

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

MAY 1945
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A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

As *The Elks Magazine* goes to press word comes to us of the death of the President of the United States, our friend and Brother, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

With liberty loving people everywhere, I am shocked beyond measure by the terrible tragedy which has befallen the world at a time when our beloved President was needed to lead in person the triumphant forces of right. I can only offer in this hour of loss the sympathy of all our Brother Elks to the world, and to his family the condolence which comes from the depths of our hearts.

"Thy will be done."

IN THIS issue will be found a copy of my executive order postponing the regular session of the Grand Lodge which under normal conditions would be held in July, until conditions brought about by the national emergency will permit a session of the Grand Lodge to be held.

Determination to take this action was made immediately upon the publication of the order of the United States Director of War Mobilization prohibiting all meetings where the attendance would consist of more than fifty persons outside of the locality where the meetings were held. Although our Order is devoting the greater part of its activities to assisting our Nation in its war efforts and it is our belief that meeting of the Grand Lodge would stimulate that effort, no effort was made to secure an exception of the order so that our annual meeting could be held. We have given our pledge to support the Government in all of its efforts and are determined to do so.

No plans for a regular meeting of the Grand Lodge at some later date or an emergency meeting in the event the regular session cannot be held will be made until the war situation makes it possible for the Government to modify its present regulations.

It will be a great disappointment to me if the regular session of the Grand Lodge cannot be held this year. Presiding over its sessions is one of the highest honors that can come to the Grand Exalted Ruler and is in some degree a reward for his services to the Order. Beyond that, however, it will be my great regret not to greet and personally thank those who have been so gracious to me during the year and have so loyally supported me in my administration.

One of the most dramatic and far-reaching events of the War took place recently on the European battlefield. A company of American soldiers speeding along the western

bank of the Rhine to cut off the German soldiers from crossing on the other side were amazed to see standing before them the great Ludendorf Bridge, the only bridge across the river the enemy had not destroyed. Without waiting for orders, the commander ordered his men to seize the bridge and they rushed across with such amazing speed that the Germans were unable to set off the explosives which had been planted along its length to destroy it. The seizure of the bridge will lessen the length of the war and save the lives of thousands of American soldiers.

There is a symbolic bridge, my Brothers, that spans a great chasm of Despair. This chasm has been dug by cruelty, intolerance, bigotry and selfishness. Men like Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito have increased its depth and width. On one side (the side in which you and I live) is found health, prosperity, government, order and happiness. On the other there is illness, poverty, anarchy and unhappiness.

The symbolic bridge that crosses this chasm which divides the human race into two great divisions is the Bridge of Brotherhood. Across it millions of men and women of our land are marching to relieve those on the other side. Across it ten million American boys are marching to save civilization from the destructive hands of those who would destroy it. Across it, you and I, my Brothers, are marching, 700,000 strong under the purple banner of Elkdom, to assist the sick, the needy and the distressed everywhere and help to make this a better world in which to live.

The observance of Flag Day this year on June 14th should take on added significance as the hour of our complete victory over our enemy draws near. Our Flag is dearer to us today than ever before. Over 80,000 of our Brothers are fighting under its folds. More than a thousand have paid the supreme price for its protection.

Plans should be made at once for an impressive celebration and efforts to secure the cooperation and participation of all fraternal, civic and patriotic organizations. School children and Boy and Girl Scouts should be urged to attend. Newspapers should be asked to issue special Flag editions. Every home should display the American Flag.

Flag Day this year will give us an opportunity to express our love for those of our Brothers who have died in the service of their country in the last six months. Our Medals of Valor will be presented to their families. A special ritual for this ceremony has been prepared.

ROBERT S. BARRETT, Grand Exalted Ruler.





FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275

WHEN the medical aid man from an adjacent field hospital burst into their shed near Metz with a strange gadget that needed fixing, the first impulse of Sergeants Rudolph Matthews of Placerville, California, and Wallace Jensen of Omaha, Nebraska, was to give the guy the back of their frozen necks. They were trying to recommission a Sherman tank that had taken a direct hit and the savage, sullen fighting was piling up damaged equipment faster than they could repair it. The medic told them an intricate part of a Bovie electrical knife, which cauterizes as it cuts brain tissue and blood vessels, had to be replaced too sweet. The sergeants continued banging away at the tank and said it was no skin off their noses. The medic added that the knife had broken down during an operation on a soldier who had a skull full of shell fragments and if it was not fixed in a half-hour the doughfoot would die. The sergeants dropped their hammers and asked to see the thing.

Fifteen minutes later they had replaced the faulty mechanism, which

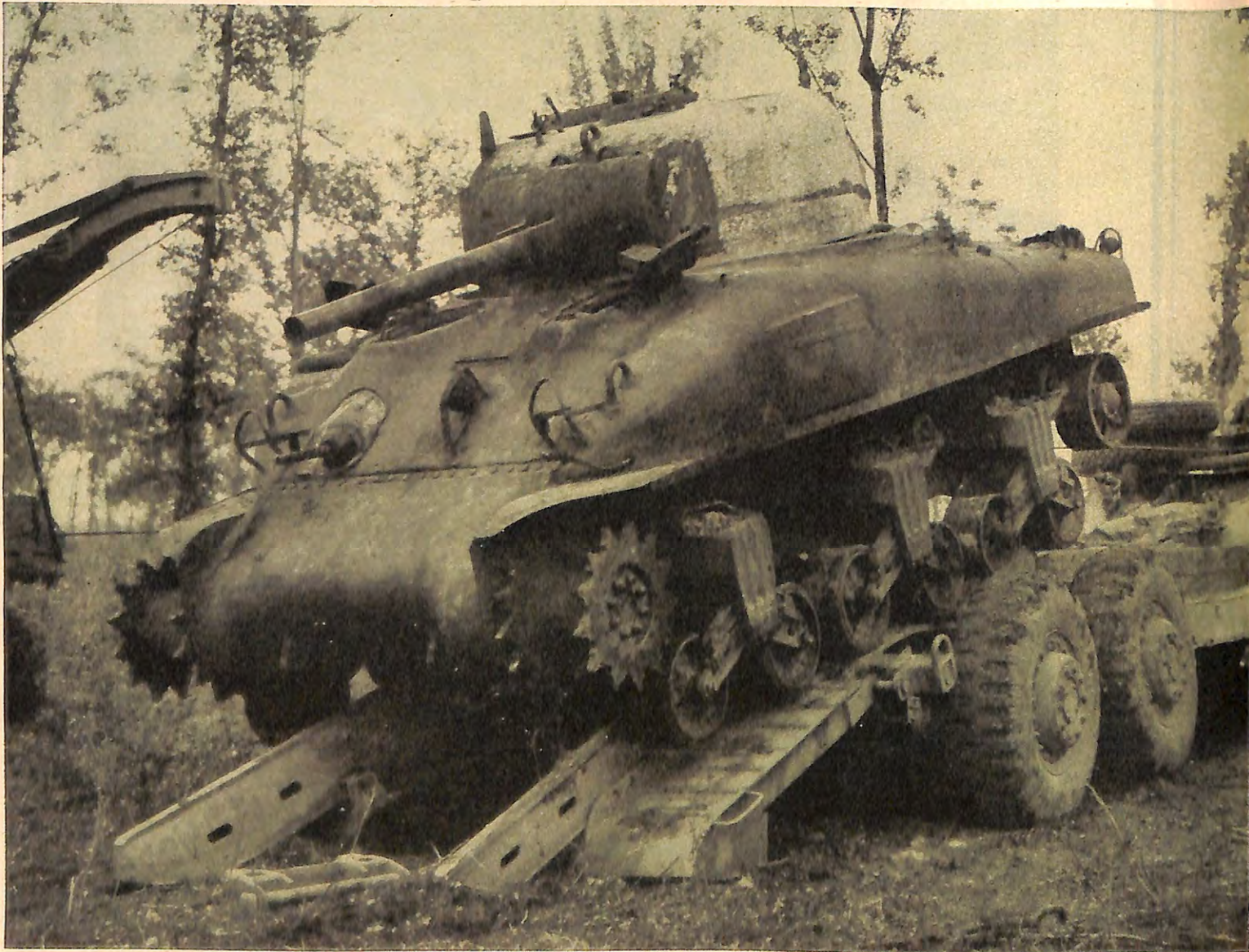
they never had seen before, with scrounged and scavenged parts. The soldier on the operating table eventually recovered. Sergeants Matthews and Jensen also had the beat-up tank in combat the same night.

The sergeants were attached to an Ordnance maintenance battalion which, to anyone who knows the Army, explains everything. Ordnance — that branch which provides, supplies and maintains all vehicles, weapons and ammunition used by the U. S. Army — is the most efficient arm of our military effort, for it capitalizes on Americans' outstanding talent for waging war — their genius for mechanical ingenuity and improvisation.

We are not going to tell you ordnance people are in the daily habit of coping with such dramatic contrasts as a delicate surgical instrument that saves lives and a huge, grim machine that destroys lives. We will let Hollywood, with its remarkable coincidence, fight a romantic war. But we will say that Ordnance is fighting one whale of a harsh, realistic war and is doing it more professionally than any other army, Al-

lied or Axis, involved in the struggle. And it is fighting the war more economically than any other army, for Americans have a greater respect for machines than any people on earth. The whole thing is not a tribute to our militarism so much as a triumph of our standard of living. Peace-time production and progress made us familiar with machines and with familiarity came an appreciation of the performance a good piece of machinery can give.

Ordnance really is the prime mover of our highly mechanized Army in this most mechanized of all wars. We have more vehicles per man than any other army and we get more mileage from them because our rolling stock is made better originally — with the conspicuous help of industrial engineers — and is given better care in the field. Sure, some of the German stuff is heavier than ours; the Panther tank is bigger than our Sherman and carries more armament. But this is essentially a war of movement and our combat vehicles have more mobility and, proportionately, more firepower. The Germans have some artillery larger than our sixty-ton



Genius for Ingenuity



Here is a new slant
on the Americans'
unique genius for
improvisation

By
Stanley
Frank

Photos from
U. S. Signal Corps

240-mm. gun, but it is mounted on railroad cars, which limits its use to sectors where tracks have been laid. Our 240-mm. gun is the deadliest self-propelled weapon extant and all artillery in the U. S. Army can move under its own power over any terrain.

Every schoolboy knows this basically is a war of supply and the amount of stuff you can throw, and keep throwing, at the enemy. If your side can wheel up more men with better weapons than the enemy and can plaster him with more artillery and bombs, your side will win. It flatters the nationalistic pride of every country to believe its soldiers are the bravest in the world, but there really is little difference in the quality of trained troops, friendly or hostile, who are determined to fight. The issue ultimately is decided by morale and materiel, with the former influenced strongly by the latter. U. S. Ordnance is superlatively good, yet this branch suffers in the military and civilian mind from the inevitable caste system that arises in every army in every war.

That caste distinction is the difference in public attitude and rewards between the combat and supply soldier. It is the luck of the draw—and special skills—that decide whether a man is to wind up in the front lines with a rifle in his hands or in a rear area working a radio or a wrench. In either event, the man does the best he can at his assigned job.

Only one soldier in five, approximately, ever gets into combat, but all sympathy and attention are focused upon

Ordnance men prepare to take a damaged Sherman tank back to a repair shop to be put into running condition once more.

that one soldier—and God knows he deserves it. He does all the fighting and most of the dying. But the supply soldier also suffers acute physical discomfort without the exhilaration and excitement of battle. The supply soldier may not get as many decorations, souvenirs, feature stories written about him, oo-lah-lah furloughs in Paris or trips home under the rotation policy; for him, there is little relief from monotony, one of the deadliest enemies in war.

He performs a vital job without the satisfaction of self-justification because he is disturbed by the thought that a soldier who is not in imminent danger of death somehow is taking an easy out. When there is a shortage of cigarettes, the supply soldier may be told bluntly not one butt can be diverted to him until the needs of the guys at the front have been filled. He knows people will look at him quizzically back home when he is asked to relate his experiences in the great war and he can only tell them that he drove a truck fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, or went half crazy fighting boredom and loneliness at an ammunition dump in some misbegotten, forgotten French village. He will be grateful that he came out of the war alive—after a while, nothing else really matters—but some may have a feeling of inadequacy, even inferiority, when he meets a combat soldier.

These are so many words; the proposition can be reduced to the human equation. A few months ago I came across four guys eating their dinners out of cans along a French road in a cold, driving rain that was whipping the mud to a froth. They were the crew of a tank transporter, the pin-up

(Continued on page 20)



THE Elks IN THE WAR

Above, left to right: E.R. John Carroll, Frank Safranek, Walter Forshall and Arthur P. Idarius of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge watch Pvt. Benjamin Smith, a patient, use one of the over-bed adjustable tables donated by the lodge to the Army's Vaughan General and Hines Hospitals.

Right: Jack Orr, a Seabee in England, reads several yards of news from his Brother Elks of Prescott, Ariz.

Below: Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Fraternal Center celebrates its third birthday.



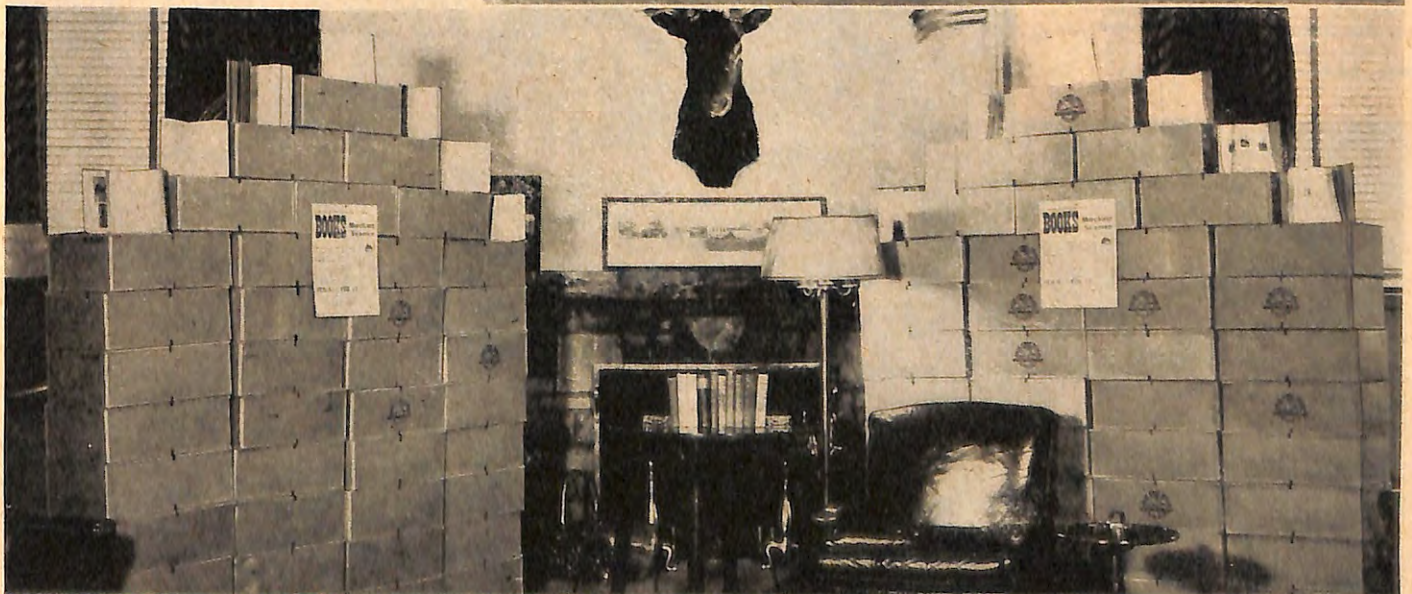


Above: Proof that Tampa, Fla., Lodge's Fraternal Center is a popular rendezvous for servicemen.



Right: Elks of Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge prepare books to be sent to the Merchant Marine Library Assn.

Below: These boxes, donated by W. A. Scheid, contain 2,731 books and thousands of late-issue magazines collected by Napoleon, O., Lodge for the Merchant Marine.

