their travels that they carry the armchair reader right with him into the jungle in Victor Wolfgang von Hagen's book, "South America Called Them". (Knopf, \$3.75). Here is adventure, drama, tragedy, biography and science—by an author who has himself tramped over South America as a student of Nature and the human species. No wonder he is enthusiastic over the accomplishments of the great men whom he has singled out: Charles-Marie de al Condamine, the Frenchman who put in nine years trying to prove, by triangulation in the Andes, that Newton's theory of a spheroidal earth was true; Baron Alexander von Humboldt, the most famous naturalist of his time, who not only went up the Amazon and Orinoco to study plants and trees but was interested in Indian villages and astronomy and climbed 19,000 feet on Mount Chimborazo, the highest any man had gone until the Himalayan adventurers passed his mark; Charles Darwin, who remained nearly two years in South America while traveling on the Beagle and had remarkable adventures with the natives of Tierra del Fuego, and Richard Spruce, who traveled 18,000 miles in a canoe over various rivers. What these men saw and experienced Mr. von Hagen has described with feeling, embellishing the narrative to make us almost experience the terrible plight of those who became lost in the wilds.

DALE CARNEGIE, the man who has been instructing thousands of Americans how to make friends and influence people—and doing pretty well in the process, thank you—has just been looking over the characters of forty men and women who have made the headlines or the bright lights and describes them in what he calls his "Biographical Roundup". It is not unusual for Mr. Carnegie to become interested in

biography, for long before his book on how to make friends came out he had written a biography of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln is not in the new book, for most of its subjects are alive. Here are some of the interesting facts about their lives that he has discovered:

Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, was sent to Yale to be educated, but he turned his monthly allowance of \$125 over to his brother and decided to live in the slums of New York in order to study the poor. For a time he worked in a saloon, sold newspapers on the Bowery and lived in the Newsboys Lodging house.

John Barrymore wanted to be a painter; he studied art in Paris and was hired by Arthur Brisbane to make a weekly drawing to illustrate Ella Wheeler Wilcox' poems of passion.

Gen. Eisenhower and Gen. Omar Bradley lived across the hall from each other at West Point, where Eisenhower graduated 61st from the top of his class and Bradley 44th. On conduct Bradley rated sixth place and Eisenhower 125th.

Glenn L. Martin, who built the world's largest flying boat, the *Mars*, made box kites on his mother's kitchen floor and turned out three kites a night, selling them to his pals for 25 cents each—ten cents down and 5 cents a week.

Major Gen. Claire Chennault was once a school teacher in Louisiana. He had a local reputation as a fighter and was sent to teach the school that had the meanest youngsters. He beat them up first and then taught them.

Henry J. Kaiser built himself a summer home at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, in the mountains in twenty-eight days, using bulldozers, cranes and floodlights, and including a stone house, four guest cottages and a boathouse.

AMONG the New Novels: "The Private Adventures of Captain Shaw", by Edith Shay and Katharine Smith, is the tale of Capt. Philander Shaw, a skipper from Cape Cod, who gets entangled in the French Revolution and, what with love, revolution and seafaring, cuts a wide swath. A historical novel full of action and lively dialogue, it is based upon the life of a real American sea captain. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50). In "The Open City" Shelley Smith Mydans, wife of an American correspondent in the Philippines, has made a story based on the experiences of the Americans interned by the Japanese in the Santo Tomas prison camp in Manila, which probably has more fact than fiction in it. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). "The Captain of St. Margaret's" is a story by Ferenc Molnar about an eccentric hussar who lived in the same hotel in Budapest patronized by Mr. Molnar in his days as a journalist and budding playwright. The hussar tells innumerable stories without getting much credit himself; one suspects that the author has made him the excuse for bringing a lot of anecdotes into book form. The book seems to be an older work, newly translated. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50)

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In the
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**Dog shows are peachy things—
that's what the man says.**

