

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



CHRISTMAS 1945



Skating on the Delaware River, Philadelphia, 1784 . . . based on early records*

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky



"...about New Year's day, every one expected

*to see or hear of an 'Ox Roast' on the Delaware
upon the thick ribbed ice... filled with skaters"*

... Annals of Philadelphia.



Keen enjoyment of the great outdoors went hand in hand with friendly hospitality in Colonial Philadelphia. These kindly traditions are today reflected in famous Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky. A rare whisky, indeed. Rich, full-bodied, mellow. You might well reserve Philadelphia Blend for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy it, regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

BLENDED WHISKY

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

* FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA... THE HERITAGE WHISKY... FAMOUS SINCE 1894

A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



"PEACE on earth, good will toward men", "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you", seem like strange sounding words in times of war and postwar hatred, vengeance, and selfish lust for power. A dizzy world moves headlong into a future that is questionable. It reaches for the coveted pasture on the other side of the sharp barbed wire fence, and sometimes receives painful cuts and scratches while overlooking the tender grass of sound principles and simple but proven philosophy within easy reach.

For the time being at least, gone are the days when mothers baked two pies, one for her own brood and one for her neighbors. Nations and individuals show intense interest in "What can I get for myself and mine?" "Am I strong enough to thrash those who do not think as I do?" has been an international byword.

Divorce courts are crowded with three times as many cases as in 1940. Many homes are used only for eating and sleeping. There is a wild rush for excitement, an insane desire to move faster and faster. Simple life and simple pleasures no longer satiate the human desire for happiness.

God has been not only forgotten but absolutely picketed against by men and nations. Moral codes are a thing of the past in some places. Speakers have been cheered by large audiences in our own country when they have described religion as an anaesthesia.

I am not an alarmist. We cannot, however, merely say that all has resulted from war and

therefore must be expected and overlooked. There is a dire need for a Paul Revere in December, 1945. Someone must sound the alarm. Elkdom has the opportunity to serve America and to help America serve a very sick world.

For almost seventy-eight years our Order has exemplified giving without expecting returns. Brotherly Love has been demonstrated in so many ways that it cannot be questioned. Fidelity and Justice have joined hands with their sister virtues. Belief in God has been mandatory. Wholesome good fellowship has existed in its finest sense.

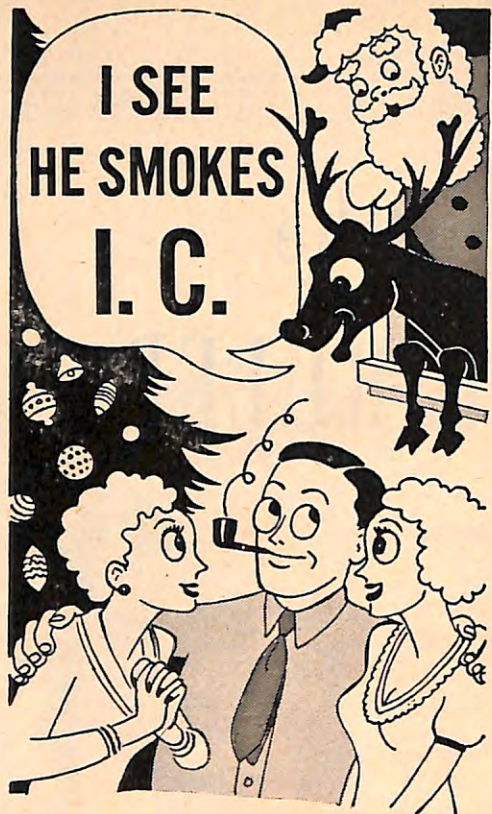
It is my sincere desire to see Elkdom keep ever in mind and always cherish the basic principles that have made our Order great. It is my earnest hope that our lodge and its standards will never give way to club life of mere dizzy excitement.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks can be the needed Paul Revere by standing for and exemplifying to the world a forgotten pasture of worth-while principles which satisfy even though within easy reach.

A merry but a thoughtful Christmas is my earnest desire for every member of our Order.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Wade H. Kepner". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'W'.

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER



You'll see when you give I. C.

Incomparable Christmas spirit, with many a "dear" gathering 'round . . . that's the heart-warming holiday (or any day) result from a pipeful of Irish Castle Pipe Mixture. What "aroma appeal," and no wonder! Willoughby Taylor master-blended this 8-ways better mixture from 8 of the world's finest tobaccos . . . top Turkish, virile Virginias, luscious Latakia, piquant Louisiana Perique, mild White Burley. I.C.'s fragrance makes the ladies sigh for more . . . I.C.'s flavor spells supreme holiday happiness. You'll see that I.C. is the perfect smoke, *the perfect gift!*



IRISH CASTLE

"I see he smokes I. C."

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

For a limited time (and only if your dealer is out of stock) we'll send you a half-pound humidor of Irish Castle Pipe Mixture for only \$1.10. Mail coupon with cash or check to Penn Tobacco Co., Dept. ED, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Name _____
Address _____

LISTEN to Fishing & Hunting Club of the Air, American Broadcasting Co. (Blue Network), Wednesday nights.

THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------------|---|
| BRUCE A. CAMPBELL
Chairman | JOHN R. COEN | JAMES R. NICHOLSON
Secretary and Treasurer |
| JOHN K. TENER
Vice Chairman and Executive Director | | MICHAEL F. SHANNON
Asst. Secy. and Asst. Treas. |
| OSBORNE B. BOND
Business Manager | COLES PHILLIPS
Editor | W. H. MAGRATH
Comptroller |
| JOHN SCHMITT
Circulation Manager | | F. RICHARD ANDERSON
Associate Editor |

Editorial Offices, 50 E. 42nd St., New York City 17, N. Y.

DECEMBER 1945

Contents

Cover Design by John Hyde Phillips

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	1	Under the Antlers.....	24
Letters from a War Correspondent	4	News of the State Associations	26
Coles Phillips		News of Subordinate Lodges	27
Sailor Beware	10	The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	31
Norbert Davis		The Roll of Valor.....	33
A Tool for You.....	14	Rod and Gun.....	54
Harry Botsford		Ray Trullinger	
Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1945-1946..	16	What America Is Reading.....	57
District Deputies—1945-46..	19	Harry Hansen	
Action Speaks	20	In the Doghouse.....	62
Humphrey Clinker		Ed Faust	
The Bootlegger Gets the Boot	22	Editorial	68
George Weinstein.			

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices (complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address) to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New Address; (5) Old Address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 24, No. 1, December, 1945. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1945, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE .

We Present—

SANTA CLAUS is not fashionable this year.

Despite the end of the wars and return home of many of our Armies, this Christmas is not likely to be a happy one for many millions of people all over the world. Our cover artist has got some of his feeling about this Noël into his painting of a Madonna and Child, circa 1945.

In April the Elks Publication Commission and the Elks War Commission sent to the Pacific Ocean Area its War Correspondent and representative, the Editor of this Magazine. Within a week of his return, the surrender of Japan was announced, taking the punch out of his findings. However, those of the Magazine who stayed home got a belt out of their correspondent's letters and decided to print excerpts from them. You see six pages of them profusely and accurately illustrated by Bill von Riegen. Bill gets his accuracy by eliminating everything possible. The accuracy is actually a figment of your imagination. As Mr. Phillips, the Correspondent, only got himself as far as Manila in this issue, his associates plan to go on and on and on with these. Yattata, yattata, yattata.

In harking back with nostalgia to the Era of Wonderful Nonsense, we remarked to George Weinstein that what we missed most was the excitement occasioned by bootleggers. Mr. W. reported that the Era was a thing of nine lives and that we still have bootleggers. They are, however, so carefully controlled by the Federal Alcoholic Tax Unit that most of us don't get to hear the dope. We said, "Tell us more", and he does so in "The Bootlegger Gets the Boot" on page 22.

While torpidly browsing through the manuscripts which clutter up the corners and furniture of our office the other day, we were surprised into a sudden snort of laughter by a story entitled "Sailor Beware" by Norbert Davis. This reaction so startled us that we bought the story forthwith.

For a long time it has been our conviction that the story of the Elks National Foundation has never been properly presented. The essential drama of the work done by the Foundation is inevitably obscured by figures and statistics. We have persuaded a gentleman whose name is *not* Humphrey Clinker to present the story of the Foundation as we think it should be told.

Big business and small business are both having their troubles in this postwar era. It is the contention of Harry Botsford that little business can profit in the same manner as its big brother has done by clever consistent policy of public relations. He gives his ideas on page 14.

For a Century
the traditional preference of men
who know and respect the finest
Kentucky Straight Whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

OLD
CROW



A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Back in the covered wagon days, good judges of whiskey pronounced Old Crow the finest whiskey that can be made. Discerning men of today pay it the same high regard; for this superb whiskey remains unchanged after a hundred years.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS,

Bottled-in-Bond

Still flowing in this old spring house, the original limestone spring used by founder James Crow continues in use.



War Correspondent
Coles Phillips
GHQ-PRO, APO500
FPO San Francisco



VIA AIR MAIL

Letters from a Correspondent

Official U. S. Navy Photo



Coles Phillips

In this and following issues, The Elks Magazine is publishing the private letters sent by its War Correspondent, Coles Phillips, to the Acting Editor, F. Richard Anderson.

The sudden and unexpected end of the war made obsolete the material collected by Mr. Phillips for articles. It was therefore decided by the Magazine to publish a type of correspondence which is not out dated by the cessation of hostilities and which tells the everyday life of a writer overseas.

San Francisco, Calif.
April 30, 1945

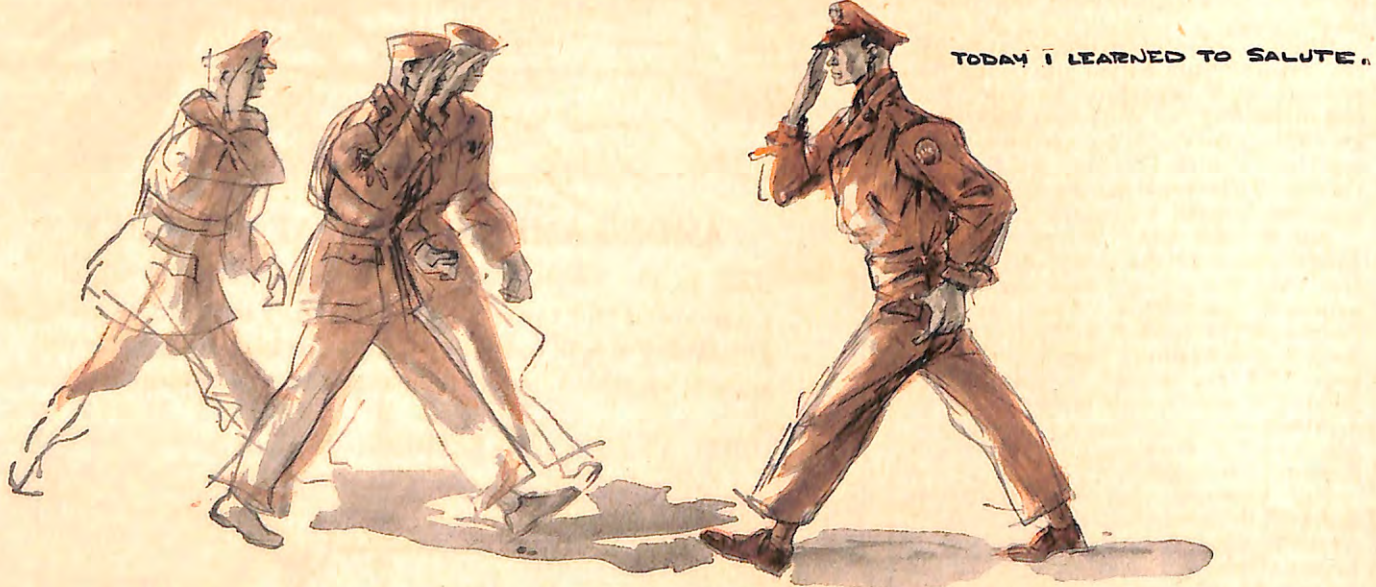
Mr. F. Richard Anderson,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Dick:

This business of being a war correspondent isn't all it's cracked up to be. I've been waiting around San Francisco three days for my orders and nobody seems to know where they are. Captain "Goldbrick"

hasn't sent them—or else they're lost in the fog over the Rockies.

As I understand it, the minute my orders come through I'll be sent over to Hamilton Field or to Suisun Field and from there proceed to Honolulu. Will try to keep you informed as to my movements if I have time.

Am staying at the Elks Club and find it extremely agreeable. It's exactly like a hotel and nobody



bothers me, for which I am grateful because I cannot help but admit to being nervous. I ain't never been to a war before.

I spent the day streaking all over San Francisco trying to find some good Chinese food but there isn't any—for the obvious reason that the ingredients can no longer be imported. Today I bought a bathrobe, brown and white striped cotton, and wooden-soled sandals—for going to latrines. I think of everything.

Phillips

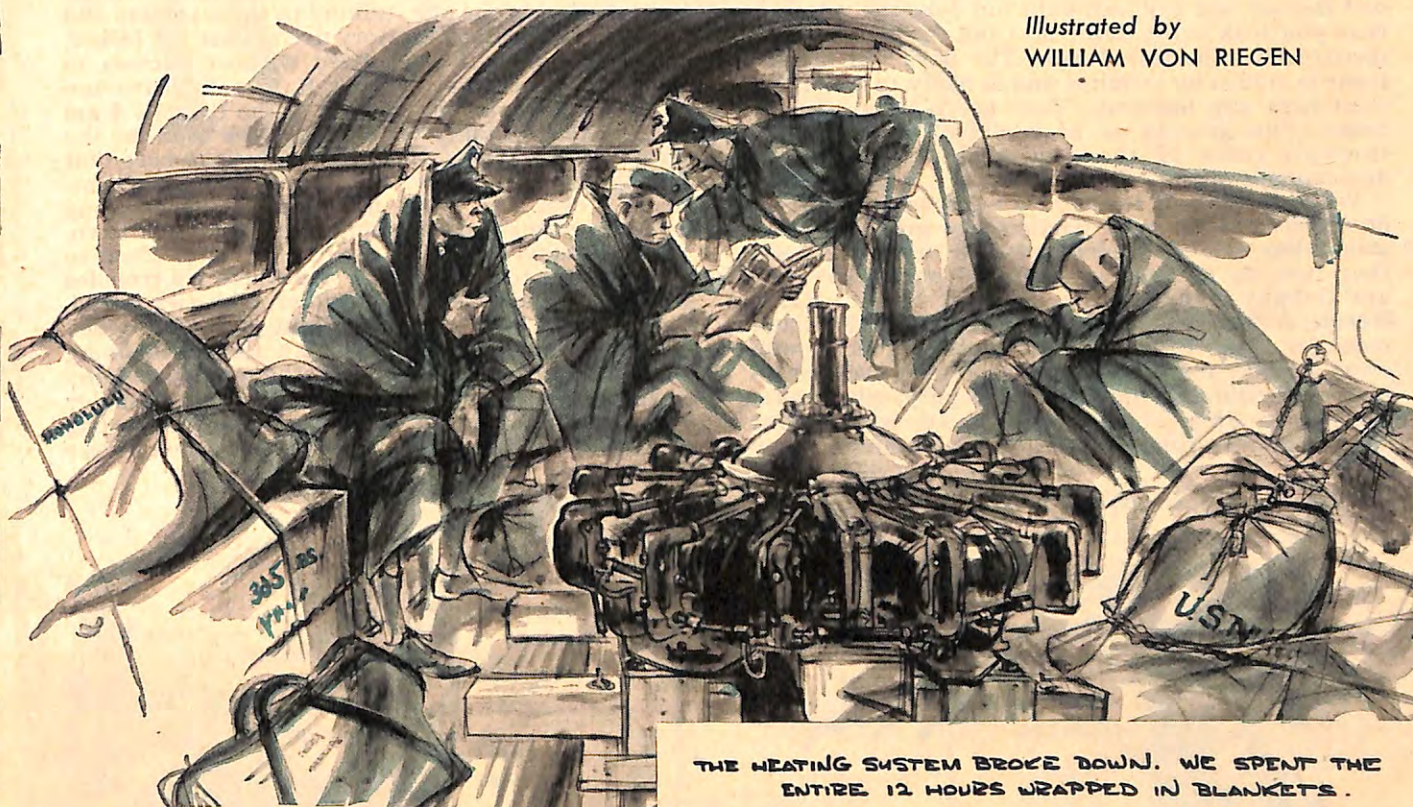
Honolulu, T. H.
May 3, 1945

Richard:

I consider all this swooping around in planes to be unseemly at my age. There is nothing but gray hair to be gained by it.

I left San Francisco on whatever day it was in a station wagon piloted by a pleasant young man named Pvt. Guy Rocco and arrived at Suisun Field some miles north of San Francisco. Stayed in that unattractive spot two days being "briefed" on one

Illustrated by
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



THE HEATING SYSTEM BROKE DOWN. WE SPENT THE ENTIRE 12 HOURS WRAPPED IN BLANKETS.

San Francisco, Calif.
May 1, 1945

Dear Dick:

Today I learned to salute. I walked up New Montgomery Street in uniform with all that curious insignia stuck on me. New Montgomery Street seemed to be populated entirely by spastics.

I got faced with a problem of finding something in which to carry my papers which consist of credentials, photographs, passport, letters, orders, identification and money, including travelers checks. I finally settled on a leather ration book folder. It exactly fits a pocket of an Army shirt. I put it in one pocket and my notebook and pencil in the other and I look as though I'm wearing breastplates. I cannot seem to eradicate the words "Ration Book" stamped in gold on the front of the folder. I've tried soap, shoe polish and whiskey. No go. What do you suggest?

Phillips

thing and another such as what to do when the plane crash-lands 2,000 from the nearest land.

Then I was very suddenly "alerted". (That means, get ready to go.)

The plane, which was scheduled to leave at 7:15 P.M., left at 1:30 the next morning. During the time-lag I improved the shining hours by getting cozy with the crew in the hope that someone would take me under his wing—or at least in his life-raft—during any dark moments.

The flight out to Honolulu was nothing if not unpleasant. Although the crew laid themselves out for the other three passengers and myself, there wasn't much they could do besides supply coffee, because we were in a cargo plane—a C54. The main trouble was that the heating system broke down and all four of us froze off portions of our anatomy.

We flew all the way well over 10,000 feet and at that altitude the weather is intemperate. We spent the entire twelve hours wrapped in blankets.

We arrived at Hickam Field all well and good, only to find I was unable to cable you of safe arrival; what the hell, I figured, if it wasn't a safe arrival you'd know from the newspapers anyway.

I arrived just in time to miss lunch at Hickam Field but I decided hungry or no to take up my duties instanter, and proceeded by bus and trolley into Honolulu to the Elks lodge home which is situated on Waikiki Beach. The building is a beautiful old cream-colored frame house built by a wealthy sugar baron in the last century. The dining room and the bar and grill are built out over the water so that you look right down into the faces of various unattractive species of fish. The boys tell me the home is ridden by termites and is likely to fall about their ears any moment. They are planning a new home. This grieved me as I hate to see these picturesque relics of the past give way to an indeterminate object of the future.

While I think of it, there were several members of the lodge who were particularly good to me. I would like you to remember their names in case they turn up in New York while I am gone. They are Johnny Linczer, the Exalted Ruler; Ralph Morris, a Past Exalted Ruler; Pete Dowd, the house manager, and Bill Lederer, another P.E.R. who owns a lovely home on the other side of Oahu; also Roger MacGuigan, the District Deputy, who was a newspaperman and has something to do with a lot of motion picture theaters. When they come to New

York, be sure to give them the town.

The problem of setting up a Fraternal Center in Honolulu is, at the moment, impracticable. The place is crowded beyond your wildest nightmares. However, I never have seen a place where a Center would be better received and all the boys out there are fully aware of the fact. They also know that the War Commission will back them up.

I am a bit puzzled what to do about articles for the Magazine; there is lots of spot news which won't do for us. I'll have to get feature stuff which is enduring enough to last out the time which must elapse between the writing and the publishing.

I spent several days at the lodge home, swimming, sitting in the sun, talking to the members and taking occasional exploratory drives over the Island. Better men than I have tried without success to describe Hawaii and I think it best to leave undefiled by me your impressions of the Islands. I am no hand at describing the birds and the bees and the clouds and the trees. However, let me say here that Waikiki Beach was one of the greatest disappointments I ever had. Give me Jones Beach on Long Island any time; and Honolulu is a honkytonk town.

On Tuesday I reported again at Hickam Field to catch a plane to Guam. That was where my troubles began. A handsome young soldier, Okinawa-bound, made off with that expensive flight jacket I dragged from New York, leaving me with the fleece lining (Bah, bah, black sheep!). In the pockets of my jacket were my sunglasses, wrist-watch, and sundry other valuables including my papers. The young man made a killing. (Most people out this way wear

THE HONOLULU LODGE BAR AND GRILL IS BUILT OUT OVER THE WATER.





I RAN INTO WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER WHO WAS WITH A YOUNG LADY CORRESPONDENT FROM -- GUESS WHERE? -- VOGUE! ... OF COURSE IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT VOGUE HAVE THE LATEST FASHIONS FROM GUAM.

their wrist-watches strapped to their belts. You perspire so much that no wrist band can stand up under the strain—particularly when you sweat pure acid as I do.)

I write pretty acid too, don't I?

Phillips

Guam
May 10, 1945

(or some such date. I lost a day in transit and haven't figured it out yet. I'm not the scientific type.)

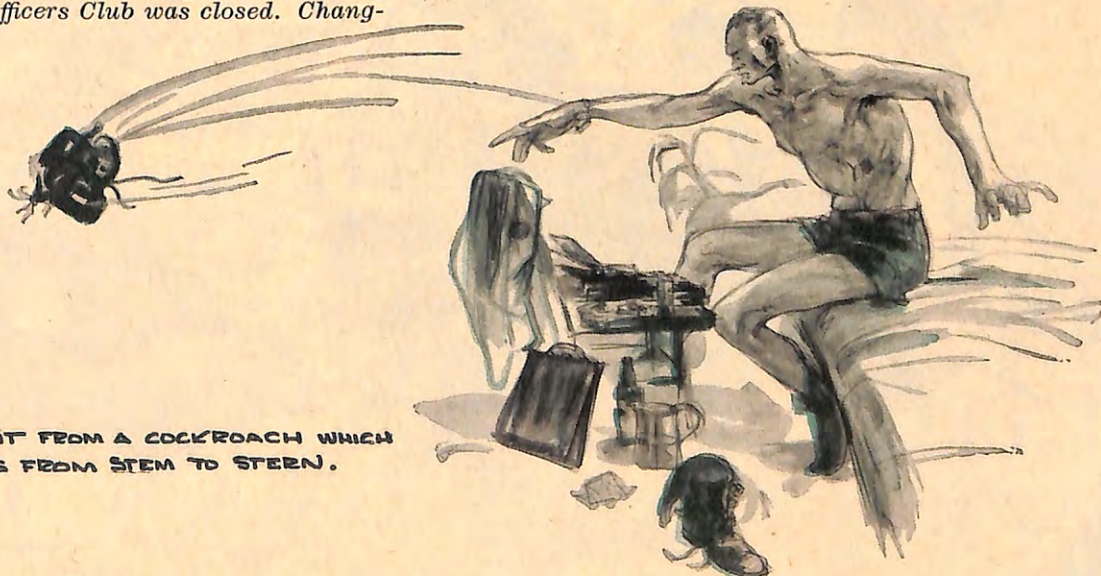
Dear Richard:

We took off late in the morning from Hickam Field and landed on Johnson Island four hours later. This time I was in a C54 fitted out as a passenger craft. Everything was fine except that when we arrived at Johnson we had to change a carburetor, and the bar in the Officers Club was closed. Chang-

ing a plane's carburetor takes from eight to ten hours—ours took eleven—and no drinks.

Johnson Island gave me the impression of being almost exactly the same size as Bedloe's Island which holds up the Statue of Liberty, so you will understand me when I tell you that I viewed all its charms in twenty minutes.

Some time during the early hours of the morning we took off again for Kwajalein — an eight-hour flight. The less I say about Kwajalein the better for all concerned. It is enough to tell you that I would rather spend two years on Alcatraz than two days on Kwajalein. The island consists of coral rock tastefully decorated by Quonset huts and other Army installations. (Once in my tour of this garden spot I saw a green weed.) How the boys manage to spend more than two months there without getting rock-happy passes understanding. The fact that



I RECEIVED A VISIT FROM A COCKROACH WHICH WAS 3 INCHES FROM STEM TO STEM.

they retain their sanity at all goes to show how strong is the human instinct to survive.

You will get an idea of what the boys think of this rain-flooded, sun-tortured way-stop when you see a sign on the bulletin board in the ATC passenger terminal: SPEND A WEEK AND GO HOME A FREAK.

Another sign over the Kwajalein Hotel (the Transient Officers' BOQ) says with telling simplicity:

**KWAJALEIN ATOLL—NO WOMEN AT ALL
—NO NOTHIN' AT ALL.**

The next stop at Guam—another eight-hour flight—was accomplished with no untoward incidents. Let me say here what I personally think of flying under present day war conditions. It is for my dough the dullest, most boring, most uncomfortable and most unnerving method of transportation tried out by man since he gave up walking on all fours. Most people find they can't read on planes because they are subconsciously nervous and unhappy in an element in which to be comfortable you'd have to have feathers. You can't talk because of the noise; you can't move around because of the lack of space and there is nothing to see through the tiny little windows—there wouldn't even be anything to see if the whole plane was a window. Of course this doesn't go for the guy who is piloting because there he finds excitement in operating at high speed such a piece of machinery but it's hell on the passengers. The only thrill—and that is of a dubious quality—comes in the take-offs and landings.

Guam is an island much bigger than one has been given to understand from any of the accounts I have seen. It is about 230 square miles covered with flora of improbable varieties. In the eight months that it has been in our possession it has become a place of civilization. I think it is one of the most beautiful tropical islands in the world and that when transportation becomes easy and available it will rival Bermuda or Nassau as a holiday resort. Already those in authority are improving the island with controlled landscaping. Admiral Nimitz has asked for volunteers to plant grass in all the bare areas and a good bit of shrubbery and transplanted palm trees already soften the effect of stark war-time buildings.

What the Seabees have done is impossible to describe. Big three-lane concrete roads; innumerable buildings of sturdy and not too unsightly construction, and miles of concrete sidewalks. The correspondents' quarters are in an enormous Quonset hut. We have good showers and porcelain plumbing, beds with inner-spring mattresses such as we haven't been able to buy at home for years and beaver-board walls and partitions to make up the rooms. Each room has two beds, a closet, a zinc washstand with hot and cold running water and a metal mirrored medicine cabinet. The closets have an electric light bulb down near the floor to keep your shoes from growing penicillin, and each room has standing lamps with three-way indirect lighting. I understand dressers, tables and chairs will be put in next. This luxurious magnificence almost

MRS. JOHNSTON GAVE ME HER VERSION OF THE JAP OCCUPATION AND THE SUBSEQUENT LIBERATION.





I GAVE ONE OF THOSE BRISK LITTLE NUMBERS, UTTERLY UNGRACIOUS AND LACKING IN DIRTY JOKES WHICH OUGHT TO BE SPOKEN AT SUCH MEETINGS. NO DOUBT I AM RUINED.

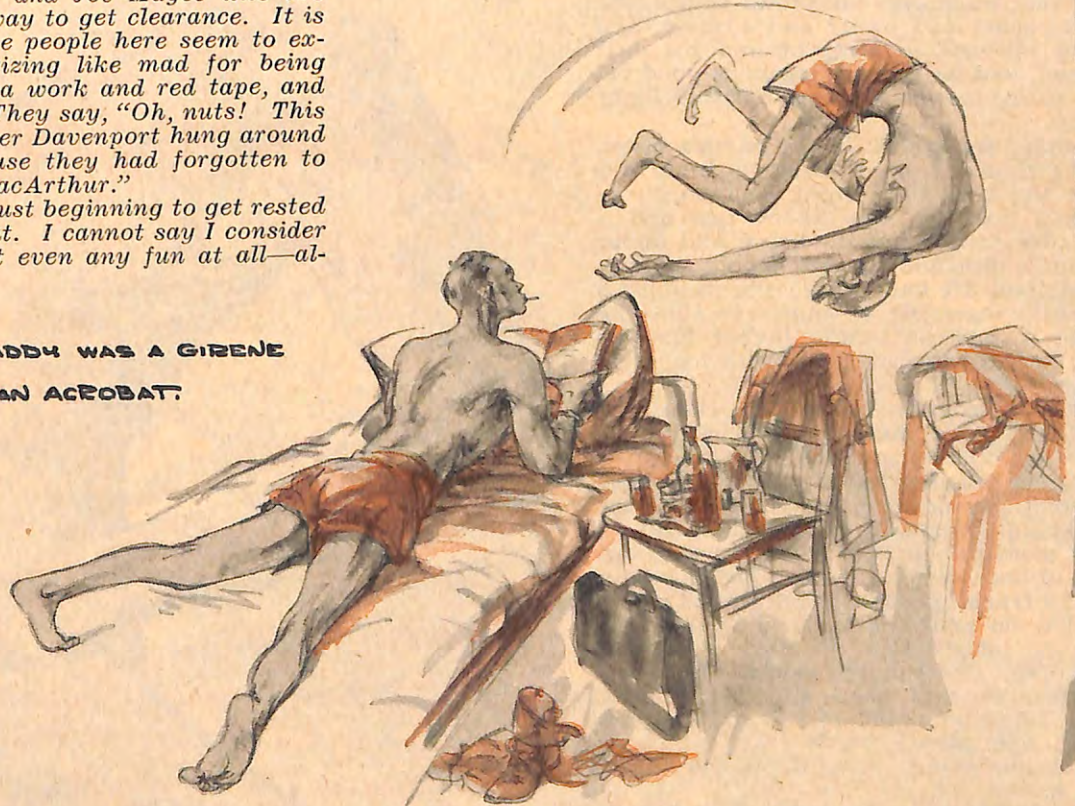
floored me as I had expected to end up in a tent. But who am I to pass up creature comforts?

The first thing I discovered on arriving was that my orders had got screwed up in some inexplicable fashion and I do not know whether I will be able to proceed to Manila or not. There are a couple of very nice young fellows in the Press Relations Office named Lts. Jerry Mellon and Joe Magee who are advising me on the best way to get clearance. It is the usual snafu which the people here seem to expect. I go about apologizing like mad for being such a pest, causing extra work and red tape, and they all look surprised. They say, "Oh, nuts! This is nothing unusual. Walter Davenport hung around here for six weeks because they had forgotten to clear him with General MacArthur."

I am very healthy and just beginning to get rested from all the dodging about. I cannot say I consider any of this a picnic—not even any fun at all—al-

though the Navy gives you every break and does its level best to make you comfortable. I have the most profound respect for everything I have seen in all fields in which the Navy operates. Furthermore my impression of Guam suggests that at home we have no conception of the tremendous power the U. S. (Continued on page 36)

LAST NIGHT MY BUNKWADDY WAS A GIRENE WHO WAS ALSO AN ACROBAT.



Sailor Beware

By Norbert Davis

Gabriel was the first unattached male between 15 and 50 to show up in the canyon in three years. He had to be fast on his feet.

THE sun was shining like it was being paid time-and-a-half, and the asphalt was bubbling, and the heat waves were squirming all over the place. To be short and quick about it, it was hot. But Ensign Jonathan Gabriel didn't feel it, and you wouldn't have either if you had spent the last three years in the engine room of a destroyer.

Gabriel was walking along, head up and eyes front, humming cheerfully to himself. He was short and swart and chunky, and he had his cap on straight and his coat buttoned, and he was feeling very good because at last he was walking up Hold-Tight Canyon.

Canyons are cracks in the earth's crust, ranging in size from a drainage ditch to a scenic wonder. Hold-Tight Canyon, from Gabriel's position, was about two and a half miles from brink to brink and about a half mile deep and, up to this point, totally uninhabited. He hadn't seen anything alive—animal, vegetable or mineral—since he entered it, but that didn't bother him because he had something fancy to look forward to.

And now, from far behind him, there was a faint mechanical murmur. Gabriel stopped and waited. There are several rigid Naval regulations about officers thumbing rides. None of them, however, prohibit an officer from smiling wistfully, provided he can.

In a moment a beaten-up little run-about that had been converted from a coupe to a sort of a truck by someone with good intentions but no skill sputtered and puffed up the grade toward him. The driver spotted him at about two hundred yards. The motor plooped once and then started laboring again. The run-about pawed right along until it was twenty yards from him, and then the motor cut out as the driver threw in the clutch.

Gabriel turned on his smile.

The motor caught again with a horrified gurk, and the run-about sailed right on past him, chugging in a righteously supercilious

"Hey!" said Gabriel, startled. "Look out! You're pointing that right at me!"



manner, but not for long. It slowed down, grumbled in an undecided way, and then finally stopped with a jerk.

Gabriel, somewhat puzzled, had been watching this coyly hesitant procedure, but now he walked forward quickly. "How do you do," he said.

The driver was a small girl wearing slacks and a shirt that looked like she had been working in them. She had very large brown eyes, and she was wearing a red and white

bandanna, pirate style, around her head with the ends forming sort of auxiliary ears that waggled when she moved quickly. For a moment she didn't do a thing but just look at Gabriel.

"How do you do," he said, starting over again.

"What's your name?" the girl asked coldly.

"My name?" said Gabriel. "Jonathan Gabriel. Ensign, USNR."

"You'd better get out of here."

"What?" said Gabriel

"This canyon is no place for your kind."

Gabriel stared at her blankly for a second and then smiled again in a tentative way. "Well, I sort of like the place. I mean, it's so worthless it appeals to me. Do they eat Naval officers for supper around here or something?"

The girl had a nice mouth, but now it was pinched and precise and small. "I suppose you want a ride?"

"Why, yes," said Gabriel. "Thank you."

He got in, and the run-about started up the grade again with a staggering lunge. Gabriel listened



to the engine with a certain amount of professional curiosity. It had a piston slap, and one of the bearings was bidding its mates farewell, and the valves were carboned so heavily that one of the cylinders was cutting out every third time around.

"Why don't you go back to your ship?" the girl asked suddenly.

"Eh?" said Gabriel. "My ship? If I never see that floating wail of woe again, it'll be too soon."

"They shoot people for deserting in time of war, you know."

"I guess they do, at that," Gabriel agreed.

They drove in silence while the asphalt sucked greedily at the tires.

The girl made a little exasperated noise. "What do you want here in Hold-Tight Canyon?"

"I'm looking for a girl. Her name is Barbara Brown. Do you know her?"

"Never heard of her," the girl said flatly.

"Now, that's funny," said Gabriel. "She certainly should be a stand-out in this kind of a neighborhood. She's beautiful and red-headed. And rich. She owns a ranch."

"How do you know all that?"