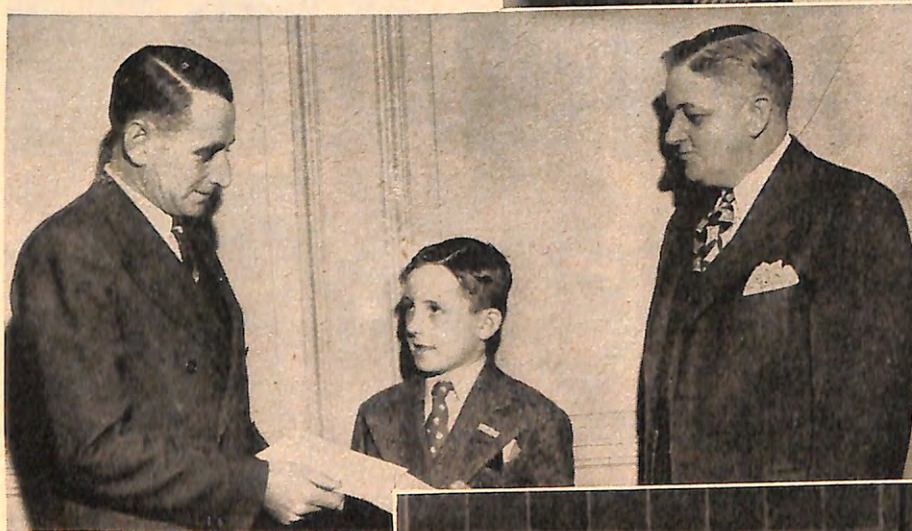




Left: A few of the Chester, Pa., Elks stand ready to mail their collection of 1,200 books for the Merchant Marine.



Right: A photograph taken at the presentation of the U.S. Army Award of Merit to Frostburg, Md., Lodge, for its cooperation in the war effort.



Left: P.E.R. John R. Mills presents a War Bond to Bobby Landry, prize-winner in the Sixth War Bond Drive contest sponsored by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge. Chairman William Evans of the city's War Bond Committee looks on.



Right: A picture taken at the dedication of the two-way bowling alley presented to the Veterans Hospital at Knoxville, Ia., by the Iowa Elks War Commission. The Iowa Elks have purchased many other recreational items for the Veterans Hospitals in that State.



Left: Assistant District Attorney Andrew C. McCarthy, right, Exalted Ruler of Bronx, N.Y., Lodge, receives from Joseph G. Sumner, County Commander of the American Legion of Bronx County, an award and plaque in recognition of patriotic services rendered to the Legion by Bronx Lodge.

Right: When the Army exhibit, "Shot from the Sky", was shown in Tucson, Ariz., to promote war bond sales, the local lodge sold \$225,000 worth in two days. In recognition of this, the lodge received a citation from the Treasury Department.



Left: E.R. Jack Johansen of Mount Holly, N.J., Lodge gets to work on a huge shipment of books which his lodge collected for the Merchant Marine.

Below: Marine Capt. James V. Donoghue, a member of Jersey City, N.J., Lodge and a hero of the Guadalcanal invasion, presents to E.R. James P. Dolan a Japanese rifle which he captured, while his father, left, and uncle, Sgt. Leo Donoghue, look on.





Above is a view of the speakers' table and a few of the guests present at the N.D. State Elks War Conference at Fargo. The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown, third from right, with other dignitaries of the Order.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

GRAND Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett spent the last week of February and the entire month of March visiting lodges in the South. Everywhere he met with enthusiastic receptions and witnessed the initiation of numerous classes honoring his birthday. He started his trip immediately after his return from North Dakota on February 24 and, accompanied by Mrs. Barrett, drove through Virginia and North Carolina, making brief stops at **RICHMOND, PETERSBURG, CHARLOTTESVILLE** and **DANVILLE, VA.** At Wilson, N. C., he was entertained by **WILSON LODGE NO. 840**. Much to his regret the Grand Exalted Ruler found his District Deputy, Ed. W. Davis, P.E.R. of the lodge, ill in a hospital.

At **CHARLESTON, S. C.**, Dr. Barrett was greeted by a large delegation headed by District Deputy James P. Furlong and was entertained at dinner by Exalted Ruler R. M. Wood. On February 27 an official visit was made to **SAVANNAH, GA., LODGE, NO. 183**, where elaborate preparations had been made for his entertainment. A large class was initiated impressively by Exalted Ruler Mitchell R. Young. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Edward A. Dutton, Past Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., delivered a stirring address on the patriotic and charitable ob-

jectives of the Order and praised the fine work Georgia Elks are doing at the Crippled Children's convalescent home and clinic they operate in Atlanta. Dr. Barrett was presented with a sterling silver fruit bowl, appropriately engraved.

The next two weeks were spent by the Grand Exalted Ruler at his winter home in St. Petersburg, Fla., ostensibly on vacation, but most of the time catching up with his voluminous correspondence. He did, however, take advantage of opportunities to pay official visits to **ST. PETERSBURG LODGE NO. 1224** and **CLEARWATER LODGE NO. 1525**. On both visitations classes were initiated in honor of his birthday.

On March 19th the Grand Exalted Ruler began his tour through Florida. Accompanied by District Deputies J. Frank Umstot, of Tampa, and Val C. Cleary, of Miami Beach, he traveled a thousand miles in a week to visit a dozen lodges. He found that every lodge in Florida owned its home without debt and had substantial investments in U. S. War Bonds. The first visit was made to **ORLANDO LODGE NO. 1079**, entertaining a Grand Exalted Ruler for the first time. Exalted Ruler William Buning presided at the dinner, attended by 100 guests. District Deputy Umstot introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. On the following

night members of the official party were guests of **LAKELAND LODGE NO. 1291** at a dinner and card party. Dr. Barrett was lavish in his praise of the home of Lakeland Lodge which he declared was one of the most beautiful he had visited.

TAMPA LODGE NO. 708 had made elaborate preparations for the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit on March 21st. The spacious home was decorated with banners of greeting in honor of Dr. Barrett and a luncheon was given for him at noon in the beautiful ball room, recently remodeled. Former Governors, all the city and county officials, Army and Navy officers and representatives of the principal service clubs were among the 400 guests present. Dr. Barrett delivered one of the most notable of his addresses, urging his audience to do all in their power to keep the program of world cooperation from being sabotaged. That afternoon he made a radio address after which he and Mrs. Barrett were entertained at a six o'clock dinner by District Deputy Umstot who had as his guests the officers of the lodge and their wives. The lodge room was crowded to capacity at the evening meeting at which a "birthday class" of 56 candidates was initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. With the addition of these new members, Exalted Ruler L. D. Simmons achieved a splendid record—a membership increase of 425. The Grand Exalted Ruler was enthusiastic in his praise of the lodge's war work which he declared was not excelled by any lodge in the Order. He was presented with a humidor of Tampa cigars and a gold fountain pen set, and Mrs. Barrett, who was entertained by the ladies, was given some beautiful linen.

On March 22nd Dr. Barrett was the guest of **SARASOTA LODGE NO. 1519** at a luncheon at which 100 members of this thriving lodge gathered to greet him. En route a brief stop was made to meet the officers and members of **BRADENTON LODGE NO. 1511**, and that evening an official visit was made to **FORT MYERS LODGE NO. 1288**. Here there was a splendid outpouring of Elks, more than fifty per cent of the 325



members of the lodge being present. March 23rd will be long remembered by Dr. Barrett because of the magnificent reception and birthday party given him by **MIAMI BEACH LODGE NO. 1601**. Although it was a week in advance of his real birthday, his hosts determined to celebrate it anyhow. A stop was made for a visit to **MIAMI LODGE NO. 948** and the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained by Exalted Ruler George S. Okell and officers of the lodge. After a tour of interesting places on the ocean front, the official party was escorted to the attractive home of Miami Beach Lodge where dinner was served for 500 guests in the patio which runs down to the water's edge. It was a gorgeous setting, with colored electric lights

Above: Doctor Barrett is pictured with present and past officers of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge when he visited there recently. A great many Elks attended, including State Pres. Oliver F. Ash, Jr., and D.D. H. H. Russell.

glistening on the branches of the palm trees. In this patio weekly dances are held for servicemen and more than 100,000 have been entertained. A huge birthday cake was cut by Dr. Barrett while the diners rose and sang "Happy Birthday to You". At the meeting, every seat in the spacious lodge room was filled. There were scores of distinguished guests,

among them being Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight James A. Dunn, of Miami, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia and District Deputies Umstot and Cleary. A class of 17 was initiated by Exalted Ruler Dan Roth who wore his uniform as a sailor in the United States Navy. Dr. Barrett delivered his "Membership Card in the Elks" to the Class and urged all his hearers to carry on their great patriotic and charitable work. He was presented with an antique silver cookie jar made in England more than a 100 years ago.

On March 24th Dr. Barrett was entertained by **FORT LAUDERDALE LODGE NO. 1517** at luncheon and by **WEST PALM BEACH LODGE NO. 1352** at dinner; at both places he was greeted by large delegations. He returned the next day to St. Petersburg and started immediately by automobile for Atlanta, Ga., stopping en route at several lodges in north Florida and south Georgia. (Continued on page 43)



Left: At a reception in Hartford given for Dr. Barrett by the Conn. State Elks Assn. were, standing, Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; seated, P.D.D. C. L. Chapin, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. E. J. Hickey, State of Conn. Police Commissioner.

Below, with their officers, are 57 candidates who were initiated into Newport News, Va., Lodge in the presence of Dr. Barrett and in his honor.



ELKS FORM CLUB ON GUADALCANAL



Even in the South Pacific the spirit of the Order keeps our men together.

ON an island in the South Pacific which few Elks had heard of before the War, members of lodges back in the States have gathered together and set up a club which would do credit to many a town in America. It boasts some sort of record for having the greatest turnover in membership and officers of any group in the Order.

It all started in the late summer of 1944—the brainchild of Army S/Sgt. Ernest C. Frey of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, who was the first to be elected president. While on the prowl for Brother Elks, Sgt. Frey met Army Colonel C. H. Nichols of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 226, who immediately offered the use of his offices in the Army Port Superintendent's Building where the first meetings were held. A handful of Elks searched this island outpost of the Armed Forces for others, and

enlisted the cooperation of the local Army Special Services radio station. Soon 35 Elks gathered at the Port Superintendent's office to discuss plans.

Meetings were held regularly from then on and now the club has an average active, paid-up membership of 60. More than 200 Elks have visited the Guadalcanal club at one time or another, when the Army, Navy and Marine Corps provided them with a temporary residence there. Almost every meeting brings new faces to the clubhouse and all too many sessions end with officers turning over their duties to others, in preparation for departure to the battlefronts, but they carry on with an enthusiasm undimmed by the shadow of war.

After two months of meeting in whatever Army or Navy building was available, the Elks began dreaming of a clubhouse. How they obtained it is one of those things generally called "American ingenuity" but which more nearly resembles a scavenger hunt.

A Quonset hut was salvaged from a dump heap. That was a start, but another problem was to find a site for the

Members of the Guadalcanal Elks club meet in their Quonset hut.

building. No Army or Navy organization wanted the responsibility of a private club on its premises, even for recreational purposes. Through diplomacy, the Elks induced one Army commander to provide land for the clubhouse by making it an official building through its use as a classroom in the daytime.

A Quonset hut, as such, is a drab looking clubhouse, especially when it has no floor, no doors, no windows, no furniture. The boys solved this problem, too. With scrap lumber and beaverboard from the dump heap they turned the interior into a bright and cheerful place. A mechanically inclined Elk rebuilt a generator from scraps discarded by the Armed Forces. From then on, things turned up from all over. Ash trays were built from old bomb casings. A bar was constructed with plywood from a junked building. An electric fan was produced from a motor

(Continued on page 29)



P.M.
for Pleasant Moments



THAT MAN SLIPPING PAST THE TWO GUARDS is Nonius, the Roman senator. *Will they stop him?* If not, Mark Antony will never again see the Great Opal . . . the gem he values so highly! ●●● Since 1898, a gem valued highly by judges of good liquor is William Penn Blended Whiskey. Smooth, mellow, flavorful, it's the *Gem of the Blends!*

Fugitive . . . from a million dollars!



"NAME YOUR OWN PRICE, Nonius, but either you sell me the opal," declared Mark Antony, "or I will have you slain."

Rather than part with his precious opal (worth the equivalent of a million dollars), Nonius fled from Rome . . . taking the precious opal with him and enjoying its beauty through the years. ●●● Mark Antony, who had wanted the gem for Cleopatra, finally

was obliged to choose other gifts as substitutes. But there is no substitute today for the outstanding value of William Penn Blended Whiskey, the GEM OF THE BLENDS! ●●● *Here is a quality whiskey . . . a whiskey famed for wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, and unsurpassed richness of flavor.* No wonder millions say "When" with William Penn!

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS



BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Above are those who attended a testimonial dinner in honor of Judges Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., and Charles W. Froessel at Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

WARREN, O., Lodge, No. 295, celebrated its Golden Anniversary on February 28th, holding the regular lodge session at 4 p.m. and a reception and dinner immediately afterward. About 350 members and guests, including one of the two surviving charter members, P.E.R. William S. Voit, attended.

Around eight in the evening, the spotlight shifted to the stage of the Konold Auditorium where E.R. William J. Gran-

field introduced Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who addressed the audience. No. 295 was praised by D.D. Ray K. Thrasher of Painesville, O., for its excellent community service and its fine work in aiding the Navy's recruiting program.

Before and after the Eleven O'Clock Toast made by State Pres. Joseph Fitzgerald, the crowd enjoyed a floor show.

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on March 13, honored two distinguished members—Judges Charles W. Froessel as Grand Master of the Masonic Order in New York State, and P.E.R. Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum. Both men are Supreme Court Justices and more than 50 members of the judiciary turned out for the occasion. A group of six members of the Appellate Division of the 2nd Department, including P.E.R. Justice Frank F. Adel, was flanked by 26 members of the Supreme Court.

Municipal Court Justice John F. Scilleppi, P.E.R., presided in the absence of E.R. Ensign Frank D. O'Connor, now on duty in Alaska. Assistant District Attorney P.E.R. Albert E. Short presented Justice Froessel with a traveling bag, and P.E.R. Charles O. Lawson gave one to Judge Wenzel. A private dinner for the guests of honor was given before the open meeting.

Below are some of Warren, O., Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers who attended the lodge's 50th Anniversary celebration recently. Chairman Wade H. Kepner of the Board of Grand Trustees stands behind the altar.





Above: Standing behind the Past Exalted Rulers who took part in their initiation are the 41 men who comprised the P.E.R.'s Class of Webster, Mass., Lodge.

Right are the officers of Sanford, Me., Lodge, winners of the Ritualistic Cup donated by the Gannett Publishing Co. of Portland, Me.



ITHACA, N. Y. During the darkest days of World War I, as if to add new terror to "wild war's desolation", the State of New York was swept by a scourge of infantile paralysis that reached epidemic proportions and left in its wake thousands of twisted and distorted little bodies.

Infantile paralysis still becomes epidemic and continues a major problem. It is still baffling those who are spending a lifetime seeking its cause, cure and elimination. But in the years following World War I much has been learned of the possibilities of proper aftercare and the value of therapeutic treatment.

The lamp of hope was lighted in New York when the State Board of Health sent nurses into various localities to establish clinics for the aftercare and treatment of victims of infantile paralysis. One of these nurses made her headquarters in the city of Ithaca at the home of Miss Mary Hibbard. This lady became so interested in the work that she took four of the crippled children into her home and undertook to administer the

treatment which it was hoped would restore them to a useful place in the world. The success of her efforts proved it could be done and her enthusiasm communicated itself to others, with the result that a movement was begun which brought about the establishment of the Ithaca Reconstruction Home, said to be the first

institution devoted exclusively to aftercare and treatment of victims of poliomyelitis.

One of the leaders in the movement and one of the founders of the Home was the late Virgil D. Morse. This kindly gentleman enlisted the support of the Elks and other organizations; he de-

Right: Officials of Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge happily inspect the check for \$3,800 raised by the lodge's Birthday Ball for the relief of infantile paralysis.



Below: A photograph taken when State Vice-Pres. T. R. Beales paid a homecoming visit to Newark, N. Y., Lodge. D.D. R. J. Roche, State Pres. L. R. Dowd and State Trustee J. B. Keane were there.





Above are those who were present when Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, seated fourth from right, visited Tampa, Fla., Lodge recently.

Right: Superintendent L. J. Gaurnier of the Ithaca Reconstruction Home holds the check for \$1,600 which the Elks gave to the Home at a meeting at Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge.



livered illustrated lectures throughout his section of the State; he gave unsparingly of his time, money and ability to the cause in which he was wholeheartedly enlisted.

The work of the Ithaca Reconstruction Home from the beginning attracted the attention of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. Judge Hulbert was so impressed with its efforts on behalf of crippled children that, as a member of the Elks National Foundation, he recommended a contribution of \$2,000, the first of the Foundation's allotments to the State of New York.