IT'S hardly news that there is a lot of loose money around right now, but why more of it does not rub off on me I can't understand. I think my landlord would like to know about that, too. Now it is to be hoped that the general state of prosperity will continue—forever or maybe longer. That's your Uncle Edward all over, unselfish as all get-out. Smaller souls might clamor to share the wealth, but I can view the affluence of my fellow man with a mind wholly divorced from envy or at least, if not divorced, separated, let's say. As anyone will agree, we don't need the evidence of diamond rings accompanied by dirty finger nails to show us that the mazzola is circulating in some of the darnedest places. Doggy statistics alone tell the story. Take a look—entries in the stud book of the American Kennel Club, social register for canine aristocracy, show a healthy increase, and the mail I have received from readers for quite a while past is cutting in on my bad habits—seriously so. Then too at the Madison Square Garden show earlier this year only a very agile eel could find easy passage up and down the aisles where the purps were benched. I mean a junior eel—not a semi-somnolent oldster. I've known other years during which you could have swung a cat (God help the cat) along those same walkways. And this, my friends, for a canine cake-walk that cost \$1.80 per squint—which to my way of thinking, as much as I like dogs, is about 80c too much. Frankly, I don't think any dog show this side of the Pearly Gates is worth more than a buck a look and I don't mean to be irreverent. I'm merely being positive or

dogmatic, if you can stand the pun. Another witness to the affluence of the citizens is the national sales total for products that are sold for dogs—a total that has skyrocketed high over those of other times. Yes, there's ample proof of greater interest in dogs today—greater numbers of people owning them and greater amounts of money being spent on them.

Earlier my mention of Madison Square Garden might have reminded you, if you read my article of last month too, that I would go more into detail about dog shows this month. Well, here it is and take it away:

At that time—(see the March issue of *Elks*)—my reference to the shows was in connection with the monkeyshines of some of the small fry among our citizens and how dog ownership and its responsibilities might serve to harness the lawless energies of those so inclined. While I didn't guarantee that it would work with every juvenile Highbinder, I did offer the suggestion as having more than a remote possibility of success if used. At that time I pointed out that it was a good thing, if the child was inclined and the accommodations afforded, to encourage a youngster to take a healthy interest in some living thing other than itself—an animal preferably, and a dog more particularly. I cited examples of such interest being encouraged to the point wherein boys and girls could arrange for neighborhood shows for their pets. Later in that article I had a word to say about the thrill that a child could get from owning a pure-bred dog—a show dog, whether top-flight or not. Just

one good enough to get some kind of ribbon at a formal show. For some kids this has been a tremendously exciting event and excitement certainly more wholesome than that provided by lurid gangster stories or the adulterous doings of some of the gold-plated bums who make the front page. And don't think that little Harry or Harriet hasn't an eye for those newspaper yarns, and that these don't play some part in tearing down some children's respect for the decencies of life. No, I'm not trying to preach at you—far from it. I simply want to emphasize the case for the dog, or a cat, or anything-else that will help tide some restless youngster over the critical days.

"BUT we already have a pootch," I hear you say, and did you add that he's probably a cross between a cow-hide trunk and a camelopard? All right, he's still very likely the best dog in all this world to you or that youngster and this is as it should be. Perhaps he's getting all the care and attention that you'd give to a wealthy but doddering bachelor uncle—or would you? At any rate he, the dog, can be made a hobby nevertheless, and I can assure you that a bit of encouragement is all that is needed to get a boy or girl, who has any liking for dogs at all, interested in comparing his or her dog in a neighborhood show with those owned by other children. If you are completely dogless and would enjoy getting one that is pure-bred for a child—not you, mind you, as this article is by no means written for you who are perhaps a grown-up—then all you have to do is pick the kind of dog your youngster will like best. True, you may live where the keeping of a great dane may seem like living with a horse (and if the child wants that kind of dog, there's an 'odds-on chance that it will happen), then you'll have to guide the choice, but don't get tough about it unless you have to. Price? You'd be surprised how little a fairly good show dog can be obtained for. It all depends upon the person selling the dog and, I may add, the kind, age and size of the dog. Big dogs naturally cost more because they cost more to feed and to raise. Rare breeds are likely to be a bit more expensive but there's many a breed other than the most popular which you'd better stay away from for reasons I'll go into later. And if you happen to want an expensive pooch, although I doubt that any or many who are Elks have to keep their eyes on that Ole Debbil Budget, then there are many kennels that sell dogs on the cuff. (I add this in the event that you might be one of those good people who want the best even though that best seems beyond immediate reach.) Or you might make what is known as a breeder's contract with someone who breeds good dogs. This usually works out this way: the owner agrees to let you have one of his females with which you agree to breed a male that the owner selects—who pays stud fees is determined between the two of you.