"Her brother told me so."

"What do you want with her?"

"I want to get some money from her," Gabriel explained.

"Humph!" said the girl.

Ahead of them the grade flattened out, and the road squirmed through some stunted trees. Off at one side, behind a hitching post, there was a dingy brown building about the general size and contour of a couple of box cars hitched together. The coupe ground to a stop in front of it.

"This is as far as I can take you," the girl said.

"Okay," said Gabriel, getting out. "Thanks."

The gears snarled at him, and the run-about went determinedly away from there—on up the road in the same direction they had been going. Gabriel scratched his head, staring after it, and then shrugged and turned around to survey the dingy brown building. Tin signs nailed all over the front of it advertised beer, snuff, chewing tobacco and similar necessities.

Gabriel crossed the plank porch and opened the screen door. He was facing a long, high counter. A girl sat on a stool behind it with a big ledger open in front of her. She was adding up sums in it in an avidly concentrated manner, muttering to herself. She had black hair cut in a page-boy bob and a long nose and lots of jaw.

"Ahem," said Gabriel.

The girl looked up, and her mouth opened very slowly.

"Could I have a bottle of beer, please?" Gabriel asked.

The girl closed her mouth and got down off the stool and slid cautiously along the counter, watching him narrowly. "What kind of a uniform is



Illustrated by
HAROLD ELDREDGE

She slapped Bessie on the nose
and then pulled Gabriel out of
the roadside ditch.



that you've got on?" she demanded.

"A Naval officer's uniform," said Gabriel. "I'm an ensign."

"Is that like an admiral?"

"Well," said Gabriel. "In a way. Can I have a bottle of beer?"

She opened an ice chest back of the counter, took a bottle out, popped the cap off, and put it down on the counter in front of him. The bottle was wet and luke-warm, and it had no label on it. Gabriel hoisted it and took a big gulp.

"Gaaah!" he said in horror, clutching his throat with his free hand.

The girl smiled. "Good, huh? Of course, I never drink it, myself."

Gabriel tested his Adam's apple to make sure it was still movable. "I can—understand that," he said with difficulty.

"You know," said the girl, "it makes me laugh to read those magazine ads about how hard it is to make good beer. Why, all you have to do is to mix up some malt and yeast and

raisins and sugar and water and put it in a big crock and set it out in the sun awhile and then strain it and put it in bottles."

Gabriel put his bottle down very carefully and stepped a little away from it.

"My name is Harriet Peabody," the girl informed him. "What's yours?"

"Jonathan Gabriel."

"Jonathan Gabriel," she repeated. "That's pretty."

"Thanks," said Gabriel. "Speaking of names, do you know anyone who uses Barbara Brown for hers? She lives in this canyon somewhere."

"What do you want with her?"

"I want to find her," Gabriel said patiently. "Her brother is a ship-mate of mine, and besides she's beautiful."

"Ho!" Harriet chortled. "Ha! Why, she's nothing but a hag! A horrible mess! And besides she's old! She's at least thirty. You don't want to fool around with her.

You'd better go home to your wife."

"I haven't got a wife," said Gabriel.

"Oh," said Harriet casually. "But I bet you're engaged, huh? With a ring?"

"No," said Gabriel.

"Well," said Harriet slowly and thoughtfully. "Well. What do you do in this ensign job of yours?"

"I prow around below-decks on a destroyer."

"Ummm. Does it pay well?"

"Fair enough," Gabriel said cautiously.

"You can take out Government life insurance, can't you?"

"Yes," said Gabriel, still more cautiously.

"And destroyers sink pretty easy, don't they?"

Gabriel blinked. "Not so very easy."

"Ummm," said Harriet. "What do you think of this place here?"

Gabriel looked around. "It—it's very nice."

"I own it. All of it. It would be pretty swell to come home to after you're discharged, wouldn't it? Provided you came home."

"I—guess it would."

Harriet leaned her elbows on the counter. "What do you think of me?"

"Eh?" said Gabriel. "Oh. Well, I think you're—you're... I mean..."

Harriet reached out and patted his arm. "You're cute. Take me out to dinner."

Gabriel opened his mouth and shut it again.

"I'll pay for mine," Harriet told him.

Gabriel swallowed. "It isn't that... I mean, I'm sure it would be a pleasure, only I've got to run along and—"

"Wait until you see me dressed up," said Harriet. "I've got a little green print number that's a dream. Just stay right there. I'll only be a minute. You can have another bottle of beer when you finish that one. Free."

She hurried along the counter and dodged through a door at the end. From the room beyond there was a hurly-burly of slamming doors and drawers.

Gabriel shook his head groggily and then began to back step-by-step toward the front door.

"Don't be impatient now!" Harriet called.

"I'm not," said Gabriel, "a bit. Just take your time."

He slid through the screen door and tip-toed across the porch. Down on the road, he hunched over and dug his toes in professionally and fired an imaginary starting gun. The first curve up the road was better than a hundred yards away, but Gabriel rounded it in twelve seconds flat. He slowed to a four-forty stride then, but he kept right on pumping along until he had put two more curves between him and the store. After that he pulled down to a fast walk, turning to look cautiously back

(Continued on page 44)

A Tool For You

By Harry Botsford

Regardless of the character of your business or your profession, you can use public relations to advantage.

KNEE-DEEP in the urgencies of reconversion, a small plant in Ohio found itself in trouble. A main drive shaft had to be straightened—but quickly, if production was to be resumed in a volume sufficient to capture a vital share of a critical market.

A stubborn bearing had frozen on the shaft and the workers were having difficulty loosening it. A group of them had worked steadily for fifteen hours—pounding, using fire, main strength and no little profanity. They were discouraged, ready to quit. The head of the concern, a shrewd, wise oldster, watched what was going on from the window of his office. A lot depended on the men completing that job, getting the shaft straightened and back into place.

He picked up his hat, slammed it on his head and strolled toward the weary and expectant group of workers. They wanted some words of consolation, something in the way of a pep talk. They didn't get what they expected.

The head of the concern didn't even pause as he passed the toiling group. He cast a casual but critical eye at their work.

"Got you whipped, has it?" he commented sarcastically.

That night as he was trying to sleep, his phone rang. He picked up the receiver.

"It has like hell got us whipped!"



a voice roared in his ear. "You old —. We done it!"

The executive grinned happily. "I want you men in my office at noon tomorrow," he ordered sharply.

At noon the men streamed in. They were dead tired, defiant. The shaft had been straightened, put back into service. They found seats, collectively glared at the boss.

He came to his feet, grinned. "You men thought I was pretty tough last

At noon the men streamed in. They were dead tired, defiant. They found seats, collectively glared at the boss.

night," he said quietly. "I had to be. You were about ready to quit if I'd given you a chance. I didn't dare give you that chance. So instead I deliberately said something calculated to make you mad as hell. It worked; you accepted the challenge.



The successful filling-station operator must make the public prefer to do business with him.

The difficulty lay in that the tonic was being packaged in the wrong type of bottle!



Illustrated By
HOWARD BUTLER

"I appreciate what you did. To prove it, here's a hundred dollar War Bond for each of you. You are to take forty-eight hours off, with full pay. Now are you still sore at me?"

The men grinned. Gone was fatigue, anger. Now they understood. The Old Man's eyes were a bit dimmed as he shook hands with them, chased them out of the office.

The Old Man knew something about public relations. He had a nice

sense of timing. Incidentally, he salvaged his share of a market because his small plant was producing at top speed right at a time when the market was eager to buy.

That shows what public relations can do.

Much of the trouble in this world can be traced to poor public relations. Most wars, most marital difficulties, most of the strife we encounter is caused by nothing more

than a lack of understanding.

The job of public relations is to make individuals, firms or professions better and more sympathetically understood.

A delusion prevails that the advantages of public relations are confined strictly to large corporations, industries and associations able to afford the fee required for the skilled services of an experienced public relations counsel.

The truth is, Small Business invented public relations, but it remained for Big Business to explore and expand its manifold possibilities. Big Business, because it has more pressing problems and more of them than Small Business, advantageously uses all phases of public relations. It has more publics to reach with its story.

Small Business can plan and apply its own public relations. If it does the job intelligently, effectively and continuously, it is using a tool that often makes it possible for Small Business to expand into the realm of Big Business.

One of the things good public relations can do for a small, ambitious business, or one that is not too well known, is to give that business a definite and pleasing personality and individuality that lifts it above the level of competition.

Let's look at a few case histories of how Small Business is applying public relations to good advantage.

Did you ever stop to think that there are many left-handed people in this world? A New York bank gave this more than a passing thought. It did something about it. An alert bank official noted that left-handed depositors always have difficulty using the standard type of check book, as they write toward themselves, instead of away from the body, as all right-handed people do.

What did the bank do? It had left-handed check books printed. It advertised the fact. Left-handed people are a small but important part of our population. They liked the idea enormously and with forthright enthusiasm. Naturally, to use the left-handed check book they had to become depositors of this particular bank. This they did in pleasing numbers.

For my money, that bank is doing a good public relations job.

Doing good and seeing that you receive credit for it—that's only one of the many definitions for public relations. I like this definition. There has been a lot of talk about the subject, but it still has to be clearly defined.

Like Frank Fay's rabbit, you don't see it but you know it's there just the same!

The public is not a simple entity. Rather, it is a composite. A professional public relations counsel, planning campaigns for a great corporation, or an association, esti-

(Continued on page 41)



Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1945-1946

GRAND EXALTED RULER

WADE H. KEPNER, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 612-13-14 Central Union Trust Building

GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

F. EUGENE DAYTON, Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614. 157 Main Street

GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

ARTHUR J. BAKER, Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456. City Hall

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

OLIVER F. ASH, JR., St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9. 119 North Seventh Street, St. Louis 1, Mo.

GRAND SECRETARY

J. E. MASTERS, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494. Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

JOHN F. BURKE, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 40 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

GRAND TILER

MOREY L. GOODMAN, Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460. c/o Goodman's Men's Store

GRAND INNER GUARD

CHARLES T. DURELL, Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97. 480 Richards Avenue

GRAND CHAPLAIN

REVEREND GEORGE L. NUCKOLLS, Gunnison, Colo., Lodge, No. 1623

GRAND ESQUIRE

(To be appointed)

SECRETARY TO GRAND EXALTED RULER

ROY C. HEINLEIN, (Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333) 612-13-14 Central Union Trust Building, Wheeling, W. Va.

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON, *Chairman*, Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299. 626-636 Center Avenue

JOHN E. DRUMMEY, *Vice-Chairman*, Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. 1702 Broadway, Seattle 22, Wash.

GEORGE I. HALL, *Secretary and Home Member*, (Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515) 21 West Street Building, New York 6, N. Y.

SAM STERN, *Approving Member*, Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260

HUGH W. HICKS, *Member*, Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, No. 192. The First National Bank

GRAND FORUM

GEORGE W. BRUCE, *Chief Justice*, Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053. Box 456

ALLEN B. HANNAY, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151. 330 Post Office Building, Houston 2, Tex.

L. A. LEWIS, (Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345) 1017 Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

CLYDE E. JONES, Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347. Union Bank & Trust Company Building

ALTO ADAMS, (Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520) Supreme Court of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla.

COMMITTEE ON JUDICIARY

JOHN E. MULLEN, *Chairman*, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14. Room 32, 32 Westminster Street, Providence 3, R. I.

BENJAMIN F. WATSON, Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196. 311 American State Savings Bank Building

J. C. TRAVIS, Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. 618 Keeline Building

ROBERT S. FARRELL, JR., (Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142) Capitol Building, Salem, Ore.

A. W. PARNELL, Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337. 115 North Appleton Street

COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

LEE A. DONALDSON, *Chairman*, (Etna, Pa., Lodge, No. 932) 3 Elizabeth Street, Pittsburgh 23, Pa.

BEN W. WEIR, Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412. 418-420 Commerce Building

WILLIAM J. McAVOY, Tipton, Ind., Lodge, No. 1012

MICHAEL J. GILDAY, New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756. 310 North Avenue

H. I. ASTON, McAlester, Okla., Lodge, No. 533. Oil Exchange Building

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

JOSEPH W. FITZGERALD, *Chairman*, Canton, O., Lodge, No. 68. P. O. Box 55

H. J. RALEY, Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058. 27 West Poplar

LOUIS R. DOWD, Cortland, N. Y., Lodge, No. 748. Marine Midland Trust Company Building

GEORGE W. HICKEY, Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311. 257 Church Street

L. GRANT KELLOGG, Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge, No. 646. *The Press Democrat*

AUDITING COMMITTEE

MURRAY B. SHELDON, *Chairman*, (Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289) 265 Grant Avenue, Jersey City 5, N. J.

EVERETT A. MCGLAULIN, Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188. 4 Park Avenue

JAMES A. SPARGO, Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96. Spargo Wire Co., Inc.

STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE

HOWARD R. DAVIS, *Chairman*, Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport 3, Pa.

ARNOLD WESTERMANN, Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8. 990 Starks Building

ED. D. BAIRD, Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310. Box 2006

FRANK A. SMALL, St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. 613 State Street

B. A. WHITMIRE, Hendersonville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1616

ANTLERS COUNCIL

CHARLES G. HAWTHORNE, *Chairman*, Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7. 408 West Redwood Street

W. H. HARTH, Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190. City Hall

WALTER F. SCHERER, Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17. Equitable Building

NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

BRUCE A. CAMPBELL, *Chairman*, East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664. First National Bank Building

JOHN K. TENER, *Vice-Chairman and Executive Director*, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) 1527 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) Room 506, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

MICHAEL F. SHANNON, *Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer*, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

JOHN R. COEN, (Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336) Midland Savings Building, Denver, Colo.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*, (Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832) Newtown Avenue and Crooked Mile, R.F.D. No. 3, Westport, Conn.

FLOYD E. THOMPSON, *Secretary*, (Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556) 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Ill.

JAMES G. MCFARLAND, *Treasurer*, Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838

EDWARD RIGHTOR, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. 1340 Canal Bank Building, New Orleans 12, La.

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. Broad Street at Cumberland

MURRAY HULBERT, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. 2201 U. S. Court House

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Chairman*, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) Room 506, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Vice-Chairman and Treasurer*, (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) Room 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

EDWARD J. McCORMICK, *Secretary*, Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. 510-511 Ohio Bank Building, Toledo 4, O.

HENRY C. WARNER, *Assistant Treasurer*, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779

JOHN R. COEN, (Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336) Midland Savings Building, Denver, Colo.

DAVID SHOLTZ, (Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141) 300 American Bank Building, Miami, Fla.

JOHN S. McCLELLAND, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. 218 Court House, Atlanta 3, Ga.

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

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

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

ROBERT SOUTH BARRETT, Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758. 404 Duke Street

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title 1, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the home, address George I. Hall, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 21 West Street Building, New York 6, N. Y.

Ballerina* on Wheels!



"BLUES BOUNCE," A GLORIA NORD EMBELLISHMENT OF THE DIFFICULT LOOP, OR LEAN, SPIN.

BORROWED FROM THE BALLET IS THIS GRACEFUL PIVOT FIGURE WHICH IS KNOWN AS THE PLIÉ.



IT'S JIVE... IT'S JITTERBUG... IT'S WONDERFUL! GLORIA NORD SERVES IT UP ON ROLLERS!

YOU'VE SEEN THIS KICK FIGURE IN THE BALLET TOO—BUT HERE IT'S ON ROLLER SKATES.

She wrapped up the figures and spins of the ballet and put them on wheels. It's roller-skating star

Gloria Nord

in action on skates...and with her favorite cigarette—Camel

"I like everything about Camels— their full flavor and their grand mildness"



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

FROM the moment she glides out on the floor to start that whirring whirlwind of leaps, jumps, and spins, it's *rhythm on the rollers!* For blue-eyed, honey-haired Gloria Nord, of "Skating Vanities," is a star on wheels. Her cigarette, too, is a star... from way back. Gloria tells you, "Camels have something I've never found in any other cigarette — a pleasing mildness and a flavor that doesn't go flat. Camels *always* taste good."

You'll hear the same thing said in many different ways, but it all adds up to the same: For steady pleasure, there's *nothing like a Camel!* Let your "T-Zone" tell you why Camels are so preferred. (See right.)



Your "T-Zone" and your cigarette

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is the final proving ground of any cigarette. Only your taste and your throat can tell you which cigarette tastes best to *you*... how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Camels Costlier Tobaccos



*FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Coming right up
with the makings of a matchless good time!
The gardenia's snowy perfection . . .
the superlatively smooth, mellow taste of PM.
Here's beauty and quality and jollity . . .
Pleasant Moments coming right up!*



IF IT ISN'T

PM

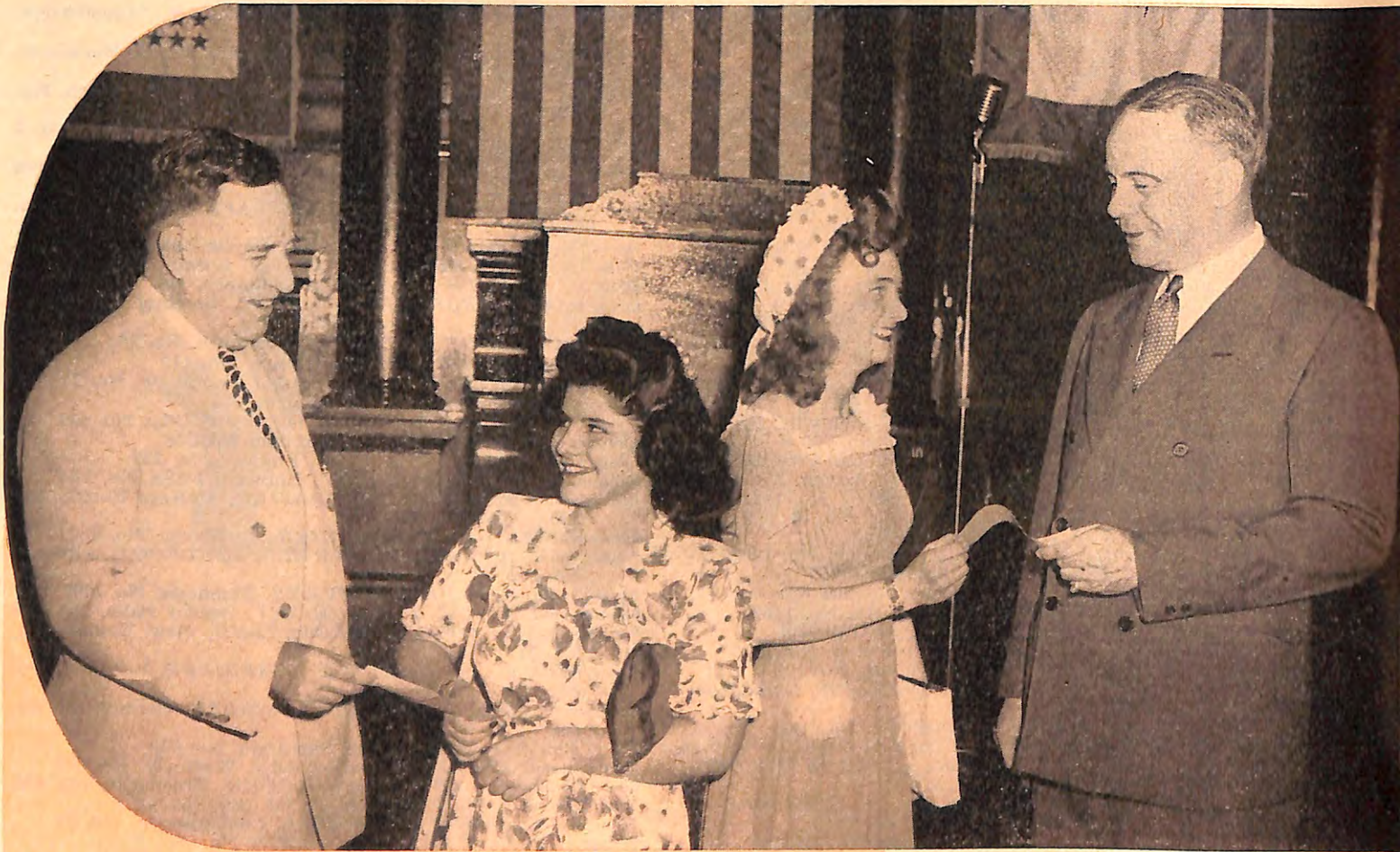
IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

The District Deputies for 1945-1946

- Alabama, N., *C. O. McNEES*, Florence, No. 820
 Alabama, S., *MAURICE M. WALSH*, Birmingham, No. 79
 Alaska, E., *FRED R. WEST*, Ketchikan, No. 1429
 Alaska, W., *GEORGE F. MUMFORD*, Anchorage, No. 1351
 Arizona, N., *DR. W. V. AMMONS*, Phoenix, No. 335
 Arizona, S., *ROBERT C. RUSSELL, JR.*, Ajo, No. 1576
 Arkansas, *WILLIAM H. LAUBACH*, Little Rock, No. 1655
 California, Bay, *T. F. WERNER*, Napa, No. 832
 California, E. Cent., *HARRY J. JOHNSON*, Porterville, No. 1342
 California, N., *A. M. HOLMES*, Nevada City, No. 518
 California, S. Cent., *J. ROBERT PAINE*, Pasadena, No. 672
 California, S., *MORLEY H. GOLDEN*, San Diego, No. 168
 California, W. Cent., *ROY P. EMERSON*, San Jose, No. 522
 Canal Zone, *JAMES O. DES LONDES*, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414
 Colorado, Cent., *IRL FOARD*, Colorado Springs, No. 309
 Colorado, N., *ISOM EPPERSON*, Fort Morgan, No. 1143
 Colorado, S., *F. E. FLYNN*, Lamar, No. 1319
 Colorado, W., *GLENN G. ELLINGTON*, Delta, No. 1235
 Connecticut, E., *JAMES P. WRANG*, Middletown, No. 771
 Connecticut, W., *GEORGE H. SCOTT*, West Haven, No. 1537
 Florida, E., *B. ELLIOTT*, Pahokee, No. 1638
 Florida, N., *RUPERT G. ZEIGLER*, Gainesville, No. 990
 Florida, W., *LLOYD M. HICKS*, Bradenton, No. 1511
 Georgia, E., *JESSE D. JEWELL*, Gainesville, No. 1126
 Georgia, S., *HEETH VARNEDOE*, Thomasville, No. 1618
 Georgia, W., *PAUL E. HENSON*, Rome, No. 694
 Hawaii, *J. ROGER MacGUIGAN*, Honolulu, No. 616
 Idaho, N., *KELLY CLINE*, Moscow, No. 249
 Idaho, S., *E. L. SHATTUCK*, Idaho Falls, No. 1087
 Illinois, E. Cent., *LEE FOSNAUGH*, Clinton, No. 785
 Illinois, N. E., *RICHARD E. DUFF*, Waukegan, No. 702
 Illinois, N. W., *JAMES DAYTON WARD*, Sycamore, No. 1392
 Illinois, S., *T. H. HALL*, Carmi, No. 1652
 Illinois, S. E., *WALTER F. KOLB*, Mt. Carmel, No. 715
 Illinois, S. W., *C. C. DREMAN*, Belleville, No. 481
 Illinois, W. Cent., *WILLIAM H. KURTZ*, Jacksonville, No. 682
 Indiana, Cent., *LEONARD IMEL*, Portland, No. 768
 Indiana, N., *DR. WILLIAM A. HART*, Michigan City, No. 432
 Indiana, N. Cent., *AMOS L. JOCKEL*, Fort Wayne, No. 155
 Indiana, S., *DELBERT A. CONDIFF*, Bicknell, No. 1421
 Indiana, S. Cent., *L. A. KREBS*, Indianapolis, No. 13
 Iowa, N. E., *LEO P. RONAN*, Decorah, No. 443
 Iowa, S. E., *HOWARD D. EDWARDS*, Grinnell, No. 1266
 Iowa, W., *DR. L. A. UTTERBACK*, Perry, No. 407
 Kansas, E., *FRED D. STRALEY*, Topeka, No. 204
 Kansas, W., *OLIVER C. JOHNSON*, Augusta, No. 1462
 Kentucky, E., *OSCAR HESCH*, Newport, No. 273
 Kentucky, W., *BILLIE T. GRESHAM*, Princeton, No. 1115
 Louisiana, N., *ROBERT SUGAR*, Shreveport, No. 122
 Louisiana, S., *CLEVELAND A. BLANCHARD*, Donaldsonville, No. 1153
 Maine, E., *EDWARD BARRON*, Waterville, No. 905
 Maine, W., *LEON H. JEFFERS*, Portland, No. 188
 Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, E., *FRANK W. COULBOURN*, Salisbury, Md., No. 817
 Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, W., *AMBROSE A. DURKIN*, Washington, D. C., No. 15
 Massachusetts, Cent., *DUNCAN McLAUGHLIN*, Natick, No. 1425
 Massachusetts, N. E., *DR. HENRY I. YALE*, Peabody, No. 1409
 Massachusetts, S. E., *JOHN J. O'CONNOR*, Boston, No. 10
 Massachusetts, W., *MICHAEL J. FITZGERALD*, Northampton, No. 997
 Michigan, Cent., *HUGH L. HARTLEY*, Owosso, No. 753
 Michigan, E., *JAY H. PAYNE*, Ann Arbor, No. 325
 Michigan, N., *FRANK J. DUDA*, Bessemer, No. 1354
 Michigan, W., *JOHN R. ULBERG*, Petoskey, No. 629
 Minnesota, N., *CLYDE K. MOORE*, Minneapolis, No. 44
 Minnesota, S., *PAUL A. GRASSLE*, Rochester, No. 1091
 Mississippi, N., *I. J. SCHARFF*, Corinth, No. 1035
 Mississippi, S., *DEWEY LAWRENCE*, Biloxi, No. 606
 Missouri, E., *JOHN T. DUMONT*, St. Louis, No. 9
 Missouri, N. W., *PAUL V. WOOLLEY*, Excelsior Springs, No. 1001
 Missouri, S. W., *H. H. RUSSELL*, Warrensburg, No. 673
 Montana, E., *KENNAN W. SKEEN*, Red Lodge, No. 534
 Montana, W., *PETER E. McBRIDE*, Anaconda, No. 239
 Nebraska, E., *DR. V. J. MORGAN*, York, No. 1024
 Nebraska, W., *H. L. BLACKLEDGE*, Kearney, No. 984
 Nevada, *FRANK GUSEWELLE*, Las Vegas, No. 1468
 New Hampshire, *WILLIAM J. O'GRADY*, Nashua, No. 720
 New Jersey, Cent., *ERNEST V. RETTINO*, Hillside, No. 1591
 New Jersey, N. E., *W. MERLE HOFFMAN*, Westwood, No. 1562
 New Jersey, N. W., *ALLISON R. SCHLEICHER*, East Orange, No. 630
 New Jersey, S., *EDWARD J. GRIFFITH*, Camden, No. 293
 New Mexico, N., *CHARLES M. BARRETT*, Albuquerque, No. 461
 New Mexico, S., *NEWTON S. CLIFTON*, Silver City, No. 413
 New York, E., *HENRY L. A. FORRESTAL*, Beacon, No. 1493
 New York, E. Cent., *FREDERICK H. NEWMAN*, Newburgh, No. 247
 New York, N. E., *EDWARD E. MacMILLAN*, Ticonderoga, No. 1494
 New York, N. Cent., *JOHN R. ROSZYKIEWICZ*, Herkimer, No. 1439
 New York, S. Cent., *MATTHEW THOMAS LEE*, Norwich, No. 1222
 New York, S. E., *CHARLES J. GARRISON*, New York, No. 1
 New York, W., *FRANK E. MORTON*, Olean, No. 491
 New York, W. Cent., *FRANCIS P. HART*, Watertown, No. 496
 North Carolina, E., *JOHN F. PRESCOTT*, Raleigh, No. 735
 North Carolina, W., *RAYMOND L. STAFFORD*, Greensboro, No. 602
 North Dakota, *MACK V. TRAYNOR*, Devils Lake, No. 1216
 Ohio, N. Cent., *EVERETT DAVIDSON*, Lorain, No. 1301
 Ohio, N. E., *JAMES J. RUSSELL*, Alliance, No. 467
 Ohio, N. W., *MARSHALL N. SHERER*, Bowling Green, No. 818
 Ohio, S. Cent., *JOHN W. DEBO*, Portsmouth, No. 154
 Ohio, S. E., *TAYLOR E. ROY*, Bellaire, No. 419
 Ohio, S. W., *VERNON L. MARCHAL*, Greenville, No. 1139
 Oklahoma, E., *A. J. BROWN*, Tulsa, No. 946
 Oklahoma, W., *EARL E. JAMES*, Oklahoma City, No. 417
 Oregon, N. E., *LOTT D. BROWN*, Baker, No. 338
 Oregon, N. W., *A. W. WAGNER*, Eugene, No. 357
 Oregon, S., *MALCOLM EPLEY*, Klamath Falls, No. 1247
 Pennsylvania, S. W., *JOHN S. FRAZIER*, McKees Rocks, No. 1263
 Pennsylvania, N., *LOUIS M. MINICH*, St. Marys, No. 437
 Pennsylvania, N. Cent., *WILLIAM H. PROUDFOOT*, Altoona, No. 102
 Pennsylvania, N. E., *JOHN L. EVANS*, Tamaqua, No. 592
 Pennsylvania, N. W., *L. F. LAUGHREY*, Beaver Falls, No. 348
 Pennsylvania, S., *OTTO R. GROTEFEND*, New Kensington, No. 512
 Pennsylvania, S. Cent., *HOMER A. SCHREIBER*, Lebanon, No. 631
 Pennsylvania, S. E., *SPURGEON G. SIGLEY*, Bethlehem, No. 191
 Puerto Rico, *J. A. BEZOUSKA*, San Juan, No. 972
 Rhode Island, *ALFRED H. CHAPMAN*, Westerly, No. 678
 South Carolina, *C. FRED McCULLOUGH*, Greenville, No. 858
 South Dakota, *F. H. WORMER*, Rapid City, No. 1137
 Tennessee, E., *JAMES J. FARRELL*, Chattanooga, No. 91
 Tennessee, W., *L. Z. TURPIN*, Columbia, No. 686
 Texas, E., *GEORGE W. MUNDEN*, Marshall, No. 683
 Texas, N., *FLOYD JONES*, Breckenridge, No. 1480
 Texas, S. E., *JAMES J. DUGGAN*, Port Arthur, No. 1069
 Texas, S. W., *GEORGE STRAUSS*, Corpus Christi, No. 1628
 Texas, W., *ED F. JAY*, Sweetwater, No. 1257
 Utah, *D. E. LAMBOURNE*, Salt Lake City, No. 85
 Vermont, *ANDREW P. MORRISON*, Springfield, No. 1560
 Virginia, E., *RUSSELL M. WARD*, Newport News, No. 315
 Virginia, W., *JOHN LUTHER WALKER*, Roanoke, No. 197
 Washington, E., *OTTO A. DIRKES*, Spokane, No. 228
 Washington, N. W., *CLAUDE R. PHIFER*, Port Angeles, No. 353
 Washington, S. W., *JOSEPH P. BRECKEL*, Vancouver, No. 823
 West Virginia, N., *RICHARD T. McCREARY*, Wellsburg, No. 1553
 West Virginia, S., *ROBERT A. CHILDERS*, Charleston, No. 202
 Wisconsin, N. E., *H. R. ABRAHAM*, Oshkosh, No. 292
 Wisconsin, N. W., *OSWALD J. SOLHEIM*, Hudson, No. 640
 Wisconsin, S., *WILLIAM I. O'NEILL*, Milwaukee, No. 46
 Wyoming, *LACHLAN McLEAN*, Greybull, No. 1431

Action Speaks-



P.G.E.R. John Coen, left, hands the National Foundation \$250 prize to Susie Gonzales, as G.E.R. Kepner presents the Foundation's \$600 prize to Oletta Lock.

"IT'S the happiest moment of my life" said Susie Gonzales as she was awarded the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$250. Equally elated was Miss Oletta Lock, the brilliant and personable honor student of Penrose, Colorado High School, when Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner presented her with the Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" scholarship prize of \$600 which she had won in a nation-wide contest.

This impressive and notable occasion depicted the Elks National Foundation at work.

Both students had been sponsored

by Florence, Colorado, Lodge, No. 611, a lodge with only 285 members but alert to the opportunities offered by the Foundation Trustees.

Miss Oletta Lock was a student in the senior class of Penrose High School. She was the leader among her classmates and hoped that she might go on to college. A college career seemed like a dream because there were financial handicaps to be overcome. Then the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest was brought to her attention by the members of the Scholarship Committee of Florence Lodge. Encouraged by them and her teachers, she entered the

contest and was successful.

The Florence Lodge officers also knew about the Foundation Scholarship allocated to each State in the nation by the Elks National Foundation and available to an ambitious and deserving student selected by the State Elks Association. They presented Miss Gonzales, a young girl who had maintained a consistently high scholastic standing throughout

By Humphrey Clinker

Louder than any words speak the actions of the Elks National Foundation in the field of philanthropy.

her school career, despite the physical disabilities which confined her to the surgical ward of a hospital during a large part of her school days and other handicaps which would have discouraged most people.

So courageous little Susie Gonzales and vivacious, resourceful Oletta Lock stood together before the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks and received their scholarship awards. The scene was set in Colorado but it could have happened in your town or city by arrangement of your local lodge.

Let us turn the pages of history—

"Chees't, the cops," yelled the kid in the bleachers on the High School Athletic Field in Gloucester, Massachusetts. The warning was too late, for already the police car had wheeled up the drive from the gate and stopped near first base. The dignified but agile Chief of Police jumped out and called to the youth who was the pitcher and captain of the Gloucester

High School Nine, "Bud, come with me. You are wanted at headquarters." The much bewildered Buddie Finegan was hustled into the police car and whirled away not to headquarters but to his home. There he saw his best suit laid out and his excited mother packing his bag. Everything was happening so fast that there was little time for explanation. Again the Chief took over. A fast trip by police car to Boston, an airplane ride to a western city where the Elks National Convention was in session. Soon John C. Finegan stood on the platform before the cheering Elks and received the Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" first scholarship prize of \$1,000. Again it was the Foundation at work.

Does the Elks National Foundation function in other fields of philanthropy? If you go to Tucson, Ariz., where the Arizona Regional Elks Association conducts a modern tuberculosis hospital, and talk with the competent officials who manage that finely equipped institution, they will tell you about the financial aid they have received from the Elks National Foundation. Similar reports will be given by the officers of the Florida Elks Association with respect to the

Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla., by the New Jersey Elks Association officers concerning the crippled children's work at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children in Atlantic City, by the Vermont Elks Association Committee which fosters the Crippled Children's Fresh Air Camp at Goshen, Vt., by the officers of every State Elks Association which has a well-planned program of good works in any field of humanitarian endeavor.

CERTIFICATE DONATED IN HONOR OF P.G.E.R. RAYMOND BENJAMIN

Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832, is another eligible to be called Permanent Benefactors in the Elks National Foundation. It donated \$1,000 for one of these certificates in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, its Number 1 Honorary Life Member.