When infantile paralysis recently became rampant in New York again, the Home was taxed to three times its capacity, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert was appealed to once more. He recommended to Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett an emergency appropriation of \$1,600 for the purchase of essential equipment, and Dr. Barrett, with proper concurrence, made the sum available to the Home. In the meantime, a director of the Morse Chain Company, with which Virgil Morse had been associated, died, and the family requested that no flowers be sent, but added to the request a statement that those desiring to send floral tributes might send the amount they would spend for this purpose as a contribution to the Ithaca Reconstruction Home. Friends responded with nearly \$600, and other sources, struck by the unique appeal, contributed so generously that \$1,600 was raised before the Grand Exalted Ruler's check was received. Dr. Barrett was informed

of the circumstances, but in view of the good work and great need, he ordered the check turned over to the Home as previously planned.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, who was unable to attend in person, delegated D.D. Roy D. Martin of the New York South Central District to make the presentation of the check on behalf of the Grand Lodge. This was done at a dinner tendered by Ithaca Lodge No. 636, attended by the personnel of the Cornell Athletic Association and the Army and Navy officers stationed at the University. The check was accepted by the Home's superintendent, L. J. Gaurnier, who expressed the deep appreciation of the directors for the generosity of the Elks and the Order's fine spirit of cooperation in the Home's efforts.

Below, with the lodge officers, is a photograph of the Class initiated into Kingman, Ariz., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Robert South Barrett.

HOBART, OKLA., Lodge, No. 881, held a "Family Night" not long ago and it was a huge success. What with the games, entertainment and refreshments, everyone had a lot of fun; now it's a monthly event.

Nearly 100 people—the members, their wives and their children—attended the second affair. Mayor J. J. Hunter, a member of No. 881, said a few words and Lt. Harley Broom, USN, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, saw to it that there wasn't a dull moment.

DES PLAINES, ILL. Recently, under the guidance of E.R. Howard A. Becker, Des Plaines Lodge No. 1526 initiated a class of 26 candidates. The ritualistic team which represented 11 of the State's 16 Northeast District lodges did a wonderful job. Larry Barrett, initiated at the preceding meeting, stuck his neck out and promised to bring in seven new members. He did.

Over 200 local and visiting Elks enjoyed an oyster supper after the ceremonies.





SAN BENITO, TEX., Lodge, No. 1661, was the second in the State to meet and oversubscribe the individual lodge quota—in this case \$2,675—for the Elks Crippled Children Institute at Ottine, Texas. The Institute, an infantile paralysis recovery center, is one of the pet projects of the Texas State Elks. Sixty-five San Benito members who donated \$25 apiece will have their names engraved on the memorial certificate to be placed in the cornerstone of the Center's new 40-bed hospital.

WAYNESBORO, PA., Lodge, No. 731, has found the perfect way to bridge the distance between home folks and members of their families in the Service through the publication of the "Elk-O-Gram", a home-town newspaper published by the lodge's War Committee. It reaches every camp and base in all branches of the Armed Forces, and hun-

Above: Those who attended one of Hobart, Okla., Lodge's Family Nights. Five WAVEs from Clinton Naval Air Station were special guests.

dreds of grateful letters come back from all over the globe.

The idea grew out of the Elks War Commission's "Write 'Em a Letter" campaign, when P.E.R. J. M. Foreman, Chairman of No. 731's War Committee, thought up the idea of publishing a monthly newsletter, with a smart heading designed by Publicity Director W. J. Davis—the Elks' emblem is used for the "O" in Elk-O-Gram. When the lodge okayed the project and funds were made available it was decided to print two "letters"—one for the general public, the other for Elks in the Service.

Just about all the local news gets into the paper in "digest" form and the home-

town pictures on the reverse side of the sheet have gone over big. Over 100 Waynesboro Elks are in uniform, and over 2,000 copies of the newsletter are mailed every month.

No. 731's War Committee participated actively in the nurses recruitment program and recently 906 books were collected for the Merchant Marine Library Association. "G" Boxes are sent out regularly and every departing local selectee is given two packs of cigarettes.

RACINE, WIS., Lodge, No. 252, has the activities of the "Elkats"—flying cadets sponsored by No. 252—posted on a bulletin board in the game room of its home. Several of the cadets have been casualties of the war, but one of them came home recently on leave after his last mission over Manila. He is Capt. Marvin Grant and wears the Silver Star for gallantry, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal, both with oak leaf clusters, as well as several battle scars.

Capt. Grant was initiated on Feb. 28 along with 32 other members of the lodge's "State Association Class". State officers and visiting Elks from Kenosha and Milwaukee, Wis., were present.

Left are some of the Elk dignitaries who were present at Dixon, Ill., Lodge's mortgage burning. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner is third from the right.

Below: Corvallis, Ore., Lodge's set-up for its "Logger's Night" when a large "tree" was actually cut down in the lodge room.





Above is the class initiated into Leechburg, Pa., Lodge in honor of S. S. Stitt.

OTTUMWA, IA., Lodge, No. 347, at a special meeting, received from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner its second Honorary Founder's Certificate as a testimonial to P.E.R. Clyde E. Jones of No. 347, who was Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1934 and is now a Justice of the Grand Forum. With dinner at six-thirty, E.R. Lloyd Winger opened the meeting and then introduced the Toastmaster, P.E.R. William C. Brunk, D.D. for Iowa, Southeast.

Lots of nice things about Mr. Jones were said by State Pres. Henry D. Duker, Centerville, Chairman C. E. Richards, Jr., of the Iowa Elks War Commission, Fort Madison, and Mr. Warner. D.D.'s Edward H. Kane of Cedar Rapids and C.L. Mattice of Fort Dodge, and State Treasurer Arthur P. Lee of Marshalltown were there. Several other Iowa lodges sent delegates and their Exalted Rulers.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Lodge, No. 839, had twenty of its former leaders at Past Exalted Rulers Night this year. The high spot of the meeting was the Rehabilitation Committee's report telephoned from California by Chairman Joe E. Brown, a member of No. 839. Through special amplifying equipment installed for the evening, not a word was lost.

In case you didn't know it, Joe E. Brown is the movie and radio star, author of "Your Kids and Mine". What he learned about our men and women in the Services during his travels from one battle front to another to entertain them is now proving to be of great value to the lodge in its rehabilitation work.

ELLWOOD CITY, PA., Lodge, No. 1356, has a Blood Donors Committee with a mighty fine record. Evidence of this is Exhibit "A"—the blood donor honor roll, crowded with names, set up for all to see in the lodge home. A star opposite each member's name indicates that he has contributed a pint of blood. The big board excites lively interest and many of those who stop to read the names decide to go and do likewise. Some of the early

**Notice Regarding
Applications for Residence
At Elks National Home**

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

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

donors are now in the Armed Forces.

Another in the series of entertainments No. 1356 is sponsoring for our wounded soldiers was put on in February at Deshon General Hospital in Butler. Loaded with talent, the radio show "Memory Time" was broadcast from the Hospital over KDKA. An extra hour's program was enjoyed by the vets who made up the "studio audience". The announcement that the show's 26-piece orchestra would stick around until eleven o'clock was received with cheers. Members of the Alpha Gradale Sorority were the boys' hostesses and dancing partners. The patients made no bones about how much they appreciated the whole evening.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Lodge, No. 299, follows almost to the letter the plan adopted by the Grand Exalted Ruler's home lodge—Alexandria, Va.—in assisting and rehabilitating members returning from war duties. At a recent meeting a committee of five was appointed

and \$1,000 was allocated for rehabilitation requirements of members of No. 299 in the near future.

The Board of Trustees was instructed to continue earmarking funds for these Elks up to the sum of \$5,000. P.E.R. Walter J. Pfister is Chairman of the lodge's Rehabilitation Commission.

CHICAGO, ILL., Lodge, No. 4, has forwarded to the Grand Exalted Ruler a check for \$50 payable to the Manila Lodge Rehabilitation Fund and a copy of a Resolution introduced by James R. Mills, a member, which was adopted by the lodge as a result of its desire to lend a helping hand. As Elks and as individual Americans, the members of No. 4 feel keenly the suffering undergone by their Manila Brothers.

FORT MYERS, FLA. When the Elks of Fort Myers Lodge No. 1288 found out that the Rabe O. Wilkinson Post of the American Legion was having trouble raising funds to aid war veterans to obtain Federal benefits, they stepped right up with enough money to finance the project for three and a half months. Early in February No. 1288 voted a welcome gift of \$700 which was presented by the lodge's Secretary, P.E.R. Fred M. Lowdermilk, himself a Legionnaire. At that time the job was handled on a volunteer basis, but the increasing numbers of discharged veterans created the need for a paid man, so a full-time Service Officer has been put to work.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 682, purchased two new E. & J. resuscitators, fitted with both aspirator and inhalator apparatus, and presented them to two local hospitals as permanent equipment. These machines were bought with funds which had been set aside for the annual Christmas entertainment for needy children. Due to lack of talent and equipment, the party was called off for 1944; the resuscitators were secured instead, and put into use immediately at both Passavant Memorial and Our Savior's Hospitals in Jacksonville.

McCOOK, NEB., Lodge, No. 1434, has given its community the Red Willow County Honor Roll, erected at a cost of \$1,200 in Norris Park—named in honor of the late Senator G. W. Norris. The monument, 26 feet high, is six feet at the base where already more than 1,300 names are inscribed. With the lodge's Honor Roll Committee keeping the records up to date, each month names are added so that every serviceman and woman in the county is honored.

(Continued on page 38)



Left: Two war heroes meet as Elks. Captain Arthur T. Ensley, right, who joined the Order a year ago, congratulates Major Richard I. Bong, Ace of Aces, on his initiation into Superior, Wis., Lodge.

Genius for Ingenuity

(Continued from page 5)

vehicle of our Army. A tank transporter weighs 42 tons, can carry a 40-ton tank and is 59 feet long with prime mover and trailer. This \$80,000 monster has 12 speeds forward, gets two miles on a gallon of gas and has 18 tires, each 52 inches high with 900 pounds of pressure. There is enough rubber on each wheel for 14 ordinary tires and the weight of the vehicle and pay-load is so enormous that the life expectancy of each tire is no more than 6000 miles and the bolts snap like matchsticks. It takes one hour to change a tire, even with a special hoist mounted on the prime mover, and the bolts must be checked every half-hour. When the t.t. hits its maximum speed of 30 miles an hour, it feels as though you're plunging through space on a locomotive that has jumped the track.

The ranking man of the crew was Sgt. Calvin Petersen of Bemidji, Minn. Petersen is 22 and looked twice his age. His eyes appeared to operate on a retractable device, controlled by utter fatigue, that pulled them deep into the sockets and he spoke in that quiet, unemotional manner characteristic of all soldiers who have been conquered and ground down by a job that overwhelms their will to oppose it. Petersen and his crew, Privates Jack Larson, Lynd, Minn.; Willard Stroud, Jerusalem, Ark.; Ken Tuggle, Shelbyville, Mo., were dirty, cold and miserable; they had

nothing but their companionship to give them assurance that they really were human beings.

They had been on the road for a solid month, hauling tanks and ammunition from the 1st Army front, and they averaged 18 hours of driving a day. Petersen struggled with the 40-ton behemoth in 10-hour stretches before turning the wheel over to the relief man. They had not slept in a bed or seen a movie since D Day; they had slept indoors only six nights in half a year. When weariness or weather forced them to stop for the night, they parked along the road and threw their bed-rolls under the trailer with one man standing guard. The crew of the t.t. must be a self-sufficient unit; the armored cab of the prime mover was strewn with their few possessions— toilet articles, blankets, small arms, cans of K and C rations and stale chunks of French bread. The four lived in a small world bounded by the limits of their conversation and for them there was no escape from it.

There were rougher deals for a trucker. Pfc. Bruce Burnett, 22, of Jefferson, Ohio, didn't even have the small comfort of companionship. He was high-balling top priority stuff to the 3rd Army that couldn't wait for convoys. He was the one-man crew of a truck meant to carry 10 tons and never took off without 18 tons aboard. The added

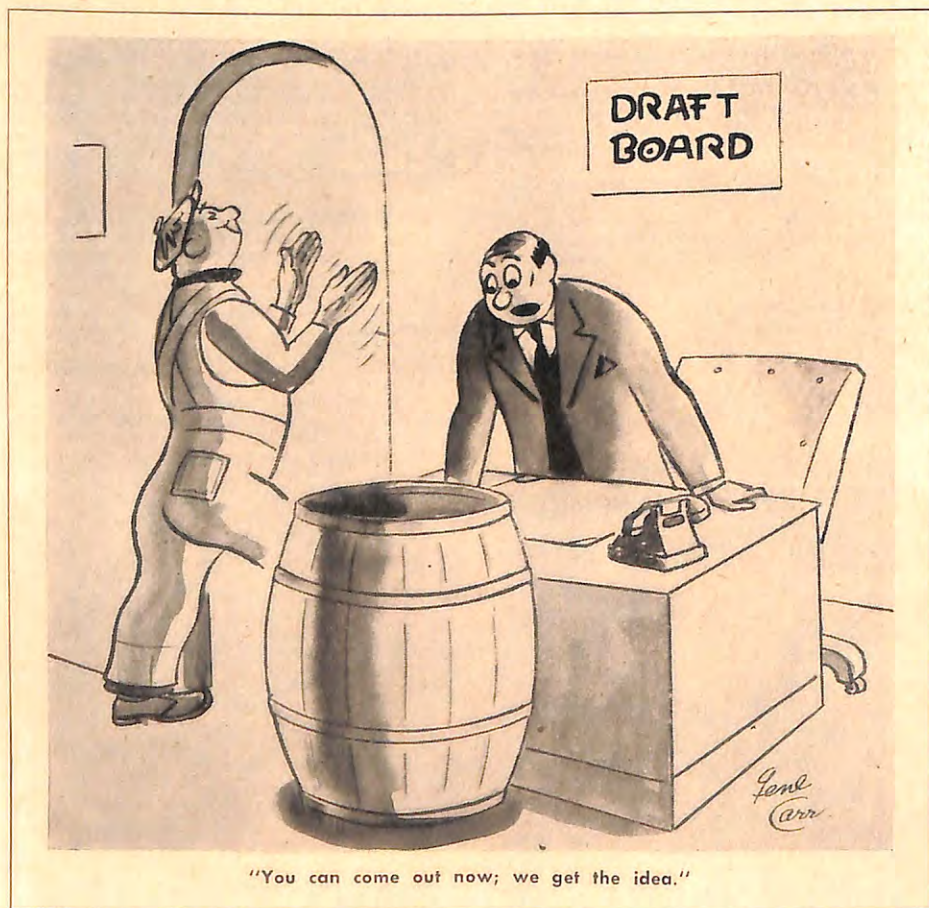
weight was murder on the tires and a day without a flat was, to Burnett, like a 48-hour pass in Paris. It was something so far beyond his expectations that he couldn't conceive of it.

When I saw Burnett at an Ordnance depot near Paris, he was arguing, quietly and desperately, with every officer in sight. A succession of flats finally had left him without a spare five miles down the road and he had persuaded an M.P. to guard the truck while he went in search of another tire. (Leaving an unattended vehicle in a military area is a crime slightly less heinous than desertion in the face of the enemy.) He had walked five miles through mud and rain—war without mud and rain is as unthinkable as a radio program without a commercial—to the depot, only to be told they were fresh out of the tire size he needed and same would not be available until the morning. Now Burnett was insisting to lieutenants and colonels that he just had to get that damn' tire. He was several hundred miles from the base of his authority and the war would still be going on if he got to it 12 hours later, but Burnett felt his responsibility so keenly that the supreme luxury of a shower and a real bed, his first in months, held no interest for him.

"My lieutenant will eat my head off," he muttered. "This stuff I'm truckin' they need bad up there. Maybe I should of scrounged a tire somewhere. Who the hell ever heard of a big depot runnin' out of tires?"

The public at home hears of Ordnance only when Gen. Eisenhower appeals for more heavy ammunition at the front, when Gen. Somervell tells of the critical need for tires or when a brass hat in the WPB views with alarm shortages in materiel. War is an unending business of shortages; there never was an army with extended supply lines that had enough of everything. Ordnance carries 350,000 different items in stock, from a needle for sewing tarpaulin to a new tank engine, and it inevitably is caught short somewhere. The problem is to meet emergencies decisively and no one ever will compute how much time the resourcefulness of the Ordnance people gained for our armies and how much money they saved the taxpayer. Again, it is a tribute to the mechanical know-how of our G.I.—which is an abbreviation of Genius for Ingenuity.