Sometimes the owner wants to furnish one of his own stud dogs without fee. Following this, the owner of the female usually gets selection of first and third choice of puppies. (If there is only one puppy in the litter the owner of the female gets that.) This is usually repeated twice. Incidentally all remaining pups in the litter are yours to dispose of as you like, under such a breeder's contract. After the second litter is whelped, sometimes a third litter is specified, then the female becomes yours outright. It is the only way that a newcomer to dog breeding, who hasn't much money or doesn't want to spend much and is not close to any breeder, can get in the business of pure-bred dogs or get a really good specimen. Frequently it happens that the breeder-owner of the female you have may make a mistake and not select the best pups in the litter. It is not always easy to pick coming "flyers" when they are very young. Even so, you benefit. It has happened time and again that the person who took a female on such terms wound up with a champion or, at an earlier stage, saw the owner of the female frantically trying to buy one of the pups that he did not select when making his choice of the litter. I've seen that happen right in Madison Square Garden, at what is now the biggest dog show in the United States. Yessir, I've seen the manager of one of the most successful show-dog kennels in this Country offer a corking good price for a pup that he had passed up a few months before. He saw the pup on the show bench and kicked himself for letting it slip through his fingers when he made his choice.

AS FOR buying a dog—well, the first dog I ever took in the show ring (I've never told this to anyone before) I only paid \$50 for, and that little scamp, believe it or not, picked up seven blue ribbons in the short while I showed him. Of course he wasn't a championship possibility—although one professional handler who, I suspect, was trying to make a few shekels wanted to take him over and hinted that the pup could win his title. Fortunately, good sense came to my rescue and I retired the dog before I went broke trying to clear off that handler's mortgage, which would have happened had I heeded him. The point is—and you can do the same—I started with a dog that was sufficiently pure-bred to be shown—no matter what he might have won—and from there on the dog game (how I hate that word "game") became a hobby in which my two teen-age youngsters played an important part. And it did them a lot of good, too.

What breed to select? Brother, buy a dog book that shows the different breeds and tells something about each. Or, if you have the chance, go to a dog show. There you will see the adult size of the breed that may capture your greatest interest and that adult-size business is important because if you are only going to get a house-pet then it's good to see how big he will be after he



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puts on long pants. Another thing, if your taste or a youngster's runs to gun dogs, setters, etc., it's wise to realize that such dogs, as well as other of the big breeds, need plenty of room to roam—not by themselves, but where they can be taken for long walks, preferably in the country or suburbs.

AS TO show details—well, you may remember that I said the first thing to do after you have bought your dog or taken title to it is to get a transfer of ownership signed by the breeder or former owner, together with a three-generation pedigree. The transfer you file with the American Kennel Club at 221 Fourth Avenue, New York City. In turn you'll either receive an ownership certificate (if it's a pup that has been previously registered as an individual dog) or a transfer certificate which the former owner gives you, and this time your name or the name of the new owner will be inscribed on it. What I've said about a dog that has been previously registered is caused by the fact that all puppies of a litter must first be registered by the owner of the dam and only then is each registered as an individual dog with its own distinctive name and registration number, neither of which ever changes for registration purposes. If the dog is still a young puppy, say about six months old, then write to the same organization for entry blanks for some of the shows being held in your vicinity. Entry fees are usually—with the exception of the largest shows (more often big-city affairs)—from \$2 to \$3. Prizes range from two to possibly seven or eight dollars, depending upon how many dogs there are in a class. Classes are, as a rule, for puppies six to nine months, and from nine to twelve months. For older dogs—dogs are considered officially full-grown at twelve months—there are such classes as Novice (dogs that have not yet won a blue ribbon as full-

grown dogs), American-bred, Limit or Open Classes. The American-bred Class is for all dogs whelped in the United States. Next is Limit Class for all dogs other than champions but dogs in this Class cannot have won more than six blue ribbons in that class. Then there is the Open Class for all dogs no matter how many times they have won. A grown dog can be entered in all classes for dogs at the show at the same time. A puppy, of course, is restricted to the two puppy classes previously named. Ribbons are usually blue for first, red for second, yellow for third and white for fourth. If there is a sufficient number of dogs there may be more than one cash prize other than the first. After your dog has won first in whatever class you have entered him, the next step is the matching of all those that have won first in each class. Oh yes, there may be, although it is not customary, other classes such as local (dogs local to the show), bred-by-exhibitor, and some one or two others that local show committees may decide on. The dog that is placed first after being matched with the winners of each class is termed Winner's Dog and for this there is a special ribbon.