This is a splendid idea and many of the lodges holding Honorary Founder's Certificates are asking that their additional thousand-dollar subscriptions be recorded as a tribute to a distinguished member or in memory of a departed Brother.

Don T. Edwards accepts the National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" award from Gov. Earl Warren at Alameda, Calif., as Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin looks on.



The Elks National Foundation is the constitutional philanthropic institution within the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, which fosters and assists all the beneficent and philanthropic works which are carried on by organized groups of lodges in every part of the country. The idea was the "brain-child" of John F. Malley, who outlined the plan in a speech at the Fortieth Anniversary Banquet of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35, in February, 1928. At the following Grand Lodge Session in Cincinnati in July, 1928, Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow recommended the appointment of a special committee to study the proposition and report to the next annual session. Mr. Malley, elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Cincinnati Convention, appointed a committee of Past Grand Exalted Rulers with Mr. James R. Nicholson as Chairman. At the Grand Lodge

(Continued on page 49)



A vat full of alcohol and bags of sugar. The still had only been in operation a few weeks.

ONE afternoon last May Agent Pete Simms of the Federal Alcohol Tax Unit was driving past the plant of the Economy Drum Company in Harrison, New Jersey. Simms happened to know that Economy had been out of business for several months. But there seemed to be lots of activity around the big red-brick building. And so, impelled by the healthy curiosity that is part of every Unit man, he decided to stop and observe things for a while.

Carpenters, plumbers, and other construction workers were coming and going. Nothing wrong with that. The place was probably being renovated. After watching for about half an hour, Simms felt that he had better be on his way—on more important business. As he stepped on his starter, a sport-shirted individual, wearing smoked glasses, emerged from the building. He looked familiar. Simms had seen him somewhere before. Then he remembered. It was Johnny Green, a

member of the north Jersey alcohol mob.

That night a squad of agents made a quiet visit to the plant. Fortunately there was no watchman around and they were able to do some extensive reconnoitering. Construction was just starting on a still that looked as if it were going to be a big job. There seemed to be at least two weeks' work ahead and the agents decided to wait for developments. They came back several nights to check up on construction progress.

Huge mash vats of high-priority lumber were going up. Heavy sheets of unobtainable copper were being fashioned into tall, shiny still columns. Hundreds of feet of iron pipe that honest money couldn't buy were strewn all over the place. And there was an oil burner that would heat the largest apartment house in Harrison.

The job probably would run to \$100,000. It was almost ready now

but the agents decided to hold off a little longer. The distilling ingredients were beginning to come in, and they wanted to take these, too. The next day ten thousand pounds of sugar arrived and the agents struck.

It will be several years before Johnny Green is wearing sport shirts again.

Yes, it is true that twelve years after prohibition, liquor racketeers are still with us—but with this difference: Today they have to contend with the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The Unit is charged primarily with the job of seeing that the United States Treasury gets all the revenue due it from the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. Liquor taxes are big business today. Last year they accounted for \$2,083,000,000—more

The Bootlegger Gets the Boot

By George Weinstein

The Alcohol Tax Unit is making it tougher and tougher for the moonshiner to stay in business and out of jail

Photos from Press Association

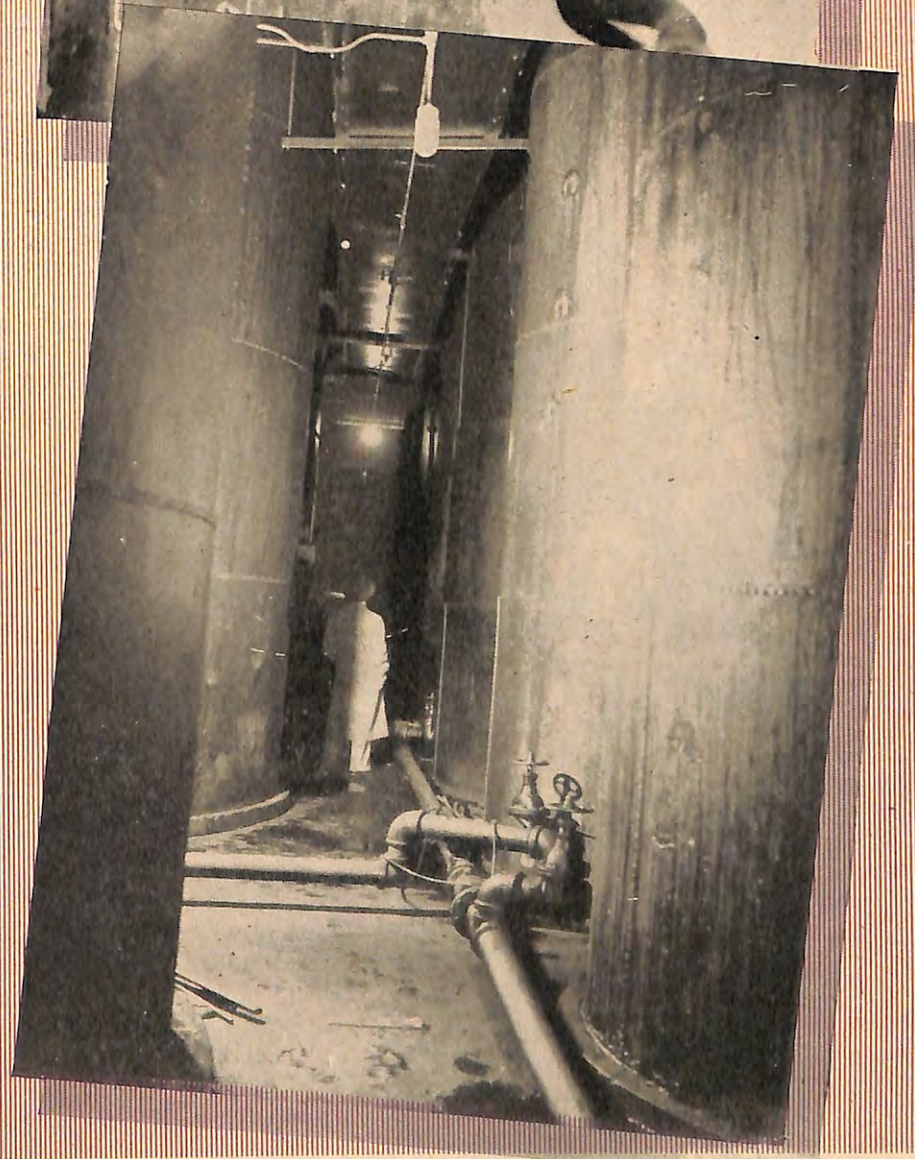
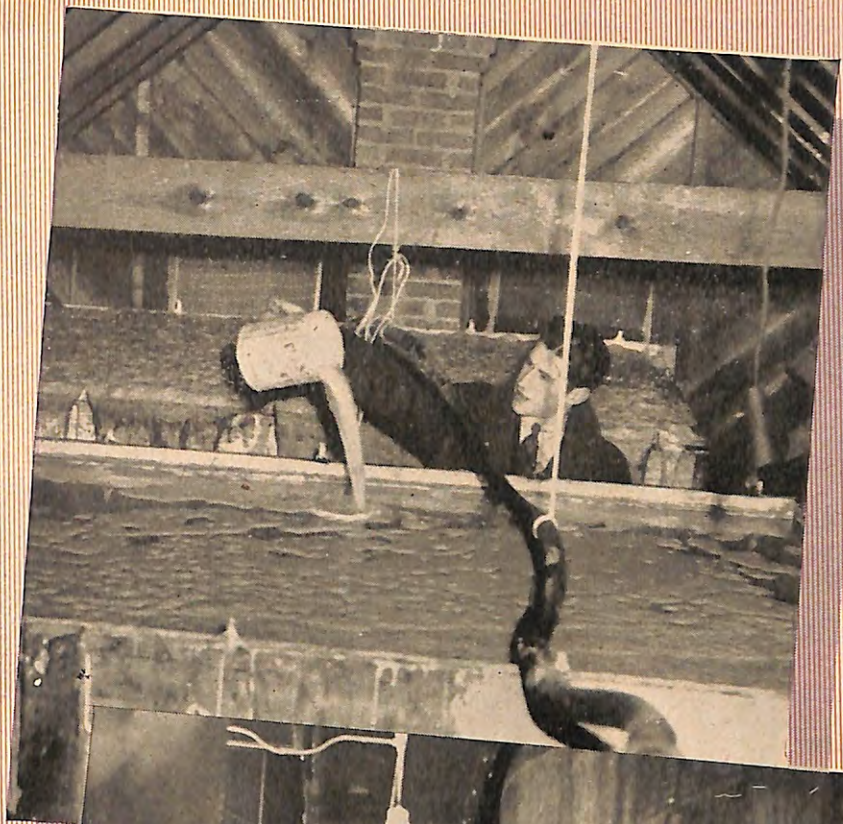
federal revenue than any other source except the income tax.

And with the whiskey tax now \$9.00 a gallon, wildcat stills like the one in Harrison, a 1,500-gallon-a-day job, can do plenty of damage—if they get into production. Of course, they are not all cut down in their tracks as this one was. But none of them lasts too long, the average being about thirty days. That isn't long enough for a big still, for, with the important money required to set one up even in ordinary times, it must operate for five or six weeks before it begins to pay dividends.

(Continued on page 50)

Above: A 1,500-gallon bootleg distillery operated in a fashionable part of town.

At right: An illicit distillery said to be capable of producing 50,000 gallons of alcohol a day.



Under the ANTLERS



The impressive tableau which was part of the program during the recent California State Elks Association meeting at Los Angeles. It depicts the grave of the Unknown Soldier with, left to right, Sgt. Maxie Picard, MM 3/c Don Houle, Sgt. H. I. Smith, 20th AAF, and Pfc. F. L. Riehman, USMCR, representing the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps.





Above is a shot showing some of the happy faces of commissioned officers and their dates who enjoy biweekly dances held by Tampa, Fla., Lodge. Dances for enlisted personnel are given every Saturday night.

Left: The Servicemen's Committee of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, has sent over 5,000 packages to its members, and relatives of members, in the last three and a half years. Here a batch of boxes is displayed in a patriotic manner before shipment.

Below: Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, with more than 400 members in the Navy, celebrated Navy Day with a dinner for Admiral J. J. Clark, shown addressing the crowd of over 200.





News of The state associations

MISSOURI

Two hundred Missouri Elks jumped at the chance to travel to the annual Fall Meeting of their State Association at Columbia October 13 and 14. In fact, so many jumped it was the largest registration in five years—which just shows what the end of gas rationing can do.

The delegates heard a message from President Harry S. Truman who belongs

to Kansas City Lodge, in which he acknowledged receipt of his No. 1 membership card in the Association and of the first quarterly issue of the *Missouri State Elks News*, a new publication edited by State Secretary Lloyd King and endorsed by the Association. State President E. F. Immerthal, P.E.R. of Columbia Lodge No. 594, presided and the State's three District Deputies and

four Vice-Presidents made their reports.

Special Deputy Floyd Brown, representing the Elks War Commission, spoke on the Hospital Service Program. The three veterans hospitals in Missouri are receiving financial aid from the Commission each month.

Just because the fighting is over the Missouri Elks do not feel that that is any reason to stop trying to make life more pleasant for our veterans. They are seeing to it that the boys get everything possible to keep them amused. The State Assn. has enlarged its eyeglass project too, to include treatment and correction of both children's and adults' eyes.

About 150 attended the noon banquet on Sunday when Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Oliver F. Ash of St. Louis spoke. The Spring get-together will take place early in May at Sedalia.

IOWA

The three-day annual meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association got going September 14th with registration and a dinner at the home of Marshalltown Lodge No. 312, and dancing and entertainment.

Pres. Henry D. Dukas presided at the streamlined conference the next afternoon when all business was transacted and the following officers elected: Pres., C. L. Mattice, Fort Dodge; Vice-Pres.'s: West, Harry Michael, Council Bluffs; Northeast, W. N. King, Clinton; Southeast, Walter Wright, Keokuk; Secy., Sanford H. Schmalz, Muscatine; Treas., A. P. Lee, Marshalltown; Trustee, Russell Meyer, Davenport.

The Iowa Elks War Commission, headed by Weston E. Jones, Secy. of Charles City Lodge, who took over when P.E.R. C. E. Richards, Jr., of Fort Madison went to war, turned in a fine report of its work which included the furnishing of athletic equipment, radios and entertainment to three veterans hospitals in Iowa. Grand Exalted Ruler Wade Kepner spoke at the Coliseum on Sept. 15th and at the initiation the next day.

(Continued on page 61)

Left: When California held its first State Association meeting after V-J Day, Art Linkletter (at the mike) brought his entire cast of "People Are Funny" to put on their show for the delegates.

Below are officials who attended the recent meeting of the Michigan State Elks Association.





Above: Part of the crowd of 800 who attended Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge's barbecue recently.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Lodge, No. 1343, has lost a long-time member and valuable Secretary in the death of Oscar E. Beck. With P.E.R. Dr. Clarence Vitty in charge, the Elks' impressive ritualistic service was conducted at the North Congregational Church where Mr. Beck was a parishioner. Many members of the Order, both local and out of town, attended.

Mr. Beck was initiated into St. Johnsbury Lodge in 1920. He became Exalted Ruler in 1925-26 and was elected Secretary in 1934, serving until the time of his death. For several years he was Treasurer of the Vermont State Elks Association. He had a host of friends throughout the State as well as in the community where he spent most of his 66 years.

Mr. Beck was a member of the F. & A. M. and the St. Johnsbury Country Club which he helped to organize. For many years he was Manager of the Cost Department of Fairbanks-Morse & Co., a prominent local firm. Surviving are his widow, two brothers and two sisters.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, can call its home its own. The good news was announced by E.R. Emanuel J. Eckstein, P.E.R. Leon Leonard, Chairman, and Morris Saslaff of the Mortgage Reduction Fund, and Samuel J. Meyers, Chairman of the House Committee, at a regular meeting early in October when 200 members saw the check for \$2,000, the final payment on the mortgage which went up in smoke October 23rd, when the Atlantic City Elks made quite a bang-up affair of this happy occasion.

In less than three years No. 276 has paid off \$15,500—even reimbursing the 50 members who put up the down payment on the original purchase.

Right: Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge's mortgage is wiped out by the payment of the \$2,000 check being presented by Chairman Samuel Meyers of the House Committee, right, to Chairman Leon Leonard of the Mortgage Reduction Fund.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

NEW SMYRNA BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1557, put on a program October 17th which they called "Joy Day". Open house at the lodge home from one o'clock on drew mobs to enjoy the entertainment there, and then at four everyone left to take part in the parade which had hundreds of spectators.

After a wonderful seafood supper the lodge meeting took place when candidates became members of No. 1557 and several sister lodges in a joint initiation.

The whole thing was such a success that it will be repeated annually by New Smyrna Beach, Daytona Beach and De Land Lodges in rotation.

MARSHALLTOWN, IA., Lodge, No. 312, was a beehive of activity in September when these Iowa Elks took excellent care of over two thousand guests who came to take part in the three-day celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of No. 312's charter.

Fifteen hundred Elks and ladies went to the dinner held for Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner on Saturday evening, Sept. 15th, and the next day a class of 60 men was initiated in his honor, with Decorah Lodge No. 443 doing the honors. Charles Nelson, the only surviving member of the charter class, was awarded an honorary life membership.





Above is the Victory Class of Fargo, N. D., Lodge.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Lodge, No. 879, has a very good idea of what life in a Jap prison camp was like. An Elk who knows what he's talking about, Truman S. Holt, charter member of Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, who was a prisoner of the Nips for three years—first at Santo Tomas and later at Los Banos—recently told the Claremont Elks of his experiences. The effects of his long confinement and lack of nourishment were still visible despite the fact that he has been back in the States since last Spring.

When the transport docked at San Francisco April 9th, the internees were welcomed by members of the Elks War Commission who gave them the best care. Mr. Holt was one of these liberated Americans. Later he was sent by the Commission to Claremont where he has been building himself back to health at the home of a relative. Manila was home to Mr. Holt since 1900—two years before Manila Lodge was instituted—so naturally he hopes to return there some day where he can attend the meetings of his own lodge.

Right: At Oxnard, Calif., Lodge's "Birthday Brother Dinner" were, left to right, State Vice-Pres. Vincent Grocott, Al Rodaway, E.R. Claude Castle, and Albert Brazee of Manila Lodge.

Below: Duluth, Minn., Lodge's picnic for the inmates of the Lighthouse for the Blind on V-J Day was a great success.

TAMPA, FLA., Lodge, No. 708, doesn't know the war's over—that is, insofar as keeping those in uniform amused is concerned.

Although during the war well over 152,000 soldiers were entertained by No. 708, this Florida lodge didn't feel that it should stop there. There are still as many as 25,000 boys at MacDill and Drew Fields, and if the Tampa Elks have anything to say about it they won't have many dull moments. The biweekly dances that are held by the lodge for commissioned officers, and the regular Saturday night affairs for enlisted men and women are still going on.

State Secy. James J. Fernandez, who is also No. 708's Secretary, has done a great job in handling the details of these dances, and so has George P. Raney, Jr., Chairman of the War Commission Committee.

HAMILTON, MONT., Lodge, No. 1651, may be the State's youngest, but its members have all the energy and spirit of the Elks of any of the older ones. They turned out in full force one Fall day and went to work with a vengeance clearing the ground where the new home will be built. A committee has been working hard on the plans for the home and construction should start sometime next year.

Hamilton Lodge was instituted in its own home in April, 1942, and wasted no time in getting rid of the mortgage on it. It has a lot of War Bonds and cash in the bank. Although No. 1651 is fussy in the selection of new members, the rolls keep growing and there just isn't enough room for everyone in its present quarters.





Above is the fine group of 40 city officials recently initiated into Dallas, Tex., Lodge.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 906, fed 800 guests at a barbecue in the patio of the lodge home recently. Beef, piping hot beans, french rolls and coffee in very large quantities disappeared in a very short time.

The championship "906 Band", under the direction of William Lower, the Glee Club and the Elks' Quartet supplied a musical background during the afternoon.

The affair went over big and E.R. Frank B. Hull and his officers think they'll repeat it twice a year from now on.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, is seeing it that the city won't be at a loss for words on the subject of tuberculosis. E.R. Kenneth E. Lynch gave No. 99's \$12,000 check to John O'Melveny, Chairman of the Board of the Barlow Sanatorium for tubercular patients not long ago, thus laying firm groundwork for the establishment of a special medical library. It will be the West's first complete library covering the subject of tuberculosis from A to Z.

The library will be built and equipped by the Sanatorium with money put up by the lodge and will be available to members of the hospital staff, student nurses, medical students and physicians taking postgraduate work in southern California.

YANKTON, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, celebrated its 40th Anniversary Oct. 12th with ceremonies fittin' and proper to the occasion. The lodge home was headquarters that day, but since the building was being remodeled, many events were staged at other places in the city. A big afternoon feature was the parade in the business district—marching Elks, candidates, the Band, and a good-looking float.

At four o'clock 75 members of the "Fortieth Anniversary Class" were initiated at the City Hall Auditorium, with Past State Pres. and present Vice-Pres. E.R. Freeman F. Otto conducting. Past Pres. Judge William R. Danforth of Mitchell said a few words, and then the crowd moved on to the Masonic Temple for a catfish dinner.

The Program Committee stuck to its promise to bring only topflight vaudeville acts into town for the evening entertainment which went on at 8:30. When that was over a Dutch Lunch was served Elks and their ladies at the lodge home.

No. 994 has a fine record in charity work and has been a leader in wartime activities.

Left: Members of Hamilton, Mont., Lodge go to work cleaning up the lots where their new home will be located.



Below is a photograph taken when D.D. James P. Wrang, third from left, visited Bristol, Conn., Lodge.





Above: The Board of Trustees of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge burns the mortgage on their home.

Right: John O'Melveny, Chairman of the Board of the Barlow Sanatorium, left, and E.R. Kenneth E. Lynch, at the presentation of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's \$12,000 check for a medical library.



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.

ABERDEEN, WASH., Lodge, No. 593, felt it could really go to town this Fall when all debts on its home were paid off. Just about the biggest meeting ever held there—over 1,000 showed up for it—took place to celebrate the great event. A "Mixer" at five p.m. was followed by a turkey dinner with everything on the house. The local Elks Orchestra played during dinner, sharing the job of entertaining with the Hoquiam Elks Hill Billies and the Bert Levey Circuit Vaudeville Show.

Past District Deputies Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks War Commission, and Ken Burnham, who are both members of Tacoma Lodge, were guests of honor.

The Trustees put the match to the mortgage after the introduction of the "Bond Girl" wearing a dress that originally cost \$250,000—it was made of canceled bonds.

No. 593's home is quite a place. Up-to-the-minute in every way, with 33 sleeping rooms on the third floor, it is valued at nearly \$450,000.

ELKS NATIONAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT. Now that World War II can take its place with World War I in the history textbooks, the Executive Committee of the Elks' Bowling Association of America, through its Secretary, John J. Gray, took a mail vote and decided to hold the 26th annual Elks' National Bowling Tournament next year. Since the Office of Defense Transportation has lifted travel restrictions for civilians, the

Elk bowlers have the green light to go ahead.

In 1942 when the last Tournament took place at Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, the next national event was awarded to Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34. On Sept. 6th No. 34 voted unanimously to reaffirm its formal invitation and early in October an organization meeting there brought together the national and local Tournament Committees to make arrangements for the 1946 Tourney. It's scheduled to open March 16th at Harold Allen's Palace Recreation which is equipped with 24 newly resurfaced alleys. The entries will close February 15th with the entry fee \$4.00 per man in each event.

Elk bowlers may secure further information from Mr. Gray, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee 4, Wis.

(Continued on page 66)

Below are the officers and the Victory Class of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge.





Above: Surrounded by Elk officials at a dinner in his honor when the new home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge was dedicated, Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner is seated second from left, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and Grand Trustee George I. Hall, seated second and third from right respectively.



**GRAND
EXALTED RULER'S**
Visits



Left: Mr. Kepner shakes the hand of E.R. Wm. A. Quirk of Cincinnati, O., Lodge as Jack Auer, left, Chairman of Arrangements for the dinner held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Edward N. Waldvogel, Toastmaster, look on.

Below: Standing with the Decorah, Ia., Lodge Degree Team which conducted the initiation of the large class shown with them, Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner is photographed during the Golden Jubilee celebration of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge.





Above is a photograph taken during the banquet held by Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Wade Kepner, fourth from left. Over 400 attended, including many dignitaries of the Order in West Virginia.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner was entertained by **CINCINNATI, O., LODGE, NO. 5**, on October 4th at a testimonial dinner given in his honor on the Roof Garden of the Hotel Gibson. A number of officers of the Ohio State Elks Association and officers of the Southwest District attended. P.E.R. Edward N. Waldvogel was Toastmaster.

On the 17th Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner paid an official visit to **SISTERSVILLE, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 333**, the home lodge of his secretary, P.E.R. Roy C. Heinlein, Past Pres. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. More than 400 Elks dined with Mr. Kepner at a turkey banquet given in his honor at the Masonic Temple followed by "Open House" at the lodge home attended by about 600. The day's festivities were started with a parade led by the Sistersville High School Band. The Grand Exalted Ruler and members of his party rode in an old-fashioned fringe-topped surrey. At the banquet Mr. Kepner was

presented with a beautiful diamond-set Elks ring, a gift from the lodge. The population of Sistersville is only 2,900; the local lodge has a membership of 535—an unusually large percentage.

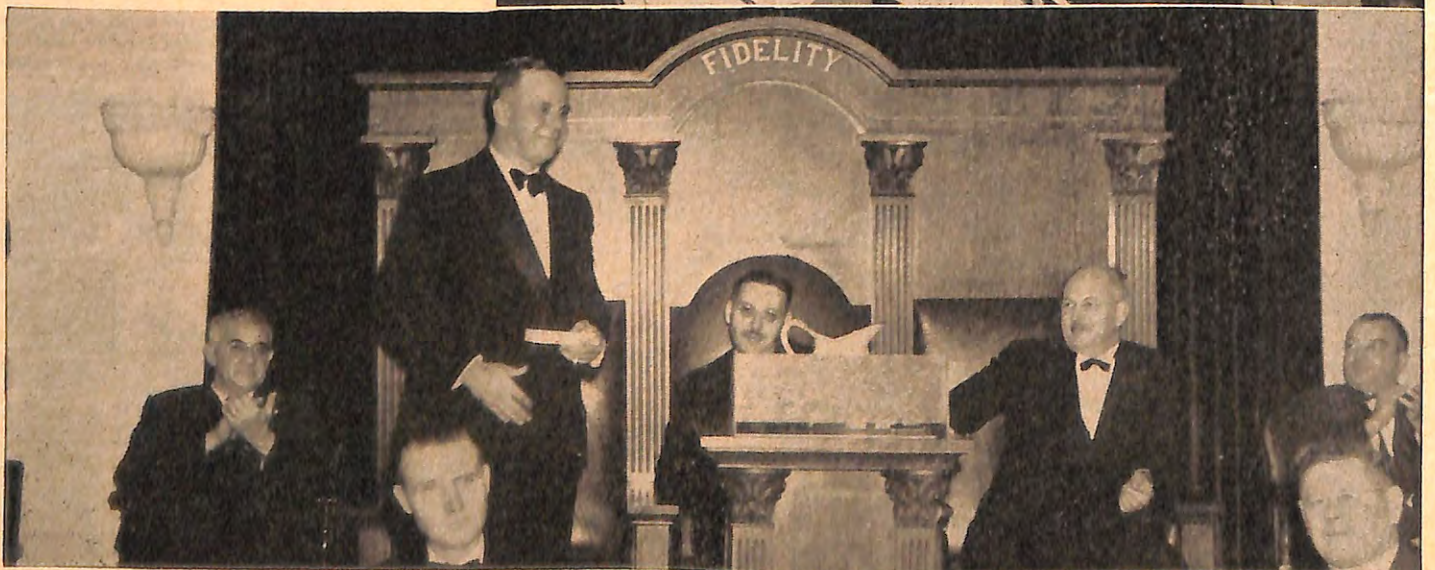
Over 1,000 members of **QUEENS BOROUGH LODGE NO. 878** turned out for the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visit on October 23rd and enthusiastically applauded his speech on problems confronting the Order in the postwar years, one of the most important of which, he declared, is the rehabilitation of its members. Mr. Kepner was welcomed by P.E.R. Justice John F. Scileppi, P.D.D., and E.R. William R. L. Cook presided. Among the guests were E.R. Stanley W. Church, Mayor of New Rochelle; George

I. Hall, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Secy. and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Michael J. Gilday, New Rochelle, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. On behalf of the Queens Borough membership, P.E.R. Frank D. O'Connor, recently honorably discharged from the Coast Guard, as Ensign, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a silver coffee set.

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler obliges a group of Past Exalted Rulers who requested his autograph at La Junta, Colo., Lodge.



Below: Officials of Olean, N. Y., Lodge wait expectantly as Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner approaches the podium to speak during his recent visit there.





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

ALABAMA

Bessemer Lodge No. 721
W. R. McDONOUGH
 Florence Lodge No. 820
LT. MARCY B. DARNALL, JR., USN
LT. WALTER MATTHEWS, USN
 Huntsville Lodge No. 1648
RAYMOND ARNOLD

ARIZONA

Jerome Lodge No. 1361
PFC. CHARLES D. IVEY
 Yuma Lodge No. 476
B. B. BAKER
A. W. FRANKLIN, JR.

CALIFORNIA

Burbank Lodge No. 1497
JOHN DE RUNG
JOHN S. LOMBARD
 Fresno Lodge No. 439
CAPT. LLOYD B. JAMES
 Nevada City Lodge No. 518
ROBERT D. PROCTOR
 Oakland Lodge No. 171
PFC. MARIO LENTA
 Ontario Lodge No. 1419
ENSIGN WILLIAM A. EDWARDS
 Palo Alto Lodge No. 1471
LT. BERNARD CASAUANG
 Richmond Lodge No. 1251
DONALD EVERETT BIGNALL
 San Diego Lodge No. 168
CAPT. JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM
 Vallego Lodge No. 559
LEO SWEENEY, USN
WILLIAM H. WEBB

CANAL ZONE

Cristobal Lodge No. 1542
MOTOR MACHINIST'S MATE 1/C PAUL
PARKER CUTRIGHT
CHIEF MOTOR MACHINIST'S MATE
ARTHUR LEVERNE MILLER

CHIEF STOREKEEPER ELMER FRANK
NAUMANN, USN
TORPEDOMAN'S MATE 1/C JOE
ALBERT VELEBNY

COLORADO

Alamosa Lodge No. 1297
LT. MYRON H. DONALD
 Boulder Lodge No. 566
COMMANDER CHARLES H. BURNHAM
CURTIS GILMAN HERRING
HARRY B. PINNEO
ALBERT F. SUTHERLAND
 Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309
SGT. WARREN B. MARSH
 Greeley Lodge No. 809
FAY J. WOODS
 Longmont Lodge No. 1055
PVT. WILLIAM A. GERSTNER
 Sterling Lodge No. 1336
BURL L. GIFFIN
 Telluride Lodge No. 692
PFC. BUEL McELROY

CONNECTICUT

Waterbury Lodge No. 265
STANLEY T. MAZUROSKI
 Willimantic Lodge No. 1311
WALTER U. ROBITAILLE

FLORIDA

Miami Lodge No. 948
SAMUEL WENGROW
 Orlando Lodge No. 1079
LT. JOHN S. LAVIN, USNR
 Pensacola Lodge No. 497
ENSIGN GEORGE LLOYD MANN
 St. Petersburg Lodge No. 1224
ARTHUR D. GOODELL
 Sarasota Lodge No. 1519
FRANKLIN C. PARSONAGE

GEORGIA

Atlanta Lodge No. 78
LT. LESLIE P. TURNER

IDAHO

Lewiston Lodge No. 896
MYRON BRYANT
JOHN ALLEN COOK
FRANCIS HARRISON
GORDON MORRISSET
GEORGE PENNELL
HERSCHELL W. SWANN
 Pocatello Lodge No. 674
JAMES B. PIERCE
 St. Maries Lodge No. 1418
FRANKLIN W. BOVEY
LOWELL BRUNDAGE
DONALD B. CARR
 Salmon Lodge No. 1620
FRANK S. WRIGHT

ILLINOIS

Charleston Lodge No. 623
JOSEPH BERTRAM
 Cicero-Berwyn Lodge No. 1510
CHARLES G. LAVICKA
 Decatur Lodge No. 401
COL. JOHN M. HAYES, M.D.
 Du Quoin Lodge No. 884
FLIGHT OFFICER EDWARD WATSON
 Freeport Lodge No. 617
JOHN R. BERNER
 Macomb Lodge No. 1009
ALVA L. PREDMORE
 Monmouth Lodge No. 397
DAVID E. RENNER
 Oak Park Lodge No. 1295
WILLIAM C. JAMIESON
 West Frankfort Lodge No. 1340
PVT. ANTHONY SHARKNES

INDIANA

Bloomington Lodge No. 446
LT. FRANK M. TALBOT, III
 Crawfordsville Lodge No. 483
RAYMOND E. STUMP



Frankfort Lodge No. 560
 ROBERT V. CLARK
 HOWARD HIBBARD

Jeffersonville Lodge No. 362
 JOSEPH I. HICKEY
 HARRY E. PIXLEY

Kokomo Lodge No. 190
 J. DALE HANDLEY

Lebanon Lodge No. 635
 WILLIAM R. DALE
 CHARLES W. QUIGGLE

Logansport Lodge No. 66
 JOHN FORGEY
 WALTER W. HILLIER

Madison Lodge No. 524
 LT. RALPH E. KNOEBEL

Tipton Lodge No. 1012
 PAUL DICKOS

IOWA

Charles City Lodge No. 418
 LLOYD F. YOUNG

Creston Lodge No. 605
 ROBERT W. CLUBB
 JOHN W. ROLAND

Fort Madison Lodge No. 374
 S/SGT. GEORGE A. BECK, JR., U. S.
 Army Air Forces

Muscatine Lodge No. 304
 JAMES C. COOKSEY

Ottumwa Lodge No. 347
 HENRY C. LYMAN
 JOHN R. MORRISON
 RAY M. TULLIS, JR.

KANSAS

El Dorado Lodge No. 1407
 S/SGT. TROY D. GRIFFIN

Hutchinson Lodge No. 453
 RALPH HENRY PAINE

Newton Lodge No. 706
 CLARENCE A. HENNESSY
 MARVIN E. McCLOUD

Salina Lodge No. 718
 SEAMAN 1/C GEORGE D. JONES

KENTUCKY

Covington Lodge No. 314
 GANOLA F. GIBSON, USN

LOUISIANA

Shreveport Lodge No. 122
 LT. ALEX H. KATZ

MARYLAND

Cumberland Lodge No. 63
 DAVID W. SLOAN, III

MASSACHUSETTS

Lowell Lodge No. 87
 SGT. WILLIAM I. OSGOOD

Quincy Lodge No. 943
 EDWARD M. CODY
 COMDR. DONALD F. HAVILAND, USN

Wakefield Lodge No. 1276
 THEODORE P. HOLLIS

Waltham Lodge No. 953
 SEAMAN 2/C JOHN J. KILFOYLE

MICHIGAN

Cadillac Lodge No. 680
 LT. WILLIAM A. BURRIDGE
 PVT. MILTON J. FORD
 CAPT. HOWARD M. PETRIE

Detroit Lodge No. 34
 PVT. EDWARD KRAINIK

Flint Lodge No. 222
 LT. EDWARD SCHUSTER
 LT. WILLIAM C. WOLCOTT

Kalamazoo Lodge No. 50
 JAMES HODGE
 DR. CHARLES E. OSBORNE
 ROY A. WILLIAMS

Manistee Lodge No. 250
 ALONZO C. WAITE

Muskegon Lodge No. 274
 KENNETH LANE TODD

Owosso Lodge No. 753
 LT. JAMES PRENDERGAST
 PFC. JAMES REDMOND
 PVT. CLOYSE WITHINGTON

Petoskey Lodge No. 629
 FRANKLIN HARBAUGH
 WILLIAM J. FOSTER

Pontiac Lodge No. 810
 ROBERT T. ARCHAMBEAU
 DONALD H. HUDSON
 OLIVER L. WRIGHT, JR.

Saginaw Lodge No. 47
 PFC. ROBERT C. HUBINGER

Sault St. Marie Lodge No. 552
 GEORGE LEONARD DART
 ARCHIE EDWARD SPRING

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Lodge No. 44
 CHARLES BESSETTE

St. Cloud Lodge No. 516
 CAPT. LEONARD A. HAEN

MISSISSIPPI

Hattiesburg Lodge No. 599
 LT. DUNCAN F. MATHESON, JR.