More than 60 percent of the American vehicles rolling in Europe today have been salvaged from possible junking by Ordnance ingenuity. This appears to be a fantastic estimate until you've seen the roads in the E.T.O., which never were built to accommodate military traffic. For every vehicle and tank destroyed in combat, another one is lost to terrain and weather. Secondary roads in France began to crumble under the weight of enormous loads a week after the invasion started and they have been getting progressively



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worse with the passage of every vehicle over them, breaking up equipment as they deteriorate themselves. A truck engine that normally gives 100,000 miles of smooth performance lasts only 20,000 miles under Army usage; tank engines burn out after 1000 miles. The mileage expectancy of a tire is reduced two-thirds and the majority are recapped four times before they are consigned to the scrap heap. And when the tire on a big baby goes, an awful lot of rubber flows down the drain with it. The prime mover and trailer of one 240-mm. gun require the equivalent of 540 civilian tires.

And the mud. Mud to Ordnance is a worse enemy than combat losses, weather and bad roads combined. You read about the mud and you see it in newsreels, but you have no concept of what military mud is until you've lived and slept in it and you've seen trucks dig themselves into it until the hood is level with the surface of the slimy goo. At the Cherbourg loading area, where practically all our equipment was landed until Antwerp was taken, the mud was so deep that tractors were needed to pull trucks in and out of the place after September.

Natural conditions impose terrific strains on men and machines, yet our men constantly are coming up with new, bright ideas to improve the machines, apart from ordinary maintenance. The history of the sweep from Normandy to the Siegfried Line was, in a measure, a series of stories with one theme: Individual improvisation that accelerated the progress of the Army across France.

Sgt. Andrew J. Campana of Port Chester, N. Y., and the men of a Maintenance Company could tell the invasion was about to be sprung by the amount of work that suddenly deluged them. Their special detail was to waterproof vehicles against the few, dangerous minutes they would be immersed in the salt water of the English Channel while getting off the LSTS to the beaches. This one company handled 80,000 vehicles in three months and an incredible percentage of the work was accomplished in the five days and nights preceding the loading of the invasion armada. Campana is a pretty rugged fellow; he worked in the pits at the Indianapolis Speedway for Ralph DiPalma and Russell Snowberger and on three occasions he was a relief driver in the 500-mile race. He could take it, all right, and it was well that he could. He and his men had no sleep for five days and five nights while they rushed the job to completion. In the over-all planning of the operation, it was imperative that the vehicles, probably to be unloaded in from three to six feet of water, should be able to run immediately without further maintenance or replacement of parts. Some of the cars were submerged as long as eight minutes, but all moved under their own power as soon as their wheels touched bottom. Sergeant Campana was awarded the Bronze Star for the job on behalf of his Company.

Once the beachhead was established, an unforeseen deficiency developed in the bearings of propeller shafts on DUKWS (Ducks), those sea-going jeeps that were indispensable for ferrying troops and equipment from the landing craft to the shore. Since the trouble was not anticipated, no spare parts were carried in stock. The trouble—and it was serious—was a cinch for GIngenuity. The guys carved bearings from apple trees, and the juices in the wood, acting with the water, were sufficient lubrication for the gadget.

Then our tanks began to catch all kinds of hell in the hedgerows of Normandy. These growths were so thick and strong that a tank attempting to go through them was inclined to climb, exposing its unarmored belly to enemy fire. Time was too short to design and import from the United States a blade that could be attached to the tanks for uprooting the hedgerows. The problem was dumped into Ordnance's lap and it wasn't coddled long. Crews collected the sharp, heavy beach obstacles planted by the Germans to impede the Allied landings, put them on mobile machine welding shops and drove to battle areas, where the things were welded on the tanks. Our armor burst through the hedgerows, fanned out and raced across the breadth of France in a month.

Patton's infantry and armor chased the krauts across France so fast that they outraced their supply lines. At the height of the drive against Metz, a critical shortage of spark plugs for tanks suddenly popped. Sgts. Matthews and Jensen, the heroes of the emergency repair job on the Bovie knife told earlier, made adjustments on plugs so that they could be used and not only solved a critical supply problem, but saved the Army \$160,000, the normal cost of the spark plugs.

At the same time Patton began to scream for heavy ammunition and more of it. Transportation and Ordnance yelled back that a battery of big guns fired in five minutes more stuff than one truck could bring up—and did the General know it was a 1000-mile round-trip to Cherbourg? A lieutenant colonel from New London, Conn. thought all the bad language was most ungentlemanly and of absolutely no help whatever. He scrounged around until he found vast quantities of captured German guns and ammunition at Verdun and in the Argonne Forest. It required no great imagination to point the guns the other way and kill Germans with German ammunition. That was easy, and Patton's loud cries for firepower were satisfied until our own stuff could be brought up. The colonel's ingenuity saved untold millions. Each German 75-mm. shell fired costs \$20 F.O.B., plus transportation from the Ohio to the Moselle.

Patton's armor swirled around Metz and approached Nancy. The Germans braced and in one sharp engagement the 6th Armored Division lost 27 combat vehicles, tanks and half-tracks. That night Maj. Raymond B. Graeves of Silver Springs, Md., a former ac-

countant who somehow had gotten mixed up with Ordnance, went out on the battlefield and hauled the 27 battered machines to the shops four miles behind the lines. An Ordnance battalion labored all night and had every vehicle in action the following morning. Major Graeves was decorated by Patton for that job.

The liberated French began to demand the right to kill Germans and General Ike concurred heartily in their heart's desire. There was one small drawback to the splendid idea, though. The French had no weapons and the Allies had none to divert to them. Eighty Ordnance men working in a shop near Paris attacked a stock-pile of damaged German rifles that had been captured. A week later 2000 serviceable weapons were delivered to the French. That was back in October. The same eighty men have been giving 2000 rifles weekly to our allies.

Asking the French to use second-hand equipment was not an insult. A goodly percentage of the small arms and artillery pieces our own forces are using comes from the same source. After a battle, Ordnance scavenger crews scour the field for all damaged equipment and haul it to a rear area. Two artillery guns struck by the same shell and reduced to twisted junk presently emerge as one reassembled gun. Every salvageable part of all our equipment, from trucks that have collided head-on to rifles with broken barrels but intact stocks, is collected and sorted and eventually goes back into action again. Sometimes the Ordnance guys, in their zeal to carry their service as far forward as possible, precede the infantry. That happened in the drive on Aachen, when an Ordnance battalion landed in Roetgen and discovered there was nothing in front of them but krauts. The mechanics dug in and prepared to defend themselves if necessary. It wasn't, but they could have done a pretty fair job. Like all other GIs in the Army, Ordnance men are given combat training before going overseas.

In a sense, the Ordnance branch is an army of civilians in military uniforms, for the majority of the about 180,000 Ordnance men in the E.T.O. are working at the identical jobs they held before induction. It is an army of specialists and tinkerers and for that reason it is an enormously efficient army. You know how it is with men who like to fool around with machines and gadgets. A fellow who gets a bang (esthetic) from handling a good gun will forget his wife and happy home if he can fondle a new toy, and for him the Army is a tinkerer's heaven—with hellish living conditions. On the authority of Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, commander of the Army Service Forces, virtually every weapon used by the Army today is different from the counterpart that was regulation when we went to war in 1941. In addition to U. S. Army equipment constantly checked for performance and possible improvements, there are captured enemy weapons to be analyzed

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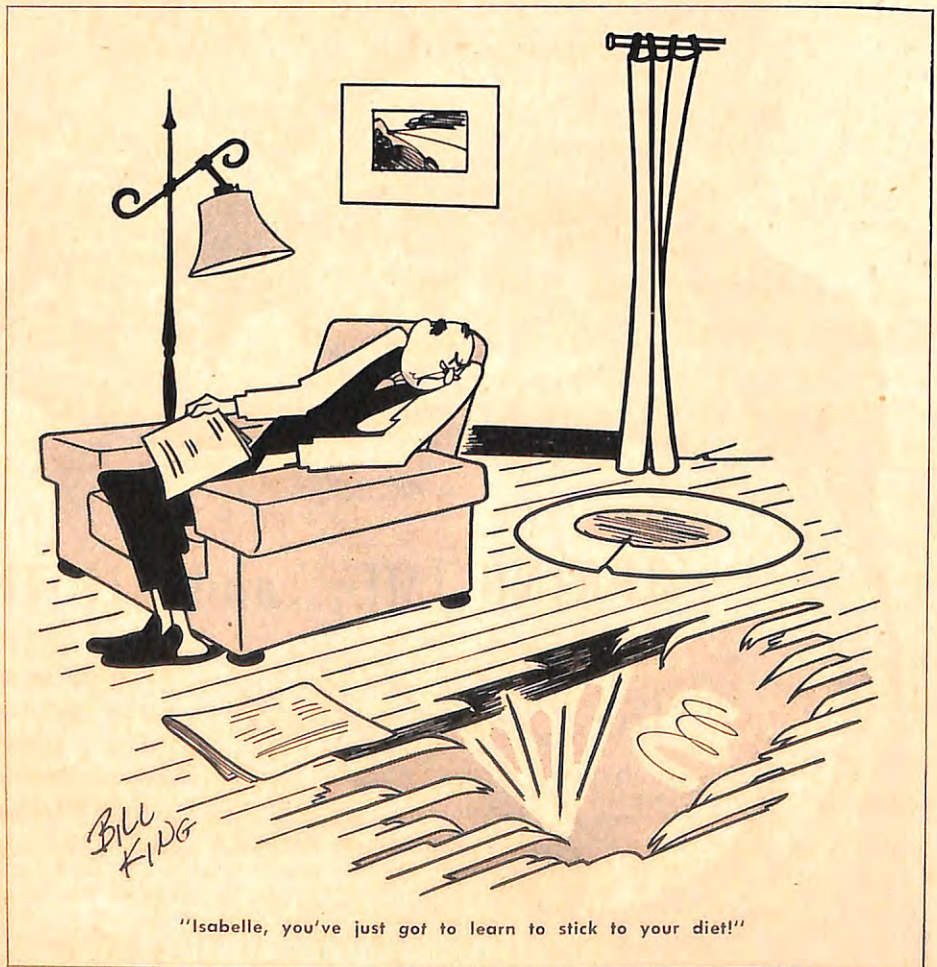
The finest automobile mechanics in the business now are working for Uncle Sam—five times as hard for half the pay—in the vast garages and repair shops set up throughout the E.T.O. and England to service the 128 different types of vehicles listed in the Army's Table of Equipment. Once again, America's industry and standard of living were of inestimable value in preparing the country for this war. When they were plunged into it, the English and Russians had to train thousands of unskilled men to drive and service their vehicles. Traffic conditions in British sectors—the only ones of which I'm qualified to speak—suggest pretty pointedly that Tommy, the product of a highly industrialized society, isn't in the same league with G.I. Joe in handling and taking care of his truck. After the liberation of Paris, the Provisional Government was forced to issue emergency calls for men to drive available trucks into the surrounding countryside to bring in food for the hungry people.

Such measures astonish Americans, who were accustomed to seeing kids pay \$25 or \$50 for a chassis, four wheels and something resembling a motor, then making the jalopy run like a two-bit tie in a rainstorm.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the National Automobile Dealers Association recruited five regiments of mechanics, totaling 12,000 men, to answer

the hurry calls broadcast by Ordnance. Special instructors needed to teach enlisted men maintenance of Army equipment were drawn from such ready reservoirs of talent as General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. At one time in 1942, more than 20,000 men were being trained at these industrial plants. In all, there were thirty schools for Ordnance specialists giving eight-week courses to enlisted men and four weeks of concentrated study to officers. At least two of the schools, at Los Angeles and Aberdeen, Md., were larger than M.I.T.

The Army had to disassociate Ordnance men, like all soldiers, from civilian life and working methods that conflicted with military practice, but the Army could not break its mechanical legions of a habit learned during peacetime in garages and filling stations; The principle that the customer always is right. If a GI brings in a truck or a gun damaged through sheer negligence, Ordnance people don't waste time asking him how he smashed the thing or stall him by saying it is good enough to be used. They give the guy a new unit, if one is available, or fix it for him immediately. In a battle area, no job stays in a shop more than 24 hours. If the repair work requires more time, the customer is given another piece of equipment, new, repaired or stolen. In civilian life, severe competition forced mechanics to operate in this fashion. The competitive spur is not



present in the Army, but there is a stronger incentive for giving the customer the best service possible. Everyone wants to win the war and get home.

The war is so big that it staggers the imagination of anyone to comprehend it, but its scope can be expressed vaguely in terms of Ordnance. The Table of Organization for each infantry division calls for 14,248 men. Each division is issued 1102 watches, and lives depend on the infallible accuracy of the timepieces. The movements of platoons and squads on patrol duty are synchronized in split seconds; artillery fire may kill our own troops if the man pulling the lanyard of the gun is guided by a faulty watch. Now a watch is a delicate instrument and artillery concussion alone, to make no mention of strenuous wear and tear, will throw it out of balance. So there are several hundred men in the E.T.O. who do nothing all day but sit in a shed with jewelers' gadgets screwed in their eyes, repairing watches.

The convoy of one infantry division stretches 69 miles on the open road. An armored division spreads out 30 more miles. Each vehicle in the convoy is an integral part of the whole; if one breaks down, it must be repaired immediately so that it arrives at the rendezvous with the others, Ordnance cars patrol the convoy to pounce upon a lame-duck and get it rolling again. A 240-mm. howitzer throws a projectile that weighs 360 pounds, plus a heavy powder charge. A battery of four guns, firing in serenade, will burn up almost a ton in a few seconds; one battalion on a busy day will need the capacity of a Liberty ship to supply it.

These—watches, spare parts, ammunition—are only three of the 350,000 items Ordnance designs, supervises in manufacture, transports to the front and replaces with its corps of trained specialists. A miracle of organization does the job, but basically it is founded upon the individual ingenuity, initiative and improvisation of the GI.

There are five echelons in the assembly line that keeps the stuff flowing smoothly to the front. The lowest GI himself, with whom preventive echelon is the most important. It is the maintenance begins. He is responsible for cleaning his weapon, for putting oil in the crankcase of his vehicle, air in the tires, anti-freeze in the radiator or keeping the batteries of his radio in good shape.

The second step is contained in a little tool kit carried by battlefield mechanics. If something goes out of whack, they hop to it with their wrenches and screw-drivers. They must be able to eliminate the trouble at once or mark it for consignment to a rear area. There simply isn't time to experi-

ment and explore when all hell is breaking loose.

The third echelon is a unit replacement job and usually is pitched behind the battle area. Here again, time is of the utmost importance and the limit is four to eight hours. If a tank engine breaks down, the third echelon installs an entirely new engine; there are facilities for fixing the engine, but not at the front. If one gear of the transmission is stripped, a brand new transmission unit is put into the car.

Intricate repair work is done by the fourth echelon on a 24-hour basis. There the facilities exist for rebuilding a truck careless enough to have run over a mine or a 155-mm. rifle that burned out a vital part. These guys are more resourceful than a confirmed alcoholic with no money and a consuming thirst. If the spare parts are on hand, they'll do the job somehow.

The fifth and last echelon is the tinkerer's and salvage specialist's delight. All discarded equipment ultimately gets back here for eventual reclamation and one of these depots is a rather incredible sight. The largest depot on the Continent is near Paris. The installation, commanded by a colonel of Newark, N. J., covers considerable territory and within its limits are the world's largest junk yard, garage, tire recapping plant and weapons and optical repair shop rolled into one.

The main thing is that Ordnance anticipates and fills the needs of the field commanders so well that it compels the admiration of those gentlemen, who are lavish with praise only for the combat soldier. Last July, just before the breakthrough in Normandy at St. Lo, General Patton made a surprise inspection tour of the services of supply for his 3rd Army. The general was watching a detail of enlisted men welding hedgerow cutters on his beloved tanks when he noticed the gleam of officer's bars shining through the stifling dust and heat waves in a German balloon hangar near Valognes. The man was wearing dirty fatigues and he was as sweaty and as smelly as the most disreputable looking dogface, but he undeniably was an officer.

"What are you doing in that outfit?" the General demanded.

Second Lt. Unto Lahti, a young fellow of Finnish descent from Oakland, Calif., responded with a startled salute. "I had nothing else to do, sir, so I thought I'd give the guys a hand."

Patton unstrapped a candid camera, which is much a part of his uniform as his four stars and pearl-handled pistols. He bowed in courtly fashion to Lt. Lahti.

"Do you mind if I take your picture?" he asked. "I've always wanted one of a second lieutenant working."



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Rod AND Gun



**Why not shoot the works
on a real fishing trip?**

By Ray Trullinger

WE WERE working over a drawing and listening to our arteries harden when the Doc wheeled in the driveway on four new synthetic tires. This unexpected interruption was not unwelcome. Aside from radiating quiet good cheer and certain hospital smells which we find utterly fascinating, the gentleman's occasional appearances always afford an excuse to knock off whatever we're doing, break out a bottle and start shooting the breeze—mostly about fishing and hunting, which, next to infected gall bladders, assorted tumors and other human ailments, are the doctor's principal interests.