SO MUCH for the dogs, the gentlemen of the species. The very same matching and rematching takes place for the females. All winning females are, as were the male dogs, matched against each other in one class and the winner is known as Winner's Bitch. Following this, the Winner's Dog and Winner's Bitch are matched. The one placed first is designated as Best of Winners. This dog then competes with the champions and dogs that have been entered in a special Class called "For Specials Only". The latter are usually champions purps. The winner of this final class is the dog, male or female, pronounced Best of Breed. There's a



"No more house-warmings—understand?"

special ribbon for Best of Winners and another for Best of Breed. All through the classes there may be special prizes in the way of cups, medals and other trophies. I may add that there is also, as a rule, a trophy prize for both Winner's Dog and Winner's Bitch. Each best of breed dog is in turn matched with all others in its group and that winner is termed Best of Variety. All dogs are catalogued into groups—these being all terriers, all working dogs (such as collies, etc.), all hounds, all sporting dogs (such as setters, etc.), all toys dogs (Pomeranians, etc.) and all non-sporting such as Dalmatians, poodles, etc. Each group winner is then matched and the final winner is declared the best dog in the show.

SO YOU see, it is not too hard for a dog that may not be a potential champion to win some kind of ribbon. There is the surety of at least seven firsts with a possibility of seconds, thirds and fourths, or a total of as many as fifteen or more ribbons including the seconds, thirds and fourths. But if a dog wins only one blue ribbon that at least indicates it is a dog that meets the approval of the judge and one that conforms to a degree with the standard for the breed. Even if there is only one dog or bitch in the regular classes—excepting Winner's Dog and Winner's Bitch—a dog can get a blue ribbon and this by no means is by default because the rules permit a judge to withhold a ribbon if he does not think the animal deserves it. No, the winning of a blue ribbon with only one dog in a class, odd as it may seem, is not always an empty win.

Now to explain something you may have seen and not known what it indicated and that's the prefix "Ch" before a dog's name. This sometimes appears in the newspapers and many times in magazines dealing with show dogs. It means Champion. A champion is a dog that has won fifteen points. These must be won at at least three different shows, at least six of the points at two shows granting no less than three points each. Two of these shows' points cannot be granted by the same judge.

In other words at two of the shows, different judges must pass on the dogs. The number of points granted are based upon the number of dogs of the same sex entered or, rather, actually shown. The more dogs, the more points. Some shows where entries are large, as many as five points may be won at one time. At others only one point may be given because of scant entries or, if there is insufficient competition, no points at all.

AS A rule points are more liberally granted in the North, South and West than they are in the East. The number given for each show may vary with the locality, which is permissible under American Kennel Club rules. Incidentally the American Kennel Club is not a club of individuals as many think but is a club of clubs, roughly like one of the baseball associations, an aggregation of individual clubs bound to one association. Each individual club is represented at American Kennel Club meetings to vote on affairs of the kennel world by a delegate elected by his or her individual club.

In the show ring you'll see two people. The judge and the steward. Either may be man or woman but the steward has nothing to say about the judging. That is up to the judge. The steward merely assists in handing ribbons to the judge and seeing to it that show attendants have the various classes of dogs ready on time for the judge to appraise them.

Yes, the sport of showing can be a lot of fun and like many another hobby you can go overboard on it, but the purpose of this article has not been merely to give you some idea of what goes on at a dog show or what makes a champion. After all in the business of living and in the still greater, grimmer business of war, dog shows are in themselves small matters. The real purpose is to try to show how interesting, and I hope I've done this, a dog show may become to a youngster who has some idea of what goes on in the show ring. More than that—how this as a hobby can healthfully occupy a great deal of a child's attention.



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Editorial

The Convention Ban

THE Grand Lodge War Conference in Chicago last year, because of unsettled wartime conditions, shortage of hotel accommodations and overstrained transportation facilities, left the decision as to the time and place of the 1945 Session in the hands of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees. The wisdom of this action is demonstrated by the fact that since the Chicago Conference the Director of War Mobilization has issued an order banning all conventions.