MISSOURI

Clinton Lodge No. 1034
 E. W. HICKS
 JAMES DUDLEY SPORE

St. Joseph Lodge No. 40
 CAPT. JOHN M. LIMP

MONTANA

Great Falls Lodge No. 214
 PVT. LEONARD R. SETTERSTEDT, JR.

Missoula Lodge No. 383
 MAURUS C. OWENS

NEBRASKA

Hastings Lodge No. 159
 FRANK G. UERLING

Nebraska City Lodge No. 1049
 LT. COL. WILLIAM G. UTTERBACK

Norfolk Lodge No. 653
 MAJOR MELVIN G. PFUND

Omaha Lodge No. 39
 LT. CLARENCE W. COOK
 SGT. KENNETH F. WEIBLE

Scottsbluff Lodge No. 1367
 BEN J. ANDERSON

NEVADA

Elko Lodge No. 1472
 GUNNER'S MATE 1/C SYLVESTER T.
 FOSEGAN

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dover Lodge No. 184
 JEREMIAH F. FITZGERALD
 JOSEPH M. MADDEN

NEW JERSEY

Dunellen Lodge No. 1488
 EDWARD C. FREDERICKS

Englewood Lodge No. 1157
 MAJOR BERNARD J. SCHLINGER

Plainfield Lodge No. 885
 1ST LT. WILLIAM R. BROKAW, U. S.
 Army Air Forces

Ridgefield Park Lodge No. 1506
 LT. CHARLES B. CHAPMAN

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Lodge No. 461
 WARRANT OFFICER JOHN H.
 DIECKMAN

Raton Lodge No. 865
 PVT. EMERY K. KING

NEW YORK

Albion Lodge No. 1006
 CHARLES T. LOWE

Bronx Lodge No. 871
 FRANCIS L. BRADY

Brooklyn Lodge No. 22
 CAPT. PETER G. MAUSHART
 CPL. MATTHEW SCHWAB

Geneva Lodge No. 1054
 PVT. WILLIAM E. HILL, U. S. Army

Malone Lodge No. 1303
 FRANCIS W. KELLY
 LAURENCE H. KING

Medina Lodge No. 898
 KARL E. POSSON

Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346
 WILLIAM D. SULLIVAN
 ALLEN B. WHARTON

Ogdensburg Lodge No. 772
 HORACE C. HALE
 LEO T. McCAFFREY

Oneida Lodge No. 767
 LOUIS LIBERTA

Watkins Glen Lodge No. 1546
 CHARLES F. HUSSEY

Wellsville Lodge No. 1495
 H. J. STADELMAN, JR.

NORTH CAROLINA

New Berne Lodge No. 764
 MAJOR EDWARD L. LITCHFIELD



NORTH DAKOTA

Jamestown Lodge No. 995
LT. COL. RUSSELL W. BELLOWS
GEORGE FRASER
HERBERT FRIED
WILLIAM K. PFLUGRATH
CAPT. GEORGE PIERCE

Valley City Lodge No. 1110
ORVILLE M. CHILSON
THEODORE TUOMIE

OHIO

Bowling Green Lodge No. 818
CAPT. FLOYD F. CRAFT, U. S. Army Air
Forces

Cincinnati Lodge No. 5
COL. DUDLEY M. OUTCALT

East Liverpool Lodge No. 258
HARRY W. WILSON

Ironton Lodge No. 177
WILLIAM DOW MARKIN
JAMES SHIELDS
LT. HAROLD SPEARS

Kenton Lodge No. 157
LT. PAUL W. PRATER

Lima Lodge No. 54
LT. A. B. CONAWAY, JR.

New Lexington Lodge No. 509
CHESTER H. BONNETT, USN

Painesville Lodge No. 549
RAYMOND P. RUHLING

Ravenna Lodge No. 1076
CAPT. DEAN EDMUNDSON
CPL. ROLAND MORGAN

Toledo Lodge No. 53
LT. FRED L. STALCUP, JR.

Wapakoneta Lodge No. 1170
ROBERT L. SCHLATTER

Warren Lodge No. 295
SGT. JOHN P. ANKOWSKI, JR.

Youngstown Lodge No. 55
GORDON SIMCOX

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville Lodge No. 1060
TOMMY NOVAK

Woodward Lodge No. 1355
CECIL G. HELTON

OREGON

Albany Lodge No. 359
HAROLD L. BANTON
ALLYN C. STELMACHER
CARL J. TRULOVE

Medford Lodge No. 1168
RAYMOND C. LAPP

Oregon City Lodge No. 1189
HUGH E. CRAWFORD
CARL F. GRIFFIN

The Dalles Lodge No. 303
CAPT. JERALD M. DAVIES, U. S. Army
Air Forces

PENNSYLVANIA

Beaver Falls Lodge No. 348
CLYDE H. FREW

Berwick Lodge No. 1138
LT. RIDYARD G. SLOAN

Brownsville Lodge No. 1344
THOMAS L. GORDON

Charleroi Lodge No. 494
LT. NORMAN L. NIECE, JR.

Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356
JOSEPH C. McCONAUGHEY
JOSEPH MELE
M. RENWICK MYERS

Etna Lodge No. 932
RAY A. PHILIPS

Lewistown Lodge No. 663
LT. LOUIS N. KRENTZMAN

McKees Rocks Lodge No. 1263
BERNARD J. McDONALD
THOMAS E. SAMPLE

Middletown Lodge No. 1092
CHARLES P. ROGERS

Milton Lodge No. 913
FLIGHT OFFICER CECIL R. HICKS

Monessen Lodge No. 773
STEPHEN G. MONICK
JACK W. SWANEY

Renovo Lodge No. 334
LT. DEAN C. LUNGER

Sayre Lodge No. 1148
PVT. ROBERT F. COLE
SGT. ROBERT W. GARRISON

Scottdale Lodge No. 777
PVT. JAMES R. RITCHIE

Warren Lodge No. 223
PVT. MILTON K. HOOVEN
LT. ALLAN M. METZGER

York Lodge No. 213
ALEXANDER D. GOODE, Army Chaplain

RHODE ISLAND

Providence Lodge No. 14
WILFRED L. DeORSEY
FLIGHT OFFICER JOHN E. WILKES

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia Lodge No. 1190
LT. LEWIS B. HOAGLAND
LT. JAMES B. MOOL
MAJOR EARL M. RICHARDSON
LT. JACK E. SMALLEY

Florence Lodge No. 1020
JOHN Y. MCGILL

Greenville Lodge No. 858
SAM W. FAY

Rock Hill Lodge No. 1318
CAPT. GEORGE G. BRANSON

SOUTH DAKOTA

Huron Lodge No. 444
HENRY STRUCK

Madison Lodge No. 1442
WILLIAM A. GORMAN
HERBERT J. MARSH

Watertown Lodge No. 838
CAPT. GLENN W. WOHLER

Yankton Lodge No. 994
ROBERT F. WALLBAUM

TEXAS

Amarillo Lodge No. 923
GENE FLEMING

Houston Lodge No. 151
LT. J. T. MARRIN, JR.
WARRANT OFFICER ALMER DENSON
WINGO

VERMONT

Barre Lodge No. 1535
MELVIN E. GOODELL
CAPT. WILLIAM M. LYONS

VIRGINIA

Petersburg Lodge No. 237
RICHARD LEE EPES
STUART M. OWEN, JR.
CHARLES A. POST
SGT. WILLIS H. STUTZ

WASHINGTON

Centralia Lodge No. 1083
E. W. IRISH
DONALD PAINTER
L. F. SEIGLE

Ellensburg Lodge No. 1102
CLYDE A. LULHAM

Hoquiam Lodge No. 1082
FLIGHT OFFICER DONALD R. ORKNEY

Kelso Lodge No. 1482
PFC. JOHN CHATTERTON
LT. JACK H. SOFFE

Longview Lodge No. 1514
HOLLIS A. MARTIN

Walla Walla Lodge No. 287
CAPT. JOHN T. GARDNER

Wenatchee Lodge No. 1186
THEO W. BARRON
ROBERT B. GASTON

Yakima Lodge No. 318
LT. DON BORTON
LT. WARREN H. BRITTON

WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston Lodge No. 202
BILL CALVERT
ROBERT H. HINDSON
G. ROBERT SAMMS
HARRY SILVERSTEIN
A. Q. SMITH

Elkins Lodge No. 1135
ROBERT L. WOLVERTON

Huntington Lodge No. 313
BOYDA F. MILLER, JR.

WISCONSIN

Antigo Lodge No. 662
SEAMAN 3/C JOHN A. HERSANT
LT. GRIFFORD C. ROCK

Baraboo Lodge No. 688
PVT. ROBERT JOHN CAFLISCH

Oconto Lodge No. 887
DR. A. N. TOUSIGNANT

WYOMING

Cheyenne Lodge No. 660
ROBERT G. TALLMAN

Cody Lodge No. 1611
WILLIAM BRUNDAGE
JAMES S. McDONALD

Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 9)

exerts. Mere figures and statistics or newsreels do not give the slightest idea. Yesterday I saw a tremendous flight of B29s returning from a raid on the Japanese mainland. You and I and the rest of us in the States goggle at one B29. Nothing I can possibly say will give you an idea of what it is like to see hundreds of them returning from a big operation.

Writing stuff out here is going to be difficult because this field of action is best for newspapermen who can write spot news or "Joe Blow" stories. Magazines have to have feature stories and the difficulties of securing them are almost insuperable because of the transportation problem and the fact that the gentlemen stationed out here are occupied in running a major war instead of attending to their own publicity. However, there is a little Mother's Helper here on the island assigned to the magazine men. I just go to him and say, "Mr. Anthony, here is my problem." I am also a little nervous about censorship of my mail, and am trying to be circumspect in writing to you. The knowledge that someone else is going to censor my letters is rather shy-making. I don't mind making a fool of myself to you but how do I know I won't be sitting at mess next to the guy who has just regaled himself with my letters? It gives one pause.

Phillips

Guam
May 11, 1945

Hello! Dis yere is de dark room.

This has been by our standards a queer day climatically speaking intermittent, violent rain squalls which lead me to suspect that the rainy season is imminent. The rain pours down in a haphazard fashion. One fellow told me that his car was drenched and the one parked next to it didn't get wet at all. See what I mean?

Late this afternoon I ran into Winthrop Rockefeller who was with a young lady correspondent from—guess where? Vogue! Of course this is in the middle of a war and it is imperative that Vogue have the latest fashions from Guam. At least that is my theory. However, I am too shy to press the question and will probably go to my grave never knowing what in God's name she's doing here. "Win" is here from Okinawa recovering from kamikaze burns of the face and hands. No scars mar that handsome pan, however.

There is a strange lizard—about four inches long—on my screen. It makes a small barking noise like a young pup. As a matter of fact, now that I look around there are three of

them. A moment ago I received a visit from a cockroach which was three inches from stem to stern not counting feelers which were another three. I got as far as heaving a shoe at it (bullseye!) but have not yet screwed up the courage to throw it the hell out of here. (I'm not really sure about them lizards barking, but something does.)

What do you suppose is most difficult to get your hands on here? Lighter fluid. All this scuttlebutt about High Octane Gas in lighters is strictly from starvation. It burns, but not like good old U. S. benzine.

We have a saloon which operates under the name "Officers Club". One can get a drink from 4:30 until 6:45 P.M. After that no liquor is available so far as I have yet been able to discover. I'm still prospecting. The first night I was here—night before last—I cautiously approached a bottle of whiskey—and like flies to the sugar were drawn three Australians. You know how long my whiskey lasted? THAT long.

While the food here was not prepared at the Ritz, it is not unpalatable. However, I'll probably die of malnutrition anyway because heat fixes me so I can't eat anything but shrimps, tomato salad and iced tea. Nobody here ever heard of shrimps, tomato salad and iced tea. Possibly the effect will be salutary for my waistlines and chins.

Whenever I am miles away from a typewriter I think up inimitable wisecracks to make in letters to you but once I get naked and settle down to write, the cracks have gone along with the day's heat and the pleasant glow engendered by the five-to-seven drinking time (which I have named "The Happy Hour".)

Please convey my good wishes to your amiable spouse whose many diverse charms, both physical and otherwise, I now cherish more deeply than ever before.

Rastus Le Moko

Guam
May 13 (14?) anyway,
Saturday, 1945

Richard, my sheep-hearted friend:

Home was never like this.

The heat is something fierce; the food is awful; there is nothing to drink except the whiskey which I brought out and which I am saving for emergencies; and all in all I regard this as a life suited only to mad dogs and Englishmen, but let's leave it lay. I believe someone once said that traveling is broadening.

An "Elks Club" has been founded here much in the same way as that which exists at Guadalcanal. The first meeting consisted of, I believe, a half-dozen members; the second one well over a hundred, and the third over two hundred. No regular meet-



"They went that way!"

ing place has been established because the Military will not allot any given site for a lodge home, and sometimes the place of meeting is subject to change as many as three times on the day of meeting. This is due to some curious and remote reason of security. Strange and wondrous are the ways of the Military, considering that at night this Island is lighted up like the New York World's Fair.

The "officers" of the new club hope to erect a clubhouse out of native materials. I have seen buildings so constructed, and they are most attractive—ininitely more appealing and home-like than anything that would be built from Military stores, Quonset huts, etc.

The picture here from our standpoint is bright, and the Elk morale is high as a kite.

I have spent some time with Lt. Commander Couloheras, of New Orleans, La., Lodge; Chief Pharmacist Mate S. B. Hannah, of Ballard (Seattle), Wash., Lodge, and Lt. Commander Fred Overly, Port Angeles "Naval", Wash., Lodge, who are officers of the Guam Club. Hannah was formerly a member and Secretary of Agana Lodge. All these people are anxious to establish a Fraternal Center but so far have been unable to do so because the Military Government cannot see its way clear to allot land to civilian undertakings.

At noon today I looked up Mrs. William Johnston, widow of P.E.R. William Johnston of Agana Lodge, who died in a Jap prison camp. A more charming lady you could not wish to meet. She is a gracious little body who speaks perfect English. Her children (too many for me to sort out) are all attractive, well-mannered and good-looking. She is a very exceptional woman.

I arrived at her home at an awkward hour: the Johnstons were just about to have lunch. They invited me to join them and I instantly accepted. I wolfed down G.I. food which for once was intelligently prepared, and was a happy change from the wardroom mess. Mrs. Johnston's story which she told me after lunch, was what can only be called a tear-jerker. She told me that there were no members of Agana Lodge left on the Island and that there were only nine families of Elks here. She also gave me her version of the Jap occupation of Guam and of its subsequent liberation. Sometimes I found her casual manner of recounting this tragic period quite unbearable in its poignancy. This everyday way of telling it was to me almost as painful as the events she talked about. It appears that Mrs. Johnston was largely responsible for the success of Tweed in evading the Japs and that during the course of the search for him she and all her family were arrested. During the investigation she was flogged. When I came away I was convinced that I

have never met a more gallant or admirable woman. It pleased me immeasurably, situated as I was, to know that the Elks at home had already offered her all help and cooperation.

I will write you again of any future developments, particularly if my efforts to get to Manila are successful. In a few days I will be acclimated and understand the workings of the Military. At present I feel like a freshman in college and don't know my way around. All I do is stand around and listen and hope to God.

Please give my regards to anyone you happen to see who might be interested in this saga.

As usual,
Phillips

Guam
May 14th, 1945

Dear Dick:

My major distress on this Island is a colored man who works as a steward here in the BOQ (Bachelor Officers Quarters). I think he is wacky in the head. He starts whistling the first four bars of "Deep In the Heart of Texas" and gets it right. Then he goes on repeating those four bars endlessly, for hours and hours and hours and . . . Try it sometime.

Today I heard the Shore Patrol had picked up one of our colored stewards for stabbing one of his buddies. Please, God, it was the right one!

I've discarded all those handsome pairs of shoes I bought at vast expense and am wearing a pair of boots—G.I. shoes or whatever they call those laced-up things in reverse leather. For the first time in my life I enjoy foot-ease. From now on I wear nothing else—even to dances.

There are about sixty correspondents on the Island—including a Mrs. Finch from Reuter's, Shelley Mydans of LIFE, and the VOGUE gal—and we're all housed in one BOQ. It's very chummy. (Not the three girls—they live at the General's—it sounds like a harem, but ain't.) I have made friends with a bunch of boys from Australia with whom I hang out. A new correspondent came in last night—a Chinese who speaks perfect English yet had never been out of China before. He is all over good manners and bows every time he catches your eye.

The weather is something you have to get used to—very hot with intermittent rains about every three hours; sometimes light, sometimes heavy. You pay it no never-mind. The way it is I don't see how I am going to get me a tan and I have to keep drinking quarts of water with salt tablets. Strangely enough with the exception of giant cockroaches and myriad flies, there are no insects in evidence; and NO BIRDS!

My evening hours are spent read-

ing "War and Peace" which, believe it or not, I had never read. I find it better than going to the movies.

There is a lot of excited interest over the B29 raids on the Japanese homeland. The correspondents have a pool on the day the Japs capitulate. It ranges from early Fall to the summer of next year with most of the votes picking after the first of the year. My date is around Christmas.

The men who are running Public Relations here are wonderful guys and I keep wondering where they could have been before the war. Certainly one never ran into them.

I eat at hours which numb the sensibilities—breakfast at six; lunch at eleven; dinner anywhere between five and seven. Today was ration day which means that all officers can buy a couple of bottles at the Officers Club. I regret to inform you that many of us correspondents took advantage of this perquisite and as I write, many of the boys are on the second floor of the BOQ (called the "upper deck", it will make you sick to hear), throwing a party. You can hear them from here to Kwajalein.

The food here costs a dollar a day at the wardroom mess—30c for breakfast, 30c for lunch and 40c for dinner. The drinks in the Officers Club are a quarter apiece. The theory is to drink as much as you can in two hours. (My average is only average.)

You make friends awfully easy out here. Probably you do in any encampments. So as yet I don't understand the universal complaint about lonesomeness. The fact is, you can't be alone for a minute, particularly with a lot of Australians in the vicinity.

This business of picking articles out of the air is no cinch, although I think I have found one in Mrs. Johnston's story. The trouble is, there is no nice, kindly editor here to give me ideas. I suppose I could be a nice, kindly editor to myself, but I don't like to go out of character.

Phillips

Guam, the Marianas
May 18, 1945

Hi, laddie:

While I don't recommend this as *The Life*, it will do until something worse comes along. I have just returned from one of those outdoor movies (Tolstoy is beginning to pall) and it made me homesick. Both Mary Martin and Victor Moore were in it and I used to see a lot of them in New York.

Last night the President of the local "Elks Club" took me down to the Military Government section to an Elks meeting. It was held in a Quonset hut. Many of the members were Seabees and they had an orchestra and some beer and Coca Cola. I was introduced and had to make a speech over one of those loudspeaker arrangements. As you know, I can't

open my mouth before more than five people so it was very unnerving and I couldn't have been more unhappy. I gave one of those brisk little numbers, utterly ungracious and lacking in dirty jokes which ought to be spoken at such meetings. No doubt I am a ruined man.

The weather here is VERY HOT. Also I keep having guests whom I never saw before. People learn that there is an extra sack in my room so they come and occupy it, and always have to get up at a quarter of five (0445 hrs. to me). Last night my bunkwaddy was a girene (Marine, to you) who was also an acrobat. He did backflips in the middle of the stone floor and all I could think of was an inquest and subsequent court martial.

The food, I insist, is not noticeably good. Tonight all I could manage was the soup and the canned peaches. I am told that after you have been here two or three weeks you begin to get really hungry and you eat what you get; however, the stage which faces me next is buying candy-bars at the Ships' Store. You eat those until you get pimples.

It is a strange and wonderful thing, all the bum steers I got before coming out here; imagine that guy telling me to take all the cigarettes I could! You get a carton for fifty cents any time you ask for one. And the warning against silver identification bracelets! Everyone on the Island wears one and if I had only brought the big one Marion brought me from Mexico I would be in style. The bigger the better. If you see my wife, tell her she can have the one I am wearing. It turned black the first week I wore it. Evidently I exude pitch. This whole bracelet business seems to me to indicate a trend to more jewelry—for men, and I think it would make a good picture-article, if you could get the pictures. Many guys make their own jewelry—rings, earrings, bracelets, etc. Incidentally, the earring fad works this way: sailors who have been torpedoed wear them—at least that's the way it started out; now guys who saw the wake of a torpedo wear them.

One thing that is a great relief to me is that the lads here on Guam are much older than those at Suisun Field or Hickam. That business of trying to talk sense to nineteen-year-old kids had me nearly nuts. Imagine being completely surrounded by Andy Hardy! Here people are approximately my age, with maybe two or three years over or under. There are a few youngsters and a few oldsters, but in the main we are all of an age.

We don't get much news from the States, and I am in a quandary as to what's going on. I hate to think of the long lectures and explanations I am going to have to endure from you when I get back. The last thing I heard was from my jeep driver; he said that Henry Kaiser had established a big plant making the front

ends of horses and was sending them on to the Twelfth Naval District for assembly.

I finished Tolstoy's "War and Peace". I am glad that I had never read it before. It is the perfect book for a long-reading place like this. Next I am going to tackle "The Magic Mountain", which I understand is heavy going. Have you any other ideas along this line, and if they include Dickens, just forget the whole matter.

I think while I am waiting around here for word from Washington I will take a hop over to Tinian, Saipan and Ulithi. They are all within a few hundred miles and Dr. MacArthur has nothing to say about it. It appears to be the thing to do, although what I can say about Tinian, Saipan or Ulithi that has not already been said, better you could stick in your eye.

Heavens to Betsy, how you sweat here! I keep taking salt tablets and cold showers and drinking water by the bucket, but I feel like one of my wife's baking-powder biscuits. I still have all my chins and stomachs, and I know you will be glad to hear it. Also I have all kinds of wens, warts and bunions on my feet. I keep waiting for prickly heat.

It's about ten-thirty now so I suppose I'd better get in the sack. (That's one we seem to have missed in our collection of wet sayings; I'm afraid "sack", "deal" and "rugged" are forever in my vocabulary, and those who profess to be my friends will have to put up with them. So far I have avoided "chow".)

I will be able to write you more interesting and intelligent letters once my mail has started coming in. (I assume there is mail?)

Phillips

Guam
May 21, 1945

Richard, mon ami:

This letter is going to be, purely and simply, a gripe. I've got to sound off to someone and it might as well be you—at least I know your sympathies are with me, whereas everyone here to whom I gripe just laughs. They've all been here longer than I and have learned to take it.

I've been here nearly two weeks and not a damned thing has been accomplished. You couldn't run a corner stationery store on the outskirts of Yonkers the way this place works. Everything that is not done is not done with the utmost courtesy and goodfellowship, too, so that you are a churl and a mean old man if you get mad.

The spot-news boys have it easy; all they have to do is go to the morning press conference, get the dope, and write a story which is probably rewritten at their home offices. They also interview flyers who are in from carriers, or B29 pilots, all of whom tell in essence the same story. None

of this is of any benefit to a magazine man.

I don't mind that the food is lousy, that the water is mostly chlorine, that there is no liquor, that the heat is exhausting, that I'm bored to death; I just object to this (deleted) fiddling around. You ask one simple little question and it ends up that you have to see four different guys before you get the answer. Not one of the four guys is ever at his desk, so you have to wait in the heat until he gets back and tells you whom you really should have gone to in the first place—all in the loveliest, most cultivated accents.

The reason you never read much about all the delays and silly mistakes that go on out here is that the correspondents are in general so wholeheartedly anxious to see the war won and are so in sympathy with the difficulties presented by red tape that they soon become tolerant of the conditions and don't want to foul things up by griping. Another reason is the poor chow (There goes that word.) and the heat and the contagious laziness induce a sort of lassitude that would be incomprehensible at home; nobody gives a damn about anything.

I am trying to get going on a story about this Island and what is going to become of it in the future. It's a very touchy question and I don't exactly know of whom to ask it. At the present rate of accomplishment it shouldn't take me more than three months to get the dope. Incidentally, Frank Morris of COLLIER'S is trying to get the same story; we are trying not to duplicate our approaches and maybe I can get mine done before he does. You will probably get it by Christmas, but I'm not saying which Christmas.

So far no mail, but I can't expect any before the end of the week at the earliest—although Bruce Rae of the NEW YORK TIMES told me he got a letter from New York in four days.

The only sort of exercise I have taken was to go for a walk with a couple of Australian correspondents. "Going for a walk" meant climbing a range of mountains on about the scale of the Appalachians, in the broiling heat. We had no objective, no canteens, and trudged over stony coral roads for about six hours. It was nice to know that my boots were broken in, but unfortunately my feet weren't. What with stone-bruises and all I feel as if I had been bastinadoed. When I got back to the Officers Club for a few gallons of iced chlorine I found that we were generally considered mad dogs or Anglo-Saxons. The only other guy on the Island who goes in for that sort of thing is Admiral Nimitz, and everyone lives in terror that he will be invited to accompany the Admiral on one of his afternoon strolls. The Admiral has a habit of presenting such invitations which amount to command performances. Well, now



"That makes two of us who got what we wanted"

A MAN's best friend this Christmas, we say, is likely to be the one who gives him a bottle of Calvert. For this superb whiskey *is the real thing*

...so smooth and flavorful it simply can't be imitated! That probably explains why, year in and year out, Calvert is reported "the whiskey most often asked for by name".

(P.S. While you're rounding up Calvert for your Christmas list, pick up some for your own holiday hospitality. But be sure you get Calvert...if you want *the real thing.*)

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE Calvert



It's the Real Thing

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

they have no terrors for me. I know I would live through it.

I haven't been swimming yet: I'm too scared of the sun. If I can work up a slight tan by degrees I'll take a chance on it, but you know me—first-degree burns, chills, fevers, sick stomachs, cold sores, blisters, peeling, and then start all over again where I came in.

There are still a lot of things I meant to gripe about, but I'm beginning to get calmed down now after the morning's usual disappointments, evasions and delays, and my complaints are fading from my mind.

I have discovered that war photographers are a race apart; except for an outstanding few they all originate on Tenth Avenue at 50th Street and their vocabularies are restricted to four-letter words of the most commonplace variety. That is, all except a guy who is making a motion picture on submarines. He is an "artiste"; he reads Spender and Auden and speaks French, Italian and German. Also he is a hero. I know all this to be a fact because he told me so. Right from the horse's mouth.

Love to all,
Pollyanna

Guam, the Marianas
May 29, 1945

Hi—

So I am sleeping my way through breakfast and the door bursts open and it turns out that the worst has happened: I have a bunkwaddy. Only it then develops that the bunkwaddy is our old buddy Hamilton Green, so we celebrate. Ham is writing stories and doing pictures for another magazine.

Today HMS King George V came into the harbor with three escorting destroyers, and all the officers trekked up to our Officers Club and drank whiskey as guests of the house, an exhibition of international solidarity which infuriated me, as it only served to lesson our supply of spirits.

I am almost nuts because I haven't got any dope from Washington or any place else concerning Manila, and the guys at the Public Relations Office are almost nuts because I keep haranguing them about what's the matter with the Navy. I spend most of my time sitting around listening to other correspondents talk and learning the jargon so that when I come home you will all think I went through Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and part of the invasion of Honshu.

Ham and I are going to Saipan and we will probably try to take on side-trips to Tinian and Iwo Jima. So far we haven't done anything about it because he only got here yesterday, and has occupied himself in this business of acclimating himself to an utterly strange environment and climate. Fortunately I am new enough so that I remember each

separate reaction one has and am able to forestall it or prepare him or introduce him to the right person, thing or place—something I had to find out the hard way because nobody cared whether I lived or died. Not even I.

Next day (I got tired):

This morning about forty correspondents went out to the King George V where Admiral Nimitz was piped aboard with the damndest bunch of rigmarole ever seen, to make a speech to the Royal Navy, telling them in effect it wasn't true that we didn't want them in the Pacific and that they were too welcome. It seems some malicious blackguard (the American Press maybe?) had planted a rumor, and the feelings of the Limies were hurt.

The Limies liked his speech.

Later we went down to Vice-Admiral Sir Bernard Rawlings' quarters for a press conference, during the course of which he answered a set of questions lined up and mimeographed by some pinhead in press relations. There wasn't one question in the lot I would have thought necessary to ask, and I could have answered them all by myself, although a possibility exists that Vice-Admiral Sir Bernard's word carries more weight than mine. I talked to him a bit later on when he invited us into his wardroom for what he called "iced beer", and which I called beer-at-blood-heat. He's a charming man.

I went back to the base and found your cable, thank God! So I am cleared to Manila! So I can go anytime. So why doesn't somebody let Admiral Nimitz know about it?

I showed the cable to the Correspondents' Aide, who wanted to know what did I have to prove I was cleared. I says, "The Cable." He says to me, "See the Liaison Officer." I says to the Liaison Officer, "Can I see you a minute," and he ups and says, "No." Then he asks, "Anything important?" And I says, "To me, not to you." He counters with, "I say, old boy, what can I do for you?" I tell him about The Cable, and his expression is that of a man sorely tried. He suggests I come back tomorrow, maybe the papers are held up at Hawaii. ("Pearl", to him.) So you see what I'm up against.

Still no mail, and Ham Green, who arrived day before yesterday, already has a letter. I admit he's better looking than I am, but not that much better looking.

Incidentally, the Happy Hour is upon us, so I will break this off for now, to be finished later. You will be able to judge by the remainder of this letter whether or no the Happy Hour was completely happy.

Later: Not so happy—The British are still with us.

How pleasant and agreeable you all seem to me from 7,000 miles' distance. Are you really as charming as I imagine? Impossible!

With this happy thought, I leave you.

Phillips

Guam, the Marianas
June 7, 1945

Dear Rich:

I finished the story on Mrs. Johnston this afternoon. It sounds like all personality stories, but she is pleased with it and feels it is a little truer than some others that have been written.

I flew to Saipan to see my brother Hyde, a Major now. He is Liaison Air Officer for the Second Marine Division. I flew NATS and the pilot was Tyrone Power. It took only 55 minutes.

Saipan is exactly like Guam except there are more people on it, and it is more cultivated agriculturally. There is a tremendous bay in which floats such an aggregation of warships and cargo craft as to defy description. It is discouraging how much alike all these islands are, and this similarity presents a problem when trying to write overblown letters home.

I am perforated with coral cuts from falling up (not down) a hill while looking for Hyde's tent in the pitch dark. I landed on nose, chin, palms and shin simultaneously, and opened up like a ripe tomato. Everything healed except the shin, which is in swaddling clothes. When anyone asks I tell them a Jap stabbed me with a fork, that I ran like a hare, and the sentry on duty caught him with his bare hands. (Saipan is still lousy with Japs.) I haven't been able to explain the wound on my tail. I got that by being so groggy when I got up from the first fall, that I leaned over backwards and fell down the hill (not up).

I've never seen such crap games as go on out here; last night I saw more money change hands than I have ever seen before; the guys simply have no place to spend money, and no one thinks a thing of dropping two hundred chips in two minutes. Except me. As you know, one vice I have never developed to its fullest flowering is gambling; it seems to me the dumbest, most unrewarding way of getting rid of money known to man.

Thanks for the nailfile. It came at the right time. The one I got in San Francisco is all rusted from the humidity. My own personal, private humidity has warped all my clothes and I go around smelling like a goat, but my nails are clean.

I got some mail today which has restored my fainting heart. I have just returned from dinner with Lieutenant General Barney Giles. Same good people were along, including Frank Morris, and Carl and Shelley Mydans of LIFE. (She reminds me of Margaret Halsey, the writer, and half the Island is in love with her.) The General told us a lot of off-the-record stuff, so for about a week I'll

have to go about with Band-Aids across my big fat mouth.

This stupid letter has gone on long enough; I find it as tedious as you do.

Yours,
Phillips

Guam, the Marianas
June 9, 1945

Blessings on you, my children!

Day after tomorrow I sail for Manila on what they archly tell me is "a big ship with good chow, good quarters and good people". Obvious-

Another series of letters from Mr. Phillips will appear next month.

A Tool for You

(Continued from page 15)

mates there are at least six publics to be reached: employees, stockholders, customers, people in local plant communities, the general outside public, and public officials.

If you are a small-business man you might examine this list to determine who knows more about your business or your profession.

I know a garage owner who faced a serious problem. He was able to solve it by a practical public relations application, shrewdly conceived. He had a small and prosperous business, but he wanted that business to grow. His ledgers told him a grim and realistic story. The business wasn't growing as it should. Why, he didn't know.

He sweated out the answer. He discovered that his competitors in the small city were saying that he failed to give his customers a dollar's worth of service for a dollar. The charges were unfair. Unfortunately potential customers not only heard the gossip, but believed it.

He came up with the answer, a heads-up, frank, public relations approach. At the end of every week he published a three-column advertisement in the local newspaper in which he listed every customer served during that week. "ASK THESE PEOPLE ABOUT OUR CHARGES AND SERVICE!" he challenged.

It was a small city. The people whose names were published were well known citizens. The gossip ceased. The public immediately sensed that the gossip had no foundation. Almost at once his business started to increase. It has grown steadily ever since.

He found the answer to his own public relations problem. Yet he could not have done an effective job if his case had lacked in merit and sincerity. Public relations can never bolster a crooked or shady business, be it small or large.

Somewhere there was a mystery. Of small things, done shrewdly and appropriately. The cup of coffee the airline stewardess so graciously offers passengers is not an expensive

ly it's a carrier, but don't tell anybody.

This business of suddenly getting my orders for Manila plus transportation has thrown me into a storm, as I had confidently expected to spend the rest of my days here under the tropical sun and rains. Now there is so much to do I probably won't write anyone again until I get on the ship where I will no doubt be tap-tapping away in the brig.

Love to you all,
Phillips

item—yet it builds enormous good will. Railroads have had the same opportunity, but they have never taken advantage of it. Which may account, in part, for the enthusiasm the public generally has for airlines.

A few years ago, a barber supply house started to make a hair tonic. It had many virtues. Yet aside from initial sales the stock refused to move. Private customers who had used the tonic were lavish in their praises. Yet the stock remained inert, passive—and unprofitable.

Somewhere there was a mystery. They wanted the solution. It was found by experienced public relations counsel. The difficulty was that the tonic was being packaged in the wrong type of bottle! The next time you are in a barber shop, note the bottles of tonic on the shelves and you will notice that each has a neck long enough for the barber to grasp in his hand when he administers it to the optimistic customer.

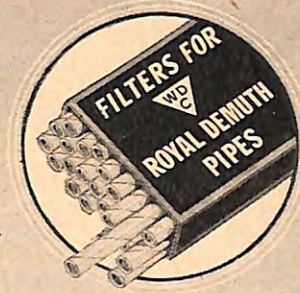
They had bottled their tonic in a bottle with a short neck, making it extremely awkward for the barber to dispense the fluid. As a result, barbers used the tonic only when a customer demanded it. Never did they recommend it.

The firm rebottled their stock of tonic, replaced every short-necked bottle. Sales started to climb. Today that tonic is a best seller. Just another dramatic example of what intelligent public relations can do.