"What chicken scratchings are these?" he questioned, peering over our shoulder. "You designing a new four-wheeled kiddie car?"

"I am whipping up the answer to the postwar sportsman's prayer," we replied with dignity, "and let's have no wise cracks, please. And you might go a bit easy on that Scotch, too. It's six bucks a bottle and increasingly difficult to buy."

The medic splashed out a generous four fingers of whisky, added soda and ice and settled back in his chair. "Go on from there," he urged, "I am all ears."

"Along with a few million other Joes," we began, "I'm planning to revisit some favorite old fishing and gunning grounds, backtrack some old trails and maybe prowl some new ones. And this is what I plan to do it with, come those happy days after the Japs and Krauts have tossed in the sponge. A perfectly equipped station wagon for the rod and gunner who hankers to get caught up with about four years of war-interrupted shootin' and fishin'."

"A worthy ambition," answered the Doc, scanning our design with

interest over the top of his highball glass. "But I'm afraid you're court-ing disillusionment. Your favorite old fishing holes probably are denuded of fish now, and full of rusty tin cans and other debris. And likely as not those leafy trails you prowled of yore are concrete highways, cluttered with juke joints and other eyesores. But tell me about this dream gasoline chariot of yours. Mental cases interest me, although they're not exactly my specialty."

We ignored this last insult and indicated the drawing with a pencil point.

"Look. First, the usual back seats all come out to make room for built-in boxes which will hold rod or gun cases, a streamlined camp cooking outfit and an outboard motor. From each side of the car will hang hinged bunks, made of welded aluminum pipes, which can be let down at night and folded back out of the way when not in use. Each will hold a pneumatic mattress and a good sleeping bag."

"I would rather do my sleeping at a tourist camp or country hotel," the medic broke in.

"So would I," we answered him. "But they're not always convenient to good shooting and fishing. Occasionally it's a lot easier to sleep out right at the scene of activity. Saves a lot of tiresome driving. And you're never stymied for lack of accommodations."

"Okay, okay," the Doc replied. "So you sleep out in the car and get your ears chewed off by mosquitoes."

"Not in this car you don't," we corrected him. "This car is equipped with sliding screens on each side which let that cool night air in but keep the bugs out. I think I'll patent the idea."

"Do," replied the medic dryly. "I

doubt anyone else has ever thought of that scheme. What is this curious looking dingus?"

"That," we replied, "is the built-in icebox. Nifty, eh?" we added, and not without pride.

"What in God's name do you want with an icebox on a automobile?" he questioned, obviously astonished.

"Why," we replied, "to carry perishables, of course. You know. Beefsteaks. Butter. Cream. That sort of stuff."

"Beefsteaks?" echoed our friend. "Butter? Cream?" It was obvious he was completely puzzled.

"Yeah," we explained. "You've forgotten. We used to get all three from cows before the Great White Father introduced us to the Better and More Abundant Life. Butter is that yellow sort of stuff your mother used to smear on bread. Remember? I figure all will come back from Shangri La after the war, maybe."

"Beefsteaks!" the doctor murmured dreamily. "Imagine broiling a prime sirloin over hardwood coals beside a trout stream! Do you honestly think the beefsteak will come back, or is it gone forever, like the heath hen?"

"This," we continued, indicating the drawing and ignoring his plaintive question, "is the trailer hitch. The trailer, a specially designed underslung job, will carry a laydown gunning boat for open-water duck shooting, or one of those little inboard-powered Gibbs' skiffs, which are the McCoy for salmon or striped bass trolling. The trailer also will be a welded aluminum pipe job for lightness, and padded in the right places so the boat will 'ride' nicely and not get banged around in rough going.

"In addition, there will be a canoe carrier on top of the station wagon; rod sockets for surfing sticks on each side of the front seat and inside the car will be a gadget which will permit traveling with jointed flyrods. And what a blessing that will be on brushy roads!"

THE doctor helped himself to another splash of Scotch, diluted it with a squirt of soda and added a lump of ice.

"Okay," he said. "The war is over and you have your super-duper station wagon and all your trick gadgets. You're all set to go. Where you gonna go?"

"Late March would be the time for us to start out," we answered him. "But first you would have to get a fancy sign painted to hang on your office door. Something like: 'Gone to lunch. Back next Fall.'"

"What's this!" exclaimed the Doc. "So I'm mixed up in your postwar loafing plans, eh?"

"You certainly are!" we replied. "In fact, you are practically indispensable to the success of this projected fishing trip for reasons which presently will be revealed. But we digress:

"We'd shove off in March and head straight south for Stuart, Florida, where we would begin catching up on our fishing in a big way. You

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know what? Sailfish run in schools off Stuart. You don't just catch one now and then; you catch 'em five, six, a dozen a day. No kiddin'."

"Go on, go on," urged the Doc. "Let's hear more of your alluring lies. We'd catch a few dozen assorted sailfish and then what?"

"Then we'd haul our little inboard-powered skiff off the trailer, launch it, and go to work on those bluefish, snappers, jacks and the Lord only knows what else around St. Lucie Inlet. When we'd had enough of that, we'd go up the river and jerk the ears off some 25-pound snook. Boy! Do I know a spot for those babies!"

"How long would this delightful nonsense go on?" the medic questioned.

"Until late April," we answered him. "By that time the squeaks would be out of our hinges and we'd be in shape to go places. Next stop would be North Carolina's Outer Banks and channel bass would be the objective. Ever battle a 35-pound channel bass in the pounding surf?" we questioned.

The doctor shook his head in the negative. "No, but it sounds like a lot of fun."

"You don't know the half of it, dearie," we replied. "And we'd wrestle around with 200-pound sharks at night. Ever battle a big shark along the beach for a mile or two on a moonlight night? Well, that's something to experience on a surf rod. And if we stuck around Hatteras or Ocracoke until the first week in May, we'd maybe hit the vanguard of that bluefish run. And that, little man, would be the payoff!"

"You make it sound awfully nice," the Doc broke in, "but what would we be using for money about that time?"

"I have the answer for that one, too," we replied. "I neglected to remark that we would take along the tools of your trade. When our funds got low, you would leap into the financial breach by delivering a baby or two, or maybe by doctoring a covey of ailing hogs."

"You think of everything, don't you?" the Doc commented dryly. "I can see where I'd better brush up on my veterinary surgery, not to mention the diseases of cattle and swine. Have you considered the possibilities of an old-fashioned medicine show?"

"By that time," we continued, disregarding his question, "the ice would be out of Maine's lakes and we'd have to be shoving farther north. If we arrived at Rangeley, say, about May 15th, we'd be certain to hit that marvelous landlock salmon fishing. Or we could take the canoe, find ourselves a good camp cook and make that Allagash River trip. That would be mostly squaretail trout fishing, as you know, but it wouldn't be hard to take. Two, three pounders. You been up in that country?"

"Yeah," replied the Doc, a far-off look in his eyes. "I've been up there. Oh, man!"

"Anyway," we resumed, "round about June 10th it would be time to pull out of the Pine Tree State and head West."

"West!" he echoed. "How far West?"

"All the way," we answered him. "Until our hats floated. Oh, we could mess around a little on the way out.

"THERE'S hot trout fishing in Montana and Idaho, but it would maybe be a little early at that time for the best fishing. We could do better there on the way back later on. We'd want to be on the Coast around July 4th for that salmon fishing in Puget Sound. Ever strip-cast for those babies? No, you never have. All you've been doing for years is snaring tonsils, and such like. A stupid life! No future in it!"

"We'd also still-fish in Puget Sound for those big sea-run cutthroat trout, and maybe make a side trip up to the Campbell River, in British Columbia, and troll for those big Chinooks up there. Then we could cut back and work around the Olympic Peninsula, in Washington, and hit the Hoh River, and the Quinault and a dozen other swell fishing streams. We'd also stoke up with a few feeds of fried razor clams, Dungeness crabs and blue huckleberry pie."

The doctor sighed plaintively and glanced at his watch. "You're upsetting me," he remarked, half rising from his chair. "And raising my blood pressure, no doubt."

"Wait a minute," we replied, pushing him back in the chair. "I'm not through yet. After mopping up in Washington we'd head down the coast and cross the Columbia River at Astoria and start working those short coastal rivers in Oregon."

"Any fish in 'em?" queried the Doc.

"Please do not parade your ignorance, even before me, your best friend and severest critic," we answered him. "Are there any fish in 'em?" Man, I can show you pools paved with the biggest sea-run trout you ever saw this side of Newfoundland and Labrador. I can show you big salmon, late-run steelheads and plain, ordinary pan-sized trout galore. I can..."

"Would there be any black bass fishing in this Paradise?" he interrupted. "Maybe we'd get bored with all that salmon and trout fishing and crave a change. I'm just asking."

"Black bass," we replied sneeringly. "Nobody but kids and Easterners mess around with such fish out there! Still, if you'd want to fish for them and waste a lot of precious time, I could take you to places where you'd wear yourself out catching them. Five, six and seven pounders.

"But you won't want to fool around with bass," we continued. "There wouldn't be time. We'd have the Nehalem, Wilson, Trask, Siletz, Nestucca, Salmon, Umpqua and Rogue rivers to fish, just to mention a few, plus a lot of their tributary streams. And we could hardly pass up giving those Deschutes rainbows a whirl. Then maybe we'd duck down to Crater Lake and..."

"I really must be going," the doctor broke in, reaching for his hat. "But before I go I'm going to write out a prescription. It's a sedative, and good for... er... whatever it is that's trou-

bling you. If you continue to be haunted by these postwar fishing hallucinations, drop around to the office and I'll give you a careful going-over. Meanwhile, figure out what my share of the expense would be for such a trip. On second thought, maybe it isn't such a nutty idea, after all. Besides, what difference would it make, fifty years from now? We can't take it with us, so why not shoot the works on a real fishin' trip?"

Why not, indeed?

Elks Form Club

(Continued from page 12)

salvaged from an old airplane turret and a fan from a wrecked jeep. We might add here that Houston, Tex., Lodge got wind of what was going on and that their fellow member, Sgt. Frey, was elected the first president, and another Houston Elk, Navy Seabee T. O. Montgomery SK 2/c, the first secretary. No. 151 decided to do something to help and very graciously sent a gift of \$100 which was used to procure a radio and an electric fan.

Chairs and tables were constructed and the Army Special Services branch and members chipped in with magazines, games and cards. The building was finished in December, in time for a Christmas party.

Among the leaders in organizing the club and obtaining the building was Army 1st Sgt. Walter C. Ridenor of Knoxville, Tenn., formerly a member of Helena, Mont., Lodge, No. 193, who is vice-president of the club.

"The Brothers really did a fine job of getting this place together," he said as he surveyed the finished product. "There were soldiers, sailors and Marines in the original group, and they pitched in like a football team in a tough game. Everyone contributed what he could find in dumps over the island and the results look pretty good.

"We just wanted a place to meet and a place where transient Elks in the Armed Forces could stop and find something like the atmosphere of the club back home."

The latest president was Navy Aviation Radio Technician 3/c Leslie E. Kephart, a member of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, who also took care of the clubhouse, cleaning it up before meetings and seeing that everything needed was on hand.

"It's been a lot of work, and we're proud of it," Kephart said. "This building is far beyond all the expectations we had when we first started planning it."

The secretary, Army Sgt. Wayne A. Glew, of Turtle Creek, Pa., a member of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, said he had trouble keeping track of members because of the rapid turnover.

"We issue a card to members who are in good standing in their lodges back in the States," he said. "We have a \$5 membership fee, and the men who use the clubhouse contribute \$5 a



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month to keep up the building."

"We don't have any trouble collecting money," the treasurer declared. He is Army 1st Sgt. Fred Miller, Jr., of Schenectady, N. Y., a member of Battle Creek, Mich. Lodge, No. 131. "The men out here have more money than they can spend on this island. They figure the entertainment and relaxation they get here is worth more than the small charge we have."

The bar is supplied with beer and soft drinks by members contributing from their own Government issue. Cigarettes and candy purchased at Army exchanges are kept on hand for sale. The small profits made from the sale of drinks go into the club treasury and are spent for the benefit of the members. Probably no Elks club in the world concentrates so much effort upon finding ways to spend its money. In January there was more than \$200 in the till.

Sgt. Miller explained that membership attendance was encouraged by a lottery every Monday night—the regular meeting time—when members' names are drawn from a hat and \$25 in cash prizes awarded. The winners generally turn right around and spend this money getting something for the club.

Rank is dropped at the door when members assemble, and rivalry among branches of the Service vanishes. Brother Elks ranking from colonels to privates and apprentice seamen enjoy the same privileges at the clubhouse. Honorary memberships have been given to several service officers who were helpful in getting the club started, and these members drop around occasionally to see how things are going.

In good home-town Elk tradition, the members have had one "outing"—a beach party at which beer was served free; the men induced their mess sergeants to provide the steaks which normally would have been served to the Elks at their regular service camps.

These men have given encouragement to other fraternal organizations in this war zone. The clubhouse is used by Masons who have formed a Square and Compass Club. Other fraternal orders will be permitted to use the building so long as their meetings do not interfere with Elk activities.

The members have plans for the future, hoping to establish clubs on some of the other islands when they change stations at the behest of the military. This club is one of the two known to exist in the South Pacific. The other is at Esperito Santu. A group of Elks meets occasionally in the Russell Islands but has no clubhouse. The boys at Guadalcanal claim they have the best club building their side of the International Date Line.

MEMBERSHIP LIST GUADALCANAL ELKS CLUB

NAME	LODGE
Ernest C. Frey	Houston, Tex., No. 151
Thos. O. Montgomery	Houston, Tex., No. 151
Powers S. Agnew	Greenville, S. C., No. 858
Ray A. Craven	Des Moines, Ia., No. 98
Fred Miller, Jr.	Battle Creek, Mich., No. 131
Forrest W. Buckman	Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50
A. S. Regan	Corpus Christi, Tex., No. 1628
Walter C. Ridenor	Helena, Mont., No. 193
Henry Hawkins	Montgomery, Ala., No. 596
Gordon R. MacKerrow	Helena, Mont., No. 193
Logan D. Burd	Canton, O., No. 68
Wayne L. Howe	Kelso, Wash., No. 1482
John W. Hackelman	Eugene, Ore., No. 357
Anthony A. Post	Madison, Wis., No. 410
Michael Boyle	Freehold, N. J., No. 1454
John P. Kennedy	Jackson, O., No. 466
Gus D. Brown	Bremerton, Wash., No. 1181
Alfred M. Haynes	San Diego, Calif., No. 168
Orris G. Warthen	Hastings, Neb., No. 159
H. V. Hally	Whittier, Calif., No. 1258
R. G. Elliott	Logansport, Ind., No. 66
William McNulty	Mt. Vernon, N. Y., No. 842
W. J. Bora	Ticonderoga, N. Y., No. 1494
Wayne A. Glew	Braddock, Pa., No. 883
Jesse A. Steiner	New Kensington, Pa., No. 512
Wm. C. Rasmussen	Watsonville, Calif., No. 1300
R. C. Hoffman	Alexandria, Va., No. 758
Jack B. Allison	Eugene, Ore., No. 357
Tony Ross	Bremerton, Wash., No. 1181
A. Ingersoll	Greeley, Colo., No. 809
Lawrence E. Hobbs	Houston, Tex., No. 151
Albert D. Elkins	Vancouver, Wash., No. 823
Ira J. Talton	Coucouville, N. Y., No. 226
Edward P. Roberts	Madisonville, Ky., No. 738
A. A. Andrade	Alameda, Calif., No. 1015
Jeremiah J. O'Neil	Hudson, Mass., No. 959
Ernest C. Galde	Eau Claire, Wis., No. 402
John M. Wilson	Sullivan, Ind., No. 911
Fred C. Ziegenhardt	Hamilton, O., No. 93
L. E. Kephart	San Diego, Calif., No. 168
Fred C. Triebel	Grand Island, Neb., No. 604
George N. Ward	New Albany, Ind., No. 270
D. E. MacLean	Wenatchee, Wash., No. 1186
Walter A. Moore	Adrian, Mich., No. 429
George W. Jones	Pomona, Calif., No. 789
John A. Manning	San Juan, Puerto Rico, No. 972
Robert S. Lewis	New Haven, Conn., No. 25
J. M. Flannigan	Sandpoint, Ida., No. 1376
Floyd W. Peterie	Porterville, Calif., No. 1342
J. P. Germer	Olney, Ill., No. 926
Robert D. Britton	East Chicago, Ind., No. 981
John D. McGrath	Fond du Lac, Wis., No. 57
Woodrow W. Griffith	Callettsburg, Ky., No. 942
Sam J. Schilleci	Birmingham, Ala., No. 79
M. L. Earle	Mt. Vernon, Wash., No. 1604
James G. Orphan	Evanston, Ill., No. 1316
Oscar H. Gibson	Phoenix, Ariz., No. 335
George B. Witman	Ontario, Calif., No. 1419
Elmor H. Nathan	Kingston, N. Y., No. 550
W. C. Shealy	Augusta, Ga., No. 205
Dermont C. Miller	Apollo, Pa., No. 386
Edward K. Crawford	Charleston, W. Va., No. 202
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O. K. Fisher	Muscatine, Ia., No. 304
R. R. Reinke	Minot, N. D., No. 1089
C. H. Nichols	Bakersfield, Calif., No. 266
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Andrew B. Allen	Ashland, Ky., No. 350
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Dan Estron	Manistique, Mich., No. 632
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What America is reading



Spring book-lists offer excellent reading
By Harry Hansen

THE great journalists of the past were often associated all their lives with one newspaper. The great journalists of today invariably are freelancers. Ray Stannard Baker is a great journalist; he may also be called a biographer, for his life of Woodrow Wilson is a definitive work that will carry his name through the years. How Mr. Baker grew in his job, how he wrote for newspapers and magazines and always tried to get at the heart of an American social problem, makes his personal story, "American Chronicle", excellent reading. It reveals how he developed two writing careers—for when he turned to homely philosophizing as David Grayson he suddenly found himself more popular in that role than in his more serious writing.