In compliance with the Director's order and in the spirit of cooperation with the war effort which animates our Order's every act, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett has, with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, issued an Executive Order, postponing the 1945 Grand Lodge Session which would normally be held next July, until such times as the national emergency ceases to exist.

State Association meetings are also affected by the Director's order. There is no restriction on the attendance of local people, but no more than fifty persons, requiring transportation and hotel accommodations, are permitted.

Subordinate lodges have not been overlooked by the Director, as his "12 o'clock curfew" order applies to Elks lodge homes and clubs, as well as to all other places of amusement or public assembly. This curfew, deemed essential to the furtherance of the all-out war effort, which seems approaching its peak in the European theatre, will be met by the Elks in the spirit of loyal cooperation which has characterized all of the Order's war efforts.

Rationing, curtailment, restrictions, are all part of the supreme effort to win the war and to bring our boys and girls back home. To Americans, nothing else matters. So our homes will close at the prescribed time, and some of the members will reach home a little earlier than their accustomed time. But turning into a comfortable bed, even as early as midnight, is a lot better than crawling into a jungle foxhole, or snatching "forty winks" behind a pile of rubble in the streets of some shattered European town.

A New Year Dawns

APRIL marks the beginning of a new year for subordinate lodges. New administrations take over, and in the great majority of lodges a new Exalted Ruler will grace the First Chair. In many instances the change will be in the nature of a promotion for the Esteemed Leading Knight, for "rotation in office" is a common practice. Here and there, perchance, the new leader has been chosen after a

contest, but where this has been the case, there is ample time between the election and date of installation for the smoke of battle to clear away and the members to realize that the will of the majority must prevail. It is the right of every Elk to seek office, but it is the duty of every Elk to accept the decision of the majority.

Most of the new Exalted Rulers are taking over a successful and "going" organization. The year just closed has been one of real progress. Advance reports indicate a great increase in membership over last year, and financial conditions throughout the Order were never better. The cooperation of subordinate lodges with the war effort, their contributions to Red Cross, War Bond purchases, and the public relations work of the War Commission, are evidenced by increasing prestige of the Order everywhere.

It is for the new Exalted Rulers to hold all gains, and keep the lodge on the forward path, to continue policies that have been proven successful, and eliminate the weak spots wherever they may exist, in committees, policies or procedure. To keep the ball rolling there must be cooperation in every department of the lodge, and between every member, between officers and committeemen, Past Exalted Rulers and the membership generally. That this has generally prevailed during the past year is evidenced by the progress of the Order. It must continue through the year to come.

The Elks Magazine congratulates the new Exalted Rulers, and wishes each of them a successful administration and a year of fruitful effort in the patriotic and humane service which lies before them.

Manila Comes Home

WHILE Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett battled the fury of howling gales and blinding snow storms on his tour of New England, word came to him of the capture of Manila, and that the city, made beautiful by American enterprise, defended so gallantly by American courage and wantonly destroyed by the overwhelming force of Jap invaders early in the war, was again in American hands.

Dr. Barrett's reaction was an immediate phone call to the Elks War Commission urging a contribution of \$100,000 for relief work in the liberated city where so many of our Brother Elks had suffered the hardships of internment, the destruction of their homes and the inhuman treatment of their barbarous captors, and the War Commission's reaction to the Grand Exalted Ruler's call was immediate approval of the contribution and assurance that the money was available for transmission as soon as proper arrangements could be made.

On February 6, Dr. Barrett, in his own words, "received a wonderful thrill" when he was enabled to announce to the Order through the members of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, 1499, that the Elks had "come through" without delay or red tape for the immediate relief of our liberated possession.

Manila Lodge No. 761, has been for years one of the Order's outstanding lodges. It possesses a beautiful home, undoubtedly now in ruins, and was a factor in the social and civil life of the city. Its membership is made up of leading business men, and when the appropriation of the Elks War Commission can be put to work, it will be administered in real Elk fashion.



John Fitch's Steamboat on the Delaware, October, 1788, from records of the time.*

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky



*"Although the wind blew very fresh . . .
we reigned Lord High Admirals of the Delaware . . .
no boat could hold way with us" . . .*

from John Fitch's own account of his trial trip.



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