A small dairy and a bank once teamed up in such a way as to give a small Pennsylvania city excellent and badly needed public relations with the farmers residing in its trading area.

The dairy wanted to be able to buy more milk to process and ship. The bank wanted a more prosperous farming community. The retail merchants of the city wanted the farmers to have more money to spend.

The dairy owner knew his business. Many of the farmers owned herds that contained cows that were, in reality, "boarders"—cows that did not produce enough of the right kind



This Filter in

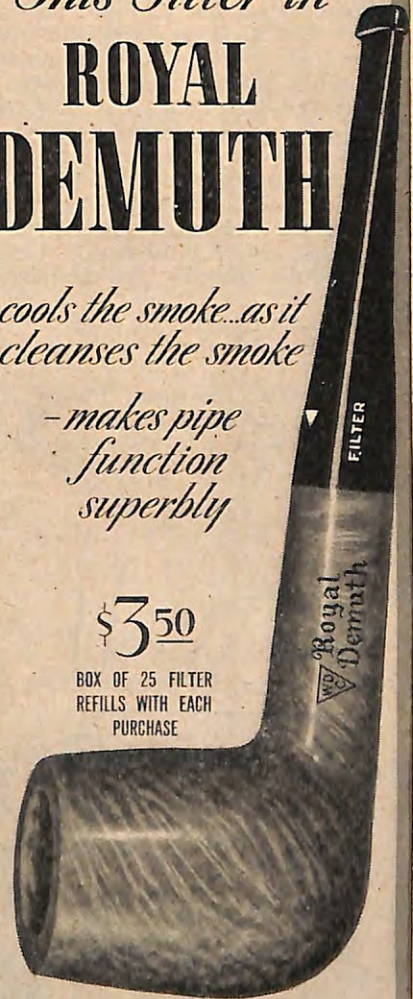
**ROYAL
DEMUTH**

*cools the smoke...as it
cleanses the smoke*

*- makes pipe
function
superbly*

\$3⁵⁰

BOX OF 25 FILTER
REFILLS WITH EACH
PURCHASE



THE changeable filter has a patented construction that filters flakes and juices before smoke reaches your mouth.

Yes, this absorbent cellophane wrapped filter is changeable! When stained from the tars and nicotine that it imprisons, replace with a fresh refill.

Royal Demuth is thoroughly seasoned, expertly styled, exquisitely fashioned. Over 100 skilled manufacturing operations go into each pipe.



of milk—cows that did not pay for their board and keep. The farmers, however, did not know which cows were “boarders”. Some of the farmers were eager to improve the quality of their herds, ambitious to farm more scientifically, but they could not afford to make the investment involved.

The dairy owner and the bank had the herds tested by competent agricultural experts. The “boarders” were tagged. Some of the farmers were shocked at the number of them they had been supporting.

Next, the bank sent the dairy owner into good dairying territory where he purchased a fine, blooded bull and a herd of tested, registered heifers. The heifers were offered at sale at reasonable prices and the bank financed the purchases on long-term notes. The bull became farm community property. Expert dairy and herd experts frequently came to the community and gave free lectures. They counseled with the farmers, stimulated their ambition, encouraged them, offered them sound advice.

Within two years the area became a profitable dairying center. A competitive spirit was engendered among the owners of the dairy herds. The local dairy had to increase its capacity. Bank deposits showed a nice

increase. Retailers reported a boost in sales. Farm boys, once hell-bent on going to the city for a career, or high wages, reconsidered and decided that the farm offered some very interesting possibilities.

Today, the area boasts of a community spirit that is rugged and still soaring.

A fine public relations program, with handsome dividends for all concerned!

THE chief executive of a large oil company tells me that if they could manage to instill in their filling station operators a proper sense of public relations, that every dealer would be making money.

The company owns several thousand retail outlets. They train their dealers to give intelligent, well-rounded service. They supply them with all sorts of sales literature. They frankly tell dealers that there are about 400,000 gasoline stations in the country and that basically there is scant difference between the quality of the oils and motor fuels of any of the nationally known brands.

“The successful filling station operator must make the public prefer to do business with him,” this executive says emphatically. “That’s our big job—to make the operator realize that—and to make him realize he has

a big personal public relations job to do.”

Only a few of the dealers are able to make customers prefer to deal with them, however. When they are able to do this, they become prosperous and stay in that category. They do it by offering a little plus service, service that is friendly and helpful, that makes the customer want to come back for more.

One such dealer started from scratch. Soon he owned two stations, then three. Then he asked for and received a distributorship. He is constantly trying to help his customers, his own dealers. He has a nice sense of public relations and success has not spoiled him.

“If I had a dozen men like him, our sales would double in a year,” the oil company executive claims.

Surprising the trails into which a personalized public relations program sometimes leads! A man who started a feed store in a small city encountered some rugged and virile competition—but managed to make a small profit. However, he reached a point where his volume ceased to grow.

His investigation highlighted the major difficulty. His farm customers were already buying to the extent of their income capacity. He awakened to the fact that the only possible way he could increase his sales was to make his customers more prosperous.

He visited the nearest large city, talked with produce buyers, with wholesale poultry and egg buyers. He made certain arrangements and returned to his small store. He passed the news on to his customers. Once a week a city-bound truck would stop at his store at a certain time and pick up the produce and eggs the farmers had for sale. On another day, another truck would stop and buy their poultry. The local market for produce, eggs and poultry was easily glutted. Once local demand was filled, local prices dropped to almost zero. This arrangement provided a steady market at city prices.

The farmers were delighted. The feed store was a crowded, busy place two days of each week. The owner wisely made no charge to any of the parties involved in the transactions. But he was in a strategic position. The egg, poultry and produce people paid spot cash—and there the farmer was with cash in his hand—and probably needing feed for his stock.

The natural thing happened; they bought what he had to sell. He started to stock other items besides feed: soap, beans, seed, fertilizers, and many other farm necessities. He sold these items at reasonable prices, too.

Today, this small store is netting \$1,000 a month and employs several men.

These personalized public relations programs have the happy habit of



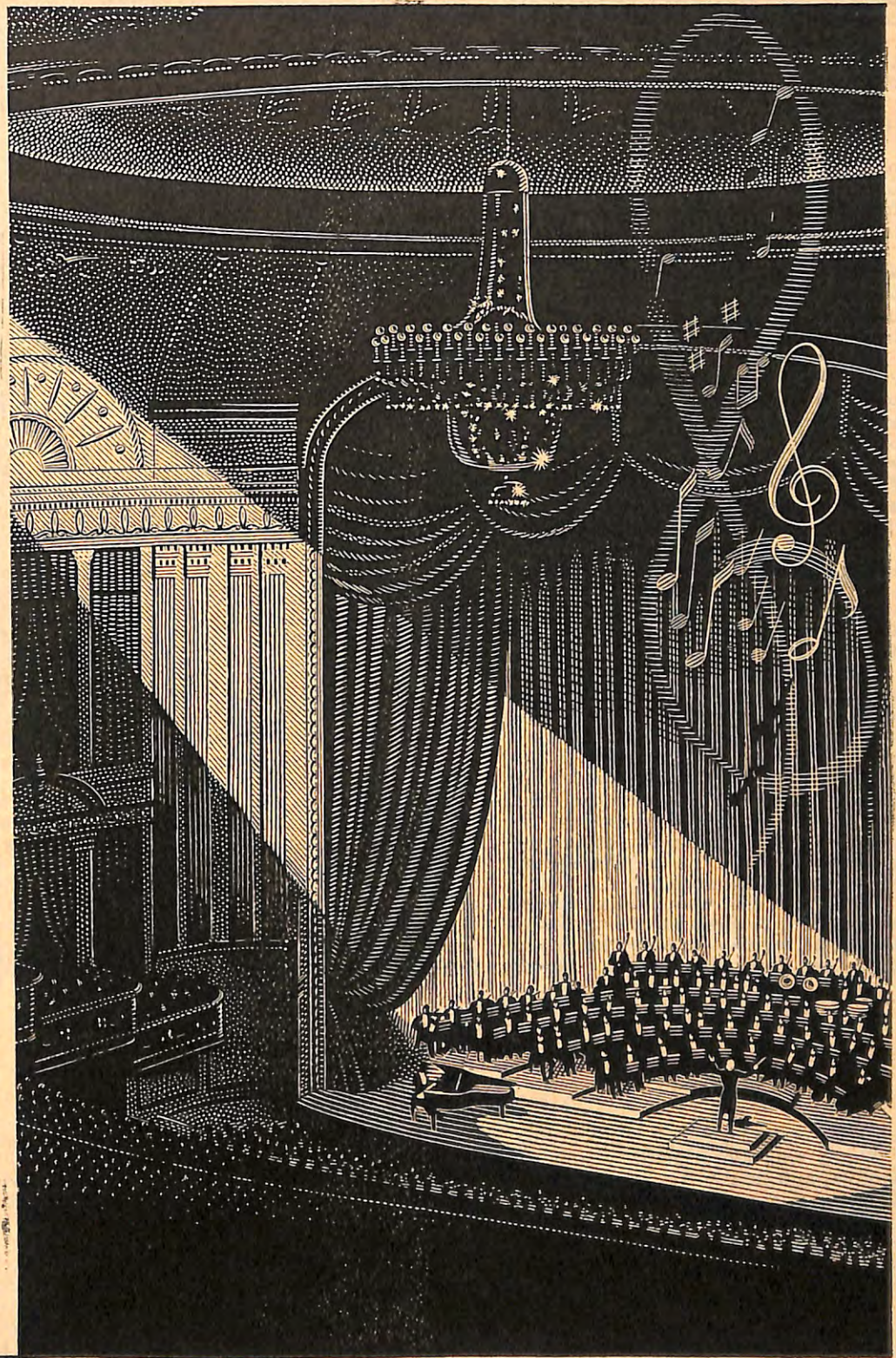
“I see a small coin purse on a bureau-top and you washing a large pile of dirty dishes.”

*Can Words Alone
.. bring you the
Enjoyment of
Great Music?*

In elation or anxiety, the soul of mankind finds its fullest expression in music. The trumpet bestirs great courage however loudly it sounds the alarm. Strings soothe the troubled heart in one moment, excite it to ecstasy in the next. In the woodwinds, laughter and lament give way to each other. Words in a song get their meaning from the music. Never can words give music its meaning.

So it is with all the good things of life. Eloquent sentences will not substitute for actual experiences. Thousands of words might seek to describe the sense of well-being in a sip of Budweiser. Never can they tell you what you experience when you lift a cold, brimming glass of gold and snowy foam to your understanding lips and taste the distinctive flavor that made this the most popular beer in all history.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



*Every sip tells you what words can't
—why Budweiser is
something more than beer... a tradition*

Budweiser

© 1945 A-B Co.

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

paying out when they are as well managed.

"You need better public relations," I told a young lawyer from a small city who recently came to me for advice. His practice was growing, but painfully slow, he complained.

I told him about a young lawyer I once knew who was in the same situation. He knew ethics prevented him from advertising, or even soliciting legal business.

So he let it be known that he would execute wills without charge because he firmly and sincerely believed it was the duty of every man to execute such a document.

When people started to take advantage of his offer, he gave them sound, free advice. In the business affairs of almost every individual, there are certain loose ends, small legal formalities that have been over-delayed because they have not been urgent in nature. He pointed out that these matters should be taken care of if the will was to be air-tight. Usually he was instructed to go ahead and handle these items. Out of this came many small and profitable commissions, pleasant in character.

He would ask the individual whom he wanted named to handle the estate, to see that its terms were precisely carried out. If the client asked for his advice, he suggested that a bank be named. That made friends in the bank. Sometimes the man who was drawing the will asked the attorney if he would handle the estate. To this he would agree; there is a fee for such work.

When the will was finally handed to the client it was a most impressive document, written on a special paper, with an expensive-looking binder

and appropriate seals. The material for each will cost the attorney over a dollar—and looked as if it had cost many times that sum. Those wills made a fine and lasting impression.

Among those who took advantage of the offer was a wealthy man. The attorney was named to handle the estate. Within a month the man died. When the estate was settled, it provided the young attorney with his first big fee, a matter of \$22,000, more money than he expected to make in five years in the small city. He still makes no charge for drawing a will.

Today he's the leading attorney in his community. You see what I meant when I told my young attorney friend that he needed better public relations?

Your employees may need public relations. Are they working *with* or *for* you? Whether you employ thousands, or only two or three people, it's important that your employees work *with* you. Unless they do, they can nullify much of the good personal public relations work you can do. Keep them informed of what you are doing, tell them about what you plan, how they fit into the future of your business. A big corporation spends large sums each year trying to do this with professional public relations counsel. Often they succeed, and the benefits are worth many times the expenditure involved. Commenting on this recently, Dr. Leo Wolman, a man of wide experience in labor relations, said "Employees . . . may be expected to welcome the chance to learn what employers know and what employers think is crucial to the welfare of their business. No employer can afford to have his observations and

opinions garbled by asking or allowing someone else to do this job for him."

He was speaking of Big Business. But his statement bears equal weight with Small Business. Let your workers know! You will find them sympathetic, helpful. Keep them working *with* you. If you are able to do this, you will have a major asset of incalculable value to the growth and prosperity of your own enterprise.

A friend in New Jersey owns a small textile plant. The relationship between labor and management is excellent. All during the war, labor and management sat down once a week and talked things over. As the war drew to a close, the men were told that cancellations would be dramatically sudden. They started to plan for reconversion to civilian goods.

When the fateful telegram arrived, they knew what they were going to do. In forty-five minutes, one-half of the mill was reconverted and busily engaged in producing civilian goods. Almost a world's record!

Competitive mills where there did not exist a smooth, friendly coordination between management and labor are still struggling with their reconversion problems and their looms are static.

Regardless of the character of your business, or your profession, you can use public relations to advantage. It is a tool Big Business is using to full advantage, employing the services of experienced public relations counsel to enable it to do certain essential jobs.

Your job isn't as big, but it's just as important.

It's a job *you* can do.

Sailor Beware

(Continued from page 13)

over his shoulder every tenth stride.

There was no pursuit visible or audible, and finally his heart quieted down to something near its normal rhythm. He wiped his face with his handkerchief, straightened his cap, pulled his coat down and began to get control of the situation again.

The road meandered across the flat and skirted along the base of the north canyon wall. Gabriel was midway along an open straight stretch when something screeched like a dive-bomber right over his head.

Gabriel ducked involuntarily, twisting to squint up against the sun. A horse and rider were coming down the canyon face at him full-tilt, western serial style. Rocks rolled and brush smashed, and the rider screamed triumphantly again.

There was nothing to hide behind, and Gabriel could do nothing but stand there, petrified, feeling like the assigned target of an avalanche.

The horse hit the road all spraddled out and then reared and pawed cooly at Gabriel's head with its front feet. Gabriel jumped backwards and sat down with a thump on a mattress of dusty weeds in the road-side ditch.

The rider swung down off the horse. This was still another girl—a whole lot of girl. She was as wide as Gabriel and six inches taller. She had red cheeks and blue eyes, and she wore her blond hair in two thick, long braids.

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "I thought I'd miss you!"

"You were wrong," said Gabriel, staying in the ditch.

"You aren't afraid of old Bessie, here, are you?" the girl asked. "Bessie's nothing but a little old mare. She wouldn't hurt anyone."

Bessie proved that by pinning her ears back and baring long yellow teeth and leering hungrily at Gabriel.

"Quit it," said the girl. She

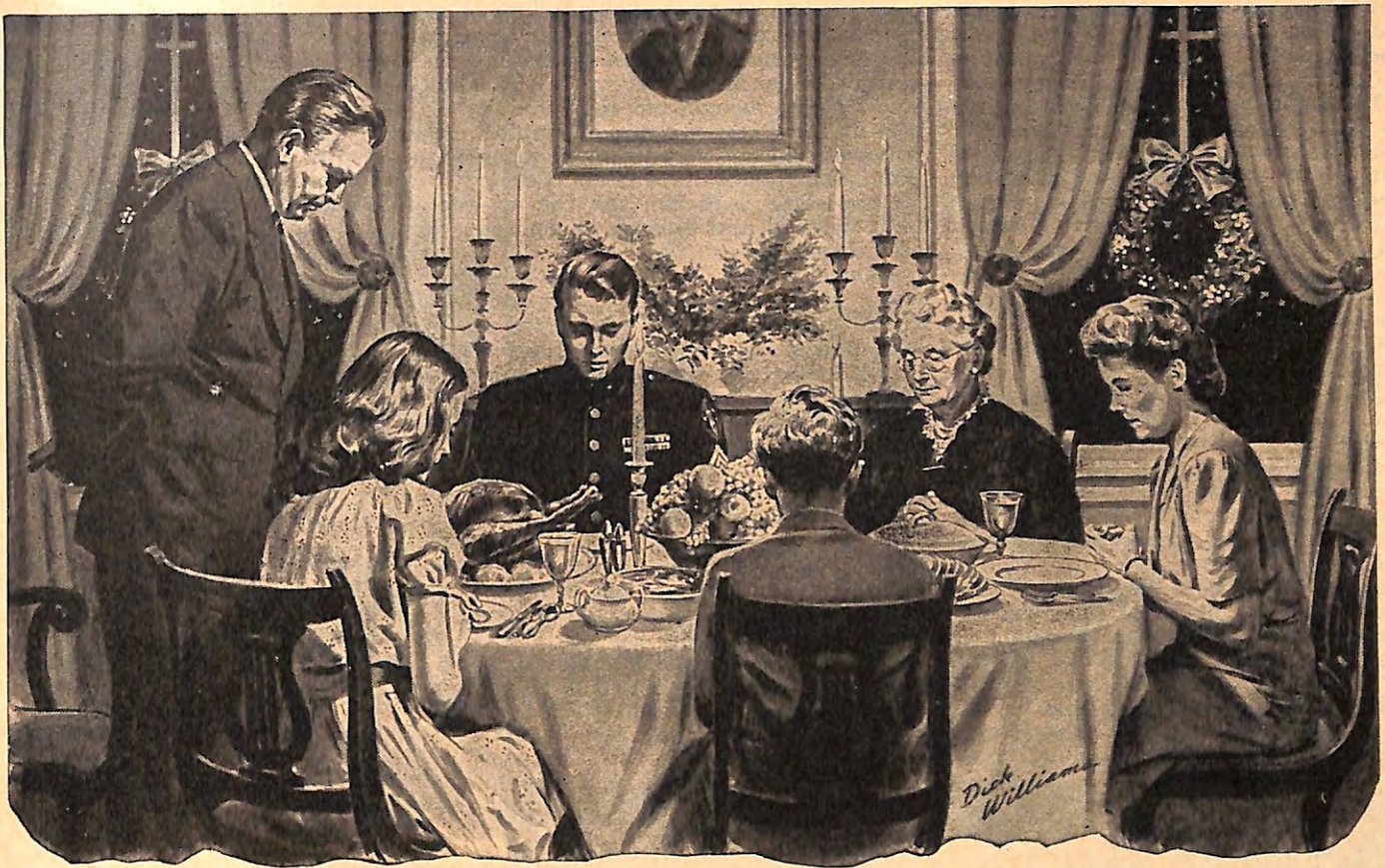
slapped Bessie on the nose with one hand and reached down and pulled Gabriel out of the ditch with the other. "You're Jonathan Gabriel, and you *are* cute, too, and you got your pretty little old uniform all dirty." She slapped at the uniform vigorously.

"Huh-how did you know my name?" Gabriel asked, wincing.

"I heard it from Harriet Peabody." "Now look here," said Gabriel. "You're not going to take me back to—"

"Take you *back!*" the girl shouted. "Do you think I'm crazy or something? Not Dellabelle Peters. That's my name. And naturally you don't want to have anything more to do with a little old ugly pinch-pocket like Harriet. Say, you've got a lot of muscle. You'd be worth the money."

"What money?" said Gabriel. "Well, name it. How much do you



What's the other thing we ought to do this Christmas?

FOR the last four years, the Christmas phrase "Peace on earth, good will to man" has had a pretty hollow, bitter ring.

This year, it won't.

And surely, one thing each of us will want to do this Christmas is to give thanks that peace has finally come to us—both peace and victory.

One other thing we ought to do:

In our giving, this year, let's choose—first—the kind of gift that helped to bring us peace and victory and will now help us to enjoy them.

★

Victory Bonds take care of the men who fought for us—provide money to heal them, to give them a fresh start in the country they saved.

Victory Bonds help to insure a

sound, prosperous country for us all to live and work in.

Victory Bonds mean protection in emergencies — and extra cash for things we want to do ten years from now.

★

Choose—first—the finest gift in all the world, this Christmas.

Give Victory Bonds!

Give the finest gift of all — VICTORY BONDS!

The Elks Magazine

figure on getting? I've got lots of in the bank. Cattle are selling real good now."

Gabriel stared. "I don't know. . ."

Dellabelle slapped him on the back so hard his neck snapped. "Aw, don't be bashful. Shucks, we all look out for old Number 1, and a fellow like you has to look mighty careful before he leaps these days. Why, I'd let you keep all your pay, even. You wouldn't have to send me a dime. I can take care of myself. And you, too. How about it?"

Gabriel said, "I'm sorry, but I just don't understand what—"

Rocks began to roll down the canyon face again. Three white-faced steers were skittering and sliding and bawling on the slope. A horse and rider piled down from above them, chased them along the slope, and then circled down below them and began to haze them up toward the rim. The horse was bigger than Bessie, the mare, and its rider was so small he looked like the turret on a heavy tank.

"That's my brother," said Dellabelle absently. She let out her voice. "You, Hermie! Quit chivvying those steers, you little dope! You'll run all the beef off them!"

Hermie kept right on chivvying, and the steers scrambled around frantically.

"Thinks he's Roy Rogers," said Dellabelle. "Hermie!" She grabbed Gabriel by the arm and jerked. "Listen. The lane into my place is just a quarter-mile up the road. Go on up there and turn in and wait for me on the front porch. Hermie!"

She swung up on Bessie in one effortlessly expert motion. "Hermie! I'll bat your brains out, you little devil! Her—MIE!"

Bessie headed up the slope in lunging hops with Dellabelle urging her on with resounding smacks in the rear with the flat of her hand. The steers broke away from Hermie and high-tailed it into a clump of stunted willows. Hermie bored right in after them, and then Dellabelle and Bessie hit the same dead-fall, and the willows writhed and twisted in disordered dismay.

Gabriel didn't linger to see who won. He started trotting. He was aware at last that he was in for a long pull so he gaited himself for a two-mile run. He went past the lane Dellabelle had described without even turning his head. He was still thumping steadily along when he became aware of a noise distantly ahead of him somewhere.

He stopped, breathing heavily but evenly. The noise grew more audible. It was the sound of an engine with a piston slap, a bum bearing, and a cylinder that cut out every third time.

Gabriel looked around, undecided, and then braced himself and stood his ground. The beaten-up little run-about appeared ahead and chewed steadily toward him. It stopped, and the girl with the red bandanna stared at him with a sort of coldly scientific curiosity.

"Hello," said Gabriel warily.

"Are you still looking for Barbara Brown?" the girl asked.

"Well," said Gabriel. "Yes."

"Get in. I'll show you where she lives."

Gabriel got in. The girl backed the car into the weeds, turned it around, and started back the way she had come.

Gabriel took out his handkerchief and wiped his face again. "Pardon

me," he said, "and meaning nothing personal, but have you ever noticed that the people in this canyon act a little—ah—peculiar?"

"The people in this canyon," said the girl, "are a lot nicer than the rats who seep in from outside."

"Oh," said Gabriel.

After a while the girl said, "Are you *sure* you still want to find Barbara Brown?"

"I'm getting a little cooled off on that," Gabriel admitted. "It seems her brother was a little optimistic. It turns out that she's actually nothing but an ugly old hag."

"Is that so?" said the girl politely.

Gabriel nodded gloomily. "Yeah. But, of course, there's always the dough. And I need it."

"Look and see how the rabbit is riding."

"The what?" said Gabriel.

"The rabbit. In the box. In back."

Gabriel turned around and looked over the seat. There was a box with a close-mesh wire front on the floor. He leaned farther over and looked in it, and a rabbit looked back at him.

"Well," said Gabriel. "It is a rabbit. He looks like he's getting along okay. What are you going to do with him?"

"Eat him. Eventually."

Gabriel looked at her. "Do you eat rabbits?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because they're good!"

"I didn't mean that," Gabriel explained. "I mean they're such harmless and peaceful little guys I could never bear to bite a chunk off one." He leaned over again and poked his forefinger through the wire mesh. "Here, boy. Here. . . Ow!"

The girl didn't say anything. Gabriel subsided on the seat again and sucked his forefinger glumly.

The road came out into a flat, bare clearing. On the far side, on beyond what would have been a creek if it had contained any moisture, there was a small, neat red brick building with a green tile roof. The run-about bounced across the bridge over the creek-bed and stopped in front of the building.

"I have an errand here," said the girl. She got out of the car and came around on Gabriel's side. "There's a shotgun on a clamp on the back of the seat. Hand it to me, will you?"

"Sure," said Gabriel, groping. "Gee, this is a dandy. An over-and-under, eh?"

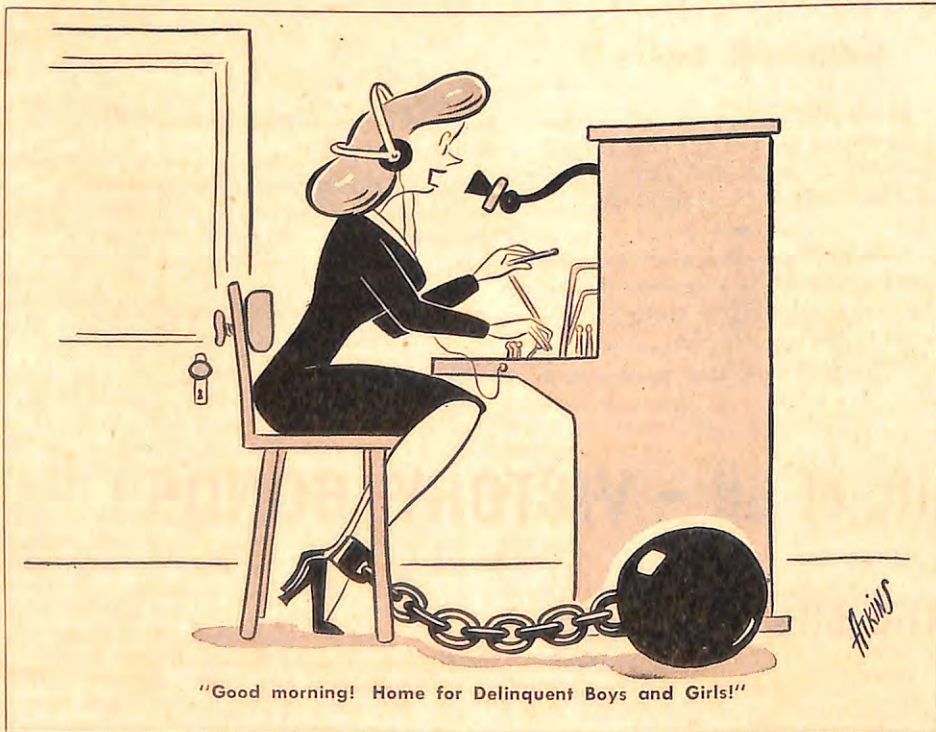
"Yes. There are some shells in the door pocket. Give me two of them."

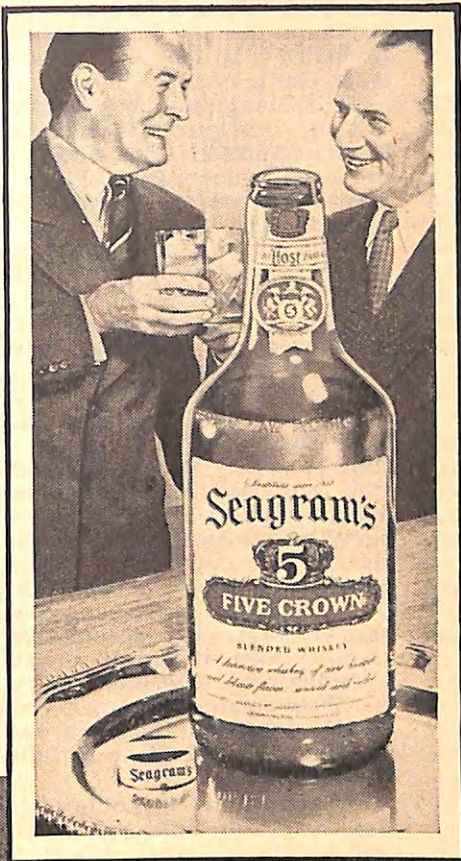
Gabriel found the shells and handed her two. The girl opened the breech of the shot-gun and slid a shell into each barrel. She snapped the breech shut.

"Hey!" said Gabriel, startled. "Look out! You're pointing that right at me!"

"Get out of the car."

"Sure," said Gabriel quickly.





The Secret of Good Taste

How much a cocktail or highball can add to the good taste of good food... particularly when the pre-dinner drink is made with Seagram's 5 Crown!

For Seagram's 5 Crown is especially made to accent good taste. Special ways of distilling and

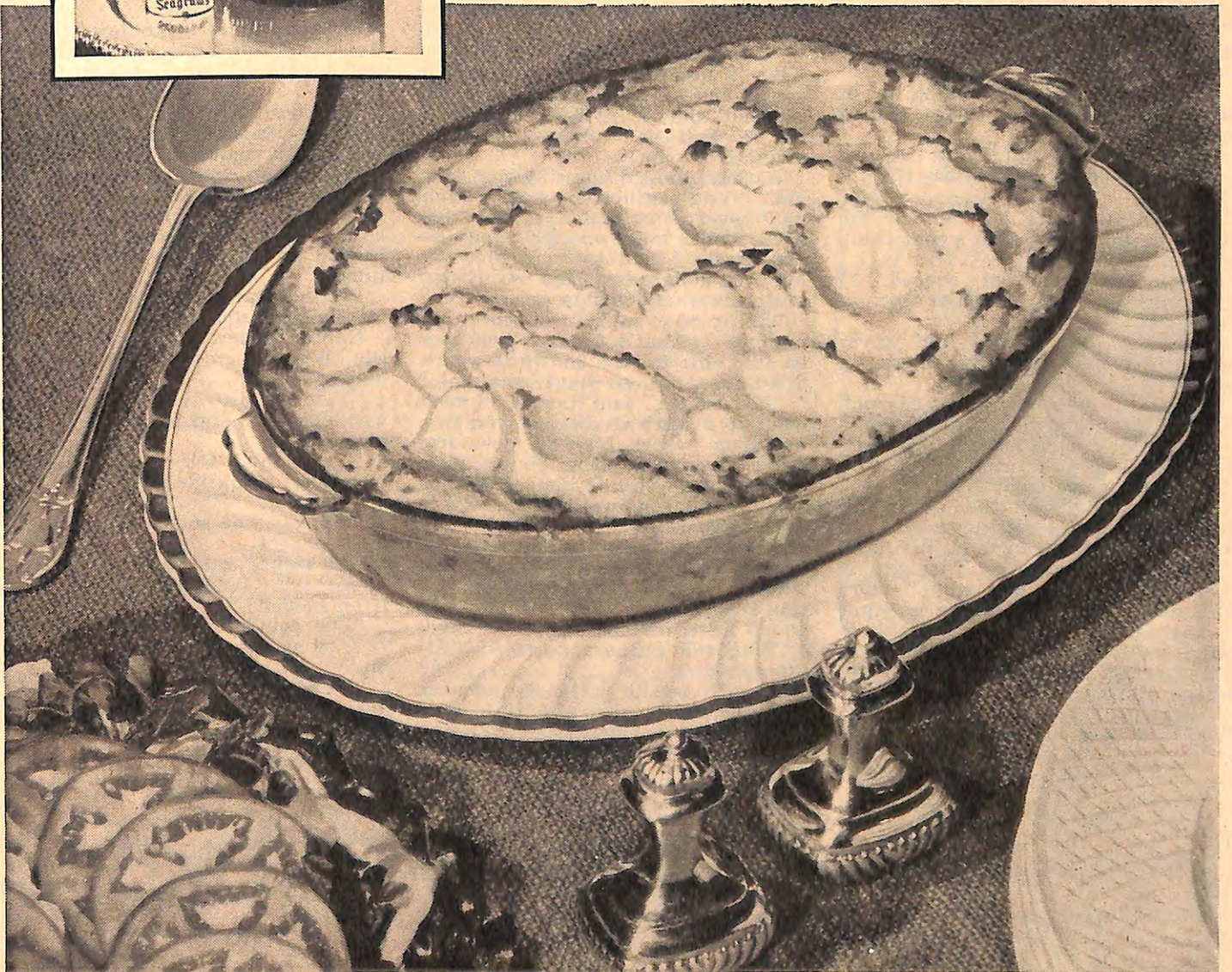
blending take out all toughness... all harshness. Only good taste is left... smooth, delicious, mellow!

Taste Seagram's 5 Crown and see for yourself:

SEAGRAM'S TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT... BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN!

Seagram's 5 Crown

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



"Right now. Take it easy."

"March up those steps."

Gabriel went up the steps. There was a little bronze plaque on the door. The neat gold lettering on it said:

SHERIFF'S OFFICE
HOLD-TIGHT CANYON SUB-
STATION

Gabriel stopped short. "What in—"
The shotgun nudged him. "Go inside."

Gabriel went on into a small, clean, barren room with a desk in one corner and a man sitting behind it with his feet propped up on a metal wastebasket and his hands folded behind his head.

"Hi," said the man, not moving anything but his eyes. "What's the difficulty?"

"Harold," said the girl, "I want you to arrest this—this person. He's a— a heart thief."

"You'll have to tell me whose heart he stole," said Harold, "before I can figure out whether to charge him with grand or petty larceny."

"Well, first he tried his—wiles on Harriet Peabody, and then he was going to come after me."

Harold looked at Gabriel curiously. "If he tried to steal anything—even a heart—from Harriet Peabody, he certainly must be an amateur."

"Eh?" said Gabriel, coming out of it. "Here! Are you talking about me?"

"And not only that," said the girl, "but he's a deserter from the Navy."

Harold took his feet out of the waste-basket. "Now that's something else entirely."

"Deserter!" Gabriel echoed. "I certainly am not! I've got my papers—"

The shotgun bumped him warningly. "You keep your hands in sight!"

"Back up here, son," said Harold. "Which pocket are your papers in?"

"My inside coat pocket," Gabriel told him. "But you can't—"

"You shut up," said the girl.

Harold retrieved the oiled silk packet from Gabriel's pocket and spread the papers in it on his desk. "Tee-dumm. Uh. Ah. This guy is a genuine ensign, and what's more he's not a deserter because he's got a thirty-day shore leave and this is only the fifth day of it. You sure you didn't get off on the wrong foot somewhere, Barbara?"