Mr. Baker is now 74. Long before he was called by President Wilson to study Europe for him he was one of those intrepid magazine writers whom Theodore Roosevelt called "muck-rakers". To Mr. Baker T.R. explained that he didn't mean him, or Lincoln Steffens, or the other members of the staff of the *American Magazine* who had fought for political and social reforms. He only meant those who were going too far. But in his public statement he didn't separate the sheep from the goats and the epithet stuck to all the reform writers of that era. Mr. Baker, a Michigan man, also had been a reporter in Chicago during the Pullman strike. During those years Mr. Baker tried to understand the cross-currents in American life and to express the best democratic ideals. He never became a radical or, indeed, the wheelhorse of any party.

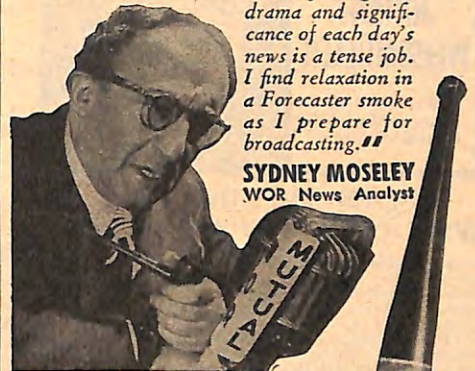
For those of us who are wondering today how to deal with Europe, how far to commit the United States to an international program, Mr. Baker's comment on Woodrow Wilson and the first peace conference is helpful and important. He saw Wilson through the war years and correctly describes Wilson's reluctance to lead this country into war. He was in charge of press relations at the peace conference and knew a great deal about the trading attitude of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, against which Wilson fought. He is an able and conscientious writer and journalism has the right to claim him as one of its finest men. (Scribner, \$3.50)

ANOTHER great journalist of our day is Claude G. Bowers, at present Ambassador to Chile, who is the author of three books about Jefferson, of which "The Young Jefferson", describing the man of the Declaration of Independence, is the latest. Mr. Bowers, however, does not observe politics from the detached position of Ray Stannard Baker; he rolls up his sleeves and gets right down into it. I knew him when he was editorial writer for the *New York Evening World*, when he used to visit my office after editions, wearing a slouch hat and chewing on a long cigar. He is a Hoosier and was in the thick of Hoosier politics before he came East; at one time he was secretary to Senator Kern of Indiana. In the 1920's he wrote "The Party Battles of the Jackson Period", and in 1925 published the first of his Jefferson books, "Jefferson and Hamilton". Mr. Bowers became convinced that true American democ-

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beginning to end pictures the Russians as slovenly and inefficient and their economic system a failure. The criticism to be made of Mr. White's book is that he did not take into account the ravages of war on the Russian system and that his tone is condescending and ironic throughout. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). A more friendly view of Russia's war effort and changing ways is to be found in "Russia Is No Riddle", by Edmund Stevens, correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*. (Greenberg, \$3)

NEW YORK and Hollywood are the two great objectives for the stage-struck. Hollywood probably welcomed—or worried about—more girls than New York in the last decade, but with the rebirth of the theaters in New York the drive to "get a part" is on again. From all the little towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and from the big towns too, troop the girls who want to make good as actresses. Schools and private teachers batten on them. And if I were asked for advice right now—as I sometimes am—I'd say to the stage-struck girl: Get a copy of "Come Back on Tuesday", by Ruth Hunter. You'll learn a lot and have a perfectly good time besides.

This is a personal story, an account of how Ruth went from one casting office to another, during nine years, trying to land a decent part on the stage. She had some experience—on tour with a vaudeville act of three, a bit part now and then, and a job as understudy, at \$50 a week, for an actress who was abnormally healthy. But nothing really mattered until she landed the part of Ellie May in that forlorn hit, "Tobacco Road". I don't know why I call it forlorn, but it always seemed to me to be the end of the road for an actor. Ruth Hunter didn't quibble; she grabbed the part and played it for five years (the play ran eight years in New York). It was a freak part—every night Ruth had to put on a hare lip and otherwise disguise her good looks and wallow in the mud of Georgia.

ELLIE MAY was, to put it mildly, a moron. Ruth Hunter was an intelligent girl, who never forgot to say her prayers; she was happily married and even bore a child in the years she was trying to get on the stage. She met directors who thought she was just the girl for the part they had and next day forgot that they had ever seen her. She entered the director who was a

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small-town boy with circus fever who got his wish—a job in a circus. He was only ten when he began to wear home-made tights and practice tight-rope walking, which he mastered, with the enthusiastic approval of his father. Some dad that, a small-town barber, who was always ready to move from one town to another in the Middle West, from Colorado to Kansas and Iowa. Fred Stone writes about his experiences in "Rolling Stone", and proves that his whole family was made up of rolling stones.

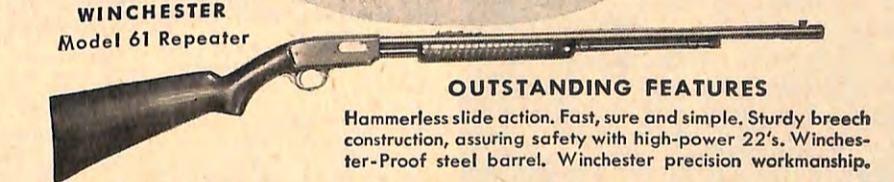
Fred's earliest act—at \$3 a week—wasn't the sort boys like to boast about before their pals; he was called Mlle. d'Artago, and did his tight-rope act wearing a girl's costume. It irked him, so that when a woman spectator pitied him with "Poor little girl!" he retorted, "I ain't a girl, I'm a boy". He teamed up with Dave Montgomery in Galveston, Texas, some years later, and the two put on a black-face act and worked up a routine of songs and dances for years. Montgomery came from St. Joseph, Mo. Montgomery and Stone became famous as the comedians of "The Wizard of Oz", with Fred Stone as the Scarecrow and Dave Montgomery as the Tin Woodman. Fred had demanded that Dave get that part and after their big hit they were together as stars ever after. Fred says that "The Wizard of Oz" was the first fairy tale he ever read, which is understandable, since his boyhood was practically spent in wagon shows. The Wizard opened its career in Chicago in 1902. Their next big hit was "The Red Mill", and the music by Victor Herbert has kept that alive down to the present generation. Oldtimers will tell you that the take-off on Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson put on by Montgomery and Stone was the best thing on the bill. Fred Stone's reminiscences recall those days, as well as the playing of "Jack O'Lantern", "Tip Top" and "Three Cheers", and Fred's friendship with Annie Oakley, the demon rifewoman, Will Rogers and a lot of theatrical stars. (Whittlesey House, \$3)

TIPS on the new novels: Frederick Prokosch is one of our serious novelists, but you can't always be sure that his tales don't get a bit mystifying. "Age of Thunder", his latest, starts as a spy store in the Haute Savoie of France; a British intelligence officer is sent there by parachute and joins a group going to Switzerland; the going is good until the characters begin philosophizing. (Harper, \$2.50). "Young Bess" by Margaret Irwin is a swiftly moving story of Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, in her teens, when she was not only politically involved but personally desirable. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Miss Irwin wrote "The Gay Galliard", a novel about Mary, Queen of Scots, a few years ago. "The Small Back Room", by Nigel Balchin, is a combination of mystery and psychological novel, a swiftly moving story of a group of British specialists who have the job of finding the secret

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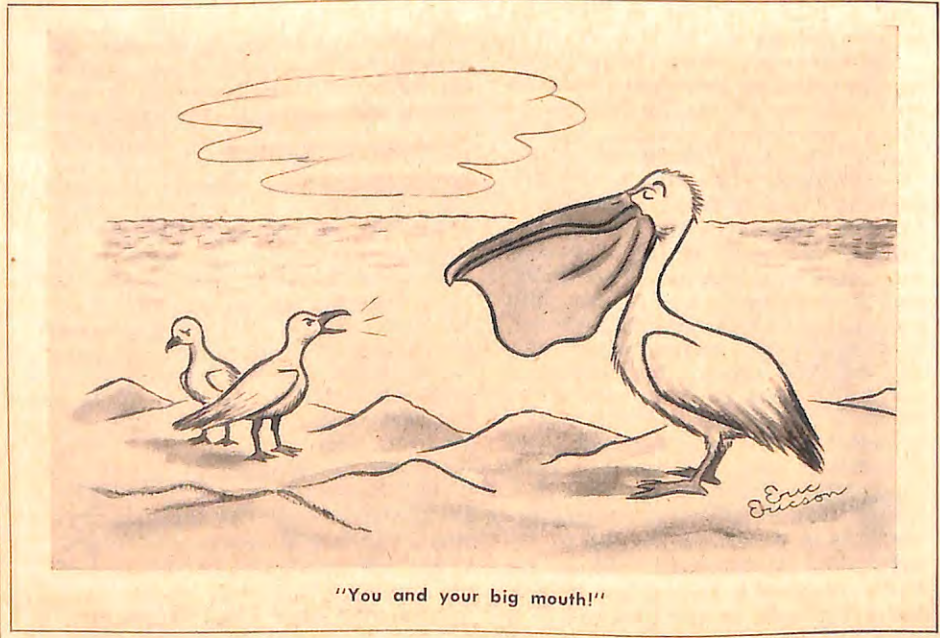
racy was expressed by Jefferson, and he saw Hamilton as the man who wanted to provide an aristocracy for the country. He identified the Democrats with Jeffersonians and in several famous speeches declared that the Republicans were simply followers of Hamilton today. At the Houston, Texas, convention of the Democratic party, he was the keynoter and "had 'em in the aisles". But he didn't run for public office. In the 1930s President Roosevelt made him Ambassador to Spain. The new book deals with the most fertile and revolutionary period of Jefferson's thought. These were the years of the Declaration of Independence, of his trip to Paris, where he advised the French to adopt a reasonable bill of rights—an outline of concessions that might have averted the French revolution if the aristocracy had been able to swallow it. He was in France when our Constitution was adopted, but he argued for a bill of rights, telling Madison that it was absolutely indispensable for conserving the rights of the individual against "tyranny" by the legislature or the executive. This is an excellent book in which to refresh our knowledge of what Jefferson stands for. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.75)

NEW books about foreign countries concentrate chiefly on China and Russia. The great number of books dealing with China and the Far East indicate how important these regions will be in any post-war arrangement. No doubt the most useful book for the layman is Owen Lattimore's "Solution in Asia". (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$2). This has the great merit of conciseness; the author, who has been active in newspaper and political work in the Far East for years and was adviser to Chiang Kai-shek for two years, has definite ideas about what ought to be done. Mr. Lattimore believes that all nations are striving for a measure of self-government and that to revive the

old system of European imperialism and colonialism will play into the hands of the Japanese. "The freedom bloc" is in the making and other nations had better go along with it. The United States is in the best position for leadership in Asia because its attitude toward the Filipinos has inspired confidence elsewhere. Mr. Lattimore thinks our position will be weakened if we let the other Allied Nations return to the old methods of exploitation. He also discusses the position of Japan after the war. He says: "We must avoid confusing industrial demilitarization with disindustrialization. In a Japan deprived of all industry, people would starve by the million". He wants Japanese industry to take its chance in the world market. "Because of the scarcity of raw materials in Japan, the stockpiling of military industrial raw materials can be prevented by checking imports of raw materials against production and export figures."

A REALISTIC view of China's future—the least hopeful view in recent books—can be found in "China Among the Powers", by David Nelson Rowe, research associate of the Institute of International Studies at Yale University. Mr. Rowe believes China can become a strong nation but not strong enough to dominate Japan in the future, nor does he think the industrialization of China will proceed with the speed hoped for. His book tells why he thinks the United States will have to watch the Far East for a long time to come. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2)

AMONG books by Americans about Russia, W. L. White's "Report on the Russians" has caused a sensation. Mr. White accompanied Eric Johnston on his six weeks' tour of Russian factories. Strongly biased against the Russian system from the start, Mr. White saw so much poverty, squalor and suppression of freedom that his book, from



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beginning to end pictures the Russians as slovenly and inefficient and their economic system a failure. The criticism to be made of Mr. White's book is that he did not take into account the ravages of war on the Russian system and that his tone is condescending and ironic throughout. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). A more friendly view of Russia's war effort and changing ways is to be found in "Russia Is No Riddle", by Edmund Stevens, correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*. (Greenberg, \$3)

NEW YORK and Hollywood are the two great objectives for the stage-struck. Hollywood probably welcomed—or worried about—more girls than New York in the last decade, but with the rebirth of the theaters in New York the drive to "get a part" is on again. From all the little towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and from the big towns too, troop the girls who want to make good as actresses. Schools and private teachers batten on them. And if I were asked for advice right now—as I sometimes am—I'd say to the stage-struck girl: Get a copy of "Come Back on Tuesday", by Ruth Hunter. You'll learn a lot and have a perfectly good time besides.

This is a personal story, an account of how Ruth went from one casting office to another, during nine years, trying to land a decent part on the stage. She had some experience—on tour with a vaudeville act of three, a bit part now and then, and a job as understudy, at \$50 a week, for an actress who was abnormally healthy. But nothing really mattered until she landed the part of Ellie May in that forlorn hit, "Tobacco Road". I don't know why I call it forlorn, but it always seemed to me to be the end of the road for an actor. Ruth Hunter didn't quibble; she grabbed the part and played it for five years (the play ran eight years in New York). It was a freak part—every night Ruth had to put on a hare lip and otherwise disguise her good looks and wallow in the mud of Georgia.

ELLIE MAY was, to put it mildly, a moron. Ruth Hunter was an intelligent girl, who never forgot to say her prayers; she was happily married and even bore a child in the years she was trying to get on the stage. She met directors who thought she was just the girl for the part they had and next day forgot that they had ever seen her. She encountered the director who was a wolf, too—who promised a part if she'd be real nice to him. Up and down the theatrical lanes she traveled, and there, girls, is your manual, your guide-book, your key to show business. I'm glad somebody has described the drudgery where so many speak only of the glamor. However, Ruth Hunter loves the theatre. That's why she can write about it with such gusto and make her book such good reading. (Scribner, \$2.50)

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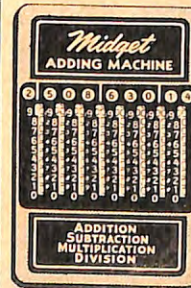
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small-town boy with circus fever who got his wish—a job in a circus. He was only ten when he began to wear home-made tights and practice tight-rope walking, which he mastered, with the enthusiastic approval of his father. Some dad that, a small-town barber, who was always ready to move from one town to another in the Middle West, from Colorado to Kansas and Iowa. Fred Stone writes about his experiences in "Rolling Stone", and proves that his whole family was made up of rolling stones.