"Barbara," Gabriel said numbly. "Barbara! Are you Barbara Brown?"

"Of course, you fool."

"Well, that's a fine thing!" Gabriel yelled. "This is a fine way to treat—"

"You just shut up. Harold, now I don't care what his papers say. He probably forged them. My brother Alvin wrote me all about him. He's a notorious wolf. He makes up to girls he hears his shipmates talk about and promises to marry them and then swindles money out of them. He wormed my name out of Alvin, and Alvin warned me about him. And besides, he told me himself that he hated his ship."

"I do!" Gabriel said violently. "I wouldn't give you a dime for it and nine more like it! And after my discharge, if I ever see a wave—even with a uniform on—I'm going to shoot it dead! And as for your brother Alvin—"

"Don't you dare say anything about my brother!"

"I won't say anything about him or to him! I'll just kill him the next time I see him! And in the meantime, you give me that dough!"

"See?" said Barbara, turning to Harold. "See? He's trying to swindle money out of me just like Alvin said."

"I am *not*! I loaned your brother Alvin a hundred bucks, and he told me he had sent you half his pay for the last four years for you to save for him and that I should collect my dough from you!"

Barbara smiled knowingly at Harold. "You see how he lies? Alvin has never sent me a nickel. He doesn't even make enough to pay his expenses. I had to send him two hundred dollars last May to buy new uniforms when his ship was sunk."

"Ship was sunk," Gabriel said numbly. "That's funny. I've been on that ship for the last three years, and I never noticed that it was sunk."

"Excuse me," said Harold. "I don't want to disturb or distract you two, but from where I sit it looks like Alvin borrowed some dough from this guy and stalled him off with a story about sending half his pay to you, Barbara. Then when the guy got leave and was coming to collect, Alvin told you he was a wolf and what-not so you'd brush him off. By the time this guy got back, Alvin would have dreamed up a new gag."

"Oh!" said Barbara, horrified. "Alvin wouldn't—"

"Alvin would," Harold contradicted. "I, too, know Alvin. He's not exactly dishonest, but if I had

any gold inlays I wouldn't yawn if I was in the same room with him. Added to that, he has a sense of humor like a hyena's. Right now he's probably laughing like anything."

"But—but—but—" said Barbara, "he made up to Harriet Peabody and promised to marry her if she would deed her store to him because she told me that over the phone not a half-hour ago! And I picked him up just this side of Dellabelle Peters' place, and I think he was trying to make up to her, too."

"I never did!" Gabriel shouted. "I won't—I wouldn't— It's a dirty lie!"

"Now, Barbara," said Harold. "You know that Harriet Peabody is inclined to exaggerate, to put it mildly, and that Dellabelle Peters always listens to every conversation on the party phone line you and she and Harriet are hitched to. And you know the manpower situation around these parts." Harold paused and regarded Gabriel in a speculative way. "Son, you're the first unattached male between fifteen and fifty that has shown up in this canyon for three years. I marvel that you ever got this far. You must be awfully fast on your feet."

"I was on the University of Illinois track team for three years," Gabriel said.

Harold sighed. "A college education has its uses. Barbara, I hate to say this right out in public, but your brother Alvin is nothing but a big liar, as you well know."

Gabriel laughed heartily. "And how! He told me his sister was red-headed and beautiful and owned a ranch!"

"Well?" said Barbara, snatching off the bandanna. "Well?"

Gabriel backed off two steps. "Eh? Oh. Well, you don't own a ranch, do you?"

"Yes, I do! A rabbit ranch! Three whole acres! And just make a crack about that!"

"I wouldn't," Gabriel said hastily. "I mean, I think it's swell."

"Barbara," Harold said gently. "You know, you sort of owe the guy an apology."

"All right," said Barbara sullenly. "I'm sorry. What can I do to make it up to you?"

"You could invite me to dinner."
"You said you wouldn't eat a rabbit."

"Well," said Gabriel, examining his finger, "I don't want to be hasty or prejudiced about this matter. . ."



This stands for honorable.

service to our country.

Action Speaks—

(Continued from page 21)

Session in Miami, Fla., the constitutional amendment, Article V, was adopted. This amendment was ratified by the lodges and the Elks National Foundation came into being.

The Foundation is unique in many respects—the fund has been raised by voluntary gifts of money from lodges, State Associations and individual Elks, without tax levy or compulsion of any kind. The principal fund must remain intact always. The income, in its entirety, is available to foster and assist projects of all kinds which, in the discretion of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, the administrative board, are deemed to be within the charitable, educational and benevolent purposes of the Foundation.

The Foundation Trustees serve without money compensation. In fact, no expense whatsoever is deducted from the income of the Foundation, the overhead cost being defrayed by annual appropriation of the Grand Lodge. This feature makes the Elks National Foundation most effective and complete as a philanthropic agency because all funds which it receives are dedicated and expended absolutely for beneficent and humanitarian works.

The Elks National Foundation has grown slowly but steadily until today its principal fund exceeds one million dollars. During the period that it has had income available for distribution, it has given away approximately \$216,000 to assist good works in various philanthropic fields—for education, \$115,750; for crippled children rehabilitation, \$47,300; for hospitalization, \$42,150 and for miscellaneous charities, \$10,800.

No one likes to read a lot of statistics. This is not a detailed report of either the legal set-up or the financial operations of the Foundation. One can find that in the very complete and comprehensive reports which are submitted to the Grand Lodge each year by the Foundation Trustees. This is a sketch or picture of the Foundation in action, related to catch the interest of members who do not attend the Grand Lodge Sessions and who do not read the reports of the Foundation Trustees or the resumé of these which appears from time to time in *The Elks Magazine*.

During the war years, the Order of Elks has multiplied and prospered because the Grand Lodge and subordinate lodges were all working toward the definite goal of winning the war. It must now give thought to the re-conversion of its activities toward winning the peace. Patriotism does not begin with war and end with a declaration of peace. It carries on until the problems that come with war's aftermath are solved and real peace is secured.

Postwar plans must comprehend more than an attempt to find ways and means to increase membership, or to build bigger and better buildings. If the gains of recent years are to be held, the good public relations established by service rendered must be maintained by continued practice of practical patriotism, and renewed demonstrations of fraternal interest in the human problems.

Fortunately the Elks have anticipated the needs of peace as they did the requirements of war. The Elks National Foundation will find its funds augmented by the abundant gifts which will come to it now that the demands of war have ceased. Already over 1,100 lodges and State Associations have enrolled as Honorary Founders by subscriptions of \$1,000. Many are sending in additional sums as Permanent Benefactors. This national acceptance and support has enabled the Foundation to increase and broaden its activities until today it is the major national philanthropic activity of the Order.

The 700,000 Americans who make up the membership of the Elks are "do good" conscious and respond generously whenever the appeal reaches them. More and more each year and in greater numbers these fine Elks are realizing that it is possible for everyone to participate in all the good works and humanitarian acts of the Order during lifetime and down through the ages by contributing to the Elks National Foundation.

If you are interested knowing what these good works are:

Assisting the ambitious, well-qualified youth of America to obtain higher education,

Rehabilitating crippled children and aiding them to become useful citizens,

Providing hospitalization for tuberculosis patients,

Similar deeds in every field of benevolent endeavor.

What have you done to make your interest effective? Many well-intentioned people go through life without permitting their good intentions to find expression in action. The Elks National Foundation gives opportunity for effective action to all.

The Elks National Foundation Trustees are gathering material for a series of stories on careers of the students to whom it opened the door of higher education. From time to time this story will be released. A privileged preview enables us to follow Buddy Finegan from the Grand Lodge Convention in 1937 at Denver, Colo. through Harvard, where he maintained high scholastic standing, captained the varsity basketball team and played on the varsity baseball nine. Then he joined the Marines, trained at Quantico, and was



FREE COUNSEL

on your Honor Roll
or War Memorial

From earliest stages of your planning, the facilities of Gorham Bronze Designers are available without obligation to help you obtain good taste and good value in your war memorials. Get the benefit of Gorham's half century of experience in designing and casting bronze honor rolls, statues and other memorials of enduring beauty. Ask your local jeweler who represents Gorham Bronze for suggestions. Or write The Gorham Co., Bronze Division, Providence 7, Rhode Island.

GORHAM

Established 1831

MASTER CRAFTSMEN IN BRONZE

ORDER YOUR
Christmas Gifts
BY MAIL!

Chocolate Covered
TOASTED ALMONDS
Direct from California

Choice jumbo almonds, gathered from sunny California orchards, toasted to a golden-brown perfection, and hand-dipped in rich, creamy, pure chocolate. A luscious confection!

POUND BOX \$2.00 POSTPAID
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded!
PROMPT DELIVERY

Enclose check or money order with your order.
Ask for our free catalog of Country Store selections.

The Country Store of Beverly Hills
P.O. Box 551, A-26 Beverly Hills, California

commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. In the South Pacific since early 1944, he has fought in the battles of Roi-Namur, Saipan and Tinian, as well as Iwo Jima. He received the Bronze Star Medal as a result of his part in the Saipan operation and more recently was awarded the Gold Star for exceptional bravery in action. He is now Marine 1st Lt. John C. Finegan. Other pages will tell you of the dra-

matic and adventurous career of Larry Legere, Foundation prize winner of 1936, who completed his education at West Point. It was Major Larry Legere who led the paratroopers when they flew on their perilous mission to drop behind the German lines before the D-Day Normandy Invasion, to knock out the coast artillery and make possible at minimum cost the wonderfully successful al-

lied invasion of continental Europe. The Elks will be thrilled by these and similar stories of the young men and women who have been assisted by the Elks National Foundation Scholarships. They will be proud of the truly great philanthropic institution which they have set up, and will appreciate more fully the limitless possibilities of its educational, beneficent and humanitarian activities.

The Bootlegger Gets the Boot

(Continued from page 23)

In spite of these odds, the unusual conditions of the last few years have given liquor racketeers plenty of incentive for taking chances. The whiskey tax, always regarded by Congress as an easy way to raise money, has been increased twice since Pearl Harbor. In 1942 it was jumped from \$4.00 a gallon to \$6.00, and in 1944 another \$3.00 was added—making the present rate the highest in history. The illicit operator, with no taxes to add to his costs, thus starts out with a big advantage.

The cessation of whiskey manufacture during most of the war period has helped too. Heavy inroads on accumulated stocks created a shortage that was right up the moonshiner's alley.

The A. T. U. has only 994 enforcement agents to cover the whole country but the record shows that they cover it pretty thoroughly. Last year they raided 6,800 stills, confiscated 1,500 cars, made 11,000 arrests. A first glance at these figures might convey the idea that the country is overrun with moonshiners, rum runners and bootleggers. But that isn't

so. More than ninety per cent of the violations occur in the "moonshine belt", which takes in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Virginia, both Carolinas and a few more southern States.

Moonshining has flourished in this area ever since the days of Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury. The first whiskey tax of nine cents a gallon in 1791 led to the Whiskey Rebellion, and every Secretary of the Treasury since has had his headaches trying to collect liquor taxes in these States.

Most of the moonshine is turned out by small father-and-son "pot" stills which are easy to set up and operate. A hook-up of a few simple pieces of equipment—a "cooker", a "gooseneck", a "worm", a "receiver", a few mash bins—and the still is ready to go. The cooker is simply a boiler, which in pre-war days was made of copper. Today it might be any metal receptacle under which a fire can be lit.

The mash is a concoction of corn meal, or any grain the 'shiners can lay their hands on, plus malt and yeast, all of which is soaked in warm

water for four or five days and allowed to ferment. Sugar, when it can be obtained in the black market, is used to cut down fermentation time and put the mash to work sooner.

The fermented mash is placed in the cooker and a brisk fire lighted under it. When it begins to boil, the steam is passed off into a thin, curved outlet, the gooseneck, and then into the worm, which is a coiled pipe running through cold water. The cold water condenses the steam into a liquid, which drips into the receiver.

This liquid, nothing more than raw alcohol, is the stuff we know as corn. It costs forty to fifty cents a gallon to turn out. Before the war the 'shiners would bring it into town in five-gallon cans and barter it across the counter for food and other necessities. Today city bootleggers come right up to the stills and pay eight to ten dollars a gallon for it.

Alcohol cookers are not very fussy about the sanitary code. With A. T. U. men likely to burst in on them any time, they are always working under pressure. They may dump a bag of sugar into a vat without bothering to remove the bag. That can come out later. If a couple of rats happen to fall in, well, it's a case of let the buyer beware. Fusel oil, which is a poisonous by-product of alcohol distillation, is nearly always present. It can be removed by redistillation, but that again takes time.

The big-city operators, as a rule, will re-distill—but not out of consideration for their customers. They do it only to get a higher proof alcohol. The higher the proof, the more it can be cut. Thus by the simple expedient of adding two gallons of water to each gallon of alcohol the output of a still can be tripled. Water is no expense. Neither is gas or electricity. The meters are generally doctored up so they won't register.

With the time element so important, production has been streamlined by the use of such boosters as urea, lye, sulphuric acid, and sodium hyposulphite, which cut the fermentation period in half. These boosters

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

To Give You an Outline

The Comptroller General of France in the glittering reign of Louis XV sat in the drawing room of his chateau and listened to his lovely young niece play the piano-forte. Listening he snipped with a pair of scissors at sheets of paper. So worried did he look, the girl stopped playing to question him.

It was revenues for the State, he answered. No matter how heavily he taxed shopkeepers and peasants he could not find enough money to pay for the wars and the splendors and revelry of the court. He had been forced to the radical and unheard-of expedient of taxing the nobility's estates.

Hardly had he finished speaking when in rushed a red faced outraged nobleman.

"Tax the nobles!" he stormed. "It's fantastic like—well, like what you're doing there with the scissors. Cutting out paper dolls!"

"These are not paper dolls," the Comptroller replied. "They're little portraits in outline."

"Outlines! *Parbleu!*" the nobleman shouted. "That will be all there will be of our estates when we finish paying your taxes."

But when the furious man had flung out, the girl ran over to look at the cut-out profiles in black, set against a white background, made by her uncle.

"They are charming!" she cried. "I shall tell everyone of the cleverness of my uncle, Etienne de Silhouette. And that is what we shall call these little portraits—silhouettes."

How your Christmas customs started



1 You tack up mistletoe, symbol of friendship, because warriors of old embraced in truce when they met under these berried sprigs. Christmas customs are ageless, but not until the 1850's (when the name Corby's came to Canada) did some States declare Christmas a holiday.



2 You bring in the Yule log, carefully chosen to burn all night, for fire is the ancient focal point of festivity. This is also the season of light, so candles, too, spread their glow, just as in the 1860's, when the name Corby's was first on its way to Canadian fame.



3 You decorate a tree, a fir, hemlock or pine, and spread gifts under it because this custom was brought from England in the 1870's, when Corby's was becoming a great Canadian tradition. Wreaths with bright ribbons are hallowed signs that the season of goodwill is here.



4 You send messages of good cheer—a custom started in 1845 when Christmas cards first appeared as hand-written verses or homemade prints. And folks everywhere serve Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name, as their symbol of holiday hospitality. Corby's is a light, sociable blended whiskey that goes so well in bowl or glass it just can't help saying for you, "Happy holiday to all!"



CORBYS

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



*To the Happiest
Holidays in Years*

SCHENLEY

RESERVE



*This superb whiskey combines
light bodied smoothness with
full flavored richness and quality*

SCHENLEY

RESERVE

Blended Whiskey

BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

NEW LABEL ADOPTED JAN. 1945

HOW TO MAKE A SCHENLEY TOM & JERRY
Separate whites and yolks of 3 eggs.
Put yolks in large bowl, add 8 heaping
teaspoons granulated sugar and beat
until thick. Mix in one pint SCHENLEY
Reserve and one-fourth pint Jamaica
rum. Whip egg whites until stiff and
fold in. *To serve:* Fill mugs two-thirds
full of mixture. Fill with hot (not
boiling) milk, stirring constantly.
Grate nutmeg on top. Serves 8.

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF.
65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP.
N. Y. C.

probably do a similar job on the drinker's life expectancy.

Alcohol Tax agents find stills in all sorts of places — cranberry bogs, apartment houses, cemeteries, chicken farms and mine shafts. Innocent-looking laundries, creameries and bakeries have turned out to be fronts for illicit liquor production.

During the heavy industrial activity of the last few years, alcohol cookers have invaded busy factory districts in search of better cover for their operations. Stills are noisy and smell to high heaven. And so as varnish, chemical, or fertilizer "factories", they are not likely to attract attention. Some of them are equipped with authentic laboratories manned by real chemists.

In one case, upon a signal from the lookout man, chlorine gas was released whenever suspicious-looking persons approached the building. It wasn't exactly a gas attack but it did lend an air of realism to the establishment. On that job, A. T. U. men, accustomed to all kinds of warning systems, managed to cut the buzzer wire before the lookout could give the alarm.

The boss was taken in that raid, which is rare. The head man usually works by remote control, but this one had evidently placed great faith in his getaway system. It was a succession of hidden doors opened by secret push buttons, a tunnel, a cave and a passageway that led to an exit about a block away. He never got a chance to use it.

One gang, tired of getting city stills knocked off, moved to a lonely little island in the midst of the Mississippi swamps. Because of its inaccessibility the place was extremely difficult to operate. But the gang felt that the privacy was worth the extra trouble. They weren't there very long, however, before fishermen and hunters suddenly discovered it to be bountiful game country. Yes, they were the ubiquitous Alcohol Tax men, whose eyes, ears and noses seem to direct them unerringly to wherever alcohol is being cooked. On this job some aerial reconnaissance helped do the trick.

More important but less spectacular is the work the A. T. U. does in supervising the legitimate manufacture of alcohol and alcoholic beverages. Men are assigned to industrial alcohol and denaturing plants, distilleries, wineries, bonded warehouses, rectifying plants and breweries to see that government regulations are observed and taxes paid.

In some of the larger distilleries as many as twenty men, known as storekeeper-gaugers, are stationed. No operations may proceed unless they are on the premises. Their keys open and close the distilling and storage rooms. They measure the liquor distilled and their count is final. Even more important is the close check they keep on withdrawals, for it is on these and not on actual

manufacture that taxes are paid.

Tax collection on withdrawals is a concession the Government makes to relieve distillers of the burden of having large amounts of capital tied up. Most liquor is not sold immediately upon distillation but is stored for aging, sometimes for as long as four to eight years. Last year 130 million gallons of whiskey, gin, brandy, rum and other distilled spirits were withdrawn for current consumption. Practically all of it came from storage.

The A. T. U. makes every effort to see that the consumer gets what he is paying for. Fourteen laboratories throughout the country analyze thousands of liquor samples each year. They make sure that bottle contents conform with government labelling regulations. During the height of the whiskey shortage in 1943-44, a flood of hastily concocted liquor was rushed to this country from Cuba and South America. The A. T. U. allowed very little of it to get through because it failed to meet American standards. Liquor sold over the bar is constantly being checked to guard against substitution and refilling.

If the label on the bottle calls it rye whiskey, it must have been distilled from a mash containing at least 51% of rye grain. Bourbon must be 51% corn. Corn whiskey, which, contrary to popular belief, is not the same as bourbon, is made from an 80% corn mash. Whiskey must be at least two years old before it can be labelled straight whiskey. There is very little of this type around right now because it is being used in blends to stretch stocks.

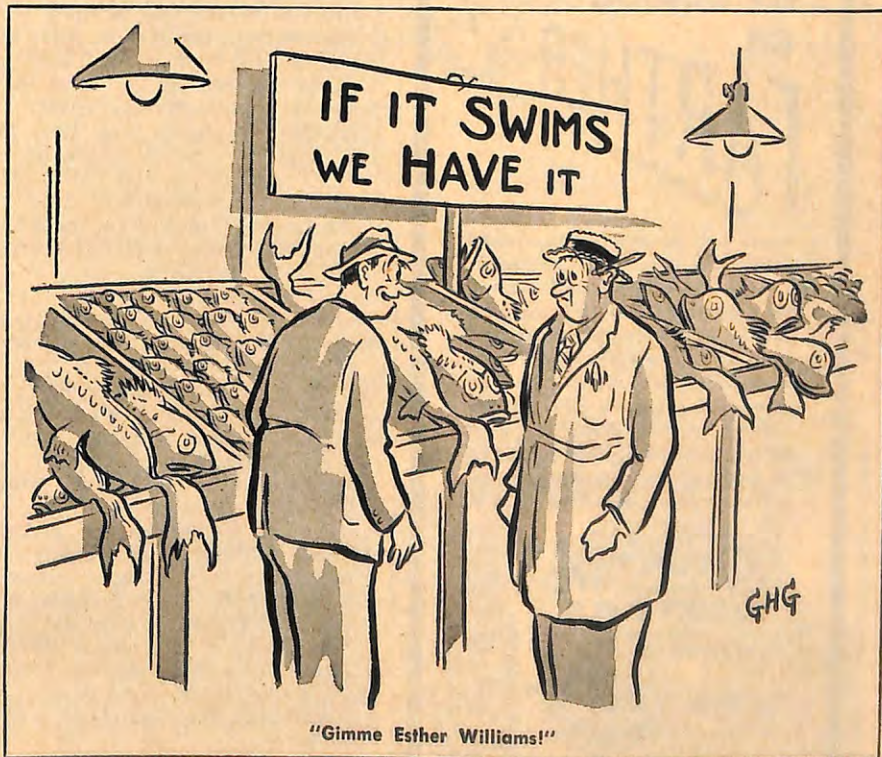
Blended whiskey need contain

only 20% of straight whiskey. Thus a gallon of straight can be used to make five gallons of a blend. The other 80% may be grain alcohol, or neutral spirits, as the label will call it. Scotch, which is a blend, is never less than three years old—a strict British regulation which we accept. All whiskey must be at least 80 proof; that is, it must contain at least 40% alcohol. Very few whiskeys run below 85 or 86 proof. As a matter of fact, very few at present run higher because of the shortage. Bootleg whiskey runs much lower—anywhere from 40 to 60.

Beer brewing is comparatively easy to supervise. Most of the eighty million gallons brewed last year was measured by beer-meters. This simple device, which works like a water meter, is tamperproof. Nevertheless A. T. U. men keep a close check on it. Beer is taxed at \$8.00 a barrel of 31 gallons. Breweries must post a bond of anything up to a hundred thousand dollars to insure payment of taxes. Despite the fact that Milwaukee, St. Louis and the Middle West are noted brewing centers, New York produces more beer than any other part of the country. There's a reason. New Yorkers are a thirsty lot. They put away an average of twenty-five gallons per person last year, compared with nineteen for the rest of the country. It may or may not interest you to know that the average beer drinker downs three glasses every time he stops in a tavern.

There is practically no illegal beer around these days. It is too bulky and too cheap for the racketeers to bother with. During prohibition,

(Continued on page 60)



ARE YOU LUCKY?

If you are, you might find your local gun dealer has this Mossberg automatic, Model 51M.

We're trying our best to get dealers supplied and to keep them supplied, but they're snatched up like hot cakes.

So, if you're not lucky enough to get one immediately, be a little patient and you'll be awfully glad you waited for the automatic that "has everything."

Shoots as Fast as You Can Pull the Trigger

Uses .22 cal. regular or high speed Long Rifle. Capacity, 15. Hooded ramp front sight has 4 attached inserts. Rear sight

\$22.80

(\$23.55 West of the Rockies)

has screw adjustments for windage and elevation. New \$100 hinged, micro-click peep sight with 1/2 min. adjustments, as designed for and supplied to U. S. Army. Ingenious, new-design safety. Detachable swivels, non-breakable, streamlined, plastic trigger guard. Walnut finished, oil-rubbed stock. *And these are only a few of its outstanding features!*

Send for catalogue

O. F. MOSSBERG & SONS, Inc.

59212 ST. JOHN STREET • NEW HAVEN 5, CONN.

HOW TO MAKE A LIMITED SUPPLY OF LIQUOR GO FARTHER



Learn how to MIX drinks—mixed drinks make scarce liquor go farther.

The Professional Mixing Guide will tell you how. It contains 254 standard recipes, widely used by professional bartenders. A copy will be sent free on request. It also shows how the right amount of Angostura adds just the right touch to many drinks to bring out the best in aroma, delicacy and flavor.

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"



Keep buying War Bonds and Stamps



Red AND Gun



Let's look at the record.

By Ray Trullinger

SO YOU think you knocked down a record big game trophy this season, eh, brother? Well, maybe you did at that. However, it might be a good idea to mull over what follows before tossing your skimmer aloft and making with the Tarzan victory whoop. Big game records are something to top these days, m'lads; you've got to have something extra special to get even a mention at the foot of the list. Consider, for instance, what you must beat in the Alaska moose division—

The largest moose of which there is record was shot by some unknown on the Kenai. That bull had a 77 5/8-inch spread, and the palms measured 43 and 45 3/8 inches, respectively. And the breadth of palms was 15 5/8 and 20 inches, with 15 points on the right and 18 on the left. This pace-setter was shot in 1938 and the trophy is owned by the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City.

The runnerup, a 76 1/2-inch, also was killed on the Kenai by some unknown and is the property of the Field Museum. In fact, the first 27 Alaska moose listed in the official record book all boast 70-inch spreads or better, and the smallest 60 inches. And don't let anybody tell you a 60-inch trophy is easy to come by.

In the Canada moose division, heads average a bit smaller, but not much. The largest recorded measures 73 inches and was shot in the Peace River country of Alberta back in 1922 by an unknown hunter who sold his trophy to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at Edmonton. The runner-up, a 70 1/2-

incher, was shot on the Teslin River, Yukon Territory, in 1922, by J. LaBelle, home address unlisted.

Just how tough it is to crash the Canada moose record list was revealed to your hero back in 1935. That year we knocked over a 58 1/4-inch up in Quebec, and we're not twanging the longbow when we assert it was a beautiful head, the biggest spread, in fact, recorded that year. You know where it stands on the official records? Well, it's listed 58th!

Not so long ago a brother up in Port Jervis, N. Y., took us to task in a "biggest bear" debate. Seems some gent over in Pennsylvania had bowled over a "650-pound black bear" back in the '20s, and why in heck didn't we give the guy credit for shooting the biggest black bear on record?

Always skeptical about a "650-pound black bear" and that other mythical animal, the 400-pound whitetail buck, your correspondent hauled out the record book for a check and discovered just what he'd suspected, namely, that the biggest recorded bear ever killed in Pennsylvania was considerably short of the all-time mark, ranking 13th on the list. It was killed in 1933 by Frank T. Sondey.

In case any bear hunter is interested, the present record holder was killed in 1933 by E. O. McDonnell, up in the Kupreanof Bay county, in Alaska. The hide measured seven feet, two inches in length and had a width of eight feet, two inches. The skull measured 14 1/8 inches in length, or almost an inch larger than the former record holder, shot in Texas in 1906 by B. V. Lilly. Lilly, in-

incidentally, has several big bruises to his credit, according to the record book.

Not many people know that President Teddy Roosevelt's all-time mountain lion record, established back in 1901 at Meeker, Colorado, still stands at the head of the list, although William A. Schutte killed a whopping big cougar in Alberta in 1935 which surpassed the late president's big act in overall length of hide, and width of skull across zygomatic arches. The Roosevelt cougar measured 96 inches from tip to tip; Schutte's 112. However, the Roosevelt cougar skull was longer by four-sixteenths of an inch. Elmer Keith is in the show spot with a big male cougar, shot in the Salmon River country of Idaho 11 years ago. That cat measured 90 inches from tip to tip.

Although thousands of big white-tail bucks are smacked down every season, nobody has come even close to equalling James G. Brewster's record, set 40 years ago in the Elk River country of British Columbia. That buck had a 33½-inch spread, which is only three and three-quarter inches under the mule deer record, which has stood since 1885. Just so deer hunters will know what they have to beat, the measurements of Brewster's big whitetail are as follows:—

Length of outside curve, 30¾ and 27½ inches, respectively. Greatest spread, 33½ inches. Circumference of main beam, four and three-quarters inches on right, and the same on left. The number of points is 12 on right, 14 on left. The runner-up, with a 28⅞-inch spread, was shot in Michigan and is now owned by Dr. Henry M. Beck. Of the ten best recorded heads, one was shot in British Columbia, one in Michigan, two in Minnesota, four in Maine, one in New Brunswick and one is of undetermined origin.

The 37¼-inch mule deer record was set 60 years ago in Wyoming by an unknown hunter. The second best was shot in Montana, also by an unknown, and no date is given. In 1935 V. T. Newton downed a big mule deer with a 32½-inch spread near Glenwood Springs, Colo., which now ranks third on the list. William Rhine collected another big fellow in the same State in 1932, which now ranks fourth, and Ben Tinker, a noted hunter, is in the fifth spot with a whopper, shot in Sonora, Mexico. Incidentally, the biggest spread doesn't always get you up at the head of the list. There's one buck with a recorded 47½-inch spread, for instance, shot in the Kaibab. That head ranks 35th, which will give you a rough idea. Other measurements, exclusive of greatest spread, determine your trophy's spot on the all-time roll of honor.

It probably will surprise many Brother Bills to learn that most of the outstanding elk heads shot in

this country are owned by foreign sportsmen, and that not many top-ranking heads decorate B. P. O. Elks lodges. According to the record book, the Elks club, at Bowling Green, Ohio, owns the finest head of any lodge. But before the boys get too chesty out that way we'd also like to remind them their fine head only ranks 21st on the list. The second best elk head hanging in an Elks club is at Yazoo City, Miss., and the third is at Evanston, Ill.

The record elk head, now owned by the National Collection of Heads and Horns, was shot by Colonel Archibald Rogers in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. In fact, of the ten finest elk heads on record, Wyoming produced seven, Colorado two and Washington one. The record head carries seven points on each side, has a 64¾-inch outside curve and a 49⅝-inch spread. There are other trophies listed with greater spreads by many inches, and more points, but the Rogers' head still tops the list.

Because of the difficulty of determining which is which, brown, Alaska and grizzly bears are all lumped in the record book and the hunter who shot the record holder is unknown and so is the date of the killing. This monster, now owned by the University of California Museum, was killed on the Alaska Peninsula and its skull measurements are 19 inches over all and 11⅞ inches across the zygomatic arches. That, friends, must have been something to see over rifle sights!

That Alaska's huge bears are considerably larger than our now almost extinct grizzlies is evidenced by the fact that the first 87 bears listed in the record book all came out of Alaska. The 88th, and no doubt a grizzly, was shot in Teton County, Wyo., by C. Craven in 1938.

Wilson Potter shot a pronghorn in Arizona in 1899 which toppled a mark set up in 1878 and nobody has menaced this record-holder since then or even come close to equalling it. James Simpson set up a new big-horn sheep mark 25 years ago when he downed an animal on Sheep Creek, British Columbia, with horn measurements calculated to discourage hunters for a long time to come. This trophy's front curve is 49½ and 48¼ inches, right and left; the base circumference of horns is 16 and 16⅞ inches and the greatest spread is 23⅞. Quite a ram, as most experienced sportsmen will admit.

Deer hunters out on the West Coast probably will be interested to learn that of the ten best blacktails on record, California has produced eight and Oregon two. Gus Nordquist is the current record-holder with a buck shot in Tehama County, Calif., in 1927. Trinity County, in the same State, yielded the runner-up, killed in 1926 by F. B. Heider, and William Burnett's entry, killed in

FOR XMAS, LON CLARK

Radio's Super-Sleuth "NICK CARTER"

gives Forecasters!

"You're sure to please a man with a fine pipe—that's Forecaster for my money."



Lon Clark solved his toughest case—"The Xmas Problem"—with Forecaster. It's a fine, choice pipe that will always give them smoking pleasure. Because servicemen get first call, Forecasters may be limited. Keep asking, once yours—you'll enjoy it for many, many years.



\$1.50

SirSheldon in natural briar \$2.50



NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Make Every Shot Count! 35 MM Film Developed 36 Enlargements \$

18 exp. 75c • 16 exp. Split 55c
36 exp. Reloads 50c

All miniature and split size film finished in our famous 3 1/4 x 4 1/2 Beauty Prints—deckled, embossed margin and embossed date.

Don't take a chance! Thirty years of dependable, painstaking service, and the millions of fine prints we have produced for camera fans, have caused thousands to place complete confidence in our ability to produce the kind of pictures they want. Have the assurance of pride and satisfaction with your pictures—send roll and money to us or write for FREE mailers, samples and complete Price List. •••••


Artistic Contact Finishing. 8 exp. rolls complete set of deckled-edge, embossed, wide-margin prints. Credits for failures. FREE Enlargement Coupon with each roll.

MAIL-BAG FILM SERVICE Dept. 17 • Box 5440A • Chicago 80



CAT'S PAW
tan

non-slip
Rubber Heels & Soles



**BRONZE MEMORIALS
AND
HONOR ROLL TABLETS**

General Bronze announces an interesting new series of Memorials and Honor Roll Tablets in a wide variety of styles and sizes. They are inspired works of art by some of America's most distinguished sculptors and are fitting expressions of this war and these times. This new series includes everything from moderately-priced small tablets to sizes for municipalities and large organizations. Every one of these new designs reflects our thirty-five years' experience in fine bronze work.

Send for our new booklet.

**GENERAL BRONZE
CORPORATION**
34-39 Tenth Street
Long Island City 1, N.Y.

**NEW
PORTA-POKER
8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD
Table**



**An Ideal
Gift!**

- FOLDS DOWN TO 4 INCHES THICK
- EASILY STORED IN SMALL PLACE
- OFFICIAL SIZE 4 FT. DIAMETER
- EIGHT NON-SPILL GLASS HOLDERS AND ASH TRAYS
- MAHOGANY ALCOHOL-PROOF FINISH

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable playtable for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. Now custom made—delivery within 10 days. Only \$34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes ideal gift.

HOME EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. G-21
663 N. Wells St., Chicago 10, Ill.



EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment... accessories for the home. Unusual games, barbecue supplies, etc.

Write for
"Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!

**INSIST ON
RUMIN** * gold coated **FLINTS**
and **LIGHTER FLUID**

for THAT VITAL SPARK!
"Look for the gold coating on RUMIN FLINTS. Your lighter will WORK better."

ROCK FLINT CO., 123 Daughy Blvd., Far Rockaway, N.Y.
At Drug and Cigar Stores, PX and Ships' Service

Klamath County, Ore., in 1935, is in the show spot.

One interesting angle here is that the top-ranking blacktail only had three points on each side, the second best five and five and the third six and seven. The spreads are 23½, 28 and 26⅝ inches, respectively. Nordquist's big fellow, however, boasts a five-inch circumference of main beam, whereas the other two are smaller.

A check of Rocky Mountain goat records discloses the interesting fact that the pacesetter is not a male, but a female, believe it or not! This animal, shot in British Columbia by A. Bryan Williams, tops Wilson Potter's male entry, the runner-up, by a small margin. Of the ten best goats on record, two are females. And that's something for the book!

Of the caribou records, barren ground, mountain and woodland, the first mentioned is perhaps the most outstanding. This animal was shot up in the Hudson Bay country in 1903 by an unknown hunter, probably a Cree Indian, and is now the property of Mrs. J. G. Millais, owner of other notable big game trophies. The all-time best mountain caribou to date was shot by D. W. Bell in the Cassair, British Columbia, in 1923, and the top woodland head came out of Newfoundland.

Not many of us ever will get a crack at a polar bear, for which reason it's unlikely that Dr. Charles H. Townsend's 1875 record bruin will ever be headed. The doctor shot his

memorable trophy on St. Paul's Island 70 years ago and his record has only been threatened three or four times since that day. Polar bears, incidentally, are generally protected throughout the north country and in most sections are legal game only to Eskimos.

The five best Stone sheep heads all came out of British Columbia and all were shot in the 1930's. L. S. Chadwick is the current record-holder with a huge ram downed in the Muskwa River country in 1936. The white sheep record, set in 1927 by Patsey Henderson, was twice threatened in 1936 by Henry Boyden and W. R. Shellhorn, but nobody has come close since then. These three rams came out of Alaska.

Dr. Henry M. Beck owns the best desert sheep head, collected in Lower California, and George H. Gould killed the runner-up in the same locality in 1894. It's highly improbable that either will be topped in the future.

Matter of fact, other outstanding trophies doubtless will be brought in from remote areas in the seasons to come, and it's even possible that now longstanding records will fall. But it's this writer's guess that present day marks will turn back the assaults of a legion of riflemen in most instances. And the reason, of course, is that it takes something more than just good luck to come back with a better-than-average head, and it's common knowledge that record breakers only turn up once in a lifetime.

FAME IN A NAME

—By Fairfax Downey

A Shocking Tale

His parents congratulated themselves. They made Luigi study medicine, though the church was the career he would have chosen. That parents can be right appeared amply demonstrated when their son became a noted physiologist at the University of Bologna.

The professor's reputation spread through Italy and beyond, during the latter half of the 18th Century. While not an inspired lecturer, his researches on birds and animals, his work on hearing, and the theories he propounded won him wide acclaim. But in 1797 he ran afoul of politics. The authorities insisted he swear allegiance to the Cisalpine Republics. He refused—what have men of science to do with such matters?—and was dismissed from his post. Sick and destitute except

for aid from his brother, he died just as the University decided to reinstate him.

Scientist or not, you know his name because of the day he suspended dead frogs from an iron railing by copper hooks. With startled eyes he beheld their leg muscles twitch. Those frogs, we would say, were galvanized into action. From them Luigi Galvani derived his theory of animal electricity, and from him we have our words: galvanic, galvanism, galvanometer, and so on.

Standing with him in the bright light of fame and electricity and in our vocabulary are another Italian, a Frenchman, a German, and a Briton. Here's to Alessandro Volta, André Ampère, George Ohm, and James Watt, and more power to their volts, amperes, ohms and watts!

What America is reading



**Books that will make
fine Christmas gifts**
By Harry Hansen

NO AMERICAN can afford to omit reading the biennial report of General of the Army George Marshall, as Chief of Staff, which is called "The Winning of the War in Europe and the Pacific". This is not a report for Army authorities alone but a complete explanation to the American people of how the United States Army and its Air Force were used to end the war in Europe and Japan. It describes plans and performance with such clarity that everyone of us can get a logical comprehension of all the campaigns. The fine maps help mightily toward this end.

It is not a neutral report. Gen. Marshall has definite convictions about the use and purpose of an army. He warns his countrymen that his experience leads him to recommend two essential matters: universal military training leading to a citizen army, which would become a reserve of men trained to use the machines of war, and intense scientific research and development. He believes there will be no respite in the future for nations not ready to act immediately when attacked. He also reminds us that we must not forget the service performed by the British and Russians while we were unprepared, and that "even with two-thirds of the German army engaged by Russia, it took every man the nation saw fit to mobilize to do our part of the job in Europe and keep the Japanese enemy under control in the Pacific. What would have been the results had the Red army been defeated and the British islands invaded we can

only guess. The possibility is rather terrifying."

Gen. Marshall reports for the Army—omitting Naval losses—that Europe cost us 772,626 battle casualties, of whom 160,045 are dead. The Pacific cost 170,596, of whom 41,322 are dead. By the end of July the Air Forces of the Army had 120,000 casualties, with 36,698 dead.

Anyone who wishes to pursue the atom to its lair will find some excellent guides ready to point the way. If you ask, "How did scientists get on the track of atom-smashing?" there is David Dietz' book, "Atomic Energy in the Coming Era", tracing the long history of research in physics and chemistry to the point where radioactive minerals began to give a clue to energy not derived from the sun. If you wish to know what the United States Government did to create the world's most destructive instrument, there is the official report of Henry DeWolf Smyth, "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes", which gives full details about the organization of the huge industries necessary to isolate a pinhead of uranium. These two books are sufficient for an understanding of the mystery, without, of course, the final key to the making of the bomb.

David Dietz is an optimist; he thinks atomic energy will be harnessed for the good of mankind. The period of atomic physics begins, he says, with Roentgen's discovery of the X-rays in 1895 and includes the important work of Henri Becquerel and the Curies on the salts of uranium and the theo-



*Ideal
Fraternal
XMAS
GIFT*
Only \$1.00

De Luxe Model

**ALL-METAL PRE-
WAR QUALITY**

FOR the new member and old timer—Key-Chain-Lite, embossed with your B.P.O.E. emblem in 22k gold—a mighty welcome Christmas gift. Ideal for Service Men, too.

This tiny, powerful Key-Chain-Lite has a thousand and one uses. Lights up keys and keyhole; for use in theatre, automobile, out-of-doors. No more fumbling in the dark!

Truly fine polished chromium plate, barrel covered with genuine leather. Attractive gift box. Complete, ready to use, \$1.00 postpaid. Initials embossed in 22k gold 25c extra.

For that **SPECIAL** gift we suggest Superfine Key-Chain Lite. Heavy 22k gold plated with engraved design. (no emblem possible) \$3.00 including tax. Engraved initials 25c extra.

On request, we will mail direct with gift card showing your name.

*Order this welcome gift now!
Buy one for yourself too!*

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Immediate Delivery
Personal Gifts, Dept. E 12
53 East 10th St., New York 3, N. Y.
Enclosed is \$..... (cash, money order, check) for which please send at once in Gift Package.
..... Leather covered Key-Chain Lite at \$1.00 ea.
..... Superfine Gold Plated Key-Chain Lites at \$3.00 ea.
Initials as follows (25c extra).....
 with emblem without emblem
SHIP TO.....
MY NAME IS.....

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY FAVORS

Fancy crepe paper hats, assorted....\$4.50 c
Long horns and metal noisemakers...\$9.00 c
Serpentines\$6.50 c
(Lesser quantities ½c each more)

POSTAGE OR EXPRESS PREPAID IN U. S.

All American Made ★ Satisfaction Guaranteed

Give a real Holiday spirit to your hall or bar with our fine assortments for decorating—includes signs, roping, etc.—\$5, \$10, \$15.

OHIO NOVELTY CO., Steubenville, Ohio

retical formulas of Albert Einstein. Einstein wrote the formula for the transformation of matter into energy in 1905 and Lord Rutherford smashed the first atom in 1919. He thinks that universal and perpetual peace will result from the discovery of the atom, because energy will become as abundant as the air we breathe and hence nations will no longer fight for coal and oil; moreover no nation will dare start a war, since it will mean the wiping out of every nation. This book is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., at \$2.

MR. SMYTH is chairman of the department of physics at Princeton University and was associated with the making of the atomic bomb as consultant. In "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes" he gives a fairly full history of how the work of making the bomb was carried on under the direction of Maj. Gen. L. R. Groves of the United States Corps of Engineers. The administrative work was huge. There were 425 structures in the Clinton works, 30 miles from Knoxville, Tenn., some of them over two miles long. The town of Oak Ridge housed 75,000 workers and their families; the Hanford works extended for twenty miles along the Columbia River and the making of the bomb affected the lives of 125,000 persons. No one can quite visualize what all the employees did and what went on in plants two miles long, but apparently this was necessary for the recovery of uranium and the finding of plutonium, and other work leading up to the bomb test at Los Alamos, N. M. The report is not easy reading, but for those who know their chemistry it will be rewarding. And then, of course, there are those startling photographs of an industry that cost \$2,000,000,000. (Princeton University Press, \$1.25)

UNTIL today, I must confess, I have never felt like shedding tears over the lot of the real estate dealer. He exists to take you around to houses you would like to see, and possibly buy, doesn't he? And if you buy one, he gets a rake-off, which you and I and the owner who sells the property resent. But Marjory Gane Harkness, who has been trying to sell farms in the beautiful valleys of New Hampshire, thinks otherwise. And because she has described her experiences in "A Brook of Our Own"—the title quotes the ubiquitous prospect—I am willing to concede that the real estate dealer may have a case. In fact, I am willing to agree that maybe we have misused him, wasted his good time, kept him from earning a living whenever we inspected farms and city houses and didn't buy.

Mrs. Harkness, who seems to have kept her good nature in spite of erratic clients, tells some anecdotes that will make every real estate dealer chuckle. For she portrays the pub-

lic as the dealer sees it—people who want that little brook, or a mountain view, or an old colonial house, with modern plumbing of course; who want to be near a road yet not too near to take the dust of motor cars. Sometimes she puts in days motoring clients all over the hills only to have them inform her some time later that they fell in love with a ducky little place on their way home and bought it—applying the education she had given them.

Mrs. Harkness encountered the harsh judgment of the public often enough. When a client said, "I wish I were dealing with you as a friend instead of as a real estate agent," she saw the point. "A real estate salesman had apparently to be a goldbrick artist in wait for the gullible." This made her eager to start negotiations on a solid basis by telling the prospective buyer the truth at the outset. For there are no ideal locations; something is always out of joint or must be modified. There is a gate through which all real estate pilgrims must progress to reach their goal, says Mrs. Harkness; it is called Compromise. After reading what she has to say I think better of men and women who make a living trying to bring buyer and seller together. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2)

THE poet Byron was a sensational figure in his own time, and now, over a century later, he still moves fitfully through biographies, essays and historical novels, often in company with his compatriot Shelley. But whereas Shelley's poetry is often the subject of new studies, Byron lives by his escapades. His latest appearance occurs in "Teresa, or Her Demon Lover", in which Austin K. Gray writes the tale of the extraordinary relationship that existed between Byron and the young Countess Guiccioli, wife of an elderly Italian count. It is really Teresa's history, for Byron's raid on her affections made such a lasting impression that not only she bragged about it the rest of her long life, but even her second husband preened himself on his wife's youthful romance. Other famous men flitted about Teresa, who made capital of her popularity in the Nineteenth Century. (Scribner, \$3.50)

ONE hundred years have passed since John Henry Newman left the Church of England to become a Roman Catholic; that event, which shook England, took place on October 9, 1845, when Newman was 45 years old. He was to be active practically 45 years longer, dying in 1890. Many books have been written about him and the latest, "John Henry Newman", by John Moody, may be considered an interpretation of his religious history, rather than as a biography of everything he said and did. The authorship of this book possesses a certain amount of in-

terest, because Mr. Moody, like Newman, entered the Catholic church from the Protestant Episcopal. (Sheed and Ward, \$3.75)

AREINTERPRETATION of Abraham Lincoln's career also has been attempted by J. G. Randall, professor of history in the University of Illinois, who has written "Lincoln the President: Springfield to Gettysburg" in two volumes. The number of books written about Lincoln is of tremendous size; every year some phase of his career is investigated. Mr. Randall's method is that of the scholar who is less interested in writing a biography covering all of Lincoln's acts than finding the meaning of his acts and policies and the effect of events on Lincoln's career as president. Thus he sifts out an incredible mass of testimony and his constant references to it fills his pages with quotation marks. The reader, therefore, will not find this great drama or character drawing, but careful analysis, and the emphasis on detail blurs the complete portrait of Lincoln. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$7.50)

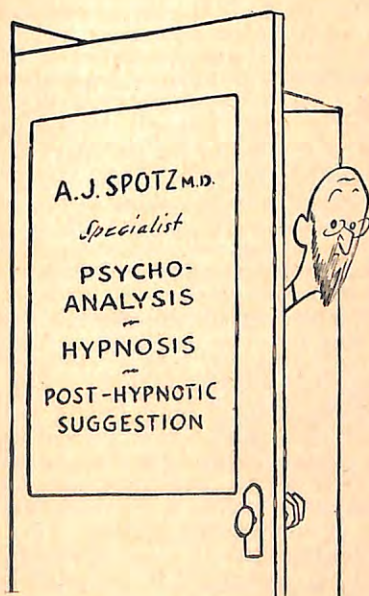
THE year 1945 comes to an end with more books being bought and read by the public than ever before, but with fewer major novelists giving us any reason to cheer. There is some good story-telling, but for the most part authors seem to be in a period of reconversion, just like industry. The brilliant newcomers, whom we expect to meet as soon as they have taken off their uniforms and had time to think about life, are still on the way. Our older, established writers are not exactly making novel-reading absolutely indispensable. No wonder, then, that some critics deplore the present and turn back to the past, as Clifton Fadiman does in his comment in "The Short Stories of Henry James". James conveys a sense of the integrity and discipline of the artist, and when younger critics recall him from limbo—there have been several other books about James in recent seasons—it signifies a hope for better writing and higher standards. (Random House, \$3)

HOW well fiction can reveal the truth of life that Joseph Conrad mentioned as one of the aims of art is demonstrated in a little story about war-time marriage, "Repent in Haste", by John P. Marquand. Mr. Marquand made a trip to the Pacific front before the war ended and used his eyes and ears to good advantage. His story is practically a concentrate, the essence of a familiar situation. It describes the meeting of the story-teller, a war correspondent, with an airman of the Navy, Lieut. James Boyden, who, in his views and attitudes, more truly represents the average youngster in uniform than his counterpart in the

movies and novels. Boyden married in haste while training at Pensacola; his wife Daisy is a cute trick living in East Orange, N. J., and he has a son he has never seen. While the story deals with the correspondent's call on Boyden's wife, and what came of it, its implications go deeper. For Mr. Marquand reveals, in his concise, economic story-telling, exactly why marital responsibilities seem to rest so lightly on the shoulders of the young and immature, who were overtaken by the war before they had developed any serious feelings about life. This story is an excellent cross-cut of a phase of American life influenced by the war. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50)

JAMES STREET who has been writing historical novels about Indian days in the South has suddenly changed his tune and written a fine novel about a young minister in "The Gauntlet". This is about a courageous young Baptist in a Missouri town who tries to emphasize the true, human values in his ministry and who grows with his experience. Mr. Street studied for the ministry before he became a newspaper reporter and novelist and his story has the ring of authenticity in it. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75)

AS FOR thrillers, "Bring the Bride a Shroud", by D. B. Olsen, deals with the complications resulting when Tick Burrell's aunt, who controls his inheritance, is killed and he is suspected; she had, incidentally, also tried to supervise his love affairs. (Crime Club, \$2). "The Girl With the Frightened Eyes", by Lawrence Lariar, deals with the search, by a returned soldier, for the sister of his buddy, involving dark doings in New York's underworld. (Dodd, Mead, \$2)



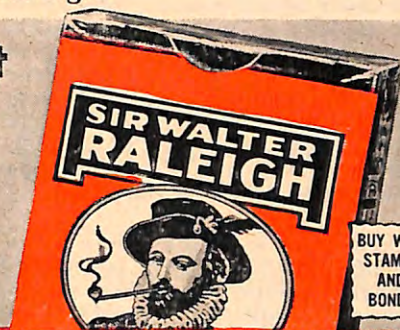
"Don't be alarmed, sir. We're just enjoying your Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet
as it smells

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



UNION MADE



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

VanRoy
with the NEW
Ajustomatic
STEM

VanRoy Ajustomatic Bard \$5

FREE-TURNING
SELF-ALIGNING

Hopes for a trouble-free screw-stem are realized at last by the perfection of an altogether different pipe, VanRoy Ajustomatic. This pipe will not, cannot, lock at an off angle. The patented Ajustomatic stem is "float-mounted" so that it can be turned freely and repeatedly yet stem and bowl retain precision alignment for the life of the pipe . . . Indulge yourself by owning this greatest of VanRoy pipe creations.

SIGNET OF QUALITY IN PIPES

VANROY COMPANY, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

The Bootlegger Gets the Boot

(Continued from page 53)

when it brought a quarter or more a glass, it was a different story. But today it is almost safe to say that there isn't a dishonest gallon of it being brewed in the country.

The beer and liquor industries, already very highly regulated, have imposed upon themselves additional regulation—the job of self-policing. They are actuated, of course, by the spectre of prohibition. With a billion-dollar investment to protect, they naturally want no return to the Noble Experiment. And so they are always on the watch for anyone in the business whose misconduct might give ammunition to the prohibitionists.

The anti-liquor forces, to whom repeal is only a temporary setback, have made some noticeable gains in the last few years. While only three States, Mississippi, Kansas, and Oklahoma are dry statewide, nearly one-third of the country's 3,070 counties, with a population of twenty-five million, now have prohibition in some form.

Several months ago soldiers at an army camp in California were getting back to camp late—and somewhat overloaded. An investigation showed that one of the taverns in the nearby town was doing the overloading. After several warnings the commanding officer was ready to step in and declare the place "out of bounds".

But the brewers' association, which already had the offender under surveillance, asked permission to handle the case. Within forty-eight hours the situation was under control. The association had ordered a "shut-off". This meant that no brewer in the area would serve him. In many localities excise boards suspend the license of any tavern that has been "shut off".

The Distilled Spirits Institute, the trade organization of the liquor industry, has laid down for its members a code which forbids whiskey advertising over the radio, in Sunday newspapers, religious publications and college periodicals. Advertising copy must make no appeal to, or carry illustrations of women, children or youthful drinkers. The Institute maintains a staff of investigators who are constantly checking on liquor violations. These investigators have given the A. T. U. hundreds of valuable leads.

No clue is too insignificant for the Unit to follow up. Agents have tracked down suspects through hammers, chisels, and other such commonplace tools left at the scene of a raid. Cement used to repair a crack in a furnace helped convict an ex-plasterer turned still-operator. A Swiss watch was once traced to its owner all the way from its factory

in Geneva. Laundry marks on shirts have led to more than one arrest.

A few years ago, agents raiding a New York still found a pair of trousers near one of the mash bins. Before they were through with the case, the trail had led them clear down to Panama.

The trousers were taken to the office of a clothing manufacturers' association. After a study of the material and tailoring, the investigators were referred to a Rochester suit manufacturer. His records showed that he had made shipments of this particular suit to several retailers in New York City. Back in Manhattan these retailers were canvassed. One of them recognized the trousers by the stitching his tailor had used on the cuffs. He had sold about a dozen of these suits in the last six months. The size of the trousers narrowed the purchasers down to three possibilities.

The three were interviewed and the last of them readily admitted that the trousers were his. But he hadn't seen them in two months. He had lent the suit to a friend who had taken a fancy to it but had failed to return it. Sure, he'd give the name of the friend. It was an old acquaintance of the Unit's, a small operator called Jimmy Cola.

At Cola's home, his family, who evidently did not know the nature of his business, informed agents that he had gone on a business trip to South America. They obligingly furnished the name of the ship and the date it had sailed. Inquiry at the steamship office showed the information to be essentially correct.

The boat was a small tramp steamer making calls at Caribbean and Central America ports as far south as Colon. The A. T. U. radioed the captain requesting him to keep an eye on their quarry. Cola was signed up for the return trip, so they were sure he would be back. Daily reports were received on his comings and goings. When the boat docked in New York two months later, Unit men were waiting for him.

Alcohol Tax agents and liquor racketeers get to know each other very well. Illicit operators who have been at it any length of time are continually in and out of jail. When caught, ninety per cent of them plead guilty because of their previous experience with the A. T. U. They know that the Unit works up airtight cases from which there are few acquittals. And so they "take a plea" with the hope of getting out a little sooner.

These airtight cases are the product of an organization that has been carefully built up. Under the direction of Deputy Internal Revenue Commissioner Stewart Berkshire, in

charge of the Unit almost from its inception in 1934, a high-type personnel has been recruited. Lawyers, accountants and other professional men have been encouraged to enter its ranks. There are no political pensioners or clock-watchers.

It takes twelve to fifteen months of rigorous schooling, most of it in the field, before an agent can be of value to the organization. He learns that painstaking legwork is just as necessary in breaking cases as intelligence and initiative. Every man is made familiar with court procedures, rules of evidence and internal revenue law. His every act must be meticulously legal and proper. Constitutional rights of suspects are to be carefully observed.

When a case is handed to the district attorney no detail has been overlooked. Sketches, diagrams and photographs leave nothing to memory or chance. A complete charting of every move the defendant has made since he came to the attention of the A. T. U. allows no room for alibis. No case is ever closed until every suspect has been finally accounted for.

When will the flow of illegal liquor stop? The Eighteenth Amendment opened the flood gates in 1920 and repeal was supposed to close them in 1933. But we had illegal liquor long before 1920. That first federal whiskey tax in 1791 saw the beginning of it. That was only nine cents a gallon, remember. Today it is \$9.00, to say nothing of a myriad of State and local taxes—all of which accounts for half of that four or five dollars you now pay for a quart of whiskey. These taxes are the moonshiner's margin—a fifty per cent head start on the legitimate dealer.

But the A. T. U., theirs not to reason why, keeps pounding away. In 1934, when it started its work, 5,000-gallon stills, holdovers from prohibition, were running twenty-four hours a day. More than fifty per cent of the liquor on the market was estimated to be bootleg. Today its biggest job is tracking down backwoods pot stills of the 25 to 100-gallon variety. Occasionally it finds one of 1,000 or 1,500-gallon capacity, but these are rare.

The amount of moonshine finding its way into the market has declined correspondingly. Spot checks of liquor sold over the bar indicate roughly that it may be as low as ten or fifteen per cent in metropolitan areas. Other estimates range up to twenty-five per cent. It varies from State to State. No accurate figure, of course, is possible.

Whatever it is, the Alcohol Tax Unit is making it tougher and tougher for the moonshiner to stay in business and out of jail.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 26)

GEORGIA

The Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Assn. met at Columbus Lodge No. 1639 on September 23rd. Reports of the ten lodges represented proved that each group was getting along very well. Georgia lodges hold thousands of dollars worth of War Bonds, and Atlanta Lodge No. 78, which has a cool \$120,000 invested in War Bonds, announced that it was ready to start in on Victory Bonds with a \$6,000 purchase.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland spoke of the Elks War Commission of which he is a member, and J. Clayton Burke, Secy. of Atlanta Lodge and Pres. of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia, exhibited pictures of crippled children who have been restored to normal at the Aidmore Convalescent Home and Clinic sponsored by the League.

The meeting was thoroughly enjoyed, especially the "night barbecue" held the evening before 12 miles out of town.

COLORADO

The Colorado State Elks Association met at Denver Lodge No. 17 October 7th with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling a guest speaker, and elected the following officers: Pres., Chris A. Gehlbach, Canon City; Vice-Pres.'s: Central, Harley C. Carmichael, Florence; North, Isom Epperson, Fort Morgan; South, L. E. Accola, Pueblo; West, Keith A. Kinsey, Montrose; Secy., Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Trustees for four years: North, Louis Weisberg, Longmont; West, James F. Gazzoli, Gunnison. They were installed by P.E.R.'s O. J. Fisher, Greeley, assisted by Frank Holitz, Boulder, Past State President Arthur L. Allen, Pueblo, and Robert E. Hanna, Greeley.

Walter F. Scherer, Denver, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and Chairman Francis W. Reich, of Boulder, reported for the Rehabilitation and the National Foundation Scholarship Committees respectively. Two scholarship contests were held during the year, both winners sponsored by Florence Lodge No. 611. In the contest for handicapped students Miss Susie Gonzales received the \$250 prize, and Miss Oletta Lock won first prize in the Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student Contest".

The Ritualistic Committee worked hard, with the result that three district contests were held before the meeting. Greeley Lodge No. 809 won the State Contest, with Montrose Lodge No. 1053 placing second and Canon City No. 610 third. The Contest carries as its awards the John R. Coen trophy and the privilege of representing Colorado in the National Contest at the next Grand Lodge Convention.

Colorado is in good condition in every way, with all lodges showing an increase in membership, making a total of 2,194. Now that the war is over, everyone is looking forward to the first "real" Convention which will be held at Canon City for three days in 1946.

CALIFORNIA

The first peacetime meeting of the California State Elks Association had all the earmarks of the good old days when 5,000 Elks, many accompanied by their wives,

represented the State's 80 lodges at Los Angeles, October 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Business got going Wednesday morning with a ritualistic contest at the home of Pasadena Lodge No. 672. Later, tribute was paid the memory of those California Elks who gave their lives in World War II, with the unveiling of a large memorial plaque in the Memorial Hall of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. The plaque was formally presented by No. 99's Exalted Ruler, Kenneth Lynch, to State Pres. Stephen A. Compas who accepted it on behalf of the organization. The first State Trustees' meeting took place at noon, with P.D.D. B. F. Lewis of Fresno Lodge presiding.

The lighter side of the meeting began at four o'clock with a real old-fashioned get-together. The State Championship Bowling Tournament was opened that evening and a special Elks-only meeting was held in Los Angeles Lodge's home, enlivened by top entertainment.

Thursday, State Secy. Edgar Dale opened the Victory Convention Session over which Pres. Compas presided. Exalted Ruler Lynch and Mayor Fletcher Bowron welcomed the delegates. Highlights of that part of the program were the story told by Capt. O. W. Todd, USMC (inactive) about his South Pacific experiences, and the introduction of State and Grand Lodge officers, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, Napa, and Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight F. Eugene Dayton, Salinas, L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, member of the Grand Forum, and several District Deputies and Association officers who read their reports.

California Elks over-subscribed their quota in the 7th War Loan Drive by 175%; the Elk membership in the State—more than 80,000—exceeds any other, and Mr. Compas was proud to report that all these Elks had done everything asked of them by the Grand Lodge—and more.

The second session included the annual Memorial Services, with a tableau depicting the grave of the Unknown Soldier—a soldier, sailor, Marine and air corps man in silent tribute before it—a moving part of the program. The President's banquet was held that evening.

The final day opened with a President's Breakfast followed by the last business session when the new officers were installed: Pres., Horace R. Wisely, Salinas; Vice-Pres.'s: S. Cent., Wallace P. Rouse, Indio; E. Cent., Clyde N. Jackson, Fresno; Bay, August Lepori, Petaluma; North, Fred D. Aisthorpe, Chico; Secy., Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., Harry B. Hoffman, Sonora; Tiler, Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles; Trustees: S. Cent., Winfield V. Scott, Ventura; W. Cent., Charles H. Rabin, San Jose; Bay, George Doherty, San Francisco.

Friday night the wind-up event drew a large crowd, and no wonder. A mammoth Victory War Chest Rally was staged in front of the lodge home. Rudy Vallee, Virginia Mayo, Earl Carroll's showgirls and Art Linkletter with the entire cast of his "People Are Funny" radio program appeared.

The ladies were well entertained while the Elks were busy and dinner and dancing parties were held each day after the business sessions. The 1946 meeting will take place at Monterey.

(Continued on page 65)



Companion for your leisure hours

Make the most of those precious moments of relaxation. Enjoy them with the honest fragrance, the just-right mildness of Christian Peper Pouch Mixture.

There's down-to-earth satisfaction in "Peper's Pouch," masterfully blended from fine imported and domestic tobaccos in the Christian Peper manner.

POCKET-SIZE PACKAGE
AT TOBACCO COUNTERS **25c**

Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

NEW SUPER HALVORFOLD
Name, address and favorite lodge emblem
FREE EXPERTLY ENGRAVED IN 23K GOLD
Only \$5.00
Fed. Tax Inc.



4 pass windows show 8 cards.

NEW MODEL HALVORFOLD. In a new, high-grade very popular Calfskin, Alligator-grain black or brown; also smooth tan Pigskin. The most durable leather ever tanned. Has all the Halvorfold features that have pleased millions of America's fraternal, business, and professional men. Handy, roomy compartment for currency, checks, etc. Besides three other pockets. All turned edges, strongly stitched, thin and compact, closing with strong snap button. Size 3 1/4 x 5. **FREE:** 23K gold stamping of name, address, and favorite lodge emblem, or insignia of armed forces. At special price of 8 Pass \$5.00, 12 Pass \$5.25, 16 Pass \$5.50. Federal tax included. Cash with order prepaid. C.O.D. postage extra. Our Guarantee: Your money cheerfully refunded if not more than pleased. Special prices in quantity orders. Ask for circular of other gifts in leather. Print for gold stamping instructions, and advise kind and color wanted. () Brown Calfskin () Black Calfskin () Smooth Tan Pigskin

ALLIANCE LEATHER GOODS CO.
465 W. Broadway Dept. 51 Alliance, Ohio



**LUCITE DESK
NAME PLATE**

Name beautifully engraved. Professional, business people, counters, chair officers, etc. 3 1/4" x 2 1/4" size. Maximum 12 letters. Other sizes available. A perfect gift. Unique, dignified, useful. Send check or money order to:

KENSINGTON SALES CO.
178 East 85th St., New York 28, N. Y.



... Don't forget
YOUR DOG
this Xmas!

charge ORIGINAL VITAMIN
"CANDY" FOR DOGS
Special Xmas Gift Box \$1

Big, gaily wrapped box contains 112 portions of "Charge", original vitamin mineral "candy" treat for dogs. "Charge" is a healthful, scientific food supplement (contains no sugar) made on the formula of Dr. Beere, nationally known veterinarian. Supplies Vitamins A, B, D, G, beneficial minerals and dextrose. Recommended by leading vets. Dogs love "Charge", excellent for teaching tricks.

At Stores Selling Dog Supplies, or Use Coupon



Canine Vita Candy Co., 60 Hudson St., New York
Please send postpaid special Xmas boxes of "Charge". I enclose \$1 for each one.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

DIME-A-DAY DOG DIET!

No Trouble—Ready to Eat
Save Money—Buy Direct

DERWOOD DOG FOOD

WITH EXTRA VITAMIN A ADDED

Now this famous tested formula used by foremost kennels is available for single dog owners. Complete diet—just add milk or water. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$1 now for 10 lb. package postpaid. (100 lbs. \$5, FOB, Derwood, Maryland)

THE DERWOOD MILL, Dept. E12, DERWOOD, MARYLAND



Let us make yours
"The Pictures of the Century"
35 MM. Film Developed \$1
36—3/4 x 4 1/2 Enlargements

We Are Giving 24-hr. Shop Service
18 Exp. 60c • 16 Exp. Split 50c
36 Exp. Reloads 50c • 3/4 x 4 1/2
Oversize Reprints 4c each

Fine grain microdol developing. Electric-eye precision prints. One order to us will convince you of our superb quality work and service.

Beautiful contact finishing 8 exp. rolls expertly developed and complete set deckled-edge prints. Iwo professional enlargements FREE with each roll finished. Credits for failures. Send money with rolls or write for Free Mailers.

25¢
Century Photo Service, La Crosse, Wis.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

Simple and precise method of bidding, recently developed, that combines honor and suit values on same basis. Thoroughly tested in duplicate and rubber play. Accurately determines initial bids and responses. Uses standard conventions. For experienced players or beginners. Easy to learn and can be used by any player regardless of system employed by partners or opponents. Send postcard for free condensed table of bids. 48-page booklet \$1.

HON-SUIT CO., 555 W. Latham St., Phoenix, Ariz.

FIGHT GOES ON

There can be no peace treaty with disease. The battle against tuberculosis, which kills nearly 57,000 Americans a year, must continue until the enemy is licked. Buy and use Christmas seals to fight TB.

Prevent TB



Buy Christmas Seals

In the
DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Mr. F. is still trying to teach old dogs new tricks.

AS I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted: Now comes the lesson that your dog will enjoy—retrieving. Not only is this a necessity for the field dog but it is something that all dogs are the better for knowing. Don't force this on a puppy or a very young dog—nine months to a year is soon enough. And don't make these lessons long—five to ten minutes are sufficient at a time as the dog quickly tires until it catches on to what is expected of him. Begin by using a corn cob, a light stick or even a tightly rolled newspaper. Give the dog the command to stop (not sit) and with one hand hold its collar. Firmly but gently press the fingers of the other hand against the sides of the dog's mouth—against the lips. This forces the dog to open the mouth into which you can quickly slip the object. Don't be at all rough. Of course, if that purp is like most of his cousins the object is going to be promptly dropped. You'll have to anticipate this. While the object is still being held in the mouth, even briefly, as soon as you see signs of the mouth opening, give Fido a sharp smack under the jaw—not hard but sharp. At the same time give this command word "Fetch". Keep repeating this until the dog retains the object. Then while it still holds the stick or object or whatever you are using, walk away from the dog. If it attempts to follow you, give the command "Stop". Walk a few yards and then call the dog to you with the command "Start", or you might

use some other word suggestive of coming to you. When the dog has reached your side then you and the dog walk around a bit but don't let your friend drop the object. Continue this course for as many lessons and as many days as it takes for the dog to learn.

Next step is to have the dog come to you with the object at command. When it does this your next command should be "Sit" and after the dog is seated give the command "Drop it". If Fido refuses to drop the object simply press his lips to his jaws as explained earlier. Repeat this procedure until the dog will carry the object, fetch it to you and drop it when you want. After this, the next step in retrieving or fetching. Inject a little excitement in this, although you'll remember not to do so in a way that will cause the dog to think that it's a game. Show the object to the dog and then throw it a short distance from you but in plain sight of the animal. Give the command "Fetch". If the dog does not get the idea then lead it to the object while repeating the command. In time your pooch should know what this is all about and then you can toss the object in the bushes out of sight and give the usual command. If at first the dog doesn't find what it is looking for, give him a hand in the search and make a big to-do when the object has been located.

One of the prime necessities for a good field dog is a good "mouth", which as any hunter knows is the

opposite of a "hard" mouth. The former kind carries game firmly but in such a way as to not mar or tear or injure it. A hard mouth holds the quarry too tightly and is likely to lacerate it, leaving tooth marks. For a dog with such a mouth the cure is to use a stick for the retrieving object and hammer a few nails in this. Make the dog fetch the stick. Fido is going to find those nails a heap unpleasant on his mouth and will handle that stick with care. Not many such lessons are required, I can assure you. Be absolutely sure however, that the nails are firmly imbedded in the stick, that none are loose for your friend to swallow. To advance your pupil and make this more realistic to him, use a dead pigeon—until you can no longer use it then skin and stuff it. Let that be the object to be retrieved. This gets the dog better acquainted with the game scent. A post-graduate course would include having a friend shoot a pigeon in sight of your dog. The bird can be planted in the brush out of which you can help the dog to flush it going along with the dog toward the brush. As the bird rises your friend can shoot. Then if you can, have an experienced dog retrieve the pigeon in sight of your dog. If you can have this done several times and still later give your dog a chance to retrieve the bird, then the retrieving lessons are over for your pup. He or she will be a past-master in the art of retrieving.