Fred's earliest act—at \$3 a week—wasn't the sort boys like to boast about before their pals; he was called Mlle. d'Artago, and did his tight-rope act wearing a girl's costume. It irked him, so that when a woman spectator pitied him with "Poor little girl!" he retorted, "I ain't a girl, I'm a boy". He teamed up with Dave Montgomery in Galveston, Texas, some years later, and the two put on a black-face act and worked up a routine of songs and dances for years. Montgomery came from St. Joseph, Mo. Montgomery and Stone became famous as the comedians of "The Wizard of Oz", with Fred Stone as the Scarecrow and Dave Montgomery as the Tin Woodman. Fred had demanded that Dave get that part and after their big hit they were together as stars ever after. Fred says that "The Wizard of Oz" was the first fairy tale he ever read, which is understandable, since his boyhood was practically spent in wagon shows. The Wizard opened its career in Chicago in 1902. Their next big hit was "The Red Mill", and the music by Victor Herbert has kept that alive down to the present generation. Oldtimers will tell you that the take-off on Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson put on by Montgomery and Stone was the best thing on the bill. Fred Stone's reminiscences recall those days, as well as the playing of "Jack O'Lantern", "Tip Top" and "Three Cheers", and Fred's friendship with Annie Oakley, the demon riflewoman, Will Rogers and a lot of theatrical stars. (Whittlesey House, \$3)

TIPS on the new novels: Frederick Prokosch is one of our serious novelists, but you can't always be sure that his tales don't get a bit mystifying. "Age of Thunder", his latest, starts as a spy store in the Haute Savoie of France; a British intelligence officer is sent there by parachute and joins a group going to Switzerland; the going is good until the characters begin philosophizing. (Harper, \$2.50). "Young Bess" by Margaret Irwin is a swiftly moving story of Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, in her teens, when she was not only politically involved but personally desirable. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Miss Irwin wrote "The Gay Galliard", a novel about Mary, Queen of Scots, a few years ago. "The Small Back Room", by Nigel Balchin, is a combination of mystery and psychological novel, a swiftly moving story of a group of British specialists who have the job of finding the secret

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CONSERVE PAPER

of a German bomb. It gives a good idea of the danger involved in taking one of these infernal machines apart. The clash of personalities makes up the human interest in the story. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50)

THE United States is facing one of the biggest building booms in its history. Thousands of families have been saving their earnings and look forward to that little detached cottage that is supposed to give peace and stability. But owning houses these days is not what it was 100 years ago, when materials and labor were cheap and taxes were low. So John P. Dean, a teacher of sociology in Queens College, New York, investigates the whole subject in "Home Ownership: Is it Sound?" Rob-

ert S. Lynd, the famous author of "Middletown", says that home ownership is by no means an easy way out of paying rent: "It is one of the chronic areas of institutional illiteracy and organized exploitation of human need in American life". He objects to home ownership being in "the speculative market". Dr. Dean also stresses the poor building and the negligence of authorities, who are more eager to get subdivisions built up, in order to get the taxes and consumer purchasing power, than to enforce sane restriction on jerry-built houses. This is a thorough, sound and valuable study of home ownership that can and should be read with profit by anybody who takes the subject seriously and buys with his eyes open. (Harper, \$2.50)

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 19)

NEWPORT, R. I. Usually the 80th birthday of an Elk—especially a P.E.R. who has been Secretary several times—is observed by his lodge, but Vernon B. Anderson of Newport Lodge No. 104 pulled a switch and on March 7 he had as his guests more than 60 fellow members at a dinner he gave himself. D.D. Dr. E. C. Morin of Pawtucket was there.

Mr. Anderson received many gifts, and E.R. Vincent J. Blake presented the octogenarian with a sugar bowl into which the Exalted Ruler poured 80 silver dollars.

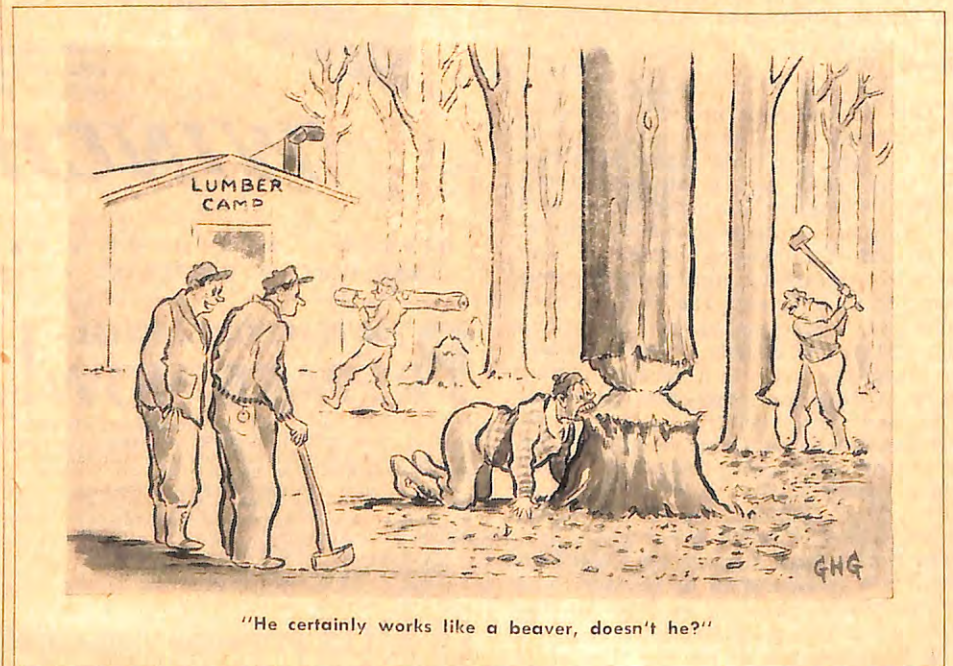
MORRISTOWN, TENN., Lodge, No. 1667, came into being with 59 charter members on Washington's Birthday in the presence of more than 125 visiting Elks. It was quite an occasion. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., represented the Grand Exalted Ruler and delivered the principal address; D.D. Albert G. Heins of Knoxville presided at the institution and installation ceremonies; the officers of Greeneville Lodge took care of the ritualistic work and the closing exercises, and the Knoxville Elks Orchestra furnished special music.

COLDWATER, MICH., Lodge, No. 1023, in March turned over to D.D. Bohn W. Grim its check for \$1,000 for the Elks National Foundation Fund—making the Central District the first 100% contributor to the Foundation. Bouquets go to Mr. Grim for his untiring efforts toward this purpose, and to the Coldwater Elks for putting their collective shoulder to the wheel.

At the same meeting a Grand Exalted Ruler's Class was initiated by officers from Coldwater, Sturgis and Hillsdale, Mich., Lodges.

UNION, N. J., Lodge, No. 1583, recently entertained Marines and Navy men from the Naval Depot at Picatinny, N. J., all of whom had seen action in the South Pacific and are now in the States for a well-earned rest. Every one of these men had taken part in major engagements, including the invasion of the Philippines, and many are recovering from wounds or suffering from tropical illnesses.

The Marine group was headed by Sgt. Clifford Spatcher, an Elk from Bloomfield, who earlier in the year was a star performer on a New Jersey Elk radio program.



"He certainly works like a beaver, doesn't he?"

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO., Lodge, No. 316, has nothing but good news to report. Its 33 members in the Services have been issued paid-up membership cards—good for the duration—and they, with every other Teller County man in the Armed Forces, receive *The Times-Record*, about 375 copies being mailed weekly. The lodge is debt-free and its home is in the pink of condition. A regular investor in War Bonds, No. 316 now owns nearly \$16,000 worth. From proceeds of their annual charity bazaar, the Elks donated \$422 to the USO fund, \$120 to the public library, and \$150 to the district band. They sponsor the local Boy Scout Troop and Cub Pack.

SHELBYVILLE, IND. The home of Shelbyville Lodge No. 457 buzzed with activity on March 8 when the lodge had as its guests 50 convalescent servicemen from Wakeman General Hospital at Camp Atterbury. It was quite a party. All entertainment facilities were made available, and a turkey dinner was served.

At the regular lodge meeting the night before, 11 candidates were initiated, with retiring Exalted Ruler Charles P. Sindlinger and his staff presiding.

WOODLAWN, (ALQUIPPA), PA., Lodge, No. 1221, is another of the Pennsylvania lodges providing entertainment for convalescent soldiers at Deshon General Hospital. One Sunday a group of 29 veterans arrived at the lodge home by special invitation. After E.R. John P. Strother welcomed the boys a buffet luncheon was served and the first act of a well-planned floor show went on at two-thirty.

There was very little speech-making, but just before dinner was served by the Ladies Auxiliary at eight o'clock, Burgess Charles J. O'Loughlin, P.E.R., extended a warm greeting on behalf of the townspeople. More than 200 Elks, relatives and friends joined the men at the party which had a good orchestra and string ensemble for dancing and dinner music.

NEWARK, O., Lodge, No. 391, entertained 50 members of the Braille Club of Licking County in March. Supper was served, followed by a delightful social hour with group singing and piano and violin selections. An original poem, written in appreciation of the Elks' hospitality, was read by Miss Mary Hugo.

Mindful of its members in the Army, Navy, the Air Forces, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, Newark Lodge voted a \$500 contribution to the Red Cross at a recent meeting, more than has been voted in preceding Red Cross Drives. This would signify that the lodge has more members in the Service than ever before as the contribution is based on five dollars for every Newark Elk.

CHILLICOTHE, O. Six hundred Elks and their guests turned out for the party Chillicothe Lodge No. 52 held for six members initiated fifty or more years ago. One of these men—Edward Schilder—was unable to attend, but Grand Inner Guard Robert W. Dunkle, a P.E.R. of No. 52, who was Toastmaster, presented a plaque commemorating the occasion to the five who did show up—Charles D. Duncan, Edward Kern, Harry W. Chapman, P.E.R., Dr. Charles W. Mills and Carey J. Ware.

A vaudeville show was put on, emceed by Bill Vaughn, whose orchestra furnished dance music later. P.E.R. Everett Miller, assisted by E.R. Harry Vorus, Secy. Russell Batteiger and O. O. Overly, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, took care of the details.

TAUNTON, MASS., Lodge, No. 150, recently showed its appreciation of the 25

years' outstanding service Edward C. Ward gave as Secretary. A delicious dinner was followed by a short speaking program and entertainment, with P.E.R. Charles A. Perry as Toastmaster.

It was a great night for Secretary Ward because just about everybody turned up. The lodge's oldest P.E.R., Richard P. Coughlin, presented him with a gold pen and pencil set.

E.R. Arthur J. Shaw took advantage of the occasion to announce that No. 150 had been designated by the Elks War Commission as a Fraternal Center, as an Army camp is located nearby. Many parties have been given by the lodge for servicemen and women.

BURLEY, IDA., Lodge, No. 1384, held a P.E.R.'s Night which exceeded all expectations. Prepared for 248 diners, 300 persons were finally served the Virginia ham and trimmings. Afterward the ladies went to the theatre while the Elks held an important lodge session.

Four young servicemen who had been elected to membership had to be initiated that night, as they were due to leave town. One had to catch a 10:20 train, so things moved fast. The ladies returned for dancing and entertainment later.

No. 1384 expresses to San Francisco every few days about 500 pounds of reading matter for the boys in the Armed Forces. Of its own 118 members in uniform, four—all airmen—have been killed.

ORANGE, N. J. Lyons Hospital is crowded these days with returned veterans in need of entertainment. They'll get it, too, if the Elks have anything to say about it. On a visit to the hospital, the War Activities Committee of Orange Lodge No. 135 put on a top-notch vaudeville show under the supervision of a member of No. 135, Martin McHugh, Orange's Director of Public Safety, assisted by members of the Elks Auxiliary. The show was highlighted by performances of the "Barnyard Boys of Hickory Corner", well-known on WOR programs. After the show the Elks served ice cream and cigarettes.

BALTIMORE, MD., Lodge, No. 7, burned its mortgage on March 1 in a blaze of glory. E.R. William F. Hilgenberg applied the flame to the paper, while the members of the original building committee, a score of Past Exalted Rulers and local and visiting Elks—about 1,000 in all—looked on.

Immediately after the ceremony a banquet was held, attended by many State and city officials, as well as Secy. George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees. Ambrose J. Kennedy, former Congressman from Maryland, introduced Governor Herbert R. O'Connor, a member of No. 7, who acted as Toastmaster. Among the speakers were Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin, U. S. Senator George L. Radcliffe and Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., Congressman from the Third District—all Elks.

NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. The War Activities Committee of the N. J. State Assn. recently entertained 500 servicemen at Camp Kilmer on the very day of their arrival from European hospitals. The men were taken from the boats in the morning, and in the evening they saw a show—the first in three years for some.

Two days later, in the auditorium of England General Hospital at Atlantic City, an all-New York cast gave afternoon and evening performances of "The Man Who Came to Dinner", the first in a series of plays to be presented there under the auspices of the State Association.

(Continued on page 43)



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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Tales—some fall, some short—
about our canine
companions.**

AS A rule Fido is a pretty dependable galoot and his sister a bit more so. But every so often these four-legged friends of ours will act in such a way that simply goes to break the rule. I'm reminded of this by an embarrassing experience of a new neighbor of mine who, arriving home a few nights before this was written, was put on the spot by his pooch. It was late at night and he was carrying quite a cargo but unfortunately was minus his door key. Nobody was home and after trying window after window he found one unlatched. He started to climb in but he didn't get far. Someone tugged at his coat and what he describes as the most disagreeable voice in all the world wanted to know who he thought he was and where he was going. He thinks that maybe the package he was carrying proved something of a handicap because he had an awful time convincing the owner of the voice—no less than John Law himself—that he lived there. He'd never met that policeman before and claims that he never in his life met one so stubborn. Inside the house, the dog, confined to an inner room, did its best to join the altercation which gave my neighbor an idea. "Look," he said, "that's my dog in there barking. Would you take his word for it that I live here? He certainly knows me." The officer agreed that it might be a good idea. "But mind now, if I let you through the window and you're not back here in two minutes, I'll be in after you." The neighbor went in and to the astonishment of the officer came boiling out of that window in considerably less than two minutes, minus a good part of his pants. It

was only a small terrier so it couldn't follow through and it was only the opportune arrival of the lady of the house that saved one neighbor from spending the balance of the night in the clink. His dog utterly and absolutely refused to recognize him and I may add that his faith in all dogs is not what it used to be.

Sounds unbelievable that a man's dog wouldn't know him but that's just what happened. They will do the darnedest things... most of them, however, pretty nice things.

Many months ago I told about some of those things, incidents harvested from news notes, experiences of friends and acquaintances, etc. At the end of that article I asked readers of this department if they too had any unusual experiences with dogs. I was surprised at the response both in quantity and quality. Quite a few wrote at considerable length too, busy men, many of them, as I could tell from the letterheads, and some of them among the leaders of our Order. I have long meant to express my thanks to those readers in print. Their communications were such that they required no personal answer but right here and now I want to go on record with my appreciation for their interest and helpfulness. Space does not permit listing the names, but those of you who did write, please take this as my thanks just as though I were able to say it to you in person.

Here's one sent in by a member who quotes the Springfield, Mass., *Union*—classified advertisement—and certainly depicting an unusual situation—"Male puppies for sale. Mother a thoroughbred. Spaniel, father a traveling salesman \$5. Call"

(phone number given but withheld here).

I've heard of dogs employed by the medical branch of the Armed Forces but So Help Me, I never before heard of a dog nurse. According to the Buffalo, N. Y., *Courier*, out in Seattle, at the Broadmoor Veterinary Hospital, a dog, Little Joe, was brought in one day with a flat tire, an injured leg. The leg was treated but it could be plainly seen that it hurt plenty. What's more, it was just as plain that our friend Joe was a lonely heart. What to do to make the purp happy! A cinch. Bonnie, the dog nurse, was sent for, put in with Joe, licked his whiskers and he immediately quieted down. Everybody was happy including Bonnie who wears a Red Cross jacket as a uniform.

Maybe she isn't a WAVE but she could be if there were such an outfit for dogs. It's Gismo, the only lady sailor at the navy yard and one that the *Boston Post* records as being so anxious to land when the boat on which she's located docks, that she has taught herself to climb the shore-going ladder. It is whispered that she may have a heart interest in port but nobody can prove it. She may go AWOL but she's right there in her hammock, weary but content to be back on board, when the ship sails.

Someone once said that music has charms to soothe the savage beast but that can be doubted. (Hey, Clyde Beatty, where's your zither?) But the music made by this pooch does anything but soothe the neighbors. The dog is Terry, owned by one George A. Tasch of Chicago. *The New York Journal*

tells us that Terry not only plays the piano but yodels as well. It is said that some people are glad that Terry is not a quartette. It is further claimed that the pooch can sing Faust and I didn't put this in for a gag.

Motherhood is a lovely thing but you'll never prove it by this dog owner, a seaman who among other possessions gathered in his travels acquired a Russian wolfhound. The story in the *New York Herald Tribune* relates that the dog's owner went hook line and sinker for War Bonds sold to him by Edward Jacobiak who was sent to the ship on that mission. So well did Mr. Jacobiak sell, that the owner of the dog invested almost all of his pay. He was a surprised sailor when he found out that it would cost him \$5 duty charge to take the dog ashore. That \$5 looked too good to be spent that way. He'd wait until night and smuggle the pooch off the ship. He didn't make it. Come morning and he was the more surprised to find that it would cost him \$30. The dog, during the night had become the momma of five brand new puppies.

It happened last summer and was in all the New York newspapers. A perky little wire-haired terrier tied up the New York subway system by finding itself, in some unaccountable way, on the southbound tracks where it trotted along for more than a half-hour in front of one of the trains. The motorman, a kindly man, retarded the speed of the train to match that of the dog's. It was later said that his language was unusual. How many other trains were delayed and how many people cursed the innocently offending subway system isn't exactly known. It was only when the motorman finally got off at one of the stations to telephone ahead that the purp was gathered in and shooed away into the street.

This might have been taken from an Albert Payson Terhune story but it wasn't. It's recorded and that, not long ago, in the Pittsburgh, Pa., *Press*. Valie Marshall of Waynesburg of that State narrowly escaped death from a maddened horse when he attempted to clean out the snow from its hoofs. That animal became frantic, bucked and lashed out blindly and finally pinned the man against a fence. A border colie, Shep, sprang to Marshall's assistance, leaped for the horse's nose and hung on until Marshall could extricate himself which he did with a badly torn side and injured leg. Incidentally, I've seen that done on the race



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 22 East 17th St., New York City

track by "cute" horses, some very few of them that seemed to regard this as a supreme joke. The idea being to wait until an unsuspecting stable man entered the box stall. Friend horse then would inch up and end by leaning all its weight against the man who in some cases would be badly crushed.

A choice bit from the *American Weekly* tells about the dog Jack owned by William Simmons of Warren, Maine. Jack is just a natural born herder and, lacking anything better in the way of livestock to round up, has taken to herding the Simmons chickens. He's a thirteen-year-old spaniel and is said to be equal to an extra hand. Each night he gathers in the smaller chickens out on the range and drives them into their brooder houses. Chickens, perhaps stupidest of all barnyard critters, really don't know enough, at least when they are young, to come in out of the rain. They'll remain out, huddle together and wind up with the sniffles so bad that many will die. But not the birds owned by Mr. Simmons. Jack won't permit that. Come rain and he's out doing his duty and seeing that those feathered lunatics keep their tootsies dry. On one occasion when the family was away he rounded up 500 chickens all by himself. Another time he herded 1,500 to safety before a rainstorm. Oddly enough, most of the birds are not afraid of him and this perhaps is because he's so gentle with them. He's been seen to pick up a small bird in his mouth and carry it to its shelter.

If you have a fondness for predicting where the little white ball will fall don't try to explain your losses by saying that you've bought a dog. At least not the kind of dog that Copper turned out to be. As told by the *Detroit Free Press*, Copper was one night camped in a life-saving station patiently waiting while his owner, George Best, dallied with a coca cola. A Mr. Harold Umlor enters the scene filled with remorse and wicked doubts as to the honesty of the game he had just left. Besides, there was the little woman at home who'd ask embarrassing questions about the depleted pay envelope. Umlor saw Copper. Happy inspiration—going to a nearby restaurant he bought a steak. With that he seduced Copper. Shortly after Mr. Best missed his Copper. A series of advertisements was inserted in the *Free Press* and subsequently the dog was traced to Umlor's home. The fifty-dollar reward offered by Best will be paid to the detectives who sleuthed Copper and Mr. Umlor by order of Recorder's Judge W. McKay Skillman will work out a six months' probation by reimbursing Owner Best. Umlor corraled Copper, introduced the dog to his wife as a purchase to explain

his dehydrated pay envelope.

The idea of a dog-pound to those who like dogs is depressing, necessary as that institution may be. But it's not half so onerous as it must be to dogs confined to that hoosegow. That is, most dogs other than Rex, volunteer canine turnkey at the Reno, Nevada, animal shelter. Rex, says the *Reno Gazette*, was whelped at the home of Poundmaster Carl Barnes and introduced shortly thereafter the dog's lock-up. No less than seven times Mr. Rex has been adopted by people visiting the pound while Barnes was elsewhere and just that many times has he returned back to the coop. He just can't stay out of jail. He's been assigned permanently as official watch dog for the pound and takes his job quite seriously. It's all very annoying to Mr. Barnes when he finds his watchman thus dognapped. He talks about having a collar with a tag or plate attached on which there will be inscribed, "Please leave Rex alone—he belongs here."

One of my readers writes in with this story about a dog Hans, owned by Mr. Frank Ingram, that had been trained to do his part in a recent War Bond and Stamp Drive. It was Hans' job to be stationed in a lobby of a North Side hotel in Chicago wearing a sign with this inscription — "Five War Stamps licked, one penny." This was a reduced rate for children only. Grown-ups paid more. The money collected was in turn used to buy more stamps.

The publication *This Week* informs the world that the Army has a War Dog Reception and Training Center at no less a place than Cat Island, Miss.

A few items garnered from my own files, which have been sent to me by interested readers include the story of Butch the shepherd dog that saved the life of his owner Peter Brainard, a thirteen-year-old of Milton, Mass. Peter got himself lost on Mount Monadnock, New Hampshire, one day and when night came on was a sadly bewildered boy. In his wanderings he came perilously close to the edge of a high cliff; unaware of it he was just about to step off when his dog pulled him back. That was enough for Peter. He decided to wait until daylight before wandering farther. Butch snuggled close to him and at daybreak without hesitation guided him down the mountain to a farmhouse where help was obtained. Then there's Patty—yes, the ladies of the species play their parts equally well, sometimes better—that guarded three-year-old Billy Sloan of Cumberland, Maryland, for more than twenty hours while he was lost in the mountains. Following this the dog loped back to town and led a worried searching party to the boy's side.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 11)

gia. In Atlanta he was given a magnificent reception, arranged by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Exalted Ruler W. E. Spivey of ATLANTA LODGE NO. 78. All the lodges in the vicinity participated. A luncheon was given at noon and a meeting held in the evening at which candidates from all Georgia lodges were initiated.

Dr. Barrett celebrated his 68th birthday on March 30th at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was entertained royally by the members of CHATTANOOGA LODGE NO. 91. Wendell D. Hill, Exalted Ruler, was in charge of the festivities. A class of 60 was initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler who was introduced by District Deputy Albert G. Heins, of Knoxville. Among the many guests were Alfred T. Levine, of Nashville, Pres. of the Tenn. State Elks Assn., who first suggested the celebration of the Grand Exalted Ruler's birthday by the initiation of classes in honor of the event.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

FROSTBURG, MD., Lodge, No. 470, is the proud possessor of a U.S. Army Award of Merit. When Lt. Col. Edgar A. C. Curran, District recruiting and induction officer, presented the certificate officially to Chairman Joseph P. Montana of the lodge's War Committee who accepted it, the Committee and the membership as a whole shared in the honors for it was given in recognition of their participation and cooperation in the war effort.

The Toastmaster was P.E.R. A. Charles Stewart, Past State Pres., and Col. Joseph A. Caldara of the Army Air Corps, veteran of Guadalcanal and a member of No. 470, was the principal speaker. D.D. John H. Mosner was a guest.

FRESNO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 439, has in its home a unique exhibit; the American Flag is displayed between two panels. One lists the names of members in the Armed Forces; the other, the Elks' sons in the Service. The purpose is to get out to every one of these boys at least four letters from the members every month.

Twelve times a year four stamped, addressed picture postcards are placed in alphabetical order in a container so that committee members can readily hand a card to any Elk desiring to send a personal message. Each month the picture on the card is different—showing some local place of interest, or a group of the members at the lodge home.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772, is justly proud of its 151 members, their families and friends who contributed blood for plasma recently at a special clinic held at Hepburn Hospital under the direction of the representative of the International Blood Donors Clinic of the American and Canadian Red Cross. Afterward the donors were taken to the lodge home for the "Elks Donors Blood Clinic Breakfast". In all 250 meals were served, since the Elks were hosts to the assisting doctors, nurses, motor corps members and visitors from the Brockville Branch of the Canadian Red Cross, who are collaborators with the Ogdensburg Branch in originating and maintaining the International Clinic.



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TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS,

Bottled-in-Bond

Editorial

Our Absent Brother

THROUGHOUT the world, wherever the spark of freedom is still alight amid the rubble of destruction, heads are bowed and people weep. The great leader who kept the spark alive through years of cruel war, and in civilization's darkest hour trimmed the lamp of hope, holding it high for the despairing and oppressed of all the world to see, is dead. As swiftly as the Axis powers crushed unhappy Poland, as relentlessly as the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, death struck at the heart of the world and removed the temporal leader of the forces of liberty, the President of the United States.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt died at Warm Springs, Georgia, close to the hospital he founded to help the helpless, and to which he frequently came to cheer those afflicted with a disease once considered hopeless, and inspire them by his own example with ambition to overcome their handicaps and find a useful place in the world.

History will record Franklin Delano Roosevelt as one of the greatest leaders of all time, as a man who looked into the despairing face of humanity when evil forces were destroying the civilization so carefully wrought by centuries of culture, and with unyielding courage and unswerving faith bade them fight until the world was free.

At the very moment when one of our enemies gropes blindly in the darkness of defeat and the other arch aggressor fights bitterly to defend his homeland, the hand which inevitably reaches out from the shadows has beckoned our leader to follow the pathway of the soul.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a great statesman, but not of the school that deals in secret treaties and territorial agreements. Whatever he did, in public or in conference with the leaders of Allied Nations, was based upon his great love for human kind, and his desire that all men should be "free and equal", and the happiness of the future unclouded by the shadow of impending war.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was an Elk. Many years ago he affiliated with Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 275, within whose jurisdiction lay his beloved home at Hyde Park. He took pride in his membership and maintained an active interest to the end. During his lifetime of public service, every official act, his larger dealings with world problems gave evidence of guidance by charity and justice, and faith in the principle of brotherhood, which he interpreted as embracing every creed, class, race and color.

Our enemies may gloat over the passing of our President and exult that this man who gave his life for the freedom of mankind has been removed from his post of leadership, but, has he been removed?

God is always on the side of right, and He will not allow

the soul of Franklin Delano Roosevelt to remain inactive. In a higher post even than that of President of the United States, his labors will continue until the work he began on earth is finished, and the world is free.

Memorial Day

WHEN Memorial Day, first known as "Decoration Day", was made the occasion to bring tributes to the graves of those who fought in the conflict between the States, it was marked by a parade, the feature of which was the organization of veterans, known as the Grand Army of the Republic. In intervening years the ranks of these men in blue have dwindled until hardly one of that once great army remains alive. In subsequent years the veterans of the Spanish War contributed to the Memorial Day parade, and they too are disappearing. Now, it is the veterans of World War I who march in tribute to their comrades on Memorial Day, and soon their sons, veterans of the present war, will carry on the traditions of the day.

Despite the disappearing of the Grand Army of the Republic, the dwindling of the Veterans of the Spanish War and the graying heads of the veterans of World War I, the memory of them all is still enshrined in our hearts, and on Memorial Day we see them marching together, passing before the reviewing stand of memory—heroes, all, who fought for the vindication of the principles of liberty upon which our Nation is founded, the same principles for which their sons and grandsons fight today on the world's battlefronts.

May It Be the Last

FROM May 14th to June 30th, the Seventh War Loan will be intensively promoted. It is the hope and prayer of millions that it may be the last War Loan, but wishful thinking must not take precedence over fact—the war is not over.

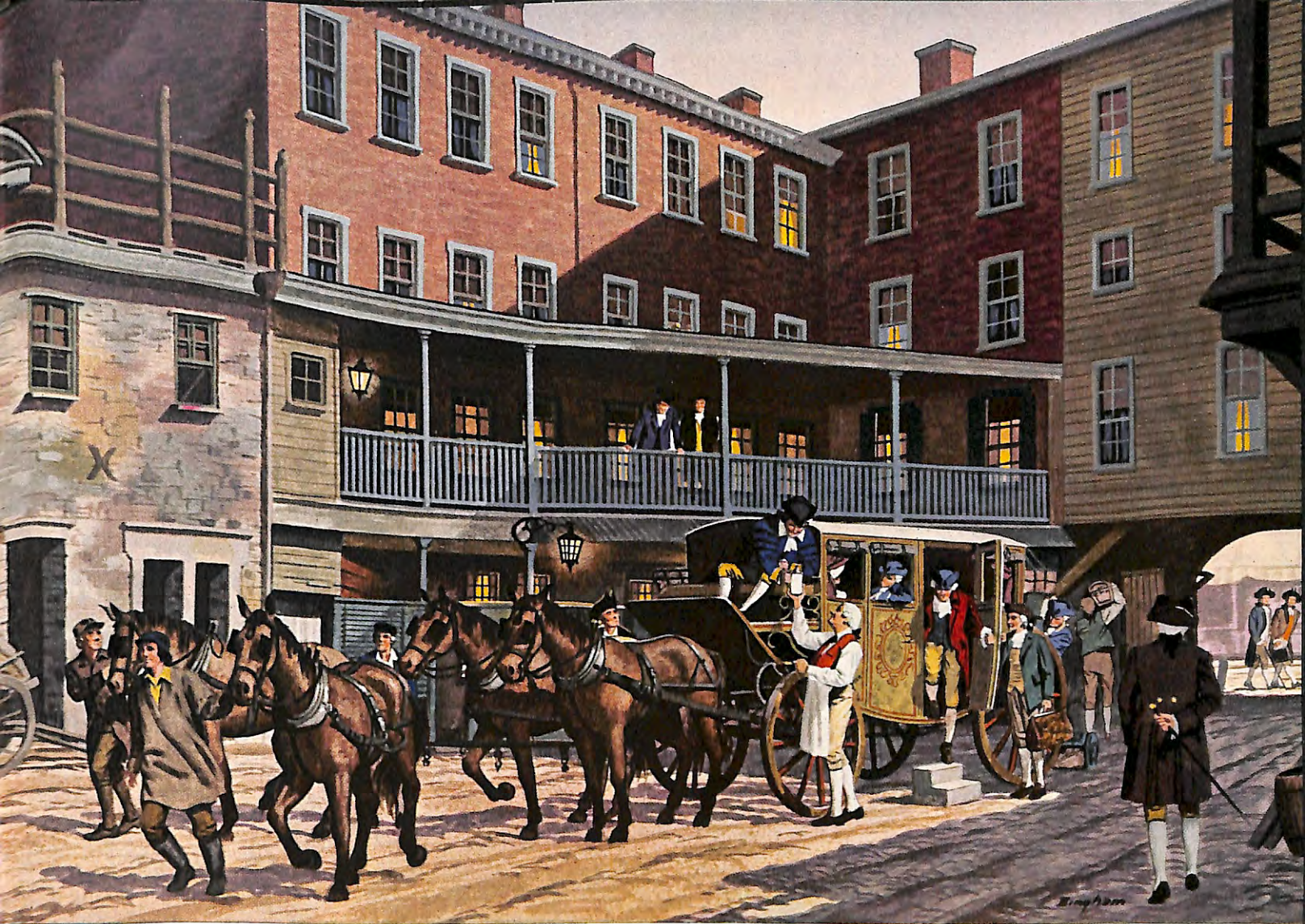
At this writing Germany seems beaten and reeling towards final collapse under the strength of Allied blows, but hatred and the will to destruction are still strong in the remnants of the German army.

The treacherous Jap must be reckoned with for a long time. True, our forces have conquered him wherever he was fairly met, but the cost has been great, and will grow greater.

The chief cost of war is the toll of life. It is the young, the strong, who pay. Each day of fighting is one more day of death and suffering. The home front must pay in labor, in the purchase of bonds, in making the sacrifices essential to end the slaughter. No matter what the people at home are asked to do, they are not lying in foxholes, the mud and rubble of battlefields, crawling through jungle slime to the music of snipers' bullets, every shock and horror that comes with the grim business of war.

The real fighters on the home front are those who are faithful to their jobs, who manufacture the munitions and implements of war, those who buy, and Buy and BUY War Bonds.

For the sake of the effect on enemy morale, for the glory of our men in the field, for a decisive end to the War, the 7th War Loan must be oversubscribed. Let the home front, by its overwhelming subscription to this Loan, show the world that they too are willing to sacrifice all material things to make this the last War Loan.



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