In dealing with the aforesaid business of retrieving I have perhaps put the cart before the horse or the bringing-back-game before the dog has located it. (Faust, you sound confused—And why not after looking at my wife's new hat?) In a previous screed I urged the importance of encouraging the bird dog pupil to range afield—to gallop around where game is likely to be hidden. The good bird dog will do this, will quarter his territory leaving no part of it uninvestigated. The pup with the hunting instinct will do this eagerly but at no time should he be allowed to range beyond control of the hunter.

That same kind of pup will be quick to scent game at which time it should be taught to point. Barking should be promptly suppressed and never at all permitted.

Perhaps no more striking picture is to be seen in the field than the dog on point. If you have never had the thrill of watching an experienced pointer (I don't mean the dog of this breed name, but any dog trained to point), Brother, you have something coming to you. From its quivering nose to rigid tail the dog bespeaks drama—tense, yet vibrant, poised and unmistakably directing the hunter to the hiding-place of the birds. No show-ring aristocrat among dogs posed before a judge makes a more thrilling picture. The dog becomes a statue and remains so until the

hunter flushes the game (or the dog does it for him) and shoots it. One of the first things to remember when schooling the dog to point is to try to have it cast into the wind (the wind blowing from the brush to the dog). This of course enables the dog to scent more quickly the game that may be hidden in the brush. The schooling is best done where there is not too much brush or cover. Separated patches are best. Begin by having a live bird staked out in cover. Fasten a long rope to a choke collar on the dog. Take it into the field and encourage it to point or locate game by talking to the dog, putting excitement into your voice. In other words, play the part that you are looking for game too. When the dog does point as it should and very likely will in time, watch as it dashes into the cover and if it doesn't halt on your command (see the November issue on "Stop" and "Go" training) then give the rope a sharp yank. Mr. or Mrs. Dog will probably go tail over nose but the fall should only shake its dignity not its confidence. Keep the dog from going into the brush and walk up to it with a few reassuring words. Repeat this practice and in time the pointing periods should become longer for the dog. I may add that with a very young dog new to the field don't be too harsh. Allow for its natural exuberance. The serious business of pointing should not begin very much before the dog is a year old. For the "blinker", the dog that points too quickly and then backs away on another cast or search, use the choke-collar method and don't be too easy on that pup. This is one of the worst habits a bird dog can acquire.

A word here as to difference in breed temperaments won't be amiss—bear in mind that you'll probably have to be a bit more gentle with setters than pointers as the former seem much more sensitive to rough handling. Always try to down birds after your dog has pointed them and they are flushed (driven from cover). The dog always seems to connect the shooting of the game with its own duty of pointing it and making the kill instills greater confidence in the dog. One other thing and that is don't try to over-direct your dog in the field once it seems to have learned what it is all about. The competent bird dog knows more about game location and his or her job than does many a hunter. But be sure to discourage the dog that overruns its point—that is, fails to stop within ten to fifteen feet of the brush where the game is located. The rope and choke collar will help correct this fault. As to the actual business of point teaching, begin with the rope and choke using about fifty feet of rope. You'll need someone to help you by taking a live bird into cover out of sight of the dog. At no time should the dog get sight of the bird and should be kept far enough away to prevent it.

Texas Tree-Ripened Juicy, Pink-Meated GRAPEFRUIT



ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS!
14 TO 16 DELICIOUS MOUTH-WATERING

ONLY \$3 BOX

grapefruit selected for greatest perfection from the finest fruit of the Rio Grande Valley. Order now for Christmas or for immediate delivery. All shipments guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. We also express standard boxes of 90 lbs and bushel baskets of 55 lbs of mixed or straight oranges and pink grapefruit. Please send check or money order; sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

EXPRESS PREPAID

WRITE FOR OUR FOLDER
LARRY LIGHTNER, INC.
 P. O. BOX 671
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS



SALESMEN FOR CITY AND COUNTY

Nationally Known Manufacturer

Build up a business of your own with Nationally Advertised Products bearing Underwriters' label. Sell to schools, factories, service stations, warehouses, hotels, restaurants, public institutions, truck and bus companies, grain elevators, house trailers, autos, farms, homes, etc. Capable man can earn real money. Established in 1916. Write letter with details, age, experience, etc.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.,
 Dept. 7-12 Dayton 1, Ohio

BUILD YOUR OWN!

*FAST-FREEZER

PLANS \$1.00

Every amateur will be proud to build this household necessity which requires no expert knowledge. Operates on 32 or 110 volts. There's fun in building and profit in using this handy freezer. Saves up to 75%.

PLANS ARE SIMPLE
 These 8 to 40 cubic foot sizes can be built of new or used parts. Mail \$1 bill or check for complete plans and catalog.
LEJAY MFG., 424 LeJay Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS 8, MINN.



MILL IT ON YOUR LATHE

PALMGREN MILLING ATTACHMENT

Now—you can mill, saw at angles, groove, slot, square and many other jobs on your lathe. Fits all lathes by straddling tool post. Graduated feed and adjustment screw, also 360° angle adjustment. No. 150 11 1/2" Jaw, \$18.75. No. 250, 21 1/2" Jaw, \$24.75. No. 400, 3" Jaw, \$39.75. Order Now! Write for Circular 105.
CHICAGO TOOL and ENGINEERING CO.
 8405 South Chicago Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

**New INTERLOCKING
Poker Chips**
WITH YOUR
3 INITIALS
on Every
Chip



25 RED - 25 BLUE
50 WHITE CHIPS

Particularly fine poker chips of gleaming, unbreakable plastic! Chips mesh for neat stacking, separate quickly for easy play. Perfect weight, pleasant "feel" . . . a joy to handle. State 3 initials desired. **Set of 100, Postpaid, \$4.85.**

Deluxe BANKER'S BOX

Luxurious Walnut Chest of Chips. Monogrammed Medallion inset in lid. 300 monogrammed chips (see above) in 3 removable trays. 11x11 inches. Space for 2 decks of cards. Superb quality. **\$24.50 Postpaid.**

HOME EQUIPMENT CO.,

663 N. Wells St.,
Dept. G-90,
Chicago 10, Ill. *Felt lined*



An IDEAL Gift



EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment . . . accessories for the home. Unusual games, barbecue supplies, etc. Write for "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

**She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any drug store.

**Learn Profitable Profession
in 90 days at Home**

MEN AND WOMEN, 18 TO 50
Many Swedish Massage graduates make \$50, \$75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated Book FREE—Now!
The College of Swedish Massage
Dept. 523R, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11



Buy Victory Bonds

from getting the scent. Have your helper stake out the bird in the brush and slowly walk your dog toward it. The stake should only be driven into the ground deep enough to hold the bird quietly, and loose enough so that when the bird becomes alarmed at your approach it can fly out of the brush in sight of your dog. In other words the stake should hold the bird long enough for your dog to get close enough to get its scent. Pull the dog up sharply each time the bird is flushed so it will learn to stand at point as soon as it gets the scent. Give the command "Stop" each time the dog starts to rush into the brush. Do this as soon as you see that the dog has scented the quarry. You can detect this in no uncertain way as the dog will give every evidence of it. In time you should be able to work your dog on verbal command and still later without any command at all.

In the article preceding this I told you how dogs were educated to gunfire and this is absolutely necessary for the field dog. The gun-shy dog isn't worth a dime in the field. He or she may be Momma's darling at home and that is exactly the place for such a dog. In my earlier article (I just will help this Magazine get its November issue read) I told about the training for firearms but I want to add this, that a very young dog shouldn't be subjected to real gunfire too soon. A bad fright at that stage is apt to ruin the dog thereafter, making it too timid for field use. When the firing lessons do begin during the yard-breaking period only small arms should be used. A .22 calibre pistol is the thing to start with and it should not be fired too close to the youngster. After it gets used to this sound at a "near-distance", then the firing should be closer to the purp and still later the shot-gun should be used. At the latter stage it is well to let the dog see and smell the gun—getting it used to the powder smell and making it unafraid of the weapon itself. Here and

there throughout our fair land you'll still find some few who hold to the belief that it helps the dog if a few small shot are "peppered" into its hide—which is about as sensible as trying to teach a youngster the advantages of travel by putting it through a few railroad wrecks.

Now in all that has gone before (these darned copy-book phrases will creep into my stuff) I have dealt only with our four-legged friend (another one of those blamed phrases) as a hunter of feathered game. And that of course is what is known as upland game, grouse, quail, woodcock, pheasant, jack snipe etc. Nothing has been said about those pups that are trained for water work on ducks and such like. For such critters we have a number of fine dogs—not many, but good—and in this class is one of the only two American-created breeds—the Chesapeake Bay retriever.

Nearly everything that has been written here about training for field work applies equally well for training your water dog with only one exception and that is to teach your pooch to enter the water after the game. Setters and pointers are unsuited to this work. The retrievers and some of the spaniels are "naturals" for it. These need no training to enter the water. On the contrary they require some schooling to learn when to stay out of it but such lessons vary with individual hunters and in truth are no lessons at all but just a little discipline applied by the owner of such a dog. At no time, however, should a young dog be forced into the water if at all reluctant to go. It should be coaxed and can be encouraged quite easily by tossing objects in the drink to be retrieved. Never throw a dog unaccustomed to water in the drink as this is a sure way to make it a confirmed water-hater for the rest of its life.

At a later date, I'll sound off about those dogs that go after furred game and perhaps still later give out about the bird dog field trials.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 61)

NORTH CAROLINA

With Pres. Thad Eure presiding and representatives of 15 of the 21 lodges attending, the North Carolina State Elks Association's regular Fall meeting was held at Hendersonville Saturday night and Sunday, Sept. 29 and 30. Secy. Ed. W. Davis reported that groups at Sanford and Henderson had filed petitions for dispensation to organize lodges.

The Sunday morning session was held at the N. C. Elks Camp for Children ten miles outside Hendersonville. The report on the 1945 season was delivered by State Vice-Pres.-at-Large Boyce A. Whitmire, Chairman of the Camp's Board of Governors and a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and the Board was given a rising vote of thanks on the success of the first year. Mr. Whitmire reported that 251 boys enjoyed two-week vacations, that during the season the number of boys taken care of rose from 65 at a time to 105, and that there was plenty of room for more, without building new structures. Improvements were discussed and plans laid for the second season.

VIRGINIA

The Virginia State Elks Association met in convention for the 36th year at Fredericksburg on Sept. 24th, with a hearty welcome from E.R. John D. Lloyd. Pres. W. Marshall King called the meeting to order, 1st Vice-Pres. E. Joel Treger responded and State Chaplain V. King Pifer gave the invocation.

The business and social sessions were held in the home of Fredericksburg Lodge No. 875, all of which were successful and pleasant, although attendance was restricted since travel conditions had not yet been relieved. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett of Alexandria addressed the Convention and installed the new officers: Pres., E. Joel Treger, Alexandria; 1st Vice-Pres., J. H. Liesfeld, Richmond; 2nd Vice-Pres., Lawrence H. Hoover, Harrisonburg; 3rd Vice-Pres., B. N. Anderson, Norfolk; Secy., George W. Epps, Jr., Richmond; Treas., C. W. Proffitt, Clifton Forge; Trustee for five years, W. Marshall King, Fredericksburg. Pres. Treger

appointed as Chaplain, V. King Pifer, Hampton; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. M. Barbour, Alexandria; Tiler, J. H. Coleman, Lynchburg, and Chairmen of the State Committees as follows: Social and Community Welfare, Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke; Flag Day, Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville; Ritualistic, G. Curtis Hand, Portsmouth; Legislative, M. B. Wagenheim, Norfolk; Juvenile Advisory, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria; Consideration of Social and Community Welfare Activity, R. M. Ward, Newport News, and Elks War Commission, C. J. Siegrist, Newport News. Past Pres. Kennedy will serve as Chairman of the Board of Trustees until the 1946 meeting which will take place in August at Portsmouth.

VERMONT

Brattleboro Lodge No. 1499 had approximately 90 delegates October 7th when the 18th annual Convention of the Vermont State Elks Assn. was held there.

Prominent Elks from Vermont and Massachusetts addressed the meeting when Pres. Raymond E. Sinclair introduced them. They were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, both of Boston; P. J. Garvey, Holyoke, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt.; D.D. Andrew P. Morrison, Springfield, Vt., and Past Pres. William Hogan, Bennington, Vt.

Mr. Malley installed the new officers: Pres., G. H. Moulton, St. Johnsbury; 1st Vice-Pres., M. W. Moore, Springfield; 2nd Vice-Pres., Daughly Gould, Montpelier; 3rd Vice-Pres., Earl Weeks, Bennington; Secy., H. P. Oliver, St. Johnsbury; Treas., J. W. Burke, Rutland; Tiler, W. H. Rudd, Bennington; Trustees for a three-year term: Ronald Cheney, Hartford, Asa S. Bloomer, Rutland, Antonio Andosca, Belkows Falls, and A. J. Fisher, Burlington, and Trustee for two years, R. M. Knight, Windsor.

Past Pres. Charles F. Mann, Chairman of the Goshen Camp Committee, reported that the Vermont Elks had raised over \$9,000 for the future building and equipping of a new combination auditorium, dining room and kitchen at the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children.

FAME IN A NAME

Fisherman's Luck

One day a gentleman of Trinidad netted some brightly colored fish such as he never had seen before and he thought them worth sending to the British Museum for identification. Odd fish indeed, agreed the savants there, and christened them in honor of their discoverer.

In 1913 the Museum learned that the fish had been discovered

and named twice before. So a long Latin tag was hung on them and they were duly termed *Lebistes reticulatis*. By then it was too late. Thousands of people who kept the fish in bowls and considered them almost as glistening as goldfish and twice as amusing went right on calling the fish after the Trinidadian, Lechmore Guppy, Esq.

Now for EVERY WORK SHOP!
NEW Invention Electroplates by BRUSH



Easy to Plate CHROMIUM GOLD, SILVER, NICKEL, COPPER

... For Pleasure and Profit!

If you have a workshop—at home or in business—you need this new Warner Electroplater. At the stroke of an electrified brush, you can electroplate models and projects—you can replating worn articles, faucets, tools, fixtures, silverware, etc. with a durable, sparkling coat of metal... Gold, Silver, Chromium, Nickel, Copper or Cadmium. Method is easy, simple, quick. Everything furnished—equipment complete, ready for use. By doing a bit of work for others, your machine can pay for itself within a week. So make your shop complete by getting a Warner Electroplater right away. Send today for FREE SAMPLE and illustrated literature. ACT AT ONCE!

WARNER ELECTRIC CO., Dept. D-68
663 N. Wells St., Chicago 10, Ill.

FREE Details & Sample!

WARNER ELECTRIC CO., 663 N. Wells St., Chicago 10, Ill., Dept. D-68
Gentlemen: Send Free Sample and Details to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

E & J Folding WHEEL CHAIRS



Rehabilitate the handicapped
EVEREST & JENNINGS
WHEEL CHAIRS

Fold
For Travel! Work! Play!

YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU OR WRITE

EVEREST & JENNINGS

7748E Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Buy Victory Bonds and Hold Them

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE New Invention

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.



SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back



\$1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO. • 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N.J. • Dept. 59A

Enclosed is \$1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

Name _____
Address _____

YOUR NAME in Gold FREE



New TUXFOLD
 Pass Case, Card Case, Bill Fold, Check Cover
 New style extra thin model. Just what every man needs. Crafted from Genuine Pigskin. Tough, durable. Beautiful soft texture, shows real quality, expertly stitched, metal re-inforced corners. Size 3½x5 closed. You simply can't wear out this quality product. 22-Karat gold name, address, lodge emblem free. ENGRAVING ORDINARILY COSTS \$1.50 extra.

\$3.95
 POST PAID
 Incl. Tax

Direct To You Only
 Enclose \$3.95 Money Order or Check or sent C.O.D. plus postage. State lodge emblem wanted. TUXFOLD fully guaranteed. Your money cheerfully refunded if not thoroughly satisfied. Two weeks' trial.

Group Gift Orders Tuxfold makes a perfect gift for servicemen, birthdays, Xmas or for any occasion. Place gift orders now to insure delivery. Tuxfold is a HIGH-QUALITY, lasting personalized gift. **ORDER NOW ON MONEY-BACK TRIAL.** Complete satisfaction guaranteed.
TUX CORPORATION 168 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. P-175, Chicago 1, Ill.

Try This SUCCESS FORMULA!



If you are worried about your income, job, business, advancement or social opportunities and seek a quick solution of your difficulty, do this: Send S1 for my famous *Personal Analysis Questionnaire*, answer my questions and I will send you a 3-page report telling you **WHAT to do, HOW to do it, and WHEN.** Your money refunded if not satisfied.

JAMES MARATTA, Counselor in Human Relations, ROCKVILLE CENTRE 7, N. Y.

"I Guarantee Complete Satisfaction or Your MONEY BACK"

Save money. Send for **FREE** List of Fine Diamonds. Wonderful values. Hundreds of Beautiful Gems.

GENUINE DIAMONDS at **Out-of-Pawn LOW PRICES**

Unredeemed loan pledges and big buying power enable us to offer Fine Diamonds at Prices far less than original cost. Sent you **FREE** for **INSPECTION AND APPRAISAL.**

PRUDENTIAL LOAN ASSOCIATION
 133 N. Clark Street Dept. 62-N Chicago 2, Ill.

Give a TUK AWAY BUTCHER BLOCK

Excellent for cleaning fish, wild game, preparing meats, vegetables, etc. Has many daily uses in Camp, Home, Ranch and Farm. Made of ash, elm, gum and sycamore wood.

No. 2 size \$4.14
 (10½ to 12½ inches wide—6 inches high)

Five other popular sizes—if unable to obtain locally, write us. (Good dealer proposition)

Pat. Pending Reg. U.S. Pat. Office
Texas Manufacturing Co., Brenham, Texas

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

If your plans for the next few months include a change in your address, please give us advance notice for our circulation records. We need your old address, your new address and your lodge affiliation. Please allow thirty days for the change to be effected on our mailing list. Notice of the change should also be sent to your Lodge Secretary.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

NEW JERSEY

Dunellen Lodge No. 1488 was host to the New Jersey State Elks Assn. at its quarterly meeting Sept. 30th when several of the State Elks hospital entertainers put on a short program for the delegates.

The War Activities Committee reported 20 hospital visits in the 13 weeks before the session, and also reported on the financing and participation in a Victory Jamboree for Marines and sailors at the Picatinny Naval Ammunition Depot.

Elected at an emergency session held by the Association last June at Elizabeth Lodge No. 289, Pres. Charles H. Maurer of Dunellen is supported by the following officers: Vice-Pres.'s: South, Jack Johansen, Mount Holly; Northeast, Irving Baum, Passaic; Northwest, Alfred Del

Negro, Newark; Central, J. Stanley Herbert, Asbury Park; Secy., Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; Treas., William H. Kelly, East Orange; Trustees: George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth; Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne; Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover; Charles Wibiralski, Perth Amboy, and Albert E. Dearden, Trenton; Chaplain Emeritus, the Rev. Dr. Francis H. Smith, Trenton; Chaplain, Dr. Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook; Inner Guard, George E. Block, Dunellen; Tiler, Harold R. McCusker, Plainfield; Organist, Archibald Pflugh, Hoboken. Past Pres. William J. McCormack of Orange Lodge is Chairman of the State Rehabilitation Committee. A substantial membership gain has been reported for the past year.

News of Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 30)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Lodge, No. 36, was honored recently with a visit from Charles A. Massell, one of its members, who returned with his wife from Manila where they were prisoners of the Japs for three years. Mr. Massell was given a life membership card by E.R. John P. Golden, and William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, brought him recognition from the Elks War Commission which he represented.

James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and an old friend of Mr. Massell's, introduced him to the 100 Elks who were at the meeting, and the liberated Bridgeport Elk related in detail the harrowing experiences of his wife and himself during their internment. Mr. Massell spent 25 years in the Philippines. In Manila he was in charge of the plant operated by the Edison Company of the United States. While the Elks were entertaining him, his wife was taken to dinner and the theater by the ladies of the Emblem Club.

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, feels that turn about is fair play, especially after 25 years. The most spacious ballroom in the Hotel Commodore in New York City was reserved to hold the crowds who would wish to pay honor to No. 878's Secretary, James D. Moran, on his Silver Jubilee, but even that room wasn't large enough for all his friends. About 1,400 turned out for the testimonial dinner in Mr. Moran's honor with an awesome number of Grand Lodge members among them. Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner was the principal speaker, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman and Treasurer of the Elks War Commission, was Toastmaster. Four other Past Grand Exalted Rulers—James R. Nicholson, David Sholtz, Raymond Benjamin and Charles S. Hart were there, and the Board of Grand Trustees was represented by its Secretary, George I. Hall of Lynbrook. William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

The Queens Borough Elks gave Mr. Moran a diamond ring, P.E.R. Dr. John E. Kiffin presented him with a plaque, and he was paid compliment upon compliment by the speakers. The Grand Exalted Ruler called him "the nerve center behind the success of the lodge which honored him". Since No. 878 holds in

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

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

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

many ways the foremost position of any lodge in the country, that remark should make Mr. Moran very proud—and there is no one who would dispute its veracity.

MARSHFIELD, ORE., Lodge, No. 1160, didn't have one fault for D.D. Malcolm Epley to find when he paid his official visit there October 10th. All the Past Exalted Rulers showed up (a rare occurrence at lodge meetings), 100 members were there and stayed for supper and a fine group of men became members that night. Former District Attorney L. O. Sisemore, P.E.R., went along with Mr. Epley from their home lodge at Klamath Falls.

Mr. Epley was very pleased to hear that \$10,000 has been set aside by No. 1160 for the rehabilitation of its returning members from all branches of the Service.

LORAIN, O., Lodge, No. 1301, went all out to give a royal welcome to its Brother Elk, Admiral Ernest J. King, whose name will be remembered as long as World

War II lives in history. Many State and national officers headed by Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz who flew from New York to be present, put everything they had into making the Admiral's homecoming a big one.

A banquet was given first, after which a special lodge meeting was opened in a large tent near the lodge building. Mr. Kepner, Mr. Sholtz and P.E.R. Harry G. Van Wagnen, Mayor of Lorain, spoke. Admiral King, introduced by Past State Pres. George C. Canalos, No. 1301's first Exalted Ruler, received a special bound and engraved copy of the "Report to the Nation", published by the Elks War Commission, from Mr. Sholtz who represented that Commission. For forty-five minutes Admiral King spoke to the crowd in the tent and to the overflow through a loud-speaker system.

Many present and past State officers and District Deputies attended the meeting.

The next day a great many civic events were attended by the Admiral. A huge parade took three hours to pass in review, and No. 1301's float, accompanied by the band from Piqua Lodge No. 523, won first prize. Lorain Lodge held open house all day and received a great deal of favorable comment for its participation in the two-day program.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, spent a few lean years in small quarters. It's now on the up-grade once more and recently spread itself over its new and spacious diggings at 910-914 Union Street. Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 and Grand Trustee George I. Hall of Lynbrook Lodge No. 1515 addressed the crowd of 750 who came to start No. 22 off in the new home.

OXNARD, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1443, divided the honors at a recent "Birthday Brother Dinner" between two welcome guests—State Vice-Pres. Vincent H. Grocott of Santa Barbara, and Albert Brazee, 78-year-old charter member of Manila Lodge No. 761. Mr. Brazee is connected with the U. S. Naval Base at Port Hueneme, Calif., the Naval Advance Base Depot from which supplies were shipped during the war for construction of air bases in the Pacific. He is a veteran of World War I with the rank of Major and was Chief of Police in Manila from 1900 to 1908. He helped organize No. 761 and was its Secretary for eight years.

Just before December 7, 1941, he came here for a vacation, and when war was declared he couldn't get back. Putting his worry about his family behind him, during the war years he did his bit for the Navy at Port Hueneme. His story became known when his family was released and returned to America after long internment in Manila.

Vice-Pres. Grocott spoke at the meeting, praising Oxnard Lodge for contributing even more than its share toward the terrific success of California Elks in the past year. Many of the members of No. 1443 are taxpayers in the little Oxnard High School District which voted 12 to 1 several years ago for the \$1,750,000 bond issue which financed the Port Hueneme harbor facilities, so vital to the success of the Seabees in the Pacific.

ALAMEDA, CALIF. On September 24th at Alameda High School from which he graduated so brilliantly, Donald T. Edwards received from Governor Earl War-

ren the \$600 check he won as first prize in the 1944 Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student Contest". Judge Homer R. Spence, P.E.R. of Alameda Lodge No. 1015, introduced the Governor and said that the Alameda Elks felt that if their city could produce what the Foundation judged the most valuable student in the nation, the least they could do was have the Governor, who happens to be a member of Oakland Lodge No. 171, make the presentation. Mr. Warren was proud of the honor brought to his State by this 17-year-old boy, now a student at the University of California, and promptly accepted the invitation to do the honors.

Mayor William J. Branscheid and numerous civic and educational leaders were there, and of course the Elks turned out in full force. Among them was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, with whom he has been identified during the 17 years of the Foundation's existence.

Don Edwards is the second Alameda student to win a Foundation scholarship. Miss Elizabeth Casey walked off with a prize in 1940 and she was also a U.C. student. During the Peace Conference in San Francisco she acted as interpreter for some of the delegates.

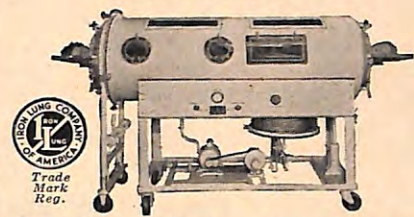
WOONSOCKET, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, really made D.D. Alfred H. Chapman of Westerly Lodge welcome when he paid the lodge an official visit. Twenty-five men were initiated in his honor and 300 members and guests, including visiting officers from Rhode Island and Massachusetts lodges, attended the dinner held in conjunction with the visit.

An appeal to the lodges, and individuals too, to assist in the Elks National Foundation's campaign to raise \$1,000,000 was made by State Vice-Pres.-at-Large A. F. Lawrence, Secy. of No. 850, who has been appointed Chairman of the Foundation Committee for Rhode Island. The Woonsocket Elks immediately answered the appeal and became eligible for a Permanent Benefactor's Certificate when E.R. Thomas Page gave the lodge's \$1,000 check to Mr. Lawrence before the meeting was over. Providence Lodge No. 14 purchased a Benefactor's Certificate and finished payment on it in September, becoming the first lodge in its State and the ninth in the nation to pay for one of these Certificates in full. P.E.R. Joseph W. Marceau, who was in charge of the program, presented a War Bond to the District Deputy and a leather pocket-book to Mrs. Chapman.

NEWARK, O., Lodge, No. 391, had the biggest crowd in many a day when State Pres. Leslie G. Scrimger of Columbus paid them a visit recently. Among the prominent Elks who came from almost all parts of the State were Past Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Leslie Strong, Canton, State Chairman of the Hospital Service Program; Col. C. W. Wallace, Secy. of Columbus Lodge and Chairman of the Disabled Servicemen's Slipper Program, and many State officials.

First of all, a chicken dinner was served in the grill room of the lodge home for visitors, members and 20 new Elks, and then a meeting was held when Mr. Scrimger spoke and No. 391 voted a \$10,000 purchase of Bonds to be made during the Victory Loan Drive. Finally everyone went back to the grill room for an elaborate buffet supper.

YOUR LODGE CAN START A TRADEMARKED "TWIN IRON LUNG" CAMPAIGN



Don't wait for infantile paralysis. Our "Twin Iron Lung" will save life for you NOW in case of drowning, gas and drug poisoning, carbon monoxide, electric shock, alcoholic coma, brain tumor, etc. Give these patients a chance—start your drive—get your TRADEMARKED "Twin Iron Lung" now.

Write us for details TODAY

IRON LUNG CO. OF AMERICA
60 CAMBRIDGE ST. ALLSTON 34, MASS.



GENUINE SOLID BRONZE WAR MEMORIAL PLAQUES

Honor your war heroes in handsome, imperishable, International Solid Bronze—now made available by W.P.B. Many appropriate designs—standard and custom made. Write today for Free Illustrated Catalogue E

Also includes Honor Rolls and other club needs.

INTERNATIONAL BRONZE TABLET CO., INC.

36 East 22nd Street, New York 10



COMB-A-TRIM The New Quick Trimmer

Something New! Trim your hair without any experience. It's easy! The excess hair comes off smoothly and easily by just pulling trimmer through hair like an ordinary comb. Also removes hair from legs—armpits. Save on hair-cut bills... Trim your own hair or the whole family's. Send 59c and your Comb-A-Trim will be sent at once.

59c

5 Extra Blades (Year's Supply) 25c

1734 Carew Tower

SPECIAL OFFER
Send \$1.00 for 2 Comb-A-Trims and save 18c. **2 for \$1**

COMB-A-TRIM CO.

Dept. E-7 Cincinnati, O.

CLEANS WINDOWS WITHOUT WATER

NEW CHEMICAL MITT
Sensational DRY Window Cleaner! Uses no water, no messy liquids. Chemically Treated. Simply glide over windows; leaves glass sparkling clear. No heating water, no heavy buckets to carry. No rags, powders, sponges, cham-ois. No mess or muss. No red chapped hands. Dust, dirt, grime, fog disappear like magic. *Wonderful for auto windows, windshield!*

SAMPLES FOR AGENTS Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. **SEND NO MONEY—just your name.** KRISTEE CO., 576 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO.

FREE 20 GENUINE PRE-WAR PIPE CLEANERS

Nothing to buy! Write Today!

If you smoke a pipe you'll be delighted with these 20 genuine, pre-war pipe cleaners, so hard to get these days! We'll also send you, free, our 32-page smoker's guide, illustrated with pipes, tobacco, pouches, etc. Pipe cleaners and guide are FREE. Mail a postcard with your name and address to Dept. BB

LANE TOBACCO, LTD., 156 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK

Editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

Peace on Earth

FOR the first time since Hitler marched his legions into Poland and thus precipitated the conflict which embroiled the whole world and ended on V-J Day in the Island Kingdom of Japan, humankind may find a real message in the music of the bells that will herald the dawn of Christmas Day.

The war which brought so much ruin and misery to all the people of the earth is over, the wanton killing is ended, but many years must elapse before its terrible aftermath is cleared away.

During the cruel years of war the faith of men was sorely tried. Christmas came, but its greetings were unheard amid the roar of battle. There were times when the fate of civilization trembled and threatened to crash down and mingle with the ruins of its landmarks and monuments viciously destroyed by our implacable foes.

In happier days Christmas was almost a universal holiday. Aside from its great religious significance it had come to be regarded by people of all creeds as a time of giving, a season of good will.

It is hard to believe that the land that gave Christmas many of its treasured customs was the same land that, in complete renunciation of the Christmas Spirit, plunged the world into bitter ideological warfare that ended in its own annihilation.

Christmas, this year, will not dawn upon a happy world, for the effects of material suffering, and bitter memories have not yet cleared away, but it is a world that has witnessed the cruel futility of war, and if the years of suffering and sacrifice have not taught men to interpret the true meaning of Christmas, then the war has been fought in vain.

Almost every land and time have contributed to the customs and traditions of the Yuletide Season. The world's great religions, recognizing the fatherhood of God, must also acknowledge the brotherhood of man. Out of this almost universal faith was born the Spirit of Christmas.

The story of Christmas tells of shepherds who, watching their flocks on the Judean Hills, saw a great light illumine the sky and heard a mighty chorus chanting "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men". Surely this may be accepted as a perfect formula for man's happiness and world peace. It is well to recall in these troubled postwar days that the message of

Christmas was not delivered to kings or potentates, the powerful of the earth, but to humble shepherds. It was not directed to any one country or province or town, nor to any race or creed. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men". Peace over all the earth, good will to all men.

In the war just ended men of every race, creed and condition fought and died together for the right to live in peace, and in the hope that they were insuring their sons and grandsons against future wars. Surely men willing to die by side in war can find inspiration in the message of Christmas to live side by side in enduring peace and good will.

Hold the Line

AT THE beginning of the war men migrated in great numbers into the areas of our principal war industries. Many of these men established residences and became members of the Order of Elks. The sudden ending of hostilities and the resultant slowing down of war manufacturers are having the effect of sending many of these workers to other fields. Whether or not this situation will result in membership losses is dependent upon the efforts made by the lodges in these areas to hold their gains.

Where there are migratory movements away from the war industry areas every effort must be made to obtain new addresses, and maintain close contact with the members leaving for other places. Keep them supplied with *The Elks Magazine* and lodge bulletins, and impress them with the fact that wherever they go they are still members of the Order of Elks, and while they hold a paid-up card they are entitled to all its privileges.

Most of these members are good Elks, but out of range of the lodges with which they are affiliated they may be inclined to drift away from the Order. To prevent this it is vital they be impressed with the importance of a paid-up card and that their dues for the current period be collected. If their interest in the Order is thus continued, by the time April 1 rolls around the period of industrial reconversion in all probability will be over and those who may have been displaced by the sudden end of the industries connected with the war will be established in places with an assured future. It is the unsettled conditions that must prevail until industrial stability is restored that make it incumbent upon our lodges to make every effort to hold the line.

CHARITY

JUSTICE

BROTHERLY LOVE

FIDELITY



RAWLINGS

Egg Nog, Manhattans, Old Fashioneds and Highballs take on new meaning when made with 100 proof Southern Comfort. No sugar is needed. For holiday comfort serve Southern Comfort.

100 Proof
LIQUEUR

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION
SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

There's Only One
SOUTHERN COMFORT

America's Most Versatile Drink



Relax with a
MARXMAN →

The Pipe of Rare Distinction

Men of discernment look for the MARXMAN name on the pipes they buy. This name spells mellowness, sweetness, fine and rare smoking qualities. It spells pipes designed by skilled craftsmen from selected, aged briar roots into distinctive shapes. Mass production methods are avoided and each pipe is individually cut, rubbed, and polished.

① The MEL-O-BRIAR . . . great favorite with thousands of pipe-wise men. Hand-made and sculptured by old-time craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich, umber tones. **\$3.50**

② The SUPER-BRIAR . . . a pipe of matchless beauty. Each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . the grain heightened to enamel-like smoothness and brilliance by careful rubbing and polishing. Available in your favorite shape. **\$5.00**

③ The BENCH-MADE . . . imported, seasoned briar carefully and skillfully carved by hand into a pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN, this style offers men a grand adventure in sweet, cool smoking!

\$5.00	\$7.50	\$10.00
Regular	Large	Massive

LOOK FOR **MARXMAN** ON THE
 NEXT PIPE YOU BUY



PIPES
 SHOWN
 ACTUAL
 SIZE

MARXMAN →

MARXMAN PIPES, 27 W. 24TH STREET
 NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

AT FINE STORES
 EVERYWHERE